WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

VOLUME NINTH:

Containing

SWIFT,	PHILIPS, (A.)	SHENSTONE,
THOMSON,	WEST, (G.)	MALLET,
WATTS,	COLLINS,	AKENSIDE, AND
HAMILTON,	DYER,	HARTE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH; AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTE,
AND J. MUNDELL & CO. EDINBURGH.

1795.

XXXIII.A.15

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

Containing

CADENUS AND VANESSA,
ODES,
EPISTLES,
EPIGRAMS,
SONGS,

SATIRES,
EPITAPHS,
CHARACTERS,
ÆNIGMAS,
REBUSES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have eſteem'd it ſo)
Thou canſt not wholly die: thy works will ſhine
To future times, and life in fame be thine!

PARNELL'S VERSES TO SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

Complete Edition

of the

Poets

of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Ninth.

Containing

Swift, Thompson, Watts, Hamilton, A. Philips, G. West,
Collins, Dyer, Shenstone, Mallet, Akenside & Harte.



Bauce & Philemon Swift.

LONDON:

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کتاب کالج فورٹ ولیم
किताब कालिज फोर्टवलियम
পুস্তক কালেজ ফোর্ট উলিয়ম

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THE LIFE OF SWIFT.

THE life, writings, and character of SWIFT, have ſucceſſively employed the reſearches, exerciſed the ſtrictures, and exhauſted the praiſes of Mrs. Pilkington, the Earl of Orrery, Deane Swift, Eſq. Dr. Delany, Dr. Hawkeſworth, Dr. Johnſon, and George-Monk Berkeley, Eſq. Their ſeveral publications, which place his character in very different, and often oppoſite points of light, have occaſioned great diverſity in the judgments formed of them by the world, according to the different degrees of prejudice or candour in their ſeveral readers. On an attentive peruſal, it will be found, that the narrations of Lord Orrery, Dr. Hawkeſworth, Dr. Johnſon, and Mr. Sheridan, entitle them to the exclusive appellation of his biographers. Dr. Delany, Mr. Swift, Mr. Berkeley, and Mrs. Pilkington, come under a different deſcription. The three former muſt be conſidered as his apologiſts, and the latter as a retailer of entertaining anecdotes. Theſe are the ſeveral ſources from which the facts ſtated in the preſent account are chiefly derived. Some particulars of his early life are taken from the *Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, a fragment, written by himſelf, which now exiſts in his own hand-writing, in the Univerſity Library of Dublin.

Jonathan Swift was, according to the account written by himſelf, the ſon of Mr. Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born in Hoey's-Court, in the pariſh of St. Werburgh, Dublin, on the 30th of November, 1667. He was deſcended from a younger branch of an ancient family of that name in Yorkſhire. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was Vicar of Goodrich in Herefordſhire, and married Elizabeth Dryden, aunt of the great poet, by whom he had ten ſons and three or four daughters. He died in 1658; and, of his ſons, ſix ſurvived him, Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, William, Jonathan, and Adam.

Thomas was bred at Oxford, and took orders: he married the eldeſt daughter of Davenant, and left an only ſon, Thomas, who died rector of Puttenham in Surrey, May 1752, in the 87th year of his age. Godwin ſtudied the law, in the Inner-Temple, and was called to the bar before the Reſtoration. He had four wives, one of whom was a relation to the old Marchioneſs of Ormond; and, upon that account, the old Duke of Ormond made him his Attorney-General, in the palatinate of Tipperary. He left ſeveral children, who obtained eſtates. William, Dryden, Jonathan, and Adam, were attorneys, who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male iſſue except Jonathan, the father of Swift.

Jonathan, at the age of twenty-three, married Abigail Erick, deſcended from an ancient family of that name in Leiceſterſhire, but with little or no fortune. He died young, in about two years after his marriage, ſeven weeks before the birth of his only ſon; and, as he was but juſt beginning the world, left his widow and an infant daughter to the care of his brother Godwin.

When Swift was a year old, his nurſe, who was a native of Whitehaven, finding it neceſſary to viſit a ſick relation, and being extremely fond of the infant, ſtole him on ſhipboard, unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almoſt three years; for, when the matter was diſcovered, his mother ſent orders not to hazard a ſecond voyage till he ſhould be better able to bear it. The nurſe was ſo careful of him, that, before he returned, he had learned to ſpell, and, before he was five years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible.

His mother, about two years after his father's death, quitted the family of his uncle Godwin, and retired to Leiceſter, where ſhe was chiefly ſupported by preſents and contributions from her relations.

The infancy of Swift paſſed without any marks of diſtinction. At the age of ſix he was ſent to the School of Kilkenny, and, at fourteen, admitted into the Univerſity of Dublin. The expence of his education was defrayed by his uncle Godwin, who, having a numerous offspring, by four wives, was under the neceſſity of reducing his allowance as low as poſſible.

His other relations ſeemed at that time to think that their aſſiſtance was not neceſſary, ſo that he was obliged to make the beſt ſhift he could with the ſmall pittance afforded by his uncle; who was ſuppoſed by him, as well as by the reſt of the world, to be in circumſtances that might have afforded a much more liberal allowance, without prejudice to his own family.

This ſuppoſition made ſo deep an impreſſion on him, that he never afterwards could think with

patience of his uncle Godwin, nor could heartily forgive the neglect ſhown him during that time by his other relations.

During his reſidence at College, he lived with great regularity and due obſervance of the ſtatutes; but he was ſo diſcouraged and ſunk in his ſpirits, by the ill treatment of his relations, that he could not bear to give the neceſſary application to the more dry parts of the academic ſtudies, for which he had indeed naturally no great reliſh; and paſſed his time chiefly in reading books of hiſtory and poetry, which were better ſuited to his taſte, and more calculated to relieve the troubles of his mind. In conſequence of this, when the time came for his taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he was ſtopped, as he himſelf expreſſes it, "for dulneſs and inſufficiency," and at laſt hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, as it was inſerted in the College regiſter that he obtained it *ſpeciali gratia*, by ſpecial favour; where it ſtill remains upon record.

He remained in the College near three years after this diſgrace, not through choice, but neceſſity, little known or regarded. By ſcholars he was eſteemed a blockhead; and, as the lowneſs of his circumſtances would not permit him to keep company of an equal rank, upon an equal footing, he ſcorned to aſſociate with thoſe of a lower claſs, or to be obliged to thoſe of a higher.

Shame, however, had its proper effect in producing reformation; for he reſolved, from that time, to ſtudy eight hours a-day, and he continued his induſtry for ſeven years, with what improvement is generally known.

At this time the force of his genius broke out, in the firſt rude draught of the *Tale of a Tub*, written by him at the age of nineteen, though communicated to nobody but his chamber-fellow Mr. Waryng, the brother of the lady who received his juvenile addreſſes, and with whom he correſponded with all the romantic ardour attending a firſt paſſion, under the whimſical name of *Varina*.

Soon after, his uncle Godwin was ſeized with a lethargy, and the broken ſtate of his affairs was made public. He now loſt even the poor ſupport that he had before; but his uncle William ſupplied the place of Godwin to him, though not in a more liberal way, which could not be expected from his circumſtances, yet with ſo much better a grace as engaged his gratitude afterwards.

His couſin Willoughby Swift, eldeſt ſon of his uncle Godwin, hearing of his father's unhappy circumſtances, and reflecting that Swift's deſtitute ſituation demanded immediate relief, ſent him a preſent of a larger ſum than ever he had been maſter of before.

This was the firſt time that his diſpoſition was tried with regard to the management of money; and he ſaid, that the reflection of his conſtant ſufferings through the want of it, made him nurſe it ſo well, that he was never afterwards without ſome in his purſe.

In 1688, when he was about one-and-twenty, he went to conſult his mother, who lived at Leiceſter, about the future courſe of his life; and, by her direction, ſolicited the advice and patronage of Sir William Temple, who had married one of her relations, and whoſe father, Sir John Temple, Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland, had lived in great familiarity of friendſhip with his uncle Godwin, by whom he had been till that time maintained.

Sir William Temple, who then reſided at Shene, received him cheerfully into his houſe, and treated him with that hoſpitable kindneſs to which family connections and his unfortunate ſituation gave him a double claim. On a nearer acquaintance, his kindneſs to him was increaſed from motives of perſonal regard, and he took upon him the direction and ſuperintendence of his ſtudies, in which he found his progreſs was far from being ſo great as might have been expected from his courſe of education and time of life.

During his reſidence at Shene, he became known to King William, who ſometimes viſited Sir William Temple when he was diſabled by the gout; and, being attended by Swift in the garden, ſhowed him how to cut aſparagus in the Dutch way. King William expreſſed his kindneſs to Swift by offering to make him a Captain of Horſe; but Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early on an eccleſiaſtical life; and, it is therefore probable, that, upon declining this offer, he obtained a promiſe of preferment in the church, for, in a letter to his uncle William, dated 1692, he ſays, "I am not to take orders till the King gives me a Prebend."

When Sir William Temple removed to Moor-Park, after the ſettlement of the government, he took Swift with him, and detained him two years, as his friend and domeſtic companion.

Being much oppreſſed by an illneſs which he contracted in Ireland by a ſurfeit of fruit, that brought on a coldneſs of ſtomach and giddineſs, with deafneſs, he was adviſed to try his native air, and went to Ireland; but, finding himſelf growing worſe there, he ſoon returned to

Moor-Park, where he continued his ſtudies, upon the abatement of his illneſs, which, with irregular intermiſſions, purſued him through life, and at laſt ſent him to the grave deprived of reaſon.

He thought exerciſe of great neceſſity, and uſed to run up and down a hill, about half a mile from the houſe, every two hours, and the diſtance backwards and forwards, in about ſix minutes.

He now ſtood high in Sir William Temple's eſteem, though he had written nothing that could give him a very high idea of his genius, except the *Tale of a Tub*, which he reviſed and corrected about this time, and probably ſhowed to his patron.

He tried his ſtrength only in *Pindaric Odes* to the King, to Sir William Temple, and to the "Athenian Society," in which, though there appeared ſome vigour of mind, and efforts of an uncommon genius, yet it was apparent that it was vigour improperly exerted, and the efforts of a genius miſapplied. The ſentiments were ſtrained and crowded, and the numbers irregular and harſh.

When Sir William Temple was conſulted by the Earl of Portland about the expedience of complying with a bill then depending for making parliaments triennial, he ſent Swift to Kenſington with the whole account in writing, to convince the King and the Earl that the propoſal involved nothing dangerous to royal power. But the predetermination of the king made his arguments, and his art of diſplaying them, totally ineffectual; and the meaſure was rejected.

The conſequence of this wrong ſtep in his Majeſty, he obſerves, was very unhappy; for although it be held a part of the King's prerogative to refuſe paſſing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwiſe, from that expreſſion uſed at the coronation, wherein the Prince obligeth himſelf to conſent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit*.

In this ſituation Swift continued, ſtill applying cloſe to his ſtudies, till 1692, when he went to Oxford to take his degree of Maſter of Arts. In the teſtimonial which he produced from the Univerſity of Dublin, the words of diſgrace were omitted, probably by the influence of his uncle William. He was admitted *ad eundem* June 14. and took his Maſter's degree July 5th 1692; with ſuch reception and regard as fully contented him.

From Oxford he returned to Moor-Park, where he remained two years longer, in expectation of getting ſome preferment through Sir William Temple's intereſt with the King, which he had promiſed to exert in his favour; and, in this time, he aſſiſted him in the reviſal and correction of his writings, and added the *digreſſions* to the *Tale of a Tub*.

At length, quite wearied out with fruitleſs expectation, he determined to leave Sir William Temple, and to take his chance in the world. When this reſolution was made known to Sir William, he received it with ardent marks of diſpleaſure; but, that he might ſeem to fulfil his promiſe, he offered him an employment then vacant, in the office of the rolls in Ireland, of about 100 l. a-year. Swift, with great readineſs and ſpirit, replied, "that ſince he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was reſolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders;" and ſo he went away in diſcontent.

While he lived at Moor-Park, he uſed to pay his mother at Leiceſter an yearly viſit. He travelled on foot, unleſs the violence of the weather drove him into a waggon; he dined at obſcure alehouſes, among pedlars and oſtlers; and at night, he would go to a penny lodging, where he procured clean ſheets for ſixpence. This practice ſome have aſcribed to avarice, and others, perhaps with more probability, to his deſire of ſurveying human life through all its varieties.

He went over to Ireland, and was ordained in September 1694. He had at firſt no higher views in the church than the Chaplainſhip to the Factory at Liſbon; but being recommended to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, he obtained the Prebend of Kilroot, in the dioceſe of Connor, of about 100 l. a-year.

Soon after, upon receiving a letter from Sir William Temple, with an invitation to Moor-Park, he reſigned his living to a poor curate who had only 40 l. a-year, for the maintenance of a very numerous family of children, and returned to England.

The circumſtances attending this act of benevolence are well deſcribed by Mr. Sheridan; and the following reflection on the "exquiſite pleaſure" which it afforded the heart of Swift, is ſingularly happy, both for the thought and the expreſſion: "Nor is this to be wondered at, ſince it was the firſt opportunity he ever had of letting looſe that ſpirit of generoſity and benevolence, whoſe greatneſs and vigour, when pent up in his own breaſt by poverty and dependence, ſerved only as an evil ſpirit to torment him."

The editor of the late edition of the "Tatler," has aſcribed his leaving Kilroot to no leſs a crime than an attempt to commit a rape. This ridiculous charge is refuted by Mr. Berkeley, with a mixture of contempt and indignation which it well deſerves. It has alſo been contradicted in the "Gentleman's Magazine," by the perſon on whoſe authority it was reſted; and is too palpably abſurd to be credited, even by thoſe who may meet with the accuſation without ſeeing the defence.

He arrived at Moor-Park, in 1695, with fourſcore pounds in his pocket, after ſomewhat more than a year's abſence. The infirmities of Sir William Temple made him more neceſſary than ever; and having, perhaps, equally repented their ſeparation, they lived on together with mutual ſatisfaction. In the four years that paſſed between his return and Sir William Temple's death, he was fully and uſefully employed. He took upon himſelf the office of Preceptor to his niece, teaching her Engliſh, and directing her in a proper courſe of reading. At the ſame time, Miſs Johnſon, daughter of his ſteward, afterwards ſo well known by the name of *Stella*, partook of the benefit of the ſame inſtruction. She was at that time about fourteen years of age, beautiful in her perſon, and poſſeſſed of ſuch fine talents as made Swift take great delight in cultivating and improving her mind. At this time too he wrote the *Battle of the Books*, in honour of his great and learned friend.

In 1699, Sir William Temple died, and left a legacy, with his manuſcripts, to Swift; for whom he had obtained from King William a promiſe of the firſt prebend that ſhould be vacant at Weſtminſter or Canterbury.

Upon the death of his patron, he removed to London, and ſoon after dedicated to the King the poſthumous works with which he was intruſted; but neither the dedication, nor a memorial which he thought proper to preſent, revived in King William the remembrance of his promiſe. He attended the court a while, but ſoon found his ſolicitations hopeleſs. He exonerated the King ſo far as to ſay often that he believed the memorial was never received.

He therefore readily accepted of an offer made to him by the Earl of Berkeley to accompany him into Ireland as his Chaplain and Private Secretary; but after having done the buſineſs of ſecretary till their arrival at Dublin, he then found that one Buſh had perſuaded his Lordſhip that a Clergyman was not a proper ſecretary, and had obtained the office for himſelf.

He revenged himſelf by a ſevere copy of verſes againſt the governor and his new made ſecretary, which were everywhere handed about, to their no ſmall mortification.

Lord Berkeley had ſoon after the diſpoſal of the Deanery of Derry, and Swift expected to obtain it; but by the ſecretary's being ſecured by a bribe of 1000 l. it was beſtowed on another; and Swift was diſmiſſed with the Rectory of Agher, and the Vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the dioceſe of Meath, which, together, did not equal half the value of the deanery.

He continued ſtill in his office of Chaplain to Lord Berkeley, from the reſpect which he had for his Lady, whoſe virtues he has celebrated in the introduction to the *Project for the Advancement of Religion*.

About this time, his true humorous vein in poetry began to diſplay itſelf in ſeveral little pieces, written for the entertainment of Lord Berkeley's family, particularly that incomparable piece of low humour, called *The humble Petition of Mrs. Frances Harris, &c.*

When Lord Berkeley quitted the government of Ireland, Swift went to reſide on his living at Laracor, where he read prayers on Wedneſdays and Fridays, and performed all the offices of his profeſſion with great decency and exactneſs.

Soon after his ſettlement at Laracor, he invited to Ireland his lovely pupil Miſs Johnſon, to whom Sir William Temple, in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices, had left 1000 l. With her came a lady of the name of Dingley, who was related to the Temple family, and whoſe whole fortune was an annuity of 27 l. With theſe ladies he paſſed his hours of relaxation, and to them he opened his boſom; but they never reſided in the ſame houſe. They lived at the parſonage when he was away, and when he returned, removed to a lodging, or to the houſe of Dr. Raymond, a neighbouring clergyman, at Trim.

Miſs Johnſon was then eighteen, and, by his own account, had the moſt and fineſt accompliſhments of any perſon he had ever known of either ſex. Yet he ſtudiouſly avoided the appearance of any tender attachment to her, and never ſaw or converſed with her but in the preſence of ſome third perſon.

Whatever inclination he might formerly have had to matrimony, it was now much changed. A

few years abſence, and ſome newly diſcovered faults, made him wiſh to put an end to a correſpondence in the ſtyle of courtſhip, which had been carried on for ſome time with Miſs Waryng. The circumſtances of that affair are laid open in an unlover-like and dictatorial epiſtle to Miſs Waryng, dated May 4. 1700, the deſign of which ſeems evidently to have been to break off the match, but in ſuch a way as that the refuſal might come from the lady. The ſubſequent fortunes of Miſs Waryng are not known; but it is probable Swift's connection with her might occaſion the myſterious conduct he obſerved towards Miſs Johnſon.

Ambition, not love, was his predominant paſſion. Urged by this reſtleſs ſpirit, he every year paid a viſit to England, in hopes of finding ſome favourable opportunity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, and puſhing his fortune in the world.

His firſt political tract, intituled *A Diſcourſe of the Conteſts and Diſſentions in Athens and Rome*, was publiſhed in 1701, at the time when the nation was in a ferment on account of the impeachment of the Earls of Portland and Orford, Lord Somers and Lord Halifax, by the Houſe of Commons. He concealed his name; nor was he, though he ſided with the Whigs, at that time connected with any of the leaders of that party. His motives were wholly of a public nature, and ſuch as became his truly diſintereſted and patriotic ſpirit. This was the only piece he ever explicitly avowed as his own production. With reſpect to all his other publications, to which he did not affix his name, he left the world to make its own conjectures with regard to the author. He maintained a kind of dignified reſerve, and ſeemed always to court that equivocal ſhade which "half ſhowed," and "half veiled" his intentions and purſuits.

The ſame year, he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

In 1704, he publiſhed, *The Tale of a Tub*, which he had kept by him eight years. Mr. Sheridan conſiders it as a work truly friendly to the intereſts of religion, by weakening of the powers of popery and fanaticiſm; but, it is certain, that moſt of the ſerious part of the clergy and the laity, even among the high-church-men, bluſhed for the author, and thought religion the laſt thing he troubled himſelf about. It has been aſcribed by Mr. Cookſey, in his "Life of Lord Somers," to that noblemen; but he himſelf did not deny that he was the author, when Archbiſhop Sharp and the Duchеſs of Somerſet, by ſhowing it to the Queen, debarred him from a biſhopric.

After the publication of this work, his acquaintance was much ſought after by all perſons of taſte and genius. There was, particularly, a very cloſe connection between him and Addiſon, which ended in a ſincere and laſting friendſhip; and he lived in the greateſt intimacy with Congreve, Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Gay, Parnell, Garth, Berkeley, and others of inferior note.

In 1708, he publiſhed *The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man*, the ridicule of aſtrology, under the name of *Bickerſtaff*, the *Argument againſt aboliſhing Chriſtianity*, and the defence of the *Sacramental Teſt*.

In theſe publications Swift does not riſe ſuperior to the prejudices which agitated the contending parties of thoſe days. His principles of toleration may be clearly perceived to have been inimical to a general liberty of conſcience. He ſpeaks the language of thoſe days, when bigotry, under the ſpecious names of zeal and orthodoxy, ſhook the very pillars of the Reformation; and, while it pretended to ſecure the *church* from *danger*, was undermining the beſt intereſts of truth, religion, and liberty.

The attention paid to the paper publiſhed under the name of *Bickerſtaff*, induced Steele, when he projected the "Tatler," to aſſume an appellation which had already gained poſſeſſion of the reader's notice.

In 1709, he publiſhed a *Project for the advancement of Religion*, addreſſed to Lady Berkeley, by whoſe kindneſs it is not unlikely that he was advanced to his benefices, but chiefly calculated for the Queen's peruſal, being covertly aimed at the deſtruction of the Whigs or Low-church-party.

After the publication of this piece, Swift went to Ireland, where he paſſed much of his time with Addiſon, then Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom.

Upon the change of affairs at court the following year, when the Tory miniſtry was appointed, Swift was employed by the biſhops of Ireland to ſolicit the Queen for a remiſſion of the firſt-fruits and twentieth-parts to the Iriſh clergy.

He arrived in London, with his credentials, in September 1710, and waited upon Harley, to

whom he was mentioned as a man neglected and oppreſſed by the laſt miniſtry, becauſe he had refuſed to co-operate with ſome of their ſchemes.

Harley was glad of an auxiliary ſo well qualified for his ſervice, and readily admitted him to familiarity and his entire confidence.

He was admitted to thoſe meetings in which the firſt hints and original plan of action are ſuppoſed to have been formed; and was one of the ſixteen miniſters, or agents of the miniſtry, who met weekly at each other's houſes, and were united by the name of "Brother."

He continued, however, to converſe indiſcriminately with all the wits, and was yet a friend to Steele, and contributed to the "Tatler," which began in April, 1709.

At this time, and during his connection with the Tory miniſtry, he kept a regular journal of all the moſt remarkable events, as well as little anecdotes, which he tranſmitted every fortnight to *Stella*, the name by which he called Miſs Johnſon, for private peruſal, and that of Mrs. Dingley. This journal was luckily preſerved, and ſome time ſince given to the world.

He was now immerging into political controverſy. The writers on both ſides had before this taken the field. On the Whig ſide were Addiſon, Burnet, Steele, Congreve, Rowe, and many others of leſs note. On the Tory ſide, the chief writers were Bolingbroke, Atterbury, Prior, Freind and King. They had publiſhed twelve numbers of a weekly paper, called *The Examiner*, when Swift declared himſelf. The whole conduct of the paper was, from that time, put into his hands. He entered the field alone; he ſcorned aſſiſtance; and deſpiſed numbers. His firſt paper was publiſhed November 2. 1710, No. 13. of *The Examiner*; and he continued them without interruption till June 7. 1711, when he dropped it, cloſing it with No. 44, and then leaving it to be carried on by Mrs. Manley, and other hands.

In 1711, he publiſhed a *Letter to the October Club*, "a ſet of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drank October beer at home, and met every evening at a tavern near the parliament to conſult on affairs, and drive things to extremes againſt the Whigs; to call the old miniſtry to account, and get off five or ſix heads." Swift ſeems to have concurred in opinion with the violent members of his own party; but it was not in his power to quicken the tardineſs of Harley, whom he ſtimulated as much as he could, but with little effect. His *Letter*, however, put an end to the cabals of the *October Club*.

The next year, he publiſhed a propoſal for correcting, improving, and aſcertaining the Engliſh Tongue, in a letter to Harley; "written," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without any accurate inquiry into the hiſtory of other tongues. The certainty and ſtability which, contrary to all experience, he thinks attainable, he propoſes to ſecure by inſtituting an academy, the decrees of which every man would have been willing, and many would have been proud to diſobey; and which, being renewed by ſucceſſive elections, would in a ſhort time have differed from itſelf."

The ſame year, he publiſhed his celebrated political tract, called *The Conduct of the Allies*. The purpoſe was to perſuade the nation to a peace; and never had any publication more ſucceſs. It is ſaid that eleven thouſand were ſold in leſs than a month. To its propagation certainly no agency of power or influence was wanting. It furniſhed arguments for converſation, ſpeeches for debate, and materials for parliamentary reſolutions.

It was followed by his *Barrier Treaty*, which carries on the deſign of the *Conduct of the Allies*, and his *Remarks on the Biſhop of Sarum's Introduction to the third Volume of his Hiſtory of the Reformation*, in which he treats Burnet like a political antagoniſt, whom he is glad of an opportunity to inſult.

The miniſtry were not unmindful of his merits, and had recommended him to the Queen to fill a vacant biſhopric; but the recommendation was oppoſed by Archbiſhop Sharp, who uſed this remarkable expreſſion, "that her Majeſty ſhould be ſure that the man whom ſhe was going to make a biſhop was a Chriſtian." The Ducheſs of Somerſet alſo ſhowed the Queen that exceſſive bitter copy of verſes which Swift had written againſt her, called *The Windſor Prophecy*. As a mark of her diſpleaſure, the Queen paſſed Swift by, and beſtowed the biſhopric on another.

As ſoon as it was known that he was in diſgrace with the Queen, his court friends either deſerted him or looked coldly on him. Speeches were made againſt him in both Houſes of Parliament. The Scottiſh Peers went in a body to the Queen to complain of the author of a pamphlet, called the

Public Spirit of the Whigs, written in anſwer to Steele's "Criſis," in which were many paſſages injurious to the honour of their nation.

His friend Harley, however, and the reſt of the miniſtry, exerted their influence ſo ſtrongly in his behalf, that he ſoon appeared again at court, in higher favour than ever.

In April 1713, he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, the beſt preferment the miniſtry would venture to give him. "That miniſtry," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "was, in a great degree, ſupported by the clergy, who were not yet reconciled to the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, and would not, without much diſcontent and indignation, have borne to ſee him inſtalled in an Engliſh cathedral."

In June following, he went to take poſſeſſion of his deanery; but was not ſuffered to ſtay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England, that he might reconcile Harley and Bolingbroke, who began to look on one another with malevolence, which every day increaſed.

Upon his arrival, he contrived an interview at Lord Maſham's, from which they both departed diſcontented; he procured a ſecond, which only convinced him that the breach was irreconcilable. He told them his opinion, that all was loſt, and that he was determined to have no further concern with public affairs.

By the diſſenſion of his great friends, his importance was now at an end; and ſeeing his ſervices at laſt uſeleſs, he returned in June 1714, to a friend's houſe at Letcomb in Berkſhire, where he wrote that ſpirited pamphlet, called *Free Thoughts on the preſent State of Affairs*; but the death of the Queen, ſoon after it went to preſs, put a ſtop to the publication.

This event broke down at once the whole ſyſtem of Tory politics, put an end to all Swift's noble deſigns for the public good, and cut off all his own future proſpects.

There is an admirable picture given of him upon this occaſion, by a few ſtrokes of the maſterly pen of Arbuthnot: "I have ſeen a letter," he writes Pope, "from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit; and though, like a man knocked down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries."

The brighteſt and moſt important part of his life paſſed during the four laſt years of Queen Anne, when his faculties were in full vigour, and occaſions for diſplaying them aroſe adequate to their greatneſs.

It is recorded to his honour, and to animate others by his example, that, during his connection with thoſe who were in the higheſt rank, and who in every rank would have been great, he would never ſuffer himſelf to be treated but as an equal, and repulſed every attempt to hold him in dependence, or keep him at diſtance, with the utmoſt reſentment and indignation.

It happened upon ſome occaſion that Harley ſent him a bank bill of 50 l. by his private ſecretary, Mr. Lewis, which he inſtantly returned with a letter of expoſtulation and complaint; but he accepted afterwards a draught of 1000 l. upon the Exchequer, which was intercepted by the Queen's death.

When he was deſired by Harley to introduce Parnell to his acquaintance, he refuſed, upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character ſuperior to a lord in a high ſtation. He therefore obliged him to walk with his treaſurer's ſtaff from room to room, inquiring which was Parnell, in order to introduce himſelf, and beg the honour of his acquaintance.

As to his political principles, if his own account of them is to be believed, he was always againſt a popiſh ſucceſſor to the crown, whatever title he might have by proximity of blood; nor did he regard the right line upon any other account than as it was eſtabliſhed by law, and had much weight in the opinions of the people. He was of opinion, that when the grievances ſuffered under a preſent government became greater than thoſe which might probably be expected from changing it by violence, a revolution was juſtifiable; and this he believed to have been the caſe in that which was brought about by the Prince of Orange. He had a mortal antipathy to ſtanding armies in times of peace; and was of opinion, that our liberty could never be ſecured upon a firm foundation, till the ancient law ſhould be revived, by which our parliaments were made annual. He abominated the political ſcheme of ſetting up a monied intereſt in oppoſition to the landed, and was an enemy to a temporary ſuſpenſion of the *Habeas Corpus* act. In theſe opinions, and in his general ſcheme of politics, Harley was known to concur; but Bolingbroke ſought to gratify his ambition by ſecretly promoting the reſtoration of the exiled family.

The period of his political importance is diſtinguiſhed by the commencement of his paſſion for Miſs Eſther Vanhomrigh, celebrated by the name of *Vaneſſa*, whoſe hiſtory is too well known to be minutely repeated.

The date of it may be traced to March 1712, when a remarkable change took place in his manner of writing to Miſs Johnſon.

Miſs Vanhomrigh was a young woman fond of literature, whom he took pleaſure in directing and inſtructing; till, from being proud of his praiſe, ſhe grew fond of his perſon, and ventured to make him a propoſal of marriage.

He now, for the firſt time, felt what the paſſion of love was, with all its attendant ſymptoms, which he had before only known from deſcription, and which he was now enabled to deſcribe himſelf in the ſtrongeſt colours. In this ſituation, ſoon after his return from his inſtallation, in 1713, he wrote that beautiful poem, called *Cadenus and Vaneſſa*, in which he is characteriſed, under the name of *Cadenus* by the tranſpoſition of the letters in the word *Decanus*, the Dean. His firſt deſign ſeems to have been to break off the connection in the politeſt manner poſſible. To ſoften the harſhneſs of a refuſal of her hand, the greateſt of mortifications to a woman, young, beautiful, and poſſeſſed of a good fortune; he painted all her perfections, both of body and mind, in ſuch glowing colours, as muſt at leaſt have highly gratified her vanity, and ſhown that he was far from being inſenſible to her charms, though prudence forbade his yielding to his inclinations. If it be ſaid that he ſhould have checked a paſſion which he never meant to gratify, recourſe muſt be had to that extenuation which he ſo much deſpiſed, "men are but men." Perhaps, however, he did not know his own mind; and, as he repreſents himſelf, was undetermined.

A poem written in ſuch exquiſite taſte, of which ſhe was the ſubject, and where ſhe ſaw herſelf dreſt out in the moſt flattering colours, was not likely to adminiſter to her cure; on the contrary, it only ſerved to add freſh fuel to the flame.

Meantime, the unfortunate *Stella* languiſhed in abſence and neglect. The journal was not renewed; while a continual intercourſe was kept up between *Vaneſſa* and him. She was the firſt perſon he wrote to on his retirement to Letcoumb, before the Queen's death, and the laſt in his departure from that place to Ireland; whether ſhe ſoon followed.

He arrived in a much more gloomy ſtate of mind than before. In the triumph of the Whigs, he met with every mortification that a ſpirit like his could poſſibly be expoſed to. The people of Ireland were irritated againſt him beyond meaſure, and every indignity was offered him as he walked the ſtreets of Dublin. Nor was he only inſulted by the rabble; but perſons of diſtinguiſhed rank forgot the decorum of common civility, to give him a perſonal affront. While his pride was hurt by ſuch indignities, his more tender feelings were often wounded by baſe ingratitude.

In ſuch a ſituation, he found it in vain to ſtruggle againſt the tide that oppoſed him. He ſilently yielded, and retired from the world to diſcharge his duties as a clergyman, and attend to the affairs of his deanery.

He filled his hours with ſome hiſtorical attempts relating to the *Change of the Miniſtry*, and the *Conduct of the Miniſtry*. He likewiſe finiſhed a *Hiſtory of the Four laſt Years of Queen Anne*, which he began in her lifetime, and laboured with great attention, but never publiſhed. It was afterwards publiſhed by Dr. Lucas; but failed to ſatisfy the curioſity which it excited.

He was now to contrive how he might be beſt accommodated in a country where he conſidered himſelf in a ſtate of exile. He opened his houſe by a public table two days a-week, and found his entertainments gradually frequented by viſitants of learning among the men, and of elegance among the women. Miſs Johnſon had left the country, and lived in lodgings not far from the deanery. On his public days ſhe regulated the table; but appeared at it as a mere gueſt, like other ladies.

On other days, he often dined at a ſtated price, with Mr. Worral, a clergyman of his cathedral, whoſe houſe was recommended by the peculiar neatneſs and pleaſantry of his wife. To this frugal mode of living, he was firſt diſpoſed by care to pay ſome debts which he had contracted; and he continued it for the purpoſe of accumulating money.

In 1716, he was privately married to Miſs Johnſon, by Dr. Aſhe, biſhop of Clogher, to whom he had been a pupil in the College, and who was the common friend to both, in ſettling the conditions of this extraordinary union. The marriage made no change in their mode of life; they lived in ſeparate houſes as before; nor did ſhe ever lodge in the deanery but when Swift was ſeized with a fit of giddineſs.

During almoſt ſix years after his return to Ireland, he kept his reſolution of not meddling at all with public affairs. In 1720, when the ferment ſeemed to have ſubſided, he publiſhed his firſt political pamphlet relative to Ireland, intituled, *A Propoſal for the univerſal Uſe of Iriſh Manufactures*. The effect of this tract is well known. It rouſed the indignation of the miniſtry: a proſecution againſt the printer was commenced, though it came to nothing in the end. Swift again withdrew into retirement; and "there," as Mr. Sheridan expreſſes it, by repeating his former alluſion, "his patriotic ſpirit, thus confined, proved only as an evil one to torment him."

His patriotiſm burſt forth with a vehemence ſtill more powerful and effective, in 1724, to obſtruct the currency of *Wood's halfpence*, in the aſſumed character of a *Drapier*.

His zeal was recompenſed with ſucceſs; and he was, in conſequence of it, acclaimed the great patriot of Ireland.

After his marriage to Miſs Johnſon, he continued his ſecret intercourſe and correſpondence with Miſs Vanhomrigh; and even indulged her hopes, by the moſt explicit confeſſion of his paſſion for her. After ſuch a confeſſion, ſhe concluded, that ſome reports which had reached her of his being married to Miſs Johnſon was the real obſtacle to their union. To put an end to all further ſuſpence, ſhe ſent a ſhort note to Miſs Johnſon, requeſting to know whether ſhe was married to Swift or not. Miſs Johnſon anſwered her in the affirmative, and then encloſed the note ſhe had received from her to Swift, and immediately went into the country, without ſeeing him.

Her abrupt departure ſhowed him what paſſed in her mind. In the firſt tranſports of his paſſion, he immediately rode to Celbridge, Miſs Vanhomrigh's country ſeat. He entered the apartment where the unhappy lady was, and flung a paper on the table, mute, but with a countenance that ſpoke the higheſt reſentment, and immediately returned to his horſe. She found it contained nothing but her note to Miſs Johnſon. Deſpair at once ſeized her, as if ſhe had ſeen her death warrant; and ſuch indeed it proved to be. The violent agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which, in a ſhort time, put a period to her exiſtence. Before her death, which happened in 1723, ſhe had cancelled a will made in favour of Swift, and bequeathed her whole fortune to her relation Serjeant Marſhall, and the famous Dr. Berkeley, with a ſtrong injunction, that, immediately after her deceaſe, they ſhould publiſh all the letters which paſſed between Swift and her, together with the poem of *Cadenus and Vaneſſa*. The poem was publiſhed, but the letters, at the deſire of Dr. Sheridan, were ſuppreſſed.

Swift made a tour to the ſouth of Ireland for about two months at this time, to diſſipate his thoughts, and give place to obloquy; during which Miſs Johnſon remained in the country; nor did ſhe quit it for ſome months after his return. However, upon her return to Dublin, a reconciliation ſoon took place. He welcomed her to town with a beautiful poem, called *Stella at Wood-Park*, which concludes with a high compliment to *Stella*:

> For though my raillery were true,
> A cottage is Wood-Park with you.

Early in 1726, he reviſited England, after an abſence of twelve years; and collected three volumes of *Miſcellanies*, in conjunction with Pope, who prefixed the preface, and had the whole profit, which was very conſiderable.

The ſame year, he publiſhed *Gulliver's Travels*, a production that was received with ſuch avidity, that the price of the firſt edition was raiſed before the ſecond could be made. It was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticiſm was for a while loſt in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when diſtinctions came to be made, the part which gave leaſt pleaſure was that which deſcribes the *Flying Iſland*, and that which gave moſt diſguſt muſt be the hiſtory of the *Houyhnhnms*. The charge of miſanthropy is founded on his ſuppoſed ſatire on human nature, in the picture he has drawn of the *Yahoos*. The ground of this cenſure is examined very minutely by Mr. Sheridan, and his defence is conducted with great judgment and ingenuity. This part of his writings reflects neither honour nor reproach on his moral character.

While Swift was paſſing his time with his friends Pope and Bolingbroke, and the old fraternity, he received accounts that Miſs Johnſon was dangerouſly ill. This call of calamity haſtened him to Ireland, where he had the ſatisfaction to find her reſtored to an imperfect and tottering health.

Next year, he returned to England; and, when the news of the King's death arrived, he attended at court, and kiſſed the hands of the new King and Queen three days after their acceſſion.

By the Queen, when ſhe was Princeſs, he had been treated with ſome diſtinction, and was well received by her on her exaltation; but whether ſhe gave hopes which ſhe never took care to ſatisfy, or he formed expectations which ſhe never meant, the event was, that he always afterwards thought on her with reſentment, and particularly charged her with breaking her promiſe of ſome medals which ſhe engaged to ſend him.

He had likewiſe gained the kindneſs of Mrs. Howard, the Queen's favourite, with whom he kept up a correſpondence; and was favourably noticed, at that time, by Walpole; to whom, it is ſaid, he offered the ſervice of his pen, which was rejected. The ſtory originated with Cheſterfield, or rather it can be traced no farther, and ſeems without ſufficient foundation.

His laſt ſhort viſit to his friends revived the deſire which he had of ſettling in England; and this, he hoped, might be accompliſhed, by an exchange of his preferments for ſomething like an equivalent in England; but he ſoon found that all expectations of an exchange were at an end.

It was generally ſuppoſed, on the acceſſion of the late King, that the Tories would be no longer proſcribed as formerly; more flattering proſpects were opened to him than any he could have in view during the late reign. "We have now done with repining," he writes his friend Dr. Sheridan, "if we be uſed well and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it; and if things do not mend, it is not our faults; we have made our offers; if otherwiſe, we are as we were."

But he was ſoon obliged to alter his meaſures; for, being ſeized with a fit of giddineſs, and at the ſame time, receiving alarming accounts from Ireland, that Miſs Johnſon had relapſed, with little hopes of her recovery, he took leave of the Queen, in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, and ſet out for that kingdom on the firſt abatement of his illneſs.

On his arrival in Dublin, he found Miſs Johnſon in the laſt ſtage of a decay. He had the miſery of attending her in that ſtate, and of daily ſeeing the gradual advances of death during four or five months. As ſhe found her diſſolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the preſence of Dr. Sheridan, ſhe adjured Swift by their friendſhip, to let her have the ſatisfaction of dying at leaſt, though ſhe had not lived his acknowledged wife. He made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked ſilently out of the room, nor ever ſaw her afterwards during the few days ſhe lived. His behaviour threw Miſs Johnſon into unſpeakable agonies, and, for a time, ſhe ſunk under the weight of ſo cruel a diſappointment. But ſoon after, rouſed by indignation, ſhe inveighed againſt his cruelty in the bittereſt terms; and, ſending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune, in her own name, to charitable uſes. This ſcene ſeems to bear more hard on his humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. She died, January 28. 1728, in the 44th year of her age.

How much he wiſhed her life his papers ſhow; nor can it be doubted that he dreaded the death of her whom he loved moſt, aggravated by the conſciouſneſs that himſelf had haſtened it.

Swift's unjuſtifiable treatment of Miſs Johnſon and Miſs Vanhomrigh have been attributed, by Dr. Delany and Mr. Berkeley, "to that love of ſingularity which, in a greater or leſs degree, is inſeparable from genius." This may be reaſonably doubted. His connection with Miſs Waryng was probably the immediate cauſe of his myſterious conduct towards Miſs Johnſon; and Miſs Vanhomrigh, for a time, had power to captivate him, and make Miſs Johnſon experience that mortification which ſhe herſelf had occaſioned to Miſs Waryng. His conduct towards Miſs Johnſon and Miſs Vanhomrigh is examined very minutely by Mr. Sheridan; and though not poſitively *juſtified*, yet ſo anxious is he to place it in the moſt favourable point of view, that he appears more like a vindicator than an apologiſt. But the partialities of friendſhip cannot overcome the power of truth; and it would be more for the credit of Swift, if that part of his conduct which reſpected Miſs Vanhomrigh, not as aggravated by his enemies, but as related by Mr. Sheridan himſelf, were conſigned to oblivion. It will not admit of a defence: it ſcarcely merits an apology.

After the death of Miſs Johnſon, his benevolence was contracted, and his ſeverity exaſperated; he drove his acquaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deſerted. In this forlorn ſtate, his ſpirit was too great to give way to deſpondence, and, deprived as he was of all his domeſtic comforts, he turned his views wholly to the good and happineſs of others. He wrote, from time to time, ſuch directions, admonitions, or cenſures, as the exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper; and nothing fell from his pen in vain. By the acknowledged ſuperiority of his talents, his in-

flexible integrity, and his unwearied endeavours in ſerving the public, he obtained ſuch an aſcendency over his countrymen, as perhaps no private citizen obtained in any age or country. He was known over the whole kingdom by the title of *the Dean*, given to him by way of pre-eminence, as it were by common conſent; and when *the Dean* was mentioned, it always carried with it the idea of the firſt and greateſt man in the kingdom.

In a variety of publications, he laid open the chief ſources of the miſeries of the poor infatuated people of Ireland; at the ſame time, pointing out the means by which they might be alleviated. While he pleaded their cauſe with others, he conſtantly diſpoſed of the third part of his own revenue in charities to the poor, and liberalities to the diſtreſſed. Soon after he was out of debt, he lent out the firſt 500 l. which he could call his own, in ſmall ſums of 5 l. and 10 l. to diligent and neceſſitous tradeſmen, to be repaid weekly, at 2 s. or 4 s. without intereſt. This charity was attended with the greateſt benefit to numbers of the loweſt claſs of tradeſmen.

During this period, his faculties do not ſeem to have been at all impaired by the near approaches of old age. One of his laſt pieces, *Verſes on the Death of Dr. Swift*, is perhaps one of the beſt of his compoſitions in that way: nor are two of his other productions, written about the ſame time, intituled *An Epiſtle to a Lady*, and *A Rhapſody on Poetry*, inferior to any of his former pieces.

The two laſt were written chiefly with a view to gratify his reſentment againſt Walpole, to whom he attributed the ill offices done him by the Queen, who promiſed him ſome medals, which ſhe never ſent, and affected to believe him to be the author of three forged letters, written in a very unbecoming ſtyle, to recommend a ſubſcription to Mrs. Barber's poems. Walpole was exaſperated to the higheſt degree, and threatened a proſecution; but dropped the deſign.

His ſevere reflection on Counſellor Betteſworth, in a ſhort poem *on the Words, Brother Proteſtants and Fellow Chriſtians*, in 1733, is generally known. The provocation given by Swift was certainly very great, but not ſo great as the lawyer's indiſcretion in his manner of reſenting it.

After all, Betteſworth's great fault, and what rendered him particularly obnoxious to Swift, was, his being a zealous Whig, and an active man among the leaders of that party, at a time when party animoſities ran high in Ireland, and indeed in both kingdoms.

He wrote, from time to time, various trifles in verſe or proſe, and paſſed much of his time with Dr. Sheridan, who greatly contributed to his amuſement, by little ſprightly pieces of the inferior kind of poetry which he was always writing; and yet more to his employment, by hints and materials which he was every moment throwing out.

As his years increaſed, his fits of giddineſs and deafneſs grew more frequent, and his deafneſs made converſation difficult; they grew likewiſe more ſevere, till, in 1736, as he was writing a poem, called *The Legion Club*, he was ſeized with a fit ſo painful, and ſo long continued, that he never after thought it proper to attempt any work of thought or labour.

He, however, permitted one book to be publiſhed, which had been the production of former years, *Polite Converſation*, which appeared in 1738. The *Directions for Servants* was printed ſoon after his death. Theſe two performances ſhow a mind inceſſantly attentive; and, when it was not employed upon great things, buſy with minute occurrences.

His mental powers at length declined, and his iraſcible paſſions, which at all times he had found difficult to be kept within due bounds, now raged without controul, and made him a torment to himſelf, and to all who were about him.

Conſcious of his ſituation, he was little deſirous of ſeeing any of his old friends and companions, and they were as little ſolicitous to viſit him in that deplorable ſtate. He could now no longer amuſe himſelf with writing, and a reſolution he had formed of never wearing ſpectacles, to which he obſtinately adhered, prevented him from reading. Without employment, without amuſement of any kind, his ideas wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour.

In 1741, he became more violent, and it was found neceſſary that legal guardians ſhould be appointed of his perſon and fortune. He now loſt diſtinction. His madneſs was compounded of rage and fatuity. The laſt face he knew was that of Mrs. Whiteway, a relation, that lived with him ſince the death of Miſs Johnſon; and her he ceaſed to know in a little time. His meat was brought him cut into mouthfuls; but he would never touch it while the ſervant ſtaid; and at laſt, after it had ſtood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking; for he continued his old habit, and was on his feet ten hours a-day.

In 1742, he had an inflammation in his left eye, which ſwelled it to the ſize of an egg, with boils in other parts; he was kept long waking with the pain, and was not eaſily reſtrained by five attendants from tearing out his eye.

The tumour at laſt ſubſided, and a ſhort interval of reaſon enſuing, in which he knew his phyſician and family, gave hopes of his recovery; but he ſunk into lethargic ſtupidity, motionleſs, heedleſs, and ſpeechleſs; the effect, as it was ſuſpected, of water in the brain.

He afterwards ſpoke now and then to Mrs. Ridgeway the houſe-keeper, or gave ſome intimation of a meaning, but at laſt ſunk into a perfect ſilence, which continued till the 19th of October, 1745, when he expired without a ſtruggle, in the 78th year of his age.

He was buried in the great aiſle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, under a ſtone of black marble, on which was engraved the following epitaph, written by himſelf:

Hic depoſitum eſt corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
Hujus Eccleſiæ Cathedralis
Decani:
Ubi ſæva indignatio
Ulterius cor conlacerare nequit.
Abi, viator,
Et imitare, ſi poteris
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit Anno (1745)
Menſis (Octobris) die (19)
Ætatis Anno (78).

By his will, which is dated May 3. 1740, juſt before he ceaſed to be a reaſonable being, he left about 1200 l. in ſpecific legacies, and the reſt of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000 l. to erect and endow an hoſpital for idiots and lunatics. His ſiſter, Mrs. Fenton, had diſobliged him by an imprudent marriage.

His works have been printed often, and in various forms; firſt by Pope, in 1726, in ſome volumes of Miſcellanies; next by George Faulkener, 1765; afterwards by Dr. Hawkeſworth, in 8 vols. 4to. 1775.; three additional volumes 4to. by Deane Swift, Eſq.; and three more by Mr. Nichols. Theſe have been reprinted in 25 vols. large 8vo, and in 27 vols. ſmall 8vo. with the life of Swift by Mr. Sheridan, in 1784. A volume of *Miſcellaneous Pieces, in Proſe and Verſe*, not inſerted in Mr. Sheridan's edition, was printed in 1789, and may be conſidered either as an 18th volume of Mr. Sheridan's edition, or as a 26th of that of Dr. Hawkeſworth and Mr. Nichols.

On the character and writings of Swift, it is the leſs neceſſary for the preſent writer to enlarge, as they have been ſo accurately illuſtrated by Lord Orrery, Dr. Johnſon, and Mr. Sheridan.

"His capacity and ſtrength of mind," ſays Lord Orrery, "were undoubtedly equal to any taſk whatever. His pride, his ſpirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you pleaſe, was boundleſs; but his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that diſappointment had a viſible effect upon all his actions. He was ſour and ſevere, but not abſolutely illnatured. He was ſociable only to particular friends, and to them only at particular hours. He knew politeneſs more than he practiſed it. He was a mixture of avarice and generoſity; the former was frequently prevalent, the latter ſeldom appeared unleſs excited by compaſſion. He was open to adulation, and could not, or would not diſtinguiſh between flattery and juſt applauſe. His abilities rendered him ſuperior to envy. He was undiſguiſed, and perfectly ſincere. I am induced to think that he entered into orders more from ſome private and fixed reſolution than abſolute choice. Be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers rather in a ſtrong nervous voice than in a graceful manner; and although he has been often accuſed of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his converſation and behaviour. His caſt of mind induced him to think and ſpeak more of politics than religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power, and his chief aim was to be removed into England; but when he found himſelf entirely diſappointed, he turned his thoughts to oppoſition, and became the patron of Ireland.

"From the gifts of nature, he had great powers, and from the imperfection of humanity, he had

many failings. I always conſidered him as an *abſtract and brief chronicle of the times*, no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the higheſt and loweſt ſcenes. His friends and correſpondents were the greateſt and moſt eminent men of the age; and the ſages of antiquity were often the companions of his cloſet; and although he avoided an oſtentation of learning, and generally choſe to draw his materials from his own ſtore, yet his knowledge of the ancient authors evidently appears from the ſtrength of his ſentiments, and the claſſic correctneſs of his ſtyle.

"His attendance upon the public ſervice of the church was regular and uninterrupted; and, indeed, regularity was peculiar to him in all his actions, even in the greateſt trifles. His hours of walking and reading never varied: his motions were guided by his watch, which was ſo conſtantly held in his hand, or placed before him upon his table, that he ſeldom deviated many minutes in the daily revolution of his exerciſes and employments.

"The Dean kept company with many of the fair ſex, but they were rather his amuſement than his admiration; he trifled away many hours in their converſation, he filled many pages in their praiſe, and, by the powers of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, ſupported by the heat of his genius, and joined by the exceſſive coldneſs of his nature, *Vaneſſa* owed the ruin of her reputation; and from the ſame cauſe, *Stella* remained an unacknowledged wife. If you review his ſeveral poems to *Stella*, you will find them fuller of affection than deſire, and more expreſſive of friendſhip than love.

"Upon a general view of his poetry, we ſhall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, ſurpriſing, heteroclite genius, luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humorous in his deſcription, and bitter, exceedingly bitter, in his ſatire. The reſtleſſneſs of his imagination, and the diſappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was ſufficient to every labour; no flight could have wearied the ſtrength of his powers; perhaps if the extenſive views of his nature had been fully ſatisfied, his airy motions had been more regular and leſs ſudden; but he now appears like an eagle that is ſometimes chained, and at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeaſes his hunger, by deſtroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched inſects that unluckily happen to buz or flutter within her reach.

"The ſubjects of his poems are often naſeous, and the performances beautifully diſagreeable. The *Ladies Dreſſing-room* has been univerſally condemned, as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the higheſt degree. The two poems, entitled *The Life and genuine Character of Dr. Swift*, and *Verſes on the Death of Dr. Swift, &c.* are poems of great wit and humour. In the laſt, he has ſummoned the whole powers of ſatire and poetry; it is a parting blow, the legacy of anger and diſappointment. One of his ſtricteſt rules in poetry was to avoid triplets. He had the niceſt ear, and is remarkably chaſte and delicate in his rhymes: a bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital ſins in poetry."

Mr. Sheridan produces ſome ſtriking inſtances of Swift's tenderneſs of heart, his great humanity, and his univerſal benevolence, and cloſes his account of him with laying open one leading part of his character, "which," ſays he, "may ſerve as a clue to the whole."

"He was perhaps the moſt diſintereſted man that ever lived. No ſelfiſh motive ever influenced any part of his conduct. He loved virtue for its own ſake, and was content it ſhould be its own reward. The means to arrive at rank, fortune, and fame, the three great objects of purſuit in other men, though thrown in his way, he utterly deſpiſed, ſatisfied with having deſerved them. The ſame principle operated equally on the author as on the man, as he never put his name to his works, nor had any ſolicitude about them after they had once made their appearance in the world. The laſt act of his life ſhowed how far he made this a rule of conduct, in his choice of the charity to which he bequeathed his fortune, leaving it for the ſupport of idiots and lunatics, beings that could never know their benefactor.

"Upon the whole, when we conſider his character as a man perfectly free from vice, with few frailties, and ſuch exalted virtues, and as an author poſſeſſed of ſuch uncommon talents, ſuch an unexhauſtible fund of wit, joined to ſo clear and ſolid an underſtanding; when we behold theſe two characters united in one and the ſame perſon, perhaps it will not be thought too bold an aſſertion to ſay, that his parallel is not to be found either in the hiſtory of ancient or modern times."

At the end of his "Introduction," theſe blazing encomiums are collected into one ſtrong point:

" It is of moment to the general cauſe of religion and morality, that the greateſt genius of the age was a man of the trueſt piety and moſt exalted virtue."

The character of Swift as given by Dr. Johnſon, is leſs favourable; and though it may be allowed to be, in ſome inſtances, uncandid and unjuſt, it will by no means warrant the ſevere and rancorous recrimination of Mr. Sheridan.

" When Swift is conſidered as an author, it is juſt to eſtimate his powers by their effects. In the reign of Queen Anne, he turned the ſtream of popularity againſt the Whigs, and muſt be confeſſed to have dictated for a time the political opinions of the Engliſh nation. In the ſucceeding reign, he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppreſſion; and ſhowed that wit, confederated with truth, had ſuch force as authority was unable to reſiſt. He ſaid truly of himſelf, that Ireland " was his debtor." It was from the time when he firſt began to patronize the Iriſh, that they may date their riches and proſperity. He taught them firſt to know their own intereſt, their weight, and their ſtrength, and gave them ſpirit to aſſert that equality with their fellow-ſubjects to which they have ever ſince been making vigorous advances, and to claim thoſe rights which they have at laſt eſtabliſhed. Nor can they be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they reverenced him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator.

" In his works, he has given very different ſpecimens, both of ſentiments and expreſſion. His *Tale of a Tub* has little reſemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiouſneſs of images, and vivacity of diction, ſuch as he afterwards never poſſeſſed, or never exerted. It is of a mode ſo diſtinct and peculiar, that it muſt be conſidered by itſelf: What is true of that, is not true of any thing elſe which he has written.

" In his other works, is found an equable tenour of eaſy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in ſimplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been ſaid, is not true; but his few metaphors ſeem to be received rather by neceſſity than choice. He ſtudied purity; and though perhaps all his ſtrictures are not exact, yet it is not often that ſoleciſms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himſelf ſafe. His ſentences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be eaſy to find any embarraſſment in the complication of his clauſes, any inconſequence in his connections, or abruptneſs in his tranſitions.

His ſtyle was well ſuited to his thoughts, which are never ſubtilized by nice diſquiſitions, decorated by ſparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious ſentences, or variegated by far-fought learning. He pays no court to the paſſions; he excites neither ſurpriſe nor admiration; he always underſtands himſelf, and his readers always underſtand him. The peruſer of Swift wants little previous knowledge; it will be ſufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his paſſage is always on a level, along ſolid ground, without aſperities, without obſtruction.

" This eaſy and ſafe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's deſire to attain, and for having obtained it he deſerves praiſe, though perhaps not the higheſt praiſe. For purpoſes merely didactic, when ſomething is to be told that was not known before, it is the beſt mode, but againſt that inattention by which known truths are ſuffered to lie neglected, it makes no proviſion: it inſtructs, but does not perſuade.

" By his political education, he was aſſociated with the Whigs; but he deſerted them when they deſerted their principles, yet without running into the contrary extreme; he continued throughout his life to retain the diſpoſition which he aſſigns to the *Church-of-England Man*, of thinking commonly with the Whigs of the ſtate, and with the Tories of the church.

" He was a churchman rationally zealous; he deſired the proſperity, and maintained the honour of the clergy; of the diſſenters he did not wiſh to infringe the toleration, but he oppoſed their encroachments.

" To his duty as Dean he was very attentive. He managed the revenues of his church with exact economy; and it is ſaid by Delany, that more money was, under his direction, laid out in repairs than had ever been in the ſame time ſince its firſt erection. Of his choir he was eminently careful; and, though he neither loved nor underſtood muſic, took care that all the ſingers were well qualified, admitting none without the teſtimony of ſkilful judges.

" In his church he reſtored the practice of weekly communion, and diſtributed the ſacramental ele-

ments in the moſt ſolemn and devout manner with his own hand. He came to church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed.

" He entered upon the clerical ſtate with hope to excel in preaching; but complained, that, from the time of his political controverſies, " he could only preach pamphlets." This cenſure of himſelf, if judgment may be made from thoſe ſermons which have been printed, was unreaſonably ſevere.

" The ſuſpicions of his irreligion proceeded in a great meaſure from his dread of hypocriſy; inſtead of wiſhing to ſeem better, he delighted in ſeeming worſe than he was. He went in London to early prayers, leſt he ſhould be ſeen at church; he read prayers to his ſervants every morning, with ſuch dexterous ſecrecy, that Dr. Delany was ſix months in his houſe before he knew it. He was not only careful to hide the good which he did, but willingly incurred the ſuſpicion of evil which he did not. He forgot what himſelf had formerly aſſerted, that hypocriſy is leſs miſchievous than open impiety. Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has juſtly condemned this part of his character.

" The perſon of Swift had not many recommendations. He had a kind of muddy complexion, which, though he waſhed himſelf with oriental ſcrupuloſity, did not look clear. He had a countenance ſour and ſevere, which he ſeldom ſoftened by any appearance of gaiety. He ſtubbornly reſiſted any tendency to laughter.

" To his domeſtics he was naturally rough; and a man of a rigorous temper, with that vigilance of minute attention which his works diſcover, muſt have been a maſter that few could bear. That he was diſpoſed to do his ſervants good, on important occaſions, is no great mitigation: beneſaction can be but rare, and tyrannic peeviſhneſs is perpetual. He did not ſpare the ſervants of others. Once, when he dined alone with the Earl of Orrery, he ſaid, of one that waited in the room, " That man has, ſince we ſat to the table, committed fifteen faults." What the faults were, Lord Orrery, from whom I heard the ſtory, had not been attentive enough to diſcover. My number may perhaps not be exact.

" In his economy, he practiſed a peculiar and offenſive parſimony, without diſguiſe or apology. The practice of ſaving being once neceſſary, became habitual, and grew firſt ridiculous, and at laſt deteſtable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleaſure, was never ſuffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpoſe to which he deſtined his little accumulations be remembered, with his diſtribution of occaſional charity, it will perhaps appear that he only liked one mode of expence better than another, and ſaved merely that he might have ſomething to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his ſucceſſors, but left both Laracor and the Deanery more valuable than he found them.—With all this talk of his covetouſneſs and generoſity, it ſhould be remembered that he was never rich. The revenue of his deanery was not much more than 700 l. a-year.

" His beneficence was not graced with tenderneſs or civility; he relieved without pity, and aſſiſted without kindneſs; ſo that thoſe who were fed by him could hardly love him.

" He made a rule to himſelf to give but one piece at a time, and therefore always ſtored his pocket with coins of different value.

" Whatever he did, he ſeemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himſelf, without ſufficiently conſidering that ſingularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which juſtly provokes the hoſtility of ridicule; he therefore who indulges peculiar habits is worſe than others, if he be not better.

" In the intercourſe of familiar life, he indulged his diſpoſition to petulence and ſarcaſm, and thought himſelf injured if the licentiouſneſs of his raillery, the freedom of his cenſures, or the petulance of his frolics, was reſented or repreſſed. He predominated over his companions with very high aſcendency, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the ſtyle of his friend Delany, " to venture to ſpeak to him." This cuſtomary ſuperiority ſoon grew too delicate for truth; and Swift, with all his penetration, allowed himſelf to be delighted with low flattery.

" On all common occaſions, he habitually affects a ſtyle of arrogance, and dictates rather than perſuades. This authoritative and magiſterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularity; but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an aſſumed imperiouſneſs, in which he was ironical only to be reſentful, and to the ſubmiſſive ſufficiently ſerious.

" He told ſtories with great felicity, and delighted in doing what he knew himſelf to do well; he was therefore captivated by the reſpectful ſilence of a ſteady liſtener, and told the ſame tales too often.

" He did not, however, claim the right of talking alone; for it was his rule, when he had ſpoken a minute, to give room by a pauſe for any other ſpeaker. Of time, on all occaſions, he was an exact computer, and knew the minutes required to every common operation.

" It may be juſtly ſuppoſed, that there was in his converſation, what appears ſo frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality ſought and enjoyed by the neglect of thoſe ceremonies which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed as the barriers between one order of ſociety and another. This tranſgreſſion of regularity was, by himſelf and his admirers, termed greatneſs of ſoul. But a great mind diſdains to hold any thing by courteſy, and therefore never uſurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He then encroaches on another's dignity, puts himſelf in his power; he is either repelled with helpleſs indignity, or endured by clemency and condeſcenſion.

" Of Swift's general habits of thinking, if his letters can be ſuppoſed to afford any evidence, he was not a man to be either loved or envied. He ſeems to have waſted life in diſcontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languiſhment of unſatisfied deſire. He is querulous and faſtidious, arrogant and malignant; he ſcarcely ſpeaks of himſelf but with indignant lamentations, or of others but with inſolent ſuperiority when he is gay, and with angry contempt when he is gloomy. From the letters that paſs between him and Pope, it might be inferred that they, with Arbuthnot and Gay, had engroſſed all the underſtanding and virtue of mankind; that their merits filled the world; or that there was no hopes of more. They ſhow the age involved in darkneſs, and ſhade the picture with ſullen emulation.

" When the Queen's death drove him into Ireland, he might be allowed to regret for a time the interception of his views, the extinction of his hopes, and his ejection from gay ſcenes, important employment, and ſplendid friendſhips; but when time had enabled reaſon to prevail over vexation, the complaints, which at firſt were natural, became ridiculous becauſe they were uſeleſs. But querulouſneſs was now grown habitual, and he cried out when he probably had ceaſed to feel. His reiterated wailings perſuaded Bolingbroke that he was really willing to quit his deanery for an Engliſh pariſh; and Bolingbroke procured an exchange, which was rejected; and Swift ſtill retained the pleaſure of complaining.

" The greateſt difficulty that occurs, in analyſing his character, is to diſcover by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas, from which almoſt every other mind ſhrinks with diſguſt. The ideas of pleaſure, even when criminal, may ſolicit the imagination; but what has diſeaſe, deformity, and filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell? Delany is willing to think that Swift's mind was not much tainted with this groſs corruption before his long viſit to Pope. He does not conſider how he degrades his hero, by making him at fifty-nine the pupil of turpitude, and liable to the malignant influence of an aſcendant mind. But the truth is, that Gulliver had deſcribed his Yahoos before the viſit; and he that had formed thoſe images had nothing filthy to learn.

" In the poetical works of Dr. Swift there is not much upon which the critic can exerciſe his powers. They are often humorous, almoſt always light, and have the qualities which recommend ſuch compoſitions, eaſineſs and gaiety. They are, for the moſt part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are ſmooth, and the rhymes exact. There ſeldom occurs a hard-laboured expreſſion, or a redundant epithet; all his verſes exemplify his own definition of a good ſtyle, they conſiſt of " proper words in proper places."

" To divide this collection into claſſes, and ſhow how ſome pieces are groſs, and ſome are trifling, would be to tell the reader what he knows already, and to find faults of which the author could not be ignorant, who certainly wrote not often to his judgment, but his humour.

" It was ſaid, in a preface to one of the Iriſh editions, that Swift had never been known to take a ſingle thought from any writer, ancient or modern. This is not literally true; but perhaps no writer can eaſily be found that has borrowed ſo little, or that in all his excellencies and all his defects has ſo well maintained his claim to be conſidered as original."

POEMS.

ODE

TO THE

HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-Park, June 1689.

VIRTUE, the greateſt of all monarchies!
Till, its firſt emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his ſeat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,
By many a petty lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt!
'Tis you who muſt this land ſubdue,
The mighty conqueſt's left for you,
The conqueſt and diſcovery too;
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever ſince but in deſcriptions found,
Like the philoſopher's ſtone,
With rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

We have too long been led aſtray;
Too long have our miſguided ſouls been taught
With rules from muſty morals brought,
'Tis you muſt put us in the way;
Let us (for ſhame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philoſophy,
Philoſophy, the lumber of the ſchools,
The roguery of alch[illegible]y;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our preſent life in hopes of golden rules.

But what does our proud ignorance learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treaſure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book our tender ſouls,
We ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the ſchools:
For learning's mighty treaſures look
In that deep grave a book;
Think that ſhe there does all her treaſures hide,
And that her troubled ghoſt ſtill haunts there ſince ſhe dy'd.
Confine her walks to colleges and ſchools;
Her prieſts, her train, and followers ſhow
As if they all were ſpectres too!
They purchaſe knowledge at th' expence
Of common breeding, common ſenſe,
And grow at once ſcholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeneſs, ill-nature, incivility,

And, ſick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it up, and nauſeate company.

Curſt be the wretch! nay, doubly curſt!
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our greateſt enemy)
Who learnt himſelf that hereſy firſt
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our ſcraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'ſcap'd this general peſt;
Thoſe mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I muſt, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unleſs I put in Cæſar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of ſouls.

Let not old Rome boaſt Fabius' fate;
He ſav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the uſual bloody ſcar,
To ſhow it coſt its price in war;
War! that mad game the world ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
For, though with loſs or victory a while
Fortune the gameſters does beguile,
Yet at the laſt the box ſweeps all away.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blaſt:
Th' artillery of the ſkies
Shoots to the earth, and dies;
Nor ever green and flouriſhing 't will laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widow's tears nor orphan's cries.
About the head crown'd with theſe bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſheath.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe juggler's tricks,
Which we call deep deſigns and politics
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly);

Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and diſcover all:
How plain I ſee through the deceit!
How ſhallow, and how groſs, the cheat!
Look where the pully's tied above!
Great God! (ſaid I) what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and deſigns of ſtates!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain ſhake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peaſants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little beaſt, and mocks their idle fears.

Then tell, dear favourite muſe!
What ſerpent's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where ſhe lies!
See how ſhe rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas ſure this baſiliſk ſent Temple thence,
And though as ſome ('tis ſaid) for their defence
Have worn a caſement o'er their ſkin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and tranſparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almoſt got priority of fight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite
(In pieces cut, the viper ſtill did re-unite),
Till, at laſt, tir'd with loſs of time and eaſe,
Reſolv'd to give himſelf, as well as country, peace.

Sing belov'd muſe! the pleaſures of retreat,
And in ſome untouched virgin ſtrain
Show the delights thy ſiſter nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, ſing of thy woods, ſing of thy fields;
Go publiſh o'er the plain
How mighty a proſelyte you gain!
How noble a repriſal on the great!
How is the muſe luxuriant grown!
Whene'er ſhe takes this flight,
She ſoars clear out of ſight.
Theſe are the paradiſes of her own:
(The Pegaſus, like an unruly horſe,
Though ne'er ſo gently led
To the lov'd paſture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his uſual courſe.)
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd ſtreams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames!
Fain the fair nymph would ſtay,
Oft ſhe looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainſt her fountain does complain,
And ſoftly ſteals in many windings down,
As loath to ſee the hated court and town,
And murmurs as ſhe glides away.

In this new happy ſcene
Are nobler ſubjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predeceſſor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our ſport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel ſee
(Whoſe well-compacted forms eſcape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of ſight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increaſe, and whence its birth,
Or from the ſun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How ſome go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiouſly upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches and the fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence muſt riſe again.

Shall I believe a ſpirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame mould with mine?
Why then does nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her elder ſons the whole eſtate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of heaven not worth her care,
Take up at beſt with lumber and the leavings of a fair:
Some ſhe binds 'prentice to the ſpade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,
Some ſhe does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet ſends us to look out for ſtraw:
Some ſhe condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philoſophy:
Me ſhe has to the muſe's gallies tied,
In vain I ſtrive to croſs this ſpacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And, when I almoſt reach the ſhore,
Straight the muſe turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, ſtops my complaining breath,
With promiſe of a mad reverſion after death.

Then, Sir, accept this worthleſs verſe,
The tribute of an humble muſe,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard ſtars;
Nature the hidden ſpark did at my birth infuſe,
And kindled firſt with indolence and eaſe;
And, ſince too oft' debauch'd by praiſe,
'Tis now grown an incurable diſeaſe:
In vain to quench this fooliſh fire I try
In wiſdom and philoſophy;
In vain all wholeſome herbs I ſow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,

On his Succeſs in Ireland.

To purchaſe kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to diſſembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And ſolid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchleſs courage with your prudence joins,
The glorious ſtructure of your fame to raiſe;
With its own light your dazzling glory ſhines,
And into adoration turns our praiſe.

Had you by dull ſucceſſion gain'd your crown
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made),
Part of your merit chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been loſt in ſhade.

But now your worth its juſt reward ſhall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due;
Who could ſo well a dying nation ſave,
At once deſerve a crown, and gain it too!

You ſaw how near we were to ruin brought,
You ſaw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate nor ſhun.

Britannia ſtripp'd from her ſole guard the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody ſacrifice;
You ſtraight ſtepp'd in, and from the monſter's jaws
Did bravely ſnatch the lovely helpleſs prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preſerve conqueſts, as at firſt to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double ſhare,
Which, what it bravely won, does all maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title ſhow'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to ſome guardian god,
That muſt their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we ſee!
When Schomberg ſtarted at the vaſt deſign:
The boundleſs glory all redounds to thee, [thine.
Th' impulſe, the fight, th' event, were wholly

The brave attempt does all our foes diſarm;
You need but now give orders and command,
Your name ſhall the remaining work perform,
And ſpare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
To interrupt the fortune of your courſe:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of ſecret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that muſt all tongues employ:
William's the pledge and earneſt given by fate
Of England's glory, and her laſting joy.

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14. 1691.

As when the deluge firſt began to fall
That mighty ebb never to flow again
(When this huge body's moiſture was ſo great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat);
That mountain which was higheſt, firſt of all
Appear'd above the univerſal main,
To bleſs the primitive ſailor's weary ſight!
And 'twas perhaps Parnaſſus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to heaven as is its name:
So after th' inundation of a war,
When learning's little houſehold did embark
With her world's fruitful ſyſtem in her ſacred ark,
At the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears,
Philoſophy's exalted head appears;
And the dove-muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver wings and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To ſhow the flood begins to ceaſe,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

The eager muſe took wing upon the waves' decline,
When war her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of peace began to ſhine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation ſat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the
firſt that grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm, and rain);
And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king *.
And the dove-muſe is fled once more
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war);
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore:
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Than ſtraight ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens
And many a pleaſant wood! [crown'd,
As if the univerſal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It ſeems ſome floating piece of paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,
And the tranſported muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the god of wit,
Or the much talk'd oracular grove;
When with amazing joy ſhe hears
An unknown muſic all around
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly ſong
Of nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and love,
Whilſt angels tune the voice, and God inſpires the
tongue.
In vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound,
In vain purſues the muſic with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excurſions of a youthful pen;
Forgive a young, and (almoſt) virgin-muſe,
Whom blind and eager curioſity
(Yet curioſity, they ſay,
Is in her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of ſenſe
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence! the ſcurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions ſtill,
Both the good natur'd and the ill,
Yet whereſoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join, like flies and waſps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the firſt ſect of theſe,
All merit, that tranſcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled ſcanty ſenſe,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praiſe.
And our good brethren of the ſurly ſect
Muſt e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though, poſſeſs'd of preſent vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the ſame want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wiſely ſhroud
From us the blind and thoughtleſs crowd,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,

* *The ode I writ to the King in Ireland.*

Who both our follies and impertinences ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

But cenſure's to be underſtood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp heav'n ſets on all that's great and good,
Our ſhallow ſearch and judgment to direct.
The war methinks has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Inſtead of boldly ſailing far, to buy
A ſtock of wiſdom and philoſophy,
We fondly ſtay at home, in fear
Of every cenſuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the ſale,
And ſelling baſely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheiſts of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the ſtage;
Wondrous refiners of philoſophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modiſh ſyſtem of reducing all to ſenſe,
Againſt all logic and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cauſe.

This hopeful ſect, now it begins to ſee
How little, very little, do prevail
Their firſt and chiefeſt force
To cenſure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another courſe:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of ſolving all appearances they pleaſe,
We ſoon ſhall ſee them to their ancient methods fall,
And ſtraight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave anſwer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to ſay, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond miſtake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms juſtling in a heap,
Which from eternal ſeeds begun,
Juſtling ſome thouſand years till ripen'd by the ſun;
They're now, juſt now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

But as for poor contented me,
Who muſt my weakneſs and my ignorance confeſs,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to ſee;
Methinks I'm ſatisfy'd to gueſs
That this new, noble, and delightful ſcene
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted men,
Who have well ſtudied in the world's diſeaſe
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye),
That what ſurpriſes us can only pleaſe.
We often ſearch contentedly the whole world round,
To make ſome great diſcovery;
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty Nile has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We've found a little inconſiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an uſurped wife and ſtate,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, ſtill doat, on his inviſible ring?

Were I to form a regular thought of fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint echo to the ſight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Becauſe alas! when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant poſterity,
Although they praiſe the learning and the wit,
And though the title ſeems to ſhow
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how ſhall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Leſs ſhould I daub it o'er with tranſitory praiſe,
And water-colours of theſe days:
Theſe days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loſs for figures to expreſs
Men's folly, whimſies and inconſtancy,
And by a faint deſcription makes them leſs.
Then tell us what is fame, where ſhall we ſearch for it?
Look where exalted virtue and religion ſit
Enthron'd with heavenly wit!
Look where you ſee
The greateſt ſcorn of learned vanity!
And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whoſe reaſon is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a tranſfuſion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!
And when you find out theſe, believe true fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown? is only known in you.

The juggling ſea-god, when by chance trepan'd
By ſome inſtructed queriſt ſleeping on the ſand,
Impatient of all anſwers, ſtrait became
A ſtealing brook, and ſtrove to creep away
Into his native ſea,
Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his ſtream;
But, diſappointed of his fond deſire,
Would vaniſh in a pyramid of fire.
This ſurly ſlippery god, when he deſign'd
To furniſh his eſcapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of ſhapes
Than you to pleaſe and ſatisfy mankind,
And ſeem (almoſt) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you anſwer all phænomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philoſophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthuſiaſtic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the ſchools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and ſhame,
Contrive to ſhock your minds with many a ſenſeleſs doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in ignorance and night,
The god of learning and of light
Would want a god himſelf to help him out.

Philoſophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd ſome ungrateful taſte

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of every tribe *.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage by ſuch feats as theſe
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle:
Then ſaid, My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill would call it mine;
I 'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the *parſon*, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continued juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues*:
He ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At chriſtenings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt *diſſenters* would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſic authors,—he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black ſattin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurpriſe,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were ſeveral years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Deſcription would but tire my Muſe;
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to *yews*.
Old Goodman Dobſon of the green
Remembers, he the trees has ſeen;
He 'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhow the ſight:
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubbed, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

* *The tribes of Iſrael are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed in country churches by the enſigns given to them by Jacob.*

ELEGY

On the ſuppoſed Death of Partridge, the Almanack-Maker. 1708.

Well; 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſs'd,
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'ſquire ly'd.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhould die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his crony ſtars
To pay their duty at his herſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The ſun has roſe, and gone to bed,
Juſt as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himſelf behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a-year he 'll cut th' *equator*,
As if there had been no ſuch matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *aſtrology*;
How Partridge made his *optics* riſe
From a *ſhoe-ſole* to reach the ſkies.
A liſt the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear, derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now a-days
Adorn'd with *golden ſtars* and *rays*;
Which plainly ſhows the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets ſcience*.

* *Partridge was a cobler.*

Beſides, that ſlow-pac'd ſign Bootes,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it * *boots*.
The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the Romans wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *ſhoeing-horns*,
Shows how the art of *cobling* bears
A near reſemblance to the *ſpheres*.
A ſcrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the ſtars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* elſe but *leather*?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for *almanacks* or *ſhoes*.
Thus Partridge by his wit and parts
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
Beſides, he could confound the *ſpheres*,
And ſet the *planets* by the ears;
To ſhow his ſkill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aſpect malign*;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great ſcholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His *ſoul* and *ſpirit* did divide,
And each part took a different ſide:
One roſe a ſtar; the other fell
Beneath, and mended ſhoes in hell.
Thus Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The *cobling* and *ſtar-gazing* part;
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Cæſars are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguiſh boys, in ſtormy nights,
Torment by piſſing out their lights;
Or through a chink convey their ſmoke,
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make the *ends*:
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by Virgo's ſide,
She 'll ſtrain a point, and ſet aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *ſigns* will be *thirteen*.

---

* *See his almanack.*

THE EPITAPH.

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back,
A *cobler*, *ſtarmonger*, and *quack*;
Who to the *ſtars* in pure good will
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
His *pills*, his *almanacks*, or *ſhoes*:
And you that did your fortunes ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a-week.
This earth which bears his body's print,
You 'll find has ſo much virtue in 't,
That I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In *phyſic*, *ſtolen-goods*, or *love*,
As he himſelf could when above.

MERLIN's PROPHECY. 1709.

Seven and ten addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the ſygne;
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke ſans wetyng ſhoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich underſtonde,
From towne of ſtoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chiftan *, woe the morne,
To Fraunce that evere he was born.
Then ſhall the ſyſhe † beweyle his boſſe;
Nor ſhall grin berrys ‡ make up the loſſe.
Yonge Symnele ‖ ſhall again miſcarrye;
And Norways pryd § again ſhall marrey:
And from the tree where bloſums feele,
Rife fruit ſhall come, and all is wele.
Reaums ſhall daunce honde in honde **,
And it ſhall be merye in old Inglonde;
Then old Inglonde ſhall be no more,
And no man ſhall be ſorie therefore.
Geryon †† ſhall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapſburge ‡‡ makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING. 1709.

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, ſhow'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own;
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep.
Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd through half the ſtreet.
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for fees:

---

* *D. of Marlborough.* † *The Dauphin.*
‡ *D. of Berry.* ‖ *The young Pretender.*
§ *Q. Anne.* ** *By the Union.*
†† *A king of Spain ſlain by Hercules.*
‡‡ *The Archduke Charles was of the Hapſburg family.*

The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF
A CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics. 1710.

Careful obſervers may fortel the hour
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhower.
While rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you 'll find the ſink
Strike your offending ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
You 'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhower your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-houſe is Dulman ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *ſpleen*.
Mean while the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Sufan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhower is borne aſlope:
Such is that ſprinkling which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe, ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where duſt cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar ſpruce, while every ſpout 's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſempſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhed.
Triumphant Tories and deſponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather ſounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſteed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Thoſe bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Inſtead of paying chairmen, ran them through)
Laocoon ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
And each impriſon'd hero quack'd for fear.
Now from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours ſeem to tell
What ſtreet they ſail'd from by their ſight and ſmell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's ſhape their courſe,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
And from the *conduit* prone to Holbourn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' ſtalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

On the Little House by the Church-yard of Castlenock. 1710.

Whoever pleaſeth to inquire
Why yonder ſteeple wants a ſpire,
The gray old fellow poet * Joe
The philoſophic cauſe will ſhow.
Once on a time a weſtern blaſt
At leaſt twelve inches overcaſt,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And turning topſy-turvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground;
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper ſtation.
This is the little ſtrutting pile,
You ſee juſt by the church-yard ſtile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the ſteeple got a ſhock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The ſteeple, *Knock;* the vicar, † *Walls*.
The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here coins his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the ſmall ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the roof behind the graſs;
On tiptoe ſtood, and rear'd his ſnout,
And ſaw the parſon creeping out;
Was much ſurpris'd to ſee a crow
Venture to build his neſt ſo low.
A ſchool-boy ran unto 't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who loſt his way by night,
Was forc'd for ſafety to alight;
And, ſtepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horſe had like to ſpoil his hoof.
Warburton ‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was deſign'd a model
Or of a pigeon-houſe or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnſon § gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this ſtir about,
Is but a mill which wants a ſpout.
The reverend Dr. ‖ Raymond gueſs'd
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The Doctor's family came by,
And little miſs began to cry;
Give me that houſe in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot ſtand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child;

---

* *Mr. Beaumont of Trim.*
† *Archdeacon Wall, a correſpondent of Swift's.*
‡ *Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.* § *Stella.*
‖ *Miniſter of Trim.*

That thing, I mean, among the kale:
And here 's to buy a pot of ale.
  The clerk ſaid to her, in a heat,
What! ſell my maſter's country ſeat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not ſell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not ſuch a pother;
In half an hour thou 'lt make another.
  Says * Nancy, I can make for miſs
A finer houſe ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-ſticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

THE VIRTUES OF

SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN's ROD. 1710.

The rod was but a harmleſs wand,
While Moſes held it in his hand;
But, ſoon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
  Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His *rod* was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
  So to her midnight-feaſts the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
  They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd
About a certain *magic rod* †,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhow the leaſt reſpect.
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid;
In Scottiſh hills found precious ore ‡,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a *gentle bow* divin'd,
How well a *cully*'s purſe was lin'd:
To a forlorn and broken *rake*
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.
  The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That *rod* was juſt a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *ſouls* to *hell*.
  Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft' he us'd to *fiſh* withal;
A *plaice* was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of *gudgeons* took:

Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his *fiſh*, and ſav'd his *bait*.
  Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their *rod* deſcribe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *miſchievous ſpirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *ſpirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to *take them in*:
But, when th' inchanted *rod* was *broke*,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.
  Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line,
Thence, through a long deſcent of kings,
Came an *heir-loom*, as Homer ſings.
Though this deſcription looks ſo big,
The *ſceptre* was a ſapleſs twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom, bore.
Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the *dragon* never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair Heſperian pippin.
No *hobby-horſe*, with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in Charles Mather's * ſhop,
Or glittering tinſel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.
  Dear Sid, then, why wert thou ſo mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad!
You ſhould have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to *your miſtreſs*;
Or made it a Newmarket † ſwitch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But ſince old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in piſs*.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD, 1710.

Atlas, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpreſs'd
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt;
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, leſt the ponderous ſpheres
Should ſink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.
  Yet Hercules was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
  Great ſtateſmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A *premier* miniſter of ſtate;
Alcides one of ſecond rate.

---

* *The waiting-woman.*
† *The* virgula divina, *ſaid to be attracted by minerals.*
‡ *Suppoſed to allude to the Union.*

* *An eminent toyman in Fleet-ſtreet.*
† *Lord Godolphin is ſatiriſed by Mr. Pope for a ſtrong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Eſſays.*

Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it paſs'd,
But always with a ſtronger reliſh of the laſt.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven deſign'd
To be the great original
For man to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her ſince the fall! [ages,
More oft' in fools' and madmen's hands than
She ſeems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingale to ſwell her fuſtian ſtuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long ſweeping train
Of comments and diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dreſt her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heaven is in her naked looks!

Thus the deluding Muſe oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praiſe
Of that proud tyrant ſex of hers.
The rebel Muſe, alas! take part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my firſt tranſport ſaid:
May all the blood, which ſhall by woman's ſcorn be ſhed,
Lie upon you and on your childrens head!
For you (ah! did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have ev'n increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vaſt charges of a ſmile; [wile,
Which 'tis a ſhame to ſee how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they've now the conſciences to weigh
In the ſame balance with our tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty wages pay
The bondage and the ſlavery of years.
Let the vain ſex dream on; the empire comes from us,
And, had they common generoſity, [us,
They would not uſe us thus.
Well— though you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe; [degree,
And, ſpite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happineſs enough to me
Still to be of the ſame exalted ſex with you.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is ev'n the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the cloſing of an unhappy ſcene
Of ſome great king and conqueror's death,
When the ſad melancholy muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath.
I grieve, this nobler work moſt happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at laſt to intereſt, folly, and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Although we boaſt our winter-ſun looks bright,
And fooliſhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces through all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title in the laſt.
For, when the animating mind is fled
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again),
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men ſhall dare
To be ſucceſſors to their great unknown,
On Learning's high eſtabliſhed throne.
Cenſure, and pedantry, and pride,
Numberleſs nations, ſtretching far and wide,
Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with Gothic ſwarms come forth
From ignorance's univerſal north.
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet ſhall theſe traces of your wit remain,
Like a juſt map, to tell the vaſt extent
Of conqueſt in your ſhort and happy reign;
And to all future mankind ſhow
How ſtrange a parodox is true,
That men who liv'd and dy'd without a name
Are the chief heroes in the ſacred liſt of fame.

WRITTEN IN

A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1699.

Peruse my leaves through every part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wiſe.
Here you may read, "Dear charming ſaint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint;"
Here, in beau-ſpelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth;"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A ſafe way to uſe perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux;
On t'other ſide, "Laid out for ſhoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer;
In power of ſpittle and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place?
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He 's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION, 1699.

To their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of Ireland *, the humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries;

Humbly ſheweth,
That I went to warm myſelf in Lady Betty's † chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſixpence, beſides farthings, in money and gold;
So, becauſe I had been buying things for my Lady laſt night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.
Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, Lord! I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d' ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place;
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain caſe.
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think, [wink.
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a
So I was adream'd, methought that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's ‡ box, ty'd in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle §, and he fell a-ſwearing;
Then my dame Wadgar ‖ came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord Colway's ¶ folks are all very ſad; [out fail.
For my Lord Dromedary ** comes a Tueſday with-
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the buſineſs that I ail,
Says Cary *, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this five and twenty years come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the ſteward, †, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time of *goſſiberries*.
So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her full of grief,
(Now, you muſt know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief.) [about:
However, I am reſolv'd to bring the diſcourſe ſlily
Mrs. Dukes, ſaid I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd out; [louſe ‡;
'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips of a
But the thing I ſtand upon is the credit of the houſe.
'Tis true, ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſixpence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheritance in theſe ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body underſtands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.
The *devil* take me! ſaid ſhe (bleſſing herſelf) if ever I ſaw't!
So ſhe roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I ſay to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I was before.
Well; but then they would had me gone to the cunning man! [here anon.
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame thing, the *chaplain* will be
So the *chaplain* § came in. Now the ſervants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd!
(Now, you muſt know, he hates to be call'd *parſon* like the *devil!*)
Truly, ſays he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money begone, as a learned *divine* ſays, d'ye ſee, [from me;
You are no *text* for my handling; ſo take that
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.
Lord! ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a *parſon's* wife; [my life,
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me, and ſo went away.
Well: I thought I would have ſwoon'd. Lord! ſaid I, what ſhall I do! [too!
I have loſt my *money*, and ſhall loſe my *true love*

---

* *The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.*
† *Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.*
‡ *Wife to one of the footmen.*
§ *Earl of Berkeley's valet.*
‖ *The old deaf houſekeeper.* ¶ *Galway.*
** *The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to ſucceed the two Earls.*

* *Clerk of the kitchen.* † *Ferris.*
‡ *An uſual ſaying of hers.* § *Dr. Swift.*

Then my Lord call'd me: Harry*, ſaid my Lord, don't cry;
I'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs; and, ſays my Lady, ſo will I.
Oh! but, ſaid I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't *come to?*
For that, he ſaid, (an't pleaſe your *Excellencies*) I muſt petition you.
The premiſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your *Excellencies* protection, [lection;
And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's col-
And, over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* aforeſaid, or, inſtead of him, a better;
And then your poor *petitioner*, both night and day,
Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, ſhall ever *pray*.

A BALLAD
ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC,
Written at the Caſtle of Dublin, 1699.

My Lord †, to find out who muſt deal,
Deliver cards about,
But the firſt knave does ſeldom fail
To find the Doctor out.

But then his Honour cry'd, Gadzooks!
And ſeem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks,
But h' thinks upon Jack How ‡.

My Lady, though ſhe is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
Takes ſnuff, and holds the ſtakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave ſuſpenſe
For pair-royals and ſequents;
But wiſely cautious of her pence,
The caſtle ſeldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting caſes,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weſton has a new-caſt gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if ſhe can but win a crown,
'Twill juſt new-dye the lining.

" With theſe is *Parſon Swift*,
" Not knowing how to ſpend his time,
" Does make a wretched ſhift,
" To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

A BALLAD,
To the tune of the Cut-Purſe §.

Once on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhow his talent in Latin;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in;
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe; [dle!
Then behold the next morning a wonderful rid-
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.
Cho. *Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;* [liſtant!
Who would not write verſes with ſuch an aſ-

This put me, the friar, into an amazement:
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite;
That he came through the key-hole, or in at the caſement; [and write:
And it needs muſt be one that could both read
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below.
However, 'twas civil in angel or elf,
For he ever could have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf.
Cho. *Let cenſuring, &c.*

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a ſtand: [pains;
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of
When he found a new help from inviſible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift; [liſt:
For you freely muſt own, you were at a dead
And, though ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. *Let cenſuring, &c.*

THE DISCOVERY.

When wiſe Lord Berkeley firſt came here*,
Stateſmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find ſo great a peer
Ere a week paſt committing blunders.

Till, on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out ſlipt a myſtery of ſtate,
To give the town and country ſport.

Now enters † Buſh with new ſtate airs,
His Lordſhip's premier miniſter;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his ‡ clyſter.

With head reclining on his ſhoulder,
He deals and hears myſterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Aſks of his neighbour, Who is that?

With this he put up to my Lord,
The courtiers kept their diſtance due,
He twitch'd his ſleeve, and ſtole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.

Imagine now, my Lord and Buſh
Whiſpering in junto moſt profound,
Like good king § Phyz, and good king Uſh,
While all the reſt ſtood gaping round.

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* *A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.*
† *The Earl of Berkeley.* ‡ *Paymaſter of the army.*
§ *Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verſes in the author's room unfiniſhed, wrote under them the concluding ſtanza, which gave occaſion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.*

* *To Ireland, as one of the Lords Juſtices.*
† *Buſh, by ſome underhand inſinuation, obtained the poſt of ſecretary, which had been promiſed to Swift.*
‡ *Always taken before my Lord went to council.*
§ *See "The Rehearſal."*

At length a ſpark not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tipto, lean'd his head,
To over-hear the grand diſpute:

To learn what northern kings deſign,
Or from Whitehall ſome new expreſs,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or fall of coin:
For ſure (thought he) it can't be leſs.

My Lord, ſaid Buſh, a friend and I,
Diſguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning dawn, ſtole out to ſpy
How markets went for hay and oats.

With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's Excellency's ſnout,
And begs he would the other weigh.

My Lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Buſh, ſmiling round on all, retreats.

Our liſtener ſtood a while confus'd,
But, gathering ſpirits, wiſely ran for't,
Enrag'd to ſee the world abus'd
By two ſuch whiſpering kings of Brentford.

THE PROBLEM,

"THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE IS IN LOVE."

Did ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ, the female ſex?
So ſweet a paſſion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a ſtink?
The ladies vow and ſwear, they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it ſeems, like inward heat,
Works in my Lord by ſtool and ſweat,
Which brings a ſtink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can ſmell it.
But now, to ſolve the natural cauſe
By ſober philoſophic laws:
Whether all paſſions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to ſh—.
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know,
That the main ſtring of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t—;
But ſtill, though fix'd among the ſtars,
Does ſympathiſe with human a—.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-ſtring at full ſtretch,
Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the firſt unfavoury wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My Lord, on fire amidſt the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the ſpeaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart:
For, as when we a gun diſcharge,
Although the bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it flaſhes firſt;
So from my lord his paſſion broke,
He f—d firſt, and then he ſpoke.
The ladies vaniſh in the ſmother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I that ſmelt the ſtink.
You ſmell the ſtink! by G—, you lie,
Quoth Roſs, for I'll be ſworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear:
Let's not fall out; we all had ſhare;
And, by the moſt I can diſcover,
My lord's an univerſal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER. 1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hiſt. Lib. x. *c.* 67. *lib.* xxix. *c.* 4.

As maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæſar;
As pyes and daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames, like a child;
As we ſay Monſieur to an ape,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
Were heroes titles heretofore,
Beſtow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To ſhow their valour, ſtrength, or wit:
For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *name?*
But, e'er ſince men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.
Would you deſcribe Turenne or Trump?
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cuts a ſalamander.
'Tis well;—but, ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm:
Pliny ſhall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.
Firſt, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the ſerpent kind,
With gaudy coat and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain:
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a ſnake in human form,

All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burniſh, and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the ſky ſerene;
Then ſhrink into its hole again.
" All this we grant—why, then, look yonder:
" Sure that muſt be a Salamander!"
Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This ſerpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or luſt, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the ſkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.
So have I ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out Love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhould ſome nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She ſoon would find the ſame effects
Her tainted carcaſe to purſue,
As from the Salamander's ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.
" Then I'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
" If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Chriſtian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politics, and gives the toaſt;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſt-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone;
The roads are with her followers ſtrown;
This breaks a girth, and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately loſt a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH* heart;
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Bleſt revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united ſtates!
See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with ſkirts of frieze:
As if a man, in making poſies,
Should bundle thiſtles up with roſes.
Who ever yet a union ſaw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no ſtateſmen dare
A kingdom to a ſhip compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our commonweal
A veſſel with a double keel:
Which, juſt like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward ſide,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So toſſing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY†.

WHEN Cupid did his grandſire Jove entreat
To form ſome Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent, and found far in a country ſcene
Truth, innocence, good nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients firſt the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe Venus cleans from every ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy compoſition *Floyd*.

APPOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards Counteſs of Winchelſea, under her name of Ardelia.

PHOEBUS, now ſhortening every ſhade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;

* *The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal.*
† *An elegant Latin verſion of this little poem is in the ſixth volume of Dryden's Miſcellanies.*

But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
  Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
  From common lightning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
  The flaſhes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft' had read in books
  Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
  And gueſs'd his buſineſs ere he ſpoke.

He, in the old celeſtial cant,
  Confeſs'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx,
Whate'er ſhe would deſire, to grant—
  But wiſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
  Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
  To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
  As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a trial,
  To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
  Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
  Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
  The God could not refuſe her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
  Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
  But ſhe the charm already tried.
Thalia heard the call, and flew
  To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
  Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude;
  But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
  When on their queen the muſes wait:
But Palla's owns Ardelia's power;
  For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke:
  Deceitful nymph! I ſee thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
  I'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
  And be thou negligent of fame;
With every muſe to grace thy ſong,
  May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name!

Of modeſt poets thou be firſt;
  To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
  Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And laſt, my vengeance to complete,
  May'ſt thou deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
  A whig, and one that wears a gown!

VANBRUGH's HOUSE,

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL, 1706.

In times of *old*, when Time was *young*,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe would draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic ſtrains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A lyric ode would ſlate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
  But, to their own or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging *for a ſong:*
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a numerous race;
And, ſhould they build as faſt as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to *build caſtles* there:
And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
  Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, muſe, the houſe of poet Van
In higher ſtrains than we began.
  Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkilled
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *houſe* gone to decay;
Or, by *atchievement*, *arms*, *device*,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And, as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,
And make my muſe the architect;
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies.
  Jove ſmil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies;
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would *ſmoke*;
And (like a wag ſet down to write)
Would whiſper to himſelf, *a bite*;
Then, from this motley, mingled ſtyle,
Proceeded to erect his pile.

So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his ſides:
Ay, thought the God, are theſe your tricks?
Why then *old plays* deſerve *old bricks;*
And, ſince you're ſparing of your ſtuff,
Your building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and, grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at ſecond-hand),
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:
And firſt the Prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompaſs all.
The Scene a wood produc'd, no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before.
The Plot as yet lay deep; and ſo
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two Acts it coſt him under ground:
Two other Acts, we may preſume,
Were ſpent in building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth.
The Epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now poets from all quarters ran
To ſee the houſe of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no ſuch houſe was to be found.
One aſks the watermen hard-by,
"Where may the poets palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires?
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van:
Thrice happy poet! who may'ſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail;
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Take journeys in it like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt!
Capacious houſe! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art ſmall:
For every wit in Britain's iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious pile,
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, are born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *ſhape* the ſame:
As animals of largeſt ſize
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of *modern* wit and ſtyle,
The rubbiſh of an ancient pile.
So chemiſts boaſt they have a power
From the dead aſhes of a flower
Some faint reſemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taſte, or juice;
So modern rhymers wiſely blaſt
The poetry of ages paſt;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

TWO RIDDLES. 1707 *.

I. ON A FAN.

From India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Not Iris, when ſhe paints the ſky,
Can ſhow more different hue than I:
Nor can ſhe change her form ſo faſt;
I'm now a ſail, and now a maſt:
I here am red, and there am green;
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I ſometimes live in houſe of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair:
I pleaſe the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold:
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

ANSWER.

Your houſe of hair, and lady's hand,
At firſt did put me to a ſtand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough—
Your hairy buſineſs is a *muff*.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once ſo like your maſts and ſails;
Your thing of various ſhape and hue,
Muſt be ſome painted toy, I knew:
And for the rhyme to *you're the man*,
What fits it better than a *fan*?

II. ON A BEAU.

I'm wealthy and poor,
I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
I'm witty and dull.

I'm foul, and yet fair;
I'm old, and yet young;
I lie with Moll K—r,
And toaſt Mrs. ——.

ANSWER, BY MR. F—R.

In rigging he's rich, though in pocket he's poor;
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dreſſes, but looks like threeſcore;
He's a wit to the fools, and a fool to the wits.

Of wiſdom he's empty, but full of conceit; [ſcab;
He paints and perfumes, while he rots with the
'Tis a Beau you may ſwear by his ſenſe and his gait;
He boaſts of a beauty, and lies with a drab.

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH's HOUSE.

When mother Clud had roſe from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van ſaw, but ſeem'd not to regard,
How *Miſs* pick'd every painted card,

---

* *Originally communicated by Swift to Oldiſworth, who publiſhed them in "The Muſe's Mercury," 1707.*

And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture:*
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child;
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.
But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all,
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a *house* to build;
A *real house*, with *rooms* and *stairs*,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than *Miss*'s by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did; for, in a while,
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little school-boys run,
Envying to see themselves outdone.
From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd,
At Court, Vitruvius the *second:*
No wonder, since wise *authors* show
That *best foundations* must be *low:*
And now the Duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at Blenheim.
But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his Grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A *mouse-trap* man chief engineer!

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1708.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last!
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What ar't!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *saints*, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force,
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspence to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

Suppoſe then Atlas ne'er ſo wiſe;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
Sink down he muſt, or find *upholders*.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

SCENE, THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Corydon.

Now the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail deſcends, and froſts can pinch no more;
Whilſt other girls confeſs the genial ſpring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties ſing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks diſplay,
And throw each uſeleſs chafing-diſh away;
Why ſits my Phillis diſcontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell ſorrow and diſmay,
Where loves were wont to ſport, and ſmiles to play! [around,

Phillis. Ah, Corydon! ſurvey the 'Change
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedleſs maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd;
Then how you ſwore, how many vows you made!
Ye liſtening zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the ſoft accents to the Gods above.
Alas! the day; for (oh, eternal ſhame!)
I ſold you handkerchiefs, and loſt my fame.

Cor. When I forget the favour you beſtow'd,
Red herrings ſhall be ſpawn'd in Tyburn Road,
Fleet-ſtreet transform'd become a flowery green,
And maſs be ſung where operas are ſeen;
The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's ſhall come,
At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.

Phil. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are paſt,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waſte.
On templars ſpruce in vain I glances throw,
And with ſhrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my gloſſy ribbands ſhine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and, when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

Cor. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be diſtreſt,
Thou faireſt of thy trade, and far the beſt!
As fruitmen's ſtalls the ſummer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as firſt in place
Plum-cake is ſeen o'er ſmaller paſtry ware,
And ice on that; ſo Phillis does appear
In play-houſe and in park, above the reſt
Of belles mechanic, elegantly dreſt.

Phil. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amidſt her toys, affects a ſaucy air,
And views me hourly with a ſcornful eye.

Cor. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

Phil. With this large petticoat I ſtrive in vain
To hide my folly paſt, and coming pain:
'Tis now no ſecret; ſhe, and fifty more,
Obſerve the ſymptoms I had once before:
A ſecond babe at Wapping muſt be plac'd,
When I ſcarce bear the charges of the laſt.

Cor. What I could raiſe I ſent; a pound of plums,
Five ſhillings, and a coral for his gums;
To morrow I intend him ſomething more.

Phil. I ſent a frock and pair of ſhoes before.

Cor. However, you ſhall home with me to-night;
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in ſtore a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either ſide, and all around,
The weighty ſhop-boards fall and bars reſound;
Each ready ſempſtreſs ſlips her pattens on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY CHURCH.

H. S. E.
Carolus Comes de Berkeley, Vicecomes Durſley,
Baro Berkeley, de Berkeley Caſt. Mowbray, Segrave,
Et Bruce, è Nobiliſſimo ordine Balnei Eques,
Vir ad genus quod ſpectat & Proavos uſquequaque Nobilis,
Et longo, ſi quis alius Procerum ſtemmate editus;
Muniis etiam tam illuſtri ſtirpi dignus inſignitus.
Siquidem à Gulielmo III° ad ordines fœderati Belgii
Ablegatus & Plenipotentiarius Extraordinarius
Rebus, non Britanniæ tantùm, ſed totius fere Europæ
(Tunc temporis præſertim arduis) per annos V. incubuit.
Quam felicia diligentiâ, fide quam intemeratâ,
Ex illo diſcas, Lector, quod, ſuperſtite Patre,
In Magnatum ordinem adſciſci meruerit.
Fuit à ſanctioribus conſiliis & Regi Guliel. & Annæ Reginæ,
E Proregibus Hiberniæ ſecundus,
Comitatuum Civitatumque Gloceſt. & Briſt. Dominus Locumtenens,
Surriæ et Gloceſt. Cuſtos Rot. Urbis Gloceſt. magnus
Seneſcallus, Arcis ſancti de Briavell Caſtellanus,
Guardianus Foreſtæ de Dean.
Denique ad Turcarum primùm, deinde ad Romanæ Imperatorem
Cum Legatus Extraordinarius deſignatus eſſet,
Quo minus has etiam ornaret provincias
Obſtitit adverſa corporis valetudo.
Sed reſtat adhuc, præ quo ſordeſcunt cætera,
Honos verus, ſtabilis, et vel morti cedere neſcius,
Quod veritatem Evangelicam ſerio amplexus;
Ergo Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus,
Adverſùs omnes æquus & benevolus,
In Chriſto jam placidè obdormit
Cum eodem olim regnaturas unà.
Natus VIII° April. MDCXLIX. donatus
XXIV° Septem. MDCCX. ætat. ſuæ LXII.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS. 1711.

Midas, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to *gold*;

He *chip'd* his *beard*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtraight become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold on *golden cup*:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals through a quill:
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread*;
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old *hay* is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.
This *fool* had got a *lucky hit*;
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their ſkill in muſic try'd,
And both choſe Midas to decide:
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to ſhow his grudge,
Clapt *aſſes'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.
And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was loſt among Pactolus' ſands,
Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The *golden* ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader*;
To whom, from Midas down, deſcends,
That virtue in the finger's ends.
What elſe by *perquiſites* are meant,
By *penſions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent*.
By *places* and *commiſſions* ſold,
And turning *dung* itſelf to *gold*?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas chooſe,
Subject or patron of his Muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *plums* for *bays*.
To Pan alone rich miſer's call;
And there's the jeſt, for *Pan* is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all right in the Greek*.
Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *aſſes'* ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies:
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Through any ears but of an *aſs*.
But *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the *ſenate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *chemic* power.
While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this *popular tide*,
The *golden* ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *penſion*, there a *place*;
The *torrent* mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes,
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected ſtands,
With *aſſes' ears*, and *dirty hands*.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG. 1711.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE *.

An Orator *diſmal* of *Nottinghamſhire*,
Who has forty years let out his conſcience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and *want of a place*,
Is come up, *vi & armis*, to *break the Queen's peace*.
He has vamp'd an old ſpeech; and the court, to their ſorrow,
Shall hear him harangue againſt Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the ſame note a whole day, like a Finch.
I have heard all the ſpeech repeated by Hoppy,
And, "Miſtakes to prevent, I've obtained a "copy."

THE SPEECH.

Whereas, *notwithſtanding*, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, *moſt noble Senators*, 'tis a great ſhame
There ſhould be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
The Duke ſhow'd me all his fine houſe; and the Ducheſs
From her cloſet brought out a full purſe in her clutches.
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a ſtart;
His grace ſwore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My *long old-faſhion'd pocket* was preſently cramm'd
And ſooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But ſome will cry *Turn-coat*, and rip up old ſtories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories.
I anſwer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my *relations* were put into *places*:
But ſtill I'm in principle ever the ſame,
And will quit my beſt friends, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
When I and ſome others ſubſcribed our names
To a plot for expelling my maſter King James;
I withdrew my ſubſcription by help of a *blot*,
And ſo might diſcover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage, and ſtood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:

---

* *The Lord Treaſurer having hinted a wiſh one evening that a ballad might be made on the Earl of Nottingham, this ſong was written and printed the next morning.*

I *came in* without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than *hang*, I would be *Not-in-game.*
I ſwore to the Queen, that the Prince of Hanover
During her ſacred life would never come over:
I made uſe of a *trope*; that "an heir to invite,
"Was like keeping her monument always in
"ſight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her Majeſty ſtood in great need of a Tutor,
And muſt have an *old* or a *young* Coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Becauſe, for ſome reaſons, I was *Not-in-game.*
Now my new *benefactors* have *brought me about*,
And I'll vote againſt Peace, *with* Spain, or *without*
Though the Court gives my *nephews*, and *brothers*, and *couſins*,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, ſince I know where a *full-purſe* may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound;
Since the Tories have thus diſappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my *figures* nor *tropes;*
I'll *ſpeech* againſt peace while Diſmal's my name,
And be a *true* Whig, while I am *Not-in-game.*

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY. 1711.

When a holy black *Swede, the ſon of Bob* *,
With a *ſaint* † at his chin, and a *ſeal* † at his fob,
Shall not ſee one ‡ New-year's-day in that year,
Then let old *England* make good cheer:
Windſor § and *Briſtow* § then ſhall be
Join'd together in the *Low-countree* §.
Then ſhall the tall black *Daventry Bird* ‖
Speak againſt peace right many a word;
And ſome ſhall admire his conying wit,
For many good *groats* his tongue ſhall flit.
But, ſpight of the *Harpy* that *crawls on all four*,
There ſhall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But *Englond* muſt cry alack and well-a-day,
If the *ſtick* be taken from the *dead ſea.*
And, dear *Englond*, if aught I underſtond,
Beware of *Carrots* ** from *Northumberlond.*
Carrots ſown *Thynne* †† a deep root may get,
If ſo be they are in *Somer ſet*:
Their * *Conyngs mark* thou; for I have been told,
They *aſſaſſine* when young, and *poiſon* when old.
Root out theſe *Carrots*, O thou †, whoſe name
Is backwards and forwards always the ſame;
And keep cloſe to thee always that *name*,
Which backwards and forwards ‡ is almoſt the ſame.
And, *Englond*, would'ſt thou be happy ſtill,
Bury thoſe *Carrots* under a *Hill* §.

* *Dr. John Robinſon, biſhop of Briſtol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.*

† *He was dean of Windſor, and lord privy-ſeal.*

‡ *The biſhop ſet out from England the latter end of December, O. S.; and on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the ſtyle, he found January ſomewhat advanced.*

§ *Alluding to the deanery and biſhoprick being poſſeſſed by the ſame perſon, then at Utrecht.*

‖ *Earl of Nottingham.*

** *The Ducheſs of Somerſet.*

†† *Thomas Thynne, of Longleate, Eſq. a gentleman of very great eſtate, married the above lady after the death of her firſt huſband, Henry Cavendiſh, Earl of Ogle, only ſon to Henry Duke of Newcaſtle, to whom ſhe had been betrothed in her infancy.*

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE,

BY DR. SWIFT ‖.

On Britain Europe's ſafety lies;
Britain is loſt if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your ſkill;
Think what you ſave, or what you kill.

EPIGRAM. 1712.

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble, [rabble;
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice---
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning, [ing:
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morn-
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

CORINNA. 1712.

This day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes:
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.

Then Cupid thus: This little maid,
Of love ſhall always ſpeak and write.
And I pronounce (the Satyr ſaid)
The world ſhall feel her ſcratch and bite.

Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She ſeem'd to laugh and ſquall in rhymes,
And all her geſtures were lampoons.

At ſix years old the ſubtle jade
Stole to the pantry door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may ſwear the tale went round.

* *Count Koningſmark.*

† *Anna.*

‡ *Maſham.*

§ *Lady Maſham's maiden name was Hill.*

‖ *Inſcribed to the phyſician who attended Mr. Harley whilſt he lay wounded.*

She made a ſong, how little miſs
  Was kiſs'd and ſlobber'd by a lad:
And how, when maſter went to p—,
  Miſs came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
  Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
  Turns authoreſs, and is Curll's for life.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALVES-HEAD CLUB *.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. I. Epiſt. 5.

If, deareſt Diſmal, you for once can dine
Upon a ſingle diſh, and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation ſends,
To eat the calves-head with your truſty friends.
Suſpend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our *myſtic feaſt* prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt *proſelyte*, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell;
The meat ſhall repreſent the *tyrant*'s head,
The wine his blood *our predeceſſors* ſhed;
Whilſt an *alluding* hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt, "Confuſion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly ſhow our ſpight,
And talk *what fools call treaſon* all the night.
  Who, by diſgraces or ill-fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolophin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not ſo grave;
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland ſenſe,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondoley, when drunk, can never loſe his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
  My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *myſterious club* to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace, place.
Will come; and Hampden ſhall have Walpole's
Wharton, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honeſt Harry † is too apt to ſtink.
  Let no pretence of buſineſs make you ſtay;
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Guernſey calls, ſend word you're gone abroad;
He 'll teaze you with King Charles and Biſhop Laud,
Or make you faſt, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break-in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

---

* *This poem, and that which follows it, are two of the* penny papers *mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, Aug.* 7. 1712. *They are here printed from folio copies in the Lambeth Library.*

† *Right Honourable Henry Boyle, mentioned twice before.*

PEACE AND DUNKIRK:

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL. 1712.

To the Tune of "The King ſhall enjoy his own again."

Spight of Dutch friends and Engliſh foes,
  Poor Britain ſhall have peace at laſt:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
  But Dunkirk 's ours, we 'll hold it faſt:
    We have got it in a ſtring,
    And the Whigs may all go ſwing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
    All their falſe deluded hopes
    Will or ought to end in ropes:
But the Queen ſhall enjoy her own again.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
  And Diſmal double-Diſmal looks;
Wharton can only ſwear by fits,
  And ſtrutting Hal is off the hooks;
    Old Godolophin full of ſpleen
    Made *falſe moves*, and loſt his *queen*;
Harry look'd fierce, and ſhook his ragged mane
    But a Prince of high renown
    Swore he 'd rather loſe a *crown*,
Than the Queen ſhould enjoy her own again.

Our merchant-ſhips may cut the Line,
  And not be ſnapt by privateers;
And commoners who love good wine,
  Will drink it now as well as peers:
    Landed-men ſhall have their rent,
    Yet our ſtocks riſe *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence ſhall no more millions drain:
    We 'll bring on us no more debts,
    Nor with bankrupts fill Gazettes;
And the Queen ſhall enjoy her own again.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
  What ſignified the French to beat?
We ſpent our money and our blood,
  To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
    But the Lord of Oxford ſwears,
    Dunkirk never ſhall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
    But true Engliſhmen may fill
    A good health to General Hill;
For the Queen now enjoys her own again.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

Harley, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſs'd,
All Europe's buſineſs in his breaſt)

Obſerv'd a *parſon* near Whitehall,
Cheapening old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhow'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord (who, if a man may ſay 't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat)
Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
And bid friend Lewis * go in queſt,
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In queſt who might this *parſon* be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter ſift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift,
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the *faction* many a wound,
And libel'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper-ſtamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I deſire to know
"From his own mouth if this be ſo;
"Step to the Doctor ſtraight, and ſay,
"I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent;
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, "Your ſervant, Sir!"
"Does he refuſe me?" Harley cry'd;
"He does, with inſolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the eyes
At Charing-croſs among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe:
He never meant the leaſt abuſe---
"My Lord---the honour you deſign'd---
"Extremely proud---but I had din'd---
"I 'm ſure I never ſhould neglect---
"No man alive has more reſpect---"
"Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
"If you 'll be ſure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talent, ſits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domeſtic, ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In ſummer round the park to ride;
In winter, never to reſide.
A *canon!* that 's a place too mean;
No Doctor, you ſhall be a *Dean;*
Two dozen *canons* round your ſtall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the *Iriſh ſeas,*
To live in plenty, power, and eaſe.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe,
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
Suppoſe him now a *Dean* complete,
Demurely lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide:
Suppoſe him gone through all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
Firſt-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats---
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money 's ſpent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, ſpitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind:
And Parviſol * diſcounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his loſſes vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thouſand pounds in debt,
Takes horſe, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at ſuch a rate,
He ſoon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was ſo dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read † would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, Reverend Dean!
"What makes your worſhip look ſo lean?
"Why, ſure you won't appear in town
"In that old wig and ruſty gown?
"I doubt your heart is ſet on pelf
"So much, that you neglect yourſelf.
"What! I ſuppoſe, now ſtocks are high
"You've ſome good purchaſe in your eye?
"Or is your money out at uſe?"—
"Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
(The Doctor in a paſſion cry'd)
"Your raillery is miſapply'd;

---

* *Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq. the treaſurer's ſecretary.*

* *The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.*
† *The Lord Treaſurer's porter.*

" Experience I have dearly bought;
" You know I am not worth a groat:
" But you reſolv'd to have your jeſt;
" And 'twas a folly to conteſt;
" Then, ſince you have now done your worſt,
" Pray leave me where you found me firſt."

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

I've often wiſh'd that I had clear,
For life, ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
' But here a grievance ſeems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
' To me and to my heirs for ever.
' If I ne'er got or loſt a groat,
' By any trick, or any fault;
' And if I pray by reaſon's rules,
' And not like forty other fools:
' As thus, " Vouchſafe, oh gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other acre;
" Or, if it be thy will and pleaſure,
" Direct my plough to find a treaſure!"
' But only what my ſtation fits
' And to be kept in my right wits,
' Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
' Juſt what you gave me, competence:
' And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
' Something in verſe as true as proſe;
' Remov'd from all th' ambitious ſcene,
' Nor puff'd by pride, nor ſunk by ſpleen.'
In ſhort, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix months with ſtateſmen here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the Crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe;
" Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great Miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplex'd,
And, ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
" To juſtle here among the crowd!"
Another, in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe---
That begs my intereſt for a place---.
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my appeal comes on;
" Without your help the cauſe is gone---"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About ſome great affair, at two---
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt."---
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt.
Then preſently he falls to teaze,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe:
" I doubt not, if his lordſhip knew---
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you---"
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, " What's o'clock? And, " How's the wind?"
" Whoſe chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
" How think you of our friend the Dean?
" I wonder what ſome people mean?
" My lord and he are grown ſo great,
" Always together, *tête à tête*;
" What! they admire him for his jokes!---
" See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court:
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every ſtreet.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
" Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
" Or do the prints and papers lie?
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah, Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret"---I proteſt
'Tis one to me---" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.

Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book;
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town *.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[*A few of the firſt lines are wanting.*]

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

By an old ——— purſued
A crazy prelate†, and a royal prude‡;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to riſe;
And, pauſing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God:
So clowns on ſcholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he ſometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit;
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor ſhow'd the *parſon* in his gait or face;
Deſpis'd luxurious wines and coſtly meat,
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords, *ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen*;
At Child's § or Truby's § never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after ſage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
And now, the public intereſt to ſupport,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait:
And Harley, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windſor in his coach alone.
At Windſor Swift no ſooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whiſpers in his ear:
The waiters ſtand in ranks; the yeoman cry,
Make room, as if a duke were paſſing by.
Now Finch¶ alarms the Lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous prieſt is got behind the curtain.
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a ſpring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aiſſabie**, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons that the ſecret's out:

"A certain doctor is obſerv'd of late
"To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate;
"From whence with half an eye we may diſ-
"cover [over."
"The peace is made, and Perkin muſt come
York is from Lambeth ſent, to ſhow the Queen
A dangerous treatiſe * writ againſt the ſpleen;
Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others' hate;
He ſues for pardon†, and repents too late.
Now, angry Somerſet‡ her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her * * * * *
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear inſtills.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot §.
Now through the realm a proclamation ſpread,
To fix a price on his devoted head ‖.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.
By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now Delawar ¶ again familiar grows,
And in Swift's ear thruſts half his powder'd noſe.
The Scottiſh nation, whom he *durſt* offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend**.
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth, require;
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE. 1713.

Observe the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a well bound heap of ſticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot,
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done;
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you'll be, in friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep cloſe then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable and the moral.
This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treaſurers, comptrollers, ſtewards;

---

* *See the reſt of this ſatire among Pope's Poems.*
† *Dr. Sharp, Archbiſhop of York.*
‡ *Q. Anne.*
§ *Coffee-houſes much frequented by the Clergy.*
¶ *The Earl of Nottingham.*
** *They both ſpoke againſt him in the Houſe of Commons.*
† *He ſent a meſſage to aſk Swift's pardon.*
‡ *See the Windſor prophecy.*
§ *The Duke of Argyll.*
‖ *For writing "The Public Spirit of Whigs."*
¶ *Then lord treaſurer of the houſehold, who cautiouſly avoided Swift whilſt the proclamation was impending.*
** *He was viſited by the Scottiſh lords more than ever.*

And others who in ſolemn ſort
Appear with ſlender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But laſhing one another round:
While wiſe men think they ought to fight
With *quarter-ſtaffs*, inſtead of *white*;
Or conſtable with *ſtaff* of peace
Should come and make the clattering ceaſe,
Which now diſturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble ſport.
In hiſtory we never found
The Conſuls' Faſces were unbound:
Thoſe Romans were too wiſe to think on't,
Except to laſh ſome grand delinquent.
How would they bluſh to hear it ſaid,
The Prætor broke the Conſul's head!
Or Conſul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the Prætor down!
Come, Courtiers: every man his ſtick!
Lord Treaſurer, for once be quick:
And, that they may the cloſer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a ſtring.
Come, trimming Harcourt*, bring your mace;
And ſqueeze it in, or quit your place:
Diſpatch, or elſe that raſcal Northey†
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be aſſur'd, the Court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er ſticks*, or bind 'em.
To make the bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
Great Ormond, lend thy General's ſtaff:
And, if the Croſier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You'll then defy the ſtrongeſt Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united ſtrength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

Lesbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me ſhe never fails.
Now, hang me but for all her art,
I find, that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is thus: I plainly ſee,
The caſe is juſt the ſame with me;
I curſe her every hour ſincerely,
Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

EPIGRAM.

From the French. ‡

Who can believe with common ſenſe,
A bacon-ſlice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in Majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

On a CURATE's Complaint of HARD DUTY.

I march'd three miles through ſcorching ſand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Uſing four legs when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the cloſe bands of pleaſing Hymen:
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.
Within an hour, and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where thundering out, with lungs long winded,
I chopp'd ſo faſt, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious ſun,
Saw all theſe mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal elſe could e'er go through it!

A True and Faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. SWIFT, Vicar of Laracor;

Upon lending his Houſe to the Biſhop of Meath, till his Palace was re-built.

An oaken, broken elbow-chair;
A cawdle-cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, ſhatter'd aſh bedſtead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A backſword-poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd acroſs, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown gray;
A curtain worn to half a ſtripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A diſh which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water:
There likewiſe is a copper ſkillet,
Which runs as faſt out as you fill it;
A candleſtick, ſnuff-diſh, and ſave-all:
And thus his houſehold goods you have all.
Theſe to your Lordſhip as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll ſerve your Lordſhip for a ſhift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

CADENUS AND VANESSA*.

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

The ſhepherds and the nymphs were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;---
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;

---

* *Lord Chancellor.*

† *Sir Edward Northey, Attorney General.*

‡ *Written extempore by a gentleman who was reproved by ſome of his companions for eating eggs and bacon on a faſt-day.*

* *Founded on an offer of marriage made by Miſs Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occaſionally her preceptor.*

Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league.
Which crimes aforeſaid (*with her leave*)
Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)
Againſt our ſovereign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,
Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.
The *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant's* counſel roſe,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.
That modern love is no ſuch thing
As what thoſe ancient poets ſing;
A fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the ſame,
In different breaſts together burn,
Together both to aſhes turn.
But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Where'er caprice or folly ſteers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Ingroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare,
From viſits to receive and pay;
From ſcandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thouſand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inſide of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull ſtream, which moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow;
If a ſmall breeze obſtruct the courſe,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws and feathers,
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame;
The fault muſt on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.
The pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That every article was true;
Nor further theſe deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmis'd.
The cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-ſeat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:
For if the heavenly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhow her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtroll in air, 'twixt land and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual Lent.
But, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The Muſes, by their King's permiſſion,
Though foes to love, attend the ſeſſion,
And on their right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe.
The Muſes oft' were ſeen to frown;
The Graces half-aſham'd look down;
And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.
The goddeſs ſoon began to ſee,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And ſaid ſhe muſt conſult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
Firſt to a dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd,
To turn to Ovid, book the ſecond;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's caſe):
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was ſmaller.
There was on both ſides much to ſay:
She'd hear the cauſe another day.
And ſo ſhe did; and then a third
She heard it---there ſhe kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.
Now, gentle Clio, ſing or ſay,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddeſs, much perplex'd in mind
To ſee her empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Would ſhow the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf.
Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;

If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This infant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I'll ſearch where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclufive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or ſages write;
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heaven's high bowers
A ſprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And ſhow'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd
That gentle, ſoft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And ſaid, "Vaneſſa be the name
"By which thou ſhalt be known to fame;
"Vaneſſa, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth ſhall not be told."
But ſtill the work was not complete:
When Venus thought on a deceit;
Drawn by her doves, away ſhe flies,
And finds out Pallas in the ſkies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To ſee a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder iſle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd ſwear it is Apollo's ſon:
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a child
So hopeful has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſides to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wiſdom's above ſuſpecting wiles:
The queen of Learning gravely ſmiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Miſtakes Vaneſſa for a boy;
Then ſows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly boſoms chiefly fit,
The ſeeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her ſoul was ſuddenly endued
With juſtice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a ſtand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtaid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
Would uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to juſt five thouſand pound.
The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee Vaneſſa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Through every breaſt would dart a flame:
That every rich and lordly ſwain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That ſcholars would forſake their books,
To ſtudy bright Vaneſſa's looks;
As ſhe advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:
Miſs Betty, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or ſpills the ſalt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vaneſſa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My power ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She'd all undo that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have given,
Or any brother-god in heaven;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;
A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own;
Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſes erroneous brought;
And therefore the deductions 's nought,

And muſt have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.
  In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus ſhe greets
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold):
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heavenly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſhall Vaneſſa be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:
She'll prove the greateſt of thy foes!
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,
But, uſing neither ſkill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural courſe.
  The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing, from the books ſhe read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would ſeldom at the park appear,
Nor ſaw the play-houſe twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.
  Firſt iſſued from perfumers' ſhops,
A crowd of faſhionable fops;
They aſk'd her, how ſhe lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought laſt night at two,
About a lady---you know who:
Mention'd a new Italian come
Either from Muſcovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell a talking of the weather;
Laſt night was ſo extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in ſoft voice and ſpeech abſurd,
With nonſenſe every ſecond word,
With ſuſtain from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praiſe;
Run o'er their cant of ſtupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
  With ſilent ſcorn Vaneſſa ſat,
Scarce liſtening to their idle chat;
Further than ſometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their wiſdom's full extent;
And ſaid ſhe valued nothing leſs
Than titles, figure, ſhape and dreſs;
That merit ſhould be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taſte;
And theſe ſhe, offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd man from brute:
That preſent times have no pretence
To *virtue*, in the noble ſenſe
By Greeks and Romans underſtood,
To periſh for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd,
Then ſpoke with cenſure or applauſe
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her ſubject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgment was upon the whole,
—That lady is the dulleſt ſoul!—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay---ſhe wants it here!
She may be handſome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
  A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To ſee the girl in diſhabille.
Their clamour, 'lightning from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up ſtairs;
At entrance loudeſt, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vaneſſa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilſt Mrs. Suſan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their uſual chat,
Diſcourſing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns juſt from India brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought,
Whether the red or green were beſt,
And what they coſt? Vaneſſa gueſs'd,
As came into her fancy firſt;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worſt.
To ſcandal next---What awkward thing
Was that laſt Sunday in the ring?
I'm ſorry Mopſa breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid, her face would never laſt.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to ſpare:
Her fondneſs for a certain Earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I ſaw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
  They rally'd next Vaneſſa's dreſs:
That gown was made for old Queen Beſs.
Dear Madam, let me ſee your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not aſham'd to ſtoop!
With handſome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow ſees.
  Fill'd with diſdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herſelf and ſex aſham'd,
The nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
Nor would vouchſafe to ſet them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their cenſures vent.
She's not ſo handſome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the moſt:
But why proclaim her for a toaſt?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what ſhe learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.

I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy!
With all her wit, I would not aſk
Her judgment, how to buy a maſk.
We begg'd her but to patch her face.
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as ſoon as ſhe is told.
I own, that out-of-faſhion ſtuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might paſs, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The Queen of Beauty loſt her aim;
Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain.
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt Vaneſſa's power unite:
To copy her, few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtues fewer ſwains admir'd.
So ſtars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
She condeſcended to admit;
With pleaſing arts ſhe could reduce
Men's talent's to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus, making others' wiſdom known,
Could pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She plac'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too ſhe would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' ſake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas, once Vaneſſa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
But Cupid, full of miſchief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vaneſſa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's ſake.
Thoſe early ſeeds by Venus ſown,
In ſpite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made uſe of all his craft,
In vain diſcharging many a ſhaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing ſtill ſome book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
The queen of Wiſdom could foreſee,
But not prevent the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vaneſſa, though by Pallas taught,
By love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wiſdom's aid,
Was, in the very ſearch, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no coſt:
He could not anſwer to his fame
The triumphs of that ſtubborn dame,
A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdued,
Who neither was conquette nor prude.
I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a Doctor,
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I'll give her what ſhe moſt admires,
Among thoſe venerable ſires.
Cadenus is a ſubject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Careſs'd by miniſters of ſtate,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in ſecret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep tranſfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.
Vaneſſa, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies muſic in his tongue;
No farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines;
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms a part,
In every ſcene had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhow his wit.
But books, and time, and ſtate affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſhionable airs:
He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.

Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new;
Ideas came into her mind
So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind;
She reaſon'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a ſudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:
For, though ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
To all he ſpoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would abſent range,
Yet gueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
And firſt he modeſtly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected ſtrain,
At laſt he ventur'd to complain;
Said, ſhe ſhould be no longer teas'd,
Might have her freedom when ſhe pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
To hide her from the world ſo long,
And in dull ſtudies to engage
One of her tender ſex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How ſhe might ſhine in the *grand monde*;
And every ſhepherd was undone
To ſee her cloiſter'd like a nun.
This was a viſionary ſcheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his ſkill;
For nature muſt be nature ſtill.
If he were bolder than became
A ſcholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuſe a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, ſince his talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt adieu.
  Vaneſſa, fill'd with juſt diſdain,
Would ſtill her dignity maintain,
Inſtructed from her early years
To ſcorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employed his time ſo long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could ſuch notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, ſaid the nymph, to let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe:
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
  Cadenus felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurpriſe.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtyle:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He could not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without diſtinguiſhing her face:
Much leſs could his declining age
Vaneſſa's earlieſt thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget:
Or, grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong;
Would ſay, he made a treacherous uſe
Of wit, to flatter and ſeduce:
The town would ſwear, he had betray'd
By magic ſpells the harmleſs maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhow'd a true paternal care—
Five thouſand guineas in her purſe!
The doctor might have fancy'd worſe.
  Hardly at length he ſilence broke,
And faulter'd every word he ſpoke;
Interpreting her complaiſance,
Juſt as a man *ſans conſequence*.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was ſomething new;
And what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
As ſerious as a tragic player.
But thoſe who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon ſome certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jeſt,
Elſe he muſt enter his proteſt:
For, let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught with ſober lies;
A ſcience which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis juſt what coxcombs call *a bite*.
  But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vaneſſa finiſh'd the diſpute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reaſon was her guide in love.
She thought he had himſelf deſcrib'd,
His doctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:
What he had planted now was grown;
His virtues ſhe might call her own;
As he approves, as he diſlikes,
Love or contempt her fancy ſtrikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted faſt,
Attends us firſt, and leaves us laſt:
Why ſhe likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herſelf, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praiſe
The geniuſes of ancient days!

(Thoſe authors he ſo oft' had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wiſdom, fam'd)
Was ſtruck with love, eſteem, and awe,
For perſons whom he never ſaw.
Suppoſe Cadenus flouriſh'd then,
He muſt adore ſuch godlike men.
If one ſhort volume could compriſe
All that was witty, learn'd, and wiſe,
How would it be eſteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If ſuch an author were alive,
How all would for his friendſhip ſtrive,
And come in crowds to ſee his face!
And this ſhe takes to be her caſe.
Cadenus anſwers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmoſt her deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converſe is a ſyſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every paſſion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with ſpeech inſpire a mute,
And taught Vaneſſa to diſpute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with ſuch pains acquir'd,
By this new paſſion grew inſpir'd;
Through this ſhe made all objects paſs,
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs;
As rivers though they bend and twine,
Still to their ſea their courſe incline;
Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some favourite ſyſtem to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to ſubmit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er ſuſpect
His leſſons would have ſuch effect,
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her ſide.
It was an unforeſeen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought,
When Miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-ſchools may have his choice;
And oft' the dancing-maſter's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedent gets a miſtreſs by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and ſhame,
Could ſcarce oppoſe Vaneſſa's flame;
And, though her arguments were ſtrong,
At leaſt could hardly wiſh them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But ſure ſhe never talk'd ſo well.
His pride began to interpoſe;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unſought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit muſt with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all ſhe ever read!
And had a moſt diſcerning head!

'Tis an old maxim in the ſchools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condeſcend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He choſe to juſtify, his pride;
Conſtruing the paſſion ſhe had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a moſt judicious taſte.
Love, hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion of his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.
Love why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendſhip, in its greateſt height,
A conſtant, rational delight,
Or virtue's baſis fix'd to laſt,
When love allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of paſſion will redeem
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When goddeſſes appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,
The nymphs in ſober words entreats
A truce with all ſublime conceits:
For why ſuch raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durſt not read romances?
In lofty ſtyle to make replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and reſpect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incur'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhould now their ſtations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though ſhe already can diſcern
Her ſcholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The ſcience ſhe deſigns to teach:
Wherein his genius was below
The ſkill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met,
Is to the world a ſecret yet.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantic ſtrain
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends
Or, to compound the buſineſs, whether
They temper love and books together;

Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious Muſe unfold.
  Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by Vaneſſa's conduct wiſe:
For, though by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent;
Though her deſign was not obtain'd;
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *cauſe* decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.
All met; and, ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentments for her late diſgrace;
And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor ſpend their time to ſhow their reading;
She'd have a ſummary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The ſum of what each lawyer ſaid,
Gave her own reaſons laſt, and then
Decreed the cauſe againſt the *men*.
  But, in a weighty caſe like this,
To ſhow ſhe did not judge amiſs,
Which evil tongues might elſe report,
She made a ſpeech in open court;
Wherein ſhe grievouſly complains,
" How ſhe was cheated by the ſwains;"
On whoſe petition (humbly ſhowing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unleſs the ſex would mend,
The race of lovers ſoon muſt end)---
" She was at Lord knows what expence
" To form a nymph of wit and ſenſe,
" A model for her ſex deſign'd,
" Who never could one lover find.
" She ſaw her favour was miſplac'd;
" The fellows had a wretched taſte;
" She needs muſt tell them to their face,
" They were a ſtupid, ſenſeleſs race;
" And, were ſhe to begin again,
" She'd ſtudy to reform the *men*;
" Or add ſome grains of folly more
" To *women*, than they had before,
" To put them on an equal foot;
" And this, or nothing elſe, would do 't.
" This might their mutual fancy ſtrike,
" Since every being loves its *like*.
  " But now, repenting what was done,
" She left all buſineſs to her ſon;
" She puts the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
  The cryer was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The goddeſs would no longer wait;
But riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſeven,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heaven.

TO LOVE*.

In all I wiſh, how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power deſpiſe;
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the wiſe.
Thy traps are laid with ſuch peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the raſh depart.
Moſt nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy ſnare;
Where, held by thee, in ſlavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing part of life away.
But, what does moſt my indignation move,
Diſcretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat thoſe arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou ſteal'ſt his golden-pointed darts away;
Thoſe darts which never fail; and in their ſtead
Convey'ſt malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedleſs God, ſuſpecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats:
But the poor nymph who feels her vitals burn,
And from her ſhepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curſt Diſcretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou haſt ſet at odds,
And bred ſuch feuds between thoſe kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her ſons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former ſcales, wherein he us'd to poiſe
Love againſt love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, ſtill ſubſide.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And ſtrike Diſcretion to the ſhades below.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY A LADY†.

Hail, bluſhing goddeſs, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, doſt bring
Loves and Graces, ſmiling Hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roſeate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
  Yet why ſhould I thy preſence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with ſweets; no more the roſe
With ſuch tranſcendant beauty blows,
As when Cadenus bleſt the ſcene,
And ſhar'd with me thoſe joys ſerene;
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of friendſhip kindled new deſire:
Still liſtening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have ſung,
Divine, impreſt their gentle ſway,
And ſweetly ſtole my ſoul away.
My guide, inſtructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;

---

* *Found in Miſs Vanhomrigh's deſk, after her death, in the hand-writing of Swift.*

† *This and the next ode have been aſcribed to Vaneſſa.*

Oh! ſtill conjoin'd, your incenſe riſe,
And waft ſweet odours to the ſkies!

ODE TO WISDOM.

BY THE SAME.

Oh, Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchſafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love depreſt;
'Tis juſt that thou ſhould'ſt heal the ſmart
Inflicted by the ſubtle art,
And calm my troubled breaſt.

No random-ſhot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, ſoft and ſlow,
It ſunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wiſdom's force,
In vain I try to ſtop its courſe,
In vain repel the dart.

O goddeſs! break the fatal league;
Let Love with folly and intrigue,
More fit aſſociates find!
And thou alone within my breaſt,
O! deign to ſoothe my griefs to reſt,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

A REBUS.

BY VANESSA.

Cut the name of the man * who his miſtreſs de-
And let the firſt of it be only apply'd [ny'd,
To join with the prophet † who David did chide;
Then ſay what a horſe is that runs very faſt ‡;
And that which deſerves to be firſt put the laſt;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The Name and the Virtues of him I deſign'd.
Like the Patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the
ſtate; [great;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the
Like a racer he flies to ſuccour with ſpeed,
When his friends want his aid, or deſert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

The nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
On ſo mean a *deſign*, and a *ſubject* ſo low.
For mean's her *deſign*, and her *ſubject* as mean,
The firſt but a Rebus, the laſt but a Dean.
A Dean's but a parſon: and what is a Rebus?
A thing never known to the Muſes or Phœbus.
The corruption of verſe; for, when all is done,
It is but a *paraphraſe* made on a *pun*.
But a genius like her's no ſubject can ſtifle,
It ſhows and diſcovers itſelf through a trifle.
By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *wit*, but the *dean* a ſmall man.
Rich ladies will furniſh their garrets with ſtuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the *wit* that is laviſhly thrown away here,
Might furniſh a ſecond-rate *poet* a year.
Thus much for the *verſe*; we proceed to the next
Where the Nymph had entirely forſaken her *text*:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of ſeaſon,
And what *ſhe* deſcribes to be *merit* is *treaſon*:
The changes which faction has made in the ſtate,
Have put the *dean's* politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with free-
dom,
And, ſhould he write *pamphlets*, no great m
would read 'em;
And ſhould *want* or *deſert* ſtand in need of his
aid,
This *racer* would prove but a dull-founder'd *ja*

* Joſeph. † Nathan. ‡ Swift.

HORACE, BOOK. II. ODE I.

PARAPHRASED.

Addreſſed to Richard Steel, Eſq. 1714.

" En qui promittit cives, urbem ſibi curæ,
" Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum
HOR. I. Sat. vi.

Dick, thou'rt reſolv'd, as I am told,
Some ſtrange *arcana* to unfold,
And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cauſe again,
Which thou (ſuch Burnet's ſhrew'd advice is)
Muſt furbiſh up, and nickname Criſis.
Thou pompouſly wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er ſince Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the Common's chair)
That we a German Prince muſt own
When Anne for heaven reſigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is *in*—and who is *out*;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the *peace*,
And all its ſecret *cauſes* trace,
The *bucket-play* 'twixt Whig and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty ſtories
Of *tricks* the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our Plenipoes.
Thou 'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our ſtate;
And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forſooth, (*deſpotic*) gave
Twelve *coronets* without *thy* leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have *yet* aton'd!
Believe me, what thou'ſt undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But, ſince thou'rt got into the fire,
And can'ſt not eaſily retire,
Thou muſt no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verſe;
Until thou ſhalt have eas'd thy conſcience,
Of ſpleen, of politics, and nonſenſe;
And, when thou'ſt bid adieu to cares,
And ſettled Europe's *grand* affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-Lane to ſhape thy ſtyle:
" To make a pair of jolly fe ows,
" The ſon and father join, o tell us
" How ſons may ſafely diſc ey,
" And father's never ſhould ſay nay;

By which wife conduct they grow friends
"At laſt—and ſo the ſtory ends *."
When firſt I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd, for ſkill in Fauſtus' art †,
Which made thy cloſet much frequented
By buxom laſſes—ſome repented
Their luckleſs choice of huſbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound directions
How beſt to ſettle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the diſtreſs'd,
Didſt in thy calling do thy beſt.
But now the Senate (if things *hit*,
And thou at Stockbridge wert not *bit*)
Muſt feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy ſchemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with *immortal honours* crown,
Whilſt, *Patriot-like*, thou'lt ſtrut and frown.
What though by enemies 'tis ſaid,
The *laurel* which adorns thy head,
Muſt one day come in competition
By virtue of ſome fly *petition*:
Yet *mum* for that; hope ſtill the beſt,
Nor let ſuch cares diſturb thy reſt.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bag-pipe ſhrill, or oyſter-ſtrumpet;
Methinks I ſee thee, ſpruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly ſhine,
And dazzle all the *idol faces*
As through the *hall* thy worſhip paces;
(Though this I ſpeak but at a venture,
Suppoſing thou haſt *tick* with Hunter)
Methinks I ſee a *black-guard rout*
Attend thy coach and hear them ſhout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their ſtyle) is *purely hung*,
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to anſwer one ſyl—lable,
Except the matchleſs hero Abel ‡.
What though her highneſs and her ſpouſe
In Antwerp § keep a frugal houſe,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll ſoon enable thee to ſpend,
If to Macartney ‖ thou will toaſt,
And to his *pious patron's ghoſt*.
Now manfully thou'lt run a tilt
"On *popes*, for all the blood they've ſpilt,
"For maſſacres, and racks, and flames,
"For lands enrich'd by crimſon ſtreams,
"For inquiſitions taught by Spain,
"Of which the Chriſtian world complain."
Dick—we agree—all's true thou'lt ſaid,
As that my muſe is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy *genius* has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for *ſtate affairs* as fit
As mine for politics and wit.

Then let us both in time grow wiſe,
Nor higher than our talents riſe;
To ſome ſnug cellar let's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honeſt ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port,
With which inſpir'd, we'll club each night
Some tender ſonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

John Dennis the ſheltering Poet's Invitation to Richard Steele, the ſecluded Party-writer, and Member, to come and live with him in the Mint. 1714 *.

FIT TO BE BOUND UP WITH THE CRISIS.

If thou canſt lay aſide a ſpendthrift's air,
And condeſcend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we Minters, with ragouts unſtor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Chriſtmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by ſubſcription now is grown
The ſtaleſt, idleſt cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papiſt bred,
Has an *alarm* againſt that worſhip ſpread,
Is practiſing thoſe beaten paths of cruiſing,
And for new levies on Propoſals muſing.
'Tis true, that Bloomſbury Square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy caſe?
What 's a fine houſe embelliſh'd to profuſion,
Where ſhoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant ſeldom ſallies,
But apprehenſive of inſulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And ceaſe to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the proſpects that delude thy ſight,
From Highgate's ſteep aſcent, and Hampſtead's height,
With verdant ſcenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and ſafe enjoyments yield.
Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
Eaſe to my troubled and ſuſpicious mind,
But ever was with jealouſies poſſeſs'd,
Am in a ſtate of indolence and reſt;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in diſguiſe,
Nor looking upon ſtrangers as on ſpies,
But quite diveſted of my former ſpleen;
Am unprovok'd without and calm within:
And here I 'll wait thy coming, till the ſun
Shall its diurnal courſe completely run.
Think not that thou of ſturdy butt ſhalt fail;
My landlord's cellar is ſtock'd with beer and ale,
With every ſort of malt that is in uſe,
And every county's generous produce.
The *ready* (for here Chriſtian faith is ſick,
Which makes us ſeldom treſpaſs upon tick)
Inſtantly brings the choiceſt liquors out,
Whether we aſk for home-brew'd or for ſtout,
For mead or cyder, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flaſk or two of white or red,

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* *This is ſaid to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town.*

† *Mr. Steele had a laboratory at Poplar.*

‡ *Abel Roper.*

§ *Where the Duke of Marlborough then reſided.*

‖ *General Macartney, who killed Duke Hamilton.*

* *This and the preceding poem are printed from copies in the Lambeth Library.*

Such as the drawer will not fail to ſwear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, ſo popularly known
For oppoſition to the church and crown,
Might make the Luſitanian grape to paſs,
And almoſt give a ſanction to the glaſs;
Eſpecially with thee, whoſe haſty zeal
Againſt the late rejected *commerce-bill*
Made thee *riſe up*, like an audacious elf,
To do the ſpeaker honour, not thyſelf.
But, if thou ſoar'ſt above the common prices,
By virtue of ſubſcription to thy Criſis,
And nothing can go down with thee, but wines
Preſs'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as though lov'ſt a wench;
Elſe thou muſt humble thy expenſive taſte,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feaſt.
The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had ſtruck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this *act of grace*, which by your leave
Suſan would not have done on Eaſter Eve,
Had ſhe not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for the ingenious Author of The Lover.
Ceaſe therefore to beguile thyſelf with hopes,
Which is no more than making ſandy ropes,
And quit the vain purſuit of loud applauſe,
That muſt bewilder thee in faction's cauſe.
Pry'thee what is't to thee who guides the ſtate?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is ſo late?
Or why her Majeſty thinks fit to ceaſe
The din of war, and huſh the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to chooſe, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninſtructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celeſtial happineſs to reach.
Rather let ſuch poor ſouls as you and I
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's ſun begins the week,
Which will abound with ſtore of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.
Then I, who have within theſe precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-ſweeper's ſtept,
Will take a looſe, and venture to be ſeen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phraſe ſublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little ſatire,
Explode the wits on t'other ſide o'th' water.
Why has my Lord Godolphin's ſpecial grace
Inveſted me with a queen's-waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of feſtival delights,
Am not allow'd to ſpend the perquiſites?
He's but a ſhort remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is ſad;
And, like a griping uſurer, does ſpare
His money to be ſquander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And waſhy ſorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I 'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woeful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulneſs within:
As, in deſpight of a cenſorious race,
I moſt incontinently ſuck my face.
What mighty projects does not he deſign, [wine?
Whoſe ſtomach flows, and brain turns round with
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And faſhion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to diſcloſe his art,
By racking every ſecret from his heart,
As he flings off the ſtateſman's ſly diſguiſe,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it ſtead of tea,
Fancies himſelf in Canterbury's ſee;
And S******, when he carouſing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the ſeals:
W******, by virtue of its juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commiſſioners make light.
Wine gives Lord William aptitude of parts,
And ſwells him with his family's deſerts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of ſpeech?
Whom in extremeſt poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-ſeas-o'er, by its inſpiring bounties,
Can qualify himſelf in ſeveral counties.
What I have promis'd, thou mayſt reſt aſſur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I 'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, leſt thou at their ſight ſhouldſt make wry faces,
The girl has ſcower'd the pots, and waſh'd the glaſſes,
'Ta'en care ſo excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayſt ſee thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due proviſion has been made,
That converſation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To ſit with the moſt flagrant Whig at ſupper.
There 's not a man among them but muſt pleaſe,
Since they 're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly ſent me word,
They 'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he 'as no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and ſtation.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left;
But their diſcourſes ſmell too much of theft:
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two ſuch ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this truſty bearer write,
If I ſhould any other ſcabs invite;
Though if I may my ſerious judgment give,
I 'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the ſtint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noiſineſs perplex'd:
And that, if thou 'lt agree to think it beſt,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other gueſt.
I 've nothing more, now this is ſaid, to ſay,
But to requeſt thou 'lt inſtantly away,
And leave the duties of thy preſent poſt,
To ſome well-ſkill'd retainer to a hoſt;
Doubtleſs he 'll carefully thy place ſupply,
And o'er his Grace's horſes have an eye,
While thou, who 'ſt ſlunk through poſtern more than once,
Doſt by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, croſſing o'er the Thames at Temple-ſtairs,
Leav'ſt Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

TO LORD HARLEY,
ON HIS MARRIAGE, 1713.

Among the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,

Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendſhip dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent obſervations taught)
A ſpirit ſo inform'd as yours
Could never proſper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whoſe harp could ſavage beaſts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The Nymph had ſoon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars purſued,
The Nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thouſand footſteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For ſuch is all the ſex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But ſome gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, Dear Harley, could I gueſs
That you ſhould meet, in love, ſucceſs?
For, if thoſe ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you;
Yet Daphne never ſlack'd her pace,
For wit and learning ſpoil'd his face.
And, ſince the ſame reſemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's ſon.
Then where, ſaid I, ſhall Harley find
A virgin of ſuperior mind,
With wit and virtue to diſcover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character ſhall Ca'endiſh claim,
Born to retrieve her ſex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are inſolent and vain)
Madly aſpir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the Maid,
Deſcending to her charge's aid,
Held out Meduſa's ſnaky locks,
Which ſtupify'd them all to ſtocks.
The Nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noiſy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celeſtial light,
Had purify'd her mortal ſight;
Show'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Freſh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terreſtrial nymphs, by former arts,
Diſplay their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method ſet,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting ſkill and power to chooſe,
Their only pride is to refuſe.
But, when a gooddeſs would beſtow
Her love on ſome bright youth below,
Round all the earth ſhe caſts her eyes;
And then, deſcending from the ſkies,
Makes choice of him ſhe fancies beſt,
And bids the raviſh'd youth be bleſs'd.
Thus the bright Empreſs of the Morn
Choſe, for her ſpouſe, a mortal born:
The Goddeſs made advances firſt;
Elſe what aſpiring hero durſt?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She bluſhes when by mortals ſeen;
Still bluſhes, and with ſpeed retires,
While Sol purſues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heaven's chaſteſt queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her ſilver chariot came,
And to the Shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endiſh, as Aurora bright,
And chaſter than the Queen of Night,
Deſcended from her ſphere, to find
A mortal of ſuperior kind.

IN SICKNESS.

Written in Ireland, October 1714.

'Tis true—then why ſhould I repine
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe,
Without a tear will tend my herſe.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the ſick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the ſick,
In your laſt offices be quick;
And ſpare my abſent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will ſave a double ſorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715.

On an Attempt to repeal the Teſt Act.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and every where,
To find an eaſy place to lay her.
At length to Muſic's houſe * ſhe came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
"You ſee 'tis mere neceſſity
"Hath ſent me to your houſe to whelp;
"I 'll die, if you deny your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful ſigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty † did ſo far prevail,

* *The Church of England.*
† *A Scotch name for a bitch; alluding to the Kirk.*

That Muſic gave her leave to litter:
But mark what follow'd—faith! ſhe bit her.
  Whole baſkets full of bits and ſcraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For, well ſhe knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would ſuck her blood.
  But when ſhe thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms—"My friend," ſays ſhe,
"My houſe you 've had on courteſy;
"And now I earneſtly deſire,
"That you would with your cubs retire:
"For, ſhould you ſtay but one week longer,
"I ſhall be ſtarv'd with cold and hunger."
  The gueſt reply'd—"My friend, your leave
"I muſt a little longer crave;
"Stay till my tender cubs can find
"Their way—for now, you ſee, they 're blind;
"But, when we 've gather'd ſtrength, I ſwear,
"We 'll to our barn again repair."
  The time paſs'd on; and Muſic came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, loſt to ſhame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—"A bite! a bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horſe
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No ſooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's loſt, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the Tower, 1716.

How bleſt is he who for his country dies,
Since Death purſues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back;
Though Fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter Fate will ſeize him from behind.
  Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine,
But ſhall with unattained honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the *ſtaff**, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.
  Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die for meriting to live.
  Next, faithful Silence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be every ſecret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt, with the wicked, heaven involve the juſt?
And, though the villain 'ſcape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

** The enſign of the Lord Treaſurer's office.*

PHYLLIS;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716.

Deſponding Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She 'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the *abſolution* loud:
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to ſee it bare.
  At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring beſpoke:
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn betimes the bride was miſſing:
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had ſkulk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl *had ſuch a baſhful way!*
  Now John the butler muſt be ſent
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle Crop;
For John muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her, wherefoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
  See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was miſſing too:
The horſe and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it ſeems, was fled with John.
  Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
To my much-honour'd father—theſe—
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choiceſt common-places,
By others us'd in the like caſes.
"That long ago a *fortune-teller*
"Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
"And in a *glaſs* had made her ſee
"A *ſerving-man of low degree.*
"It was *her fate*, muſt be forgiven;
"For *marriages were made in heaven:*
"His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
"She 'd *do 't, if 'twere to do again:*
"Thank'd God, 'twas *neither ſhame nor ſin*
"For John was come of *honeſt kin.*
"Love never thinks of rich and poor:
"*She 'd beg with John from door to door.*
"Forgive her, if it be a crime;
"She 'll never do 't *another time.*

She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, *maid nor wife.*
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *thing was done, and paſt recalling;*
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his *paſſion's over.*
" She valued not what others thought her,
" And was—his *moſt obedient daughter.*"
Fair maidens, all attend the Muſe,
Who now the wandering pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd:
The horſe and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phyl cry'd, and John began to curſe:
Phyl wiſh'd that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befel them,
The Muſe hath now no time to tell them,
How Johnny wheeddled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft' ſhe broke her marriage vows
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian juſtice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hoſteſs;
They kept, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN, 1717.

Deliciæ Sheridan Muſarum, dulcis amice,
Si tibi propitius Permeſſi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, ſeu te minuum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſque ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quiſnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula Pallas
Aſtitit; & dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris ſine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram ſuperabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura,
Corpore ſed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes ſupplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, ſurget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas inſtructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, *ſalutifer* orbi,
Aſt, illi cauſas orant; his inſula viſa eſt
Divinam capiti nodo conſtringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt ſigna, ſed uſque
Conſcius, expedias puero ſeu lætus Apollo
Naſcenti arriſit; ſive illum frigidus horror
Saturni prem-it, aut ſeptem inflavere triones.
Quin tu a è penituſque latentia ſemina cernis,
Quæque diu btundendo olim ſub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu ſæpè puella
Sub cinere heſterno ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoſcit quocunque ſub aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium cuſtodia matris
Peſſundat: nam ſæpè vides in ſtipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ ſedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpè puer tua quem tetigit ſemel aurea virga
Cœlumque terraſque videt, noctemque profundam.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING. 1718.

Virtue conceal'd within our breaſt,
Is inactivity at beſt:
But never ſhall the muſe endure
To let your virtues lie obſcure,
Or ſuffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breaſt all wiſdom lies,
Either to govern or adviſe;
Your ſteady ſoul preſerves her frame
In good and evil times the ſame.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your ſacred preſence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abſtains,
Which drags the ſlaviſh world in chains.
Him for a happy man I own,
Whoſe fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he, who wiſely knows
To uſe the gifts that Heaven beſtows;
Or, if it pleaſe the Powers Divine,
Can ſuffer want, and not repine.
The man who, infamy to ſhun,
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country, or his friend.

TO MR. DELANY, Nov. 10. 1718.

To you, whoſe virtues, I muſt own
With ſhame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have ſought,
Had not ill fate, perverſe and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I ſhould repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the muſe this verſe beſtows,
Which might as well have been in proſe;
No thought, no fancy, no ſublime,
But ſimple topics told in rhyme.
Talents for converſation fit,
Are humour, breeding, ſenſe, and wit:
The laſt, as boundleſs as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, ſure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can deſcribe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives ſurpriſe, and this delight.
Humour is odd, groteſque, and wild,
Only by affectation ſpoil'd:

'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
Our converſation to refine,
Humour and wit muſt both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein ſometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, diſplays
That irony which turns to praiſe:
His genius firſt found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A ſatire, where he moſt commends.
But, as a poor pretending beau,
Becauſe he fain would make a ſhow,
Nor can arrive at ſilver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abſtruſe
'Twixt raillery and groſs abuſe;
To ſhow their parts, will ſcold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boiſterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who firſt run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horſe-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence *The Club*.
I mean your Butler, Dawſon, Car,
All ſpecial friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious ſteed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh
As rudeneſs is to repartee.
If what you ſaid I wiſh unſpoke,
'Twill not ſuffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jeſt, a friend
For thoſe defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, ſhape, or ſenſe,
If nam'd with ſcorn, gives juſt offence.
What uſe in life to make men fret,
Part in worſe humour than they met?
Thus all ſociety is loſt,
Men laugh at one another's coſt;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have moſt in view
To pleaſe themſelves by vexing you.
You wonder now to ſee me write
So gravely on a ſubject light:
Some part of what I here deſign,
Regards a friend* of yours and mine;
Who, neither void of ſenſe nor wit,
Yet ſeldom judges what is fit,
But ſallies oft' beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeaſurable rounds.
When jeſts are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for ſhame,
Yet ſtill you think your friend to blame:
For, though men cry they love a jeſt,
'Tis but when others ſtand the teſt;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jeſt that is their own.
You muſt, although the point be nice,
Beſtow your friend ſome good advice:
One hint from you will ſet him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, obſerve with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to ſpare;
Nor indiſtinctly to ſuppoſe
All ſubjects like Dan Jackſon's noſe*.
To ſtudy the obliging jeſt,
By reading thoſe who teach it beſt;
For proſe I recommend Voiture's,
For verſe (I ſpeak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the ſecret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more ſhall then accuſe
The flirts of his ill-manner'd muſe.
If he be guilty, you muſt mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

* Dr. Sheridan.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN†. 1718.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a ſhrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung;
We lie cramming ourſelves, and are ready to burſt,
Yet ſtill are no wiſer than we were at firſt.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely muſt tell ye,
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
Though Delany adviſ'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor.
I muſt now, at one ſitting, pay off my old ſcore;
How many to anſwer? One, two, three, four.
But, becauſe the three former are long ago paſt,
I ſhall, for method ſake, begin with the laſt.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, 'ere t'other gets up, demands the riſing blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our Generals ſoundly did pay 'em,
Went triumphant to church, and ſang ſtoutly *Te Deum*.
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the ſame fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
My offers of peace you ill underſtood: [good?
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own
'Twas to teach you in modeſter language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye:
As a good quiet ſoul, who no miſchief intends,
To a quarrelſome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight;
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write:
And I'll uſe you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll firſt take you up, and then take you down:
And, 'tis your own caſe, for you never can wound
The worſt dunce in your ſchool, till he's heav'd from the ground.

* *Which was afterwards the ſubject of ſeveral poems by Dr. Swift and others.*

† *The humour of this poem is partly loſt, by the impoſſibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.*

I beg your pardon for uſing my left hand, but I was in great haſte, and the other hand was employed at the ſame time in writing ſome letters of buſineſs.—I will ſend you the reſt when I have leiſure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laſt.

A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD,

WOOLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN,

Whoſe Sign was the GOLDEN FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the ſtuff,
For modern Jaſon, that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon *watchful* * Dragon,
Old Jaſon would have leſs to brag on.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

WHATE'ER your predeceſſors taught us,
I have a great eſteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence.
But as to comic Ariſtophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too prophane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand†, juſt where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can
(You will not find it in the Vatican).
He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace ſays,
To take his greateſt grandees for aſſes.
Poets, in thoſe days, us'd to venture high;
But theſe are loſt full many a century.
Thus you may ſee dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics: firſt, Euripides
(An author where I ſometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly cenſured by the Stagirite,
Who ſays his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author deſpiſes
So much, he ſwears the very beſt piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;
And that a woman, in theſe tragedies,
Commonly ſpeaking, but a ſad jade is.
At leaſt, I'm well aſſur'd, that no folk laye
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æſchylus,
Whoſe moving touches, when they pleaſe, kill us.
And now I find my muſe but ill able,
To hold out longer in triſſylable.
I choſe thoſe rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 13. 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſha'n't diſpute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green:
So little is thy form declin'd:
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
Oh, would it pleaſe the gods to *ſplit*
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit!
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize,
And then, before it grew too late,
How ſhould I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her ſwain)
To ſplit my worſhip too in twain!

* *England.*

† *The fact may be true; but the rhyme coſt me ſome trouble.*

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1719.

DEAR Dean, ſince in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a-toſſing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your hiſtories,
All women as Eve, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the ſex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them;
I ſwear without jeſt, I an honour intend them.
In a ſieve, Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before: do you know what I mean, Sir?
"Not I, by my troth, Sir."—Then read it again, Sir.
The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity, to ſave you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt
When your Pegaſus canter'd it triple, and rid faſt.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

THE DEAN's ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh:
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.
A woman's no ſieve (for with that you begin),
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in.
And that ſhe's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But, grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer,
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen *ſearcher*.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a * maid, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this *rebus*,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11. 1719, *paſt* 12. *at noon.*

* *Vir Gin*, Man-trap.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

All travellers at firſt incline
Where-e'er they ſee the faireſt ſign;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's caſe in fact,
An *angel*'s face a little crack'd
(Could poets or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-ſix):
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an *angel*'s mind;
And every virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives,
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And, had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or ſtop and light at Cloe's head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Cloe, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix and thirty-eight;
Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your ſoul ſhould grieve;
That, ſhould you live to ſee the day
When Stella's locks muſt all be gray,
When age muſt print a furrow'd trace:
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourſcore.

TO STELLA,

Who collected and tranſcribed his Poems. 1720.

As, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones;
But all admire Inigo Jones;
So, if this pile of ſcattered rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times;
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp was ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts?
With Friendſhip and Eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a gueſt.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As tradeſmen ſhow their traſh at firſt);
But his purſuits were at an end,
Whom Stella chooſes for a *friend*.
A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his miſtreſs and his muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his muſe deſcending drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surpriſe him with a pint of ſtout;
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, ſhould a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bowers that hold thoſe nymphs divine,
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged ſmocks,
And radiant Iris in the pox.
Theſe are the goddeſſes enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.
True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are Lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter,
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe;
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.
Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our power*,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his ſkull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,

His ſimilies in order ſet,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe,
  Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lies.
  Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.
  Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhow you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpight,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till time hath open'd reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for, ſee, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a ſhade.
  Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a different turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the ſun's heat with different powers
Ripens the grape, the liquor ſours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage poſſeſt
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
  You think this turbulence of flood
From ſtagnating preſerves the blood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
  Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
For, ſhould this ferment laſt too long,
By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
  Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or, if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my accuſation juſt.

TO STELLA,

Viſiting me in my Sickneſs, 1720.

Pallas, obſerving Stella's wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,
And that her beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human kind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.
  But (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.
  Thoſe numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
  But, leſt we ſhould for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to her aſſignation;
Or that on which his Lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears,
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
  In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own.
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a caſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
  Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human kind:
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flattery tipt with nauſeous fleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
  Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd
Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (though late) ſhall Stella riſe
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.

By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt enſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate!
  She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
  Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, though her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet through every motion ſteals.
  Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
  How would ingratitude delight,
And how would cenſure glut her ſpight,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride!
When on my ſickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd every power to eaſe my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face and inward grief:
And, though by Heaven's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,
No cruel maſter could require,
From ſlaves employed for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a ſoft and ſilent tread
Unheard ſhe moves about my bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught;
And ſo obligingly am caught,
I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.
  Beſt pattern of true friends! beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life, it muſt endanger your's;
For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a houſe decay'd.

. . . . . .

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER.

Who died the 6th of July 1720.

KNOW *all men by theſe preſents*, Death the tamer,
By *mortgage*, hath ſecur'd the *corpſe* of Demar:
Nor can *four hundred thouſand ſterling pound*
Redeem him from his priſon under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſs'd,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below,
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor, if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.
  Where'er he went, he never ſaw his *betters*;
Lords, *knights*, and *ſquires*, were all his humble debtors;
And under *hand* and *ſeal* the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.
  He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not ſave,
Nor all his *intereſt* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.
  Oh London tavern *! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He *touch'd* the *pence*, when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.
  Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a power to ſeize;
" † But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in
  " ſpight
" Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores light;
" And, as he ſaw his darling *money* fail,
" Blew his laſt breath, to ſink the lighter ſcale."
He who ſo long was *current*, 'twould be ſtrange
If he ſhould now be *cry'd down* ſince his *change*.
  The *ſexton* ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow;
Alas, the *ſexton* is thy banker now!
A diſmal *banker* muſt that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality*.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wiſe*.
His *heirs*, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his *carcaſe* in a *cheſt*;
The very *cheſt* in which, they ſay,
His *other ſelf*, his *money*, lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *ſelf* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT,

Upon praiſing her Huſband to Dr. Swift.

You always are making a god of your ſpouſe;
But this neither reaſon nor conſcience allows:

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* *A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.*
† *Theſe four lines were written by Stella.*

Perhaps you will ſay, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, becauſe he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find;
For you, by this rule, muſt adore all mankind.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,

At the Deanry Houſe, St. Patrick's.

Are the gueſts of this houſe ſtill doom'd to be cheated? [be treated.
Sure the fates have decreed they by halves ſhould
In the days of good John *, if you came here to dine, [wine.
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
O Jove! then how fully might all ſides be bleſt,
Wouldſt thou but agree to this humble requeſt;
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much trouble,
Inſtead of the deans, make the deanry double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW †.

A BARD on whom Phœbus his ſpirit beſtow'd,
Reſolving t' acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confeſſing,
And making the moſt of ſo mighty a bleſſing:
To the god he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd chouſe,
By making his patron preſide in his houſe;
And wiſely foreſaw this advantage from thence,
That the god would in honour bear moſt of th' expence: [treat
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to
With the thoughts he inſpires, regardleſs of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with ſheer wit and ſheer wine.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN, 1720.

RIGHT truſty, and ſo forth—we let you to know,
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For firſt, I have often by chemiſts been told,
Though I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold, [it,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that, whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;
[illegible]he good fellows apply for relief, [*beef:*
Without whom they could neither get *claret* nor
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my ſight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and ſour all their drink.
But, thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical crowd;
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.

This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom; ['em:
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read
They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls;
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your ſake love better than any,
And, of *my mere motion and ſpecial good grace*,
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On Tueſday the tenth ſeditiouſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one Stella by name,
To the *deanry* houſe, and on the north glaſs,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can paſs,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in Engliſh a pencil,
Did maliciouſly, falſely, and traiterouſly write,
Whilſt Stella aforeſaid ſtood by with a light.
My ſiſter had lately depos'd upon oath,
That ſhe ſtopt in her courſe to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And ſtill as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myſelf at noonday, [with gray;
But her graceful black locks were all mingled
And by the deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted ſome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my talents endued
On her promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the prude:
That ſome verſes were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the *north*, where I never yet went:
That the letters appeared revers'd through the pane, [again;
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right
Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read every line,
And preſently gueſs that the fancy was mine.
She can ſwear to the perſon whom oft ſhe has ſeen
At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
Now you ſee why his verſes ſo ſeldom are ſhown;
The reaſon is plain, they are none of his own:
And obſerve while you live, that no man is ſhy
To diſcover the goods he came honeſtly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly ſteal it,
And, when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear that they're all ſtolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the public ſhall ſee't, if I live till to-morrow.
Through the *zodiac* around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this, I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend;
I ſtudied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus;
When that ſubtle compaion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick, [Nick)
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with Old

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* *Dean Sterne was diſtinguiſhed for his hoſpitality.*
† *By Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.*

And, from my own ſtock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the *north* zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treaſon by ſtatute! yet here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd;
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now, whereas the ſad criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire;
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of every degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me;
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella, juſt out of her prime,
I'm too much revenged already by time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſend her diſeaſes,
But will now be her friend whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Though ſhe lives to be gray as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS,

BY DR. DELANY.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-ſeventh,
The poets aſſembled here on the eleventh,
Conven'd by Apollo, who gave them to know,
He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declar'd that no bard ſhould this honour inherit,
Till the reſt had agreed he ſurpaſs'd them in merit.
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult caſe,
For each bard believ'd he'd a right to the place;
So, finding th' aſſembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate:
'Twas urg'd to no purpoſe; diſputes higher roſe,
Scarce Phœbus himſelf could their quarrels compoſe;
Till at length he determin'd that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.
First, one who believ'd he excell'd in tranſlation,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's tranſmigration:
"Since the ſoul of great Milton was given to me,
"I hope the convention will quickly agree."
"Agree!" quoth Appollo, "from whence is this
"fool? [ſchool?
"Is he juſt come from reading Pythagoras at
"Be gone, Sir! you've got your ſubſcriptions in
"time,
"And given in return neither reaſon nor rhyme."
To the next, ſays the god, "Though now I won't
"chooſe you,
"I'll tell you the reaſon for which I refuſe you:
"Love's goddeſs has oft to her parents complain'd
"Of my favouring a bard who her empire diſdain'd;
"That, at my inſtigation, a poem you writ,
"Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgment
"and wit;
"That, to make you a laureat, I gave the
voice,
"Inſpiring the Britons t' appprove of my choice.
"Jove ſent her to me, her power to try;
"The goddeſs of beauty what god can deny?
"She forbids your preferment; I grant her deſire.
"Appeaſe the fair goddeſs; you then may riſe
"higher." [ceeding,
The next that appear'd had good hopes of ſuc-
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding,
'Twas wiſe in the Britons no favour to ſhow him;
He elſe might expect they ſhould pay what they
owe him.
And therefore they prudently choſe to diſcard
The patriot, whoſe merits they would not reward.
The god, with a ſmile, bade his favourite advance,
"You were ſent by Aſtrea her envoy to France:
"You bent your ambition to riſe in the ſtate;
"I refuſe you, becauſe you could ſtoop to be
"great." [lator,
Then a bard who had been a ſucceſsful tranſ-
"The convention allows me a verſificator."
Says Apollo, "You mention the leaſt of your merit;
"By your works it appears you have much of
"my ſpirit.
"I eſteem you ſo well, that to tell you the truth,
"The greateſt objection againſt you's your youth:
"Then be not concern'd you are now laid aſide;
"If you live, you ſhall certainly one day preſide."
Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
"'Twas I taught your ſubjects to walk through
"the ſtreets." [before:
"You taught them to *walk!* why, they knew it
"But give me the bard that can teach them to
"*ſoar.*
"Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confeſs,
"Who lately attempted my ſtyle with ſucceſs;
"Who writes like Apollo has moſt of his ſpirit,
"And therefore 'tis juſt I diſtinguiſh his merit;
"Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
"His judgment alone can ſet bounds to his wit;
"Like Virgil, correct with his own native eaſe,
"But excels even Virgil in elegant praiſe;
"Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their
"Yet writes in a manner entirely new; [due
"Though none with more eaſe their depths can
"explore,
"Yet whatever he wants he takes from my ſtore:
"Though I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can
"In ſcorning to borrow from any but me; [ſee
"It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
"Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."
This ſaid, the whole audience ſoon found out
his drift:
The convention was ſummon'd in favour of Swift.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS, 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general ſweep,
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which, breaking *bankers* and the *banks*,
Reſume *their own* whene'er they pleaſe.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Becauſe 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in ſtate
Like *peers* have *levees* every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to ſtrip the *jays*.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch ſings,
"Make pinions for themſelves to fly:"
They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geeſe their *ſilver* plumes ſupply.

No money left for ſquandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wiſh of Nero now is theirs,
"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sits ſqueezing *images of wax*.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty cheſts in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
Unable to endure the ſight,
He hides within his darkeſt cell.

As when a conjuror takes a leaſe
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a diſmal caſe,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* appears.

A *baited* banker thus deſponds,
From his own hand foreſees his fall;
They have his *ſoul*, who have his *bonds*;
'Tis like the *writing on the wall*.

How will the catiff wretch be ſcar'd,
When firſt he finds himſelf awake
At the laſt trumpet unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make!

For in ~~that~~ univerſal *call*
Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, "Ye ſhops, upon us fall!
"Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When *other* hands the *ſcales* ſhall hold,
And they in *men and angels' ſight*
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance, and found light!"

DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST,

Tranſlated almoſt literally out of the original Iriſh, 1720.

OROURK's noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there, or thoſe who were not.
His revels to keep, we ſup and we dine
On ſeven ſcore ſheep, fat bullocks, and ſwine.
Uiſquebaugh to our feaſt in pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt, and a madder * our cup.
O there is the ſport! we riſe with the light
In diſorderly ſort from ſnoring all night.
O how was I trick'd! my pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd, I loſt my new cloak.
I'm rifled, quoth Nell, of mantle and kercher †:
Why then fare them well, the de'el take the ſearcher.
Come, harper, ſtrike up; but, firſt, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup: ah! this has ſome ſavour.
Orourk's jolly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noiſe and muſical clatter,
They bounce from their neſt, no longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt, without one *ave-mary*. [ing;
They dance in a ronnd, cutting capers, and ramp-
A mercy the ground did not burſt with their ſtamping.
The floor is all wet with leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat ſpliſh-ſplaſh in their pumps.
Bleſs you late and early, Laughlin O' Enagin!
By my hand ‡, you dance rarely, Margery Grinagin.
Bring ſtraw for our bed, ſhake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread the winnowing ſheet:
To ſhow I don't flinch, fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch of your ſneezing, *a yean* §.
Good Lord! what a ſight, after all their good cheer,
For people to fight in the midſt of their beer!
They riſe from their feaſt, and hot are their braine,
A cubit at leaſt the length of their ſkeans ‖.
What ſtabs and what cuts, what clattering of ſticks;
What ſtrokes on the guts, what baſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak well harden'd in flame,
An hundred heads broke, an hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain my father built Luſk,
The Caſtle of Slain, and Carrick Drumruſk;
The Earl of Kildare, and Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are, I was nurſt by their mother.
Aſk that of old *madam*; ſhe'll tell you who's who
As far up as Adam, ſhe knows it is true.
Come down with that beam, if cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam, or a kick on the a—ſe.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET ¶, 1720.

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

BROCADOS and damaſks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more; now hear what the law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true Iriſh hearts from old England to wean;

---

* *A wooden veſſel.*
† *Handkerchief.*
‡ *An Iriſh oath.*
§ *Iriſh for a woman.*
‖ *Daggers, or ſhort ſwords.*
¶ *Propoſals for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures, for which Waters the printer was ſeverely proſecuted.*

We'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry Fy on;
To be cloth'd like a carcaſe, would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow ſullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor ſhop-keepers muſt our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conſpire;
Becauſe Iriſh linen will ſoon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greaſy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I aſſure you,
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the dean's book, they were in a great fury.
They would buy Engliſh ſilks for their wives and their daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is ſinning,
And before *corum nobus* ſo oft has been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if ſwearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly mawl'd:
And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will 'peach him, he'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

When firſt Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and ſteams her looks diſgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the ſky,
Her ſpots are gone, her viſage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia ſhould appear too ſoon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To ſee her from her pillow riſe,
All reeking in a cloudy ſteam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaſpheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different ſcite,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For inſtance, when the lily ſkips
Into the precincts of the roſe,
And takes poſſeſſion of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the noſe:

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion ſafe and ſound;
But, when ſhe roſe, white, black, and red,
Though ſtill in ſight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior ſtation ſeeks;
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with eaſe reduce,
By help of pencil, paint and bruſh,
Each colour to its place and uſe,
And teach her cheeks again to bluſh.

She knows her *early* ſelf no more,
But fill'd with admiration ſtands;
As other painters oft' adore
The workmanſhip of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her ſex:
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cauſe ſuch marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wiſh,
When firſt ſhe taught them where to find
White lead and Luſitanian* diſh.

Love with white-lead cements his wings
White-lead was ſent us to repair
Two brighteſt, brittleſt, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the ſaſh:
The window is her proper ſphere:
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too raſh,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your *ſiſter* ſtar:
Delude at once and bleſs our ſight;
When you are ſeen, be ſeen from far,
And chiefly chooſe to ſhine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The beſt mechanic hand muſt fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wiſe logicians ſay,
Cannot without a *form* ſubſiſt;
And *form*, ſay I, as well as they,
Muſt fail, if *matter* brings no griſt.

And this is fair Diana's caſe;
For all aſtrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals ſay ſhe's in her wane.

While Partridge† wiſely ſhows the cauſe
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poiſonous claws
Attacks her in the *milky way*:

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to ſhow,
That ſwain Endymion‡ is not found,
Or elſe that Mercury's her foe.

---

* *Portugal.*

† *Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.*

‡ *A young ſhepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.*

But, let the cauſe be what it will,
In half a month ſhe looks ſo thin,
That Flamſteed † can, with all his ſkill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as ſhe waſtes, ſhe grows diſcreet,
Till midnight never ſhows her head:
So rotting Celia ſtrolls the ſtreet,
When ſober folks are all a-bed:

For ſure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her treſſes mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain;
No painting can reſtore a *noſe*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye powers, who over love preſide!
Since mortal beauties drop ſo ſoon,
If ye would have us well ſupply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon!

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

The farmer's gooſe, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
Can ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling ſhows the gooſe is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common ſtrays,
Hard exerciſe and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and ſpare:
Her body light, ſhe tries her wings,
And ſcorns the ground, and upward ſprings;
While all the pariſh, as ſhe flies,
Hear ſounds harmonious from the ſkies.
Such is the poet freſh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play);
His morning-draughts till noon can ſwill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roaſt beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep ſunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or ſtuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could ſing a note?
Nor Pegaſus could bear the load
Along the high celeſtial road;
The ſteed, oppreſs'd, would break his girth,
To raiſe the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another ſcene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money ſpent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheeſe and ale;
His two-years coat ſo ſmooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His fleſh brought down to flying caſe:
Now his exalted ſpirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and clothes;

And up he riſes, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all Grub-ſtreet rings.

THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT. 1721.

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
"Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas."
VIRG.

Ye wiſe philoſophers, explain
What magic makes our money riſe,
When dropp'd into the Southern main;
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Preſto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling
Then fill the veſſel to the brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal ſeems to ſwim.

It riſes both in bulk and height,
Behold it ſwelling like a ſope;
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pound;
I have in view a lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate!

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a deſperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture miſled,
The mariner with rapture ſees,
On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamel'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtic ſcene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome enchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Five hundred chariots, juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drown'd, the harneſs broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led;
They with their *ſpoils* went ſafe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay ſhatter'd on the *Red-Sea* ſhore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aſpiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and ſtate aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle-way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight,
With *wax* the *father* bound them faſt;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is caſt.

A moraliſt might here explain
The raſhneſs of the Cretan youth;

† *John Flamſteed, the celebrated aſtronomer royal.*

Deſcribe his fall into the main,'
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*,
He melts the *wax* at every flame;
His credit ſunk, his money ſpent,
In Southern *Seas he leaves his name.*

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in yon' dangerous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thouſands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wiſe* are drown'd?

So have I ſeen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geeſe* jump down together;
Swim, where the bird of Jove would ſink,
And, ſwimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis falſe in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We ſee the nation's credit crack'd,
Each knave hath made a thouſand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money ſtor'd;
But, if a *ſharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the board.

As fiſhes on each other prey,
The great ones ſwallowing up the ſmall;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *ſtock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So when upon a moon-ſhine night
An aſs was drinking at a ſtream;
A cloud aroſe, and ſtopp'd the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be ſoon
(Cries out a ſage among the crowd);
An aſs hath ſwallow'd up the moon!
(The moon lay ſafe behind a cloud).

Each poor *ſubſcriber* to the ſea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to riſe.

So fiſhes, riſing from the main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd wings on high;
The moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in ſpacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a ſieve.

Thus Venus to the ſea deſcends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It ſhows the Queen of love intends
To ſearch the deep for pearl and coral.

The ſea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth;
Which now I clearly underſtand,
For by the ſea ſhe meant the *South*.

Thus by *directors* we are told,
"Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round and ſee how thick it lies:

We, Gentlemen, are your aſſiſters,
We'll come, and hold you by the chin.—"
Alas! all is not gold that gliſters,
Ten thouſand ſink by leaping in.

Oh! would thoſe patriots be ſo kind,
Here in the deep to *waſh their hands*;
Then, like Pactolus, we ſhould find
The ſea indeed had *golden ſands*.

A ſhilling in the *bath* you fling;
The ſilver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the ſpring,
And ſeems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not paſs
At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying-glaſs,
Than what it always did before:

So caſt it in the *Southern* Seas,
Or view it through a *jobber*'s bill;
Put on what ſpectacles you pleaſe,
Your guinea's but a guinea ſtill.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The *golden ſtars* for guineas took,
And *ſilver* Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood;
There ſprawl'd awhile, and ſcarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with ſlime and mud.

"Upon the water caſt thy bread,
"And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold upon this ocean ſpread
Shall ſink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulph, where thouſands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow ſound, though deep as hell;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows;
Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot ſeldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by thouſands float,
And joſtle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat;
And here they fiſh for gold, and drown.

"* Now bury'd in the depth below,
"Now mounted up to heaven again,
"They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
"At their wits end, like drunken men."

Mean time ſecure on Garraway † cliffs,
A ſavage race by ſhipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd ſkiffs,
And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

But theſe, you ſay, are factious lies,
From ſome malicious Tory's brain;
For, where *Directors* get a prize,
The Swiſs and Dutch whole millions drain.

---

* *Pſalm* cvii. † *A coffee-houſe in 'Change-Alley*

Thus, when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating ſide,
Though not into the ſecret let.

While ſome build caſtles in the air,
Directors build them in the ſeas;
Subſcribers plainly ſee them there,
For fools will ſee as wiſe men pleaſe.

Thus oft' by mariners are ſhown
(Unleſs the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's caſtles overflown.
And palace-roofs, and ſteeple-ſpires.

Mark where the ſly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the ſhore approach too nigh!
The monſters neſtle in the deep,
To ſeize you in your paſſing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wiſe,
Who, taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover ſtrength when'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And ſent him *up in air* to *hell*.

Directors, thrown into the ſea,
Recover ſtrength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suſpended for a while in *air*.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planner—l'd when you were born:
We ſee you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the ſea ſhould ſink ſo low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You 'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting ſtand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpleſs on the ſand.

Thus, when a whale has loſt the tide,
The coaſters crowd to ſeize the ſpoil;
The monſter into parts divide,
And ſtrip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may ſome *weſtern* tempeſt ſweep
Theſe *locuſts* whom our fruits have fed,
That plague *Directors* to the deep,
'Twixt from the *South-Sea* to the *Red!*

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *ſinks* the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the *ſea*,
"And ſtill the madneſs of the crowd!"

But never ſhall our iſle have reſt,
Till thoſe devouring *ſwine* run down,
(The devils leaving the poſſeſt)
And headlong in the *waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their coſt and trouble,
Directors' promiſes but wind,
South-Sea at beſt a mighty *bubble*.

THE DOG AND SHADOW.

Ore cibum portans catulus dum ſpectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum ſpecioſa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non ſimulachrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avibus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit ſpeciés, ac dentibus æëra mordet.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abuſed in many different Libels.

The greateſt monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;
And calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall wit and learning chooſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By cenſure frighted out of honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by Heaven beſtow'd?
Or fearleſs enter in through virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

BILLET TO THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

The incloſed Prologue is formed upon the ſtory of the Secretary's not ſuffering you to act, unleſs you would pay him 300l. per annum; upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as ſtrollers.

The Prologue ſuppoſes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country ſtrollers came and hired the Playhouſe, and your clothes, &c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

Our ſet of ſtrollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the houſe was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good Lord Mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him we perſuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To ſpeak to Erlington and all the tribe,
To let our company ſupply their places,
And hire us out their ſcenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Erlington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look ſharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were ſervants to the king;
We, humble ſtrollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than ſtarve, a better man would ſtroll.
Stay, let me ſee—Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town! 'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here's a warrant; Gallants, pleaſe to mark,
For three thirteens and ſixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public ſhould beſtow the actors ſix.
A ſcore of guineas, given underhand,
For a good word or ſo, we underſtand.

To help an honeſt lad, that's out of place,
May coſt a crown or ſo; a common caſe:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injuſtice thought
To ſhip a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of ſervants paying wages?
I pity Erlington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part!
I told him what it was to be a ſtroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
Firſt get a licence, then produce our ware;
We ſound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! the (ſchool-boys roar) the players are come!
And then we cry, to ſpur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tueſday next we muſt be gone.
I told him, in the ſmootheſt way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Erlington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has ſhone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who choſe to leave his deareſt pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to ſtay,
And, as a ſtroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this reſolution takes,
To live and die all ſtrollers for your ſakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your diſpleaſure is their only ſhame.
A pox in Elrington's majeſtic tone!
Now to a word of buſineſs in our own.
Gallants, next Thurſday night will be our laſt;
Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfaſt.
Loſe not your time, nor our diverſions miſs,
The next we act ſhall be as good as this.

EPIGRAM.

Great folks are of a finer mold;
Lord! how politely they can ſcold!
While a coarſe Engliſh tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS, BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Spoken by Mr. Erlington, 1721.

Great cry and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom:
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their ſtomach's ſharp.
Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry:
Ladies, relieve the weavers, or they die!
Forſake your ſilks for ſtuffs; nor think it ſtrange
To ſhift your clothes, ſince you delight in change.
One thing with freedom I'll preſume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.
See, I am dreſs'd from top to toe in ſtuff;
And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough:
My wife admires me more, and ſwears ſhe never,
In any dreſs, beheld me look ſo clever.
And, if a man be better in ſuch ware,
What great advantage muſt it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds:
Silks come from maggots, callicoes from weeds:
Hence 'tis by ſad experience that we find
Ladies in ſilks to vapours much inclin'd—
And what are they but maggots in the mind?
For which I think it reaſon to conclude
That clothes may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gaudy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes:
Although the luſtre is from you begun,
We ſee the rainbow, and neglect the ſun.
How ſweet and innocent's the country maid,
With ſmall expence in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her ſhepherd with delight ſhe's ſeen!
Should our fair ladies dreſs like her in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they'd prove,
Whilſt wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE BY THE DEAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. GRIFFITH.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the ſtage?
When actors, who, at beſt, are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay—let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
Imprimis, From his Grace* an hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely gave a day—
The Poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wondrous charity in players?
They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Prayers:
Under the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have ſome private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We'll dreſs in *manufactures* made at home,
Equip our *kings* and *generals* at The Comb†.
We'll rig from Meath-ſtreet Ægypt's haught, queen,
And Antony ſhall court her in *ratteen*.
In *blue ſhalloon* ſhall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Iriſh *purple plaid*.
In *drugget* dreſt, of thirteen pence a yard,
See Philip's ſon amidſt his Perſian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of *crape* ſhall ſweep the ſtage.
In ſhort, our kings and princeſſes within
Are all reſolv'd this project to begin;
And you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the faſhion of the Court.
Oh! could I ſee this audience clad in *ſtuff*,
Though money's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade enough:
But *chintz*, *brocades*, and *lace*, take all away,
And ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip ſprings
Between the Weavers and us Play-houſe Kings;
But Wit and Weaving had the ſame beginning;
Pallas firſt taught us Poetry and Spinning:
And, next, obſerve how this alliance fits,
For Weavers now are juſt as poor as Wits:

---

* *Archbiſhop King.*
† *A ſtreet famous for Woollen Manufactures.*

Their brother quill-men, workers for the ſtage,
For ſorry *ſtuff* can get a crown a page;
But Weavers will be kinder to the Players,
And ſell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The Poet's wit, than in the Player's dreſſing.

A POEM, BY DR. DELANY,

ON THE PRECEDING PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.

"Fœmineo generi tribuantur."

THE muſes, whom the richeſt ſilks array,
Refuſe to fling their ſhining gowns away:
The pencil clothes the nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictur'd maids;
Far above mortal-dreſs the ſiſters ſhine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and muſt be fine.
And ſhall two bards in concert rhyme and huff,
And fret theſe muſes with their play-houſe ſtuff?
The player in mimic piety may ſtorm,
Deplore the comb, and bid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curſe the belles and chintzes of the age:
Yet ſtill the artiſt worm her ſilk ſhall ſhare,
And ſpin her thread of life in ſervice of the fair.
The cotton-plant, whom ſatire cannot blaſt,
Shall bloom the favourite of theſe realms, and laſt;
Like yours, ye fair, her fame from cenſure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injur'd plant ſhall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.
Some bard, perhaps, whoſe landlord was a weaver,
Penn'd the low prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For ſuch wool-gathering ſonnetteers as theſe?
Hence then, ye *home-ſpun* witlings, that perſuade
Miſs Chloe to the faſhion of her maid.
Shall the *wide* hoop, that ſtandard of the town,
Thus act ſubſervient to a poplin gown?
Who 'd ſmell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under-petticoat be made of ſtuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel juſt in May,
When the fields dreſs'd in flowers appear ſo gay!
And ſhall not Miſs be *flower'd* as well as they.
In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or ſtudded in a chair!
The ſkin, that vies with ſilk, would fret with ſtuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing ſo rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chintze diamonds with the ſilken thread,
Where ruſtling curtains call the curious eye,
And boaſt the ſtreaks and paintings of the ſky!
Of flocks they 'd have your milky ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!
"But where," ſay they, "ſhall we beſtow
"theſe weavers,
"That ſpread our ſtreets, and are ſuch piteous cravers?"
The ſilk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care to make their webs complete:
Theſe may they tend, their promiſes receive;
We cannot pay *too much* for what *they* give!

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

BY DR. DELANY *.

'TIS ſo old, and ſo ugly, and yet ſo convenient,
You 're ſometimes in pleaſure, though often in pain in't:
'Tis ſo large, you may lodge a few friends with ease in 't;
You may turn and ſtretch at your length if you pleaſe in't:
'Tis ſo little, the family live in a preſs in't,
And poor Lady Betty † has ſcarce room to dreſs in't:
'Tis ſo cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in't;
And ſo hot in the ſummer, you 're ready to fry a tun in't:
'Tis ſo brittle, 'twould ſcarce bear the weight of a ſun;
Yet ſo ſtaunch, that it keeps out a great deal of through it,
'Tis ſo crazy, the weather with eaſe beats quite
And you 're forc'd every year in ſome part to renew it.
'Tis ſo ugly, ſo uſeful, ſo big, and ſo little;
'Tis ſo ſtaunch, and ſo crazy, ſo ſtrong, and ſo brittle;
'Tis at one time ſo hot, and another ſo cold;
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is juſt half a bleſſing, and juſt half a curſe---
I wiſh then, dear George, it were better or worſe.

THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN-HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in ſober lays,
How George ‡, Nim §, Dan ‖, Dean ¶, paſs their days;
And, ſhould our Gaulſton's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muſe. Firſt from our bowers
We ſally forth at different hours;
At ſeven the Dean, in night-gown dreſt,
Goes round the houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave Nim, and George facetious,
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten, my lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes George, and ends our lectures;
And when ſhe has him by the neck faſt,
Halls him, and ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.

---

* *The ſeat of George Rochfort, Eſq. (father to the Earl of Belvidere); where Dr. Swift and an agreeable ſet of friends ſpent part of the ſummer of* 1721.

† *Daughter to the Earl of Drogheda, and the wife of Mr. Rochfort.*

‡ *Mr. Rochfort.*

§ *His brother, Mr. John Rochfort, who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chaſe.*

‖ *Rev. Daniel Jackſon.* ¶ *Dr. Swift.*

We ſquander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for ſpawn;
O'erſees the work, or Dragon * rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hoſe;
Or---but proceed we in our journal---
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements aſcending,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the lake's remoteſt end:
My Lord † and Dean the fire forſake;
Dan leaves the earthly ſpade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty ſoundly chides them.
Now water 's brought, and dinner 's done:
With "Church and King" the lady 's gone;
(Not reckoning half an hour we paſs
In talking o'er a moderate glaſs).
Dan, growing drowſy, like a thief
Steals off to doſe away his beef;
And this muſt paſs for reading Hammond---
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, ſet out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the ſun goes to the deep,
(Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now ſtinted in the ſhortening day,
We go to prayers, and then to play,
Till ſupper comes; and after that
We ſit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late---the old and younger pairs,
By Adam ‡ lighted, walk up ſtairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd ſeveral facts,
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overſet.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
Now Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch them:
How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their ſex.

I might have told how oft' Dean Percivale
Diſplays his pedantry unmerciful;
How haughtily he cocks his noſe,
To tell what every ſchool-boy knows;
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
But now there needs no more be ſaid on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shows all her ſecrets of houſe-keeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;
Was forc'd to ſend three miles for yeaſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd Charley of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig papers and Gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the King of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
"Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
"Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
"And in a month he's at your gates;
"Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
"By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tame, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem * and his wife---
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:
The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie:
Nim loſt his wig-block, Dan his jordan
(My lady ſays, ſhe can't afford one);
George is half-ſcar'd out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvy:
They talk of further alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

* *A ſmall boat ſo called.*
† *Mr. Rochfort's father was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland.*
‡ *The Butler.*

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

July 15. 1721, *at night.*

I'd have you t' know, George†, Dan‡, Dean§, and Nim‖,
That I've learned how verſe t' compoſe trim,
Much better b' half th'n you, n'r him,

* *Mr. Clement Barry.*
† *Geo. Rochfort.* ‡ *Mr. Jackſon.*
§ *Dr. Swift.* ‖ *J. Rochfort.*

And th't I'd rid'cule their 'nd your fiam-flim.
Ay' b't then, p'rhaps, fays you, t's a m'rry whim
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morofe 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'ftle put m' in a meagrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' flim,
Th' laft bowl 't Helfham's did m' head t' fwim,
So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry fcrubb'd limb,
Caufe th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' fkim;
And b'fides D'lan' fwears th't I h'd fwall'w'd f'v'r'l brimmers, 'nd that my vis'ge 's covr'd o'er with r'd pimples: m'r'o'er though m' fcull were (s' tis n't) 's ftrong's timber, 't muft have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'lledge Sanh'drim,
Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate refpects; that 'st' fay, D'lan', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lfham, capt'n P'rr' Walmfl', 'nd Longfh'nks Timm *.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulftown lads (for fuch they are)
Befides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the fmoothnefs of thy lines;
Smooth as our bafon's filver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegafus' old fhoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we fet our a--s,
Is not fo fmooth as are thy verfes,
Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
A fmooth ng-ite itfelf is rough.
Nor praife I lefs that circumcifion,
By modern poets cal'd elufion,
With which, in proper ftation plac'd,
Thy polifh'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wife tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every feam an inch in;
Or elfe, be fure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be fmooth, nor hold their ftitches.
Thy verfe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When fmooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words fo clofely wedg'd and fhort are
Like walls, more lafting without mortar:
By leaving out the needlefs vowels,
You fave the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter ftill another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd like a box.
Thy mufe is tuckt-up and fuccinct;
In chains thy fyllables are linkt;
Thy words together ty'd in fmall hanks,
Clofe as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fierceft foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find,
How firmly thefe indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The fhortening is the niceft part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or elfe, to fhow their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew
Where they need not lofe a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and meafure join;
Then all muft grant your lines are weighty.
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All muft allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourfcore;
Nor can we think our meafure fhort,
Where lefs than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the clofe,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nofe.

GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulftown, Aug. 2. 1721.

Dear Tom, this verfe, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end's good metre*,
Is fent to defire that, when your Auguft vacation comes, your *friends you'd meet here.*
For why fhould you ftay in that filthy hole, I mean the *city fo fmoky*,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at leaft not one that's *witty, to joke w' ye?*
For, as for honeft John*, though I'm not fure on't, yet I'll be *hang'd, left he*
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the Lord *Angleſey.*
Oh! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or *foe, Delany:*
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you fhall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's *no delaying ye.*
Oh! I forgot too; I believe there may be one more: I mean that great fat joker, *friend Helfham, he*
That wrote the prologue†, and if you ftay with him, depend ont't, in the *end, he'll fham ye.*
Bring down Long Shanks Jim too; but now I think on't, he's not yet come from *Courtown, I fancy*;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there, a-*courting fly Naney.*
However, bring down yourfelf, and you bring down all; for, to fay it *we may venture,*
In thee Delany's fpleen, John's mirth, Helfham's jokes, and the foft foul of amorous *Jemmy centre.*

---

* *Dr. James Stopford, afterwards bifhop of Cloyne.*

* *Suppofed to be Dr. Walmfley.*

† *One fpoken by young Putland, 1720, before Hippolytus; in which Dr. Sheridan (who had written a prologue for the occafion) was moft unexpectedly and egregioufly laughed at. Both the prologues are printed in the "Supplement to Swift's Works."*

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to deſire you to bring down what I ſay you have, and you'll believe me as ſure as a *gun, and own it;*
I mean, what no other mortal in the univerſe can boaſt of, your own ſpirit of *pun, and own wit.*
And now I hope you'll excuſe this rhyming, which I muſt ſay is (though written ſomewhat at *large*) *trim and clean*;
And ſo I conclude, with humble reſpects as uſual,
Your moſt dutiful and obedient
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Verſes, &c.

BY DR. DELANY, IN SHERIDAN'S NAME *.

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as Wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your vaſtneſs deign t' excuſe
The praiſes of a puny muſe,
Unable, in her utmoſt flight,
To reach thy huge Coloſſian height.
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whoſe lines are, like thyſelf, gigantic.
Yet let me bleſs, in humbler ſtrain,
Thy vaſt, thy bold Cambyſian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native iſle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
Oh, how I joy to ſee thee wander,
In many a winding looſe meander,
In circling mazes, ſmooth and ſupple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal.
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, ſure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majeſty combine;
Where every line, as huge as ſeven,
If ſtretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven;
Here all comparing would be ſlandering,
The leaſt is more than Alexandrine.
Againſt thy verſe Time ſees with pain,
He whets his envious ſcythe in vain;
For, though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou ſtill wilt have to ſpare.
Thou haſt alone the ſkill to feaſt
With Roman elegance of taſte,
Who haſt of rhymes as faſt reſources
As Pompey's caterer of courſes.
Oh thou, of all the Nine inſpir'd!
My languid ſoul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious ſet of clinks;
Each anſwering each in various rhymes,
Like echo to St. Patrick's chimes!
Thy muſe, majeſtic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the ſtage;
And ſcarcely can one page ſuſtain
The length of ſuch a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated dye,
Shows like Thaumantia's in the ſky;
Alike they glow, alike they pleaſe,
Alike impreſt by Phœbus' rays.
Thy verſe---(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what ſhall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft' heard ſpoke on,
The famous ſtatue of Laocoon.
'Tis like---O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long ſtring, with which you fly kite,
'Tis like what you, and one or too more,
Roar to your Echo * in good humour;
And every couplet thou haſt writ
Conclude like *Rattah-whittah-whit* †.

* *Theſe were all written in circles.*

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Upon his Verſes written in Circles.

BY DR. SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions, were ſent to their betters:
And, as to the ſubject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verſes; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The ſegment ſo large 'twixt your reaſon and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horſe in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round. [rant,
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad
To give us your meaſures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d---n'd metre,
In each ſingle verſe took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre ‡?
'Twill appear, to your coſt, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand;
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegaſus, fixt in a tether,
As her betters are us'd, ſhall be laſh'd round the ring, [the ſtring.
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compaſs,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombaſs;
And has taken juſt now a firm reſolution
To anſwer your ſtyle without circumlocution.
Lady Betty§ preſents you her ſervice moſt humble,
And is not afraid your worſhip will grumble.
That ſhe makes of your verſes a hoop for Miſs Tam ‖,
Which is all at preſent; and ſo I remain——

* *At Gaulſtown there is a remarkably famous echo.*

† *An alluſion to the ſound produced by the echo.*

‡ *Their figures were in the centre of the verſes.*

§ *The Lady of George Rochfort, Eſq.*

‖ *Miſs Thomaſon, Lady Betty's daughter.*

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

WITH muſic and poetry equally bleſt,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſt;
" Great Author of harmony, verſes, and light!
" Aſſiſted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
" Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day;
" My verſe is neglected, my tune's thrown away.
" Thy ſubſtitute here, Vice-Apollo*, diſdains
" To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains;
" Thy manuel ſignet refuſes to put
" To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
" Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus; and
" grant
" Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
" Though the Dean and Delany tranſcendently
" ſhine,
" O brighten one ſolo or ſonnet of mine!
" With them I'm content thou ſhould'ſt make
" thy abode:
" But viſit thy ſervant in jig or in ode,
" Make one work immortal; 'tis all I requeſt."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, reſolving to jeſt,
Reply'd, " Honeſt friend, I've conſider'd thy caſe;
" Nor diſlike thy well meaning and humourous
" face.
" Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great:
" Thy works ſhall continue; and here's the re-
" ceipt,
" Of rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-ſtrings ſpend:
" Write verſes in circles; they never ſhall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,

Cut in Silk and Paper.

To fair Lady Betty, Dan ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft' as he *piqu'd* her.
He knew ſhe'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my Lady; then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurprize
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;
And, to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.

Well, that's but my outſide, ſays Dan with a vapour.
Say you ſo, ſays my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.
PATR. DELANY *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

CLARISSA draws her ſciſſars from the caſe,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackſon's face.
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin;
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailors' meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worſted ſtocking paint ſupplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye conveyed
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſteboard head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan---
You'll ſwear the paſteboard was the better man.
" The devil!" ſays he, " the head is not ſo full!"
Indeed it is---behold the paper ſkull.
THO. SHERIDAN *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN'S evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, obſerving this diſgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G--, ſays Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!
G. ROCHEFORT *ſculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a deſcription graphic
Of Dan's large noſe in modern Sapphic;

I ſpend my time in making Sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in Engliſh, French, and Scotch for't,
At laſt I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of ſuch a ſpectre.

I muſt confeſs, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
I now could ſafely ſwear it is hers.

'Tis true no noſe could come in better;
'Tis a vaſt ſubject ſtuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly ſhows,
That not the wiſeſt mortal knows
What fortune may befall his noſe.

Shew me the brighteſt Iriſh toaſt,
Who from her lover e'er could boaſt
Above a ſong, or two at moſt;

For thee three poets now are drudging all
To praiſe the cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and the original.

* *See "Apollo to the Dean." p.* 199.

Thy noſe's length and fame extend,
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who ſhall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurpriſe
Thy noſe out-ſhining Cælia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

"My verſe little better you'll find than my face is
" A word to the wiſe—*ut pictura poëſis.*"

THREE merry lads, with envy ſtung,
Becauſe Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verſe to rhyme it down,
And in its place ſet up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cauſe their ſpite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd by what they drew.
Let them ſuch critics know, my face
Gives them their comlineſs and grace:
Whilſt every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.
But yet methinks, though with diſgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I ſhould name them who do rehearſe
The ſtory of the picture-farce;
The Squire, in French as hard as ſtone,
Or ſtrong as rock, that's all as one,
On face, on cards is very briſk, Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at whiſk, Sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, than half-name ſake
Should join a party in the freak;
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better half,
As I ſhall prove you, Dan, to be,
Diviſim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the caſe whene'er you ſee
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or ſhould Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane:
'Tis hard then he ſhould be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his ſide.
But, if the caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That faces ſuffer by a card,
Let critics cenſure, what care I?
Back-biters only we defy:
Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

You ſay your face is better hung
Than ours---by what? by noſe or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong
to us, Sir.

Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the caſe,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd diſgrace
of nooſe, Sir.

But yet be not caſt down; I ſee
A weaver will your hangman be;
You'll only hang in tapeſtry
with many.

And then the ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your longitude of noſe,
For latent charms within your clothes,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy noſe with pious rage
of love, Sir.

All their region will be ſpent
Abont thy woven monument,
And not one oriſon be ſent
to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matron's worſhip'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy ſure!
Thy fame for ever ſhall endure,
Who after death can love ſecure
at ſight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boaſted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two t' ye,
in anſwer

To that party where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and ſtone
In your opinion are all one.
How can, Sir,

A man of reaſoning ſo profound,
So ſtupidly be run aground,
As things ſo differently to confound
t' our ſenſes?

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental ſtroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reaſon,
A proper judge on this occaſion;
'Gainſt feeling there's no diſputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy ſuperior wit,
Who made the trial, we ſubmit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one aſſertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the ſame,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir.

You'll ſee moſt groſsly you miſtook:
If you conſult your ſpelling-book,
(The better half you ſay you took)
you'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, *ſhe*---and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*;
D, A, N, *Dan*---makes up the three
ſyllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two;
Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

.....

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

ASSIST me, my Muſe, whilſt I labour to limn him:
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ perſimilem.
You look and you write with ſo different a grace,
That I envy your verſe, tho' I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reaſon enough,
'Cauſe one is as ſmooth as the other is rough.
But much I'm amaz'd you ſhould think my deſign
Was to rhyme down your noſe, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourſelf wonder the de'el ſhould malign.
And if 'tis ſo ſtrange, that your monſterſhip's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much leſs by Delany.
Though I own to you, when I conſider it ſtricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And juſtly ſhe's envy'd, ſince a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true
That we were inſpir'd by the ſubject we drew;
Inſpir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your noſe, but the fair one that drew it:
Had your noſe been the muſe, we had ne'er been inſpir'd,
Though perhaps it might juſtly 've been ſaid we were fir'd.
As to the diviſion of words in your ſtaves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with't, but preſume to make merry.
You call'd Dan's better half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more:
For pray give me leave to ſay, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at leaſt of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir you did it to fill up the verſe:
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when ſcrapers are ſcarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
When Sheridan ſends to Merry Dan anſwer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care;
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir.

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus ſoft and fine,
We ſhould not in the leaſt repine,
or grieve, Sir.

Then know from us, moſt beauteous Dan,
That roughneſs beſt becomes a man;
'Tis women ſhould be pale and wan,
and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and ſleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-ſhops,
meer vapour.

We know your morning-hours you paſs
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glaſs?
Forbear it.

Thoſe loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but ſpoil it;
It looks as if you did par-boil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by ſleeking, are ſo lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane.
Or breaſt of gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done:
You've made your phiz a ſkeleton,
From the long diſtance of your crown
t' your gullet!

A REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with ſaying grace and prayer,
I haſten down to country air,
To read your anſwer and prepare,
reply to't.

But your fair lines ſo groſsly flatter,
Pray do they praiſe me, or beſpatter?
I muſt ſuſpect you mean the latter---
Ah! ſly-boot!

It muſt be ſo! what elſe, alas,
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that ſtuff of toilet, glaſs,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you muſt grant,
That you're a dawb, whilſt I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb

I value not your jokes of nooſe,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuſe,
More than the dirt beneath my ſhoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou ſorry ſcare-crow of ſkin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a ſkeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed to curry friends,
You ſeem to praiſe, to make amends,
And yet, before your ſtanza ends,
you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths;
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my noſe
about me.

I paſs now where you fleer and laugh.
'Cauſe I call Dan my better half!
Oh there you think you have me ſafe!
But hold, Sir.

Is not a penny often found
to be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my moſt profound
and bold, Sir.

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry baſe;
So Dan's the better, though the leſs:
An ounce of gold's worth ten of braſs,
dull pedant!

As to your ſpelling, let me ſee,
If SHE makes *ſher*, and RI makes *ry*,
Good ſpelling-maſter! your crany
has lead on't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for anſwer I have waited;
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated;
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaſter?

Henceforth acknowledge that a noſe
Of thy dimenſion's fit for proſe;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy maſter.

Bluſh for ill-ſpelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to *ramines*;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaſter.

I hear with ſome concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the ſcore
By clapping billets on your door
and poſts, Sir,

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant;
I'm griev'd to hear your baniſhment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd ſo bluff,
But now I'll ſecret keep your ſtuff;
For know, proſtration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miſeræ cognoſcens præmia rixæ,
Si riſca eſt, ubi tu pulſas ego vapulo tantum."

POOR Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Preſents as 'tis ſitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now-ſubdued and ſuppliant ſlave
Moſt humbly ſues for pardon;
Who when I fought ſtill cut me down,
And when I vaniſh'd fled the town,
Purſued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi*,
And proſtrate ſupplicate *pour ma vie*:
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning as in puniſhing,
Will ſhew yourſelf a lion.

Alas! Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For ſpite I ne'er had any:
'Twas the damn'd ſquire with the hard name;
The de'el too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your highneſs,
And then, with wonted wile and ſlyneſs,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield ſmall relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief;
My wounds bleed all anew;
For every ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each laſh I feel the ſmart
Of laſh laid on by you.

To the Rev. DANIEL JACKSON;

To be humbly preſented by Mr. SHERIDAN *in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed.*

DEAR DAN.

HERE I return my truſt, nor aſk
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my taſk,
Pray ſend me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the ſky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be ſtander-by.

Not all the witty things you ſpeak
In compaſs of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer ſtay.

With me you left him out at nurſe,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worſe,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Juſt as he did before;
And when he's laſh'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on ſchool-boys bums,
The more they friſk and ſkip:
The ſchool-boy's top but loudeſt hums,
The more they uſe the whip.

Thus, a lean beaſt beneath a load
(A beaſt of Iriſh breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing ſteed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye;
For, ſoon as he gets up again,
He'll ſtrut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every ſtroke of mine he fell:
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable ſhell
Could feel no harm beſide.

The tortoiſe thus, with motion ſlow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, ſenſeleſs to the hardeſt blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why ſhould you or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, ſince it is in vain to try,
We'll ſend him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I ſaw him, laſt week, on hi
horſe awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to ſtone with h
ſorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in ſpight of
our foe ſays,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoſis

For omitting the (firſt where I make a compariſon,
With a ſort of alluſion to Putland or Harriſon)
Yet, by my deſcription, you'll find he in ſhort is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoiſe.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will aſk, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, inſolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I ſhould be glad then of it.

TO DR. SHERIDAN,

ON HIS "ART OF PUNNING."

HAD I ten thouſand *mouths* and *tongues*,
Had I ten thouſand pair of *lungs*,
Ten thouſand *ſculls* with *brains* to think,
Ten thouſand *ſtandiſhes of ink*,
Ten thouſand *hands* and *pens*, to write
Thy praiſe *I'd ſtudy day and night*.
Oh may thy Work for ever live!
(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive)
May no vile miſcreant ſaucy Cook
Preſume to tear thy *learned Book*,
To *ſinge his fowl* for nicer gueſt,
Or *pin it on the turkey's breaſt*.
Keep it from *paſty bak'd* or *flying*,
From *broiling ſtake*, or fritters *frying*,
From *lighting pipe*, or *making ſnuff*,
Or *caſing up a feather muff*;
From all the ſeveral ways the Grocer
(Who, to the learned world's a foe, Sir)
Has found in [illegible]*ſifting, folding, packing*,
His *brains* and ours at once a *racking*.
And may it never *curl* the *head*,
Of either *living block* or *dead*!
Thus, when all dangers they have paſt,
Your *leaves*, like *leaves of braſs*, ſhall laſt.
No *blaſt* ſhall from a *critic's breath*,
By vile *infection*, cauſe their *death*,
Till they in *flames* at laſt expire,
And help to ſet the world on fire.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30. 1721.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female ſtrains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Show'd where my judgment was miſplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Nook by her admiring train,
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain:
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
As the ſcene chang'd, to change her part:
She, whom no lover could reſiſt,
Before the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her courſe of years behind,
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring ſupplies
Of luſtre to my fading eyes;
How ſoon a beauteous mind repairs
The loſs of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
The ſight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives me not the ſpleen;
The idol now of every fool,
Till time ſhall make their paſſions cool;
Then tumbling down time's ſteepy hill,
While Stella holds her ſtation ſtill.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cauſe;
Retrieve loſt empire to our ſex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth,
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth!
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day *alone*, *then die to-morrow!*

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY. 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your laſting praiſe,
The Muſe her annual tribute pays,
While I aſſign myſelf a taſk
Which you expect, but ſcorn to aſk;
If I perform this taſk with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow leſs equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter ſhines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will ſoon in vain be ſtrung,
And all your virtues left unſung:
For none among the upſtart race
Of poets dare aſſume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They muſt have Stella's of their own;
And thus, my ſtock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unleſs Delany, as my heir,
Will anſwer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mæſtum linquis, lætumque reviſes
Arentem dominum, ſit tibi terra levis. [mor;
Tu quoque depoſitum ſerves, neve opprime, mar-
Amphora non meruit tam pretioſa mori.

EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

Hoc tumulato jacet proles Lenæa ſepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo;
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY:

A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up. 1722-3.

RESOLV'D my annual verſe to pay,
By beauty bound, on Stella's day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain,
It coſt me Lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to-day;
How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer;
How Sheridan the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *ſemel 'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when a brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
Though you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhall uſe all 'em,
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You'd leave her virtue's half untold.
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns
Through the whole ſet of Iriſh deans,
I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean ſoever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the crowd.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to Mrs. Brent;
For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights,
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar, on the ground:
A ſpade let prudent Archy hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould;
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated towards the ſkies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conſpire;
And Bacchus, for the poet's uſe,
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb,
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſovereign medicine for the brains.
You'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thouſand Archys arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the Muſe
(But firſt let Robert, on his knees,
With caution drain it from thee lees):
The Muſe will at your call appear,
With Stella's praiſe to crown the year.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impoſſible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And ſo inglorious, after all!
Well, ſince he's gone, no matter how,
The laſt loud trump muſt wake him now:
And, truſt me, as the noiſe grows ſtronger,
He'd wiſh to ſleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed ſo old
As by the news-papers we 're told?
Threeſcore, I think is pretty high;
'Twas time in conſcience he ſhould die:
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the ſnuff;
And that's the reaſon ſome folks think,
He left behind *ſo great a ſ—k.*
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's ſighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at ſuch times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progreſs of his herſe.
But what of that? his friends may ſay,
He had thoſe honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of ſtate;
Come hither, and behold your fate;
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing 's a Duke;

From all his ill-got honour's flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he ſprung.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

" Non domus aut fundus—" Hor.

It was, my lord, the dextrous ſhift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift;
Bſt now St. F-rick's ſaucy dean,
With ſilver verge and ſurplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In looſer rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept *a ſtall*,
And eke a thouſand pounds withal;
And, were he a leſs witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verſe both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;
Rejoicing that, in *better times*,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewiſe to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muſes' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Diſjoin'd Hibernia, by the ſea)
Endear'd by ſome three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wiſdom, and by ſkill;
For he has ſav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.
But where ſhall Smedley make his neſt,
And lay his wandering head to reſt?
Where ſhall he find a decent houſe,
To treat his friends and cheer his ſpouſe?
Oh! *tack*, my lord, ſome pretty cure;
In wholeſome ſoil, and æther pure;
The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
In either angle ſhady bowers.
No gay parterre, with coſtly green,
Within the ambient hedge be ſeen:
Let Nature freely take her courſe,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No ſheers ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
Nor ſhape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook ſhall trout ſupply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a ſmall orchard may it run,
Whoſe apples redden to the ſun.
Let all be ſnug and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a ſafe retreat.
A little Euſton may it be,
Euſton I'll crave on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them *hundreds*—charming place!
Thou then would'ſt ſhow another face.
Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
Midſt ſnowy hills, inclement ſkies;
One ſhivers with the arctic wind;
One hears the *polar axis* grind.
Good John * indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it,
He has a purſe to keep a table,
And eke a ſoul as hoſpitable.
My heart is good; but aſſets fail,
To fight with ſtorms of ſnow and hail.
Beſides the country's thin of people,
Who ſeldom meet but at the ſteeple:
The ſtrapping dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown;
When, much fatigu'd with ſermon-ſtudy,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found,
To puſh the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *his clerk* was *orthodox*.
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-ſtreet,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And joſtle as they trowl along:
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-ſeed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at ſeven, " Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now ſhe wanes, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to Connor † from ſweet London;
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe,
Or elſe—we ſhall be ill at eaſe.
You ſee, my lord, what 'tis I lack;
'Tis only ſome convenient *tack*,
Some parſonage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt retreat;
A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There preaching, praying, to reſide;
And, as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own, and other ſouls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

Dear Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that ſame Viz. St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee *ſurplice*, *verge*, and *ſtall*,
And may be ſomething elſe withal;
And, were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, *if you can*—Be wiſe—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to riſe*.
Talk not of *making of thy neſt*:
Ah! never lay thy head to reſt!
That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!

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* *Biſhop Sterne.*

† *The biſhoprick of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.*

While others tack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a castle in the air.*
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expence.
There your *dear spouse* and you together
May breathe your bellies full of *æther.*
When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your *wife* when she's in labour;
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft' *falls in pieces.*
There you shall see a *raree-show*
Will make you scorn this *world below,*
When you behold the milky way,
As white as snow, as bright as day;
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding Arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
For quitting her belov'd London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanc'd above *dean* Viz,
You'll never think of goody Griz.
But ever, ever, live at ease,
And strive, and strive, *your wife to please;*
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand *girls* and *boys:*
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they like stars shall *rise* and *set;*
While *you and spouse*, transform'd, shall soon
Be a *new sun* and a *new moon:*
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

VERSES BY STELLA.

If it be true, celestial Powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care;
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind!

JEALOUSY. BY THE SAME*.

O SHIELD me from his rage, celestial Powers;
This tyrant that imbitters all my hours!
Ah, Love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part:
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train:
But you would raise him to support your throne;
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants! have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed?

---

* *On the publication of "Cadenus and Vanessa."*

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

WOULD you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse,
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet *meander,*
Which might be suck'd up by a gander;
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill:
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a tailor's chalk:
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees;
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE.

A BARD, grown desirous of saving his self,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant.
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
"'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
"Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that subject of mine,
"I have sworn by the Styx to defeat his design:

" For wherever he lives, the Muſes ſhall reign;
" And the Muſes, he knows, have a numerous
" train."

CARBERIÆ RUPES,

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. 1723.

Ecce ingens fragmen ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabiæ, atque aſpergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, ſpicus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam ultura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejeciſſe Tonantem
Montibus impoſitos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.
  Sæpe etiam ſpelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exeſa è ſcopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura ſupernè.
Fornice ſublimi nidos poſuere palumbes,
Inque imo ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.
  Sed, cum ſævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immenſos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obſeſſæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Miſſa Jovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
Exæquant ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens attonita mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.
  Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi ſalientis aque de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.
  Piſcator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et aëra ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS,

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that ſhrouds
Its airy head amidſt the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; deſtitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas rebound,
From ſhore to ſhore the rocks return the ſound:
The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves;
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had ſcoop'd a vault into its nether ſides.
Now yields the baſe, the ſummits nod, now urge
Their headlong courſe, and laſh the ſounding
  ſurge.
Not louder noiſe could ſhake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains
  hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To cruſh Earth's rebel-ſons beneath the load.
  Oft' too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Preſents an orifice on either ſide,
A diſmal orifice, from ſea to ſea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks ſtupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future ſtorm:
High on the cliff their neſts the Woodqueſts make,
And Sea-calves ſtable in the oozy lake.
  But when bleak Winter with his ſullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy ſteep without control,
Big with the blaſt, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft' as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blaſts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er waves, rebellows ſhore to ſhore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave
  the ſhocks
Of angry ſeas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native homes.
  The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Waſh'd down the precipice with ſudden ſweep,
Leave their ſweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd
  deep.
  The frighted fiſher, with deſponding eyes,
Though ſafe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the ſkies ſerene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN,

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG *.

In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory. 1723.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He anſwer'd, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a miniſter of ſtate.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers ſo?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other phraſe;
And ſo a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and Prendergaſt, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
  Whig. But, you muſt know, this dog was lame.
  Tory. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame*:---proceed:
Come, help your *lame dog o'er the ſtyle.*
  Whig. Sir, you miſtake me all this while:
I mean a *dog* (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never ſpoke.
  Tory. I'm ſtill to ſpeak, which *dog* you mean;
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,
An Engliſh or an Iriſh hound;
Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Maſon, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every ſtander-by was marking
That all the noiſe they made was *barking.*
You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
Their dog-heads in a porridge pot:

---

* *See the "State Trials," Vol. VI.*

And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That *every dog muſt have his day.*
Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on't,
He'd either *make a hog or dog on't;*
And look'd, ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had *thrown down a diſh.*
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll ſoon *return to his own vomit.*
Whig. Beſides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.
Whig. I prov'd my propoſition full:
But *Jacobites* are ſtrangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witneſs is a real *cur,*
A dog of ſpirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *Harlequin,* I wot,
And that's a name in every *plot:*
Reſolv'd to ſave the Britiſh nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correſpondence plainly dated,
Was all decypher'd and *tranſlated:*
His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe committee:
Confeſs'd as plain as he could bark;
Then with his fore-foot ſet his *mark.*
Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet:*
The matter now no longer ſticks;
For ſtateſmen never want *dog-tricks.*
But ſince it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
Whig. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turn-ſpit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:
And, when we found the *dog* begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.
Tory. I own it was a dangerous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logic.*
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A *dog* and biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your biſhops all are *dogs* indeed!

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK.

A Houſe of Charles Ford, Eſq. near Dublin. 1723.

" —Cuicumque nocere volebat,
" Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa."

Don Carlos in a merry ſpight,
Did Stella to his houſe invite;
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and coſtly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price:
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits:
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn;
A haunch of veniſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette.*
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that every glaſs was fine.
At laſt, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown;
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town:
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin;
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair;
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding;
From ruling there the houſehold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingley *;
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked;*
From every meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty;
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of —— —— ——
From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean;
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running-out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day;
She muſt return to Ormond Quay †.
The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd, and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door.
At coming in, you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop:
Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curſt the narrow winding ſtairs;
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy:
The cieling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcoat full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
Howe'er to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore;
The cupboard could contain but four):
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf.*
Thus for a week the farce went on
When, all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
Thus far in jeſt: though now, I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;

---

* *The conſtant companion of Stella.*
† *Where the two ladies lodged.*

But poets, when a hint is new,
No matter whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd
Than on a nymph of Stella's taſte.
I muſt confeſs, your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine:
And, though in miniature, you ſhine:
Yet, when you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down;
We think you quite miſtake the caſe,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For, though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES
ON MR. FORD.

Come, be content, ſince out it muſt,
For Stella has betray'd her truſt;
And, whiſpering, charg'd me not to ſay
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at laſt I needs muſt blab it,
According to my uſual habit,
She bid me, with a ſerious face,
Be ſure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to ſpoil,
By calling this your native ſoil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if theſe topics ſhall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good-manners muſt give place to profit.
The nymphs with whom you firſt began
Are each become a *harridan*;
And Montague ſo far decay'd,
Her lovers now muſt all be paid;
And every belle that ſince aroſe
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once ſo bright,
With whom you toaſted half the night,
Of rheumatiſm and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your perſon and your cauſe,
If once they get you on the ſpot,
You muſt be guilty of the plot:
For, true or falſe, they'll ne'er inquire,
But uſe you ten times worſe than Prior.
In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your paſſion raiſe
Worſe than a pun, or Iriſh phraſe?)
To ſee a ſcoundrel ſtrut and hector,
A foot-boy to ſome rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Obſerve where bloody * * * * * ſtands
With torturing engines in his hands;
Hear him blaſpheme, and ſwear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleaſing ſcene,
To London ſtraight return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are ſwarms of bugs and preſbyterians.
I thought my very ſpleen would burſt,
When fortune hither drove me firſt;
Was full as hard to pleaſe as you,
Nor perſons names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like priſoners when their jail is broke.
If you have London ſtill at heart,
We'll make a ſmall one here by art:
The difference is not much between
St. James's Park, and Stephen's Green;
And Dawſon-ſtreet will ſerve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
Nor want a paſſage through the palace,
To choke your ſight, and raiſe your malice:
The Deanry-houſe may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatcht *.
Nor ſhall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for ſtum.
Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Monthermer;
She's now as handſome every bit,
And has a thouſand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half ſupply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet †, though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin ‡, and Jack, and Jack and Dan,
Fellows of modeſt worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honeſt hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with ſcorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
Oh! were but you and I ſo wiſe,
To ſee with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that ſpot of earth,
That literal ſpot which gave him birth;
And ſwears, "Belcamp ‖ is, to his taſte,
"As fine as Hampton-court at leaſt."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praiſe of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and ſubmit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that ſide of the gutter,
To live in this or t' other iſle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiſs,
The difference but amounts to this:
We bury on our ſide the channel
In linen; and on yours in flannel §.

---

* *A famous tavern in St. James's ſtreet.*

† *Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.*

‡ *R. and I. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackſon.*

‖ *In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.*

§ *The law for burying in woollen was extended to Ireland in* 1733.

You for the news are ne'er to ſeek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are ſure to meet
An hundred whores in every ſtreet;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a ſcore.
You ſee my arguments are ſtrong;
I wonder you held out ſo long:
But, ſince you are convinc'd at laſt,
We'll pardon you for what is paſt.
So---let us now for whiſt prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned 's a bully;
Will cudgels Beſs, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Beſs; give Will to Joan,
She dares not ſay her life 's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Beſs to Ned,
And every day ſhe *combs his head.*

A QUIBBLING ELEGY,

ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *ſunk* our juſtice *Boat.*
Why ſhould he *ſink*, where nothing ſeem'd to preſs,
His *lading* little, and his *ballaſt* leſs?
Toſt in the *waves* of this *tempeſtuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fixt and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his King's-end * he *founders* in the *port.*
With *water* † fill'd, he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a ſtronger *boat.*
A poſt ſo fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches.*
And yet our *Boat* (how ſhall I reconcile it?)
Was both a *Boat*, and in one ſenſe a *pilot.*
With every *wind* he *ſail'd*, and well could *tack*;
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack* ‡.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope.*
Behold the awful *bench*, on which he ſat!
He was as *hard* and ponderous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *ſand* was out, we find at laſt,
That death has *overſet* him with a *blaſt.*
Our *Boat* is now *ſail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our *Boat* § hath practis'd here ſo well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimſtone*, to fill up his *flaws.*
Yet, ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *poſt* again.
The way is thus; and well deſerves your thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's-green ‖;
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on 't,
We'll cry, Look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the *penda nt!*

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies judge *Boat* within a coffin;
Pray, gentle folks, forbear your ſcoffing.
A *Boat* a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A *wooden* judge is no ſuch wonder.
And in his robes, you muſt agree,
No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller;
In ſhort, he was an able *ſculler.*

* *Two villages near the ſea.*
† *It was ſaid he died of a dropſy.*
‡ *A cant word for a Jacobite.*
§ *In condemning malefactors, as a judge.*
‖ *Where the Dublin gallows ſtands.*

PETHOX * THE GREAT.

From Venus born, thy beauty ſhows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the ſkilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Diſcovers Vulcan for thy ſire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin ſing'd the ſoil
(From whence, philoſophers agree,
An equal power deſcends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high deſcent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, ſhow numerous ſcars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Thoſe honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*,
And ſtill the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul deſcend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberleſs thy votaries crowd:
Whether thy great forefather came
From realms that bear Veſputio's name
(For ſo conjecturers would obtrude,
And from thy painted ſkin conclude);
Whether, as Epicurus ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolific ſtrife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.
Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round;
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The bird of Pallas knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goeſt.
Byzantians boaſt, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horſe had trod,
Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.
The greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
With half a word, when you require,
The man of buſineſs muſt retire.

* *This name is plainly an* anagram.

The haughty miniſter of ſtate
With trembling muſt thy leiſure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The buſineſs of the nation ſtands.
Thou dar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
Canſt hourly ſet him on the rack;
And, as an inſtance of thy power,
Incloſe him in a wooden tower.
With pungent pains on every ſide:
So Regulus in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to diſcern;
And well thy ſcholars are endued
With temperance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills ſupports;
And ſecrecy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, ſhape, and mien,
Are to the life diſtinctly ſeen!
The Britons, once a ſavage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Deſcendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
But you have moulded them afreſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
To change your viſage like the moon;
You ſometimes half a face produce,
Keep t' other half for private uſe.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Herp[illegible]s, ſon of Pleias bright!
Out-number'd, half-encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldiery retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as Troy endur'd.

MARY THE COOK-MAID's LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I 'm ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name,
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the Dean, my maſter, is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodneſs in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a parſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day, in anger, call'd you gooſe;
Which, and I am ſure I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
And he never call'd me worſe than ſweet-heart, drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: a chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs:
But that's as much as to ſay, that my maſter ſhould die before ye;
Well, well, that 's as God pleaſes; and I don't believe that 's a true ſtory:
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary,
Every body knows that I love to tell truth and ſhame the devil;
I am but a poor ſervant; but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.
Beſides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here:
I remember it was on a Tueſday of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man ſays you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he, (one day as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking)
My maſter is ſo fond of that miniſter that keeps the ſchool---
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a diſh-clout to his tail.
And now I muſt go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a ſad ſcrawl; but my ſiſter Marget, ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the bed, before my maſter comes from prayers;
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up ſtairs;
Whereof I could ſay more to your verſes, if I could write written hand:
And ſo I remain, in a civil way, your ſervant to command,

MARY.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT

FOR BEC *. 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new ſupply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus diſplays the New-year's-gift.
First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertneſs, Robin's leaſings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teaſings.
This box is cramm'd on every ſide
With Stella's magiſterial pride.
Behold a cage with ſparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With ſix imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus ſends
Concerns by thouſands for your friends:
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Leſt you the town may have leſs trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's † cares to Dublin,
For which he ſends this empty ſack;
And ſo take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT ‡.

A SONG,

To the Tune of "Ye Commons and Peers."

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was ſpoken;
Whatever was ſaid,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own ſilly joking.

Should Solomon wiſe
In majeſty riſe,
And ſhow them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jeſt,
And pleaſe all the reſt;
Comes Dingley, and aſks you, What was it?
And, curious to know,
Away ſhe will go
To ſeek an old rag in the cloſet.

TO STELLA. 1623-4.

Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the Subject, when I was ſick in Bed.

TORMENTED with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verſe on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light.
Ungrateful! ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me, like an humble ſlave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my bruti ſh paſſions break,
With gall in every word I ſpeak,
She, with ſoft ſpeech, my anguiſh cheers,
Or melts my paſſions down with tears:
Although 'tis eaſy to deſcry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I;
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When, among ſcholars, can we find
So ſoft, and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up Stella's virtue higher,
Or elſe to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.
Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friends been in diſtreſs?
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, dear Stella, ſtill be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue ſtill a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again:
Mean time, your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

THOSE dreams that on the ſilent night intrude,
And with falſe flitting ſhades our minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies;
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But all are mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimic art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.

The drowſy tyrants, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.

The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.

---

* *Mrs. Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.*
† *A country-houſe of Dr. Sheridan.*
‡ *Dr. Swift's houſe keeper.*

Nor leſs Tom-t—d-man, of true ſtateſman mold,
Collects the city filth in ſearch of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind phyſician grants the huſband's prayers
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead men's ſhoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the fly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauſeous praiſe:
And Dick the ſcavenger, with equal grace,
Flirts from his cart the mud in * * * * *'s face.

WHITSHED'S * MOTTO

ON HIS COACH. 1714.

LIBERTAS et natale ſolum:
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a moto on thy coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
Natale ſolum, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it.
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And, ſecondly, to ſhow my fury
Againſt an un-complying jury;
And thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, ſixthly, for my ſoul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret †.
Now, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
Libertas et natale ſolum:
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO Dr. SWIFT,

In order to be admitted to ſpeak to him when he was deaf. 1724.

Dear ſir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
A friend that loves to ſee and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loſer by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you'd be no gainer?

For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your buſineſs, ſir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

The wife pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, ſay they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Becauſe, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loſs of one is no ſuch trouble,
Since t' other will in ſtrength be double.
The limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you will find, by this device,
The other will be ſtronger twice;
For every day you ſhall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has loſt its brother,
You ſee the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t' other hand the work of two;
Becauſe the ſoul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb *re-acts*.
But yet the point is not ſo clear in
Another caſe, the ſenſe of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be diſtant as one head can bear;
Yet Galen moſt acutely ſhows you,
(Conſult his book *de partium uſu*)
That from each ear, as he obſerves,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be ſeen without a glaſs,
Which near the *os petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t' other ear;
Which made my grand-dame always ſtuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-ſufferers.
You ſee my learning; but, to ſhorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t' other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I ſolve this hard *phænomenon*.
'Tis true, a glaſs will bring ſupplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes;
Your arms, though both your eyes were loſt,
Would guard your noſe againſt a poſt;
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are ſtronger and almoſt as good;
And as for hands, there have been thoſe
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes *.
But no contrivance yet appears
To furniſh artificial ears.

---

* *The chief juſtice who proſecuted the Drapier.*
† *Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.*

* *There have been inſtances of a man's writing with his foot.*

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a Friend who married a Shrew. 1724.

Nell ſcolded in ſo loud a din,
That Will durſt hardly venture in;
He mark'd the conjugal diſpute;
Nell roar'd inceſſant, Dick ſat mute;
But, when he ſaw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear!
At ſight of Will, ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.
Why Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy houſe is worſe than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—m her, why don't you ſlit her tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe.
Dear Will, I ſuffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek peace, and enſue it.*
Will went again to viſit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He ſaw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows,
But now, to make my ſtory ſhort,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has deviliſh whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If ſhe were mine, and had ſuch tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle ſticks:
Z—nds! I would ſhip her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco*:
I'd ſend her far enough away—
Dear Will; but what would people ſay?
Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out ſhame.
Dick ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he ſaid it!
Can he who makes himſelf a ſlave,
Conſult his peace, or credit ſave?
Dick found it by his ill ſucceſs.
His quiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſual rate;
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke, his pate:
And, what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
The pariſh jeer'd him to his face;
Thoſe men who wore the breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beaſt.
At home he was purſued with noiſe;
Abroad was peſter'd by the boys:
Within his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with ſtones:
The 'prentices procur'd a *riding* *,
To act his patience, and her chiding.
Falſe patience and miſtaken pride!
There are ten thouſand Dicks beſide,
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

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* *A well-known humourous cavalcade, in ridicule of a ſcolding wife and hen-peck'd huſband.*

.....

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE,

Inſcrib'd to Lord Carteret, 1724.

"Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus."
Virg.

Once on a time, a righteous ſage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervant prayer:
"O Jove, if Virtue be ſo fair
"As it was deem'd in former days
"By Plato and by Socrates,
"Whoſe beauties mortal eyes eſcape,
"Only for want of outward ſhape;
"Make then its real excellence,
"For once, the theme of human ſenſe:
"So ſhall the eye, by form confin'd,
"Direct and fix the wandering mind,
"And long-deluded mortals ſee
"With rapture what they us'd to flee."
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bleſs and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming freſh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a ſon and heir:
An heir; and, ſtranger yet to hear,
An heir; an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought to prove
Nothing impoſſible to Jove.
Virtue was for this ſex deſign'd
In mild reproof to womankind;
In manly form to let them ſee
The lovelineſs of modeſty,
The thouſand decencies that ſhone
With leſſen'd luſtre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And ſome thought modiſh to deſpiſe.
To make his merit more diſcern'd
He goes to ſchool—he reads—is learn'd
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in a college;
Reſolv'd nor honour, nor eſtate,
Himſelf alone ſhould make him great.
Here ſoon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
Leſs to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And bluſh to ſee themſelves outdone;
And now inflam'd with rival rage,
In ſcientific ſtrife engage;
Engage—and, in the glorious ſtrife,
The arts new-kindle into life.
Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's beſt-belov'd retreat;
Contented he---but Fate ordains,
He now ſhall ſhine in nobler ſcenes
(Rais'd high, like ſome celeſtial fire,
To ſhine the more, ſtill riſing higher);
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the ſoul and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or ſeen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His ſoul bright beaming from his eye,

Ennobling every act and air,
With juſt, and generous, and ſincere.
Accompliſh'd thus, his next reſort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in leaſt repute,
And intereſt the one purſuit;
Where *right* and *wrong* are bought and ſold,
Bartered for beauty, and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleas'd in the perſon of a peer,
A peer; a ſcarcely-bearded youth,
Who talk'd of juſtice and of truth,
Of innocence the ſureſt guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deſerv'd eſteem,
Who was the man he wiſh'd to ſeem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwiſe,
To lurk behind a mean diſguiſe;
(Give fraudful Vice the maſk and ſcreen,
'Tis Virtue's intereſt to be ſeen);
Call'd want of ſhame want of ſenſe,
And found, in bluſhes, eloquence.
Thus, acting what he taught ſo well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The baſhful dame, and loos'd her tongue;
And, whilſt he made her value known,
Yet more diſplay'd and rais'd his own.
Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He riſes to the higheſt ſtations
(For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to riſe):
Let courtly ſlaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted Worth diſdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greateſt foe.
Now rais'd on high, ſee Virtue ſhows
The godlike ends for which he roſe;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodneſs made complete!
To bleſs, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour riſe,
Like gilded vapours to the ſkies,
Which, howſoever they diſplay
Their glory from the god of day,
Their nobleſt uſe is to abate
His dangerous exceſs of heat,
To ſhield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bleſs the earth with genial ſhowers.
Now change the ſcene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher ſphere *:
Diſtreſs of nations calls him hence,
Permitted ſo by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime ſhould be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the ſun,
His courſe of glorious toils ſhould run;
Alike diffuſing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy ſickens, Error flies,
And Diſcord in his preſence dies;
Oppreſſion hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the vallies ſing,
And winter ſoftens into ſpring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One ſex conſenting to admire,
Nor leſs the other to deſire;
Whilſt he, though ſeated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The reſt condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.
Fame now reports, the Weſtern Iſle
Is made his manſion for a while,
Whoſe anxious natives night and day
(Happy beneath his righteous ſway)
Weary the gods with ceaſeleſs prayer,
To bleſs him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from fate,
Too lately found, to loſe him late.

* *Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the Czar.*

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

Who condemned the Drapier's Printer.

The church I hate, and have good reaſon
For there my grandſire cut his weazand:
He cut his weazand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandſire cut his throat:
To do the job too long he tarry'd;
He ſhould have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

ON THE SAME.

(The Judge ſpeaks.)

I'm not the grandſon of that aſs * Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Paſquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandſire knew, they tell us he
In Chriſt-Church cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex traduce.*

* *An alderman.*

RIDDLES

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.

Written in or about the year 1724.

I. ON A PEN.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My perſon tall, and ſlender waiſt,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin:
The tyrant ſtript me to the ſkin:

My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt;
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice or his luſt:
From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid, the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhow his reading.
Nay, man my maſter is my ſlave;
I give command to kill or ſave;
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

II. ON GOLD.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſt,
When in my gaudy livery dreſt!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The favourite meſſenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, conſulting ſtrove
To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the gods delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refuſe to lend them fire.

III.

By fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face*;
Superior none on earth I find;
But ſee *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my *look*.
I ſometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.
I am a courtier in my way;
For thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out, that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice;
Who puniſhments on me inflict;
Becauſe they find their pockets pickt.
By riding *poſt*, I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. ON THE POSTERIORS.

Because I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chooſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my *face*.
My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*;
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*;
And my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt*.
Through me, though ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors every art inſtil.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and bought,
Who neither get nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who's but my *caterer* and *taſter*?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I am but a mere *depender* ſtill;
An humble *hanger on* at beſt,
Of whom all people *make a jeſt*.
In me detractors ſeek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome cenſurers cry;
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too cloſe I hold my *purſe*.
But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not charge me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,
My *goings-out*, and *comings-in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle way*.
I'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up*, and firſt *a-bed*;
Though, if I riſe *before my time*,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

V. ON A HORN.

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubjects for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's treſſes play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll ſhow the world ſtrange things and true.

What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex;
With ſpleen you cure the female ſex.
Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide;
Nor oft' can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix;
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt.
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain.
But the ſly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he beſtows thee.

VI. ON A CORKSCREW.

Though I, alas! a priſoner be,
My trade is priſoners to ſet free.
No ſlave his lord's commands obeys
With ſuch *inſinuating* ways.
My genius, *piercing*, *ſharp*, and *bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their eaſe
And *turn* and *wind* me as they pleaſe.
A new and wondrous art I ſhow
Of raiſing ſpirits from below;
In *ſcarlet* ſome, and ſome in *white*;
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright.
At each *mouth* the *ſpirits* paſs,
Diſtinctly ſeen, as through a glaſs;
O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at laſt all *ſecrets* out:
And ſtill, the more I ſhow my art,
The more they *open every heart*.
A greater chemiſt none than I,
Who from *materials hard and dry*
Have taught men to *extract* with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.
Although I'm often *out of caſe*,
I'm not aſham'd to ſhow my *face*.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the ſide-board take my ſeat;
Yet the plain 'ſquire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand,
And often takes me by the *hand*.
I twice a day a *hunting* go,
Nor ever fail to *ſeize my foe*;
And, when I have him by the *poll*,
I drag him upwards from his *hole*;
Though ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.
I hourly wait ſome fatal end;
For I can *break*, but ſcorn to *bend*.

VII. THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *paſt* actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad *reverſe* appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals' endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors who their country ſold.
This gulf inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame *deſire*,
The vigorous youth, and aged ſire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her heart*;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her *offerings* here.
A treaſure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.
In at this gulf all offerings paſs
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore mankind,
Was bid to throw the ſtones *behind*;
So thoſe who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to *look another way*;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive dews*;
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms* and beaſts obſcene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where thoſe mangled corpſes lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die!
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs night;
By cruel hands her blood was ſpilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.
And here ſix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:

In royal garments each was dreſt,
Each with a gold and purple veſt:
I ſaw them of their garments ſtript;
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting-place at laſt.
Here oft' the curious traveller finds
The combat of *oppoſing winds*;
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from nature's laws,
Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*
He feels at once both *north* and *ſouth*;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *opening all his ſtores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.
Yet, from this *mingled maſs* of things,
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII. LOUISA * TO STREPHON.

Ah! Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft' I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of every kiſs complain;
Ah! is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;
With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.
Chloe, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her deſperate nails,
And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Conſider, Strephon, what you do;
For, ſhould I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin (a numerous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court,
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who ſcourg'd to death that ſcourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, ſhalt expire,
When his envenom'd ſhirt he wore,
And ſkin and fleſh in pieces tore.
Nor leſs that ſhirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her ſhift,
Shall in thy deareſt blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

* *This Riddle is ſolved by an Anagram.*

IX.

Depriv'd of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind;
And ſuch is my prolific power,
They bloom in leſs than half an hour;
Yet ſtanders-by may plainly ſee
They get no nouriſhment from me.
My head with giddineſs goes round,
And yet I firmly ſtand my ground:
All over naked I am ſeen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd ſuch numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a *ring*;
Nor can our parſon blame the thing:
And, though no marriage words are ſpoke,
They part not till the *ring* is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high:
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a priſoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavalliers
To their old poſt, reſtor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X. ON THE MOON.

I with borrow'd ſilver ſhine,
What you ſee is none of mine.
Firſt I ſhow you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raiſe your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But ſprung (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas from my father's brain.
And, after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the ſhades below.
Moſt wondrous forms you ſee me wear,
A man, a woman, lion bear,
A fiſh, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne, ſometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you ſee.

XI. ON A CIRCLE.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leiſure,
They never yet could find my meaſure.
I'm found almoſt in every garden,
Nay in the compaſs of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

XII. ON INK.

- jet black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night,
Yet all that know me will agree,
I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar;
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this very day is ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to different uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly ſhow a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of GOD,
And ſhow where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats:
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very ſouls away.

XIII. ON THE FIVE SENSES.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules:
He's our maſter, we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.
One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Every brother elſe repoſes.
If wine's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.
Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can ſmell.

XIV. FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love-ſurpriſe,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams;
There's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white.
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, ſince I ſhow as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflexion,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the ſad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

XV. ON AN ECHO.

NEVER ſleeping, ſtill awake,
Pleaſing moſt when moſt I ſpeak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I ſpeak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow;
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can ſing
Like the warblers of the ſpring.
Let the love-ſick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy ſwain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either ſport or toy.
Though a lady, I am ſtout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:
Then I claſh, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudeſt thunder,
When I'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet ſo tender is my ear,
That the loweſt voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date;
For I hate a ſilent breath,
And a whiſper is my death.

XIV. ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

BY ſomething form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name.

In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be ſeen;
In all things falſe, yet always true,
I'm ſtill the ſame—but ever new.
Lifeleſs, life's perfect form I wear,
Can ſhow a noſe, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither ſmell, ſee, taſte, or hear.
All ſhapes and features I can boaſt,
No fleſh, no bones, no blood—no ghoſt;
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate,
Faſter than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and ſtrait an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myſelf;
Ne'er ſad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;
Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII.

Most things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they're great and ſmall;
Invading foes, without reſiſtance,
With eaſe I make to keep their diſtance;
Again, as I'm diſpos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping ſwains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greateſt whale that ſwims the ſea
Does inſtantly my power obey.
In vain from me the ſailor flies;
The quickeſt ſhip I can ſurpriſe,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it againſt tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the talleſt man,
I'll ſqueeze him to a little ſpan;
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You'll ſee me ſtretch him to a giant;
Nor ſhall they in the leaſt complain,
Becauſe my magic gives no pain.

XVIII. ON TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,
Never finding full repaſt,
Till I eat the world at laſt.

XIX. ON THE GALLOWS.

There is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a paſſage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way;
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greateſt eaſe
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate
(Or they can never paſs the gate),
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There's not a foul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

XX. ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

XXI. ON SNOW.

From heaven I fall, though from earth I begin:
No lady alive can ſhow ſuch a ſkin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather;
But heavy and dark when you ſqueeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to enſnare.
Though ſo much of heaven appears in my make,
The fouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII. ON A CANON.

Begotten, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one, my ſoul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

XXIII. ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain;
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone:
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV. ON A CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth;
And yet the cow, the ſheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he.
I, a virtue ſtrange and rare,
Make the faireſt look more fair;
And myſelf, which is yet rarer,
Growing old, grow ſtill the fairer.
Like ſots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dos'd with ſmoke, and ſmear'd with ſnuff;
But, in the midſt of mirth and wine,
I with double luſtre ſhine.
Emblem of the fair am I,
Poliſh'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greateſt grace,
Emblem of the Cyclop's race;
Metals I like them ſubdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wiſe, and glorious to behold,
Waſted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the baſhful dame,
That in ſecret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the ſecrets of her heart.
Various is my bulk and hue;
Big like Beſs, and ſmall like Sue;
Now brown and burniſh'd as a nut,
At other times a very ſlut;
Often fair, and ſoft, and tender,
Paler, tall, and ſmooth, and ſlender;
Like Flora deck'd with various flowers;
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But, whatever be my dreſs,
Greater be my ſize or leſs,
Swelling be my ſhape or ſmall,
Like thyſelf I ſhine in all.
Clouded if my face is ſeen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-ſick maid,
Steel affords me preſent aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is ſpun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft' revives my drooping head:
Yet I periſh in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for thoſe I live to pleaſe;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

XXV. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger, or ſtirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and aſunder.
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ſide by ſide,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide:
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm;
Though ſometimes, they ſay, I bewitch and do harm.
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you diſgrace,
In magical mirror I'll ſhow you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers ſafe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell.
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who ſee all my power muſt ſee it in YOU.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an *eye* your riddle I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever paſſes is ſtrained through glaſſes.
You ſay it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without ſtirring out;
No paſſion ſo weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, ſet it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magic,
Which you ſay it can kill or revive at its will,
The dead are all ſound, and revive above ground.
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, ſince it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice ſuch, it cries at a touch:
'Tis a perfect milkſop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear ſalt:
And a hair can diſarm it of every charm.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhowers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh,
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,

And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood,
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices *o'quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca's gates.
But, leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you're out of caſe:
For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquire in ſcorn will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe's paſt her dancing-days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old houſe-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And, if the muſe deny her aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.
But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time ſits, with his ſcythe, to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimniſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*.
Oh, ne'er may fortune ſhow her ſpight,
To make me *deaf*, and mend my *ſight!*

AN EPIGRAM ON WOOD's BRASS MONE'

CARTERET was welcomed to the ſhore
Firſt with the brazen cannons roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells ſalute his ears:
But, when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE,

ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:

And the only Way to Remedy it. 1725.

As when of old ſome forcereſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
To drive unſeen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wiſe people, who believ'd with reaſon
That this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
Affirm'd the moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-ſpell.
Ten thouſand cymbals now begin
To rend the ſkies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling ſounds diſpel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon deliver'd from her pain
Diſplays her *ſilver* face again
(Note here, that in the chemic ſtyle,
The moon is *ſilver* all this while).
So (if my ſimile you minded,
Which I confeſs is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician *,
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment † of prodigious ſize;
Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.

---

* *A great lady was ſaid to have been bri[b]ed by W*
† *The patent for coining halfpence.*

But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil:
And, when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

By long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a *wood*-louſe,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:
And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone *.
The louſe of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of *obſtructions*, and *pains in her cheſt*.
The next is an inſect we call a *wood*-worm,
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch;
And chambermaids chriſten this worm a dead-watch,
Becauſe like a watch it always cries *click-*:
Then woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick;
For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries *click* when it ſcratches the poſt.
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The [illegible]en is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at the door
Of a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretell,
And the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
But now, ſince the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unleſs, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *raps* † in a cauldron of oil.
Then chooſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the [maggot

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725.

Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copperſmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could ſleep;
Among a crew of royſtering fellows
Would ſit whole evenings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With *braſs* two fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *braſs* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling;
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;
They laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper;
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts,
Miſtook at firſt for thunder-bolts;
Before the Drapier ſhot a letter,
(Nor Jove himſelf could do it better)
Which, lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD's PETITION

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

Being an excellent New Song, ſuppoſed to be made and ſung in the ſtreets of Dublin, by William Wood, Ironmonger and Halfpenny-monger. 1725.

My dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They'll give you delight;
Obſerve how they gliſten and ſhine!

They'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

Come hither, and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; three-pence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge *

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By night and by day for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

---

* *He was in goal for debt.*

† *Counterfeit halfpence.*

* *The Drapier's printer.*

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your ſhoes;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d—'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thouſands are not worth a pudden:
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade *:
For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a ſon of a whore
If I have a word more
To ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come liſten with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I'll chooſe to be wiſer than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing.
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing:
In ſhort, you muſt all go to rack and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and [thrall men,
Will ſuffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The ſoldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His five-pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink; or he muſt run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his two-pence, the tapſter ſays not,
That ten times as much he muſt pay for his ſhot;
And thus the poor ſoldier muſt ſoon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twenty-pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and raſcal, and ſo kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and ſoldier muſt be mortal foes;
One cuts off an ear, and the other a noſe.
Which, &c.

The butcher is ſtout, and he values no ſwagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue ſleeve may give ſuch a cuff as may ſtagger.
Which, &c.

The beggars themſelves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are ſunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they muſt live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The ſquire poſſeſs'd of twelve thouſand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have houſe-room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at preſent he lives in a very large houſe,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouſe;
But the ſquire's too wiſe, he will not take a ſouſe
Which, &c.

The farmer, who comes with his rent in this caſh,
For taking theſe counters, and being ſo raſh,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himſelf and his traſh.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leaſes that ever we hold,
We muſt pay our rent in good ſilver and gold,
And not in braſs tokens of ſuch a baſe mold.
Which, &c.

The wiſeſt of lawyers all ſwear, they will warrant
No money but ſilver and gold can be current;
And, ſince they will ſwear it, we all may be ſure on't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very ſtrange
To give current money for baſe in exchange,
Like a fine lady ſwapping her moles for the man[illegible]e.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we muſt ſay that his Majeſty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bleſs the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm ſure, by his book, that the writer is wiſe;
He ſhows us the cheat, from the end to the riſe.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther, he ſhows it a very hard caſe,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his halfpence ſhould come to weigh down
Our ſubjects ſo loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book againſt Mr. Wood's;
If you ſtand true together, he's left in the ſuds.
Which, &c.

Ye ſhop-men, and trades-men, and farmers, go read it;
For I think in my ſoul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

* *Two famous bankers.*

A SERIOUS POEM

UPON WILLIAM WOOD,

Braſier, Tinker, Hard-wareman, Coiner, Founder, and Eſquire.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preſerve them from ſlaughter,
To be *hewers* of *wood*, and *drawers* of water.
Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;
Yet we all ſhould rejoice to be *hewers of Wood.*
I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,
That a rogue ſo *obſcure* ſhould make ſuch a clutter:
But ancient Philoſophers wiſely remark,
That old rotten *Wood* will ſhine in the *dark.*
The Heathens, we read, had *Gods* made of *Wood*,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:
But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil;
Their Gods were of *Wood*; but our *Wood* is the *Devil.*
To cut down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much *gold* it will bring.
Then, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good ſtore,
Our money to keep, let us *cut down one more.*

Now hear an old tale. There anciently ſtood
(I forget in what church) an image of *Wood.*
Concerning this image there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole *foreſt*; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,
To burn an old Friar, one *Foreſt* by name.
My tale is a wiſe one, if well underſtood:
Find you but the *Friar*; and I'll find the *Wood.*

I hear, among ſcholars there is a great doubt
From what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.
Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his ſpeech;
And ſaid, *By my ſhoul, he's the ſon of a* BEECH.
Some call him a *Thorn*, the curſe of the nation,
As *Thorns* were deſign'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poiſonous *Yew*,
Beneath whoſe ill ſhade no plant ever grew.
Some ſay he's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;
For none but a *dunce* would come under his *rod.*
But I'll tell you the ſecret; but pray do not blab;
He is an old ſtump cut out of a *Crab*;
And England has put this *Crab* to a hard uſe,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;
And therefore his *witneſſes* juſtly may boaſt,
That none are more properly knights of the *Poſt.*

I ne'er could endure my talent to ſmother;
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner, to faſten a ſaint in a *nitch*,
Bor'd a large *auger-hole* in the image's breech;
But, finding the *ſtatue* to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a *true ſaint.*
When the *true Wood* arrives, as he ſoon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a ſham *Wood* they carry about *)
What *ſtuff* he is made of you quickly may find,
If you make the ſame trial, and *bore* him *behind.*
I'll hold you a groat, when you *wimble* his *bum*,
He'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum.*
From me, I declare, you ſhall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may ſhow him about for a new *groaning-board.*

Hear one ſtory more, and then I will ſtop.
I dreamt *Wood* was told he ſhould die by a *drop*;
So methought he reſolved no liquor to taſte;
For fear the *firſt drop* might as well be his *laſt.*
But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at Kilmainham *.
I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
Very ſoon to ſee *Wood drop* down from a *rope.*
How he! and how we, at each other ſhould grin!
'Tis kindneſs to hold a friend up by the chin.
But ſoft! ſays the Herald; I cannot agree;
For *metal* on *metal* is falſe Heraldry.
Why, that may be true; yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,
I'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

* *He was frequently burnt in effigy.*

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR, *Dec.* 14. 1719 †, 9 *at night.*

IT is impoſſible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain Engliſh, tell us ſo?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to ſit with the ladies ‡ this night:

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry; and the boy here had not been ſent to let Alexander know I was here; I ſhould have miſſed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be ſending for corks to ſtop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and ſend your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon ſay, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own houſe to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wiſh Alexander ſafe at St. Catharine's to-night, with all my heart and ſoul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor fellow out ſo late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would preſent my humble ſervice to my lady Mountcaſhel; but truly I thought ſhe would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my paper is ended.

P. S.

I wiſh, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I ſcolded and rated;
My ſoul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated; the caſe I have ſtated;
And me you have cheated. My ſtable's unſlated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wiſh you tranſlated,
For teazing me.

* *Their place of execution.*
† *This is probably dated too early.*
‡ *Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon.*

2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley deſires me ſingly [you;
Her ſervice to preſent you; hopes that will content
But Johnſon Madam is grown a ſad dame,
For want of converſe, and cannot ſend one verſe.

3 P. S.

You keep ſuch a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I ſee the ſum total, we ſhall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the ſhort, we ſhall not have a quart.
I wiſh you would ſign 't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing, I'd be glad of a knoggin:
But I doubt 'tis a ſham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of ſhine a month moon-full, you won't part with a ſpoonful;
And I muſt be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You ſee I won't ſtop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor ſupernaculum;
Though perhaps you tell it for a grace, if we ſmell it.

STELLA.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN,

In no very good Repair. 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabbin dropping rain;
Chimnies with ſcorn rejecting ſmoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedſteads broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

1725.

FAR from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Not ſeen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A COMPANION with news; a great want of ſhoes;
Eat lean meat, or chooſe; a church without pews.
Our horſes aſtray; no ſtraw, oats, or hay;
December in May; our boys run away; all ſervants at play.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I'D have you to know, as ſure as you're Dean,
On Thurſday my caſk of Obrien I'll drain:
If my wife is not willing, I ſay ſhe's a queen;
And my right to the cellar, egad I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell it her over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, ſhould it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguiſh my poetic vein;
And then I ſhould be as ſtupid as Kain.
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.

Now Wardel's in haſte, and begins to complain;
Your moſt humble ſervant, Dear Sir, I remain,

T. S——N.

Get Helſham, Walmſley, Delany,
And ſome Grattans, if there be any *:
Take care you do not bid too many.

DR. SWIFT's ANSWER.

THE verſes you ſent on the bottling your wife
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I muſt confeſs, as a dean and divine,
I think you inſpir'd by the Muſes all nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line, [ſhine,
And the worſt of them all like a barn-door did
Oh, that Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked deſign;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.,
However, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
You would really on Thurſday leave St. Catharine†,
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a ſwine;
With me you'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie ſleeping ſupine:
So I wiſh you were toothleſs, like Lord Maſſerine.
But, were you as wicked as lew'd Aretine,
I wiſh you would tell me which way you incline
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thurſday I'll pay my reſpects at your ſhrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In ſquare, or in oppoſite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thurſday be falter than brine:
I hope you have ſwill'd, with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe aſquiline.
If you do not come back, we ſhall weep out our eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:
But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiſs the low end of her ſpine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a *paſquine*.

A PORTRAIT

FROM THE LIFE.

COME ſit by my ſide, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himſelf could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed;
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit:
A houſewife in bed, at table a ſlattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas‡, Ford§, Grattan‖, and merry Dan ¶,
Has this any likeneſs to good madam Sheridan?

---

* *The name of an Iriſh ſervant.*

† *The ſeat of Lady Mountcaſhel, near Dublin.*
‡ *Dr. Thomas Sheridan.*
‖ *Charles Ford of Woodpark, Eſq.*
§ *Reverend John Grattan.*
¶ *Reverend Daniel Jackſon.*

UPON STEALING A CROWN, WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghoſt, I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour-door:
For, ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thouſand pound?
Then ſleep, my friend; dear Dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

THE DEAN's ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens* and ſix-pence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut—
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the lady† at St. Catharine's
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham‡,
And ſo his victuals let a ragman diſh'em.

THE STORM:

MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddeſs chaſte and wiſe,
Deſcending lately from the ſkies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a ſtorm;
A ſtorm, to drown that raſcal Horte,
And ſhe would kindly thank him for't:
A wretch! whom Engliſh rogues, to ſpite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre,
The god, who favour'd her requeſt,
Aſſur'd her he would do his beſt:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the biſhop lov'd a whore,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beſide.
At ſea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a miſtreſs, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the biſhop's bench,
Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench:
If Horte muſt ſink, ſhe grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one ſingle prelate;
For, to ſay truth, ſhe did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.
And, ſince her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.
Then Proteus urg'd the ſame requeſt,
But half in earneſt, half in jeſt;
Said he—"Great ſovereign of the main,
"To drown him all attempts are vain;
"Horte can aſſume more forms than I,
"A rake, a bully, pimp, or ſpy;
"Can creep or run, or fly or ſwim;
"All motions are alike to him:
"Turn him adrift, and you ſhall find
"He knows to ſail with every wind;
"Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
"As well againſt as with the tide.
"But, Pallas, you've apply'd too late;
"For 'tis decreed, by Jove and Fate,
"That Ireland muſt be ſoon deſtroy'd,
"And who but Horte can be employ'd?
"You need not then have been ſo pert,
"In ſending Bolton * to Clonfert.
"I found you did it, by your grinning;
"Your buſineſs is, to mind your ſpinning.
"But how you came to interpoſe
"In making biſhops, no one knows:
"Or who regarded your report;
"For never were you ſeen at court.
"And if you muſt have your petition,
"There's Berkeley† in the ſame condition;
"Look, there he ſtands, and 'tis but juſt,
"If one muſt drown the other muſt;
"But, if you'll leave us biſhop Judas,
"We'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
"Now, if 'twill gratify your ſpight,
"To put him in a plaguy fright,
"Although 'tis hardly worth the coſt,
"You ſoon ſhall ſee him ſoundly toſt.
"You'll find him ſwear, blaſpheme, and damn
"(And every moment take a dram)
"His ghaſtly viſage with an air
"Of reprobation and deſpair:
"Or elſe ſome hiding-hole he ſeeks,
"For fear the reſt ſhould ſay he ſqueaks;
"Or, as Fitzpatrick‡ did before,
"Reſolve to periſh with his whore;
"Or elſe he raves, and roars, and ſwears,
"And, but for ſhame, would ſay his prayers.
"Or, would you ſee his ſpirits ſink,
"Relaxing downwards in a ſtink?
"If ſuch a ſight as this can pleaſe ye,
"Good madam Pallas, pray be eaſy,
"To Neptune ſpeak, and he'll conſent;
"But he'll come back the knave he went."
The goddeſs, who conceiv'd an hope
That Horte was deſtin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it beſt to condeſcend
To ſpare a foe, to ſave a friend:
But, fearing Berkeley might be ſcar'd,
She left him virtue for a guard.

---

* *A ſhilling paſſeth for thirteen pence in Ireland.*

† *Lady Mountcaſhel.*

‡ *Agmondiſham Veſey, Eſq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great eſteem.*

* *Afterwards Archbiſhop of Caſhell.*

† *Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afterwards biſhop of Cloyne.*

‡ *Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great ſtorm.*

ODE ON SCIENCE.

O'er, heavenly-born! in deepeſt dells
If faireſt ſcience ever dwells
  Beneath the moſſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods;
With azure beauty gild the floods,
  And flowery carpets lave;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
  With ſcientific light;
While Dian, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
  Though wrapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, goddeſs, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
  Obſtructed and depreſs'd;
Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
  By Reaſon's power redreſs'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
  Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
  That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Aſtræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
  To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac ſyſtem rolls,
  In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſwift Philoſophy along
  In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
  In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
  By Folly led aſtray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her ſoar and ſing
  Thy univerſal ſway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
  Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound
  And petrifying ſong.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY.

March 13. 1726.

This day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on your approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.

Yet, ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the graveſt of Divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
  Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.
  Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſuage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.
  Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well ſpent;
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates.
Your generous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glittering dreſs;
That patience under tottering pain,
Where ſtubborn ſtoics would complain;
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms neglected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no mark behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have died.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continued by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
  Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on;

She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.
O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuffering ſhare:
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You to whoſe care ſo oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

Paraphraſed, and inſcribed to Ireland. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating iſle, toſt on ill-fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by *fate* to be the land of ſlaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted ſtand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a ſtate and veſſel under ſail;
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a while,
And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle:

UNHAPPY ſhip, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves ſhall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port.
Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guide,
Like faithful counſellors, on either ſide.
Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *eaſtern* wind.
Your cable's burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when ſome writer in the public cauſe
His pen, to ſave a ſinking nation, draws.
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper-ſail;
Till power, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in poplar breath.
A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak;
Or, when your name and family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;
Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet, from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights and loſt her own.
In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and ſatins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enſlav'd.
Dear veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt,
Nor change thy courſe with every ſudden guſt;
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind;
As thoſe who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware; and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore.
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

VERSES

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL,

Near Trinity College, Dublin. 1726.

By holy zeal inſpir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite iſle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy * o'er-run.
Ierne, to the world's remoteſt parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy and arts.
Hither from Colchos †, with the fleecy ore,
Jaſon arriv'd two thouſand years before.
Thee, happy iſland, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown ‡:
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial ſons, whom now they dare deſpiſe,
Did once their land ſubdue and civilize:
Their dreſs, their language, and the Scottiſh *name*,
Confeſs the ſoil from whence the victors came §.
Well may they boaſt that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger ſons ‖,

---

* *Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his miſſion; and becauſe he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by ſcripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy.* IRISH ED.

† *Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, ſays, that Jaſon, who manned the ſhip Argos at Theſſaly, ſailed to Ireland.* IRISH ED.

‡ *Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, ſays, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than thoſe of Britain.* IRISH ED.

§ *The argument here turns on, what the author of courſe took for granted, the preſent Scots being the deſcendants of Iriſh emigrants.*

‖ *On the authority of Buchanan and his predeceſſors, the hiſtorical part of this poem ſeems founded, as well as the notes ſigned* IRISH ED., *ſome of which, it is ſuppoſed, were written by the Dean himſelf.*

A conqueſt and a colony from thee.
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of ſlavery they felt:
Not ſo with thee thy baſe invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid *,
Thoſe whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful iſle!
Not by thy valour, but ſuperior guile:
Britain, with ſhame, confeſs this land of mine
Firſt taught thee human knowledge and divine †;
My prelates and my ſtudents, ſent from hence,
Made your ſons converts both to God and ſenſe:
Not like the paſtors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Ierne! with what grief I ſee
The fatal changes Time hath made on thee!
The Chriſtian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy ſons I found,
Who now in vice and ſlavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this croſier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd ſerpent from thy land;
The ſhepherd in his bower might ſleep or ſing ‡,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor ſcorpion's ſting.
With omens oft' I ſtrove to warn thy ſwains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I ſent the magpie from the Britiſh ſoil,
With reſtleſs beak thy blooming fruit to ſpoil,
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What elſe are thoſe thou ſeeſt in Biſhops' geer,
Who crop the nurſeries of learning here;
Aſpiring, greedy, full of ſenſeleſs prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the ſtate?
As you grew more degenerate and baſe,
I ſent you milljons of the croaking race;
Emblems of inſects vile, who ſpread their ſpawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauſeous brood, that fills your ſenate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!

See, where that new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And ſudden ſpreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fiſh, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which ſmoothly flows,
And bleſſings equally on all beſtows.
Here, from the neighbouring * nurſery of arts,
The ſtudents, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my ſpring their Hippocrene.
Diſcourag'd youths! now all their hopes muſt fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a ſlaviſh court,
And by their ſweat procure a mean ſupport;
Or, for the claſſics, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect exciſe, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! that I had been apoſtle to the Swiſs,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou ſtill with tyrants in ſucceſſion curſt,
The laſt invaders trampling on the firſt:
Now fondly hope for ſome reverſe of fate,
Virtue herſelf would now return too late.
Not half thy courſe of miſery is run,
Thy greateſt evils yet are ſcarce begun.
Soon ſhall thy ſons (the time is juſt at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the uſe of no Hibernian born,
Shall riſe one blade of graſs, one ear of corn;
When ſhells and leather ſhall for money paſs,
Nor thy oppreſſing lords afford the braſs †.
But all turn leaſers to that ‡ mongrel breed,
Who, from thee ſprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous iſle thy treaſures bear,
And waſte in luxury thy harveſts there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jeſt of wits, and to the court unknown.
I ſcorn thy ſpurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage reſign.

---

* *In the reign of King Henry II. Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinſter, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the Engliſh over as auxiliaries, and promiſed Richard Strangbow, Earl of Pembroke, his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this aſſiſtance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow became poſſeſſed of all Leinſter.* IRISH ED.

† *St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year* 431, *and completed the converſion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as biſhop Nicholſon obſerves, Ireland ſoon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Weſtern Chriſtians, as well as the Engliſh, had recourſe, not only for inſtructions in the principles of religion, but in all ſorts of literature,* viz. Legendi et ſcholaſticæ eruditionis gratiâ. IRISH ED.

‡ *There are no ſnakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year* 1700. *The magpies came a ſhort time before; and the Norway rats ſince.* IRISH ED.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

By which he means Pride. 1726.

If there be truth in what you ſing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A miniſter § ſo fill'd with zeal
And wiſdom for the common-weal:

---

* *The Univerſity of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth in* 1591. IRISH ED.

† *Wood's ruinous project in* 1724. IRISH ED.

‡ *The abſentees, who ſpent the income of their Iriſh eſtates, places, and penſions, in England.* IRISH ED.

§ *Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.*

If he * who in the chair preſides
So ſteadily the ſenate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are ſeconds in the glorious ſcheme:
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you atteſt,
What land was ever half ſo bleſt?
No falſehood now among the great,
And tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Juſtice ſhines,
Her ſcale to neither ſide inclines;
Now pride and cruelty are flown,
And mercy here exalts her throne:
For ſuch is good example's power
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lies:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he?
Or take it in a different view.
I aſk (if what you ſay be true)
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage:
If that ſame *univerſal paſſion*
With every vice had fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to ſhow their wit,
Praiſe *claſſics* more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,
And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate:
If law be ſuch a partial whore,
To ſpare the rich, and plague the poor:
If theſe be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curſt?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I'll give you theſe delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I ſhall then be more villian than you're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread;
You'll fly, when you get what ye came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

The ſtock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night will be ſpent!
Your offers of bribery ceaſe:
I'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.

From London they come, ſilly people to chooſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
That would turn a man out of his own!

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS. 1726.

Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haſte;
Ye rhymers dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſign'd to paſte;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtill-born poems ſhall revive.
And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
And let them well be dried;
And Curll muſt have a ſpecial care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing * Pope;
And when he ſits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

Written at London, in 1726.

After venting all my ſpite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my buſy Muſe employ'd
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Thoſe, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my lady ſays:
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault ſhould move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to paſſion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be leſs
Set on reading than on dreſs;
If I always ſeem too dull t'ye;
I can ſolve the diffi---culty.
You would teach me to be wiſe;
Truth and honour how to prize;

---

* *Sir Spencer Compton, then ſpeaker, afterwara. Earl of Wilmington.*

* *The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated tranſlation of Homer (preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum) is almoſt entirely written on the covers of letters, and ſometimes between the lines of the letters themſelves.*

How to ſhine in converſation,
And with credit fill my ſtation
How to reliſh notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
But it was decreed by fate---
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know, you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth inſtill'd,
Have my ſoul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your leſſons enter.
Bred a fondling and an heireſs,
Dreſt like any Lady Mayoreſs,
Cocker'd by the ſervants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continual play-day---
Balls, and maſquerades, and ſhows,
Viſits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
Thus you have my caſe at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Thoſe materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.
But, I beg, ſuſpend a while
That ſame paltry, burleſque ſtyle;
Drop for once your conſtant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor Parliament can 'ſcape you:
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praiſe in ſtrain ſublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but juſt, you ſhould produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuſe;
Not to publiſh every trifle,
And my few perfections ſtifle,
With ſome gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I ſpightful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my truſt?
Which of all our modern dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I eſteem expreſs'd
For a coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to ſneer and gibe?
Who with leſs deſigning ends
Kindlier entertains their friends;
With good words, and countenance ſprightly;
Strives to treat them more politely?
Think not cards my chief diverſion:
'Tis a wrong, unjuſt aſperſion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to doſe my head like *laudanum*.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Paſs our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leiſure,
I ſhall read and think with pleaſure;
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with books my mind embelliſh.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you muſt reply.
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All theſe praiſes are your due.
You, like ſome acute philoſopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloſs over;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt light
All your virtues to my ſight.
Though you lead a blameleſs life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Anſwer all domeſtic ends;
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging ſway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a ſmile;
Clear your looks, and ſmooth your ſtyle;
Load our plates from every diſh;
This is not the thing we wiſh.
Colonel —— may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You muſt learn, if you would gain us
With good ſenſe to entertain us.
Scholars, when good ſenſe deſcribing,
Call it *taſting* and *imbibing*:
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to underſtand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us:
To diſcourſe and to attend,
Is to *help* yourſelf and friend.
Converſation is but *carving*;
Carve for all, yourſelf is ſtarving:
Give no more to every gueſt,
Than he's able to digeſt;
Give him always of the prime,
And but a little at a time.
Carve to all but juſt enough;
Let them neither ſtarve nor ſtuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
This compariſon will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told
How converſing, liſtening, thinking,
Juſtly may reſemble drinking;
For a friend a glaſs you fill,
What is this but to inſtill?
To conclude this long eſſay;
Pardon, if I diſobey:
Nor, againſt my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic ſtrain.
I, as all the pariſh knows,
Hardly can be grave in proſe:
Still to laſh, and laſhing ſmile,
Ill befits a lofty ſtyle.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked miniſters of ſtate
I can eaſier ſcorn than hate:
And I find it anſwers right;
Scorn torments them more than ſpight.
All the vices of a court
Do but ſerve to make me ſport.
Where I in ſome foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;

Should a monkey wear a crown,
Muſt I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine?
Spy the ſtrutting, chattering vermin?
Safely write a ſmart lampoon,
To expoſe the briſk baboon *?
When my Muſe officious ventures
On the nation's repreſenters:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whoſe oars, like ſlaves, they all pull;
Let the veſſel ſplit on ſhelves;
With the freight enrich themſelves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madneſs makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing ſage,
In a jeſt I ſpend my rage
(Though it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them, if I could):
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wiſe to rule the ſtate.
Pultney deep, accompliſh'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the ſmell be noiſome,
Strip their bums; let † Caleb hoiſe 'em;
Then apply Alecta's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip.
Deuce is in you, Mr Dean:
What can all this paſſion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your ſtation;
Come to uſe and application:
Nor with ſenates keep a fuſs.
I ſubmit; and anſwer thus:
If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buſkins,
Mournful elegies on ‡ Blueſkins.
If I laugh at Whig and Troy,
I conclude, *a fortiori*,
All your eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on; for, as
It is well obſerv'd by § Horace,
Ridicule hath greater power
To reform the world, than four.
Horſes thus, let jockies judge elſe,
Switches better guide than cudgels.

Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only dulneſs can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the ſpirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain;
It but ſtupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination ſcope;
Never lets the mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reaſon and invention.
For your ſake as well as mine,
I the lofty ſtyle decline.
I ſhould make a figure ſcurvy,
And your head turn topſy-turvy.
I, who love to have a fling
Both at ſenate-houſe and king;
That they might ſome better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to ſhow their vices odious;
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by anger, but a ſneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by ſtorming
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt fault);
Would you have me change my ſtyle?
On your faults no longer ſmile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wiſdom's uſe?
If I treat you like a crown'd-head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put-in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not ſo great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower claſs
Than my friend Sir Robert Braſs.
None of theſe have mercy found;
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.
Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You would ſwear it pierc'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there:
Thouſand ſparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime,
Such a rocket is my muſe:
Should I lofty numbers chooſe,
Ere I reach'd Parnaſſus' top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop;
All my *fire* would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart awhile:
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon fight
To decide of wrong and right;

---

* *This poem, for an obvious reaſon, has been mutilated in many editions.*

† *Caleb D'Anvers was the name aſſumed by Amhurſt, the oſtenſible writer of the Craftſman. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obſcurity.*

‡ *The famous thief, who, whilſt on his trial at the Old Bailey, ſtabbed Jonathan Wild.*

§ "*Ridiculum acri, &c.*"

Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh truth and reaſon?
  Thus we both ſhall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

For the Stay of the DEAN *in* ENGLAND. *1726.*

BLOW, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the ſwelling ſails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident ſtrong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the roſe in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently waſh'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull aſleep
Ruffling ſtorms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous ſtate,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden Fleece;
Argo, bring him to his Greece,
Will Cadenus longer ſtay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haſte of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee;
Lucious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inſpiring juſt delight;
All are ripe, and courting ſue
To be pluck'd and preſs'd by you.
Pinks have loſt their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head;
Every flower languid ſeems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bleſs once more,
Bleſs again thy native ſhore;
Bleſs again this drooping iſle,
Make its weeping beauties ſmile,
Beauties that thine abſence mourn,
Beauties wiſhing thy return.
Come, Cadenus, come with haſte,
Come before the winter's blaſt;
Swifter than the lightning fly;
Or I, like Vaneſſa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

You will excuſe me, I ſuppoſe,
For ſending rhyme inſtead of proſe,
Becauſe hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more eaſy.
  While you are trudging London town,
I'm ſtrolling Dublin up and down;
While you converſe with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at eaſe,
I chooſe companions as I pleaſe.
I'd rather have one ſingle ſhelf
Than all my friends, except yourſelf;
For, after all that can be ſaid,
Our beſt acquaintance are the dead;
While you're in raptures with Fauſtina *;
I'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are ſtarving there in ſtate,
I'm cramming here with butchers meat.
You ſay, when with thoſe lords you dine,
They treat you with the beſt of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why ſo can we, as well as they.
No reaſon then, my dear good Dean,
But you ſhould travel home again.
What though you may n't in Ireland hope
To find ſuch folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would ſhare
But half the wit that you can ſpare,
I'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,
You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
  Our weather's good, our ſky is clear;
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and ſo bright a ſky
Was never ſeen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I ſhall to Quilca go;
To ſee M'Fayden's horny brothers
Firſt ſuck, and after bull their mothers;
To ſee, alas! my wither'd trees!
To ſee what all the country ſees!
My ſtunted quicks, my famiſh'd beeves,
My ſervants ſuch a pack of thieves;
My ſhatter'd firs, my blaſted oaks,
My houſe in common to all folks;
No cabbage for a ſingle ſnail,
My turnips, carrots, parſnips, fail;
My no greeen peas, my few green ſprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horſes rid, or gone aſtray;
My fiſh all ſtol'n, or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry ſtarv'd, the corn all ſold.
  A man, come now from Quilca, ſays,
"*They*'ve † ſtol'n the locks from all your keys:"
But, what muſt fret and vex me more,
He ſays, "*They* ſtole the keys before.
"*They* 've ſtol'n the knives from all the forks;
"And half the cows from half the ſturks."
Nay more, the fellow ſwears and vows,
"*They* 've ſtol'n the ſturks from half the cows:"
With many more accounts of woe.
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go:
'Twixt you and me, the reaſon's clear,
Becauſe I've more vexation here.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whoſe verſes far his rays out-ſhine,
  Look down upon your quondam foe;
Oh! let me never write again,
If e'er I diſoblige you, Dean,
  Should you compaſſion ſhow.

Take thoſe Iambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,

---

* *Signora Fauſtina, a famous Italian ſinger.*

† *They is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is ſtolen, if you inquire of a ſervant about it, the anſwer is,* "*They have ſtolen it.*"

And give them to your cook,
To ſinge your fowl, or ſave your paſte,
The next time when you have a feaſt;
They'll ſave you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free conſent,
To ſink them in the harbour:
If not, they'll ſerve to ſet off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twiſt in locks;
So give them to your barber.
Or, when you next your phyſic take,
I muſt entreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myſelf before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the ſtrong purſue,
A gooſe attack a ſwan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her huſband's hands and face aſſail,
While he's no longer man.

Though ſome, we find, are more diſcreet,
Before the world are wondrous ſweet,
And let their huſbands hector:
But, when the world's aſleep, they wake,
That is the time they chooſe to ſpeak;
Witneſs the curtain-lecture.

Such was the caſe with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awak'd your muſe (my midnight curſe,
When I engag'd for better for worſe),
You ſcolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field;
To you, as to my wife, I yield:
As ſhe muſt wear the breeches;
So ſhall you wear the laurel-crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

NOVEMBER 8. 1726.

This day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, ſhe'd give it ye:
She choſe a thread of greateſt length,
And doubly twiſted it for ſtrength;
Nor will be able with her ſhears
To cut it off theſe forty years.
Then who ſays care will kill a cat?
Rebecca ſhows they're out in that.
For ſhe, though over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout ſhould ſieze the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremeſt parts,
They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe
The gout, that will prolong his days;
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philoſophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her;
She ne'er conſiders why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-ſtander;
And all her buſtling but ſupplies
The part of wholeſome exerciſe.
Thus nature hath reſolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may ſhe live, and help her friends
Whene'er it ſuits her private ends;
Domeſtic buſineſs never mind
Till coffee has her ſtomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfaſt gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tiger * has been ſerv'd,
Or elſe poor Stella may be ſtarv'd.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger flabbering in her lap;
But always take a ſpecial care
She does not overſet the chair!
Still be ſhe curious, never hearken
To any ſpeech but Tiger's barking!
And when ſhe's in another ſcene,
Stella long dead, but firſt the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that may pleaſe her better!
Whole afternoons will ſit beſide her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,
A goodly ſet as can be found
Of hearty goſſips prating round;
Freſh from a wedding or a chriſtening,
To teach her ears the art of liſtening.
And pleaſe her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean ſtorm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elyſian fields invite her,
Where there ſhall be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

Pray ſteal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Moſt of them written in 1726.

I. On a window at an inn.

We fly from luxury and *wealth*,
To hardſhips, in purſuit of health;
From generous wines and coſtly fare,
And doſing in an eaſy chair;
Purſue the Goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country ſcene,
And every where her footſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in every face;
And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have her in full view.

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* *Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.*

II. At an inn in England.

The glaſs, by lovers nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight:
So when our paſſions Love hath ſtirr'd,
It darkens Reaſon's light.

III. Another.

The church and clergy here no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

IV. At chester.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d--l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour,
'Twill give you a ſcour;
The beer and the ale,
Are mingled with ſtale;
The veal is ſuch carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I've felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

V. Another, in chester.

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. Another, at holyhead*.

O neptune! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half chok'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains;
Only your godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! but I may weep,
While you're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

VII. Another, *written upon a window where there was no writing before.*

Thanks to my ſtars, I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free;
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paltry drabs on glaſs;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

VIII. *On ſeeing verſes written upon windows at inns.*

The ſage who ſaid he ſhould be proud
Of windows in his breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be conſeſt;

His window ſcrawl'd by every rake,
His breaſt again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

IX. Another.

By Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your miſtreſs in a glaſs to ſhow,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree:
None e'er made verſes worſe than he,
And thine I ſwear are ſuch.

X. Another.

That love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Thoſe rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON THE NEW-YEAR'S-DAY

Two-fac'd Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's-gift:
She has got but half a face:
Janus, ſince thou haſt a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wiſe,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward ſight
Well, if you could loſe it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor * iſle's approaching ruin,
When thy retroſpection vaſt
Sees the glorious ages paſt?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back,
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New-years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new-year's lace
Burniſhes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille.
I'll have youth and beauty ſtill.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

WRITTEN AFTER THE NEWS OF THE † KING'S DEATH.

Richmond-lodge is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the crown. It was uſually granted by the Crown for a leaſe of two years. The Duke of Ormond was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of

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* *Theſe verſes are ſigned* J—K—, *but written, as it is preſumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.*

* *Ireland.*

† *George I. who died after a ſhort ſickneſs by eating a melon, at Oſnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June* 11. 1727.---*The poem was carrried to court, and read to King George II. and Queen Caroline.*

of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a houſe built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Counteſs of Suffolk, and groom of the ſtole to the Queen. It is on the Middleſex ſide, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the Ice-houſe. Upon King George's death, theſe two houſes met, and had the following Dialogue.

In ſpite of Pope, in ſpite of Gay,
And all that he or they can ſay,
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.
Laſt Friday night, as neighbours uſe,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your miſtreſs now is grown a queen:
You'll find it ſoon by woeful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we ſhould put no truſt in princes:
My royal maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high degree;
But he's now grown a king, God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE-HILL.

My houſe was built but for a ſhow,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling,
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn;
For thoſe we dextrous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſter's *fall*;
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt *fall* becauſe our maſters *riſe*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My maſter, ſcarce a fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he'll be poor as any *king*;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no---wine;
My ice-houſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here won't the Dean, when he's to ſeek,
To ſpunge a breakfaſt once a week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.
We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *reverence* and her *highneſs* walking;
Whilſt lady Charlotte *, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller,
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some South Sea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte,
To fit them to his vulgar taſte:
Chang'd for the worſe in every part,
My maſter Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd head:
Except her majeſty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then ſhall I be free from fears,
For he'll be prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and conntry better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In ſummer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St. James's:
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody ‡ for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tippling at the *Dog and Partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to bruſh my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs---and ſo adieu.

---

* *Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.*

† *Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.*

‡ *The gardener.*

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the ſame to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis ſtrange, what different thoughts inſpire
In men, Poſſeſſion and Deſire;
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!
A moraliſt profoundly ſage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Poſſeſſion, and Deſire his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through ſlippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew;
Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where *power* and *titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:
No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.
Poſſeſſion kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though ſtrong in limbs, he lag'd behind.
Deſire had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tower of monſtrous height,
Where on the ſummit Fortune ſtands,
A crown and ſceptre in her hands;
Beneath, a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Deſire in raptures gaz'd a while,
And ſaw the treacherous goddeſs ſmile;
But, as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knock'd him with the ſceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulph profound,
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.
Poſſeſſion's load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumberous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And ſtrip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

YE wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:
All others who inferior ſit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe who want the power to riſe.
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious lye;
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are ſtrong!
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink
By what they ſpeak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lies
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.
The moſt effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is---to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND
1727.

A SET of phraſes learnt by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet coat?
When at a play, to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for it;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in ſtore
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor make a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her ſkill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In chooſing lace, a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;

So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrouſly her huſband teaze,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity.
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory four;
Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintains;
And to defend the Whiggiſh cauſe,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs Harding *;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-ſell a better thing:
So, halloo, boys; God ſave the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode ſtately through Holbourn to die in his calling,
He ſtopt at the George for a bottle of ſack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His waiſtcoat, and ſtockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry riband to tie't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And ſaid, "Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he ſpy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each ſide;
And when his laſt ſpeech the loud hawkers did cry,
He ſwore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd "lie!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the people a little;
But I'll ſee you all damn'd before I will *whittle*†.
My honeſt friend Wild ‡ may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this occaſion to follow your trade;
My conſcience is clear, and my ſpirits are calm,
And thus I go off without prayer-book or pſalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

* *Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer.*

† *A cant word for confeſſing at the gallows.*

‡ *The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods.*

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

Pope has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different ſtudies chooſe:
The Dean ſits plodding on a book;
Pope walks, and courts the muſe.

Now backs of letters *, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a Poem riſe!

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *cauſa ſine quâ non.*

Thus Pope, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock† thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

* *An alluſion to the ſingularity mentioned in Advice to the Grub-ſtreet Verſe-writers, 1726.*

† *The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the biſhop.*

A LOVE POEM FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

WRITTEN AT LONDON IN THE YEAR 1727.

By poets we are well aſſur'd
That love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*:
A complicated heap of *ills*,
Deſpiſing *boluſes* and *pills*.
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since firſt I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard bound*,
I ſtrain my *guts*, my *colon* wound.
Now jealouſy my *grumbling tripes*
Aſſaults with grating, grinding *gripes*.
When pity in thoſe eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *ſpew*.
When I an amorous kiſs deſign'd,
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind*.
Once you a gentle ſigh let fall;
Remember how I *ſuck'd* it all:
What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt.

Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids;*
And loathſome *worms* my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;
Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
With *yellow filth* my linen ſtains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguiſh'd *thirſt*,
Small beer I *guzzle* till I *burſt*:
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a *dropſy*, like a porpoiſe;
When, if I cannot *purge* or *ſtale*,
I muſt be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON's

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

The Dean would viſit Market-hill;
Our invitation was but ſlight:
I ſaid---Why let him, if he will;
And ſo I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Leſt we ſhould think ourſelves neglected;
And ſo we ſaw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day ſucceeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a ſoul would have him ſtay.

I've ſaid enough to make him bluſh,
Methinks, or elſe the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a ruſh,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he ſtays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaiſe.

Or you may ſay---My wife intends,
Though I ſhould be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite ſome friends;
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean---I ſhould with joy
Beg you would here continue ſtill;
But we muſt go to Aghnacloy *,
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.

The houſe accounts are daily riſing;
So much his ſtay doth ſwell the bills;
My deareſt life, it is ſurpriſing
How much he eats, how much he ſwills.

His brace of puppies how they ſtuff!
And they muſt have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horſes too eat all our hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face, and wainſcot-paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him ſoon give up the cauſe!

* *The ſeat of Acheſon Moore, Eſq.*

Muſt I be every moment chid
With * Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this inſulting Tyrant Dean!

ON A VERY OLD GLASS AT MARKET-HILL.

Frail glaſs! thou bear'ſt that name as well as I;
Though none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

Me only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by chance; but muſt by nature.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL †.

At Market-Hill, as well appears;
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from ſatyrs ſat and ſung.

Sir Archibald‡, that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and liſten with delight;
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

(Sir Archibald, whoſe favourite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthorden and Stirling's lord §.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining towards the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd, gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

* *The Dean uſed to call Lady Acheſon by thoſe names.*

† *A village near the ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon, where the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the abſence of Sir Arthur, who was of courſe highly incenſed, nor would ſee Swift for ſome time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the deſired effect.*

‡ *Sir Archibald Acheſon, ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland.*

§ *Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.*

The ſylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion, ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chattering with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouſe and warn the nymph within.

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte, with all her brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trolled forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meaſly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled, and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the murderer's ears;
And, in a ſhrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,
" Relentleſs Dean, to miſchief born;
" My kindred oft' thine hide ſhall gall,
" Thy gown and caſſock oft' be torn.

" And thy confederate dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
" Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
" And wound her legs with every brier.

" Nor thou, lord Arthur *, ſhalt eſcape;
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
" Yet thou couldſt tamely ſee me ſlain.

" Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe;
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo
" (An old retainer to your houſe):

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
" Was form'd this Machiavilian plot,
" Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
" Then who will own thee for a Scot?

" Pigs and fanatics, cows, and teagues,
" Through all thy empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
" Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

" And now, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
" Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
" With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
" To hack my hallow'd timber down;

" When thou, ſuſpended high in air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
" Then, bloody caitif! think on me.

* *Sir Arthur Acheſon.*

CANTATA *.

In harmony would you excel,
Suit your words to your muſic well;
For Pegaſus runs every race
By galloping high, or level pace,
Or ambling, or ſweet Canterbury,
Or with a down, a high down derry.
No victory he ever got
By joggling, joggling, joggling trot;
No Muſe harmonious entertains
Rough, roiſtering, ruſtic, roaring ſtrains.
Nor ſhall you twine the crackling bays
By ſneaking, ſniveling roundelays.
Now ſlowly move your fiddle-ſtick;
Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick;
Now trembling, ſhivering, quivering, quaking,
Set hoping hearts of lovers aching.
Fly, fly, above the ſky,
Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, galloping.
Now ſweep, ſweep the deep.
See Celia, Celia dies,
While true lovers' eyes
Weeping ſleep, Sleeping weep,
Weeping ſleep, Bo peep, bo peep.

EPITAPH

AT BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly ſerv'd to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were ſcarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What ſignifies to cry?
Dickys enough are ſtill behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S † LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

July 28. 1728.

Sure never man did ſee
A wretch like poor Nancy,

* *This Cantata is printed with the muſic in all the London editions of Swift. Dr. Beattie, after cenſuring the practice of what he calls "illicit imitation," obſerves, that "this abuſe of a noble art did not eſcape the ſatire of Swift; who, though deaf to the charms of muſic, was not blind to the abſurdity of muſicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of Ireland, to compoſe a Cantata in ridicule of this puerile mimicry. Here we have* motions *imitated, which are the moſt inharmonious, and* ſounds *the moſt unmuſical.---In a word, Swift's Cantata may convince any perſon, that muſic, if only imitative, would be ridiculous."*

† *Lady Acheſon.*

So teas'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To puniſh my ſins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never ſtops
When he opens his chops;
Im quite over-run
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here
To ſpunge for good cheer,
I ſate with delight
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or ſcratching my noſe,
And jogging my toes;
But at preſent, forſooth,
I muſt not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he ſees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And juſt as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I ſink in the ſpleen,
An uſeleſs machine.
If he had his will,
I ſhould never ſit ſtill:
He comes with his whims,
I muſt move my limbs;
I cannot be ſweet
Without uſing my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worſt of all ſquires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be ſtartled,
I'm in ſpite of my heart led;
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
'Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirits quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt, out of ſpite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid,
I was better for him
In ſtomach or limb.
But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But traſh without meaſure
I ſwallow with pleaſure.
Next for his diverſion
He rails at my perſon:
What court-breeding is this!
He takes me to pieces:
From ſhoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el---bows
Are two iron crows,
Or ſharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:
To 'ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſk of a boar.
Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He'll ſwear ſhe's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which ſpoils every feature
Beſtow'd her by nature;
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:
Wiſe books and reflection
Will mend the complection;
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe, meaning mine)!
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handſome.
I gueſs well enough
What he means by this ſtuff;
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes:
What, Madam! No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You 're now in your prime,
Make uſe of your time.
Conſider, before
You come to threeſcore,
How the huſſies will ſneer
Where'er you appear:
"That ſilly old puſs
Would fain be like us.
What a figure ſhe made
In her tarniſh'd brocade!"
And then he grows mild;
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To poliſh your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threeſcore and ten,
And kill with the ſpleen
The jades of ſixteen;
I 'll ſhow you the way:
Read ſix hours a day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my ſin.
At breakfaſt he'll aſk
An account of my taſk.

Put a word out of joint,
Or miſs but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am ſerious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Muſt come in my ſight;
But, inſtead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Eſſays,
And pore every day on
That naſty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.
But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will ſwear,
Is at ſtudy or prayer.
He's all the day ſauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus).
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who 's maſter, who 's man;
Who makes the beſt figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the beſt
At cracking a jeſt.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boaſts of his feats,
His grottos and ſeats;
Shows all his gew—gaws,
And gapes for applauſe;
A fine occupation
For one in his ſtation!
A hole where a rabbit
Would ſcorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, oh! how we laugh
To ſee a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green ſeat;
Or run helter-ſkelter
To his arbor, for ſhelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briars
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are ſo kind
To leave ſomething behind:
No more need be ſaid on 't,
I ſmell when I tread on 't.
Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but wink ye,
Or Walmſley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it ſo,
That I 'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No ſquire to be found
The neighbourhood round
(For, under the roſe,
I would rather chooſe thoſe);
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here, out of pity,
To eaſe a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be ſeen
No more in the ſpleen!
May Walmſley give wine,
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley diſgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three ſpouſes
Let you lie at friends' houſes!

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT. SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and ſwain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of * Gosford Knight;
While each with ſtubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;
As at their work they ſate in counterview,
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muſe, in ſweetly flowing ſtrain
The ſoft endearments of the nymph and ſwain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than ſtrongeſt weeds that grow theſe ſtones between:
My ſpud theſe nettles from the ſtones can part;
No knife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faſter grows,
Than yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
Cut down the dock, 'twill ſprout again: but oh!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg ſhall rake
(I ſpare the thiſtles for Sir Arthur's † ſake).
Sharp are the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
The hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, ſtand gaping wide;
This petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear backſide:
Nor need I bluſh; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A longer ha'porth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry-door this morn I ſlipt,
And from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt:
‡ Dennis was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

---

* *Sir Arthur Acheſon.*
† *Who was a great lover of Scotland.*
‡ *Sir Arthur's butler.*

DERMOT.

When you ſaw Tady at long-bullets play,
You ſate and lous'd him all a ſun-ſhine day.
How could you, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
Or crack ſuch lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Onah ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch theſe naſty ſluts?
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Onah once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I ſwear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and every louſe was gold;
Him on my lap you never more ſhall ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding knife---and thee!

DERMOT.

Oh, could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
A pair of * brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee, where Norah with the ſowins comes---
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE †,

WITH THE DOCTOR ‡ AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. The ladies treated the Doctor.

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARMY.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks;

While he ſits by a-grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greaſy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole:

Alas! I never thought
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I'll hold a groat,
He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I ſhall ſee your faces
On paper daub'd ſo foul,
They'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think, ſuch ladies fine
Shall be reduc'd ſo low
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits chooſe gallants!

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z---ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the Doctor down:
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch *;
And at the Roſe on Sunday,
The parſon ſafe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

* *Shoes with flat low heels.*

† *An alehouſe in Dublin, famous for beef-ſteaks.*

‡ *Dr. Thomas Sheridan.*

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU.

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

You little ſcribbling beau,
What dæmon made you write?
Becauſe to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment ſo ſcurvy,
I wiſh we had you here;
We'd turn you topſy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we choſe;
We're ſure a ſingle parſon
Is worth an hundred beaux.

And you would make us vaſſals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To ſilver-clocks and taſſels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Becauſe around your cane
A ring of diamonds is ſet;
And you, in ſome bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grizette;

Shall we, of ſenſe refin'd,
Your trifling nonſenſe bear,
As noiſy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and ſwear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

WHY, how now, dapper Black!
I ſmell your gown and caſſock,

* *Dr. Sheridan was a ſchool-maſter.*

As ſtrong upon your back,
As Tiſdall * ſmells of a ſock.

To write ſuch ſcurvy ſtuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor ſcold, nor keep a ſplutter:
Their verſes give delight,
As ſoft and ſweet as butter.

But Satan never ſaw
Such haggard lines as theſe:
They ſtick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheeſe.

THE JOURNAL
OF A MODERN LADY.

In a Letter to a Perſon of Quality. 1728.

SIR,

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, &c.

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well
(As we ſhall ſhow you in the ſequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon),
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſate all night up at quadrille.

She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of head-ach and the ſpleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and, "Betty, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to-day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four *mattadores*, and loſe *codille!*
"Depend upon 't, I never will.
"But run to Tom, and bid him fix
"The ladies here to-night by ſix."
"Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
"He ſays, his buſineſs is to know
"If you 'll redeem the ſilver cup
"He keeps in pawn?"—"Firſt, ſhow him up."
"Your dreſſing-plate he 'll be content
"To take, for intereſt *cent. per cent.*
"And, Madam, there's my lady Spade
"Hath ſent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what ſhe won;
"And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
"Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles,
"My huſband left to pay for coals:
"I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
"And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill ſucceſs repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She ſlipt *ſpadillo* in her breaſt,
"Then thought to turn it to a jeſt:
"There 's Mrs. Cut and ſhe combine,
"And to each other give the ſign."
Through every game purſues her tale;
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another ſcene give place:
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace:
Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Obſerve this pattern; there 's a ſtuff;
"I can have cuſtomers enough.
"Dear madam, you are grown ſo hard—
"This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
"Madam, if there be truth in man,
"I never ſold ſo cheap a fan."
This buſineſs of importance o'er,
And madam almoſt dreſs'd by four;
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner ſtays."
She anſwers, in her uſual ſtyle,
"The cook muſt keep it back awhile:
"I never can have time to dreſs
"(No woman breathing takes up leſs)
"I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
"I wiſh the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
"My dear; for ſure, if I had known
"This company would come to day—
"But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way!
"He 's ſo unkind, he never ſends
"To tell when he invites his friends:
"I wiſh ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry ſtuff

* *A clergyman in the north of England, who had made propoſals of marriage to Stella.*

She ſits tormenting every gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit.
But let me now awhile ſurvey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair diſcretion left the place,
And modeſty with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening pride,
And ſcandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude laughter ſeeming like to burſt,
And malice always judging worſt;
And vanity with pocket-glaſs,
And impudence with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or how ſhall I, alas, relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, ſneering, ſays,
That Florimel wears iron ſtays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquettes:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Takes half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies:
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fiſh-wives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchool-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.
Nor do they truſt their tongues alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the toſſing of the fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.
But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning ſent?
"I 'd lay my life he never went:
"Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
"I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
"And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:
"This head of mine, Lord, how it ſwims!
"And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap."—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run and light the ladies up:
"It muſt be one before we ſup."
The table, cards, and counters, ſet,
And all the gameſter-ladies met,
Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can ſit up all night:
"Whoever comes, I 'm not within."
Quadrille's the word, and ſo begin.
How can the muſe her aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitious whims relate,
That fill a female gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee *ſpadillo* riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the *parſon* came,
"I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
"This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in 't?
"I think I never had good luck in 't.
"I 'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
"Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
"Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
"I always loſe when you look on."

Lord! madam, you have loſt *codille*:
I never ſaw you play ſo ill."
Nay, madam, give me leave to ſay,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Trickſey play'd a four,
You took it with a *mattadore*;
" I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
" Before my lady call'd a king;
" You ſpoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to teach,
" Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, madam, leave theſe little arts."
" That 's not ſo bad as one that rubs
" Her chair, to call the king of clubs;
" And makes her partner underſtand
" A *mattadore* is in her hand."
" Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce."
" And truly, madam, I know when,
" Inſtead of five, you ſcor'd me ten.
" *Spadillo* here has got a mark;
" A child may know it in the dark:
" I gueſt the hand: it ſeldom fails:
" I wiſh ſome folks would pair their nails."
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form:
But, conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame.
The time too precious now to waſte,
The ſupper gobbled up in haſte;
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
But I ſhall not again repeat,
How oft' they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat:
At laſt they hear the watchmen knock,
" A froſty morn—paſt four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, firſt, the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forſwears),
With empty purſe, and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX * AND TIMOTHY.
1728.

M. I OWN, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in theſe raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you ſearch the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *prieſts and friars*---
T. 'Twixt you and me, G--- d---n the liars!
M. The Tories are gone every man o'er
To our illuſtrious houſe of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G--- d--n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets!
[*Aſide.*]
T. Did not an able ſtateſman biſhop
This dangerous horrid motion diſh-up
As *popiſh* craft? did he not rail on't?
Show fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a great offender,
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whoſe fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
[*A few dull lines are here purpoſely omitted.*]
M. Theſe wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are ſtale and worn as Troy-town ſtory:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy fools as you;
But you, when all the ſhow is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out the laſt;
Like Martin Marrall *, gaping on,
Not minding when the ſong is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to ſettle,
You clatter ſtill your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you lifted under
Have dropt their arms, and ſeiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is paſt, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Therſites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the deteſtation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peeviſh and perpetual teaſing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treaſon,
Thy buſy, never-meaning face,
Thy-ſcrew'd-up front, thy ſtate-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important ſneers,
Thy whiſperings foiſted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonſenſe wrapt up in a ſtink),
Have made thy preſence, in a true ſenſe,
To thy own ſide ſo d---n'd a nuiſance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.
T. My good friend Mullinix forbear;
I vow to G---, you're too ſevere.
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice except my own,
It ſhould be yours: but, d---n my blood!
I muſt purſue the public good.
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious †:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the ſtatue round.

---

* *A fictitious name. See the hiſtory of this poem in the "Intelligencer," No. VIII.*

* *A character in one of Dryden's comedies.*
† *King William III.*

The public ſafety, I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe, and rail,
The Tories' terror, ſcourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you miſtake the matter quite:
The Tories! you are their *delight;*
And ſhould you act a different part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a *puppet-ſhow:*
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the ſcene;
But, when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two ſtraws,
How Solomon decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which *pretender;*
Nor liſten to the witch of Endor.
Should Fauſtus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to ſtir their fancy, ſhows
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mix'd with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The Duke of Lorraine drew his ſword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And ſells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the dragon;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks;
In every action thruſts his noſe;
The reaſon why no mortal knows:
In doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;
While, teazing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the ſpectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no ſhare,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no concern for Sabra's ſake,
Which gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jeſt)
Be ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt.
Thus, Tim, philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The world conſiſts of Puppet-ſhows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to ſtir up trouble in;
You ruggle, ſidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out;
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter,
To interrupt all ſerious matter;
Are grown the nuiſance of your *clan,*
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers on, the Tories,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;
They would conſent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the ſpot,
By all this toil what haſt thou got?
If Tories muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you'll be diſgrac'd at *court.*
T. Got? D—m my blood! *I frank my letters,*
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—m me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, nor ne'er ſtand ſtill!
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt, and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And ſons of whores——behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' ſoul to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath;
And, when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Conſume my vitals! they ſhall know,
I am not to be treated ſo:
I'd rather hang myſelf by half,
Than give thoſe raſcals cauſe to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renowned, to live obſcure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-paſſing by?"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred?*
Will none the Tory *dogs* purſue,
When through the ſtreets I cry *halloo?*
Muſt all my d—m me's! bloods and wounds!
Paſs only now for empty ſounds?
Shall Tory raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And, when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to ſwear and lie,
Will they not truſt me for a *ſpy?*
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you ſee the caſe is nice:
Oh! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to pleaſe this thankleſs town!
Or bleſs'd with ſuch engaging parts
To win the truant ſchool-boys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their juſt reward,
Attended by the *fable guard.*
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The ſnow-ball deſtin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful ſteps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd:
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my council, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace ſays, *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin too, that you may ſee
How much improved by Dr. ——)

I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, that hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and ſnake.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When firſt in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait:
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtyle,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.
Then at our leiſure we'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine,
I'll take you to ſome friends of mine;
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes, to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us, in theſe dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the public ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro,
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
Of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny clabber*:
Nor are we ſtudious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life;
Who beats her huſband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a ſtroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the riſe of cheeſe and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;
One ſhows how bravely Audouin dy'd,
And at the gallows all deny'd;
How by the *almanack* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time ſo long miſ-ſpent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
Oh! introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was deſign'd,
Till politics debas'd my mind:
I give myſelf entire to you;
G--d d---n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM * AND THE FABLES.

MY meaning will be beſt unravel'd,
When I premiſe that Tim has travel'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had ſeen the world:
(For Tonſon had, to help the ſale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely dreſt,
The beau in all his airs expreſt.
Tim, with ſurpriſe and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs, and then comparing
His own ſweet figure with the print,
Diſtinguiſh'd every feature in't,
The twiſt, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Juſt as they look'd in the original.
"Ey ——," ſays Tim, and let a fart,
"This graver underſtood his art.
"'Tis a true copy I'll ſay that for't;
"I well remember when I ſat for't.
"My very face, as firſt I knew it;
"Juſt in this dreſs the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave:
"The curſed villain! now I ſee
"This was a libel meant at me:
"Theſe ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
"Againſt us miniſters of ſtate!
"Such Jacobites as he deſerve---
"D---n me! I ſay, they ought to ſtarve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and ſpell his name,
But Dick had ſeen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the beſt at farting.

Dick would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was beſt at borees:
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woeful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly ſkipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter.

---

* *See an account of him in the "Intelligencer," No. X.*

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK.

A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel ſnout:
So when the grandſon of his grandſire
Forth iſſues wriggling, Dick Drawcanſir,
With powder'd rump and back and ſide,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipſy viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in ſhow
Like a freſh t--d juſt dropt on ſnow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

Foulest brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this brown doſt thou appear?
For, wouldſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow,
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun,
His hide emits a foulneſs out;
Not one jot better looks the ſun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t--ds within a glaſs encloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear
When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As ſhrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldſt be pelted worſe than they're.

Yet, when we ſee thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but juſt,
That thou ſhouldſt take an honeſt trade,
And weekly carry out the duſt.
Of cleanly houſes who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Duſt to carry out?"

DICK's VARIETY.

Dull uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and ſneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and ſlobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the ſame are;
That vulgar talent I deſpiſe
Of piſſing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I liſten to the noiſe
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgments ſtill ſubmitting,
I own I ſee but little wit in:
Such paſtimes, when our taſte is nice,
Can pleaſe at moſt but once or twice.
But then conſider Dick, you'll find
His genius of ſuperior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor ſcowers the ſtreets without a ſhirt;
Though Dick, I dare preſume to ſay,
Could do ſuch feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He'd have them tried at the aſſizes
For prieſts and Jeſuits in diſguiſes;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And liſting troops for the Pretender.
But Dick can fart, and dance, and friſk,
No other monkey half ſo briſk;
Now has the ſpeaker by the ears,
Next moment in the Houſe of Peers;
Now ſcolding at my lady Euſtace,
Or thraſhing Baby in her new ſtays.
Preſto! be gone! with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's ſhop;
Now at the anti-chamber thruſting
His noſe to get the circle juſt in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle Tory there:
Then, woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

AN EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORGES* AND LADY MEATH†.

Under this ſtone lie Dicky and Dolly.
Doll dying firſt, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick loſt in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick loſt by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loſs that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick ſigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms croſt;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he loſt:
The firſt vex'd him much, the other vex'd moſt.

---

* *Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath.*

† *Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of Meath. She was married to the General in* 1716; *and died April* 10. 1728. *Her huſband ſurvived but two days.*

Thus loaded with grief, Dick figh'd and he cry'd:
To live without both full three days he try'd;
But lik'd neither loſs, and ſo quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray ſhed ſome tears of ſalt-water;
For ſo ſad a tale is no ſubject of laughter.

Meath ſmiles for the jointure, though gotten ſo late;
The ſon laughs, that got the hard-gotten eſtate;
And Cuffe* grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to riſe one day,
Both ſolemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here reſt.—*ſit tranſit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

My lateſt tribute here I ſend,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I conſign you down to fame
A character to praiſe or blame:
And, if the whole may paſs for true,
Contented reſt, you have your due.
Give future times the ſatisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

DR. SWIFT'S COMPLAINT ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.
Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, left alone;
ANSWER.
Except the firſt, the fault's your own.
DOCTOR.
To all my friends a burthen grown:
ANSWER.
Becauſe to few you will be ſhown.
Give them good wine, and meat to ſtuff,
You may have company enough.
DOCTOR.
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.
ANSWER.
Then write and read 'twill do as well.
DOCTOR.
At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.
ANSWER.
Think then of thunder when you fart.
DOCTOR.
And, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.
ANSWER.
A woman's clack, if I have ſkill,
Sounds ſomewhat like a throwſter's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increaſe my wonder.

---

* *John Cuffe of Deſart, Eſq. married the General's eldeſt daughter.*

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

Grave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to paſs,
That you, who know muſic no more than an aſs,
That you, who ſo lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and ſcrapers?
To act ſuch an opera once in a year,
So offenſive to every true Proteſtant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and ſinging,
Will ſure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Proteſtant Prelate, his Lordſhip or Grace,
Durſt there ſhow his Right or Moſt Reverend face:
How would it pollute their croſiers and rochets
To liſten to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!

[*The reſt is wanting.*]

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER *.

As a thorn buſh, or oaken bough,
Stuck in an Iriſh cabin's brow,
Above the door, at country fair,
Betokens *entertainment there*;
So *bays* on poets' brows have been
Set, for a ſign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-houſe buſh for ſpite;
The laurel ſo, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*
Thoſe ſacred leaves that *lightning ſpares*,
And now t' exemplify this moral
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
(Which, meaſur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple ſide;)
Paddy repin'd to ſee him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muſe by Smedley's † model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verſe and proſe,
Hums like a hornet at his noſe,
At length preſumes to vent his ſatire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing waſp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to reſt
Securely in the thunderer's breaſt:

---

* *Dr. Sheridan was publiſher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himſelf; but Dr. Swift occaſionally ſupplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation thoſe papers received, attacked them violently both in converſation and print; but unfortunately ſtumbled on ſome of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave riſe to theſe verſes.*

† *Dean of Ferns.*

In vain; even there, to ſpoil his nod,
The *ſpiteful inſect* ſtung the god.

PARODY
ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY *,
Written in Latin by himſelf.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of *dullneſs, pride, conceit*, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to ſhine,
As *poet, ſcholar*, and *divine*;
With *godlineſs* could well diſpenſe;
Would be a *rake*, but wanted ſenſe;
Would ſtrictly after truth inquire,
Becauſe he dreaded to come nigher.
For liberty no champion bolder,
He hated *bailiffs* at his ſhoulder.
To half the world a ſtanding jeſt;
A perfect *nuiſance* to the reſt:
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the beſt wiſhes they could give him.
To all mankind a conſtant friend,
Provided they had *caſh* to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *laconic* ſentence,
By cutting of his phraſe, and trimming,
To prove that biſhops were old women.
Poor envy durſt not ſhow her phiz,
She was ſo terrified at his.
He waded, without any ſhame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every ſharping trick for bread,
And after all he ſeldom ſped.
When fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the *dice*:
But, if ſhe turn'd againſt his play,
He knew to ſtop *a quatre trois*,
Now found in mind, and ſound in *corpus*,
(Says he) though ſwell'd like any *porpoiſe*,
He heys from hence at forty-four
(*But by his leave he ſinks a ſcore*)
To the Eaſt Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchaſe an eſtate;
Where, after he has fill'd his cheſt,
He'll mount his *tub*, and preach his beſt,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and their's the next.
Leſt that the reader ſhould not know
The bank where laſt he ſet his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ſhip,
And gave his creditors the ſlip.
But leſt *chronology* ſhould vary,
Upon the Ides of February;
In ſeventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.
Ye fates, when all he gets is ſpent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS.
BY MR. LINDSAY †.

Dublin, Sept. 7. 1728.

" A SLAVE to crowds, ſcorch'd with the ſummer's
" heats,
" In courts the wretched lawyer toils and ſweats;
" While ſmiling Nature, in her beſt attire,
" Regales each ſenſe, and vernal joys inſpire.
" Can he who knows that real good ſhould pleaſe,
" Barter for gold his liberty and eaſe?"
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He graſps the ſhining gift, pores o'er the cauſe,
Forgets the ſun, and doſeth on the laws.

THE ANSWER, BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt Paulus judges right.
Then, why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
Without whoſe aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of ſweat?
Did Paulus e'er the ſun forget;
The influence of whoſe golden beams
Soon licks up all unſavoury ſteams?
The ſun, you ſay, his face hath kiſs'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his fiſt.
True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inſpiring poets' brains
With pennyleſs and ſtarveling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe---
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever muſt adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus firſt produc'd to light;
By Vulcan form'd ſo round and bright:
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees,
Nor, when we ſee Aſtræa ſtand
With even balance in her hand,
Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe hath in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her ſcales you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts' the lawyers gold,
Now, ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe:
'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched;
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindſay's ſake;
By topics, which, though I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem*:
Yet I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes.
I own, the curſes of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:

---

* *The original is in the "Supplement to Swift."*

† *Mr. Lindſay, a polite and elegant ſcholar, at that time an eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the juſtices of the court of common pleas.*

The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs.
I own, his conſcious always free
(Provided he has got his fee);
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no ſin.
  Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the goſpel ſeems to ſay
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the ſhoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for ſaving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here miſtaken:
The copy's falſe, and ſenſe is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonſtration ſhow
What burthens lawyers undergo.
  With early clients, at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-ſick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch muſt be at court by nine;
Half ſunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then from the bar, harangues the bench,
In Engliſh vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vileſt of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuſe,
With periods long, in terms abſtruſe!
What pains he takes to be prolix,
A thouſand lines to ſtand for ſix!
Of common ſenſe without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
  The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cauſe before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curſe,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purſe;
While he, at eaſe, ſecure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-manſion down;
And, diſencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Deſpiſeth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' ſides.
  Lindſay, 'tis you have ſet me on,
To ſtate this queſtion *pro* and *con*.
My ſatire may offend, 'tis-true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honeſt man;
Yet link them cloſe, in this they jump,
To be but raſcals in the lump.
Imagine Lindſay at the bar,
He's much the ſame his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's juſt defence,
Muſt deviate oft' from common ſenſe;
And make his ignorance diſcerned,
To get the name of Council Learned
(As *lucus* comes *à non lucendo*),
And wiſely do as other men do:
But ſhift him to a better ſcene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taſte his humour, ſenſe, and wit;
You'd ſwear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
  'Tis hard, where dulneſs over-rules,
To keep good ſenſe in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man who ſaves
His honeſty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue, at diſcretion,
To villains of his own profeſſion.
Lindſay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly ſave your ſtake;
And will you venture both anew,
To ſit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legiſlators,
Abandon'd, ſtupid, ſlaviſh praters!
For, as the rabble daub and riffle
The fool who ſcrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You muſt expect the like diſgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Muſt loſe the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully ſtain'd;
Diſclaim for ever all pretence
To common honeſty and ſenſe;
And join in friendſhip with a ſtrict tie,
To M---l, C--y, and Dick Tighe *.

A DIALOGUE

Between an eminent Lawyer † and Dr. Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

" Sunt quibus in Satira, &c. "

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are perſons who complain
There's too much ſatire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters:
You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? ſhall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe
Either in verſe or humerous proſe;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

  Since you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſk the judgment of a friend,
Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks;
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit
Than thoſe on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;

---

* *This gentleman who was a privy counſellor, incurred the ſevere diſpleaſure of the Dean, who has taken ſeveral opportunities of cenſuring him.*

† *Mr. Lindſay.*

Aſſert, that Hyde *, in writing ſtory,
Shows all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet † in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage.
To Woolſton ‡ recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chain which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?
To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wiſdom fate,
Lament upon their hapleſs fall,
That force free virtue ſhould enthrall?
Or ſhall the charms of wealth and power
Make me pollute the muſes' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
" Some, by philoſophers miſled,
" Muſt honour you alive and dead;
" And ſuch as know what Greece hath writ
" Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
" Whilſt moſt that are, or would be great,
" Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate;
" And you on Drapier's § hill muſt lie,
" And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

An aſs's hoof alone can hold
That poiſonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No veſſel but an aſs's head
Such frigid fuſtian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept through every limb.
In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When, (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

---

* *Edward Hyde, the firſt earl of Clarendon.*

† *The celebrated Biſhop of Saliſbury.*

‡ *A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote againſt the miracles of Chriſt.*

§ *In the county of Armagh, where Dr. Swift, in the year* 1729, *had ſome thoughts of building; as appears by ſeveral of the following Poems.*

AN EPISTLE

To his Excellency John Lord Carteret.

BY DR. DELANY. 1729.

" Credis ob hoc, me, Paſtor, opes fortaſſe rogare,
" Propter quod, vulgus, craſſaque turba rogat."
MART. Epig. lib. ix.

Thou wiſe and learned ruler of our iſle,
Whoſe guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous ſoul ſhall condeſcend
T' inſtruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On ſome high theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the ways of wiſdom reaſon well,
How Richelieu roſe, and how Sejanus fell:
Or, when your brow leſs thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and ſome delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wiſdom with your wine,
Like that your wit ſhall flow, your genius ſhine;
Nor with leſs praiſe the converſation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
Aſſorts his friends with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilſt I ſit by abaſh'd and mute),
With ſoft conceſſions ſhortening the diſpute;
Then cloſe with kind inquiries of my ſtate,
" How are your tithes, and have they roſe of late?
" Why Chriſt-Church is a pretty ſituation,
" There are not many better in the nation!
" This, with your *other things*, muſt yield you clear
" Some ſix—at leaſt five hundred pounds a year."
Suppoſe, at ſuch a time, I took the freedom
To ſpeak theſe truths as plainly as you read 'em
(You ſhall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
And, if you pleaſe, my lady ſhall decide):
" My lord, I'm ſatisfied you meant me well;
" And that I'm thankful all the world can tell:
" But you'll forgive me, if I own th' event
" Is ſhort, is very ſhort, of your intent;
" At leaſt, I feel ſome ills unfelt before,
" My income leſs, and my expences more."
" How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
" A dignitary! with a city lecture!
" What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what
" fines— what rent!
" Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"
" Would my good lord but caſt up the account,
" And ſee to what my revenues amount,
" My titles ample! but my gain ſo ſmall,
" That one good vicarage is worth them all:
" And very wretched ſure is he, that's double
" In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
" Add to this crying grievance, if you pleaſe,
" My horſes founder'd on Fermanah ways;
" Ways of well-poliſh'd and well-pointed ſtone,
" Where every ſtep endangers every bone;
" And more to raiſe your pity and your wonder,
" Two churches--twelve Hibernian miles aſunder!
" With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,
" Beſides whole ſummers abſent from my garden!—
" But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
" I'd change with Charley Grattan for [ſchool *

---

* *A free-ſchool at Inniſkillen, founded by Eraſmus Smith, Eſq.*

" What fine caſcades, what viſtos, might I make,
" Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
" There might I ſail delighted, ſmooth and ſafe,
" Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph †:
" There's not a better ſteerer in the realm;
" I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the *helm*."---
" Doctor---a glorious ſcheme to eaſe your grief!
" When *cures* are croſs, a ſchool's a ſure relief.
" You cannot fail of being happy there,
" The lake will be the Lethe of your care;
" The ſcheme is for your honour and your eaſe;
" And, doctor, I'll promote it when you pleaſe.
" Mean while, allowing things below your merit,
" Yet, doctor, you've a philoſophic ſpirit;
" Your wants are few, and, like your income, ſmall,
" And you've enough to gratify them all:
You've trees and fruits, and roots enough, in ſtore:
" And what would a philoſopher have more?
" You cannot wiſh for coaches, kitchens, cooks---"
" My lord I've not enough to buy me books---
" Or pray, ſuppoſe my wants were all ſupplied,
" Are there no wants, I ſhould regard beſide?
" Whoſe breaſt is ſo unmann'd, as not to grieve,
" Compaſs'd with miſeries he can't relieve?
" Who can be happy---who ſhould wiſh to live,
" And want the godlike happineſs to give?
" (That I'm a judge of this, you muſt allow:
" I had it once---and I'm debarr'd it now.)
" Aſk your own heart, my lord, if this be true,
" Then how unbleſt am I! how bleſt are you!"
" 'Tis true---but, doctor, let us wave all that---
" Say, if you had your wiſh, what you'd be at."
" Excuſe me, good my lord---I won't be ſounded,
" Nor ſhall your favour by my wants be bounded.
" My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
" Nor is it fit I ſhould preſcribe to you.
" Yet this might Symmachus himſelf avow
" (Whoſe rigid rules are antiquated now)---
" My lord, I'd wiſh to *pay the debts I owe*---
" I'd wiſh beſides---to *build*, and to *beſtow*."

AN EPISTLE ON AN EPISTLE

From a certain Doctor to a certain great Lord.

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

As Jove will not attend on leſs,
When things of more importance preſs;
You can't grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
Unanſwer'd at your *patron*'s gate:
And would my lord vouchſafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free-leave to play his *Secretary*,
As Falſtaff acted old King Harry;
I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:
Folks ſhrug, and cry *There's nothing in't.*
And, after ſeveral readings over,
It ſhines moſt in the marble cover.
How could ſo fine a taſte diſpenſe,
With mean degrees of wit and ſenſe?

Nor will my lords ſo far *beguile*
The *wiſe* and *learned* of our *iſle*;
To make it paſs upon the nation,
By dint of his ſole approbation.
The taſk is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the ſenſe of all mankind;
Who think your muſe muſt firſt aſpire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You've cauſe to ſay he *meant you well*:
That you *are thankful*, who *can tell*?
For ſtill you're ſhort (which grieves your ſpirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley *, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
" When thou thy humble lay doſt offer
" To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
" Thy thanks and verſe devoid of art:
" Content with what his bounty gave,
" No larger income doſt thou crave."
But you muſt have caſcades, and all
Ierne's lake for your canal,
Your viſtos, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our ſpeaker for your coxon:
It's pity that he can't beſtow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he paſs'd, ſo ſwell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
" Who only aſks ſome pretty cure,
" In wholeſome ſoil and æther pure;
" The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
" In either angle ſhady bowers:
" No gay parterre with coſtly green
" Muſt in the ambient hedge be ſeen;
" But Nature freely takes her courſe,
" Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
" No ſheers to check her ſprouting vigour,
" Or ſhape the *yews* to antic figure."
But you, forſooth, your *all* muſt ſquander
On that poor ſpot, call'd Dell-ville yonder:
And when you've been at vaſt expences
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your aſſets fail, and caſh is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raiſe and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demoliſh'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And ſet the houſe to Rupert Barber.
You ſprang an arch, which, in a ſcurvy
Humour, you tumbled topſy-turvy.
You change a circle to a ſquare,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?
To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high: and in a hollow
You place the Muſes and Apollo;

† *Sir Ralph Gorr, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.*

* *See the Petition to the Duke of Grafton.*

There ſhining 'midſt his train, to grace
Your whimſical poetic place.
  Theſe ſtories were of old deſign'd
As fables; but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real muſes, gods, and ſtreams.
Who would not ſwear when you contrive thus,
That you're Don Quixote Redivivus?
  Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only winter's rain ſupplies.
Oh! couldſt thou, by ſome magic ſpell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it re-aſſume its ſtream *,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expences riſe ſo high,
What income can your wants ſupply?
Yet ſtill you fancy you inherit
A fund of ſuch ſuperior merit,
That you can't fail of more proviſion,
All by my *lady's* kind deciſion.
For, the more livings you can fiſh up,
You think you'll ſooner be a biſhop:
That could not be *my lord's intent*,
Nor can it *anſwer the event*.
Moſt think what has been heap'd on you,
To other ſort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epiſtles, riddles, epigrams.
Though now your depth muſt not be ſounded,
The time was, when you'd have compounded
For leſs than Charley Grattan's ſchool:
Five hundred pound a year 's no fool!
  Take this advice then from your friend:
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you *build* and you *beſtow*.
Be modeſt; nor addreſs your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
  A paſſage may be found †, I've heard,
In ſome old Greek or Latian bard,
Which ſays, "Would crows in ſilence eat
"Their offals, or their better meat,
"Their generous feeders not provoking
"By loud and unharmonious croaking;
"They might, unhurt by envy's claws,
"Live on, and ſtuff to boot their maws."

A LIBEL

On the Reverend Dr. Delany and his Excellency JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*
Chooſe for companions *tête à tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit whene'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant things he ſpoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:
Swear he's a moſt facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *can*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite miſtake *preferment's* road.

  Suppoſe my *lord* and you alone;
Hint the leaſt intereſt of your own,
His viſage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of buſineſs now:
Or, mention but a vacant *poſt*,
He'll turn it off with, "Name your toaſt:"
Nor could the niceſt artiſt paint
A countenance with more conſtraint.
  For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandors to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, ſhall you dare to aſk a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,
And diſappoint the ſole deſign
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.
Thus Congreve ſpent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague who claim'd the ſtation
To be Mæcenes of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy, though they wanted ſhoes:
And crazy Congreve ſcarce could ſpare
A ſhilling to diſcharge his chair;
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter ſcene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And ſo might every *dunce* alive.
  Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in Wales.
  Thus Gay, the *hare* with many friends,
Twice ſeven long years the *court* attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth †:
Who paid his courtſhip with the crowd
As far as *modeſt pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *uſher's* place,
And leaves St. James's in diſgrace.
  Thus Addiſon, by lords careſt,
Was left in foreign lands diſtreſt;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a *ſquire*:
But wiſely left the Muſes' hill,
To buſineſs ſhap'd the *poet's* quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himſelf the *courtier's* trade,
And, grown *a miniſter of ſtate*,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
  Hail, happy Pope! whoſe generous mind
Deteſting all the ſtateſman kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the viſits of a queen.
A ſoul with every virtue fraught,
By *ſages*, *prieſts*, or *poets* taught;

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* *See Dr. Swift's verſes on the ſudden drying up of St. Patrick's well.*

† *Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xviii.*

† *William Duke of Cumberland, ſon to George II.*

Whoſe filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian ſtory tells;
A genius for all ſtations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt talent* is his *wit*;
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a *raſcal ſtateſman's* ſpittle;
Appealing to the nation's taſte,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And ſits aloft on Pindus' head,
Deſpiſing *ſlaves* that *cringe* for bread.
True *politicians* only pay
For ſolid *work*, but not for *play*;
Nor ever chooſe to work with tools
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *ſchools*.
Conſider how much more is due
To all their *journeymen* than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You ſhow your ſkill in Grecian ſtory;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a *critic*, are ſo curious
To find a verſe in Virgil ſpurious;
But they can ſmoke the deep deſigns,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Beſides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhow your wit;
To ſnuff the lights, and ſtir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *penſion*?
He overpays in condeſcenſion.
But, reverend *doctor*, you, we know,
Could never condeſcend ſo low:
The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durſt, be more your friend;
Nor will in you thoſe gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,
And place you in a better ſtation,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true---ſubmitting ſtill
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worſe?
He comes to drain a *beggar's purſe*;
He comes to tie our chains on faſter,
And ſhow us, England is our maſter:
Careſſing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *ſcraps*?
The offals of a *church* diſtreſt;
A hungry *vicarage* at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior *poſt*,
With forty pounds a year at moſt?
But here again you interpoſe—
Your favourite *lord* is none of thoſe
Who owe their virtues to their ſtations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;
His *learning*, though a *poet* ſaid it
Before a play, would loſe no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praiſe it Phillips writ.
I own, he hates an action baſe,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
And give up party to his fame,
I do the moſt that *friendſhip* can;
I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.
But you who, till your fortune's made,
Muſt be a *ſweetener* by your trade,
Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;
That, if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part:
We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *place*.
Since this reflection ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it produce
This *ſimile* for his excuſe:
" So to deſtroy a guilty land
" An * *angel* ſent by *heaven's* command,
" While he obeys *almighty* will,
" Perhaps may feel compaſſion ſtill;
" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To *ſpirits* of leſs gentle kind."
But I, in *politicks* grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both *kings* and *miniſters* of *ſtate*,
Who look on *courts* with ſtricter eyes
To ſee the ſeeds of *vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an illuſion fitter,
Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhow you many a *ſtateſman's* face:
Freſh from the *tripod* of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his excellence*).
" So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
" From *hell* a *vice-roy* devil aſcends;
" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Through *courts* and *ſenates* as he goes;
" And then at Beelzebub's *black hall*
" Complains his *budget* was too ſmall."*
Your *ſimile* may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is *truth* in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And *ſtateſmen* by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE

LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

" —Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
" Omnis arena Tagi." Juv.

As ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,

* " *So when an angel by divine command*," &c.
ADDISON's Campaign.

When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'ſcaping off' without a wound;
Leſſens the terror of the ſound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops:
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame;
When firſt in print, you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;
That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.
Though ſplendour gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourſelf when ſmooth and round*,
They glance aſide without a wound.
'Tis ſaid, the gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleaſure* part;
But little could their ſtrength avail:
Both ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *cenſure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.
Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd:
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annexed?
'Tis eminence makes envy riſe;
As faireſt fruits attract the flies.
Should ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
You ſoon a remedy may find:
Lie down obſcure like other folks
Below the lath of ſnarler's jokes,
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And ſneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
You ſay, the Muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The Iriſh *ſenate's* praiſes ſing:
How jealous of the nations freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good purſues,
How far their hearts from private views:
Make all true patriots up to ſhoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft' am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unſold upon the printer's lines.
A *genius* in the reverend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the ſureſt men to riſe:
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fitteſt tools to work for Bob;
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lies,
Than ſuffer men of parts to riſe;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For as, of old, mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For though the Muſe delights in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction.
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate;
Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;
If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurſe purſu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muſes' hill,
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnaſſus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin ſprung,
With harpy claws and poiſonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned ſhow,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hair; the wily fox
Devours your geeſe, the wolf your flocks.
Thus envy pleads a natural claim
To perſecute the Muſes' fame;
On poets in all times abuſive,
From Homer down to Pope incluſive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmoſt rage defies,
That ſafe behind the wainſcot lies.

Say, did you ever know by ſight
In cheeſe an individual mite?
Show me the ſame numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yeſterday:
You then may boldly go in queſt
To find the Grub-ſtreet poet's neſt;
What ſpunging-houſe, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a cup of gin;
Find the laſt garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they ſtarve to-day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their traſh the better ſell.
You have been libell'd---Let us know,
What fool officious told you ſo?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
It might be ſomething in your praiſe:
And praiſe beſtow'd on Grub-ſtreet rhymes
Would vex one more a thouſand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are ſatiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729.

To form a juſt and finiſh'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whoſe godſhips are in chief requeſt,
And fit your preſent ſubject beſt:
And, ſhould it be your hero's caſe,
To have both male and female race,
Your buſineſs muſt be to provide
A ſcore of goddeſſes beſide.
Some call their monarchs, ſons of Saturn.
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Becauſe they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his ſon:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
Why, then, appoint him ſon of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely ſhall conſent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their ſenſe, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
Next, as the laws of verſe require,
He muſt be greater than his ſire;
For Jove, as every ſchool-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depoſe:
And ſure no Chriſtian poet breathing
Would be more ſcrupulous than a heathen!
Or, if to blaſphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.
Your Hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s,
Behold his glittering falchion mow
Whole ſquadrons at a ſingle blow;
While victory, with wings outſpread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white ſteed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:
As Overton has drawn his ſire,
Still ſeen o'er many an ale-houſe fire.
Then from his arms hoarſe thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty muſtard-bowls;
For thunder ſtill his arm ſupplies,
And lightning always in his eyes:
They both are cheap enough in conſcience,
And ſerve to echo rattling nonſenſe.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your ſong.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To ſing of wars, chooſe peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus had lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffee-houſe we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this ſide Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Poſtmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as moſt men;
Thou ſtill with battles ſtuff thy head full:
For, muſt thy hero not be dreadful?
Diſmiſſing Mars, it next muſt follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he ſtruts, and that he ſquints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The firſt, perhaps, may once an age
Inſpire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inſpire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo fit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
" How from his altitude he ſtoops
" To raiſe up virtue when ſhe droops;
" On learning how his bounty flows,
" And with what juſtice he beſtows:
" Fair Iſis, and ye banks of Cam!
" Be witneſs if I tell a flam.
" What prodigies in arts we drain,
" From both your ſtreams, in George's reign.
" As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here's enough to ſhow your ſtyle.
Broad innuendos, ſuch as this,
If well applied, can hardly miſs:
For, when you bring your ſong in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It muſt be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)
And will be ſo much more your debtor,
Becauſe he never knew a letter,
And, as he hears his wit and ſenſe
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic ſtrains,
A guinea ſhall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay ſo well,
As when they ſcarce have learn'd to ſpell.
Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the ſea; you ſee him ride in't:
And, if provok'd, he ſoundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.

He would have ſeiz'd the Spaniſh plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports beſiege them,
But that he would not diſoblige them;
And make the raſcals pay him dearly
For thoſe affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we ſcrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before;
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in ſatiric wit.
But you ſome white-lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your intereſt lies to learn the knack,
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be ſtrong,
Muſt be applied directly wrong,
A tyrant for his mercy praiſe,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A ſquinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind;
And, when we ſtarve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleaſing princes:
For princes' love you ſhould deſcant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But ſongſters muſt omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero muſt be told,
In him ſuch virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He muſt have been a king by merit,
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly falſe and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should ſome obſcure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
When all your liſt of gods is out,
Preſume to ſhow his mortal ſnout,
And as a deity intrude,
Becauſe he had the world ſubdued;
Oh, let him not debaſe your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.
Of gods I only quote the beſt,
But you may hook in all the reſt.
Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praiſe your empreſs and her breed.
Firſt of the firſt, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the ſkies;
The graces, and their miſtreſs Venus,
Muſt venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor ſhall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great grandam;
Six thouſand years has liv'd the goddeſs,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Beſides, your ſongſters oft have ſhown
That ſhe hath graces of her own;
Three graces by Lucina brought her,
Juſt three, and every grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their ſnowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their Engliſh German couſins:
Beſides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now ſee her ſeated in her throne
With genuine luſtre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never ſhone ſo bright,
Her ſplendour is but borrow'd light:
And only with her brother linkt
Can ſhine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina ſhines the clearer
With neither ſpouſe nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our iſles,
Though George is gone a thouſand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And ſees a ſon in every god,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-ſhaking nod.
Now ſing his little Highneſs Freddy,
Who ſtruts like any king already:
With ſo much beauty, ſhow me any maid
That could reſiſt this charming Ganymede!
Where majeſty with ſweetneſs vies,
And, like his father, early wiſe,
Then put him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And ſwear his line ſhall rule the nation
For ever---till the conflagration.
But, now it runs into my mind,
We left a little Duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and ſize,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make ſome proviſion for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whoſe pocket valiant Willy put,
Will ſoon ſubdue the realm of Lilliput.
A ſkilful critic juſtly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harſh, ſtiff names.
The ſenſe can ne'er be too jejune,
But ſmooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunſwick are too rough:
Heſſe-Darmſtadt make a rugged ſound,
And Guelp the ſtrongeſt ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I muſt except the Rhine,
Becauſe it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be ſung ten hundred thouſand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happineſs they knew:
Three ſyllables did never meet
So ſoft, ſo gliding, and ſo ſweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels ſtand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand:
In concord here for ever fixt,
No jarring conſonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!---in ſong.

What though the royal carcaſe muſt,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn'd to duſt?
Thoſe elements her name compoſe,
Like atoms are exempt from blows.
  Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet ſtill you muſt conſult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sebrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like ſteel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phraſe of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia ſoundly maul:
Reſtore the ſhips by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to ſave his bacon.
Naſſau, who got the name of Glorious
Becauſe he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
  To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you ſhare his fate,
And bear the new ſucceſſor's frown;
Or, whom you once ſang up, ſing down.
  Reject with ſcorn that ſtupid notion,
To praiſe your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought ſo odd,
That princes ſhould believe in God;
But follow the ſecureſt rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choiceſt wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour ſport.
For, ſince they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That ſound Divine the truth hath ſpoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains ſold, or meanings double.
  Suppoſing now your ſong is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to ſome Italian tune:
Then print it in the largeſt letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Preſent it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMÉS.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

Our ſchool-maſter may rave i' th' fit
  Of claſſic beauty *hæc et illa*,
Not all his birch inſpires ſuch wit
  As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toaſt, in bright champain,
  Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
  In Berkeley's tar, or ſars-parilla.

At Goodman's-Fields I've much admir'd
  The poſtures ſtrange of Monſieur Brilla;
But what are they to the ſoft ſtep,
  The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has enterniz'd in ſong
  The flying footſteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
  He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodoſe condemn'd a town
  For thinking ill of his Placilla;
And deuce take London, if ſome knight
  O' th' city wed not Domitilla!

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wife,
  Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But, oh! the empreſs has not eyes,
  Nor lips, nor breaſt, like Domitilla.

Nor all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
  Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
  Or garter, ſnatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
  Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bus'd much my heart, and was a dam'nd bit
  To verſe—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope conſigns Belinda's watch
  To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
  To th' ſnow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNIES, UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

Now the active young attornies
Briſkly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horſes of their clients;
Like ſo many little Mars's,
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burniſh'd;
And with harneſs-buckles furniſh'd,
And with whips and ſpurs ſo neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots ſo very greaſy,
And with ſaddles eke ſo eaſy;
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day;
Bridles deſtin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats ſo very big Sir;
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir;
And with ruffles to be ſhown,
Cambrick ruffles not their own;
And with Holland ſhirts ſo white,
Shirts becoming to the light,
Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters;
With their pretty tinſel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies;
And with rings ſo very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence,
And as very little ſenſe;
With ſome law, but little juſtice,
Having ſtolen from my hoſteſs,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the ſoldier from the ſutler;

From the vintner and the taylor,
Like the felon from the jailor;
Into this and t' other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder all to pillage;
Thorough mountains, thorough valies,
Thorough ſtinking lanes and alleys;
Some to—kiſs with farmers' ſpouſes,
And make merry in their houſes;
Some to—tumble country wenches
On their ruſhy beds and benches,
And, if they begin a fray,
Draw their ſwords, and—run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot:
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to ſup their porridge;
And vacation's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

Logicians have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human-kind.
"Reaſon," they ſay, "belongs to man;"
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smigleſius,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione præditum:
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em,
And muſt, in ſpite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals' pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honeſt brute
At law his neighbour proſecute;
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go,
To treat as deareſt friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noſter-row.
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-maſters,
No pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeds:
No ſingle brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape;
Like man, he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the miniſter of ſtate;
View him ſoon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of ſuperiors:
He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators:
At court, the porters, lacquey's waiters,
Their maſters' manners ſtill contract;
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and ſmall
Behave alike; for all ape all.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

The life of man to repreſent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *puppet-ſhow* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worſhip was to *puppets* paid;
In antic dreſs the idol ſtood,
And prieſt and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The ſimple votaries to frame,
To ſhape in *timber* fooliſh man,
And conſecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might riſe from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches iſſue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man's a blockhead, have confeſt;
Powel and Stretch * the hint purſue;
Life is a farce, the world a jeſt.

The ſame great truth South-Sea hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*;
Where thouſands, by directors mov'd,
Are now ſad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The ſame a Harlequin is now;
The former was *buffoon* above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting ſcene is but a ſtage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peaſant ſhare.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
Falſe pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legiſlators rang'd in ſtate
Are oft' but wiſdom in machine.

A ſtock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A ſtatue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

---

* *Two famous puppet-ſhow men.*

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere ſpring of wires they play,
And ſpeak in language not their own.

Too oft', alas! a ſcolding wife
Uſurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In ſhort, whatever men purſue,
Of pleaſure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dreſs, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to pleaſe and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou ſhalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou ſhalt in puny wood be ſhown,
Thy image ſhall preſerve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth ſhall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glaſs;
Punt cannot form a witty ſcene,
Nor *pedantry* for humour paſs.

To make men act as ſenſeleſs wood,
And chatter in a myſtic ſtrain,
Is a mere force on fleſh and blood,
And ſhows ſome error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy ſtage into a ſchool,
The jeſt of Punch will ever be,
And ſtand confeſt the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

Whether Hamilton's Bawn ſhould be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-Houſe. 1729.

Thus ſpoke to my lady the knight * full of care:
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
" This Hamilton's bawn †, whilſt it ſticks on my
" hand,
" I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
" But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
" For a *barrack* ‡ or *malt-houſe*, we now muſt
" conſider.
" Firſt, let me ſuppoſe I make it a *malt-houſe*,
" Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
" There's nine hundred pounds for labour and
" grain,
" I increaſe into twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
" A handſome addition for wine and good cheer,
" Three diſhes a day, and three hogſheads a year:
" With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be
" ſtor'd;
" No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board;
" And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
" To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine;
" Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to pur-
" loin
" A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſurloin.
" If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
" My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
" In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent;
" Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
" Or join with the court in every debate;
" And rather than that, I would loſe my eſtate."
Thus ended the knight: thus began his *meek*
" It *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *barrack*, my life, [wife;
" I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
" But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull * rums.
" With parſons what lady can keep herſelf clean?
" I'm all over daub'd when I ſit by the Dean.
" But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
" The captain, I'm ſure, will always come here;
" I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a ſtraw,
" For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in
" awe;
" Or, ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
" Will tell him that chaplains ſhould not be ſo
" pert;
" That men of his coat ſhould be minding their
" prayers,
" And not among ladies to give themſelves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion reſolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah †, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,
As ſoon as her ladyſhip call'd to be dreſt,
Cry'd, " Madam, why ſurely my maſter's poſſeſt.
" Sir Arthur the maltſter! how fine it will ſound!
" I'd rather the *bawn* were ſunk under ground.
" But madam, I gueſs'd there would never come
" good,
" When I ſaw him ſo often with ‡ Darby and
" Wood.
" And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
" That I ſaw a huge rat—O dear, how I ſcream'd!
" And after, methought, I had loſt my new ſhoes;
" And Molly, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill
" news.
" Dear madam, had you but the ſpirit to teaſe,
" You might have a *barrack* whenever you pleaſe:
" And, madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
" That for twenty denials you would not give out.
" If I had a huſband like him, I *purteſt*,
" Till he gave me my will, I would give him
" no reſt;
" And rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets
" With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the ſtreets:
" But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
" And worry him out, till he gives his conſent.
" Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
" An I were to be hang'd, I can't ſleep a wink:
" For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
" I can't get it out, though I'd never ſo fain.
" I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
" At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;

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* *Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat this was written.*

† *A large old houſe, two miles from Sir Arthur's ſeat.*

‡ *The army in Ireland is lodged in ſtrong buildings, over the whole kingdom, called barracks.*

* *A cant word in Ireland for a poor clergyman.*

† *My lady's waiting-woman.*

‡ *Two of Sir Arthur's managers.*

" Of this to be ſure Sir Arthur has warning,
" And waits on the captain betimes the next
" morning.
" Now ſee, when they meet, how their honours
" behave:
" Noble captain, your ſervant"—" Sir Arthur,
" your ſlave;
" You honour me much"—" The honour is mine."
" 'Tis a ſad rainy night"—" But the morning
" is fine."
" Pray how does my lady?"—" My wife's at
" your ſervice."—
" I think I have ſeen her picture by Jervas."—
" Good morrow, good captain. I'll wait on you
" down."—
" You ſhan't ſtir a foot."—" You'll think me a
" clown:
" For all the world, captain—" " Not half an
" inch farther."—
" You muſt be obey'd!"—" Your ſervant, Sir
" Arthur!
" My humble reſpects to my lady unknown."—
" I hope you will uſe my houſe as your own."
" Go bring me my ſmock, and leave off your
" prate,
" Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?
" You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
" Next day, to be ſure, the captain will come,
" At the head of his troops, with trumpet and
" drum.
" Now, madam, obſerve how he marches in ſtate:
" The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
" Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
" Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.
" See now comes the captain all daub'd with
" gold lace:
" O la! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
" And ſee how he rides like a lord of the land,
" With the fine flaming ſword that he holds in
" his hand;
" And his horſe, the dear *creter*, it prances and
" rears;
" With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
" At laſt comes the troop, by the word of command,
" Drawn up in the court; when the captain cries,
" STAND!
" Your ladyſhip lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen
" (For ſure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
" The captain, to ſhow he is proud of the favour,
" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his
beaver
" (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
" For a captain of horſe never takes off his hat,
" Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle;
" For the right holds the ſword, and the left
" holds the bridle).
" Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air.
" As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
" (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath
" ſpilt!) [the hilt.
" Then he lowers down the point, and kiſſes
" Your ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin:
" Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in."
" The captain ſalutes you with congee profound,
" And your ladyſhip curtſies half way to the
" ground.
" Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come
" to us;
" I'm ſure he'll be proud of the honour you do us.
" And, captain, you'll do us the favour to ſtay,
" And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
" You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
" You come in the very worſt time of the year:
" If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt—"
" Lord, madam! your ladyſhip ſure is in jeſt:
" You banter me, madam; the kingdom muſt
" grant—"
" You officers, captain, are ſo complaiſant!"
" Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſomebody coming."
" No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
" To ſhorten my tale (for I hate a long ſtory),
" The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
" The dean and the * doctor have humbled their
" pride,
" For the captain's entreated to ſit by your ſide;
" And, becauſe he's their betters, you carve for
" him firſt;
" The parſons for envy are ready to burſt.
" The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
" To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the
" table,
" And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
" To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
" Dear madam, be ſure he's a fine-ſpoken man,
" Do but here on the clergy how glib his tongue
" ran;
" And, madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you give,
" You'll ne'er want for parſons as long as you
" live.
" I ne'er knew a parſon without a good noſe;
" But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
" G—d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z—ds! by their looks they never keep Lent.
" Miſter Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm
" afraid
" You caſt a ſheep's eye on her ladyſhip's maid:
" I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white hand
" In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your
" band
" (For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like
" a ninny,
" That the captain ſuppos'd he was curate to
" Jinny).
" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Obſerve how a parſon comes into a room;
" G--- d---n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
" A *ſcholard*, when juſt from his college broke
" looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a gooſe;
" Your † *Novels*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*,
" and ſtuff,
" By G---, they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army's the only good ſchool in the nation;
" My ſchool-maſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the
" ſchool:

---

* *Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.*

† *Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.*

" I never could take to my book for the blood
" o' me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good
" o' me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife;
" But he mauld me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in
" my life:
" So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a parſon, by G---.
" Now, madam, you'll think it a ſtrange thing
" to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this
" day."
" Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit,
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould
" ſplit.
" So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſnift at the Dean,
" As who ſhould ſay, *Now am I† ſlinny and lean?*
" But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
" And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips.
Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, " Will your lady-
" ſhip walk?"
Her ladyſhip anſwers, " I'm juſt coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, " Huſſy, why ſure the *wench* is gone mad!
" How could theſe *chimeras* get into your brains?--
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your
" pains,
" But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to
" his ears,
" Will never have done with his gibes and his
" jeers:
" For your life, not a word of the matter, I
" charge ye:
" Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *Clergy*."

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

Good cauſe have I to ſing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He that of every ear's the charmer,
Now condeſcends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his ſtrains.
Lives ſuch a bard on Britiſh plains?
No; not in all the Britiſh court;
For none but witlings there reſort,
Whoſe names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, ſure as monument of braſs,
Their fame to future times ſhall paſs,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly ſung:
A ſubject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both ſenſe and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the leaſt pretence
To common law, or common ſenſe;
A biſhop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons ſhine:
Nay, he can make, what's greater far,
A middle ſtate 'twixt peace and war;
And ſay, there ſhall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at leaſt,
That court and courtiers have no taſte:
You never elſe had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obſcurely lain;
All things gone on the ſame dull track,
And Drapier's-hill * been ſtill Drumlack;
But now your name with Penſhurſt vies,
And wing'd with fame ſhall reach the ſkies.

† *Nick-names for my lady.*

DRAPIER'S-HILL.

We give the world to underſtand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchaſe which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And, from his endleſs hoarded ſtore,
To build a houſe, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too ſhall have his will,
And call the manſion Drapier's-hill:
That, when a nation, long enſlav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was ſav'd;
When none the Drapier's praiſe ſhall ſing;
His ſigns aloft no longer ſwing;
His medals and his prints forgotten;
And all his † handkerchiefs are rotten;
His famous letters made waſte-paper;
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In ſpight of envy, flouriſh ſtill,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

I will not build on yonder mount:
And, ſhould you call me to account,
Conſulting with myſelf, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the ſcheme is ended.
Nor can you tax me as unſteady,
I have a hundred cauſes ready;
All riſen ſince that flattering time,
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greateſt cully of mankind:
The loweſt boy in Martin's ſchool
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form ſo wild a viſion,
To ſeek, in deſerts, Fields Elyſian?
To live in fear, ſuſpicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbariaas?

* *The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheſon, whoſe ſeat lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build an houſe upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.*

† *Medals were caſt, many ſigns hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier.*

But here my Lady will object:
Your Deanſhip ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taſte,
Your intervals of time to ſpend
With ſo converſable a friend,
It would not ſignify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a uſurer's plumbs;
Though I ſhould ſee him twice a day,
And am his neighbour croſs the way;
If all my rhetoric muſt fail
To ſtrike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wiſe
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deſerving friends with-hold
Their gifts, as miſers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themſelves confin'd
Is the ſame avarice of mind;
Nor makes their converſation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wiſdom out of ſight;
Whoſe uncommunicative heart
Will ſcarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in ſpeculations deep,
His outward ſenſes faſt aſleep;
Who, while I talk, a ſong will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the ſkies tranſports his mind,
And leaves a lifeleſs corpſe behind.
But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To underſtand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who ſend my mind (as I believe) leſs
Than others do, on errands ſleeveleſs;
Can liſten to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My ſpirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphyſics ſmatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble,
Than dream of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abſtracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourſe of minds can be
Betwixt the knight ſublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I muſt,
It is but prating to a buſt?
Where friendſhip is by Fate deſign'd,
It forms an union in the mind:
But here I differ from the Knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can ſay that ever yet
We both in one opinion met;
Not in philoſophy, or ale;
In ſtate affairs, or planting cale;
In rhetoric, or picking ſtraws;
In roaſting larks, or making laws;
In public ſchemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.
The neighbours wonder why the Knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleaſure entertains
To cheer the ſolitary ſcenes:
His gueſts are few, his viſits rare;
Nor uſes time, nor time will ſpare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, ſeated in an eaſy chair,
Deſpiſes exerciſe and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns:
Here poor Pomona ſits on thorns;
And there neglected Flora ſettles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Thoſe thankleſs and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From theſe I am recover'd quite,
At leaſt in what regards the knight.
Preſerve his health, his ſtore increaſe;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
Firſt milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conſpire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and ſloes may freely pillage:
He ſtill may keep a pack of knaves
To ſpoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by ſwine,
It ſhall be no concern of mine.
For why ſhould I continue ſtill
To ſerve a friend againſt his will?

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH *. 1730.

Resolv'd my gratitude to ſhow,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our ſex's name,
My artleſs muſe ſhall ſing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker ſides are blind;
Nine more ſuch champions as the Dean
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my ſpirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft', ſo highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that aukward ſhame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modeſty a weak pretence;
And ſoon grow pert on men of ſenſe;
To ſhow my face with ſcornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
Oh, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to chooſe
Me for the ſubject of his Muſe!
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns:
My gratitude the world ſhall know;
And ſee, the printer's boy below;

* *The lady of Sir Arthur Acheſon.*

Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
" A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter ſtill,
" By Lady Anne of Market-hill."
I thus begin: My grateful Muſe
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor;
* Robert and Darby's coadjutor:
And, as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to † Kit.
In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as Dean:
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur;
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance,
The *fellows* learn to know their diſtance.
Sir Arthur, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me *ſnipe* and *ſlattern*;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.
Proceed we to your ‡ preaching next:
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!
How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggars' Opera not ſo full pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our pulpit.
Conſider now your converſation:
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known, by paſſion ſtirr'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word;
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch every ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtyle ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.
But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs and graceful port,
As clearly ſhows you bred at court!
Now raiſe your ſpirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene.
When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of *butler's-mate*;
You next to § Dennis bear the ſway:
To you we often truſt the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart;
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give every man his glaſs;
When proper to produce the beſt,
And what may ſerve a common gueſt.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* ſerving-men:
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
Your maſter's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
Your * *uſher*'s poſt muſt next be handled
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a man led!
Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I ſcorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damſels learn
My broken hoſe to patch and dearn.
Now as a *jeſter* I accoſt you;
Which never yet one friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to ſpare;
By long experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of every taſte to know the ſize;
There 's none ſo ignorant or weak
† To take offence at what you ſpeak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
Whether with Dermot, or His Grace;
With Teague O'Murphey, or an earl;
A ducheſs, or a kitchen-girl.
With ſuch dexterity you fit
Their ſeveral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chamber-maid can ſmoke,
And Gahagan ‡ take every joke.
I now become your humble ſuitor
To let you praiſe you as my § *tutor*.
Poor I, a ſavage bred and born,
By you inſtructed every morn,
Already have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learnt to ſpell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo *fine*.
How enviouſly the ladies look,
When they ſurpriſe me at my book!
And ſure as they're alive at night,
As ſoon as gone will ſhow their ſpight:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Converſing with that ruſty Dean!
She 's grown ſo nice, and ſo *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could ſhe ſit the live-long day,
Yet never aſk us once to play?
But I admire your patience moſt;
That when I 'm duller than a poſt,
Nor can the plaineſt word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;

---

* *The names of two overſeers.*

† *My lady's footman.*

‡ *The author preached but once while he was here.*

§ *The Butler.*

* *He ſometimes uſed to walk with the lady.*

† *The neighbouring ladies were no great underſtanders of raillery.*

‡ *The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill.*

§ *In bad weather the author uſed to direct my lady in her reading.*

Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavory smelling.
Now enter as the dairy hand-maid;
Such charming * butter never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;
From *tubs* their snuffling nonsense utter:
Thy *milk* shall make us *tubs* of butter.
The bishop with his *foot* may burn it †.
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy Deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
Your reverence thus, with like success
(Nor is your skill or labour less),
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells the he's and she's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees:*
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single,

---

* *A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.*

† *It is a common saying, when the milk burns-to, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it, the devil having been called bishop of hell.*

And when she feels an *inward motion,*
Come fill'd with *reverence* and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide our blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to *pluck a rose.*
Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, oh! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.
Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the skies alone
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars *smoking* round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:
And here they daily votaries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam
(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink).
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or, offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale:
There many a flower abstersive grew,
The favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus, and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *gluttony* with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes,
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.
This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rights divine.
First, lolling *sloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale *dropsy* with a fallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in fur;
And wheezing *asthma*, loth to stir:

Voluptuous *eaſe*, the child of *wealth*,
Infecting this our hearts by ſtealth.
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſavoury vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.
Ye great ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place, in lazy pride,
Your altars near your coaches' ſide;
When from the homelieſt earthen ware
Are ſent up offerings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty ducheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar box?
Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains,
Whoſe offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal rivers' banks;
Nor ſeldom grace the flowery downs,
With ſpiry tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets ſing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence oft' I tread:
Here, when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witneſs for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with deſign:
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To waſh thy injur'd offering out.
But ſtop, ambitious Muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accoſting ſaid, * "Go ſhake your cream."
Be humbly minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee, beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the † *guile*:
With ‡ Peggy Dixon thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails;
At nicely carving ſhow thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye;
And every gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be theſe thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

* *Churn bottle, to make butter.*
† *The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.*
‡ *Mrs. Dixon, the houſekeeper.*

But Cloacina, goddeſs bright,
Sleek ——— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall ſing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. Leſt it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By diſputing, I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you ſtick to,
I will ne'er contradict you.

IV. When I talk, and you are heedleſs,
I will ſhow no anger needleſs.

V. When your ſpeeches are abſurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jeſt or humorous ſtory
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite miſtake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I ſuppoſe,
You can taſte my verſe or proſe.

IX. You no more at me ſhall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You ſhall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of ſpirit,
And in dreſs place all your merit;
Give yourſelf ten thouſand airs;
That with me ſhall break no ſquares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you pleaſe to aſk me thrice:
Which if you in ſcorn reject,
'Twill be juſt as I expect.

Thus we both ſhall have our ends,
And continue ſpecial friends.

THE REVOLUTION.

AT MARKET-HILL, 1730.

From diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codlin ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſufferers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd, here unite,
A Dean *, a Spaniard †, and a Knight ‡;
Unite, but on conditions cruel:
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard;
On either ſide his honour's guard:
The Dean, to guard his honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, ſore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at Market-hill.

* *Dr. Swift.*
† *Col. Harry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in Spain.*
‡ *Sir Arthur Acheſon.*

And thus the pair of humble gentry
At *north* and *south* are poſted centry;
While, in his lordly caſtle fixt,
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves, muſt pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their *chief*,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.
Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard muſt reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are *thy* ſervices and ſufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You loſt a place, and ſav'd a bribe?
And then in ſurly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,
And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's mount deſcend,
And to the ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly ſhade
Shall keep my hoſt in ambuſcade;
While you, from where the baſon ſtands,
Shall ſcale the rampart with your hands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan ſhe wears;
Then, left upon our firſt attack
Her valiant arm ſhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a ſtratagem contriv'd.
By theſe embroider'd high-heel'd ſhoes
She ſhall be caught as in a nooſe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to ſtir an inch.
Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The ſhoes put on, our faithful portreſs
Admits us in, to ſtorm the fortreſs;
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at every ſtep ſhe trod.
My hunters thus, in Borneo's iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.
The valiant Dennis * you muſt fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon†:
Then, if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt that keeps my lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion;
And, ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion,
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer‡ to wear his hat:
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. Leſlie;
But, leſt it might not be ſo proper
That her own maid ſhould over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our intereſt to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wife
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN. 1730.

The Firſt Part.

Tom. Say, Robin, what can Traulus ‖ mean
By bellowing thus againſt the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry ſcribbler,
Papiſt, Jacobite, and Libeller;
Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact?
Robin. Forgive him, Tom; his head is crackt.
T. What miſchief can the Dean have done him
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-ſaving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the caſe is plain;
Party and ſpleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendſhip never man profeſt,
The Dean was never ſo careſt;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet ſtill inſiſt the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He ſtill has gratitude and ſap'ence,
To ſpare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random piſſes,
But turns aſide like mad Ulyſſes:

---

* *The Butler.*

While Traulus all his ordure ſcatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come theſe inconſiſtent fits?
R. Why, Tom, the man has loſt his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer ſnaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To ſay he's mad, will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
"Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus when he firſt harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd:
For of the two, without diſpute,
Towzer's the leſs offenſive brute.
R. Tom, you miſtake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will ſeldom bite;
And though you hear him ſtut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as faſt as he can utter.
He prates in ſpite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he ſaid he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but d—n his blood!
"He only meant it for your good:
"His friendſhip was exactly tim'd,
"He ſhot before your foes were prim'd.
"By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
"By G—! I'll bring you off as clean—*"
Then let him uſe you e'er ſo rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he ſputter through a ſeſſion,
It never makes the leaſt impreſſion:
Whate'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
Can ſet the maſtiff on your back.
I own, his madneſs is a jeſt,
If that were all. But he's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand imps,
To work whoſe ends his madneſs pimps;
Who o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture, to the devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.
Of *brethren* he's a *falſe accuſer*;
A ſlanderer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or, grant him but a drone at beſt,
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The Dean had felt their ſtings before;
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his noſe?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

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* *This is the uſual excuſe of Traulus, when he abuſes you to others without provocation.*

What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could *always* bear to *ſtrive with man?*
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the Dean on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves.
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

TRAULUS.

The Second Part.

Traulus, of amphibious breed,
Motely fruit of mungrel ſeed;
By the *dam* from lordlings ſprung,
By the *ſire* exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride;
Poſitive and overbearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering;
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing;
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father's* ſcoundrel race.
Who could give the booby ſuch airs?
Were they *maſons*, were they *butchers*?
Herald, lend the muſe an anſwer
From his *atavus* and grandſire:
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien
In his dreſs and figure ſeen;
Hence the mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and ſmile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the maſon's ſide:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old *foundation*.
True indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a *ladder*.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?

What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or *imps* of *hell?*

ROBIN AND HARRY *.

Robin to beggars, with a curſe,
Throws the laſt ſhilling in his purſe;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue muſt call another day.
  Grave Harry, when the poor are preſſing,
Gives them a penny, and God's bleſſing;
But, always careful of the main,
With two-pence left, walks home in rain.
  Robin, from noon to night will prate,
Runs out in tongue, as in eſtate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to ſay.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a ſtory twice:
And, if he always be ſo thrifty,
His fund may laſt to five and fifty.
  It ſo fell out, that cautious Harry,
As ſoldiers uſe, for love muſt marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean croſt;
(All for love, or the World well Loſt!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Juſt big enough to ſhelter two in;
And in his houſe, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his *modicum*;
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her ſpouſe;
Or dearns his hoſe, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.
  Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix,
To live without a coach and ſix,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A miſtreſs worth five thouſand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her;
And ſell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a meſs of broth.
  Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quinteſſence of beaux;
But, when eſpous'd, he ran the fate
That muſt attend the marry'd ſtate;
From gold brocade and ſhinning armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt beſmear'd;
Nor twice a week will ſhave his beard.
  Old Robin, all his youth a ſloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduaſoy,
A flaxen wig and waiſtcoat gay,
Powder'd from ſhoulder down to flank,
In courtly ſtyle addreſſes Frank;
'Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
'Supplying thoſe defects by dreſs,
Which I muſt leave the world to gueſs.

TO BETTY THE GRIZETE. 1730.

Queen of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms every ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, diſplay'd,
Envy breeds in every maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
  And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.
  Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Chriſtian folks;
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing:
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouſe upper regions;
Where, in the eighteen-penny gallery,
Iriſh nymphs learn Iriſh raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
  Thus with talents well endu'd
To be ſcurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;
This among Hibernian aſſes
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN, 1730.

Death went upon a ſolemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His griſly monarch's ſooty fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, obſerving, ſince the peace
The burial-article decreaſe,
And, vext to ſee affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in council, Death muſt marry;
Vow'd he no longer could ſupport
Old bachelors about his court;
The intereſt of his realm had need
That death ſhould get a numerous breed;
Young deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might ſtock around
His large dominions under ground.
  A conſult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megæra takes
A periwig of twiſted ſnakes;
Which in the niceſt faſhion curl'd
(Like *toupets* of this upper world),
With flour of ſulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his ſhoulders fell;
An adder of the ſable kind,

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* *Sons of Dr. Leſlie. Harry was a colonel in the*

The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather in his hat;
His coat an uſurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpſe and all.
But, loth his perſon to expoſe
Bare like a carcaſe pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment caſe.
No new-fluxt rake ſhow'd fairer ſkin;
Nor Phyllis after lying-in.
With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
To take a houſe in Warwick-lane:
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends:
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harrangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.
But death had buſineſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *majeſty of terrors* came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſate at cards:
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance;
Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *ſwain*.
Nothing ſhe thought could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Chloe were a ſharper ſtill,
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks;
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books!)
If Florimel had found-her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft' a week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied thoſe Elyſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades:
How pleaſant, on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted ſceptre ſcuds,
And leaves my lady in the ſuds.

DAPHNE.

Daphne knows, with equal eaſe,
How to vex, and how to pleaſe;
But the folly of her ſex
Makes her ſole delight to vex.
Never woman more deviſ'd
Surer ways to be deſpis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To diſpute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments ſhe lays on,
And with cavils combats reaſon;
Anſwers in deciſive way,
Never hears what you can ſay:
Still her old perverſeneſs ſhows,
Chiefly where ſhe nothing knows;
And, where ſhe is moſt familiar,
Always peeviſher and ſillier:
All her ſpirits in a flame,
When ſhe knows ſhe's moſt to blame.
Send me hence ten thouſand miles,
From a face that always ſmiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a fury in her heart,
Ye who hate ſuch inconſiſtence,
To be eaſy, keep your diſtance;
Or in folly ſtill befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Loſe no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That ſhe'll own, or cure a fault!
Into contradiction warm her;
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to adviſe her wrong;
And reprove her when ſhe's right;
She may then grow wiſe for ſpight.
No—that ſcheme will ne'er ſucceed,
She has better learnt her creed:
She's too cunning and too ſkilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks, hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That ſhe throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dreſs her ſoul.
Thus you have the caſe in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you.
Heaven forbid he ſhould deſpiſe thee!
But will never more adviſe thee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY, 1730.

" —Quis iniquæ
" Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat ſe!"
Juv.

In ancient times as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right)

A peacock reign'd, whoſe glorious ſway
His ſubjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold
(Fair emblem of that monarch's guiſe,
Whoſe train at once is rich and wiſe).
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And ſtateſmen wiſe, and valiant legions.
A pheaſant Lord *, above the reſt,
With every grace and talent bleſt,
Was ſent to ſway, with all his ſkill,
The ſceptre of a neighbouring hill †.
No ſcience was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales be true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,
Could read and write in proſe and verſe,
And ſpeak like ***, and build like Pearce ‡.
He knew their voices, and their wings;
Who ſmootheſt ſoars, who ſweeteſt ſings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true ſublime:
Their merits he could well deſcry,
He had ſo exquiſite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to ſhow them clear,
He had as exquiſite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he ſtray'd,
Beneath an academic ſhade,
He lik'd, amidſt a thouſand throats,
The wildneſs of a woodlark's § notes,
And ſearch'd, and ſpy'd, and ſeiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here ſome ſhrewd critic finds I'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught."—
Then jeſts on *game* and *tame*, and reads
And jeſts; and ſo my tale proceeds.
Long had he ſtudy'd in the wood,
Converſing with the wiſe and good;
His ſoul with harmony inſpir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His brethren's good and Maker's praiſe
Were all the ſtudy of his lays;
Were all his ſtudy in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the great.
His friendſhip was the ſure reſort
Of all the wretched at the court;
But chiefly merit in diſtreſs
His greateſt bleſſing was to bleſs.—
This fix'd him in his patron's breaſt,
But fir'd with envy all the reſt:
I mean that noiſy craving crew,
Who round the court inceſſant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of ſons and couſins:
"Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
"To every thought of common good,
"Confining every hope and care,"
To their own low contracted ſphere.

Theſe ran him down with ceaſeleſs cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit ſupply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
"'Tis envy's ſafeſt, ſureſt rule,
"To hide her rage in ridicule:
"The vulgar eye ſhe beſt beguiles,
"When all her ſnakes are deck'd with ſmiles;"
Sardonic ſmiles, by rancour rais'd!
"Tormented moſt when ſeeming pleas'd!"
Their ſpight had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morſels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!
How had his ſenſe and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them:
"At higheſt worth dull malice reaches,
"As ſlugs pollute the faireſt peaches:
"Envy defames, as harpies vile
"Devour the food they firſt defile."
Now aſk the fruit of all his favour—
"He was not hitherto a ſaver"—
What then could make their rage run mad?
"Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.
"What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
"Or racks, or rods, to puniſh hopes?
"Th' inheritance of hope and fame
"Is ſeldom earthly wiſdom's aim;
"Or, if it were, is not ſo ſmall,
"But there is room enough for all."
If he but chance to breathe a ſong
(He ſeldom, ſang, and never long);
The noiſy, rude, malignant crowd,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain truth was pride; and what was ſillier,
Eaſy and friendly was familiar.
Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With ſolemn air to virtue's praiſe,
Alike abuſive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarſe and unharmonious:
Yet ſo it was to ſouls like theirs,
Tuneleſs as Abel to the bears!
A rook * with harſh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a daw †
(Though ſome, who would be thought to know,
Are poſitive it was a crow);
Jack Daw was ſeconded by Tit,
Tom Tit ‡ could write, and ſo he writ;
A tribe of tuneleſs praters follow,
The jay, the magpie, and the ſwallow;
And twenty more their throats let looſe,
Down to the witleſs waddling gooſe.
Some pick'd at him, ſome flew, ſome flutter'd,
Some hiſs'd, ſome ſcream'd, and others mutter'd:
The crow, on carrion wont to feaſt,
The carrion crow condemn'd his taſte:
The rook in earneſt too, not joking,
Swore all his ſinging was but croaking.
Some thought they meant to ſhow their wit,
Might think ſo ſtill—"but that they writ"—
Could it be ſpight or envy?—"No—
"Who did no ill, could have no foe."—
So wiſe ſimplicity eſteem'd,
Quite otherwiſe true wiſdom deem'd;

* *Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.*
† *Ireland.*
‡ *A famous modern architect.* § *Dr. Delany.*

* *Dr. T——r.* † *Right Hon. Richard Tighe.*
‡ *Dr. Sheridan.*

This queſtion rightly underſtood,
"What more provokes than doing good?
"A ſoul ennobled and refin'd
"Reproaches every baſer mind:
"As ſtrains exalted and melodious
"Make every meaner muſic odious."
At length the nightingale * was heard,
For voice and wiſdom long rever'd,
Eſteeem'd by all the wiſe and good,
The guardian genius of the wood:
He long in diſcontent retir'd,
Yet not obſcur'd, but more admir'd;
His brethren's ſervile ſouls diſdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afreſh provoke his choler
(It ſeems the lark had been his ſcholar,
A favourite ſcholar always near him,
And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him):
Enrag'd he canvaſſes the matter,
Expoſes all their ſenſeleſs chatter,
Shows him and them in ſuch a light,
As more enflames, yet quells their ſpight.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wiſdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and huſh their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

In ancient times, the wiſe were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always juſtly ſuit
The character of every brute.
The aſs was dull, the lion brave,
The ſtag was ſwift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll;
The hound would ſcent, the wolf would prole;
A pigeon would, if ſhown by *Æſop*,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his peaſe up.
Far otherwiſe a great divine
Has learnt his fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You ſee him firſt the peacock bring,
Againſt all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wiſe.
Now, pray, obſerve the doctor's choice,
A peacock choſe for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal ſee a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his ſinging, doctor, you know,
Himſelf complain'd of it to Juno.
He ſqualls in ſuch a helliſh noiſe,
It frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a ſtanding force,
In regiments of foot and horſe;
Had ſtateſmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind
(And this was thought the higheſt poſt;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roaſt.)
The doctor names but one at preſent,
And he of all birds was a pheaſant.

This pheaſant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he ſays, and I allow,
Were ſcholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricaſſees and olios.
This pheaſant, by the peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to ſpy a clergy lark;
Was taken with his perſon outward,
So prettily he pickt a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the pheaſant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleaſant,
Himſelf the lark, my Lord the pheaſant:
A lark he is, and ſuch a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you muſt know,
Who does no ill, can have no foe;
Yet how ſhall I expreſs in words
The ſtrange ſtupidity of birds?
This lark was hated in the wood,
Becauſe he did his brethren good.
At laſt the nightingale comes in,
To hold the doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worſt of diſaffected deans;
Whoſe wit at beſt was next to none,
And now that little next is gone.
Againſt the court is always blabbing,
And calls the ſenate-houſe a cabin;
So dull, that, but for ſpleen and ſpite,
We ne'er ſhould know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Becauſe himſelf is not preferr'd:
His heart is through his libel ſeen,
Nor could his malice ſpare the queen;
Who, had ſhe known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have ſhown him ſo much favour;
A noble lord * hath told his pranks,
And well deſerves the nation's thanks.
Oh! would the ſenate deign to ſhow
Reſentment on this public foe;
Our nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him ſtarve, and vent his rage;
Or, would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of human kind!
Harmonious Coffee †, ſhow thy zeal,
Thy champion for the common-weal;
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:
Beſtow that libeller a laſh,
Who daily vends ſeditious traſh;
Who dares revile the nation's wiſdom,
But in the praiſe of virtue is dumb:
That ſcribbler laſh, who neither knows
The turn of verſe, nor ſtyle of proſe;
Whoſe malice, for the worſt of ends,
Would have us loſe our Engliſh friends;

* *Dean Swift.*

* *L. Allen, the ſame who is meant by Traulus.*
† *A Dublin garretteer.*

Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove ſend this Nightingale may fall,
Who ſpends his day and *Night in gall!*
So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I ſee the greateſt owls in you
That ever ſcreecht, or ever *flew*.

ON THE IRISH CLUB.

Ye paltry underlings of ſtate;
Ye ſenators, who love to prate;
Ye raſcals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner ſell a vote:
Ye pack of penſionary peers,
Whoſe fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye biſhops far remov'd from ſaints;
Why all this rage? Why theſe complaints?
Why againſt printers all this noiſe?
This ſummoning of blackguard boys?
Why ſo ſagacious in your gueſſes?
Your *effs*, and *teas*, and *arrs*, and *eſſes*?
Take my advice; to make you ſafe,
I know a ſhorter way by half.
The point is plain: remove the cauſe;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be ſometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely deſpiſe champagne at court,
And chooſe to dine at home with port:
Let Prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor ſell what they ſo dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true ſatiric muſe
Virtue or innocence abuſe;
And 'tis againſt poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE *.

Ætatis suæ fifty-two,
A rich divine * began to woo
A handſome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent,
The couple to the temple went:
They firſt invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas anſwer'd, "She would not be ſeen:"
The Graces next, and all the Muſes,
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch;
While Mrs. Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhow'd no more than half her face.
  Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding day was ſpent;
The wedding day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, dreſt to make a figure,
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſh'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
  And thus ſet out this happy pair,
The ſwain is rich, the nymph is fair:
But, what I gladly would forget,
The ſwain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart,
Scarce run a ſtep before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at her glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make!
Wiſh'd him a colonel for her ſake.
Then, on her fingers' ends, ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
Is ſixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
You ſee the crows-feet round his eyes.
  At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning-buſineſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her evening-work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would ſcarce a louſe hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his houſehold;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace:
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,
Computes, that half a pariſh dues
Will hardly find his wife in ſhoes.
  Canſt thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath ſhe no other wants beſide?
You raiſe deſire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to deſpiſe thee more
  If in her coach ſhe'll condeſcend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoiſt above his noſe,
His odious gown would ſoil her clothes;
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While ſhe drives on to ſee the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her haſting to the ball:
Her chairmen puſh him from the wall.

* *The date and hero of this poem are unknown.*

He enters in, and walks up ſtairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his reſt
In bed, where he can ſpare her beſt.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyſhip is juſt come in;
The maſquerade began at two,
She ſtole away with much ado;
And ſhall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company ſo ſoon:
She'll ſay, and ſhe may truly ſay't,
She can't abide to ſtay out late.
But now, though ſcarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miſcarry'd:
The cauſe, alas, is quickly gueſt;
The town has whiſper'd round the jeſt.
Think on ſome remedy in time,
You find his reverence paſt his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.
For Venus, riſing from the ocean,
Infus'd a ſtrong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' ſpring,
The *horned* flood, as poets ſing,
Who, with an Engliſh beauty ſmitten,
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For huſbands paſt their youth to find:
The nymph, who ſtill with paſſion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childleſs wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much againſt the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not conſent,
But vow'd his money all was ſpent:
His money ſpent! a clowniſh reaſon!
And muſt my lady ſlip her ſeaſon?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.
Here all diverſions of the place
Are proper in my lady's caſe:
With which ſhe patiently complies,
Merely becauſe her friends adviſe;
His money and her time employs
In muſic, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Croſs-bath ſeeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there;
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It ſhames his caſſock and his years.
He keeps his diſtance in the gallery,
Till baniſh'd by ſome coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expoſe,
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I ſeen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foſter'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As inſtinct leads them, in a puddle:
The ſober hen, not born to ſwim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean, with all his beſt endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the laſt eſſays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he leſs?) his whole eſtate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in ſwarms.
Oh, may I ſee her ſoon diſpenſing
Her favours to ſome broken enſign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarniſh'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And ſpend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting preſent, leave her
A rooted pox to laſt for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN * TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE, 1730.

Our brethren of England, who love us ſo dear,
And in all they do for us ſo kindly do mean,
(A bleſſing upon them!) have ſent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true Engliſh Dean.
A holier prieſt ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worſt you can ſay, he committed a rape.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Cheſter,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burſt into her chamber, and would have careſs'd her;
But ſhe valued her honour much more than her life.
She buſtled and ſtruggled, and made her eſcape
To a room full of gueſts, for fear of a rape.

The Dean he purſued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company ſtood in defence of the dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down ſtairs.
His Deanſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No ſcruple came on him, his gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himſelf drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

The Dean, and his landlord a jolly comrade,
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanſhip to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

This Proteſtant zealot, this Engliſh divine,
In church and in ſtate was of principles found;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory ſhould live above ground.
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

By old Popiſh canons, as wiſe men have penn'd 'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine, *jure eccleſiæ;*
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it pleaſe ye;
Then why ſhould the Dean, when whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

* *Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes.*

If fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's ſucceſſor)
To give thee *lawn ſleeves*, a *mitre*, and *rochet*,
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a gueſſer.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's * ſhape,
For *ſodomy* hang'd; as thou for a rape.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave Colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threeſcore-and-ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again.
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell of ſtrong tape,
For thou haſt not a groat to atone for a rape.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were ſo willing:
He long'd for a girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and fav'd a good ſhilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and ſorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a rape.

If maidens are raviſh'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and ſtifle their voice,
No Devil or Dean could raviſh them then:
Nor would there be need of a ſtrong hempen cape
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,
For which all true Proteſtant hearts ſhould be glad:
She ſends us our Biſhops, and Judges, and Deans;
And better would give us, if better ſhe had.
But, Lord! how the rabble will ſtare, and will gape,
When the good Engliſh Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A Quibbling Epigram. 1730.

The threſher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb ſays, *no fence againſt a flail.*
From *threſhing* corn he turns to *threſh* his brains;
For which her Majeſty allows him *grains.*
Though 'tis confeſt, that thoſe who ever ſaw
His poems, think them all not worth a *ſtraw!*
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threſhing *ſtubble!*
Thy toil is leſſen'd, and thy profits double.

THE LADY's DRESSING-ROOM. 1730.

Five hours (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty Cælia ſpent in dreſſing;
The goddeſs from her chamber iſſues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiſſues.
Strephon who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwiſe employ'd,
Stole in, and took a ſtrict ſurvey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An *inventory* follows here.
And, firſt, a dirty ſmoke appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well beſmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every ſide:
In ſuch a caſe, few words are beſt,
And Strephon bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia ſweet and cleanly.
Now liſten, while he next produces
The various combs for various uſes;
Fill'd up with dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No bruſh could force a way betwixt;
A paſte of compoſition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon't,
To ſmooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flower, to ſtop the ſteams
Exhal'd from four unſavoury ſtreams;
There night-gloves made of Tripſey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripſey when ſhe died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from Tripſey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints, and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chops.
Hard by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcouring of her hands:
The baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums,
A naſty compound of all hues,
For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd,
With dirt, and ſweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object Strephon's eye eſcapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot.
The ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the moiſture of her toes;
Or greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia ſlept at leaſt a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.
The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Cælia's magnifying-glaſs;
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on't,
It ſhow'd the viſage of a giant:
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Cælia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhow'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go through *thick and thin.*

* *A biſhop of Waterford, of infamous character.*

He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.
As from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He ſtill was comforted to find
That *hope* at laſt remain'd behind;
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent:
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of *hope*.
Oh! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber ſeen!
Oh! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe *ſecrets of the hoary deep* *!
As mutton-cutlets †, *prime of meat*,
Which though with art you ſalt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To ſtinking ſmoke it turns the flame,
Poiſoning the fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy ſtench,
For which you curſe the careleſs wench:
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When *plumpt* into the reeking cheſt,
Send up an excremental ſmell
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a ſtink round every room.
Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain diſguſted ſlunk away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!"
But vengeance, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh d Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And, if unſavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.
All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in *contraſt*.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene,
Statira's but ſome pocky quean.
When Cælia all her glory ſhows,
If Strephon would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and every clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout;
He ſoon would learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eyes to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

---

* *Milton.* † *Prima olivarum.*

THE
POWER OF TIME. 1730.

If neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of Time's deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales, if cities die,
And leſſening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old caſſock (ſaid a Welſh divine)
Is out at elbows; why ſhould I repine?

ON
MR. PULTNEY's
BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

Sir Robert, weary'd by Will Pultney's teaſings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolv'd that Will and he ſhould meet no more:
Full in his face Bob ſhuts the council door;
Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench,
To puniſh thieves, or laſh a ſuburb-wench.
Yet ſtill St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter.—What ſhall I adviſe?
Ev'n quit the house, for thou too long has ſat in't;
Produce at laſt thy dormont ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half;
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not ſafe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds,
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of *dog-fiſh* had him in the wind.
He ſcours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not ſeen a hare the Lord knows when),
Out bounc'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double ſwiftneſs fled;
Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt!
Sirius, the ſwifteſt of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear:
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare purſu'd, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honeſt Robin, of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the ſky;
Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *ſcent* ſo ſtrong,
Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot ſave thee long*.

---

* *This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer firſt miniſter, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath.*

EPITAPH
ON
FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG *.

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occiſi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
diu ac ſæpè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
† Saltem ut ſcias, hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
deliteſcunt.
" Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
" Quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos."
A. D. 1731.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

Two college ſophs of Cambridge growth,
Both ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On love, and books, in rapture ſweet
(Muſe, find me names to fit my metre,
Caſſinus this, and t'other Peter);
Friend Peter to Caſſinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his noſe:
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
The lady lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen.
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed;
One greaſy ſtocking round his head,
The other he ſat down to dearn
With threads of different-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn expoſing wide
A ragged ſhirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown
(A rug; for night-gown he had none).
His jordon ſtood in manner fitting
Between his legs to ſpew or ſpit in;
His ancient pipe, in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd, lay by his ſide.
Him thus accoutr'd Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why, Caſſy, thou wilt doze thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in every buſh:

And I have heard thee oft' ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college-joke, to cure the dumps.
The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Dear Caſſy, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is Cælia dead?
How happy I, were that the worſt!
But I was fated to be curſt.
Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?
Oh, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her ſandy locks!
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.
Oh, Peter! beauty's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:
But Cælia has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties that might ever laſt.
Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lovers heart.
Why, hang her; though ſhe ſeems ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuſe;
For every nymph has leave to chooſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime that ſhocks all human-kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face!
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhymes,
A monument to after-times:
" Here Caſſy lies, by Cælia ſlain,
" And dying never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come, Meduſa! ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
" *Avaunt—ye cannot ſay 'tis I."
Dear Caſſy, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendſhip's ſacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cauſe;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly ſhare thy fate.
To force it out, my heart muſt rend;
Yet when conjur'd by ſuch a friend—
Think, Peter, how my ſoul is rackt!
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes, beheld the fact.

---

* *The Duke was unhappily killed, in croſſing the river Boyne, July* 1. 1690, *and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour, at their own expence.*

† *The words that Dr. Swift firſt concluded the epitaph with, were* " *Salt m ut ſciat viator indignabundus,* " *quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres deliteſcunt.*"

* *See Macbeth.*

Now bend thine ear, ſince out it muſt;
But when thou ſee'ſt me laid in duſt,
The ſecret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin ſoul bemoan
A crime to all her ſex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling reeds
The blackeſt of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo ſits, and liſtening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyrs' treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Diſcover Cælia's foul diſgrace.
But, if you fail, my ſpectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed:
And yet I dare confide in you:
So take my ſecret, and adieu.
Nor wonder how I loſt my wits;
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

Written for the honour of the Fair Sex.

Corinna, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain:
Never did Covent-garden boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling toaſt!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar, where on tick to ſup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four ſtories climbing to her bower;
Then ſeated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a cryſtal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by:
Her eye-brows, from a mouſe's hide,
Stuck on with art on either ſide,
Pulls off with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a play-book ſmoothly lays 'em;
Now dextrouſly her plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow jaws:
Untwiſts a wire, and from her gums
A ſet of teeth completely comes:
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddeſs
Unlaces next her ſteel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The bolſters that ſupply her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her ſhankres, iſſues, running ſores,
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter;
And then to each applies a plaſter:
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps:
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or, by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica ſeems tranſported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs,
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.
Corinna awakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p—ſs'd.
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas:
And Shock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Muſt every morn her limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhow the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herſelf again?
The baſhful muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpue; who ſmells, be poiſon'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

Of Chloe all the town has rung,
By every ſize of poets ſung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand years;
By Nature form'd with niceſt care,
And faultleſs to a ſingle hair.
Her graceful mien, her ſhape, and face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal race:
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel:
No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow:
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
You'd ſwear that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not ſtain her gown:
At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and ſoft as wax,
Her hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe engroſſes every ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign,

Think what a caſe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The ſmiling Cyprian goddeſs brings
Her infant-loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their ſquire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with ſilver tongue;
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by Mars, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus ſung th' *epithalamium*.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna was abſent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt *crown their joys*.
But ſtill the hardeſt part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, his feet,
Were duly waſh'd, to keep them ſweet
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs).
The weather and his love were hot;
And, ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, if I muſt tell it—
He'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it;
While ſhe, a goddeſs dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd *ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure!
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard, and hairy breaſt!
His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.
Yet, if the goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit, and to court them too:
A certain goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife?
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchool-boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace,)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes?
While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.
Now *ponder well ye parents dear;*
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it every ſup;
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholeſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind:
('Tis this the ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans.)
Oh! think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
Carminative and *diuretic*
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic:
And love ſuch nicety requires,
One *blaſt* will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;
But after marriage practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.
In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to ſhow how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make the firſt attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet ſome aſſign a different reaſon;
That Strephon choſe no proper ſeaſon.
Say, fair-ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire effects of peaſe;
Think what can give the colic eaſe.

The nymph, oppreſs'd before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed;
Fair utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As Chloe's ſkin, almoſt as bright.
  Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a moſſy cliff diſtil,
Cry'd out, Ye gods! what found is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——?
But when he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
Which oft' attends that luke-warm ſtream;
(Salerno both together joins
As ſovereign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his ears, yet ſtruck his noſe;
He found her, while the ſcent increas'd,
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But ſoon, with like occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other ſide;
And, as he fill'd the reeking vaſe,
Let fly a rouſer in her face.
  The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Abaſh'd at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
  Adieu to raviſhing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddeſſes ſo heavenly ſweet,
Expiring ſhepherds at their feet;
To ſilver meads and ſhady bowers,
Dreſs'd up with amaranthine flowers.
  How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a ſpade a ſpade.
They ſoon from all conſtraints are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their need.*
On box of cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for *deareſt life;*
And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Finds great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homelieſt ſtrains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With intereſt pays him back his own.
No maid at Court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
  Fair Decency, celeſtial maid!
Deſcend from heaven to beauty's aid!
Though beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the lover's fire:
For beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by opinion:
If decency brings no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and beauty dies.
  To ſee ſome radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think ſome goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you fell yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.
  O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe ſtole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny ſpy'd
On houſe of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings;
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddeſs grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy;
And, ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
  Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide.
  Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign;
Is after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power ſupreme,
Thoſe arts by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.
  What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true!
  Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some ſhow they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool;
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils:
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;
Shows Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
  A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground,
To build on ſome foundation ſound.
What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;

Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?
On ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature ſtrive
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

Apollo, god of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemiſts by their books:
As handſome as my lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of ſunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could ſhow
So niece and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty thouſand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the ſtrand;
The ſpokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold:
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four;
For Jupiter allows no more!)
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.
Three weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His ſinging was another fault;
For he could reach to *B in alt:*
And, by the ſentiments of Pliny,
Such fingers are like Nicolini.
At laſt, the point was fully clear'd;
In ſhort, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED. 1731.

All folks who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there's a *hell*, but diſpute of the place:
But, if *hell* may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is *hell* to be found.
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *ſenators* brib'd, damn'd proſtitute *ſlaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd *ſquires*, damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *ſpies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends* and
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *ſtation*;
Damn'd *time-ſerving prieſts* all over the *nation*;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counſellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parſons* be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe *marks* the place of the d—n'd:
And *hell* to be ſure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us* that it is not at *home*!

JUDAS. 1731.

By the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies,
Poor Biſhop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore,
(And, parſons tell us, no man could do more);
Yet, through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhopric, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury's the leaſt of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their biſhoprics, and 'ſcape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.
As ancient Judas *by tranſgreſſion fell*,
And *burſt aſunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots [riots;
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred cha-
Each modern Judas periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his old place;
"His habitation let all men forſake,
"And let his biſhopric another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY *. 1731.

How could you, Gay, diſgrace the muſes' train,
To ſerve a taſteleſs court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our *female friend*† ſincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, poſſeſs'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to chooſe
For thee than make a dry-nurſe of thy muſe?
How cheaply had thy liberty been ſold,
To ſquire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading ſtrings her infant-ſteps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble ſide by ſide!
But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preſerv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be miſapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treaſure you preſide:
The world ſhall own, his choice was wiſe and juſt,
For ſons of Phœbus never break their truſt.
Not love of beauty leſs the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames:
Their paſſions not more impotent and cold,
Than thoſe of poets to the *luſt* of gold.
With Pæan's pureſt fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will ſerve to ripen ore below;

* *The Dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queenſberry had employed Gay to inſpect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and ſtewards (which however proved to be a miſtake), wrote this epiſtle to his friend.*

† *The Counteſs of Suffolk.*

His meaneſt work: for, had he thought it fit
That wealth ſhould be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*
To deal it to the worſt of human-kind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And firſt: to make my obſervation right,
I place a *ſtateſman* full before my ſight,
A bloated *miniſter* in all his geer,
With ſhameleſs viſage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And oſtrich-like his all-digeſting maw.
My fancy drags this *monſter* to my view,
To ſhow the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud;
With theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he plies,
Made up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me ſhow how Bob and you agree:
You ſerve a *potent prince*, as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers, truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid:
The ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid.
The people with a ſigh their taxes bring;
And, curſing Bob, forget to bleſs the king.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With *ſervants*, *tenants*, and the neighbouring *ſquires*,
Let all domeſtics feel your gentle ſway;
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred *half the palace crowd*;
Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By *telling noſes with a party ſtrong*.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At leaſt, *before your maſter's debts are paid*:
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immenſe*,
Preſume to treat him at his own expence.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquiſites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With intereſt, and a *premium* paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſupply'd;
With haſty zeal behold the *ſteward* come
By his own credit to advance the ſum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treaſurer! what could *he* do more?
He lends my Lord what was my Lord's before.
The law ſo ſtrictly guards the monarch's health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by ſtealth:
The council ſit; approve the doctor's ſkill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the *ſtate empiric* acts a ſafer part;
And, while he *poiſons*, *wins* the royal heart.
But how can I deſcribe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppoſe your Lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty buſineſs to ſome neighbouring friend:
Preſume not Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should ſome *imperious neighbour* ſink the boats,
And drain the *fiſh-ponds*, while your *maſter* dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or ſoothe his pride
Nor at an under-rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him, *all is well*;
Or *ſwear it rotten, and with humble airs*
Requeſt it of him to complete your ſtairs:
Nor, when a mortage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind:
That rogue of *genuine miniſterial* kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich;
And, when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dextrous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks.
And, ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His Lordſhip would impute it all to ſpight;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are ſunk by *premier miniſters of ſtate*.
Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *ſon*.
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will ſoon grow *neceſſary* to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in *ſetting traps*,
In finding *ways and means*, and *ſtopping gaps*;
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'er he pleaſe,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſperate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit;
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and ſold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*;
Confounds accounts, *perplexes all affairs*;
For *vengeance* more *embroils*, than *ſkill repairs*.
So robbers (and their ends are juſt the ſame),
To 'ſcape inquiries, *leave the houſe in flame*.
I knew a brazen miniſter of ſtate,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride:
While *he* went robbing on, *old maſter* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the miniſter muſt out.
The court *invited* more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will *you*, or *you?*
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept:
And, ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe:

But, when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His *ſnot* into the *meſs*, *'tis all his own.*

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS *. 1731.

Old Latimer preaching did fairly deſcribe
A biſhop, who rul'd all the reſt of his tribe:
And who is this biſhop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, archbiſhop of hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of ſulphur and nitre.
How nearly this biſhop our biſhops reſembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles.*
Could you ſee his grim *grace*, for a pound to a penny,
You'd ſwear it muſt be the *baboon* of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the compariſon odious;
I wiſh I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am ſure, the *moſt reverend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many biſhops ſuffragan;
And all men believe he reſides there *incog.*
To give them by turns an inviſible jog.
Our biſhops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with ſpur,
In vain—for the devil a parſon would ſtir. [doom,
So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their
On their croſiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard,
In ſpight of the devil, would ſtill be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.
When Chriſt was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apoſtles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings! [leavings.
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their
If making *diviſions* was all their intent, [meant;
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they
And ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever *divide*,
That no honeſt heathen would be on their ſide.
How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt!
Now hear an alluſion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you conſider, our emblem is right;
The biſhops *divide*, but the clergy *unite.*
Should the bottom be ſplit, our biſhops would dread
That the mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a ſovereign,
As Machiavel taught them; *divide, and ye govern.*
But courage, my lords; though it cannot be ſaid
That one *cloven tongue* ever ſat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wiſh I could ſee't),
If your ſtockings were off, you could ſhow *cloven feet.*

* *Occaſioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings: which bill was rejected by the Iriſh Houſe of Commons.*

But hold, cry the biſhops; and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
What truer affections could ever be ſhown,
Than ſaving your ſouls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain
Provided a fund for building your ſpittals? [you;
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bleſs the church and three of our mitres;
And God bleſs the Commons, for *biting the biters.*

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT *.

Occaſioned by reading the following Maxim *in* Rochefoucault, " Dans l'adverſité de nos meilleurs " amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque choſe " qui ne nous déplaît pas."

" In the adverſity of our beſt friends, we always " find ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
" In all diſtreſſes of our friends,
" We firſt conſult our private ends;
" While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
" Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our ſize.
Who would not at a crowded ſhow
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the caſe is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?
Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.
Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?

* *Written in November* 1731.—*There are two diſtinct poems on this ſubject, one of them containing many ſpurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preſerved.*

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation,
'Tis all to me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix;
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at firſt, and ſhow'd its uſe.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents heaven hath bleſs'd 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?
  To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.
  Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
  The time is not remote when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly underſtood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
"Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
"You plainly find it in his face.
"That old vertigo in his head
"Will never leave him, till he's dead.
"Beſides, his memory decays:
"He recollects not what he ſays;
"He cannot call his friends to mind;
"Forgets the place where laſt he din'd;
"Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
"He told them fifty times before.
"How does he fancy, we can ſit
"To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
"But he takes up with younger folks,
"Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
"Faith! he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
"Or change his comrades once a quarter:
"In half the time he talks them round,
"There muſt another ſet be found.
  "For poetry, he's paſt his prime:
"He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
"His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
"His fancy ſunk, his muſe a jade.
"I'd have him throw away his pen;—
"But there's no talking to ſome men!"
  And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
"And well remembers Charles the Second.
"He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
"And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
"His ſtomach too begins to fail:
"Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
"But now he's quite another thing:
"I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring!"
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
"It is not yet ſo bad with us!"
  In ſuch a caſe, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "Worſe and worſe!")
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophely'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chooſe that I ſhould die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
  Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſnivelers round my bed.
  My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.
  Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's juſt alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.
  Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
"What has he left? and who's his heir?
"I know no more than what the news is;
"'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
"To public uſes! there's a whim!
"What had the public done for him?
"Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
"He gave it all—but firſt he dy'd.
"And had the Dean, in all the nation,
"No worthy friend, no poor relation?
"So ready to do ſtrangers good,
"Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!"
  Now Grub-ſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curſe* the Dean, or *bleſs* the Drapier.
  The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
"We muſt confeſs, his caſe was nice;
"But he would never take advice.
"Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
"He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
"For, when we open'd him, we found
"That all his vital parts were ſound."

From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk *, in the ſpleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhould.
"He's dead, you ſay; then let him rot.
"I'm glad the *medals* † were forgot.
"I promis'd him, I own; but when?
"I only was the princeſs then,
"But now, as conſort of the king,
"You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm ſorry for the news:
"Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
"And in his place my good friend Will!
"Or had a mitre on his head,
"Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his ſhop from rubbiſh drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbald's, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die:
Which Pope muſt bear, as well as I.
Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
"I'm ſorry—but we all muſt die!"
Indifference, clad in Wiſdom's guiſe,
All fortitude of mind ſupplies:
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe who never pity felt!
When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.
My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
"Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
"Six Deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall:
"(I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
"Madam, your huſband will attend
"The funeral of ſo good a friend.
"No, madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
"And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
"My Lady Club will take it ill,
"If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
"He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart.)
"But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.

"His time was come; he ran his race;
"We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a different ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! no more is miſs'd,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed:—*and his works muſt follow;*
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country ſquire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
"He dy'd a year ago."—"The ſame."
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
"I ſent them, with a load of books,
"Laſt Monday, to the paſtry-cook's.
"To fancy they could live a year!
"I find you're but a ſtranger here.
"The Dean was famous in his time,
"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
"His way of writing now is paſt:
"The town has got a better taſte.
"I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
"But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
"Pray, do but give me leave to ſhow 'em:
"Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
"This ode you never yet have ſeen,
"By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
"Then here's a letter finely penn'd
"Againſt the Craftſman and his friend:
"It clearly ſhows that all reflection
"On miniſters is diſaffection.
"Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
"And Mr. Henley's laſt oration.
"The hawkers have not got them yet
"Your honour pleaſe to buy a ſet?
"Here's Wolſton's tracts, the twelfth edition;
"'Tis read by every politician:
"The country-members, when in town,
"To all their boroughs ſend them down:
"You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
"The courtiers have them all by heart:
"Thoſe maids of honour who can read,
"Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
"The reverend author's good intention
"Hath been rewarded with a penſion *:
"He doth an honour to his gown,
"By bravely running *prieſt-craft* down:
"He ſhows, as ſure as God's in Glouceſter,
"That Moſes was a grand impoſtor;
"That all his miracles were cheats,
"Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
"The church had never ſuch a writer;
"A ſhame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe;
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One, quite indifferent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws.

* *Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.*

† *Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a ſmall preſent he had ſent to the princeſs.*

* *Wolſton is here confounded with Woolaſton.*

Indeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.
The goat advanc'd with decent pace,
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid conſtitution;
But through a pious reſolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity, as monks do now;
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And ſtrictly too, as doth his * Reverence.
Apply the tale, and you ſhall find
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you gueſs?
—Why, virtues carried to exceſs,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The lawyer ſwears (you may rely on't)
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his conſtant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conſcience always was ſo nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he loſt, he may affirm,
A hundred fees laſt Eaſter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick diſpatch;
Ne'er kept a cauſe, he well may boaſt,
Above a term, or two at moſt.
The cringing knave who ſeeks a place
Without ſucceſs, thus tells his caſe:
Why ſhould he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, becauſe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly underſtood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raiſe him to the lawn;
He paſs'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get, and ſpare his eyes;
But own'd he had a ſtubborn ſpirit,
That made him truſt alone to merit:
Would riſe by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a ſin; and, (God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But ſee how Satan ſpreads his ſnares;
He quite forgot to ſay his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parſon's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a ſentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown ſo bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a ſeat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His houſehold twice a day to prayers.
He ſhuns apothecaries' ſhops,
And hates to cram the ſick with ſlops:
He ſcorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid:
Old nurſe-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the ſquire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their ſhame.
The ſtateſman tells you, with a *ſneer*,
His fault is to be too *ſincere*;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the ſchemes he had in view;
Yet he was ſeconded by few:
Though ſome had ſpread a thouſand lies,
'Twas *he* defeated the exciſe.
'Twas known, though he had borne aſperſion,
That *ſtanding troops* were his averſion:
His practice was, in every ſtation,
To ſerve the king, and pleaſe the nation;
Though hard to find in every caſe
The fitteſt man to fill a place:
His promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the ſpot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people underſtood;
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is loſt on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Muſt, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his Majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a writ of eaſe,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his deſire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thouſand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no ſin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it baſe for men in ſtations
To crowd the court with their relations
His country was his deareſt mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modeſty or awkward ſhame
(For which he owns himſelf to blame)
He found the wiſeſt man he could,
Without reſpect to friends or blood

* *The prieſt his confeſſor.*

Nor never acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chooſe.
  The ſharper ſwore he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his coſt,
By want of ſkill he always loſt:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thouſand feats;
Could change the ſtock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt eye.
Nor wonder how his fortune ſunk;
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
  I own the moral not exact:
Beſides, the tale is falſe in fact;
And ſo abſurd, that, could I raiſe up
From fields Elyſian, fabling Æſop,
I would accuſe him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom *reaſon* ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents every day.
The aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his maſter's lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with pap,
As Æſop would the world perſuade;
He better underſtands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whiſtles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thiſtles.
Our author's meaning, I preſume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moraliſt deſign'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beaſts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1732.

Would you riſe in the *church?* be ſtupid and dull;
Be empty of learning, of inſolence full;
Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
In flattery an *artiſt*, in fawning a *ſlave:*
No merit, no ſcience, no virtue, is wanting
In him that's accompliſh'd in *cringing* and *canting.*
Be ſtudious to practiſe true *meanneſs of ſpirit;*
For who but Lord Bolton * was mitred for *merit?*
Would you wiſh to be wrapt in a *rochet?* in ſhort,
Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte †.

THE PARSON's CASE.

That you, friend Marcus, like a Stoic,
Can wiſh to die in ſtrains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all muſt own, thy wiſh is wiſe.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy buſy, drudging ſcene of life,
Thy inſolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-conſoling liquor,
Thy thread-bare gown, thy caſſock rent,
Thy credit ſunk, thy money ſpent,
Thy week made up of faſting days,
Thy grate unconſcious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curſes,
The quarterly demands of nurſes.
Are ills you wiſely wiſh to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, oh, what virtues you expreſs,
In wiſhing ſuch affliction leſs!
  But now, ſhould fortune ſhift the ſcene,
And make thy curateſhip a dean;
Or ſome rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour ſmall, and income great;
With chariot leſs for uſe than ſtate;
With ſwelling ſcarf and gloſſy gown,
And licence to reſide in town;
To ſhine, where all the gay reſort,
At concerts, coffeehouſe, or court,
And weekly perſecute his grace
With viſits, or to beg a place;
With underlings they flock to teach,
With no deſire to pray or preach;
With haughty ſpouſe in veſture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldſt thou not wiſh, in ſo much eaſe,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

* *Then archbiſhop of Caſhel.*
† *At that time biſhop of Kilmore.*

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES. 1733.

Poor ladies! though their buſineſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day:
Why ſhould they want the privilege of men,
Nor take ſome ſmall diverſions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, I can ſee no cauſe),
The men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn to night,
And female pleaſures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

Fluttering ſpread thy purple pinions,
  Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions;
  Nature muſt give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
  Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
  All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping
  Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
  Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
  Fair diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking ſlumbers;
  Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
  Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
  Watering ſoft Elyſian plains.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
  Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
  Hear me pay my dying vows.

" The Dean, if we believe report,
" Was never *ill* receiv'd at court,
" Although, ironically grave,
" He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave;
" To ſteal a hint was never known,
" But what he writ was all his own."
" Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
" He was a moſt *confounded* Tory,
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."
" Can we the Drapier then forget?
" Is not our nation in his debt?
" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"—
" He ſhould have left them for his *betters*;
" We had a hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
" Who, in his *ſatires* running riot,
" Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
" Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
" *Court*, *city*, *camp*—all one to him.—
" But why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot* great Sir Robert,
" Whoſe *counſels* aid the ſovereign power
" To ſave the nation every hour!
" What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
" In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels*,
" Not ſparing his own *clergy cloth*,
" But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!"
" Perhaps I may allow the Dean
" Had too much ſatire in his vein,
" And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
" Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
" Yet malice never was his aim;
" He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
" No individual could reſent,
" Where thouſands equally were meant:
" His ſatire points at no defect,
" But what all mortals may correct;
" For he abhor'd the ſenſeleſs tribe
" Who call it humour when they gibe;
" He ſpar'd a hump or crooked noſe,
" Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaux.
" True genuine dullneſs mov'd his pity,
" Unleſs it offer'd to be witty.
" Thoſe who their ignorance confeſt,
" He ne'er offended with a jeſt;
" But laugh'd to hear an ideot quote
" A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
" Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
" Muſt be or *ridicul'd*, or *laſh'd*.
" If you *reſent* it, who's to blame?
" He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*:
" Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke*?
" His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
" Were always of the middling kind;
" No fools of rank, or mungrel breed,
" Who fain would paſs for lords indeed:
" Where titles give no right or power,
" And peerage is a wither'd flower;
" He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
" If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
" On rural ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
" He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
" * * * * * * * ſquires to market brought,
" Who ſell their ſouls and * * * * for nought:

" The * * * * * * * * go joyful back;
" To rob the church, their tenants rack;
" Go ſnacks with * * * * * juſtices,
" And keep the peace to pick up fees;
" In every jobb to have a ſhare,
" A gaol or turnpike to repair;
" And turn * * * * * * * to public roads
" Commodious to their own abodes.
" He never thought an honour done him,
" Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
" Would rather ſlip aſide, and chooſe
" To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
" And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
" So often ſeen careſſing Chartres.
" He never courted men in ſtation,
" *Nor perſons held in admiration*;
" Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
" Becauſe he ſought for no man's aid.
" Though truſted long in great affairs,
" He gave himſelf no haughty airs:
" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends;
" And only choſe the wiſe and good;
" No flatterers; no allies in blood:
" But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
" And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs;
" As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
" Who, but for him, had been unknown.
" He kept with princes due decorum;
" Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's leſſon juſt;
" In princes never put his truſt:
" And, would you make him truly ſour,
" Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
" The Iriſh ſenate if you nam'd,
" With what impatience he declaim'd!
" Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
" For her he ſtood prepar'd to die;
" For her he boldly ſtood alone;
" For her he oft' expos'd his own.
" Two kingdoms, juſt as faction led,
" Had ſet a price upon his head;
" But not a traitor could be found,
" To ſell him for ſix hundred pound.
" Had he but ſpar'd his tongue and pen,
" He might have roſe like other men:
" But power was never in his thought,
" And wealth he valued not a groat:
" Ingratitude he often found,
" And pity'd thoſe who meant the wound;
" But kept the tenor of his mind,
" To merit well of human-kind;
" Nor made a ſacrifice of thoſe
" Who ſtill were true, to pleaſe his foes.
" He labour'd many a fruitleſs hour,
" To reconcile his friends in power;
" Saw miſchief by a faction brewing,
" While they purſued each other's ruin.
" But, finding vain was all his care,
" He left the court in mere deſpair.
" And, oh! how ſhort are human ſchemes!
" Here ended all our golden dreams.
" What St. John's ſkill in ſtate affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To ſave their ſinking country lent,
" Was all defeated by one event.
" Too ſoon that precious life was ended,
" On which alone our weal depended.

" When up a dangerous faction ſtarts,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
" By *ſolemn league and covenant bound*,
" To ruin, ſlaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, diſgrace the gown,
" Corrupt the ſenate, rob the crown;
" To ſacrifice old England's glory,
" And make her infamous in ſtory:
" When ſuch a tempeſt ſhook the land,
" How could unguarded virtue ſtand!
" With horror, grief, deſpair, the Dean
" Beheld the dire deſtructive ſcene:
" His friends in exile, or the Tower,
" Himſelf within the frown of power;
" Purſued by baſe invenom'd pens,
" Far to the land of ſ—— and fens;
" A ſervile race in folly nurs'd,
" Who truckle moſt, when treated worſt.
" By innocence and reſolution,
" He bore continual perſecution;
" While numbers to preferment roſe,
" Whoſe merit was to be his foes;
" When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
" Intent upon their private ends,
" Like renegadoes now he feels,
" *Againſt him lifting up their heels.*
" The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
" An infamous deſtructive cheat;
" Taught fools their intereſt how to know,
" And gave them arms to ward the blow.
" Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
" To ſave that hapleſs land from ruin;
" While they who at the ſteerage ſtood,
" And reap'd the profit, fought his blood.
" To ſave them from their evil fate,
" In him was held a crime of ſtate.
" A wicked monſter on the bench,
" Whoſe fury blood could never quench;
" As vile and profligate a villain,
" As modern Scroggs, or old Treſſilian;
" Who long all juſtice had diſcarded,
" *Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;*
" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
" And make him of his zeal repent:
" But heaven his innocence defends,
" The grateful people ſtand his friends;
" Not ſtrains of law, nor judges' frown,
" Nor topics brought to pleaſe the crown,
" Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
" Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile, with a ſteady heart,
" He ſpent his life's declining part;
" Where folly, pride, and faction ſway,
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" Alas, poor Dean! his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope.*
" This into general *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*
" His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes*,
" But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For, had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown*;
" For *party* he would ſcarce have bled:—
" I ſay no more—becauſe he's *dead.*—
" What *writings* has he left behind?"
" I hear they're of a different kind:
" A few in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe—"
" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe:—
" All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
" To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes;
" To praiſe queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
" As never favouring the Pretender:
" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,
" Againſt the *court* to ſhow his *ſpite*:
" Perhaps his *travels, part the third*;
" A *lie* at every *ſecond word*—
" Offenſive to a *loyal* ear:—
" But—*not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear.*"
" He knew an hundred pleaſing ſtories,
" With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
" Was cheerful to his dying-day;
" And friends would let him have his way.
" As for his works in verſe or proſe,
" I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
" Nor can I tell what critics thought them;
" But this I know, all people bought them,
" As with a moral view deſign'd,
" To *pleaſe* and to *reform* mankind:
" And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
" The *world* muſt own it to their *ſhame*,
" The *praiſe* is *his*, and theirs the *blame.*
" He gave the little wealth he had
" To build a houſe for fools and mad;
" To ſhow, by one ſatiric touch,
" No nation wanted it ſo much.
" That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
" I wiſh it ſoon may have a better.
" And, ſince you dread no further *laſhes*,
" Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes.*"

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*.

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, *Nov.* 23, *at night*, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myſelf of the grape's juice
I'm ſo full of pity, I never abuſe ſick; [ſick;
And the patienteſt patient that ever you knew ſick,
Both when I am purge-ſick, and when I am ſpew-ſick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe's a-new ſick.
Captain Butler made ſome in the church black and blue ſick; [all pew-ſick.
Dean Croſs, had he preach'd, would have made us
Are not you, in a crowd when you ſweat and ſtew, ſick? [ſick,
Lady Santry got out of the church when ſhe grew
And, as faſt as ſhe could, to the deanry flew ſick.
Miſs Morice was (I can aſſure you 'tis true) ſick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew ſick?
Such muſic would make a fanatic or Jew ſick,
Yet, ladies are ſeldom at *ombre* or *lue* ſick: [ſick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er ſhe does brew,
My footman came home from the church of a bruiſe ſick, [ſick;
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the ſtews

* *This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a ſpecimen of thoſe* bagatelles *for which the Dean hath perhaps been too ſeverely cenſured. Some, which were ſtill more exceptionable, are ſuppreſſed.*

But you learned doctors can make whom you chooſe
ſick:
And poor I myſelf was, when I withdrew, ſick;
For the ſmell of them made me like garlic and rue
ſick, [clue, ſick.
And I got through the crowd, though not let by a
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) ſick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due)
ſick,
And thoſe, to be ſure, ſtuck together like glew, ſick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they ſqueeze and they
ſcrew, ſick. [hue, ſick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, ſick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor muſe ſick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an ague ſick;
But I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a ſhrew ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſkew, ſick.

DR. HELSHAM's ANSWER.

The doctor's firſt rhyme would make any Jew ſick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue ſick,
For which ſhe is gone in a coach to Killbrew ſick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when ſhe flew ſick.
Laſt Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did ſpew ſick,
And made all the reſt of the folks in the pew ſick;
The ſurgeon who bled her, his lancet out drew ſick,
And ſtopt the diſtemper, as being but new ſick.
The yacht, the laſt ſtorm, had all her whole crew
ſick; [and you ſick:
Had we two been there, it would have made me
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew ſick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q ſick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clue ſick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue
ſick. [threw ſick,
There's a gameſter in town, for a throw that he
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll purſue ſick;
I've known an old miſer for paying his due ſick;
At preſent I'm grown by a pinch of my ſhoe ſick,
And what would you have me with verſes to do ſick?
Send rhymes, and I'll ſend you ſome others in lieu
Of rhymes I've a plenty, [ſick.
And therefore ſend twenty.

Anſwered the ſame day when ſent, Nov. 23.

I deſire you will carry both theſe to the doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not perſons to be inſulted.

" Can you match with me,
" Who ſend thirty-three?
" You muſt ſend fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four:
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I'll own you a ſtrong cur *."

This morning I'm growing by ſmelling of yew
ſick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru ſick;
Laſt night I came home in a ſtorm that then blew ſick:
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo ſick;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor couſin Hugh's
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a ſcrew ſick: [ſick,
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuſe)
You ſee that I ſcorn to mention word muſic. [ſick;
I'll do my beſt,
To ſend the reſt;
Without a jeſt,
I'll ſtand the teſt. [ſick;
Theſe lines that I ſend you, I hope you'll peruſe
I'll make you with writing a little more news ſick:
Laſt night I came home with drinking of booze ſick;
My carpenter ſwears that he'll hack and he'll hew
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo ſick: [ſick;
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view
Lord! I could write a dozen more; [ſick.
You ſee, I've mounted thirty-four.

* *The lines* " *thus mark'd*," *were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helſham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the ſame paper.*

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS * IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

" Sic ſibi lætantur docti."

With honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are theſe venerable buſtoes grac'd!
O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to ſee
Her darling ſons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

Lewis the living learned fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific head:
Our frugal Queen, to ſave her meat,
Exalts the head that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION

Drawn from the above Epigrams, and ſent to the Drapier.

Since Anna, whoſe bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And ſince our good Queen to the wiſe is ſo juſt,
To raiſe heads for ſuch as are humbled in duſt;
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

Dr. Swift's Anſwer.

Her majeſty never ſhall be my exalter;
And yet ſhe would raiſe me, I know, by a halter!

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT,

With a preſent of a Paper-Book, finely bound, on his birth-day, November 30. 1732.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

To thee, Dear Swift, theſe ſpotleſs leaves I ſend,
Small is the preſent, but ſincere the friend.

* *Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaſton.*

Think not ſo poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canſt make it bear?
Though taudry now, and like Tyrilla's face,
The ſpecious front ſhines out with borrow'd grace;
Though paſte-boards, glittering like a tinſel'd coat,
A *raſa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, ſhould provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A ſinking country and an injur'd ſtate
Thy great aſſiſtance ſhould again demand,
And call forth reaſon to defend the land;
Then ſhall we view theſe ſheets with glad ſurpriſe
Inſpir'd with thought, and ſpeaking to our eyes:
Each vacant ſpace ſhall then, enrich'd, diſpenſe
True force of eloquence, and nervous ſenſe;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And ſacred rules of policy impart.
The ſpangled covering, bright with ſplendid ore,
Shall cheat the ſight with empty ſhow no more;
But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.
So when the eye ſurveys ſome lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with ſhape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celeſtial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's DESK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

Hither from Mexico I came,
To ſerve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long ſubmitted to her will;
At length ſhe loſt me at *quadrille*.
Through various ſhapes I often paſs'd,
Still hoping to have reſt at laſt;
And ſtill ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And ſometimes got within his door,
But ſoon turn'd out to ſerve the poor*;
Not ſtrolling idleneſs to aid,
But honeſt induſtry decay'd.
At length an artiſt purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the ſhape you ſee.
This done, to Hermes I apply'd:
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
"Be it my fate to ſerve a ſage,
"The greateſt genius of his age;
"That matchleſs pen let me ſupply,
"Whoſe living lines will never die!"
I grant your ſuit, the God reply'd;
And here he left me to reſide.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A paper book is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praiſe of long-departed wit,
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes;
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The Vandals of the preſent age.

THE BEASTS CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST, *On obſerving how moſt men miſtake their own talents.* 1732.

When beaſts could ſpeak (the learned ſay,
They ſtill can do ſo every day),
It ſeems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every ſubject in the land
Should to the prieſt confeſs their ſins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:
Good father, I muſt own with ſhame,
That often I have been to blame:
I muſt confeſs, on Friday laſt,
Wretch that I was! I broke my faſt:
But I defy the baſeſt tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to ſeek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirſt of blood.
The aſs, approaching next, confeſs'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jeſt:
A wag he was, he needs muſt own,
And could not let a dunce alone;
Sometimes his friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet, the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is ſorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He'd ſhow his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none diſputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The ſwine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Inquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated ſloth like peaſe.
The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cenſuring world complain'd,
Who ſaid, his gravity was feign'd:

---

* *Alluding to 500l. a-year lent by the Dean, without intereſt, to poor tradeſmen.*

Melancholy ſmooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.
Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping:
Melody reſigns to fate.

ON THE WORDS *BROTHER PROTESTANTS*, AND *FELLOW CHRISTIANS*,

So familiarly uſed by the Advocates for the Repeal of the Teſt-Act in Ireland. 1733.

An inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay, and ſtacks of corn,
Were down the ſudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide;
Uniting all, to ſhow their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples ſwim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee of Radcliff ſcorns:
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
"Muſt take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean ſome curate ſloven
Subſcribes, "Dear Sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, ſhoe-boys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus H—e in the houſe will prate,
"Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate."
Thus at the bar the blockhead Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother ſerjeant.
And thus fanatic ſaints, though neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,
Are Brother Proteſtants and Chriſtians,
As much as Hebrews and Philiſtines;
But in no other ſenſe, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food;
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?
Though born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid man did beget it:
But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
What Proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gathering,
To call a ſwarm of lice his brethren?
As Moſes, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And, turn'd to lice, infeſt the king:
For pity's ſake, it would be juſt,
A *rod* ſhould turn them back to *duſt*.
Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou art my father."
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin, may be *bit*.

THE YAHOO's OVERTHROW;

OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

Upon Serjeant Kite's inſulting the Dean.

To the Tune of "Derry down."

Jolly boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and ſcoundrel in grain,
Hath inſulted us all by inſulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know;
But this ſkip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or Houſe,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louſe?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do ſhow;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombaſt, ſilly jeſts, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at ſpeaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all ſorts but applauſe;
Has, with noiſe and odd geſtures, been pratting ſome years,
What honeſter folks never durſt for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all ſizes and ſorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Proteſtants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the ſame:
What the de'el is't to him whence the devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolſton, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Chriſtians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Chriſtian as good as the reſt of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We'll ſet on new rates;
On their tithes at half-nothing, their prieſthood at leſs:
What's next to be voted, with eaſe you may gueſs.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old maſter (I need not him name)
To this damnable ſpeaker had long ow'd a ſhame;

When his ſpeech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole ſatire had been
The oppreſſion of virtue, not wages of ſin:
He began as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he ſwore how he ſwore.
Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his Deanſhip in very low ſtrains,
To others he boaſted of knocking out brains,
And ſlitting of noſes, and cropping of ears,
While his own aſs's zaggs were more fit for the ſhears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll ſhow him the way how to crop and to ſlit;
We'll teach him ſome better addreſs to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a ſword.
Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for inſulters of deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends:
To the Dean he ſhall go; they ſhall kiſs and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean ſhall to him diſcloſe
A face for to kiſs, without eyes, ears, or noſe.
Knock him down, &c.

If you ſay this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That ſerjeant at law whom we call Kite the ſecond,
You miſtake; for a ſlave, who will coax his ſuperiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's poſteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his paſſion or pride?
Though his ſoul he deſpiſes, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his ſword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

Dear Dick, pr'ythee tell by what paſſion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And while at good Caſhel you rail with ſuch ſpite,
They ſhrewdly ſuſpect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though ſo loudly you vapour,
His ſpite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change ſides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very beſt way;
And ſay of the man what all honeſt men ſay.
But if, ſtill obdurate, your anger remains;
If ſtill your foul boſom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, laviſhly flatter,
'Tis your groſs panegyrics alone can beſpatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to ſpeak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON POETRY:

A RHAPSODY, 1733.

All human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's univerſal paſſion, *pride*,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boaſt
Three poets in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *ſprig* of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reaſon can there be aſſign'd
For this perverſeneſs in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *horſe* will oft' debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A *dog* by inſtinct turns aſide,
Who ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature,
Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature;
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obſtinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.
Not *empire* to the riſing ſun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not higheſt *wiſdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern ſtates;
Not ſkill in ſciences profound,
So large to graſp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *Muſe's lyre*.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of bridewell or the ſtews;
Not infants dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of *gipſies* littering under hedges;
Are ſo diſqualify'd by fate
To rhime in *church*, or *law*, or *ſtate*,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.
What hope of cuſtom in the *fair*,
While not a ſoul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public uſe?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no proviſion;
The wealthy have you in deriſion:
Of ſtate affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter;

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

" To make a writer miſs his end,
" You've nothing elſe to do but mend."

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
A *ſimile* for woman-kind,
A *ſimile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every circumſtance to hit 'em.
Through every bird and beaſt I went,
I ranſack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find ſo whimſical a creature,
A *cloud* preſented to my view,
And ſtrait this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about;
They keep us in ſuſpenſe and doubt;
Yet oft perverſe, like woman-kind,
Are ſeen to ſcud againſt the wind:
And are not women juſt the ſame?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the ſtouteſt mortals under,
When bellowing they diſcharge their thunder:
So when th' alarum-bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlaſting tongue,
The huſband dreads its loudneſs more
Than lightning's flaſh, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain;
The *clouds* about the welkin roam;
And ladies never ſtay at home.
The *clouds* build caſtles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the ſchemes of their forecaſting
Are not more ſolid, nor more laſting.
A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her ſpark:
Now with a ſudden pouting gloom
She ſeems to darken all the room;
Again ſhe's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when ſhe has ſmil'd.
In this they're wondrouſly alike
(I hope the ſimile will ſtrike);
Though in the darkeſt dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll ſee through them.
The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with ſmall provocation,
Blaſts every neighbour's reputation.
The *clouds* delight in gaudy ſhow
(For they, like ladies, have their bow);
The graveſt matron will confeſs,
That ſhe herſelf is fond of dreſs.
Obſerve the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are diſplay'd;
The pink, the roſe, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the ſky;
How do theſe differ from our graces,
In garden-ſilks, brocades and laces?
Are they not ſuch another ſight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
The *clouds* delight to change their faſhion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a paſſion!)
Nor let this whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who every hour delight in change.
In them and you alike are ſeen
The ſullen ſymptoms of the ſpleen;
The moment that your vapours riſe,
We ſee them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's caſe,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like *clouds* of ſnow.
Their words fall thick, and ſoft and ſlow;
While briſk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every ſide aſſail.
Clouds, when they intercept our ſight,
Deprive us of celeſtial light:
So when my Chloe I purſue,
No heaven beſides I have in view.
Thus, on compariſon, you ſee,
In every inſtance they agree,
So like, ſo very much the ſame,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a *cloud*.

ANSWER BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and inſolence you ſhow
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder ſoon goes out;
And only makes you more d vout,
Then is not female clatter worſe,
That drives you not to *pray* but *curſe*?
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt diſcharg'd, the ſky grows clear:
But every ſublunary dowdy,
The more ſhe ſcolds, the more ſhe's cloudy.
Some critic may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*;
But what, alas! are *claps* ætherial,
Compar'd for miſchief to venereal?
Can *clouds* give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noſes dig out notches?
We leave the body ſweet and ſound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a *cloudy* ſky beſpeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretel a ſtorm to laſt till night.
A *cloud* in proper ſeaſons pours
His bleſſings down in fruitful ſhowers;
But woman was by fate deſign'd
To pour down curſes on mankind.
When Syrius o'er the welkin rages.
Our kindly help his fire aſſuages;
But woman is a curſt inflamer,
No pariſh ducking-ſtool can tame her:
To kindle ſtrife, dame nature taught her;
Like fire-works, ſhe can burn in water.
For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous?
You'll ſee a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every ſecond.

Obſerve our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you gueſs from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books inroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old.
To diſappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dreſt a *cloud* in Juno's ſhape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?
Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her majeſty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That Dido might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane
(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And Dido quickly *ſmok'd the beau*.
Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth ſo fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty ſo endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dreſt her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
'Tis known, that Socrates the wiſe
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Ariſtophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worſhip other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we pleaſe to guide;
O'er all your paſſions we preſide,
Can raiſe them up, or ſink them down,
As we think fit to ſmile or frown:
And, juſt as we diſpoſe your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Becauſe we dwell in higher regions!
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In ſeas and ſtreams, or low as hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds!* he kiſs their a—es);
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at leaſt:
And, when Apollo ſtruts on Pindus,
We ſee him from our kitchen-windows;
Or, to Parnaſſus looking down,
Can piſs upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly
In vehicles they mount the ſky:
When Jove would ſome fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She muſt have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo ſtirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
But we can fly where'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and ſeas:
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you, as we go,
With ſun-ſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove piſſes on you through a ſieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſponge in water;
Then ſqueeze it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes.
As you ſhall to your ſorrow know,
We'll watch your ſteps where'er you go;
And, ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We'll ſoundly ſouce your frize-ſurtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever ſhows his face:
For, when we pleaſe, we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide:
And then how faucily he ſhows
His brazen face and fiery noſe;
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis ſung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roſes blow, the cowſlip ſprings:
'Tis ſung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piſs upon a nettle;
But, though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by ſoft prolific ſhowers,
Can every ſpring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.
But gods like us have too much ſenſe
At poet's flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
We own your verſes are melodious;
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

Or, a New Ballad, [illegible] a Shoe-boy, on an Attorney who was formerly a Shoe-boy.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc eſt contrarius atro."

With ſinging of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of ſhoes,
Did Hartley * ſet out, both ſhoeleſs and ſhirtleſs,
And moneyleſs too, but not very dirtleſs;

* *See the next poem.*

Twopence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a *bruſh*, and one a *black ball*;
For clouts at a loſs he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but ſuch;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and *bruſh*,
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to puſh:
Veſpaſian *thus*, *being beſpatter'd with dirt*,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
But as a wiſe fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of ſtrings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciouſly thought it too little,
To live by the ſweat of his hands and his ſpittle:
He finds out another profeſſion as fit,
And ſtraight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—"Murders and ſongs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your ſhoes!"
At Domvile's* full often he fed upon bits.
For winding of jacks up, and turning of ſpits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
Such baſtings effect upon *him* could have none;
The dog will be patient that's ſtruck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, obſerving this Hartley withal
So expert and ſo active at *bruſhes* and *ball*,
Was mov'd with compaſſion, and thought it a pity
A youth ſhould be loſt, that had been ſo witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my ſpark,
And now we'll ſuppoſe him an eminent clerk;
Suppoſe him an adept in all the degrees
Of ſcribbling *cum daſho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppoſe him a miſer, attorney *per* bill;
Suppoſe him a courtier—ſuppoſe what you will—
Yet would you believe, though I ſwore by the Bible,
That he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel*?

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE.

By Way of Defence of Hartley Hutchinſon, Eſq.

"But he by bawling news about,
"And aptly uſing bruſh and clout,
"A juſtice of the peace became,
"To puniſh rogues who do the ſame."

BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out diſgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The firſt who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we muſt own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean:—for who would chooſe
So vile a ſubject for the muſe?
'Twas once the nobleſt of his wiſhes
To fill his paunch with ſcraps from diſhes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack's* ſlow-riſing weight
(Such toils as beſt his talents fit),
Or poliſh *ſhoes*, or turn the *ſpit*:
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that perſecuting wit
Will prove the ſureſt way to it;
So, with a Colonel* at his back,
The libel feels his firſt attack;
He calls it a ſeditious paper,
Writ by another Patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonſenſe thicker
Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with deſign, no doubt,
To hear his praiſes hawk'd about;
To ſend his name through every ſtreet,
Which erſt he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen ſatiric rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was juſtice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated Father Jove aloud,
Only in light to ſhow his face,
Though it might tend to his diſgrace.
And ſo th' Epheſian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, deſpiſing ſhame,
To gain an ever odious name.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLYSPELLIN*.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyſpellin.

Though pox or itch your ſkins enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin before you've been
A month at Ballyſpellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When ſhe comes from her dwelling,
The kindling roſe within it glows
When ſhe's at Ballyſpellin.

The ſooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyſpellin.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As Roſe, or Bright Dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at Ballyſpellin.

We men ſubmit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:

† *Sir A. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper-office.*

* *Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant-Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence againſt the printer.* IRISH ED.

† *A famous ſpa in the county of Kilkenny, whether the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite Lady.*

The reaſon's plain; the ladies reign,
They're queens at Ballyſpellin.

By matchleſs charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such deſperate foes as dare oppoſe
Their power at Ballyſpellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, becauſe I fell in
A ſtream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyſpellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with Ballyſpellin.

No politics, no ſubtle tricks,
No man his country ſelling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of theſe at Ballyſpellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are ſure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyſpellin.

Though dropſy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though ſwelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyſpellin.

Death throws no darts through all theſe parts,
No ſextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you'll never *die*,
But *live* at Ballyſpellin;

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyſpellin.

Good cheer, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at Ballyſpellin.

Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's ſake,
All night at Ballyſpellin.

There all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But, ſince I'm here, to heaven ſo near,
I can't at Ballyſpellin!

ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT *.

Dare you diſpute, you ſaucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your ſcurvy lays, and ſenſeleſs praiſe
You give to Ballyſpellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and ſour's the blood,
When drunk at Ballyſpellin.

Thoſe pocky drabs, to cure their ſcabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be ſent, worſe than they went,
From naſty Ballyſpellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honeſt doctor Pellin;
So hard ſometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyſpellin.

No ſubject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
That met at Ballyſpellin.

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſowing make with ſhelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyſpellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah ſtript
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight,
At paltry Ballyſpellin.

Your mawkins there ſmocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyſpellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Becauſe he gets a few griſettes
At louſy Ballyſpellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Juſt o'er againſt The Bell-inn;
Where can you meet a laſs ſo ſweet,
Round all your Ballyſpellin?

We have a girl deſerves an earl;
She came from Enniſkillin:
So fair, ſo young, no ſuch among
The belles at Ballyſpellin.

How would you ſtare to ſee her there,
The foggy miſt diſpelling,
That clouds the brows of every blowſe
Who lives at Ballyſpellin!

Now as I live, I would not give
A ſtiver for a belle in,
To towſe and kiſs the faireſt miſs
That leaks at Ballyſpellin.

Whoe'er will raiſe ſuch lies as theſe
Deſerves a good cudgelling;
Who falſely boaſts of belles and toaſts,
At dirty Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as thoſe you write,
To force in Ballyſpellin.

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* *This anſwer was reſented by Dr. Sheridan, as an affront on himſelf and the lady he attended to the ſpa.*

Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juſt one annual hundred pound;
Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-ſtreet line.
Poor ſtarveling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *ſimile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours, grown the critics prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.
How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of different ſpirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein, or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd ſinner,
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.
Conſult yourſelf; and if you find
A powerful impulſe urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breaſt
What ſubject you can manage beſt;
Whether your genius moſt inclines
To ſatire, praiſe, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologues ſent from hand unknown.
Then, riſing with Aurora's light,
The muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;
Blot out, correct, inſert, refine,
Enlarge, diminiſh, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To ſcratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finiſh'd, next your care
Is needful to tranſcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed traſh is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *daſhes*.
To ſtatemen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar ſhapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit eſcapes:
But, when in *capitals* expreſt,
The dulleſt reader ſmokes the jeſt:
Or elſe perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer, more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modiſh dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the preſs,
Convey by penny-poſt to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill ſuit the coſt,
You need not fear your labour loſt:
And how agreeably ſurpris'd
Are you to ſee it adverti's'd!
The hawker ſhows you one in print,
As freſh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and ſweating;
A baſtard of your own begetting.
Be ſure at Will's, the following day,
Lie ſnug, and hear what critics ſay;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill, and ſwallow down your ſpittle.
Be ſilent as a politician,
For talking may beget ſuſpicion:
Or praiſe the judgment of the town,
And help yourſelf to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker ſide:
For poems read without a name
We juſtly praiſe, or juſtly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuſe:
And, ſince you ne'er provoke their ſpite,
Depend upon 't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Conſider what a riſk you run:
You loſe your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vileſt doggrel, Grub-ſtreet ſends,
Will paſs for yours with foes and friends;
And you muſt bear the whole diſgrace,
Till ſome freſh blockhead takes your place.
Your ſecret kept, your poem ſunk,
And ſent in quires to line a trunk,
If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail: yet *Safe* 's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *ſimiles* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which every fool repeats,
Town jeſts and coffee-houſe conceits;
Deſcriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet;
And A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *ſtateſman*, or a South-ſea *jobber*;
A *prelate* who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purſe at the bar or bench;
A ducheſs, or a ſuburb wench:
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like ſtepping-ſtones to ſave a ſtride,
In ſtreets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to ſupport
A cripple with one foot too ſhort;
Or like a bridge, that joins a mariſh
To moorland of a different pariſh.
So have I ſeen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With ſavage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miſs your third eſſay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.
From party-merit ſeek ſupport;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence;

Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the ſovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower;
Is generous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies;
His humble *ſenate* this profeſſes,
In all their *ſpeeches*, *votes*, *addreſſes*.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praiſe,
Aſcending, make one funeral blaze:
As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they ſail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a ſop,
His triple-barking mouth to ſtop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project exciſe and South-ſea ſchemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To ſet Elyſium by the ears.
Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muſe on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which, form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *goſpel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too baſe,
(Which ſeldom is the dunce's caſe)
Put on the critic's brow, and ſit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities*, *in time and place*;
Get ſcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Ariſtotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wiſe Dennis, and profound Boſſu;
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For theſe our critics much confide in
(Though merely writ at firſt for filling,
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling.)
A forward critic often dupes us
With ſham quotations *peri hupſous*:
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, leſt with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with deciſive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote.
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learn'd, you'll be ſecure
To get the name of *connoiſſeur*:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Auguſta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls:
Theſe o'er their proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſovereign.
In every ſtreet a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undiſputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *ſhrewdneſs*
For ſongs of *loyalty* and *lewdneſs*;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to ſpell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in Punch's booth;
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentiſh-town:
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day ſtrains;
Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace;
Where Pope will never ſhow his face;
Where Young muſt torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or loſe his *penſion*.
But theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out ſkips a *book of miſcellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature.
The greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of moderate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;

A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces fools and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an antient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low sublime!*
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place supply'd:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the the *hollow tree*.
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown;
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to *descend*.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse, they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth, and height
Are equally held infinite;
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.

For instance, when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The laureat leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:
The rest pursue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And, as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
Oh, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the muse's name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The *comfort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, oh may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood:
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the *minister of state*,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose, to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of your peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now, learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.

St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchſafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breaſts and ſides Herculean
He fix'd the *ſtar* and *ſtring cerulean*.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever ſuch a conſtellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and ſtrow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's ſide.
Above the ſtars exalt your ſtyle,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand mile.
On Lewis all his bards beſtow'd
Of incenſe many a thouſand load;
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand times below it.
Tranſlate me now ſome lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either ſide;
They teach you how to ſplit a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal ſhare.
Yet why ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtrait?
I'll give my monarch butter weight.
And reaſon good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Wooliton gave us arms to rout him,

Cætera deſiderantur.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX. IMITATED.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ*. 1733.

Patron of the tuneful throng,
Oh! too nice, and too ſevere!
Think not that my *country* ſong
Shall diſpleaſe thy honeſt ear.

Choſen ſtrains I proudly bring;
Which the muſe's ſacred choir,
When they gods and heroes ſing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Juſt precedence ſtill maintains;
With ſacred raptures ſtill are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty ſtrains.

Still the old triumphant ſong,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly ſung,
Warns, inſtructs, and pleaſes well.

Nor has time's all-darkening ſhade
In obſcure oblivion preſs'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken prieſt!

Gentle Sappho, love-ſick muſe,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tendereſt notes infuſe
Melting rapture, ſoft deſire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not firſt, fair nymph, aſtray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's ſlaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful ſword.
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hoſtile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years famous war.

But their names, unſung, unwept,
Unrecorded, loſt and gone,
Long in endleſs night have ſlept,
And ſhall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well conſign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the ſepulchre
Some old king without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful ſongs are read,
Old forgetful time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er ſhall ſpread.

When the deep-cut notes ſhall fade
On the mouldring Parian ſtone,
On the braſs no more be read
The periſhing inſcription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G———n's curſed ſpite,
And P———l's derogating lies,
Loſt and ſunk in Stygian night;

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou haſt done,
In full luſtre ſhall appear,
And outſhine th' unclouded ſun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth ſtand;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ſhip to land.

Falſely we call the rich man great;
He is only ſo that knows
His plentiful or ſmall eſtate
Wiſely to enjoy and uſe.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falſehood and diſhonefty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death!—No, meets it brave,
When the ſuffering ſo ſevere
May from dreadful bondage ſave'
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the ſovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wiſe; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

---

* *Lord Mayor of Dublin.*

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI.

PARAPHRASED.

If noiſy Tom * ſhould in the ſenate prate,
" That he would anſwer both for church and ſtate;
" And, further to demonſtrate his affection,
" Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
All mortals muſt be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his ſire?
" What! thou, the ſpawn of him † who ſham'd our iſle,
" That traitor, aſſaſſin, informer vile!
" Though by the female ſide ‡ you proudly bring,
" To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
" What was thy grandſire § but a mountaineer,
" Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
" Whoſe maſter Moore ‖ preſerv'd him from the halter,
" For ſtealing cows; nor could he read the Pſalter!
" Durſt thou, ungrateful, from the ſenate chaſe
" Thy founder's grandſon ** and uſurp his place?
" Juſt heaven! to ſee the dunghill baſtard brood
" Survive in thee, and make the proverb good ††!
" Then vote a worthy citizen ‡‡ to jail,
" In ſpite of juſtice, and refuſe his bail!"

ON A PRINTER'S BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

Better we all were in our graves
Than live in ſlavery to ſlaves,
Worſe than the anarchy at ſea,
Where fiſhes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
And ſwagger while the coaſt is clear:
But, ſhould a lordly pike appear,
Away you ſee the varlet ſcud,
Or hide his coward ſnout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet ſtill has impudence to riſe,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

---

* *Sir Thomas Prendergraſt.* Irish Ed.

† *The father of Sir Thomas P———, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer againſt his aſſociates, for which he was rewarded with a good eſtate, and made a baronet.* Ibid.

‡ *Cadogan's family.* Ibid.

§ *A poor thieving cottager, under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell aſſizes to be hanged for ſtealing cows.* Ibid.

‖ *The grandfather of Guy Moore, Eſq. who procured him a pardon.* Ibid.

** *Guy Moore was fairly elected member of Parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his intereſt with a certain party then prevailing, and ſince known by the title of Parſon-hunters, petitioned the houſe againſt him; out of which he was turned, upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.* Ibid.

†† " *Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut* " *your throat.*" Ibid.

‡‡ *Mr. George Faulkner.*

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT *.

With a whirl of thought oppreſs'd,
I ſunk from reverie to reſt.
An horrid viſion ſeiz'd my head,
I ſaw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burſt the ſkies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world ſtands trembling at his throne!
While each pale ſinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, ſhook the heavens, and ſaid:
" Offending race of human kind,
" By nature, reaſon, *learning*, blind;
" You who, through frailty, ſtepp'd aſide;
" And you who never fell, *through pride*;
" You who in different ſects were ſhamm'd,
" And come to ſee each other damn'd
" (So ſome folk told you, but they knew
" No more of Jove's deſigns than you);
" —The world's mad buſineſs now is o'er,
" And I reſent theſe pranks no more.
" —I to ſuch blockheads ſet my wit!
" I damn ſuch fools!—Go, go, you're *bit.*"

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND, BY DR. J. SICAN †.

—[*Horace ſpeaking.*]

You've read, Sir, in poetic ſtrain,
How Varus and the Mantuan ſwain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verſe to write it)
Upon a plain repaſt to dine,
And taſte my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taſte Iernian;
But fearing that you might diſpute
(Had I put on my common ſuit)
My breeding and my *politeſſe*,
I viſit in a birth-day dreſs;
My coat of pureſt Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly ſpread;
To which I've ſure as good pretenſions
As Iriſh lords who ſtarve on penſions.
What though proud miniſters of ſtate
Did at your anti-chamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aſide the general's ſtaff
And public cares, with you to laugh;

---

* *That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean, Lord Cheſterfield bears ample teſtimony in his letter to M. Voltaire, Aug. 27. 1752.*

† *This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy.*

Yet I ſome friends as good can name,
Nor leſs the darling ſons of Fame;
For ſure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good ſtateſmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Druſus Nero.
You'll boaſt, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helſham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian iſle Hippocrates:
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bleſs'd another clime.
You'll plead perhaps, at my requeſt,
To be admitted as a gueſt,
"Your hearing's bad!"—But why ſuch fears?
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reaſon wiſely took
The form you ſee me in, a book.
Attack'd by ſlow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadlieſt foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunſter's proſe;
I found my boaſted wit and fire
In their rude hands almoſt expire:
Yet ſtill they but in vain aſſail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blaſt deſtroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miſs'd their aim;
Since all my ſpirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to ſave theſe ſmall remains
From future pedants' muddy brains,
And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You beſt know how—which way?—TRANSLATE.

ON PSYCHE *.

AT two afternoon for our Pſyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her ſmock at the fire:
So loitering, ſo active; ſo buſy, ſo idle;
Which hath ſhe moſt need of, a ſpur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you ſuch plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To pleaſe you, ſhe knows how to chooſe a nice bit;
For her taſte is almoſt as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, ſhe will trace every market. [cark it.
It would do your heart good, to ſee how ſhe will
Yet beware of her arts; for it plainly appears,
She ſaves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of courſe their friendſhip ends:
But ſure the Dean deſerves a ſharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boaſt he knows the Duke,
Yet, ſince juſt heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is loſt by ſtocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant and revel,
The Duke and Dean ſeem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good duke Humphry, [bum frec.
From bailiff's claws thou ſcarce couldſt keep thy
A Duke to know a Dean! go, ſmooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; ſo pleas'd the king»
Oh! would his Majeſty but add a ſtring!

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY *.

MAKE Rundle biſhop! fie for ſhame!
An Arian to uſurp the name!
A biſhop in the iſle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred hoſt
Confer on him the Holy Ghoſt;
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it ſtrange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at moſt,
Who know there is an Holy Ghoſt:
The reſt, who boaſt they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Epheſians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a biſhop! well he may;
He's ſtill a Chriſtian more than they.
We know the ſubject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, ſenſe, and morals.
There is a reaſon ſtill more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has every circumſtance to pleaſe us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jeſus.
But why ſhould he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion ſtout,
Though not ſo goſpel-ward devout;
While others, hither ſent to ſave us,
Came but to plunder and enſlave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who ſhow'd a better *jus divinum?*
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *epiſcopari.*
Our biſhop's predeceſſor, Magus,
Would offer all the ſands of Tagus,
Or ſell his children, houſe, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay-on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the ſpirit ſet to ſale.
Said ſurly Peter, "Magus, pr'ythee,
"Be gone: thy money periſh with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps
He might have found a ſcore of chaps,

* *Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, mother to the author of the preceding poem.*

* *Promoted to that ſee, in February* 1734-5.

Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thouſand pounds a year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of God;
Though e'en the biſhops diſappointed
Muſt own it made by God's anointed,
And, well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more ſecure as well as legal;
Becauſe our lawyers all agree,
That biſhoprics are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaſte, and witty Croſſe,
How ſorely I lament your loſs!
That ſuch a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should ſlip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been ſo much better.

EPIGRAM.

Friend Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadſt been better ſped,
Hadſt thou been join'd to Boulter's head:
A head, ſo weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION-CLUB.

1736.

As I ſtroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-ſhot from the college;
Half the globe from ſenſe and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd againſt the church direct,
Making good thy grand-dame's jeſt,
"Near the church"—you know the reſt.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
Theſe demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noiſe, and ſuch harranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudding gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the ſtones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every ſkull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy the harpies' neſt;
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh ſins enormous.
Yet ſhould Swift endow the ſchools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may ſtand.
You perhaps will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo,
Since the houſe is like to laſt,
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they ſit a-picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue.
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the city;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louſe,
Call for th' orders of the houſe;
Let them, with their goſſing quills,
Scribble ſenſeleſs heads of bills.
We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let Sir Tom *, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs;
But, before the prieſt he fleeces,
Tear the bible all to pieces:
At the parſons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a ſhoe-boy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuſer,
Lay thy paltry privilege aſide,
Sprung from papiſts, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole.
Come, aſſiſt me, muſe obedient!
Let us try ſome new expedient;
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle muſe, conduct me;
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.
See, the muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the ſoul!
Styx, through hell, whoſe waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and grief, and care,
Cauſeleſs joy, and true deſpair;
Diſcord periwigg'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes!
By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, "Lay down your ſtick."
What, ſaid I, is this the *mad-houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.

* *Sir Thomas Prendergaſt, a privy counceller.*

In the porch Briarens ſtands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a fool's diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,
Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
Privilege of Parliament.
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durſt the muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.
When I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No, 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dreſs
Jack the grandſon of Sir Hardreſs?
Honeſt keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murther;
See the ſcowling viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murder'd T—p.
Keeper, ſhow me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might ſwear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt Old Glorious in your piſs:
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them ſtarve and ſtink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh them daily, laſh them duly;
Though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard ſmoke,
Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak;
Who is he? 'tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompaſs'd by his kin:
There obſerve the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he ſleeps the whole debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait;
Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Juſt to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court, againſt the nation.
Thoſe are A—s Jack and Bob,
Firſt in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-ſick brute, they call a peer.
We muſt give them better quarter,
For their anceſtor trod mortar,
And H—th, to boaſt his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There ſit Clements, D—ks, and Harriſon;
How they ſwagger from their garriſon!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this ſide hell?
Harriſon, D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, ſee they have their payments;
Every miſchief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bleſs us, Morgan! art thou there, man!
Bleſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful ſight! what! learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone.
Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother,
Thou, a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not ſurpriſe one!
Turn thy nouriſhment to poiſon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks:
Bind them faſt, or from their ſhelves
They will come and right themſelves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us.
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phraſe,
Send the clergy all to graze,
And, to make your project paſs,
Leave them not a blade of graſs?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleaſing rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving-tools
On this odious group of fools:
Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I aſſure you,—
You will need no *car'icatura;*
Draw them ſo, that we may trace
All the ſoul in every face.
Keeper, I muſt not retire,
You have done what I deſire:
But I feel my ſpirits ſpent
With the noiſe, the ſight, the ſcent.
"Pray be patient; you ſhall find
"Half the beſt are ſtill behind:
"You have hardly ſeen a ſcore;
"I can ſhow two hundred more."

Keeper, I have ſeen enough.—
Taking then a pinch of ſnuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
" May their god, the devil, confound them!"

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wiſe as well as fair,
Whoſe conſcience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She ſent to bid him come and dine.
But, you muſt know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not leſſen
The dignity of his profeſſion:
And, if you'd heard the man diſcourſe,
Or preach, you'd like him ſcarce the worſe.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating ſilent to his cell;
Suſpected for the love he bore
To one who ſway'd ſome time before;
Which made it more ſurpriſing how
He ſhould be ſent for thither now.
The meſſage told, he gapes, and ſtares,
And ſcarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice:
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Paſſes the lower caſtle-yard;
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate;
For, conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,
His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him;
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the captain rav'd!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word;
My Lady—it muſt be my Lord.
My Lords abroad; my Lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do?
" Is Captain Cracherode here, pray?"—" No."
" Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm ſure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak;
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.
Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been,
Had now my Lady been within!
What could I 've ſaid? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—ſhe'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt:
Well then, I'll e'en go home and faſt;
And, ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls. " Cracherode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—" Pray ſee,
" 'Tis now a quarter after three."
The captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain—no Doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not chooſe but wonder:
" Captain, I fear you've made ſome blunder:
" But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
" I'll try his manners once again;
" If rudeneſs be the effect of knowledge,
" My ſon ſhall never ſee a college."
The captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another meſſage brought:
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faultering—humm'd and ha'd,
" Her Ladyſhip was gone abroad;
" The captain too—he did not know
" Whether he ought to ſtay or go;"
Begg'd ſhe'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady, pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good-nature to relieve him;
Told him, ſhe thought ſhe might believe him;
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him, and eat ſome fruit;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
She'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The Doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, ſeemingly comply'd;
Though, if he durſt, he had deny'd.
But firſt, reſolv'd to ſhow his taſte,
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt:
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clogg'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats.
Inſtead of ſpoils of Perſian looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye, that ſhone
With native luſtre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every ſenſe to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d'acquit.*
Yet ſhe, though ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun, or chilling air;
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhows or hides the beams:
Though ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees,
And ſcarce can ſpeak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.

The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty power of ufe
" Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe:
" If you unus'd have ſcarcely ſtrength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If, frighten'd at a ſcene ſo rude,
" Through long diſuſe of ſolitude;
" If, long confin'd to fires and ſcreens,
" You dread the waving of theſe greens;
" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
" Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
" The cooler air and dazzling ſun;
" If his majeſtic eye you flee,
" Learn hence t'excuſe and pity me.
" Conſider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
" To ſee th' important man of dreſs
" Scoffing my college awkwardneſs;
" To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport,
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by ſlow approaches,
" Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
" From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry;
" To paſs ſo many crowded ſtages,
" And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages;
" And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
" Be told—" You are not to be ſeen:"
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The awe of your majeſtic air.
" And can I then be faulty found,
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
" A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living luſtre of your eyes?"

THE DEAN's MANNER OF LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my ſervants much enrages,
No ſcraps remain to ſave board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing ſpend,
But often ſponge upon a friend:
Yet, where he's not ſo rich as I,
I pay my club, and ſo good b'ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

Come buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in heaven;
My huſband a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I muſt maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

Ripe 'ſparagraſs,
Fit for lad or laſs,
To make their water paſs:
Oh, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

Come, follow me by the ſmell,
Here are delicate onions to ſell;
I promiſe to uſe you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer:
For this is every cook's opinion,
No ſavoury diſh without an onion;
But, leſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your onions muſt be thoroughly boil'd:
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

Charming oyſters I cry:
My maſters, come buy.
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet is their fleſh,
No Colcheſter oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter:
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle;
They'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And madam your wife
They'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring
Freſh from Malahide *,
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure freſh butter and muſtard;
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſix-pence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

ORANGES.

Come buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roaſted, with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentle-folks ſup.

---

* *Near Dublin.*

ON ROVER, A LADY's SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER *.

HAPPIEST of the ſpaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck ſo ſmooth and round,
Little neck with ribbands bound;
And the *muſely* ſwelling breaſt
Where the Loves and Graces reſt;
And the ſpreading even back,
Soft, and ſleek, and gloſſy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the ſilky twiſted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.
With a proper light and ſhade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, myſtic power)
In a *downy* ſlumber place
Happieſt of the ſpaniel race;
While the ſoft perſpiring dame,
Glowing with the ſofteſt flame,
On the raviſh'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambroſial ſhowers!
With thy utmoſt ſkill expreſs
Nature in her richeſt dreſs;
Limpid *rivers* ſmoothly flowing,
Orchards by thoſe *rivers* blowing;
Curling *woodbine*, *myrtle* ſhade,
And the gay enamel'd mead;
Where the linnets ſit and ſing,
Little ſportlings of the ſpring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Soothe the heart, and kindle love:
Here for me, and for the muſe,
Colours of reſemblance chooſe;
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *ſpaniels* ſhine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
Gentle *damſels*, gentle *care*;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the deſperate face;
Let the ſpotted wanton dame
Feel a new reſiſtleſs flame;
Let the happieſt of his *race*
Win the fair to his *embrace*.
But in ſhade the reſt conceal,
Nor to ſight their joys reveal,
Leſt the *boaſt* and the muſe
Looſe deſires and thoughts infuſe.

AY AND NO;

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

AT Dublin's high feaſt ſate Primate and Dean,
Both dreſs'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh *, "The mob is grown
"bold." ["gold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cauſe is old
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if cauſes we ſift,
"This miſchief ariſes from witty Dean Swift."
The ſmart-one replied, "There's no wit in the caſe;
"And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
"Though with your ſtate-ſieve your own notions
"you ſplit,
"A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.
"It is matter of weight, and a mere money-job;
"But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
"Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
"That ſinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
"The Iriſh dear-joys have enough common ſenſe,
"To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
"It is pity a prelate ſhould die without law;
"But if I ſay the word—take care of Armagh!"

DR. SWIFT's ANSWER TO A FRIEND's QUESTION.

THE furniture that beſt doth pleaſe
St. Patrick's dean, good Sir, are theſe:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glaſs in which I drink;
The ſhelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I ſleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the ſtore that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night;
To theſe we add a thing below,
More for uſe reſerv'd than ſhow:
Theſe are what the Dean do pleaſe;
All ſuperfluous are but theſe.

APOLLO's EDICT †.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there;
How near was ſhe to be undone,
Till pious love inſpir'd her ſon!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his ſucceſs our ſubjects ſway,
Our inſpirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then ſtudy to correct your taſte;
Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.
No ſimile ſhall be begun,
With *riſing* or with ſetting ſun;
And let the *ſacred head of Nile*
Be ever baniſh'd from your iſle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the camelion ſpare?
And, when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a ſalamander.
No ſon of mine ſhall dare to ſay,
Aurora uſher'd in the day,
Or ever name the *milky-way*.

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* *In ridicule of Philip's poem on Miſs Carteret, and written, it has been ſaid, "to affront the lady of Archbiſhop Boulter."*

* *Dr. Hugh Boulter.*

† *This poem was originally written in* 1720; *the latter part of it was re-publiſhed in* 1743, *on the death of the Counteſs of Donegal.*

You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.
The *bird of Jove* ſhall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to ſoar.
Your tragic heroes ſhall not rant,
Nor ſhepherds uſe *poetic cant*.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to *true* ſimplicity.
When Damon's *ſoul ſhall take its flight*,
Though poets have the ſecond ſight,
They ſhall not ſee a *trail of light*.
Nor ſhall the *vapours upward riſe*.
Nor a *new ſtar* adorn the ſkies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's *hair?*
Yet, if his name you'd eternize,
And muſt exalt him to the ſkies;
Without a *ſtar*, this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addiſon.
If Anna's happy reign you praiſe,
Pray, not a word of *halcyon-days*:
Nor let my votaries ſhow their ſkill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of *deep, yet clear*.
Whene'er my viceroy is addreſs'd,
Againſt the Phœnix I proteſt.
When poets ſoar in youthful ſtrains,
No Phaeton to hold the reins.
When you deſcribe a lovely girl,
No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl*.
Cupid ſhall ne'er miſtake another,
However beauteous, for his mother:
Nor ſhall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom fate has amply bleſt at home?
Unerring heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now deſtin'd by the powers divine
The bleſſing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchleſs dame,
Whom you'd conſign to endleſs fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;—
Take qualities from Donegal.

EPIGRAM*.

Behold! a proof of Iriſh ſenſe!
Here Iriſh wit is ſeen!
When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

* *The Dean, in his lunacy, had ſome intervals of ſenſe; at which time his guardians, or phyſicians, took him out for the air. On one of theſe days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never ſeen, and aſked what it was deſigned for. To which Dr. Kingſbury anſwered, "That, Mr. Dean, is "the magazine for arms and powder, for the ſecurity of "the city." "Oh! oh!" ſays the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of that. This is worth "remarking: my tablets, as Hamlet ſays, my tablets—"memory, put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, ſaid to be the laſt he ever wrote.*

EPIGRAMS,

Occaſioned by Dr. Swift's intended Hoſpital for Ideots and Lunaties.

The Dean muſt die—our Ideots to maintain,
Periſh, ye Ideots! and long live the Dean!

O genius of Hibernia's ſtate,
Sublimely good, ſeverely great!
How doth this lateſt act excel
All you have done or wrote ſo well!
Satire may be the child of ſpite,
And fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a ſoul both good and wiſe,
Reſembling *Him* who rules the ſkies.
He to the thoughtful mind diſplays
Immortal ſkill ten thouſand ways;
And, to complete his glorious taſk,
Gives what we have not ſenſe to aſk!

Lo! Swift to Ideots bequeaths his ſtore:
Be wiſe, ye rich!—conſider thus the poor!

ON THE

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's BIRTH-DAY †.

Nov. 30, St. Andrew's Day.

Between the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to reſt were gone,
Entranc'd in ſofteſt ſleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My ſoul as calm as it could be,
The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undiſturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there ſhe drew St. Patrick's Dean.
I ſtrait beheld on either hand
Two ſaints, like guardian angels, ſtand,
And either claim'd him for their ſon;
And thus the high diſpute begun.
St. Andrew firſt, with reaſon ſtrong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong:
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
"All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick ſaid, "I own this true,
"So far he does belong to you:
"But in my church he's born again,
"My ſon adopted, and my Dean.
"When firſt the *Chriſtian truth* I ſpread,
"The poor within this iſle I fed,
"And darkeſt errors baniſh'd hence,
"Made knowledge in their place commence;
"Nay more, at my divine command,
"All *noxious creatures* fled the land.

† *See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the ſame occaſion.*

" I made both peace and plenty ſmile.
" Hibernia was my favourite iſle;
" Now *his*—for he ſucceeds to me,
" Two *angels* cannot more agree.
" His joy is, to relieve the poor;
" Behold them weekly at his door!
" His knowledge too, in brighteſt *rays*,
" He like the ſun to all conveys;
" Shows *wiſdom* in a ſingle page,
" And in one hour inſtructs an age.
" When ruin lately ſtood around
" Th' incloſures of my *ſacred ground*,
" He glorioufly did interpoſe,
" And ſav'd it from invading foes;
" For this I claim immortal Swift,
" As my own ſon, and heaven's beſt gift."
The Caledonian ſaint, enrag'd,
Now cloſer in diſpute engag'd,
Eſſays to prove, by tranſmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottiſh nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he choſe
The loyal ſoul of great Montroſe.
" Montroſe and he are both the ſame,
" They only differ in the name;
" Both, heroes in a righteous cauſe,
" Aſſert their liberties and laws:
" He's now the ſame, Montroſe was then,
" But that the *ſword* is turn'd a *pen*;
" A *pen* of ſo great power, each word
" Defends beyond the hero's *ſword*."
Now words grew high—we can't ſuppoſe
Immortals ever come to blows;
But, leſt unruly paſſion ſhould
Degrade them into fleſh and blood,
An *angel* quick from Heaven deſcends,
And he at once the conteſt ends:
" Ye reverend pair, from diſcord ceaſe,
" Ye both miſtake the preſent caſe;
" One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
" To ſo much virtue! ſo much ſenſe:
" Search Heaven's record; and there you'll find,
" That he was born for all mankind."

EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ.

With a Picture of Dean Swift.

BY DR. DUNKIN *.

To gratify thy long deſire
(So love and piety require),
From Bindon's † colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face,
The laſt, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchleſs monarch of the pen
(Whoſe labours, like the genial ſun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the ſun, decline,
But in their full meridian ſhine),
That ever-honour'd, envied ſage,
So long the wonder of his age,
Who charm'd us with his golden ſtrain,
Is not the ſhadow of the Dean:
He only breathes Bœotian air—
Oh! what a falling-off was there!
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, wit, and humour die;
And what remains againſt the ſtorm
Of malice, but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That ſtood the bulwark of this iſle;
In which the ſifterhood was ſix'd
Of candid honour, truth unmix'd,
Impartial reaſon, thought profound,
And charity, diffuſing round,
In cheerful rivulets, the flow
Of fortune to the ſons of woe?
Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift.
But, lo! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken'd by a miſty ſteam:
The balm exhauſted breathes no ſmell,
The roſe is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike ſupplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction ſtem,
Is but a ſhell without the gem.
Ye ſons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlaſting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Diſplay the trophies of your parts,
To yonder manſion turn aſide,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brighteſt of the race,
And Nature's honour, in diſgrace:
With humble reſignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanc'd for uſe,
Which you ſhould ſtudy to produce.
Reflect, the mental ſtock, alas!
However current now it paſs,
May haply be recal'd from you
Before the grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning-ſtar proceeds,
Direct your courſe to worthy deeds,
In fuller day diſcharge your debts;
For, when your ſun of reaſon ſets,
The night ſucceeds; and all your ſchemes
Of glory vaniſh with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the ſupple train,
That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are thoſe facetious folks,
Who ſhook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wiſdom dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high diſdainful pride
On all the buſy world beſide,
And rated his productions more
Than treaſures of Peruvian ore?
Good Chriſtians! they with bended knees
Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (ſo the text commands),
With ardent eyes and up-caſt hands,
The cup of ſorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from ſinking ſhips.
While ſome, who by his friendſhip roſe
To wealth, in concert with his foes,

---

* *This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all ſuſpicion of flattery muſt vaniſh, reflects the higheſt honour on the ingenious writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Swift.*

† *Samuel Bindon, Eſq. a celebrated painter.*

Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrels, in requitals
To riot on their maſter's vitals;
And, where they cannot blaſt his laurels,
Attempt to ſtigmatize his morals;
Through ſcandal's magnifying-glaſs
His foibles view, but virtues paſs,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The ſpawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The ſounder members traverſe o'er,
But fix and fatten on a ſore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his ſtyle;
Since all the monſters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourſelves, and not the painter.
But, oh! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving ſoul of all,
The ſleeping ſpirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his paſt heroic deeds,
In manſions of unbroken reſt,
The bright republic of the bleſs'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And theſe the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!

Yet, while he drags the ſad remains
Of life, ſlow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary muſe attends,
To prop his feeble ſteps, or ſhed
The pious tear around his bed.
So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd ſaints,
Inſcribe their worth in artleſs lines,
And, in their ſtead, embrace their ſhrines.

INSCRIPTION INTENDED FOR A MONUMENT. 1765.

Say, to the Drapier's vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the ſculptor give?
None.—'Tis a ſanction from the Drapier's name
Muſt bid the ſculptor and his marble live.

EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

Which gave the Drapier *birth* two realms contend,
And each aſſerts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loſs Iernia's laurel ſhall ſupply:
Through life's low vale, ſhe, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal ſtones ſhall vindicate him dead.

1766. B. N,

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON,

Containing

THE SEASONS,
LIBERTY,
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,
BRITANNIA,
&c. &c. &c.

ODES,
SONGS,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hail Nature's poet! whom ſhe taught alone
To ſing her works in numbers like her own;
Sweet as the thruſh that warbles in the dale,
And ſoft as Philomela's tender tale.
She lent her pencil too, of wond'rous power,
To catch the rainbow, and to paint the flower
Of many mingling hues; then ſmiling ſaid,
(But firſt with laurel crown'd her fav'rite's head)
" Theſe beauteous children, though ſo fair they ſhine,
[illegible]e in *my* Seaſons—let them live in *thine!*"
And live they ſhall, the charm of every eye,
Till Nature ſickens, and the Seaſons die.

THOMPSON'S ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF THOMSON.

For the life of Thomson, the world is obliged to Dr. Murdoch, who was his intimate friend, and wrote from perſonal knowledge.

Some inaccuracies in the narrative of Dr. Murdoch have been corrected by Shiels, and ſome defects ſupplied by the maſterly pen that has lately enriched our national ſtock of criticiſm and biography.

Mr. Boſwell has inſerted in his life of our great poetical biographer, ſome information which he had obtained from Thomſon's relations, for his uſe, but of which he had neglected fully to avail himſelf.

The Earl of Buchan, with a laudable enthuſiaſm to celebrate the memory of a poet who is juſtly accounted an honour to his country, has collected ſeveral additional particulars of his life, and has intermingled his information with ſome valuable letters, and poetical compoſitions, which were not previouſly communicated to the public. Theſe are the authorities upon which moſt of the following facts are ſtated.

James Thomſon was born at Ednam, near Kelſo, in Roxburghſhire, September 11. 1700. His father was miniſter of Ednam, in the preſbytery of Kelſo, and afterwards of Southdean, in the preſbytery of Jedburgh, in that county, and much reſpected for his piety and diligence in the diſcharge of his paſtoral duties. His mother, Beatrix Trotter, was daughter and coheireſs of Mr. Trotter, a ſmall portioner of land at Foggo, in Berwickſhire, and equally amiable by her piety, which was enlivened by ſingular fervour of imagination, and by the ſocial and domeſtic duties.

The difficulty with which his father ſupported his family, having nine children, occaſioned his removal to Southdean, the ſalary of which, though not large, was more adequate to his expences than that of Ednam.

After the ſettlement of his father at Southdean, he was ſent to the ſchool of the neighbouring town of Jedburgh, where he was taught the common rudiments of learning. In the progreſs of his education, he was not diſtinguiſhed among his ſchool-fellows by any remarkable ſuperiority of parts.

Although he was not conſidered by his maſter as ſuperior to common boys, he obtained notice by his genius, even in his boyiſh years. Mr. Riccalton, miniſter of the neighbouring pariſh of Hobkirk, a man of taſte and learning, diſcovered his early propenſity to poetry, encouraged his firſt poetical eſſays, and corrected his performances.

According to Lord Buchan, he was occaſionally invited to ſpend the vacation of the ſchool at the country ſeat of Sir William Bennet of Cheſters, the moſt accompliſhed country gentleman in that part of Scotland, and was alſo favourably noticed by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, afterwards Lord Juſtice Clerk. The late Hon. Mrs Selby of Paſton, in Northumberland, informed the preſent writer, that he was likewiſe a frequent viſitor at Crailing, the ſeat of her father Lord Cranſtoun.

Thus encouraged, he began, at an early age, to amuſe himſelf and his friends with poetical compoſitions; with which, however, he ſo little pleaſed himſelf, that on every new-year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

From the ſchool, he was removed to the Univerſity of Edinburgh; where he was not more diſtinguiſhed among his fellow-ſtudents than he had been among his ſchool-fellows. By the time when he went to College, he had probably begun to conſider himſelf as intended by nature for a poet. The conſcious dignity of genius, therefore, would teach him to diſdain thoſe ſtudies in which he could not excel: And thus, the contempt of his claſs-fellows, and the encouragement of his poetical friends, would equally conſpire to confirm his predilection for poetry, and to prompt him to renewed eſſays in poetical compoſition.

In the ſecond ſeſſion of his attendance at the Univerſity, his ſtudies were interrupted by the ſudden death of his father. He was ſummoned home to receive his dying benediction; but came too late. This circumſtance contributed to increaſe his ſorrow, and his filial piety was expreſſed on this mournful occaſion in inſtances of conduct which his ſurviving relations afterwards delighted to recollect.

His mother, now raiſing upon her little eſtate what money a mortgage could afford, removed with her family to Edinburgh; and he renewed the proſecution of his ſtudies.

As it was the wiſh of his friends, that he ſhould embrace the clerical profeſſion, he entered upon the ſtudy of theology, which he proſecuted without diſtinction or expectation, till, at the uſual time, he performed a probationary exerciſe, by explaining a pſalm. His diction was ſo poetically ſplendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the profeſſor of divinity, reproved him for ſpeaking language unintelligible to a popular audience; which ſo diſguſted him with his theological purſuits, that he ſeems to have ſoon after this incident, reſolved to betake himſelf more entirely to the cultivation of poetry.

About that time, elegant literature began to be cheriſhed and cultivated in the Univerſity; and a poetical club, called "The Athenian Society," had ventured to publiſh a collection of poems, intituled, "The Edinburgh Miſcellany," furniſhed chiefly by Callander, Symmers, and Mitchell, young men of great promiſe, and of Thomſon's acquaintance.

What ſhare Thomſon had in "the Edinburgh Miſcellany," cannot now be known; but it is probable he was a contributor, as well as Mallet, who was then aſpiring to poetical compoſition; and with whom he contracted an early intimacy, which improved with their years, undiſturbed by any caſual miſtake, envy, or jealouſy on either ſide.

A ſimilarity of taſte and of purſuits, connected him alſo in habits of early intimacy with Paterſon, the tranſlator of Paterculus, Malcolm, author of the Treatiſe on Muſic, and Murdoch, afterwards a clergyman of the church of England, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the biographer of his youthful companion.

About this time he is ſaid to have received particular attention from the family of Baillie of Jerviſwood, to which he was introduced by the relations of his mother; and Mr. Boſwell informs us, that he lived for ſome time in the family of Lord Binning, as tutor to the preſent Earl of Hadington. Some verſes of his, addreſſed to one of that family, for the uſe of ſome books, are, Lord Buchan believes, ſtill preſerved, "as a ſpecimen of his infantine genius."

Having laid aſide all thought of the clerical profeſſion, and addicted himſelf to the ſtudy of poetry, in which he reaſonably hoped to attain high eminence, he eaſily diſcovered that the only ſtage on which a poet could appear with advantage, was London; where merit might ſoon become conſpicuous, and would find friends, as ſoon as it became reputable, to befriend it.

It may be ſuppoſed, therefore, that he eagerly received any ſhadow of encouragement, however ſlight, which was held out to him; when Lady Grizzel Baillie, his mother's friend, adviſed him to try his fortune as a poet in London, and promiſed him ſome countenance and aſſiſtance.

Accordingly, in the autumn of the year 1725, he embarked at Leith for London, bedewed with the tears of his affectionate mother, the recollection of which produced [illegible] her death, which happened not long after, the unpremeditated, but beautiful *verſes to her memory* in the collection of Lord Buchan.

On his arrival in London, he found his way to Mallet, his fellow collegian, then tutor to the ſons of the Duke of Montroſe; to whom he ſhowed his *Winter*, written at firſt in detached pieces, or occaſional deſcriptions, who adviſed him to form them into one connected piece, and get it printed immediately.

He had recommendations to ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, particularly to Mr. Forbes, afterwards Preſident of the Court of Seſſion, then attending his duty in parliament, who, having ſeen a ſpecimen of his poetry in Scotland, received him kindly, and introduced him to ſeveral of his friends; among whom was Aikman the painter, who was equally ready in aſſiſting him with the kind offices of friendſhip. He obtained likewiſe the notice of Hill, whom, being friendleſs and indigent, and glad of kindneſs, he courted with every expreſſion of ſervile adulation.

The reception he met with, wherever he was introduced, encouraged him to riſk the publication of his *Winter*; which for ſome time could find no purchaſer, till at laſt Mr. Millan was perſuaded by Mallet to buy it at a low price.

It was publiſhed in 1726, with a preface, dedication to Sir Spencer Compton, and recommendatory verſes by Hill, Mallet, and a Lady, whoſe fictitious name was *Mira*, "once," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "too well known."

It was not, immediately upon its appearance, eagerly received by the readers of poetry, and Mr. Millan had, for ſome time, reaſon to regret the expence of publication; till, by accident, Mr. Whateley, a man of taſte and learning, happening to caſt his eye upon it, was ſo delighted, that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence: By degrees, it gained upon the public; and edition after edition was printed and ſold.

The dedication, however, attracted no regard from Sir Spencer Compton to the author, till Hill awakened his attention, by ſome verſes addreſſed to Thomſon in one of the newſpapers, which cenſured the great for their neglect of ingenious men. Thomſon then obtained his notice, and a preſent of twenty guineas.

As ſoon as *Winter* was publiſhed, he ſent a copy of it to Mitchell, his brother poet, who, not liking many parts of it, returned him the following couplet:

Beauties and faults ſo thick lie ſcatter'd here;
Thoſe I could read, if theſe were not ſo near.

To this Thomſon anſwered *extempore*.

Why all not faults, injurious Mitchell, why
Appears one beauty to thy blaſting eye;
Damnation worſe than thine, if worſe can be,
Is all I aſk, and all I want from thee.

Finding other judges more favourable, he did not ſuffer himſelf to ſink into deſpondence. Every day brought him new friends. He had been introduced to Pope; and, among others, Dr. Rundle, afterwards Biſhop of Derry, ſought his acquaintance, and found his qualities ſuch, that he recommended him to the Lord Chancellor Talbot.

In 1727, he publiſhed his *Summer*, which he would have dedicated to Lord Binning; but the ſame kindneſs which had at firſt diſpoſed his Lordſhip to encourage him, determined him to refuſe the dedication, which was, by his advice, addreſſed to Mr. Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, a man who had more power to advance the reputation and fortune of a poet.

The ſame year, he publiſhed his *Poem, ſacred to the Memory of Sir Iſaac Newton*, whom he was enabled to praiſe with due intelligence, by the ſcientific information of his friend Mr. Gray. It was accompanied by *Britannia*, a poetical invective againſt the miniſtry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in reſenting the depredations of the Spaniards.

In 1728, he publiſhed his *Spring*, with a dedication to the Counteſs of Hertford, afterwards Ducheſs of Somerſet, by whom he was invited to ſpend a ſummer at Lord Hertford's country ſeat.

Autumn, the ſeaſon to which the *Spring* and *Summer* are preparatory, ſtill remained unſung, and was delayed till he publiſhed his works, collected in 4to, 1730. *Autumn* was addreſſed to Mr. Onſlow.

The ſame year, he brought on the ſtage at Drury-Lane, the tragedy of *Sophoniſba*, which raiſed ſuch expectation, that every rehearſal was dignified with a ſplendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public. It was obſerved, however, that nobody was affected, and that the company roſe as from a moral lecture.

It had upon the ſtage no unuſual degree of ſucceſs. There is a feeble line in the play:

Oh, Sophoniſba! Sophoniſba, Oh!

This gave occaſion to a waggiſh parody:

Oh, Jemmy Thomſon! Jemmy Thomſon, Oh!

which, for a while, was echoed through the town.

Dr. Johnſon was told by Savage, that, of the prologue to *Sophoniſba*, the firſt part was written by Pope, who could not be perſuaded to finiſh it, and that the concluding lines were added by Mallet.

Not long afterwards, he was, by the influence of Dr. Rundle, ſent to travel with the Honourable Charles Talbot, eldeſt ſon of the Chancellor, with whom he viſited moſt of the courts in Europe, and returned with his views greatly enlarged, not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, and of the conſtitution and policy of the ſeveral ſtates.

On his return to England, he was rewarded for his attendance, by the place of Secretary of the Briefs, which required little attendance, and was equal to all his wants.

While abroad, he had conceived the idea of a Poem upon *Liberty*, upon which he ſpent two years. While he was buſy in this laborious work, Mr. Talbot died; and he opens the firſt book with an affectionate tribute to his memory.

The poem of *Liberty*, upon which he congratulated himſelf as his nobleſt work, was leſs eagerly received by the public than he had expected, and is ſtill leſs generally read than ſeveral of his other compoſitions. It does not now appear in its original ſtate, having been ſhortened by Lord Lyttleton, after his death, with a liberty which cannot be juſtified by any ſuppoſed propriety of the alteration, or kindneſs of the friend.

Not long after the publication of his favourite work, the Chancellor died. His place then became vacant, and was, after ſome delay, given by Lord Hardwick, the new Chancellor, to another, becauſe he did not think proper to aſk it.

He was now obliged to rely on his literary exertions for ſupport. Yet, even at this time, he appears, by his letters to Mr. George Roſs, publiſhed by the Earl of Buchan, to have been affectionately anxious to aſſiſt the narrow circumſtances of his ſiſters, Jean and Elizabeth, who then lived with Mr. Guſthart, one of the miniſters of Edinburgh.

In 1738, he brought on the ſtage at Drury-Lane, his tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, was much ſhortened in the repreſentation. It had the fate which moſt commonly attends mythological ſtories, and was only endured, but not favoured. Pope, who had favoured Thomſon, when in Italy, with a poetical epiſtle, countenanced *Agamemnon*, by coming to it the firſt night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap.

About this time, he was introduced by Mr. Lyttleton, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, to the Prince of Wales, then ſtruggling for popularity, and profeſſing himſelf the patron of wit; and being queſtioned about the ſtate of his affairs, ſaid, "that they were in a more poetical poſture than formerly," and had a penſion allowed him of one hundred pounds a-year.

In 1731, he offered to the ſtage another tragedy, *Edward and Eleonora*; but his connection with the oppoſition having excited the jealouſy of the miniſtry, the repreſentation of it was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, on account of its political complexion.

In 1740, he was employed, in conjunction with Mallet, to write the maſque of *Alfred*, which was acted before the Prince, at Cliefden-houſe, on the birth-day of the Princeſs Auguſta.

It appears, by ſome letters and verſes which have been lately publiſhed by Lord Buchan, that he rented a houſe, about this time, at the upper end of Kew-lane; and that the *Amanda*, whom he has frequently celebrated in his verſes, was a Miſs Young, ſiſter of Mrs. Robertſon, wife of his neighbour Mr. James Robertſon of Richmond, ſurgeon to the Houſehold at Kew.

In 1745, he brought on the ſtage at Drury-lane, the tragedy of *Tancred and Sigiſmunda*, the moſt ſucceſsful of all his dramatic pieces; for it ſtill keeps its turn upon the ſtage. The plot is taken from the novel of Gil Blas. The characters are well ſupported; yet they are not ſufficiently new and ſtriking. The loves of *Tancred* and *Sigiſmunda* are tender, pathetic, and affecting; yet there is too little variety of incident to preſerve the attention of an audience. The language is, in many places, poetical and flowery; yet in general too declamatory and ſentimental.

Dr. Johnſon has communicated to the public a letter, which occurs about this period, from Thomſon to his ſiſter Mrs. Jean Thomſon, wife of Mr. Robert Thomſon, maſter of the grammar ſchool at Lanark, which exhibits a pleaſing proof of tender ſolicitude and fraternal affection. The kindneſs of Thomſon to his relations, however removed from them by place or condition, is recorded by the preſent writer with much pleaſure, as it affords him an opportunity of reflecting on the worth and learning of his brother-in-law, under whom he was initiated in claſſical learning, and of commemorating the amiable benevolence of his ſiſter, from whom he received many perſonal civilities.

The laſt piece that he lived to publiſh, was the *Caſtle of Indolence*, which was many years under his hand, but was at laſt finiſhed with great accuracy, and is perhaps the moſt perfect and pleaſing of all his compoſitions. It appeared in 1746.

His friend Mr. Lyttleton was now in power, and procured him the place of Surveyor General of the Leeward Iſlands, from which, when his deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a year. The deputy whom he appointed was his friend Paterſon, whoſe tragedy of "Arminius" had been prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, ſoon after the publication of *Edward and Eleonora*. Paterſon lived to ſucceed him in the office.

He was now in a ſituation of eaſe and affluence, but was not long to enjoy it; for, by taking cold on the river, in returning in the evening from London to Kew Lane, he caught a diſorder, which, with ſome careleſs exaſperation, by again expoſing himſelf incautiouſly to the dews of the evening, ended in a fever that put an end to his life, 27th Auguſt 1748, in the 48th year of his age. He was buried in the church of Richmond, under a plain ſtone, without any inſcription; but a decent monument was erected to his memory in Weſtminſter Abbey in 1762, the charge of which was defrayed by the profits ariſing from a ſplendid edition of his works, given by Mr. Millar, the bookſeller. A tablet, with a memorial inſcription, was placed on the wall in Richmond church, by the Earl of Buchan, in 1792.

"Only one gentleman, (Collins)" ſays Dr. Murdoch, "wrote an ode to his memory." There is, however, another performance on his death, intituled, "Muſidorus, an Elegy, &c." by Robert Shiels, a young North Briton, bred a mechanic, and deſtitute of education, but not deſtitute of genius. He adored Thomſon, and ſtudied his manner. He wrote a poem on "Beauty," and was the real author of the "Lives of the Poets," publiſhed under the name of Theo. Cibber. He died of a conſumption. Thompſon, Langhorne, and various other poets, have ſince lamented his death, and commemorated his merits.

The Earl of Buchan, deſirous of promoting a ſubſcription for erecting a monument to his memory on Ednam Hill, perſuaded a conſiderable number of gentlemen to celebrate the anniverſary of his birth-day at Ednam, in 1790 and 1791, with an eager and officious enthuſiaſm, which has perhaps defeated its own purpoſe.

He left behind him the tragedy of *Coriolanus*, which was brought upon the ſtage at Covent Garden in 1749, by his executors, Sir George Lyttleton and Mr. (afterwards Sir Andrew) Mitchell, for the benefit of his family. Sir George Lyttleton wrote the prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomſon in fond intimacy, ſpoke in ſuch a manner as ſhewed him "to be," on that occaſion, "no actor."

The commencement of this intimacy is highly honourable to Quin, who is reported to have delivered Thomſon, then known to him only for his genius, from an arreſt, by a preſent of a hundred pounds: and its continuance is honourable to both; for friendſhip is not always the ſequel of obligation.

By this tragedy, which is far from being the beſt of his dramatic pieces, a conſiderable ſum was raiſed; of which part diſcharged his debts, and the reſt was remitted to his two ſurviving ſiſters, Mrs. Jean Thomſon and Mrs. Mary Craig.

He had a brother who followed him into England, and lived with him for ſome time as his amanuenſis; but being ſeized with a conſumption, he returned to Scotland, to try the benefit of his native air, and ſoon after died.

His ſiſter Elizabeth, married to Mr. Bell miniſter of Strathaven, in Lanarkſhire, died before 1747, leaving a ſon, the preſent Dr. James Bell, miniſter of Coldſtream in Berwickſhire, and a daughter, Beatrix, married to Mr. Thomas Prentice of Jerviſwood, near Lanark. Dr. Bell poſſeſſes a large portion of the worth and genius of his uncle. He publiſhed a volume of ſermons in 8vo, 1790, and is preparing a collated edition of his uncle's works, from the edition 1730, the additions and alterations to be printed in Italics, with a correct account of his life. Mrs. Thomſon died in 1782, leaving no iſſue. Mrs. Craig died in 1792, leaving a ſon, Mr. James Craig, the ingenious architect who drew the plan of the New Town of Edinburgh.

His *poems* and *plays* were collected and publiſhed by Mr. Millar the bookſeller, in two volumes 4to, 1762, to which was prefixed an account of his life by Dr. Murdoch. The ſubſequent editions, particularly of the *Seaſons*, are too numerous to be ſpecified. The edition in 8vo, 1768, is illuſtrated

by an eſſay on the *Seaſons* by Dr. Aikin; that in 4to, Perth 1793, by a critical eſſay on the poem by Mr. Heron; and that in 8vo, 1794, with notes by Mr. Stockdale. The two laſt editions are embelliſhed with beautiful engravings.

Thomſon was of ſtature above the middle ſize, and "more fat," ſays Armſtrong, "than bard beſeems," of a dull countenance, and a groſs, unanimated, uninviting appearance; ſilent in mingled company, but cheerful among ſelect friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved. His benevolence was fervent, but not active: he would give, on all occaſions, what his purſe could ſupply; but offices of intervention and ſolicitation, he could not conquer his natural ſluggiſhneſs ſufficiently to perform. The affairs of others, however, were not more neglected than his own. He had often felt the inconveniences of idleneſs; but he never cured it; and was ſo conſcious of his own character, that he talked of writing an eaſtern tale, *Of the man who loved to be in diſtreſs*.

Dr. Johnſon has related, on the authority of Savage, that Thomſon diſcovered, in his habits of life, little of that delicacy of ſentiment which breathes through his writings. Savage's veracity was not in high repute among his acquaintance; he might therefore have miſrepreſented Thomſon's habits, and aggravated the groſſneſs of his manners. That in love he was ſuſceptible of ſomething more refined than the mere paſſion for the ſex, is evident from his tender attachment to Miſs Young. Other proofs appear of the purity and delicacy of his ſentiments, in his ſongs and ſmaller pieces of poetry, in the deſcription of the effects of the tender paſſion in his *Spring*, and in the fond impaſſioned commemoration of Miſs Stanley, in his *Summer*. Even Savage, according to Dr. Johnſon, always ſpoke with the moſt eager praiſe of his ſocial qualities, his warmth and conſtancy of friendſhip, and his adherence to his firſt acquaintance, when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

Among his peculiarities, was a very unſkilful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or ſolemn compoſition. He was once reading to Dodington, who, being himſelf a reader eminently elegant, was ſo much provoked by his odd utterance, that he ſnatched the paper from his hand, and told him that he did not underſtand his own verſes.

"By what I have learned," ſays Mr. Heron, whoſe ingenuity and kindneſs make it a pleaſure to the compiler of this collection to reflect upon his friendſhip, "of the circumſtances of Thomſon's life, and by the complexion of his writings, I ſhould ſuppoſe him to have been a man of mild virtue, and of gentle, careleſs manners, with a ſound judgment, an extenſive imagination, and a feeling heart; leſs acute in his obſervation of human life, than of external nature; extenſively informed in all the more popular parts of knowledge, and well acquainted with the general principles of the fine arts."

As a dramatiſt, the compoſitions of Thomſon have been judged by the critics to be elaborate, declamatory, and unintereſting; and that judgment muſt be generally allowed.

Conſidered in his principal character of a deſcriptive poet, he is well entitled to the excluſive denomination of the "Poet of Nature." The pictures of other poets, comparatively with his, often want preciſion, colour, and expreſſion, becauſe they are rather ſecondary deſcriptions, than tranſcripts made immediately from the living volume of nature. In his *Autumn*, he has deſcribed, with the ſtricteſt truth, the tenor and habit of his poetical life.

> ——————— I ſolitary court
> Th' inſpiring breeze, and meditate the book
> Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence
> Warm from the heart to pour the moral ſong.

As the "Poet of Liberty," his merits have not been ſo fairly eſtimated, or generally allowed. "I never ſaw," ſays Hill, in a letter to Thomſon, "more energy in poetry, never imagery more glowing, never ſentiments more elevated. It is all over ſoul: it inſpires, and muſt therefore have been inſpired. The images live in it, (as you ſay ſculpture does in the neighbourhood of Rome). They ſtand out and preſent themſelves to the touch, as if not deſcribed but embodied. Yet one is led by the turn of your ſentiments to ſuſpect you of robbery, as if you had ſtolen from unhappy Italy, what, in the poverty of her preſent condition, ſhe can, of all things, leaſt ſpare; ſo, while you are writing of *Old Rome's* liberty, you ſeem to have ſucked in with the Roman air the *ſoul of an old Roman*."

The plan of *Liberty*, which unfortunately is minutely and circumſtantially hiſtorical, ſpreads a damp and langour through ſeveral parts of the poem. Its beauties, however, are numerous. The deſcription of the ſcenery of Switzerland, in particular, is a piece of powerful and exquiſite painting. The *Genius of the deep* is perhaps one of the moſt awful beings ever yet imagined by poetic fancy, and ſtrongly reminds us of the "ſpirit of the Cape" in the "Luſiad."

The ſubject of the poem is noble, and dear to Britons; yet it has been treated by Dr. Johnſon with a faſtidiouſneſs unworthy of a liberal mind. "The poem of *Liberty*," ſays he, "when it firſt appeared, I tried to read, and ſoon deſiſted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praiſe or cenſure."

The opinion of Mr. Heron is more favourable. "This poem is written in a more correct ſtyle than perhaps any of his larger works; it abounds with ſublime genuine imagery, and has many exquiſite particular images ſcattered through it. It contains much animated eloquence, which may ſerve as a model to the orator. It preſents a pleaſing view of the progreſs of civilization and refinement, and offers many exhortations to virtuous exertions, which appear to have been poured warm from the heart. Its diſadvantages ſeem to be, that the buſineſs of the poem is aſſigned to an embodied abſtract idea, a metaphyſical perſonage; that ſo much of it is employed in relating generally known facts, in the Grecian, the Roman, and the Engliſh hiſtory; and that it is diverſified by no little epiſodes, which might relieve the tedioufneſs of unintereſting hiſtoric narrative and political declamation."

His *Caſtle of Indolence*, is embelliſhed with all the decorations which poetical imagination could confer. The plan is artfully laid, and naturally conducted, and the deſcriptions riſe in a beautiful ſucceſſion. The charms of indolence, while it only moderates and gives a particular direction to our activity, without unfitting us entirely for ſocial converſe and enjoyment, are, in the firſt part of the poem, moſt exquiſitely painted; and its loathſome ſqualid miſery, when it declines into the languid helpleſsneſs of groſs ſloth, is afterwards moſt ſkilfully deſcribed. The ſtyle and ſtanza of Spenſer, appropriated by cuſtom to all allegorical poems in our language, have been adopted with the happieſt ſkill. In the *Caſtle of Indolence*, he has characteriſed Dr. Murdoch, "the only man of God," Mr. Quin, and other intimate friends. The character of himſelf, in ſtanza LXVIII, was written by Armſtrong. The Engliſh language poſſeſſes nothing more exquiſitely delicate than his *ſongs* und *odes*; and his *elegies*, and ſmaller pieces have no inconſiderable ſhare of merit.

The *Seaſons*, his greateſt work, have been ſo often the ſubject of critical examination, that general criticiſm can ſay little of them that has not been ſaid already. Scott, Dr. Aikin, Mr. Heron, and Mr. Stockdale, have explained their plan and character, and pointed out their beauties and defects with the minuteneſs and regularity of particular criticiſm. As there is no great reaſon to object to Dr. Johnſon's opinion of them, it would be preſumptuous to try the ſame taſk, which has already exerciſed his powers, in hopes of doing more than he has done.

"As a writer, Thomſon is entitled to one praiſe of the higheſt kind,—his mode of thinking, and of expreſſing his thoughts, is original. His blank verſe is no more the blank verſe of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauſes, his diction, are of his own growth, without tranſcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius: he looks round on nature, and on life, with the eye which nature only beſtows on a poet, the eye that diſtinguiſhes in every thing preſented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vaſt, and attends to the minute. The reader of the *Seaſons* wonders that he never ſaw before what Thomſon ſhows him, and that he never yet felt what Thomſon impreſſes.

"His is one of the works in which blank verſe ſeems properly uſed. Thomſon's wide expanſion of general views, and his enumeration of circumſtantial varieties, would have been obſtructed and embarraſſed by the frequent interſection of the ſenſe, which are the neceſſary effects of rhyme.

"His deſcription of extended ſcenes, and general effects, bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleaſing or dreadful. The gaiety of *Spring*, the ſplendor of *Summer*, the tranquillity of *Autumn*, and the horrors of *Winter*, take in their turns poſſeſſion of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are ſucceſſively varied by the viciſſitudes of the year, and imparts to us ſo much of his own enthuſiaſm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and

kindle with his ſentiments. Nor is the naturaliſt without his ſhare in the entertainment; for he is aſſiſted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his diſcoveries, and to amplify the ſphere of his contemplation.

"The great defect of the *Seaſons* is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances ſubſiſting all at once, no rule can be given why one ſhould be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curioſity is not exerted by ſuſpenſe or expectation.

"His diction is in the higheſt degree fluid and luxuriant; ſuch as may be ſaid to be to his images and thoughts, 'both their luſtre and their ſhade;' ſuch as inveſt them with ſplendor through which perhaps they are not always eaſily diſcerned. It is too exuberant, and ſometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

"Theſe poems, with which I was acquainted on their firſt appearance, I have ſince found altered and enlarged by ſubſequent reviſals, as the author ſuppoſed his judgment to grow more exact, and as books or converſation extended his knowledge and opened his proſpects. They are, I think, improved in general; yet I know not whether they have not loſt part of what Temple calls their "race," a word which, when applied to wine, in its primitive ſenſe, means the flavour of the ſoil.

"The higheſt praiſe which he has received, ought not to be ſuppreſſed; it is ſaid by Lord Lyttleton, in the prologue to his poſthumous play, that his works contained

No line which dying he could wiſh to blot."

This account of the "Poet of the Seaſons" cannot conclude more properly than with the following "Addreſs to the Shade of Thomſon," written by Mr. Burns, whoſe poems in the Scottiſh dialect are well known among his countrymen, and univerſally admired.

While virgin *Spring*, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green;
Or pranks the ſod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian ſtrains between:

While *Summer*, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling ſhade;
Yet, oft delighted, ſtops to trace
The progreſs of the ſpiky blade:

While *Autumn*, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects her aged head;
And ſees, with ſelf-approving mind,
Each creature on her bounty fed:

While maniac *Winter* rages o'er
The hills where claſſic Yarrow flows,
Rouſing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or ſweeping wild a waſte of ſnows:

So long, ſweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well haſt won,
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her ſon.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING 1728.

" Et nunc omnis, ager nunc omnis parturit arbos,
" Nunc frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus."

VIRG.

The Argument.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of Hertford. The ſeaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, laſt, on man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.
O Hertford, fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own ſeaſon paints; when nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill inguipht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.
At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramm'd with cold;
But full of life and vivifying ſoul, [thin,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous, th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting nature, and his luſty ſteers [plough,
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd
Lies in the furrow, looſen'd from the froſt.
There, unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes the obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring field the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep, and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye foſtering breezes, blow!
Ye ſoftening dews ye tender ſhowers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the *rural* Maro ſung
To wide imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-trib
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,

Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded as the ſea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land; the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!
  Nor only through the lenient air, this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou ſmiling nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever-new delight.
  From the moiſt meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle through the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flaſhing year,
By nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling
From the bent buſh, as through the verdant maze
Of ſweet-briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy; or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.
  If, bruſh'd from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage
  ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide-dejected waſte.
For, oft engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect armies waſt
Keen in thy poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.
  Be patient, ſwains, theſe cruel ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. For hence they keep repreſs'd
Thoſe deepening clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That, o'er the vaſt Atlantic hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
And, cheerleſs, drown the crude unripened year.
  The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſ-tent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining ether; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:
Not ſuch as wintry ſtorms, on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life: but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wiſh of nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem through deluſive lapſe
Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And foreſts ſeem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Prelaſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion, o'er the freſhen'd world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander through the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven de-ſcends
In univerſal bounty ſhedding herbs,
And fruits and flowers, on nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country-colour round.
  Thus all day long the full-diſſolved clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life,
Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downy and ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flaſh
Of broken clouds, gay-ſhiftin; to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſcape laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their very muſic wakes,
Mixt in wild concert with the warbling brook
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd zephyr ſprings.

Meantime refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful Newton, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhowery priſm;
And to the ſage inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by that diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,
And ſoften'd ſhade, and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thouſand different plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.
Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſts to number up their tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch; or through the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way, or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mixt them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſtening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores,
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently ſum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away; while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of heaven;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was mecken'd, and he join'd his fellen joy.
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.
But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs, and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds; and reaſon, half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs, and deform'd,
Convulſive anger ſtorms at large; or pale,
And ſilent, ſettles into full revenge.
Baſe envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, looſens every power.
Ev'n love itſelf is bitterneſs of ſoul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, ſunk to ſordid intereſt, feels no more
That noble wiſh, that never-cloy'd deſire,
Which, ſelfiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the dearer object of its flame.
Hope ſickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells;
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endleſs ſtorm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a liſtleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark diſguſt, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence;
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell
And joyleſs inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature diſturb'd
Is deem'd vindictive to have chang'd her courſe.
Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt;
Till, from the centre to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and bloſſoms blush'd,
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe; for then not ſtorms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the ſprings of life.
But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt.
But man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: ſhall he, fair form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles, and looks erect on heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal,
In what has he offended? he, whoſe toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt: ſhall he bleed,
And ſtruggling groan beneath the cruel hands,
Ev'n of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian ſage.
High Heaven forbids the bold preſumptuous ſtrain,
Whoſe wiſeſt will has fix'd us in a ſtate
That muſt not yet to pure perfection riſe.

Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their moſſy tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-diſſembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elaſtic ſpring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender wat'ry ſtores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain, and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then iſſuing cheerful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the ſhadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, purſue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little Naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank,
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Strait as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore, ſlow dragging ſome,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, pitious of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe,
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
'Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.
Thus paſs the temperate hours: but when the ſun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcattering clouds,
Ev'n ſhooting liſtleſs langour through the deeps:
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing
The ſounding culver ſhoots, or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Through rural ſcenes; ſuch as the Mantuan ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong.
Or catch thyſelf the landſkip, gliding ſwift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace;
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah, what ſhall language do? ah, where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours; and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?
Yet, though ſucceſsleſs, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the Graces, loveline's itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd boſom that improves their ſweets.
See where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing through the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profuſion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans. Arabia cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence [ſoul.
Breathes through the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic art, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inſerted tube,
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery walk [eye
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps:
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpled along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop, and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, ſtain'd with iron-brown;
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhinning meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red.

Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance; nor narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk-roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,
With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endleſs bloom.
Hail, Source of Being! Univerſal ſoul
Of heaven and earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a maſter-hand,
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide; a twining maſs of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintery winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd ſcene of things.
As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend,
My panting muſe; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running ſoul of melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the paſſion of the groves*.
When firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree-irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze

Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Melliſluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and, by hope inſpir'd
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;
That nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy dale,
Or roughening waſte, their humble texture weave.
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or ſhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes:
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry through the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent. And often, from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Though the whole looſen'd ſpring around her blows.
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away: or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Ev'n ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mould
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they ſcorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *ſimple* art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on
In long excurſion ſkims the level lawn, ſhence,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.
Be not the muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightning luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky:
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh'd wiſdom never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad
On nature's common far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge

Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill,
Impoſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their ſelf-taught wings
Wanton the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vaniſh'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the ſummit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt * Kilda's ſhore, whoſe lonely race
Reſign the ſetting ſun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raiſe a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering ſeat,
For ages of his empire; which, in peace,
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a league to ſea
He wings his courſe, and preys in diſtant iſles.
Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat,
Whoſe lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mixt houſehold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock;
Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-chequer'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing ſwan
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening reddens; while the peacock
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun, [ſpreads
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chaſe, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, ruſh furious into flame,
And fierce deſire. Through all his luſty veins
The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels.
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſide the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, though it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flaſh fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed,
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the ſounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, toſſing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies:
And, neighing, on th' aërial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madneſs of the ſtraiten'd ſtream
Turns in black eddies round; ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.
Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldly joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-reſounding waſte in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I ſing, enraptur'd, to the Britiſh Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where ſits the ſhepherd on the graſſy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending ſun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his ſportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friſkful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the ſprightly race
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When diſunited Britain ever bled,
Loſt in eternal broil: ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where wealth and commerce lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours, liberty and law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this *mighty breath*, ye ſages, ſay,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breaſt
Theſe arts of love diffuſes? What, but God?
Inſpiring God! who, boundleſs ſpirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The ſmiling God is ſeen; while water, earth,
And air, atteſt his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.
Still let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raiſe his being, and ſerene his ſoul.
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of nature? Can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks

* *The farthest of the weſtern iſlands of Scotland.*

Of flowing Spring; ye ſordid ſons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought,
Of all his works, creative bounty burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt want. Nor, till invok'd
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait: your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintery corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working heaven, ſurpriſing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving ſickneſs lifts her languid head:
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world!
  Theſe are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,
O Lyttleton the friend! thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the muſe, through Hagley Park thou ſtray'ſt;
Thy Britiſh temple! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd viſta through the trees,
You ſilent ſteal: or ſit beneath the ſhade
Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear. From theſe abſtracted oft,
You wander through the philoſophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, theſe graver thoughts
The muſes charm: while, with ſure taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring breath of ancient ſong;
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine, attun'd. Then nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſt by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth,
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme,
You, frequent pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happineſs! which love,
Alone, beſtows, and on a *favour'd few*.
Meantime you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around:
And ſnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſehold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams:
Wide-ſtretching from the hall, in whoſe kind haunt
The hoſpitable genius lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſcape, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.
  Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying man.
  And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love,
Of the ſmooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours.
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away; while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form: the kindling grace;
Th' enticing ſmile; the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her ſyren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
  Ev'n preſent, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while muſic flows around,
Perfumes and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roſes fierce repentance rears
Her ſhaky creſt: a quick returning pang
Shoots through the conſcious heart; where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
  But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm check, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin, fall his ſcorn'd affairs.

'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd ſun
Looſes his light. The roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, mad unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while, borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair;
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades, and ſympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the penſive duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoften'd ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the ſons of care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear;
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies,
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the gray morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhauſted nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how,
Through foreſts huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt; or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore; where ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But ſtrives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.
These are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But through the heart
Should jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,
But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blaſting all
Love's paradiſe. Ye fairy proſpects, then,
Ye beds of roſes, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your laſt! The yellow-ſinging plague
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! inſtead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd ſoul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With ſervent anguiſh, and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afreſh, her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart:
For ev'n the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brighteſt flames extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.
But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtarts unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bliſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent heaven.

Meantime a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhows ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh, ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surpriſes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

SUMMER. 1727.

The Argument.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the Seaſons. As the face of nature in this Seaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a Summer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-ſet. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.

From brightening fields of ether fair diſclos'd,
Child of the ſun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her bluſhful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence, let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.
Come, inſpiration! from thy hermit-ſeat,
By mortal ſeldom found: may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on ſurrounding heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtaſy of ſoul.
And thou, my youthful muſe's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart;
Genius, and wiſdom; the gay ſocial ſenſe,
By decency chaſtis'd; goodneſs and wit,
In ſeldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Doddington! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to my theme, inſpirit every line,
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt applauſe.
With what an aweful world-revolving power
Were firſt th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years,
That oft has ſwept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away.
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their courſe;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the ſeaſons ever ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such th' all-perfect hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the ſteady whole.
When now no more th' alternate twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er ether ſpreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd ſtep,
Brown night retires: Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the duſk, the ſmoking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze

At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.
Falſely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd ſoul!
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and toſſing through diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent all,
Aſſiant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O ſun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?
'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy ſyſtem rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmoſt Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train! [orbs
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.
The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ſtate, it moves ſublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen, the Seaſons lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating looſe, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And ſoften'd into joy the ſurly ſtorms.
Theſe, in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.
Nor to the ſurface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treſſes, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble ſhines;
Hence labour draws his tools; hence burniſh'd war
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
Hence bleſs mankind, and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
Th' unfruitful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone.
The lively diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
Collected light, compact; that, poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair-one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the ſapphire, ſolid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green emerald ſhows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The deſart joys
Wildly, though all his melancholy bounds,
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far; great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of him!
Who, light himſelf, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awefully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, o'erflowing, all thoſe lamps of heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundleſs ſky:
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel
Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faultering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe,
Thy works themſelves would raiſe a general voice,
Ev'n in the depth of ſolitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celeſtial thee reſound,
Th' eternal cauſe, ſupport, and end of all!
To me be nature's volume broad-diſplay'd;
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing page,
Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,

Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole delight; as through the falling glooms
Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.
Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-drooping coolneſs to the ſhade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant heat, diſpreading through the ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.
Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-bluſh'd bloom reſign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſits, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.
Home, from his morning taſk, the ſwain retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the houſehold fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing ſhade,
The houſe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-ſtretch'd, and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the waſp,
They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the muſe diſdain
To let the little noiſy ſummer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her ſong:
Not mean, though ſimple; to the ſun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of ſoul. From every chink,
And ſecret corner, where they ſlept away
The wintery ſtorms; or riſing from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms! ten thouſand different tribes!
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome
By fatal inſtinct fly; where on the pool
They, ſportive, wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting ſalmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the freſh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the ſweet taſk,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the houſe,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe;
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky ſtream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the ruffian ſhows his front;
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs, [wing
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering
And ſhriller ſound declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand.
Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
To him who muſes through the woods at noon;
Or drowſy ſhepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade
Of willows gray, cloſe-crowding o'er the book.
Gradual, from theſe what numerous kinds de-
Evading ev'n the microſcopic eye! [ſcend,
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wondrous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his ſpirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid ſteams, emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Through ſubterranean cells,
Where ſearching ſun-beams ſcarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, ſoothes,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the taſte,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt cryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Though one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems,
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, eſcape
The groſſer eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When ſilence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with noiſe.
Let no preſuming impious railer tax
Creative Wiſdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the man whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;

Mark'd their dependence ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant ſun.
Thick in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport; till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n ſo luxurious men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer life in fortune's ſhine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.
Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer roſe
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning on her cheek.
Ev'n ſtooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread their breathing harveſt to the ſun,
That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.
Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides. And oft the ſwain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And panting labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till the deep well-waſh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race; where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toſs'd from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous preſs'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in luſty rows,
The ſhepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.
The houſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
With all her gay-dreſt maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the reſt, the paſtoral queen, and rays
Her ſmiles, ſweet-beaming, on her ſhepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their ſouls
To feſtive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous taſk goes on apace:
Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome,
Deep on the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving-ſide,
To ſtamp his maſter's cypher ready ſtand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy
Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What ſoftneſs in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender ſwain's well-guided ſhears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will ſend you bounding to your hills again.
A ſimple ſcene! yet hence Britannia ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe: hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brighter clime,
The treaſures of the ſun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, ev'n now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coaſt;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the ſun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can ſweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-aſcending ſteams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the ſoul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe: the mower ſinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And ſcarce a chirping graſs-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful nature pants.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unſhelter'd glade, impatient ſeem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And freſh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unſatisfied and ſick, toſſes in noon:
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind ſerene and pure,

And every paſſion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
  Welcome, ye ſhades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the ſteep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſallying ſpring,
Or ſtream full-flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink,
Cool, through the nerves, your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh-expanded eye
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit;
And life ſhoots ſwift through all the lighten'd limbs.
  Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now ſcarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compoſe,
Rural confuſion! on the graſſy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others ſtand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, ſip
The circling ſurface. In the middle droops
The ſtrong laborious ox, of honeſt front,
Which incompos'd he ſhakes; and from his ſides
The troublous inſects laſhes with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his ſubjects ſafe,
Slumbers the monarch-ſwain; his careleſs arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moſs ſuſtain'd;
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd;
There, liſtening every noiſe, his watchful dog.
  Night fly his ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies, faſten on the herd;
That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcour the plain,
Through all the bright ſeverity of noon;
While, from their labouring breaſts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
  Oft in this ſeaſon too the horſe, provok'd,
While his big ſinews full of ſpirits ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with ſtedfaſt eye,
And heart eſtrang'd to fear: his nervous cheſt
Luxuriant, and erect! the ſeat of ſtrength!
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide noſtrils, ſnorting, ſkims the wave.
  Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt largeſt growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn, and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall,
And all is aweful liſtening gloom around.
  Theſe are the haunts of Meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath,
Ecſtatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to ſave the fall
Of virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whiſpers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd ſoul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muſe to better themes; to ſoothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breaſt
(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberleſs ſuch offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
  Shook ſudden from the boſom of the ſky,
A thouſand ſhapes or glide athwart the duſk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abſtracted ear
Of fancy ſtrikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
"From the ſame Parent-Power our beings drew,
"The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit.
"Once ſome of us, like thee, through ſtormy life,
"Toil'd, tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
"Where purity and peace immingle charms.
"Then fear not us; but with reſponſive ſong,
"Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
"By noiſy folly and diſcordant vice,
"Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's God.
"Here frequent, at the viſionary hour,
"When muſing midnight reigns or ſilent noon,
"Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
"And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
"The deepening dale, or inmoſt ſylvan glade:
"A privilege beſtow'd by us, alone,
"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
"Of poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain."
  And art thou, * Stanley, of that ſacred band?
Alas, for us too ſoon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of ſadly-pleas'd remembrance, muſt thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who ſeeks thee ſtill, in many a former ſcene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleaſing converſe, by gay lively ſenſe
Inſpir'd: where moral wiſdom mildly ſhone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her ſmiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou beſt of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to parental nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the muſe: the wintery blaſt of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they ſpread
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter ſuns,
Through endleſs ages, into higher powers.
  Thus up the mount, in aëry viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift-ſhrinking back,
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene.
  Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft

* *A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year* 1738.

A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe:
But raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
Aſlant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe, and leſſen'd roar,
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whoſe dark brow
He clings, the ſteep-aſcending eagle ſoars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day;
And, giving full his boſom to the blaze,
Gains on the ſun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, diſorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Reſponſive, force an interrupted ſtrain.
The ſtock-dove only through the foreſt cooes,
Mournfully hoarſe; oft ceaſing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The ſad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his ſide by ſavage fowler's guile,
Acroſs his fancy comes; and then reſounds
A louder ſong of ſorrow through the grove.
Beſide the dewy border let me ſit,
All in the freſhneſs of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, groteſque and wild,
An ample chair moſs-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage ſhaded: where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſhade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come bold fancy, ſpread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid zone:*
Climes unrelenting! with whoſe rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon ſkies are cool.
See, how at once the bright effulgent ſun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaſes from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the morn,
The * *general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreſhment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee each circling year,
Returning ſuns † and *double ſeaſons* paſs:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays:
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods
Prone ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſheds [maze,
Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the
Embowering endleſs, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade.
Or ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its ſlender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſtful worth, above faſtidious pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with Jove!
From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our gardens pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft theſe vallies ſhift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening ſeas:
On whoſe luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood diſparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glane'd from his ſide,
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies:
He fearleſs walks the plain, or ſeeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theatre around,

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* *Which blows conſtantly between the tropics from the eaſt, or the collateral points, the north-eaſt and ſouth-eaſt; cauſed by the preſſure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the ſun from eaſt to weſt.*

† *In all climates between the tropics, the ſun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.*

* *The Hippopotamus, or river-horſe.*

Leans the huge elephant; wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'ſcape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps;
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.
  Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar, [hand,
Thick ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. * But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.
  But come, my muſe, the deſart barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky:
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous Abyſſinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the maſk
Of ſocial commerce com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No *holy fury* thou, blaſpheming Heaven,
With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jaſmine grove to grove, may'ſt wander gay,
Through palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy ſummit, ſpreading fair,
For many a league; or on ſtupendous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe;
And gardens ſmile around, and culter'd fields;
And fountains guſh; and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray; a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault: there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowell'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landſkip, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

* *In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.*

  How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon,
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtruggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy, and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.
  The treaſures theſe, hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the ſwelling Nile.
From his two ſprings, in Gojam's ſunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant ſtream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant iſles,
That with unfading verdure ſmile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treaſures of the ſky,
Winds in progreſſive majeſty along:
Through ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
Of life-deſerted ſand; till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſart, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.
  His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains ſtretch'd through gorgeous
Fall on Coromandel's coaſt, or Malabar; [ind
From * Menam's orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines
With inſect-lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On Indus' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower:
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.
  Nor leſs thy world, Columbus, drinks, refreſh'd,
The laviſh moiſture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his iſles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge deſcends
The mighty † Orellana. Scarce the muſe
Dares ſtretch her wing o'er this enormous maſs
Of ruſhing water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The ſealike Plata; to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,

* *The river that runs through Siam; on whoſe banks a vaſt multitude of thoſe inſects called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.*

† *The river of the Amazons.*

In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And trackless deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
  But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool
    draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers [Heaven;
Command the world; the light that leads to
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; inselfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
  Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening
    tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appal'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste:
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
  Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
Of monsters unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
  Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! ev'n the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave
Obeys the blaſt, th' aërial tumult ſwells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhauſting all the rage of all the ſky,
And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy † ſpeck
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells:
Of no regard, ſave to the ſkilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the ſmall prognoſtic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Muſters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale the demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading ſail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled maſs
Of roaring winds, and flame, and ruſhing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands.
Art is too ſlow: by rapid fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the boſom of the black abyſs.
With ſuch mad ſeas the daring ‡ Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant, labouring round the *ſtormy Cape;*
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The § Luſitanian Prince; who, heaven-inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increaſing ſtill the terrors of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crowds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy Guinea of her ſons,
Demands his ſhare of prey; demands themſelves.
The ſtormy fates deſcend: one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtrait, their mangled limbs
Cruſhing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam: from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul.
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire power of peſtilent diſeaſe.
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation, caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The Britiſh fire. You, gallant Vernon, ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw
To infant-weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips from ſhore to ſhore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the ſullen waves,
The frequent corſe; while, on each other fix'd,
In ſad preſage, the blank aſſiſtants ſeem'd,
Silent, to aſk, whom fate would next demand.
What need I mention thoſe inclement ſkies,
Where, frequent o'er the ſickening city, plague,
The fierceſt child of Nemeſis divine,
Deſcends? * From Ethiopia's poiſon'd woods
From ſtifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locuſt-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great deſtroyer ſprung. Her awful rage
The brutes eſcape: Man is her deſtin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a cloſe incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome breeze; and ſtain'd
With many a mixture by the ſun, ſuffus'd,
Of angry aſpect. Princely wiſdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble juſtice, ineffectual, drop
The ſword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And huſh'd the clamour of the buſy world.
Empty the ſtreets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worſt of deſerts ſudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men, unleſs eſcap'd
From the doom'd houſe, where matchleſs horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the ſmitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks looſe; and, loud to heaven,
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors ſociety:
Dependants, friends, relations, love himſelf,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The ſweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their ſelfiſh care: the circling ſky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, ſtruck by turns, in ſolitary pangs
They fall, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the proſtrate city black deſpair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The ſcene of deſolation, ſtretch'd around,
The grim guards ſtand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes

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* *Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular ſtorms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.*

† *Called by ſailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at firſt no bigger.*

‡ *Vaſco de Gama, the firſt who ſailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the Eaſt Indies.*

§ *Don Henry, third ſon to John the Firſt, king of Portugal. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of new countries, was the chief ſource of all the modern improvements in navigation.*

* *Theſe are the cauſes ſuppoſed to be the firſt origin of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that ſubject.*

Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant muſe:
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.
Behold, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds,
Where ſleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, ſulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the loweſt vale, th' aërial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.
'Tis liſtening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive through the cloud;
And following flower, in exploſion vaſt,
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its aweful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmouldering pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs group the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintery load.
Far-ſeen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmoſt iſles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.
They lov'd: but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip heighten'd by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! he, who yon ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice
"Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus
"To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Myſterious heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.
As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields; and nature ſmiles reviv'd.
'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.

And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs man,
Moſt favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhows. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landſkip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path:
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.
This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the Summer heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-ſhivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd,
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.
Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that [play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Muſidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd, ſave when it ſtole
In ſidelong glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
This cool retreat his Muſidora ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, ſay,
Say, ye ſevereſt, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtrip'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.

Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconſin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the ſnowy leg,
And ſlender foot, th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſk the ſoul diſtracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty ſoftening, every grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed:
As ſhines the lily through the cryſtal mild;
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew
Freſh from Aurora's hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with ſtreaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Riſing again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and ſtruggling from the ſhade,
With headlong hurry fled: but firſt theſe lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
"Yet unbeheld, ſave by the ſacred eye
"Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild ſurpriſe,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the ſtatue * that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes
Which bliſsful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted: ev'n a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length, a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul;
And on the ſpreading beach, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy:

* *The Venus of Medici.*

"Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
"By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
"Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill as now
"Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The ſun has loſt his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital luſtre, that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of heaven,
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul;
To whoſe exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms; whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light;
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue, the ſons of intereſt deem romance;
Now call'd abroad, enjoys the falling day:
Now to the verdant portico of woods,
To Nature's vaſt lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind ſchool where no proud maſter reigns,
The full free converſe of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to ſweet retirement, lovers ſteal,
And pour their ſouls in tranſport, which the fire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
Which way, Amanda, ſhall we bend our courſe?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore ſhould we chooſe?
All is the ſame with thee. Say, ſhall we wind
Along the ſtreams? or walk the ſmiling mead?
Or court the foreſt glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harveſts? or aſcend,
While radiant ſummer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene *? Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs landſcape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge Auguſta ſend,
Now to the ſiſter-hills † that ſkirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majeſtic Windſor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver Thames firſt rural grows.
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, ſtooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd,
With her the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queenſberry yet laments his Gay,
And poliſh'd Cornbury wooes the willing muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs vale of Thames;
Fair winding up to where the muſe's haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing god ‡; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraſs'd height, and Eſher's groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude, embrac'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent Mole,
From courts and ſenates Pelham finds repoſe,
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muſe
Has of Achaia or Heſperia ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly-ſwelling hills!
On which the *power of cultivation* lies,
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſkip into ſmoke decays!
Happy Britannia! Where, the queen of arts,
Inſpiring vigour, liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, ev'n to thy fartheſt cots,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.
Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the ſons of art;
And trade with joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: ev'n drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and, looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet, like the muſtering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.
Thy ſons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the ſplendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whoſe hallow'd names the virtues ſaint,
And *his own* muſes love; the beſt of *kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to fame; the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius ſtill. In *ſtateſmen* thou,
And *patriots*, fertile. Thine a ſteady More,
Who, with a generous, though miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's uſeful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Ariſtides juſt,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal and wiſe, a Walſingham is thine;

* *The old name of Richmond, ſignifying, in Saxon,* ſhining *or* ſplendor.
† *Highgate and Hamſtead.* ‡ *In his laſt ſickneſs.*

A Drake, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the ſcourge of Spain! whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
Nor ſunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muſe the gallant Sidney paſs,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illuſtrious land,
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
The grave where Ruſſel lies; whoſe temper'd blood,
With calmeſt cheerfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawleſs power, though meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the * Britiſh Caſſius, fearleſs bled;
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair they renown
In aweful *ſages* and in noble *bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning ſcience ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the muſes' ſong.
Thine is a Bacon; hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And through the ſmooth barbarity of courts,
With firm, but pliant virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his courſe: him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloiſter'd monks, and jargon-teaching ſchools,
Led forth the true philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of heaven! that, ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous † Aſhley thine, the friend of man;
Who ſcann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whoſe pious ſearch
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,
The great Creator ſought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?

* *Algernon Sidney.*
† *Anthony Aſhley Cooper, Earl of Shafteſbury.*

Let Newton, *pure intelligence*, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakſpeare thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable muſe
Of claſſic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenſer, fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient maſter, laughing ſage,
Chaucer, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my ſong ſoften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, through the native white,
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or funny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when dreſt in love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.
Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.
O Thou! by whoſe almighty *nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white peace, and ſocial love;
The tender-looking charity, intent,
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears through ſmiles;
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear chaſtity,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough induſtry; activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, *public zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.
Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds
Aſſembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſetting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable ſung) he dips his orb;

Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.
For ever running an inchanted round,
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who, all day long in fordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth.
But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All ether ſoftening, ſober evening takes,
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air;
A thouſand *ſhadows* at her beck. Firſt *this*
She ſends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *deeper* ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd ſeeds ſhe wings.
His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting height
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhunn'd; whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twingles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountains tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary viſion turns; where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky; or horizontal dart
In woudrous ſhapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends;
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whoſe godlike minds philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While, from his far excurſion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal-fire.
With thee, ſerene philoſophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence, and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon; and pure as that,
Whoſe mild vibrations ſoothe the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day. [thee,
Hence through her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by
She ſprings aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires, [wing'd,
That bind the fluttering crowd: and, angel-
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions, or th' abyſs,
To reaſon's and to fancy's eye diſplay'd:
The *Firſt* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of cauſes and effects to him,
The world-producing Eſſence, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the *Laſt* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe,
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
A ſavage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In queſt of prey; and with th' unfaſhion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,

And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning line, nor dares the wint'ry pole;
Mothhr ſevere of infinite delights!
Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a ſtill-revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
That non-exiſtence worſe: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philoſophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, inviſible, the ſail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
  Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *ſpoke the word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns
Her eye; and inſtant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train:
To reaſon then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins
The world of ſpirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, ſits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final iſſue of the works of God,
By boundleſs love and perfect wiſdom form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

AUTUMN. 1730.

The Argument.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſſed to Mr. Onſlow. A proſpect of the fields ready for harveſt. Reflections in praiſe of induſtry raiſed by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harveſt ſtorm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A deſcription of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digreſſion, inquiring into the riſe of fountains and rivers. Birds of ſeaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and weſtern iſles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading woods. After a gentle duſky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which ſucceeds a calm, pure, ſun-ſhiny day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the Seaſon. The harveſt being gathered in, the country diſſolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philoſophical country life.

Crown'd with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on: the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintery froſt
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-bloſſom'd ſpring
Put in white promiſe forth: and Summer ſuns
Concocted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.
  Onſlow! the muſe, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire and dignify her ſong,
Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble care ſhe knows,
The patriot virtues that diſtend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy boſom glow;
While liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods ſweeter than her ſong.
But ſhe too pants for public virtue; ſhe
Though weak in power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country ruſhes on her heart,
Aſſumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
  When the bright virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal ſcales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence ſhook
Of parting Summer, a ſerener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide inveſts
The happy world. Attemper'd ſuns ariſe,
Sweet-beam'd, and ſhedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleaſing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extenſive harveſt hang the heavy head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm for plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the ſky;
The clouds fly different; and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the ſhadows ſweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.
  Theſe are thy bleſſings, Induſtry! rough power;
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;

Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mixt tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supported and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this rugged ſavage never felt,
Ev'n deſolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time; till induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhow'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtop'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But, ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.
Then gathering men their natural powers com-
And form'd a public; to the general good [bin'd
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the patriot-council met, the full
The free, and fairly repreſented *whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force oppreſſion chaining, ſet
Imperial juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable; nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.
Then commerce brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; chok'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintery foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak
To bear the Britiſh thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.
Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and luxury within [ſmooth,
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores; the canvas
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd.
All is the gift of induſtry; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering ſong.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the lufty ſheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of harveſt is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.

For, in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave innocence and heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.
" What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
" And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind
" Recals that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
" Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
" And once fair-ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find,
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict inquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
" And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
" She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
" So long in vain? O, heavens! the very ſame,
" The ſoften'd image of my noble friend,
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That noriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſert, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
" Though poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer ſoil,
" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns, and ſhowers,
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
" Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
" Though vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth, yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offſpring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The ſultry ſouth collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt, the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir

Their trembling tops; and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aërial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere,
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves,
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the diſſipated ſtorm,
And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoſt rage,
Through all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, deſcends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whoſe ruſhing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman
Helpleſs beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye maſters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs in ruſſet clad,
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that ſparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have ſwept away.

Here the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun faſt-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the muſe to ſing the rural game:
How, in his mid-career, the ſpaniel ſtruck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Out-ſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye.
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Though borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

Theſe are not ſubjects for the peaceful muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong;
Then moſt delighted, when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round,
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falſely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhun'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt inſuriate wrath
Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chaſe,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd: the ruſhy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath; the ſtubble chapt;
The thiſtly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her beſt precaution; though ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcatter'd ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill horn
Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chaſe; and the loud hunter's ſhout;
O'er a weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and diſcordant joy.

The ſtag, too, ſingled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
Before the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed
He, ſprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his ſwift aërial ſoul to flight;
Againſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the leſſening murderous cry behind:
Deception ſhort! though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north,
He burſts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood;
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track
Hot-ſteaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman route, and from the ſhady depth
Expel him, circling through his every ſhift.
He ſweeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind conteſt, with his butting friends
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid nerves,

So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
Inſpire the courſe; but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay;
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous checker'd ſides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the ſylvan youth,
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chaſe; behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd-up lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his ſhaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
Theſe Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your ſportive fury, pityleſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chaſe purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but through the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toſt;
Then ſcale the mountains to their woody tops;
Ruſh down the dangerous ſteep: and o'er the lawn
In fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game,
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chaſe;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentleſs torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of gray renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The ſtag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
With feats Theſſalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.
But firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the ſtrong table groans
Beneath the ſmoking ſurloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
From ſide to ſide; in which, with deſperate knife,
They deep inciſion make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the paſty plung'd, at intervals,
If ſtomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chaſe.
Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirſt
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſteams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diffus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, whilſt a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon: while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robuſt.
At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle; and ſet, ardent, in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion ſly,
Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but carneſt, brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the ſuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes hounds
To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with ſudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul;
And, opening in a full mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe, go round;
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading through the miſty ſky.
Then ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter; where aſtride
The *lubber power* in filthy triumph ſits,
Slumberous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſteeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.
But if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the Britiſh Fair.
Far be the ſpirit of the chaſe from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire;
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink
Unequal, then the lovelieſt in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging man;

O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Through love's enchanting wiles purſued, yet fled,
In chaſe ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte;
Well-ordered home man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praiſe.
  Ye ſwains, now haſten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
Fit for the thickets, and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade;
And, where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,
A gloſſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.
  Hence from the buſy joy-reſounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taſte, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
Inceſſant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a ſoft profuſion, ſcatter'd round.
A various ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand peprar'd;
Of temper'd ſun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing compoſition mixt.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night
The fragrant ſtores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the luſty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirſty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon inſpirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the ſecond thou
Who nobly durſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe,
With Britiſh freedom ſing the Britiſh ſong:
How, from Silurian vats, high-ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong, to cheer
The wintery revels of the labouring hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer-hours.
  In this glad ſeaſon, while his ſweeteſt beams
The ſun ſheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh, loſe me in the green delightful walks
Of, Doddington, thy ſeat, ſerene, and plain;
Where ſimple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure Dorſetian downs,
In boundleſs proſpect: yonder ſhagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye.
New beauties riſe with each revolving day;
New columns ſwell, and ſtill the freſh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the muſes' ſeat:
Where in the ſecret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt
Of thy applauſe, I ſolitary court
Th' inſpiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of nature ever open: aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral ſong.
Here, as I ſteal along the ſunny wall,
Where Autumn baſks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleaſing theme continual prompts my thought:
Preſents the downy peach; the ſhining plumb;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luſcious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils ſhoots;
Hangs out her cluſters, glowing to the ſouth;
And ſcarcely wiſhes for a warmer ſky.
Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous ſoils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent ſun, elated high,
The vineyard ſwells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs;
Profuſe; and drinks amid the ſunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The cluſters clear,
Half through the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
Or ſhine tranſparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth, and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood;
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret ſmooth, red as the lip we preſs
In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-taſted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives; the gay Champagne.
  Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle ſky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long diviſion fills, the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge duſk, gradual, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen, and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon oppreſt, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,

He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, ſits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formleſs gray confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoke along the hilly country, theſe,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water, ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks; [play,
Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some ſages ſay, that, where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd through the ſandy ſtratum, every way,
The waters with the ſandy ſtratum riſe;
Amid whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their ſaltness behind,
And clear and ſweeten, as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Though oft amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings;
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire; why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountain's ruſhy dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt peak, deſert
Th' attractive ſand that charm'd their courſe ſo
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts, [long?
The ſpoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their ſecret channels; or, by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:
Old ocean too, ſuck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.
Say then, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores
Refreſh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O, thou pervading genius, given to man,
To trace the ſecrets of the dark abyſs,
O, lay the mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden ſtructure to th' aſtoniſh'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From the Aſian Taurus, from Imaus ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's ſullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my ſearching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a ſtream!
O, from the ſounding ſummits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To fartheſt Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucaſus, far-ſeen by thoſe
Who in the Caſpian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Ruſs
Believes the *ſtony girdle* * of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ſtorm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O, ſweep th' eternal ſnows! hung o'er the deep
That ever works beneath his ſounding baſe,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His ſubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyſſinia's cloud compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains † of the Moon!
O'ertopping all theſe giant ſons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
The ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe,
I ſee the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
I ſee the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fiſſures to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſyphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or ſtiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated ſtores,
The cryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,
Through the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt;
And ſwelling out, around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills,
In pure effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
Theſe vapours in continual current draw,
And ſend them o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A ſocial commerce hold, and firm ſupport
The full-adjuſted harmony of things.
When Autumn ſcatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The ſwallow-people; and toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm ſky, in convolution ſwift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintery ſlumbers they retire;
In cluſters cling, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froſt, the cavern ſweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine loſes his majeſtic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ſtrong
Unconquerable hand of liberty,

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* *The Muſcovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is,* the great ſtony girdle; *becauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole earth.*

† *A range of mountains in Africa that ſurround almoſt all Monomotapa.*

The ſtork-aſſembly meets; for many a day,
Conſulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid ſky.
And now their rout deſign'd, their leaders choſe;
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a ſhort eſſay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight aſcends; and, riding high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the northern ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy iſles
Of faireſt Thulé, and th' Atlantic ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude reſounding ſhore are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little iſland's verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the muſe,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Inveſted with a keen diffuſive ſky,
Breathing the ſoul acute; her foreſts huge,
Incult, robuſt, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extenſive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool tranſlucent brimming flood
Waſh'd lovely from the Tweed (pure *parent ſtream*
Whoſe paſtoral banks firſt heard my Doric reed,
With, ſylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempeſt foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's higheſt peak:
Nurſe of a people, in misfortune's ſchool
Train'd up to hardy deeds; ſoon viſited
By learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her weſtern flight. A manly race,
Of unſubmitting ſpirit, wiſe, and brave;
Who ſtill through bleeding ages ſtruggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can atteſt,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminiſh'd ſtate;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuſe, their piercing genius plann'd,
And ſwell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant ſtreams,
Bright over Europe burſts the boreal morn.
Oh, is there not ſome patriot, in whoſe power
That beſt, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of bleſſing thouſands, thouſands yet unborn,
Through late poſterity? ſome, large of ſoul,
To cheer dejected induſtry? to give
A double harveſt to the pining ſwain?
And teach the labouring hind the ſweets of toil?
How, by the fineſt art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean ſnow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to daſh wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully paſſive; while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny ſwarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our ſhores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouſe, and wing
The proſperous ſail from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the ſea-encircled globe;
And thus, in ſoul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the miſtreſs of the deep?
Yes, there are ſuch. And full on thee, Argyll,
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor leſs the palm of peace inwreathes thy brows.
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charms of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.
But ſee the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the lonely muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-known walks,
And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.
Meantime, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And through their lucid veil his ſoften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For thoſe whom wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To ſoothe the throbbing paſſions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her ſilent walks.
Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And through the ſadden'd grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widow'd ſongſter pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copſe.
While congregated thruſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a dull deſpondent flock;
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note.
O, let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove;
Oft ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles through the waving air.
But ſhould a quicker breeze among the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams;
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt-walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields;
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of ſtronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
Of philoſophic melancholy comes!
His near-approach the ſudden ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; through the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd faſt into the mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory through remoteſt time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
With all the *ſocial offspring of the heart*.
Oh, bear me to vaſt embowering ſhades,
To twilight groves, and viſionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the ſolemn duſk
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural ſeat
Preſide, which ſhining through the cheerful land
In countleſs numbers bleſt Britannia ſees;
O, lead me to the wide extended walks,
The fair majeſtic paradiſe of Stowe *!
Not Perſian Cyrus on Ionia's ſhore
E'er ſaw ſuch ſylvan ſcenes; ſuch various art
By genius fir'd, ſuch ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the ſtrife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boaſt,
There let me ſit beneath the ſheiter'd ſlopes,
Or in that † Temple where, in future times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd name;

And, with thy converſe bleſt, catch the laſt ſmiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land;
Will from thy ſtandard taſte refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the pureſt truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſion'd ſhades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter ſhe, with *juſter* hand,
Shall draw the tragic ſcene, inſtruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every paſſion ſpeaks: O, through her ſtrain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive ſenate, charms, perſuades, exalts,
Of honeſt zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And ſhakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elyſian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a ſigh eſcapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of ſquadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hoſts! when the proud foe,
The faithleſs vain diſturber of mankind,
Inſulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to preſs
Thoſe poliſh'd robbers, thoſe ambitious ſlaves,
The Britiſh youth would hail thy wiſe command,
Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran ſkill.
The weſtern ſun withdraws the ſhorten'd day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the ſky,
In her chill progreſs, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluſter the roiling fogs, and ſwim along
The duſky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the ſcatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad viſage in the crimſon'd eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
Where mountain's riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deſcries,
A ſmaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now through the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides ſublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and ſtreaming mild
O'er the ſky'd mountain to the ſhadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundleſs tide
Of ſilver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when half blotted from the ſky her light,
Fainting, permits the ſtarry fires to burn
With keener luſtre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs white;
Oft in this ſeaſon, ſilent from the north
A blaze of meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower ſkies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick as quickly reaſcend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh, and renew,
All ether courſing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous ſhapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial ſpears and ſteeds of fire;

* *The ſeat of the Lord Viſcount Cobham.*
† *The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.*

Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swell the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.
Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the *better genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah, see, where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintery winds?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.
Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, [youth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life. [gate,
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? what though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice: nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;

A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life eſtrang'd
To diſappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintery glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
Unſullied beauty; ſound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe.
Let others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy,
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome far diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
By regal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let *theſe*
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *thoſe* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate.
While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muſe, of theſe,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and through the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his ſong.
Ev'n Winter, wild to him, is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pours every luſtre on th' exalted eye,
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates, his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Ecſtatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with man!
Oh, Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonder there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; through the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral *ſtrata* there;
Thruſt, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals; and higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift;
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye;
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That *beſt* ambition; under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my ſong;
And let me never, never ſtray from thee!

WINTER. 1726.

The Argument.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the Earl of Wilmington. Firſt approach of Winter. According to the natural courſe of the Seaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: a man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolves deſcending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter Evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train:
Vapours, and clouds, and ſtorms. Be theſe my theme,
Theſe! that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careleſs ſolitude I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt;
Or ſeen the deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd,
In the grim evening ſky. Thus paſs'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the ſouth
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and ſmil'd.

To thee, the patron of *her firſt* eſſay,
The muſe, O Wilmington! renews her ſong.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy gale;
And now among the wintery clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar;
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds;
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in aweful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm unſhaken uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a fliding age, and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the muſe
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerleſs empire of the ſky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius ſtains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heaven, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, cloth'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky;
And, ſoon-deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Meantime, in ſable-cincture, ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppreſſive o'er the world,
Through nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun diſcolour'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad genius of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe diſjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan,
Reſounding long in liſtening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains obſcure
Drive through the mingling ſkies with vapour foul;
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and deepening into night ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untaſted fields return,
And aſk, with meaning lowe, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſehold feathery people crowd,
The crefted cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,

Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again, conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the Seaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful beings! ſay,
Where your aërial magazines reſerv'd,
To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far-diſtant region of the ſky,
Huſh'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd; red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to fluſh around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe emit a ſhiver'd ray;
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd noſtrils to the ſky up-turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretel the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove;
Aſſiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and ſcreems along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the ſhore,
Eat into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountains, comes a voice,
That ſolemn ſounding bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm with ſudden burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the paſſive main
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Through the black night that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
Burſt into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the winds acroſs the howling waſte
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,
The wintery Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts; if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſhoal inſidious break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.

Nor leſs at land the looſen'd tempeſt reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
Lone on the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd and ſheds
What of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain;
Daſh'd down, and ſcatter'd by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling through the diſſipated grove,
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt.
Then too, they ſay, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, ſhrill ſounds, and diſtant ſighs
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt
With ſtars ſwift gliding ſweep along the ſky.
All nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the wings of careering wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a calm;
Then ſtrait air, ſea, and earth, are huſh'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious night,
And Contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A ſcene of crude diſjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-fluſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good ſupreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!

The keener tempeſts riſe: and, ſtunning dun
From all the livid eaſt, or piercing north,
Thick clouds aſcend; in whoſe capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to ſnow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the ſky ſaddens with the gather'd ſtorm.
Through the huſh'd air the whitening ſhower deſcends,
At firſt thin wavering; till at laſt the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and faſt, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherith'd fields

Put on their winter-robe of pureſt white.
'Tis brightneſs all; ſave where the new ſnow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid ſun
Faint from the weſt emits his evening ray,
Earth's univerſal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waſte, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, crowd around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim thy little boon
Which Providence aſſigns them. One alone,
The red-breaſt, ſacred to the houſehold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted man
His annual viſit. Half-afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats: then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beſet
By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the gliſtening earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair, then, ſad-diſpers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of ſnow.
Now, ſhepherds, to your helpleſs charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict: for from the bellowing eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintery plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The bellowy tempeſt whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the ſky.
As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain;
Nor find the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage r ſing through the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt;
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh of ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh nature ſhoots
Through the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.
Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintery winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic muſe.
Ev'n in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.
And here can I forget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where miſery moans;
Where ſickneſs pines; where thirſt and hunger burn,
And poor miſfortune feels the laſh of vice.

* *The Gaol Committee in the year* 1729.

While in the land of liberty, the land
Whoſe every ſtreet and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth;
Tore from cold wintery limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes;
And cruſh'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O, great deſign! if executed well,
With patient care, and wiſdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye ſons of mercy! yet reſume the ſearch;
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark inſidious men
Have cumberous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that ſaw theſe broke,
And every man within the reach of right.
By wintery famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreeming infant from her breaſt.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lion ſtands in ſoften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.
Among thoſe hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Griſons dwell:
Oft, ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud thundering, down they come,
A wintery waſte in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains,
And ſometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets ſleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the ſmothering ruin whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore
Beat by the boundleſs multitude of waves,
A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary ſcene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There ſtudious let me ſit,
And hold high converſe with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes. Firſt Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted ſtate,
Againſt the rage of tyrants *ſingle* ſtood,
Invincible! calm reaſon's holy law,
That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearleſs, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *wiſeſt of mankind!*
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide baſe; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd ſhone,
The pride of ſmiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm * devoted chief, who prov'd by deeds
The hardeſt leſſon which the *other* taught.
Then Ariſtides lifts his honeſt front;
Spotleſs of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the nobleſt name of Juſt;
In pure majeſtic poverty rever'd;
Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty † *rival's* fame.
Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appears
Cimon ſweet-ſoul'd; whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The ſcourge of Perſian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the laſt worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Penſive, appear. The fair Corinthian boaſt,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the *brother*, while the *tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the ‡ Theban pair,
Whoſe virtues in *heroic concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour ſunk;
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind,
Phocion the good; in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow,
Not friendſhip ſofter was, nor love more kind.
And he, the *laſt* of old Lycurgus' ſons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To ſave a rotten ſtate, Agis, who ſaw
Ev'n Sparta's ſelf to ſervile avarice ſunk.
The two Achaian heroes cloſe the train:
Aratus, who a while relum'd the ſoul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
And he her darling as her lateſt hope,
The *gallant* Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;

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* *Leonidas.* † *Themiſtocles.*
‡ *Pelopidas and Epaminondas.*

Or toiling in his farm, a ſimple ſwain;
Or, bold and ſkilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in thoſe virtuous times
Which knew no ſtain, ſave that with partial flame
Their *deareſt* country they *too fondly* lov'd:
Her *better founder* firſt, the light of Rome,
Numa, who ſoften'd her rapacious ſons:
Servius the King, who laid the ſolid baſe
On which o'er earth the *vaſt republic* ſpread.
Then the great conſuls venerable riſe.
The * public father who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal ſternly ſad.
He, whom his thankleſs country *could not* loſe,
Camillus, only vengeful to his foes.
Fabricius, ſcorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
Thy † willing victim, Carthage, burſting looſe
From all that pleading Nature could oppoſe,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who ſoon the race of ſpotleſs glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the *poetic ſhade*
With Friendſhip and Philoſophy retir'd.
Tully, whoſe powerful eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the *rapid* fate of ruſhing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in *extreme*.
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whoſe ſteady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman *ſteel* againſt thy *friend*.
Thouſands beſides the tribute of a verſe
Demand; but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun.
'Tis Phœbus ſelf, or elſe the Mantuan ſwain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and *equal* by his ſide,
The Britiſh muſe; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe ſhades, whoſe ſkilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impaſſion'd heart, and charm'd
Tranſported Athens with the moral ſcene:
Nor thoſe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! ſociety divine!
Still viſit thus my nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoaring ſoul to thoughts like yours,
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few choſen friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble roof, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay,
Or from the muſe's hill will Pope deſcend,
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart?
For though not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.
Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon?
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame,
Which ſtung thy fervent breaſt? that treaſur'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who ſuſtain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffuſing charm
Of ſprightly wit? that rapture for the muſe,
That heart of friendſhip, and that ſoul of joy,
Which bade with ſofteſt light thy virtues ſmile?
Ah! only ſhow'd, to check our fond purſuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant ſoul,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd;
With them would ſearch, if Nature's boundleſs frame
Was call'd, late riſing from the void of night,
Or ſprung *eternal* from th' Eternal Mind;
Its life, its laws, its progreſs and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffuſive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the *moral world*,
Which, though to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wiſdom's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all
In *general good*. The ſage hiſtoric muſe
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time;
Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In ſcatter'd ſtates; what makes the nations ſmile,
Improves their ſoil, and gives them double ſuns;
And why they pine beneath the brighteſt ſkies,
In Nature's richeſt lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray
Of pureſt heaven, which lights the public ſoul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerleſs humble fortune, to repreſs
Theſe ardent riſings of the kindling ſoul;
Then, ev'n ſuperior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues how to glide
Through ſhades and plains, along the ſmoothеſt ſtream
Of rural life; or ſnatch'd away by hope,
Through the dim ſpaces of futurity,
With earneſt eye anticipate thoſe ſcenes
Of happineſs, and wonder; where the mind,
In endleſs growth and infinite aſcent,
Riſes from ſtate to ſtate, and world to world.
But when with theſe the ſerious thought is foil'd,
We, ſhifting for relief, would play the ſhapes
Of frolic fancy; and inceſſant form
Thoſe rapid pictures, that aſſembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively wit excites to gay ſurpriſe;
Or folly-painting humour, grave himſelf,
Calls laughter forth, deep-ſhaking every nerve.
Meantime the village rouſes up the fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin-ſtory round;
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round;
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;
The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid

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* *Marcus Junius Brutus.* † *Regulus.*

On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep:
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
The city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe enchanted joy,
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming fury fall; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
Up-ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay inſect in *his* ſummer-ſhine,
The ſop, light-fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings.
Dread o'er the ſcene, the ghoſt of Hamlet ſtalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her ſoul in love.
Terror alarms the breaſt; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or elſe the comic muſe
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes ſly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * Bevil ſhow'd.
O, thou, whoſe wiſdom, ſolid yet refin'd,
Whoſe patriot-virtues, and conſummate ſkill
To touch the finer ſprings that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the graces can beſtow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleaſing dignity, to ſhine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of poliſh'd life; permit the rural muſe,
O Cheſterfield, to grace with thee her ſong!
Ere to the ſhades again ſhe humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every muſe has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accompliſh'd mind:
To mark that ſpirit, which, with Britiſh *ſcorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeneſs, which excels,
Ev'n in the judgment of preſumptuous France,
The boaſted manners of her ſhining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of ſenſe,
The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd ſatire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals through the ſoul, and without pain corrects.
Or, riſing thence with yet a brighter flame,
O, let me hail thee on ſome glorious day,
When to the liſtening ſenate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's ſons to hear her pleaded cauſe.
Then dreſt by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the ſoft robe of mild perſuaſion wears:
Thou to aſſenting reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient paſſions on thy voice attend;
And ev'n reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick, now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

* *A character in the Conſcious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.*

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy muſe;
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Froſty, ſucceed; and through the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air
Storing afreſh with elemental life.
Cloſe crowds the ſhining atmoſphere; and binds
Our ſtrengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, through the new-ſtrung nerves,
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain;
Where ſits the ſoul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the ſkies, and as the ſeaſon keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs eye
In ruin ſeen. The froſt-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable ſoul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their ſullen deeps,
Tranſparent, open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt. {ſtores
What art thou, froſt? and whence are thy keen
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading power,
Whom ev'n th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft ſhifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole impriſon'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till morn, late-riſing o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues and fancy'd figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,

Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.
On blithſome frolics bent; the youthful ſwains,
While every work of man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various ſport
And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province ſwarming, void of care,
Batavia ruſhes forth; and as they ſweep,
On ſounding ſkates, a thouſand different ways,
In circling poiſe, ſwift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor leſs the northern courts, wide o'er the ſnow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid ſleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-reſounding courſe. Meantime, to raiſe
The manly ſtrife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the ſeaſon, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Ruſſia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and ſportful, is the wholeſome day;
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal ſun,
Broad o'er the ſouth, hangs at his utmoſt noon:
And, ineffectual, ſtrikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloſs the mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the foreſt falls the cluſter'd ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſon, deſolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentleſs months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.

There, through the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide-roams the Ruſſian exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſerts loſt in ſnow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary vaſt,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerleſs towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich * Cathay,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables, of gloſſy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n ſnows; and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain heaps they puſh
Their beating breaſt in vain; and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the north,
That ſees Boöes urge his tardy wain,
A boiſterous race, by froſty * Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know, and fear no pain,
Proliſic ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk, [ſweep
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled ſouth,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of Lapland: wiſely they
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
They aſk no more than ſimple nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage. [tents,
Their rein-deer form their riches. Theſe their
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholſome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obſequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and ſtars that keener play
With double luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chaſe,
Or guide their daring ſteps to Finland fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns; and from the hazy ſouth,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve!
Till ſeen at large for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reaſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's ‡ fairy mountains riſe,
And fring'd with roſes § Tenglio rolls his ſtream,

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* *The old name for China.*

* *The north-weſt wind.*

† *The wandering Scythian clans.*

‡ *M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having deſcribed the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, ſays,—"From this "height we had opportunity ſeveral times to ſee thoſe "vapours riſe from the lake, which the people of the "country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the "guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We had been frighted "with ſtories of bears that haunted this place, but ſaw "none. It ſeemed rather a place of reſort for fairies "and genii, than bears."*

§ *The ſame author obſerves—"I was ſurpriſed to "ſee upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roſes of "as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."*

They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in uſeful care employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell intereſt never yet has ſown [knew
The ſeeds of vice: whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er
Injurious deed, nor, blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still preſſing on, beyond Tornëa's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt Greenland, to the pole itſelf,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The muſe expands her ſolitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,
Beholds new ſeas beneath, another ſky *.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving tempeſt is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.
Thence winding eaſtward to the Tartar's coaſt,
She ſweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected hue, and horrid, o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps; or cruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerleſs and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's † fate,
As with *firſt* prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars,
In theſe fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral taſk,
Froze into ſtatues; to the cordage glued
The ſailor, and the pilot to the helm. [ſtream
Hard by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing
Rolls the wild Oby, live the laſt of men;
And half-enliven'd by the diſtant ſun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudeſt form.

Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
Nor tenderneſs they know; nor ought of life,
Beyond the kindred bears, that ſtalk without.
Till morn at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er the fields,
And calls the quiver'd ſavage to the chaſe.
What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man! wide-ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire, one vaſt Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of monarchs! he
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce barbarian he ſubdued,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the man.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long ſucceſſive ages to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand,
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſerts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there ſtern Othman's ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that rous'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade:
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great *example* ſhow'd.
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the ſouth. Subdued,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine; looſe ſleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once;
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty north;
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſt amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure

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* *The other hemiſphere.*

† *Sir Hugh Willoughby, ſent by Queen Elizabeth to diſcover the north-eaſt paſſage.*

Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful ſport,
Tempeſt the looſen'd brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet providence, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and ſtarts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal ſcheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that Power,
And Wiſdom, oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaffuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of ſuperſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd pain
That cruel ſpoiler, that embroſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of wintery time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy ſun
Shoots full perfection through the ſwelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, thou bidſt the world adore,
And humbleſt nature with thy northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mixt with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That ever-buſy wheels, the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! to him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe ſpirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh, talk of him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound

Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incenſe, herbs and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye vallies, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all awake; a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chooſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſecret grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there muſt be joy.
When ev'n at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhould come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſuns;
From *ſeeming evil* ſtill educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expreſſive Silence, muſe his praiſe.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenſer, the obſolete words, and a ſimplicity of diction in ſome of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were neceſſary, to make the imitation more perfect. And the ſtyle of that admirable poet, as well as the meaſure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by cuſtom to allegorical poems writ in our language; juſt as in French the ſtyle of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been uſed in tales and familiar epiſtles, by the politeſt writers of the age of Louis XIV.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THIS POEM.

Archimage—*the chief or greateſt of magicians or enchanters.*
Apaid—*paid.*
Appal—*affright.*
Atween—*between.*
Ay—*always.*
Bale—*ſorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt—*named.*
Blazon—*painting, diſplaying.*
Breme—*cold, raw.*
Carol—*to ſing ſongs of joy.*
Caucus—*the north-eaſt wind.*
Certes—*certainly.*
Dan—*a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly—*ſkilfully.*
Depainted—*painted.*
Drowſy-head—*drowſineſs.*
Eath—*eaſy.*
Eftſoons—*immediately, often afterwards.*
Eke—*alſo.*
Fays—*fairies.*
Gear *or* Geer—*furniture, equipage, dreſs.*
Glaive—*ſword.* (Fr.)
Glee—*joy, pleaſure.*
Han—*have.*
Hight—*named, called:* and ſometimes it is uſed for *is called.* See ſtanza vii.
Idleſs—*Idleneſs.*
Imp—*child, or offspring; from the* Saxon *impan, to graft or plant.*
Keſt—*for caſt.*
Lad—*for led.*
Lea—*a piece of land or meadow.*
Libbard—*leopard.*
Lig—*to lie.*
Loſel—*a looſe idle fellow.*
Louting—*bowing, bending.*
Lithe—*looſe, lax.*
Mell—*mingle.*
Moe—*more.*
Moil—*to labour.*
Mote—*might.*
Muchel *or* Mochel, *much, great.*
Nathleſs—*nevertheleſs.*
Ne—*nor.*
Needments—*neceſſaries.*
Nourſling—*a child that is nurſed.*
Noyance—*harm.*
Prankt—*coloured, adorned gayly.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*)—*an old oath.*
Prick'd through the foreſt—*rode through the foreſt.*
Sear—*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen—*bright, ſhining.*
Sicker—*ſure, ſurely.*
Soot—*ſweet, or ſweetly.*
Sooth—*true, or truth.*
Stound—*misfortune, pung.*
Sweltry—*ſultry, conſuming with heat.*
Swink—*to labour.*
Smackt—*favoured.*
Thrall—*ſlave.*
Tranſmew'd—*transform'd.*
Vild—*vile.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorned.*
Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*
Weet—*to know; to weet, to wit.*
Whilom—*ere-while, formerly.*
Wight—*man.*
Wis, *for* Wiſt—*to know, think, underſtand.*
Wonne—(a noun) *dwelling.*
Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenſer, to lengthen it a ſyllable, and *en* at the end of a word, for the ſame reaſon, as *withouten, caſten,* &c.

Yborn—*born.*
Yblent, *or* blent—*blended, mingled.*
Yclad—*clad.*
Ycleped—*called, named.*
Yfere—*together.*
Ymolten—*milted.*
Yode *(preter tenſe of* yede) *went.*

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The caſtle height of indolence,
And its falſe luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate;
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great;
For, though ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Looſe life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.

In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found,
It was, I ween, a lovely ſpot of ground:
And there a ſeaſon atween June and May,
Half prankt with ſpring, with ſummer half imbrown'd,
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of reſt:
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that ſlumberous influence keſt,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Mean-time unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurl'd every-where their waters ſheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the ſunny glade,
Though reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſshopper did keep;
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

Full in the paſſage of the vale, above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn foreſt ſtood;

Where nought but ſhadowy forms was ſeen to move,
As Idleſs fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either ſide, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard, to flow.

A pleaſing land of drowſy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye;
And of gay caſtles in the clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a ſummer-ſky:
There eke the ſoft delights, that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton ſweetneſs through the breaſt,
And the calm pleaſures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance, or unreſt,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious neſt.

The landſkip ſuch, inſpiring perfect eaſe,
Where Indolence (for ſo the wizard hight)
Cloſe-hid his caſtle mid embowering trees,
That half ſhut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceaſing at the maſſy gate,
Beneath a ſpacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harſh, complain'd, lamenting man's eſtate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs there by:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
'Till cluſtering round th' enchanter falſe they hung.
Ymolten with his ſyren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords theſe tempting verſes ſung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
"See all but man with unearn'd pleaſure gay:
"See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
"Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May?
"What youthful bride can equal her array?

" Who can with her for eaſy pleaſure vie?
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to ſtray,
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all ſhe has to do beneath the radiant ſky.

" Behold the merry minſtrels of the morn,
" The ſwarming ſongſters of the careleſs grove,
" Ten thouſand throats! that from the flower-
" ing thorn,
" Hymn their good God, and carol ſweet of
" love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plough, nor ſow: ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodding ſheaves they
" drove;
" Yet theirs each harveſt dancing in the gale,
" Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the
" vale.

" Outcaſt of nature, man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter dropping ſweat, of ſweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices, an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain:
" For when hard-hearted Intereſt firſt began
" To poiſon earth, Aſtræa left the plain;
" Guile, violence, and murder ſeiz'd on man,
" And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the
" rivers ran.

" Come, ye, who ſtill the cumberous load of life
" Puſh hard up hill; but as the fartheſt ſteep
" You truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
" Down thunders back the ſtone with mighty
" ſweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For-ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,
" Your cares, your toils, will ſteep you in a ſea
" Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to
" me!

" With me, you need not riſe at early dawn,
" To paſs the joyleſs day in various ſtounds:
" Or, louting low, on upſtart fortune fawn,
" And ſell fair honour for ſome paltry pounds;
" Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and viſit pay,
" Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret wounds:
" Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
" In vernal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

" No cocks, with me, to ruſtic labour call,
" From village on to village ſounding clear:
" To tardy ſwain no ſhrill-voic'd matrons ſquall;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to ſtun your ear;
" No hammers thump; no horrid blackſmith
" fear,
" Ne noiſy tradeſmen your ſweet ſlumbers ſtart,
" With ſounds that are a miſery to hear:
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent
" eaſe,
" Good-natur'd lounging, ſauntering up and
" down:
" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always
" pleaſe;
" On others' ways they never ſquint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
" Thus, from the ſource of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial ſenſe;
" For intereſt, envy, pride, and ſtrife are baniſh'd
" hence.

" What, what, is virtue, but repoſe of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no ſtorm;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above the paſſions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, inſtead, ſoft gales of paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker ſenſe of joy; as breezes ſtray
" Acroſs th' enliven'd ſkies, and make them ſtill
" more gay.

" The beſt of men have ever lov'd repoſe:
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
" Where the ſoul ſours, and gradual rancour
" grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peeviſh day to day.
" Ev'n thoſe whom Fame has lent her faireſt ray,
" The moſt renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the ſoft Cumæan ſhore
" Retiring, taſted joy he never knew before.

" But if a little exerciſe you chuſe,
" Some zeſt for eaſe, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the muſe,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or ſoftly ſtealing, with your watery gear,
" Along the brook, the crimſon ſpotted fry
" You may delude: the whilſt, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarſe ſtream, and now the zephyr's
" ſigh,
" Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

" O grievous folly! to heap up eſtate,
" Loſing the days you ſee beneath the ſun;
" When, ſudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
" And gives th' untaſted portion you have won,
" With ruthleſs toil, and many a wretch undone,
" To thoſe who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
" There with ſad ghoſts to pine, and ſhadows
" dun:
" But ſure it is of vanities moſt vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceas'd. But ſtill their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching ſong;
That, by a kind of magic power, conſtrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the liſtening throng,
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they ſlipt along,
In ſilent eaſe: as when beneath the beam
Of ſummer-moons, the diſtant woods among,
Or by ſome flood all ſilver'd with the gleam,
The ſoft-embodied fays through airy portal ſtream:

By the ſmooth demon ſo it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty firſt began:
Though ſome there were who would not further
paſs,
And his alluring baits ſuſpected han.
The wiſe diſtruſt the too fair ſpoken man.
Yet through the gate they caſt a wiſhful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very beſt they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpring he leap'd upon them ſtrait;
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed gate;
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant crew,
Who fought to pull high Jove from regal ſtate;
Though feeble wretch he ſeem'd of ſallow hue:
Certes, who bides his graſp, will that encounter rue.

For whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their ſinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vaniſh'd force remains to trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is ſeiz'd in ſome loſel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
Then ſighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpread porter, ſwoln with ſleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs aſpect breath'd repoſe;
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran.
Through which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black ſtaff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly pauuch would not permit,
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he thoſe that enter'd in, array'd
Looſe, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

Thus eaſy rob'd, they to the fountain ſped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A ſtream, high-ſpouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew.
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer ſings, huge pleaſaunce grew.
And ſweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladſome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
"Ye ſons of Indolence, do what you will;
"And wander where you liſt, through hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleaſure for another ſtaid;
"Let each as likes him beſt his hours employ,
"And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
"Here dwells kind eaſe and unreproving joy:
"He little merits bliſs who others can annoy."

Strait of theſe endleſs numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle motes in ſunny ray,
Not one eftſoons in view was to be found,
But every man ſtroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be ſeen to ſtray;
While ſolitude and perfect ſilence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

As when a ſhepherd of the Hebrid-iſles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand embodied, to our ſenſes plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wondrous ſhow.

Ye gods of quiet, and of ſleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous ſtring,
I who have ſpent my nights and nightly days,
In this ſoul-deadening place, looſe-loitering?
Ah! how ſhall I for this uprear my molted wing?

Come on, my muſe, nor ſtoop to low deſpair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celeſtial fire!
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold ſons of Britain will inſpire;
Of ancient bards thou yet ſhall ſweep the lyre;
Thou yet ſhall tread in tragic pall the ſtage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The ſages calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Daſhing corruption down through every worthleſs age.

The doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming bell,
Ne curſed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of Turkey and of Perſia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch'd around in ſeemly band;
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head;
So that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling-bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables ſtood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly juice or taſteful food
On the green boſom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unſeen theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a ſign or ſound;
You need but wiſh, and, inſtantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the diſhes roſe, and thick the glaſſes play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſaintly ſpleen durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all:
To wit, that each ſhou'd work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muſes might inſpire.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets ſung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, ſighing tender paſſion, ſwell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to reſound their ſmart;
While flocks, woods, ſtreams, around, repoſe and peace impart.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains freſh could beſt engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſylvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bleſt ſons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landſcapes riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes th' aſtoniſh'd eyes,
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the ſkies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage Roſa daſh'd, or learned Pouſſin drew.

Each ſound too here, to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe,
Aerial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft by ſmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs,
As did, alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſtening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The god of winds drew ſounds of deep delight:
Whence, with juſt cauſe, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ſtring ſo fine?
Who up the lofty diapaſan roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fann'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, through the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay ſplendor, the luxurious ſtate,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' ſhore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore;
And verſe, love, muſic, ſtill the garland wore:
When ſleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the muſe's love:
Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we ſlept, ſtill ran
Soft-tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintery ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all;
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hall.

And hither Morpheus ſent his kindeſt dreams,
Raiſing a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were ſhadowy caſt Elyſian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And ſhed a roſeate ſmile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could ſo array,
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal ſpace;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting forms diſplay,
As looſe on flowery beds all languiſhingly lay.

No, fair illuſions! artful phantoms, no!
My muſe will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid ſcenes too groſs her hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler band
Than theſe ſame guileful angel-ſeeming ſprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, ſoft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon her nights,
And bleſs'd them oft beſides with more refin'd delights.

They were in ſooth a moſt enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; ſkilful to unite
With evil good, and ſtrew with pleaſure pain.
But for thoſe fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where ſullen waters ſleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian ſpirits, to whom man is dear,
From theſe foul demons ſhield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom:

Evoke the ſacred ſhades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart;
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Theſe long-loſt friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or are you ſportive—Bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth;
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways
What tranſport, to retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My muſe, reſume the taſk that yet doth thee abide.

One great amuſement of our houſehold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs
Upon this ant-hill earth; where conſtantly
Of idly-buſy men the reſtleſs fry
Run buſtling to and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſure vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waſte?

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might ſee,
At his dull deſk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Moſt like to carcaſe parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny ſaved is a penny got;"
Firm to this ſcoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and baniſh'd his pot.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All gloſſy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer-air,
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen him among them ſhare;
His father's ghoſt from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they ſnatch the pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a Theſpian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when uſeleſs worldly ſtore.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they daſh along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling ſons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging, rear'd
Th' important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner Lucifer recals affairs,
Than forth they various ruſh in mighty fret;
When, lo! puſh'd up to power, and crown'd their cares, [ſtairs.
In comes another ſett, and kicketh them down

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife:
Moſt Chriſtian kings, inflam'd by black deſire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before, [reſtore.
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force

To number up the thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs taſk;
From kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
To gypſies brown in ſummer-glades who baſk.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmaſk,
Whoſe deſk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
With tape-ty'd traſh, and ſuits of fools that aſk
For place or penſion laid in decent row;
But theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive, not ſad, in thought involv'd, not dark,
As ſoon this man could ſing as morning-lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart:
But theſe his talents were yburied ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

To noontide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſound;
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found:
There would he linger, till the lateſt ray
Of light ſat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow. So had he paſſed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk:
Oft, ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank heaven! the
"day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And ſure his linen was not very clean. [been
Through ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mien,
Our caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane, though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not ev'n pleaſure to exceſs is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low:
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary ſhore:
Taught by this ſon of joy we found it ſo;
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd caſtle all, th' abode of ſleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burniſh'd fly, [along,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy halls his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing throng:
And oft he ſips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares their tender ſleep, with trump pro-found;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another gueſt there was, of ſenſe refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmoſt walks the muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our valley glad
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better ſort this friendly meſſage ſent.

"Come, dwell with us! true ſon of wirtue, come!
"But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade,
"To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
"Yet when at laſt thy toils but ill apaid [ſpark,
"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly
"Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
"There to indulge the muſe, and nature mark:
"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Eſopus * of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his ſleep.
Ev'n from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard hear dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems;
† Who, void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and nature's pleaſing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain:
The world forſaking with a calm diſdain
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy ſeat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing ſage; his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote eſpy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but ſtate affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow ſat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in ſhares,
When in the hall of ſmoke they congreſs hold,
And the ſage berry ſun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, ſmoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth myſterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort;
Where, from groſs mortal care and buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury.
Or ſhould they a vain ſhow of work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle rhyme;
Then, riſing ſudden, to the glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tottering ſtep and ſlow.
This ſoon too rude an exerciſe they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw.

---

* *Mr. Quin.*

† *This character of Mr. Thomſon was written by Lord Lyttleton.*

Where hours and hours they ſighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god ſoft-breathing in the wind.

Now muſt I mark the villany we found,
But ah! too late, as ſhall eftſoons be ſhewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where ſtill our inmates, when unpleaſing grown,
Diſeas'd, and loathſome, privily were thrown,
Far from the light of heaven, they languiſh'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
For of theſe wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurſes were.

Alas! the change! from ſcenes of joy and reſt,
To this dark den, where ſickneſs toſs'd alway.
Here lethargy, with deadly ſleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his ſides, and ſnored night and day;
To ſtir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he ſhut ſtraitway:
He led, I wot, the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain and ſtrife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft ſwoln and pale, here lay the hydropſy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply:
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry,
And moping here did Hypochondria ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd a wit.

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the ſpittles know,
And ſought all phyſic which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro; [cry,
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the tertian ſhakes his chilling wings;
The ſleepleſs gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings;
Whilſt apoplexy cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and induſtry,
And his atchievements fair;
That by his caſtle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.

Escap'd the caſtle of the fire of ſin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of goodneſs favouring and a tender mind,
E'er roſe to view. But now another ſtrain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now muſt ſing of pleaſure turn'd to pain,
And of the falſe enchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the muſe,
And fence for her Parnaſſus' barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive deſpoil,
As ruthleſs waſps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the other Muſes meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Through which Aurora ſhows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my muſe, and raiſe a bolder ſong:
Come, lig no more upon the bed of ſloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but ſtill to finiſh loth,
Thy half-wit ſcrolls all eaten by the moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the ſons of ſoftneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a choſen few to rouſe the ſlumbering flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature ſtern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpoliſh'd man, robuſt and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither ſow'd nor reap'd,
Ne ſtores in ſummer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now ſcorch'd by June, now in November ſteep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January ſore,
He ſtill in woods purſued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the foreſt to diſlodge his prey,
Deep in the winding boſom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintery fray,
Did to a lonely cot his ſteps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compreſs'd, and fill'd her with a luſty boy.

Amid the green-wood ſhade this boy was bred,
And grew at laſt a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous luſtyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Induſtry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing ſtream;
His taſteful well-earn'd food the ſylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The ſame to him glad ſummer, or the winter breme.

So pafs'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run;
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the foreft feem'd to be the fon,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the foil and rule the crook;
Ne did the facred nine difdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every fcience, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtlefs brutes excel,
That can or ufe, or joy, or grace impart,
Difclofing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercifes fpar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elaftic force with firmnefs hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-fteed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the rofeat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the fecret vale,
Yclad in fteel, and bright with burnifh'd mail,
He ftrain'd the bow, or tofs'd the founding fpear,
Or darting on the goal outftripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or ftrenuous wreftled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's ftore,
Whate'er fhe in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er fhe hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns; [mains,
Or elfe he fcann'd the globe, thofe fmall do-
Where reftlefs mortals fuch a turmoil keep,
Its feas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he fearch'd the mind, and rous'd from fleep,
Thofe moral feeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he fcorn to ftoop from high purfuits
Of heavenly truth, and practife what fhe taught,
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the fpade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the ftrong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the fineft draught;
And oft he put himfelf to Neptune's fchool,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

To folace then thefe rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic ftrife:
Or, to fuch fhapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute fweet tendernefs infpire, [lyre.
Or verfes fram'd that well might wake Apollo's

Accompliſh'd thus he from the woods iſſued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold empriſe;
The work, which long he in his breaſt had brew'd.
Now to perform he ardent did deviſe;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundleſs foreſt wild;
Nought to be ſeen but ſavage wood, and ſkies;
No cities nouriſh'd arts, no culture ſmil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A ragged wight, the worſt of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthleſs, prey'd;
The ſtrongeſt ſtill the weakeſt over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers ſway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a ſcene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To ſwear, he would the raſcal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it ſhould no more be ſo!

It would exceed the purport of my ſong,
To ſay how this *beſt ſun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chaſing indolence and crimes.
Still as he paſs'd, the nations he ſublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times
Succeſſive had; but now in ruins gray
They lie, to ſlaviſh ſloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Induſtry then ſpread
The ſwelling ſail, and made for Britain's coaſt.
A ſylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown ſhades and green-wood foreſt loſt,
All careleſs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's coſt;
Save ſpear, and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman ſteel their naked breaſt diſmay'd.

He lik'd the ſoil, he lik'd the clement ſkies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my choſen iſle (he cries),
This, whilſt my labours liberty ſuſtains,
This queen of ocean all aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the genius of the land,
To freedom apt, and perſevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindeſt firmeſt hand.

Here, by degrees, his maſter-work aroſe,
Whatever arts and induſtry can frame:
Whatever finiſh'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itſelf who came,
When Eden flouriſh'd in unſpotted fame:
And ſtill with her ſweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they raviſh, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and uſe combin'd.

The towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade ſocial commerce raiſe renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry ſoil to ſoil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody ſpoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous ſtores;
Or, ſhould deſpotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remoteſt ſhores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

The drooping muſes then he weſtward call'd,
From the fam'd city by Propontic ſea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
Thence from their cloiſter'd walks he ſet them free,
And brought them to another Caſtalie,
Where Iſis many a a famous nourſling breeds;
Or where old Cam ſoft-paces o'er the lea
In penſive mood, and tun'd his Doric reeds,
The whilſt his flocks at large the lonely ſhepherd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finiſh'd leaſt.
For why? They are the quinteſſence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and ſlow increaſt;
Unleſs, as ſeldom chances, it ſhould fall,
That mighty patrons the coy ſiſters call
Up to the ſunſhine of uncumber'd eaſe, [thrall,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may
And where they nothing have to do but pleaſe:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'ſt they aſk no other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time!
Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
Except to ſuch as ſleek the ſoothing rhyme;
And yet, forſooth, they wear Mæcena's name,
Poor ſons of puft up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken ſpirits, cheer! ſtill, ſtill remains
Th' Eternal Patron, Liberty; whoſe flame,
While ſhe protects! inſpires the nobleſt ſtrains.
The beſt, and ſweeteſt far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land
A matchleſs form of glorious government,
In which the ſovereign laws alone command,
Laws 'ſtabliſh'd by the public free conſent,
Whoſe majeſty is to the ſceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was ſettled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then ſought he from the toilſome ſcene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

For this he choſe a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main.
In this calm ſeat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the ſwain.
The happy monarch of his ſylvan train,
Here, ſided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his bleſt domain:
His days, the days of unſtain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witneſs, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witneſs, ye flocks, whoſe woolly veſtments far
Exceed ſoft India's cotton, or her ſilk;
Witneſs, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath ſweet evening's ſtar,
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O, hide thy head, abominable war:
Of crimes and ruffian idleneſs the child!
From heaven this life yſprung, from hell thy glories vild!

Nor from this deep retirement baniſh'd was
Th' amuſing care of rural induſtry.
Still, as with grateful change, the ſeaſons paſs,
New ſcenes ariſe, new landſkips ſtrike the eye:
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marſhes ſlept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting ſtreamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore,
And woods imbrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He poliſh'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durſt not art incroach:
'Tis art's alone theſe beauties to expand.
In graceful dance unmingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Paleas, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too briſk gales the rude wild common fand
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature ſtray'd.

But in prime vigour what can laſt for ay?
That ſoul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the ſenſe,
Ev'n much of private; ate our ſpirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and ſtout.

A rage of pleaſure madden'd every breaſt,
Down to the loweſt lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wiſh each muſt be bleſt,
With joy be fever'd; ſnatch it as he can.
Thus vice the ſtandard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud ſhe gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourſelves! why ſhould the vul-
"gar man,
"The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord!
"Enjoy this ſpan of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repoſe.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on
"thee call:
"Come, ſave us yet, ere ruin round us cloſe!
"The demon indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour ſtain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening ſnows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-ſpeaks
His ardent ſoul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

I will (ſhe cry'd), ſo help me, God! deſtroy
That villain, Archimage.—His page then ſtrait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt diſpatch. "My ſteed be at the gate;
"My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
This net was twiſted by the ſiſters three;
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the ſtrong iron graſp of vengeful deſtiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aſpect; but his eye was keen,
With ſweetneſs mix'd. In ruſſet brown bedight,
As is his * ſiſter of the copſes green,

* *The nightingale.*

He crept along, unpromiſing of mien.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His ſoul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure ſheen.
True comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all elſe is vanity and glare.

Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear;
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his caſtle low.
Thoſe men, thoſe wretched men! who *will* be ſlaves,
Muſt drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But ſome there be, thy ſong, as from their graves,
Shall raiſe. Thrice happy he! who without rigour ſaves.

Iſſuing forth, the knight beſtrode his ſteed,
Of ardent bay, and on whoſe front a ſtar
Shone blazing bright: ſprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, diſdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honeſt ſober beaſt, that did not mar
His meditations, but full ſoftly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs.
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long reſearches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:
" From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well,
" Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conſci-
" ous ſoul;
" While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams
" of hell,
" The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
Will, through the tortur'd breaſt, their fiery tor-
" rent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their ſummits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers ſtay,
And ſpite ev'n of themſelves their ſenſes cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their ſteps they ſteer.
Like a green iſle, it broad beneath them ſpred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to ſhade the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and ſong; and without hurry all ſeem'd glad.

" As God ſhall judge me, knight, we muſt for-
" give
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
" The frail good man deluded here to live,
" And in theſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
" Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
" That virtue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
" And vice of virtue. What ſhould then betide
" But that our charity be not too nice?
Come, let us thoſe we can to real bliſs entice.

" Ay, ſicker (quoth the knight) all fleſh is frail,
" To pleaſant ſin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutiſh vice of this avail,
" And think to 'ſcape deſerved punishment.
" Juſtice were cruel weakly to relent;
" From mercy's ſelf ſhe got her ſacred glaive;
" Grace be to thoſe who can, and will, repent;
" But penance long, and dreary, to the ſlave,
" Who muſt in floods of fire his groſs foul ſpirit
" lave."

Thus, holding high diſcourſe, they came to where
The curſed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedleſs men into his ſnare,
In witching wiſe, as I before have ſaid.
But when he ſaw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majeſtic knight approaching nigh,
And by his ſide the bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who rooſted cock doth ſpy.

Nathleſs, with feign'd reſpect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not ſlack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he reſum'd his ſong; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his muſic, ran through all his ſtrings:
With magic duſt their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakneſs flings.
What pity baſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd delight:
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
Marvell'd he could with ſuch ſweet art unite
The lights and ſhades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the ſilly crowd the charm devour,
Wide preſſing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening ſhunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius trap'd his foe:
Ev'n ſo the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſet him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around;
Black ſtormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound;
A ſolemn ſadneſs every creature ſtrook,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the ground.
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with bleſmiſh'd look,
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things had ſhook.

Soon as the ſhort liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Induſtry the firſt calm moment ſtole.
" There muſt (he cry'd), amidſt ſo vaſt a ſhoal,
" Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
" Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's bowl:
" Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
" Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent ſpirit
" ſtart."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,
His Britiſh harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he try'd,
The which with ſkilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the muſes come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong:
Thewhilſt, likemidnight mute, ten thouſandsround
him throng.

Thus, ardent, burſt his ſtrain.—
" Ye helpleſs race,
" Dire-labouring here to ſmother reaſon's ray,
" That lights our Maker's image in our face,
" Andgivesuswide o'erearth unqueſtion'd ſway;
" What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, ſay?
" What, but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
" Almighty power, and all-directing day;
" By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll;
" Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the
" whole.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To ſeraphs burning round th' Almighty's
" throne,
" Life riſing ſtill on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliſs.
" In univerſal nature this clear ſhown,
" Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous world excels the brute
" abyſs.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A ſight more joyous than the dead moraſs?
" Do not the ſkies, with active ether clean,
" And fann'd by ſprightly zephyrs, far ſurpaſs
" The foul November fogs, and ſlumberous maſs,
" With which ſad nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain-ſtream, as clear as glaſs,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool diſgrace?
" The ſame in all holds true, but chief in human race.

" It was not by vile loitering in eaſe,
" That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
" That ſoft yet ardent Athens learn'd to pleaſe,
" To keen the wit, and to ſublime the heart,
" In all ſupreme! complete in every part!
" It was not thence majeſtic Rome aroſe,
" And o'er the nations ſhook her conquering dart:
" For ſluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
" Renown is not the child of indolent repoſe.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
" But in looſe joy their time to wear away;
" Had they alone the lap of dalliance ſought,
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
" Rude Nature's ſtate had been our ſtate to-day;
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
" No arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With brother-brutes the human race had
" graz'd;
" None e'er had ſoar'd to fame, none honour'd
" been, none prais'd.

" Great Homer's ſong had never fir'd the breaſt
" To thirſt of glory, and heroic deeds;
" Sweet Maro's muſe, ſunk in inglorious reſt,
" Had ſilent ſlept amid the Mincian reeds:
" The wits of modern time had told their beads;
" And monkiſh legends been their only ſtrains;
" Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
" Our Shakſpeare ſtroll'd and laugh'd with
" Warwick ſwains,
" Ne had my maſter Spenſer charm'd his Mulla's
" plains.

" Dumb too had been the ſage hiſtoric muſe,
" And periſh'd all the ſons of ancient fame;
" Thoſe ſtarry lights of virtue, that diffuſe
" Through the dark depth of time their vivid
" flame,
" Had all been loſt with ſuch as have no name.
" Who then had ſcorn'd his eaſe for others' good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
" Who in the public breach devoted ſtood,
" And for his country's cauſe been prodigal of blood?

" But ſhould your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
" If right I read, your pleaſure all require:
" Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this fee,
" How beſt enjoy'd this nature's wide deſire,
" Toil, and be glad! let induſtry inſpire
" Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
" Who does not act is dead; abſorpt entire
" In miry ſloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
" O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

" Ah! what avail the largeſt gifts of heaven,
" When drooping health and ſpirits go amiſs?
" How taſteleſs then whatever can be given?
" Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
" And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
" Behold the wretch, who ſlugs his life away,
" Soon ſwallow'd in diſeaſe's ſad abyſs;
" While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear
" as day.

" O, who can ſpeak the vigorous joy of health!
" Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind:
" The morning riſes gay, with pleaſing ſtealth,
" The temperate evening falls ſerene and kind.
" In health the wiſer-brutes true gladneſs find.
" See! how the younglings friſk along the meads,
" As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
" Yet what but high-ſtrung health this dancing
" pleaſaunce breeds?

" But here, inſtead, is foſter'd every ill,
" Which or diſtemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred ſpirits! do not ſpill
" Your talents here. This place is but a ſhow,
" Whoſe charms delude you to the den of woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where pleaſure's roſes, void of ſerpent's, grow,
" Sincere as ſweet; come, follow this good knight,
" And you will bleſs the day that brought him to
" your ſight.

" Some he will lead to courts, and ſome to camps;
" To ſenates ſome, and public ſage debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty ſtates;
" To high diſcovery ſome, that new-creates
" The face of earth; ſome to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign, and ſofter fates;
" To the ſweet muſes ſome, who raiſe the heart;
" All glory ſhall be yours, all nature, and all art.

" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them ſay)
" Ev'n death deſpis'd by generous actions fair;
" All, but for thoſe who to theſe bowers repair,
" Their every power diſſolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of ſloth get free.
" 'Tis riſing from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

" Would you then learn to diſſipate the band
" Of theſe huge threatening difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions ſtand,
" His ſoul appall, and damp his riſing fire?
" Reſolve, reſolve, and to be men aſpire.
" Exert that nobleſt privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd: control deſire:
" Let godlike reaſon, from her ſovereign throne,
" Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is
" done.

" Heavens! can you then thus waſte, in ſhame-
" ful wiſe,
" Your few important days of trial here?
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to riſe
" Through endleſs ſtates of being, ſtill more near
" To bliſs approaching, and perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a fortune ſo ſublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward ſteps to
" ſteer, [and ſlime?
" And roll, with vileſt brutes, through mud
" No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart diſdains
" the ſordid crime!"

" Enough! enough!" they cry'd—ſtrait from the crowd,
The better ſort on wings of tranſport fly:
As when amid the lifeleſs ſummits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid ſky
Snows pil'd on ſnows in wintery torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in ſtreamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [ing gay.
Glad warbling through the vales, in their new be-

Not leſs the life, the vivid joy ſerene,
That lighted up theſe new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting ſpirit clean,
When, juſt deliver'd from his fleſhly den,
It ſoaring ſeeks its native ſkies agen:
How light its eſſence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Ev'n ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
Ev'n ſuch enraptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.
" Ye ſons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this ſeat of peace and love?
" While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
" We paſs'd the harmleſs ſabbath of our time,
" What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts? Is happineſs a crime?
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven
" ſublime.

" Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in wrath)
" Your happineſs behold!"—Then ſtrait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſehood to command.
Sudden the landſkip ſinks on every hand;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd ſtand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathſome creature crawls
around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
Theſe, by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft, when night
control'd
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits howl'd.

Meantime a moving ſcene was open laid;
That lazar-houſe, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred light th' unwonted ſmile
Four'd on theſe living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns ſtretching many a
mile, [woes awhile.
The ſick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their

" O, heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once
" more ſee
" Yon bleſſed ſun, and this green earth ſo fair?
" Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
" And drink our ſouls the ſweet ethereal air?
" O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdeſt there
" That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
" But what for us, the children of deſpair,
" Brough to the brink of hell, what hope re-
" mains?
" Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our pains."

The gentle knight, who ſaw their rueful caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver beard ſome tears.
" Certes (quoth he), it is not ev'n in grace,
" T' undo the paſt, and eke your broken years:
" Nathleſs, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks are
" riven; [ven.
" She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices hea-

" Then patient bear the ſufferings you have
" earn'd,
" And by theſe ſufferings purify the mind;
" Let wiſdom be by paſt miſconduct learn'd:
" Or pious die, with penitence reſign'd,
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you ſhall, new creatures, yet ariſe.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your ſorrow from your
" eyes,
" One who will ſoothe your pangs, and wing you
" to the ſkies.

They ſilent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
" tears. [tone)
" For you (reſum'd the knight, with ſterner
" Whoſe hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon
" fears,
" That villain's gifts will coſt you many a groan;

" In dolerous manſion long you muſt bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your ſtains away:
" Till, ſoft and pure as infant goodneſs grown,
" You feel a perfect change: then, who can ſay,
" What grace may yet ſhine forth in heaven's eter-
" nal day?'

This ſaid, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Inſtant, a glorious angel-train deſcends,
The charities, to-wit, of roſy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with ſeraphic flame compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hoſpital aſcends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the ſick-bed ſmoothe of that ſad company.

It was a worthy edyfying ſight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To ſee kind hands attending day and night,
With tender miniſtry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; ſome from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature ſheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilſt, to chaſe
The fear ſupreme, around their ſoften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven diſpreds.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of thoſe he reſcued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of peace the moſſy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deſerts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

But, ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt:
For (horrible to tell!) a deſert wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt;
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilſt Phœbus ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloudleſs air.

Then, varying to a joyleſs land of bogs,
The ſadden'd country a gray waſte appear'd;
Where nought but putrid ſtreams and noiſome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auſter's beard;
Or elſe the ground by piercing Caurus ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with froſt, or heap'd with glazed ſnow:
Through theſe extremes a ceaſeleſs round they ſteer'd,
By cruel fiends ſtill hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt beggary, and ſcorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

The firſt was with baſe dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, ſunk, and ſad;
His hollow eyne ſhook forth a ſickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile,
Direful to ſee! an heart-appalling ſight!
Meantime foul ſcurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where-e'er he went, ſtill barked all the while.

The other was a fell deſpightful fiend:
Hell holds none worſe in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With noſe up-turn'd, he always made a ſhow
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous ſcent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blaſt from boreal ſnow;
And taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

Ev'n ſo through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of briſly ſwine is prick'd along;
The filthy beaſts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and ſqueak, and ſing their troubleſous ſong,
And oft they plunge themſelves the mire among:
But ay the ruthleſs driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they reſt from their unreſting fone.

TO MR. THOMSON,

On his unfiniſhed plan of a Poem, called the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, *in Spenſer's ſtyle.*

BY DR. MORELL.

As when the ſilk-worm, erſt the tender care
Of Syrian maidens, 'gins for to unfold
From his ſleek ſides, that now much ſleek appear
The gloſſy treaſure, and ſoft threads of gold
In various turns, and many a winding fold;
He ſpins his web, and as he ſpins decays;
Till, within circles infinite enroll'd,
He reſts ſupine, impriſon'd in the maze,
The which himſelf did make, the gathering of his days.

So thou, they ſay, from thy prolific brain,
A caſtle, hight of indolence, didſt raiſe;
Where liſtleſs ſprites, withouten care or pain,
In idle pleaſaunce ſpend their jocund days,
Nor heed rewardful toil, nor ſeeken praiſe.
Thither thou didſt repair in luckleſs hour;
And lulled with thine own enchanting lays,
Didſt lie adown, entranced in the bower,
The which thyſelf didſt make, the gathering of thy power.

But Venus, ſuffering not her favourite worm
For ay to ſleepen in his ſilky tomb,
Inſtructs him to throw off his priſtine form,
And the gay features of a fly aſſume;
When, lo! eftſoons from the ſurrounding gloom,
He vigorous breaks, forth iſſuing from the wound
His horny beak had made, and finding room,
On new plum'd pinions flutters all around,
And buzzing ſpeaks his joy in moſt expreſſive ſound.

So may the god of ſcience and of wit,
With pitying eye ken thee his darling ſon;
Shake from thy fatty ſides the ſlumberous fit,
In which, alas! thou art ſo woe begon!
Or with his pointed arrows goad thee on;
Till thou refeeleſt life in all thy veins;
And, on the wings of reſolution,
Like thine own hero dight, flieſt o'er the plains,
Chauncing his peerleſs praiſe in never-dying ſtrains.

BRITANNIA, A POEM.

" —— Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
" Quos ego—ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus,
" Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.
" Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite veſtro:
" Non illi imperium pelagi, ſævumque tridentem,
" Sed mihi ſortem datum"— VIRG.

As on the ſea-beat ſhore Britannia ſat,
Of her degenerate ſons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving ſad:
Bare was her throbbing boſom to the gale,
That hoarſe, and hollow, from the bleak ſurge blew;
Looſe flow'd her treſſes; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majeſtic brow
She tore the laurel, and ſhe tore the bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceas'd her ſobs to murmur to the main.
Peace diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd
Her dove-like wings. And war, though greatly rous'd,
Her queen mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the nations ſpoke: and what ſhe ſaid the muſe recorded, faithful, in unbidden verſe.

Ev'n not yon ſail, that, from the ſky-mixt wave,
Dawns on the ſight, and wafts the royal youth*,
A freight of future glory to my ſhore;
Ev'n not the flattering view of golden days,
And riſing periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the parents, and their endleſs line
Through late revolving time, can ſooth my rage;
While, unchaſtis'd, the inſulting Spaniard dares
Infeſt the trading flood, full of vain war
Deſpiſe my navies, and my merchants ſeize;
As, truſting to falſe peace, they fearleſs roam
The world of waters wild; made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor burſts my ſleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beſeeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And fail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
To float, inactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot diſeaſe,
And ſloth diſtemper'd, ſwept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, ſunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;
And back the drooping war-ſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, and thin; her ſons aſham'd
Thus idly to review their native ſhore;
With not one glory ſparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A paſſenger,
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-ſought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and ſweet beneath equator ſuns,
By lawleſs force detain'd; a force that ſoon
Would melt away, and every ſpoil reſign,
Were once the Britiſh lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-aſſerted element,
Dares rouſe to wrath the maſters of the main?
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In ſmoky ruin? and his guilty ſtores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, ſunk in the ſwallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
There was a time (oh, let my languid ſons
Reſume their ſpirit at the rouſing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring ſurge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundleſs breeze.
Gaily the ſplendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As ſunk the ſun, o'er all the flaming vaſt;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of eaſy conqueſt: while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from ſky to ſky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.
But ſoon, regardleſs of the cumberous pomp,
My dauntleſs Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempeſt black, the goodly ſcene deform'd,
And laid their glory waſte. The bolts of fate
Reſiſtleſs thunder'd through their yielding ſides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And ſeiz'd in horrid graſp, or ſhatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters deep they ſunk.

* *Frederick.*

Then too from every promontary chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I ſwept confederate winds, and ſwell'd a ſtorm.
Round the glad iſle, ſnatch'd by the vengeful blaſt,
The ſcatter'd remnants drove; on the blind ſhelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented ſhore,
Relentleſs daſh'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian iſles.
  Such were the dawnings of my watery reign;
But ſince how vaſt it grew, how abſolute,
Ev'n in thoſe troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Aw'd angry nations with the Britiſh name,
Let every humbled ſtate, let Europe ſay,
Suſtain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm.
Ah, what muſt thoſe immortal ſpirits think
Of your poor ſhifts? Thoſe, for their country's good
Who fac'd the blackeſt danger, knew no fear,
No mean ſubmiſſion, but commanded peace.
Ah! how with indignation muſt they burn!
(If aught, but joy, can touch ethereal breaſts)
With ſhame! with grief! to ſee their feeble ſons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd ſeas,
For which their wiſdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled through many a toiling age!
  Oh, firſt of human bleſſings! and ſupreme!
Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whoſe wide tie, the kindred ſons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unſuſpicious faith; while honeſt toil
Gives every joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but uſurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, ſave the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
Trickling diſtils into the vernant glebe;
Inſtead of mangled carcaſes, ſad-ſeen,
When the blithe ſheaves lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
When only ſhining ſhares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land bluſhes with the roſe alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, peace! thou ſource, and ſoul of ſocial life;
Beneath whoſe calm inſpiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And ſwelling commerce opens all her ports;
Bleſt be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who ſheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armory returns;
And, every vigour from the work of death,
To grateful induſtry converting, makes
The country flouriſh, and the city ſmile.
Unviolated, him the virgin ſings:
And him the ſmiling mother to her train.
Of him the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
The huſbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the ſailor ſoothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, ſings of him:
Nor joys one land alone; his praiſe extends
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.
What would not, peace! the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what inceſſant care?
What mixt anxiety? what ſleepleſs toil?
Ev'n from the raſh protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendſhip he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, ſometimes the more
Inevitable war; when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd ſtate.
Ev'n the good patient man, whom reaſon rules,
Rous'd by bold inſult, and injurious rage,
With ſharp and ſudden check, th' aſtoniſh'd ſons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cauſe
His bolder heart; in awful juſtice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And, as he charges through the proſtrate war,
His keen air teaches faithleſs men, no more
To dare the ſacred vengeance of the juſt.
  And what, my thoughtleſs ſons, ſhould fire you more,
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The leaſt beginning injury receives!
What better cauſe can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your deareſt life demand?
What better cauſe, than when your country ſees
The ſly deſtruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh, it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force,
And honour of your fleets: o'er that to watch,
Ev'n with a hand ſevere, and jealous eye.
In intercourſe be gentle, generous, juſt,
By wiſdom poliſh'd, and of manners fair;
But on the ſea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable ſtill; let none eſcape,
Who ſhall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to ſnatch his young away?
And is a Briton ſeiz'd? and ſeiz'd beneath
The ſlumbering terrors of a Britiſh fleet?
Then ardent riſe! Oh, great in vengeance riſe
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to ſhore.
And as you ride ſublimely round the world,
Make every veſſel ſtoop, make every ſtate
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory: this your wiſdom; this
The native power for which you were deſign'd
By fate, when fate deſign'd the firmeſt ſtate,
That e'er was ſeated on the ſubject ſea;
A ſtate, alone, where liberty ſhould live,
In theſe late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almoſt in ſlaviſh ſloth diſſolv'd.
For this, theſe rocks around your coaſt were thrown,
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, ſhoot
Strong into ſturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a ſullen courage, growing ſtill
As danger grows; and ſtrength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cheriſh this, this unexpanſive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By laviſh nature thruſt into your hand:
And, unincumber'd with the bulk immenſe
Of conqueſt, whence huge empires roſe, and fell
Self-cruſh'd, extend your reign from ſhore to ſhore,
Where-e'er the wind your high behests can blow;
And fix it deep on this eternal baſe.
For ſhould the ſliding fabric once give way,
Soon ſlacken'd quite, and paſt recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,

Steep ruſhing down to that devouring gulf,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And ſhould the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thouſand thouſand labours join
Their ſeveral currents, till the boundleſs tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
Should this bright ſtream, the leaſt inflected, point
Its courſe another way, o'er other lands
The various treaſure would reſiſtleſs pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, deſolate and dead,
With all around a miſerable waſte,
Not Egypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy viſion pil'd, in one wide flaſh
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the ſky);
Ev'n not that prime of earth, where harveſts crowd
On untill'd harveſts, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Sterile, and void; than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boaſted iſle: her princes ſunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the duſt;
Unnerv'd her force; her ſpirit vaniſh'd quite;
With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the ſign
Of what ſhe was; her merchants ſcatter'd wide;
Her hollow ſhops ſhut up; and in her ſtreets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.
  Oh, let not then waſte luxury impair
That manly ſoul of toil, which ſtrings your nerves,
And your own proper happineſs creates!
Oh, let not the ſoft, penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind; and working there,
With the ſharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endleſs, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of liberty: the high conception blaſt;
The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
For general good, erazing from the mind:
While nought ſave narrow ſelfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all
Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt.
Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce-perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total diſſolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.
Oppreſſion raging o'er the waſte he makes;
The human being almoſt quite extinct;
And the whole ſtate in broad corruption ſinks.
Oh, ſhun that gulf: that gaping ruin ſhun!
And countleſs ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *liberty*,
The light of life, the ſun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Ev'n where the keen depreſſive north deſcends,
Still ſpread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While ſlaviſh ſouthern climates beam in vain!
And may a public ſpirit from the *throne*,
Where every virtue ſits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inſpire,
Make thoughtful ſcience raiſe his penſive head,
Blow the freſh bay, bid induſtry rejoice,
And the rough ſons of loweſt labour ſmile.
As when, profuſe of ſpring, the looſen'd weſt
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.
  But haſte we from theſe melancholy ſhores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitleſs plaint
Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
That let us roam; and where we find a ſpark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now my ſons, the ſons of freedom! meet
In awful ſenate; thither let us fly;
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearleſs truth; myſelf, transform'd, preſide,
And ſhed the ſpirit of Britannia round.
  This ſaid; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Ruſh'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the daſhing wave.

LIBERTY, A POEM,

IN FIVE PARTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condeſcenſion, that preventing generoſity, with which your Royal Highneſs received the following poem under your protection; I can alone aſcribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the ſubject. In you the cauſe and concerns of Liberty have ſo zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the leaſt tendency to promote them, to the diſtinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleaſure far ſuperior to that of the fondeſt author; and of which all true lovers of their country muſt participate? To behold the nobleſt diſpoſitions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generoſity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate perſuaſion that on it depends the happineſs and glory both of kings and people: to ſee theſe ſhining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto ſmiled in all the ſocial lights and private accompliſhments of life, is a proſpect that cannot but inſpire a general ſentiment of ſatisfaction and gladneſs, more eaſy to be felt than expreſſed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the firſt ages down to her excellent eſtabliſhment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highneſs; if it can in any degree anſwer the dignity of the ſubject, and of the name under which I preſume to ſhelter it; I have my beſt reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greateſt zeal and reſpect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt obedient

and moſt devoted ſervant,

JAMES THOMSON.

PART I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

Contents.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical viſion. Its ſcene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddeſs of Liberty, who is ſuppoſed to ſpeak through the whole, appears, characteriſed as Britiſh Liberty; to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to ver. 112. This contraſted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing ſtrongeſt in the capital city Rome; to ver. The ruins the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of expreſſion; from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to ver. 256. Apoſtrophized, with regard to the melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tuſculum, and Naples; to ver. 287. That once fineſt and moſt ornamented part of Italy, all along the coaſt of Baiæ, how changed; to ver. 321. This deſolation of Italy applied to Britain; to ver. 344. Addreſs to the Goddeſs of Liberty, that ſhe would deduce from the firſt ages, her chief eſtabliſhments, the deſcription of which conſtitute the ſubject of the following parts of this Poem. She aſſents and commands what ſhe ſays to be ſung in Britain; whoſe happineſs, ariſing from freedom, and a limited monarchy, ſhe marks; to ver. 501. An immediate Viſion attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

O MY lamented Talbot! while with thee
The muſe gay rov'd the glad Heſperian round,
And drew th' inſpiring breath of ancient arts;
Ah! little thought ſhe her returning verſe
Should ſing our darling ſubject to thy ſhade.
And does the myſtic veil, from mortal beam,
Involve thoſe eyes where every virtue ſmil'd,

And all thy father's candid ſpirit ſhone?
The light of reaſon, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Honour diſdaining blemiſh, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very ſoul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn,
My ſtrain; be there abſorpt the private tear.
Muſing, I lay; warm from the ſacred walks,
Where at each ſtep imagination burns:
While ſcatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
Lies, a vaſt monument, once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface
Whate'er, of finiſh'd, modern pomp can boaſt.
Snatch'd by theſe wonders to that world where
Unfetter'd ranges, fancy's magic hand [thought
Led me anew o'er all the ſolemn ſcene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more ſolemn dreſt.
When ſtrait, methought, the fair majeſtic power
Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whoſe ſlave-enlarging touch gave double life:
But her bright temples bound with Britiſh oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port: looſe o'er her ſhoulder flow'd
Her ſea-green robe, with conſtellations gay.
An iſland-goddeſs now; and her high care
The queen of iſles, the miſtreſs of the main.
My heart beat filial tranſport at the ſight;
And, as ſhe mov'd to ſpeak, th' awakened muſe
Liſten'd intenſe. A while ſhe look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her ſighs repreſſing, thus began.
Mine are theſe wonders, all thou ſee'ſt is mine;
But, ah, how chang'd; the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once th' Auſonian ſhore. [gloom,
Look back through time; and, riſing from the
Mark the dread ſcene, that paints whate'er I ſay.
The great republic ſee! that glow'd, ſublime,
With the mixt freedom of a thouſand ſtates;
Plac'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,
Awd by her Faſces and the ſubject-world.
See buſy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
For Nature then ſmil'd on her free-born ſons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas riſe,
In lively proſpect; by the ſecret lapſe
Of brooks now loſt and ſtreams renown'd in ſong:
In Umbria's cloſing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the ſcented gale:
On Baiæ's viny coaſt; where peaceful ſeas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiſs the ſhore;
And ſuns unclouded ſhine, through pureſt air:
Or in the ſpacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-ſhining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive ſhade;
To where Preneſte lifts her airy brow;
Or downward ſpreading to the ſunny ſhore,
Where Alba breathes the freſhneſs of the main.
See diſtant mountains leave their vallies dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes ſacred, ſee her roads:
By various nations trod, and ſuppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
Full in the centre of theſe wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory ſee!
Behold her demi-gods, in ſenate met;
All head to counſel, and all heart to act:
The common-weal inſpiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
Ere tame corruption taught the ſervile herd
To rank obedient to a maſter's voice.
Her forum ſee, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two ſires,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the ſtate.
See juſtice judging there, in human ſhape.
Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in ſoft murmurs ſinks to Tully's tongue.
Her tribes, her cenſus, ſee; her generous troops,
Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward.
Free for their country and for me to die;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.
Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee;
Her circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of beauty's eldeſt-born,
And of a people caſt in virtue's mould
While ſculpture lives around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this centre of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heighten'd luſtre met.
Need I the contraſt mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, in arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd,
Who but, theſe far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whoſe heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little ſelfiſh ſphere
Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd
With claſſic zeal, theſe conſecrated ſcenes
Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy land,
Would truſt thy wilds, and cities looſe of ſway?
Are theſe the vales, that, once, exulting ſtates
In their warm boſom fed? the mountains theſe,
On whoſe high-blooming ſides my ſons, of old,
I bred to glory? the dejected towns,
Where, mean, and ſordid, life can ſcarce ſubſiſt,
The ſcenes of ancient opulence, and pomp?
Come! by whatever ſacred name diſguis'd,
Oppreſſion, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See nature's richeſt plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and ſeat.
Firſt, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, reſign'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
'Tis thine entire. The lonely ſwain himſelf,
Who loves at large along the graſſy downs
His flocks to paſture, thy drear champain flies.
Far as the ſickening eye can ſweep around,
'Tis all one deſert, deſolate, and gray,
Graz'd by the ſullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the paſſing gale.
Beneath the baleful blaſt the city pines,
Or ſinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the ſolitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waſte;
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are ſeen no more.

Such thy dire plains, thou *self-deſtroyer!* foe
To human kind! Thy mountains too, profuſe,
Where ſavage nature blooms, ſeem their ſad plaint
To raiſe againſt thy deſolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving ſtates,
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd ſun,
Far other ſcenes of riſing culture ſpread,
Pale ſhine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harveſt pines; the livid, lean produce
Of heartleſs labour: while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleaſure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to ſink in ſloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping art almoſt to nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant bluſh
Of orchard reddens in the warmeſt ray.
To weedy wildneſs run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, ſave in the muſe's bowl.
Unſeconded by art, the ſpinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
And flowering plants perfume the deſert gale.
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to ſong,
And long a ſtranger to the hero's brow. [fields,
Nor half thy triumph this: caſt, from brute
Into the haunts of men thy ruthleſs eye.
There buxom plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean convenience reigns; ev'n ſleep itſelf,
Leaſt delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See ſtreets whoſe echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,
And art mechanic at his various taſk,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the deſponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune—madneſs all to them!
By thee relentleſs ſeiz'd their betters joys,
To the ſoft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and muſic melt their ſouls away.
From feeble juſtice ſee how raſh revenge,
Trembling, the balance ſnaches; and the ſword,
Fearful himſelf, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nurſing murder, ſtands,
With the red touch of dark aſſaſſins ſtain'd.
But chief let Rome, the mighty city! ſpeak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her riſe amid the lifeleſs waſte,
Expiring nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tyber, through the deſert plain,
Winds his waſte ſtores, and ſullen ſweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unſolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares; and, artful dreſt,
Amuſive, draws the ſuperſtitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of miſery, whoſe melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the deſert ſee.
See the rank vine o'er ſubterranean roofs,
Indecent, ſpread; beneath whoſe fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchleſs, while fir'd by me; to public good
Inexorably firm, juſt, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic ſoul
Known to the vulgar breaſt: behold them now,
A thin deſpairing number, all-ſubdued,
The ſlaves of ſlaves, by ſuperſtition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the ſame fair clime,
Thy ſons, oppreſſion, are; and ſuch were mine.
Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whoſe vain ſhow
Deluded thouſands ſtarve; all age-begrim'd,
Torn, robb'd and ſcatter'd in unnumber'd ſacks,
And by the tempeſt of two thouſand years
Continual ſhaken, let my ruins vie.
Theſe roads that yet the Roman hand aſſert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil,
Theſe fractur'd arches, that the chiding ſtream
No more delighted hear; theſe rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where ſhines imbib'd
Each parent ray; theſe maſſy columns, hew'd
From Afric's fartheſt ſhore: one granite all,
Theſe obeliſks high-towering to the ſky,
Myſterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
Theſe endleſs wonders that this *ſacred way*
Illumine ſtill, and conſecrate to fame;
Theſe fountains, vaſes, urns, and ſtatues, charg'd
With the fine ſtores of art-completing Greece.
Mine is, beſides, *thy* every later boaſt:
Thy Buonarotis, *thy* Palladios *mine;*
And *mine* the fair deſigns, which Raphael's ſoul
O'er the live canvas, emanating, breath'd.
What would you ſay, ye conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raiſe the laurel'd head;
Could you the country ſee, by ſeas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won ſo dear;
Your pride, your triumph, and ſuprem e delight!
For whoſe defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You ruſh'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,
Of death ambitious! till by aweful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations roſe; poſſeſt of all
Which nature, art, and glory could beſtow:
What would you ſay, deep in the laſt abyſs
Of ſlavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her ſunk? Your crowded plains,
Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
Ungrac'd your lakes, your ports to ſhips unknown;
Your lawleſs floods, and your abandon'd ſtreams:
Theſe could you know? then could ye love again?
Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inſpire
Content, poetic eaſe, and rural joy,
Soon burſting into ſong; while through the groves
Of headlong Anio, daſhing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd ſtream, you muſ'd along?
Yon wild retreat, where ſuperſtition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tuſculum believe?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old ſong, the ſhip-forſaken bay,
Your Formian ſhore? Once the delight of earth,
Where art and nature, ever-ſmiling, join'd
On the gay land to laviſh all their ſtores,

How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
Would now your Naples ſeem? Diſaſter'd leſs
By black Veſuvius thundering o'er the coaſt,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by deſpotic rage: *that* inward gnaws,
A native foe: a *foreign*, tears without.
Firſt from your flatter'd Cæſars this began:
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled ſpreads, at laſt, the ſyren plain,
That the dire ſoul of Hannibal diſarm'd;
And wrapt in weeds the ſhore of Venus lies.
There Baiæ ſees no more the joyous throng;
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now baſk along the hills,
Where ſport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main;
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas riſe;
Nor, art ſuſtain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep.
No ſpreading ports their ſacred arms extend:
No mighty moles the big intruſive ſtorm,
From the calm ſtation, roll reſounding back.
An almoſt total deſolation ſits,
A dreary ſtillneſs, ſaddening o'er the coaſt;
Where, when ſoft ſuns and tepid winters roſe,
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial ſtrife. Her youthful form, robuſt,
Ev'n nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
Whoſe ſtately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbiſh laid,
A neſt for ſerpents; from the red abyſs
New hills, exploſive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,
The ſea recovering his uſurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
Hence, Britain, learn; my beſt-eſtabliſhed, laſt,
And more than Greece, or Rome, my ſteady reign;
One land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fulleſt bleſſings flow;
And where my jealous unſubmitting ſoul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breaſt:
Learn hence, if ſuch the miſerable fate
Of an heroic race, the maſters once
Of human-kind; what, when depriv'd of me,
How grievous muſt be thine? In ſpite of climes,
Whoſe ſun-enliven'd ether wakes the ſoul
To higher powers; in ſpite of happy ſoils,
That, but by labour's ſlighteſt aid impell'd,
With treaſures teem to the cold clime unknown;
If there deſponding fail the common arts,
And ſuſtenance of life: could life itſelf,
Far leſs a thoughtleſs tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subſiſt with thee? Againſt oppreſſing ſkies,
Join'd to full-ſpread oppreſſion's cloudy brow,
How could thy ſpirit hold? where vigour find,
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative ſoil?
Or, ſtoring every harveſt in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?
Here paus'd the goddeſs. By the pauſe aſſur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer.
" Oh, firſt, and moſt benevolent of powers!
" Come from eternal ſplendors, here on earth,
" Againſt deſpotic pride, and rage, and luſt,
" To shield mankind; to raiſe them to aſſert
" The native rights and honour of their race:
" Teach me thy loweſt ſubject, but in zeal
" Yielding to none, the progreſs of thy reign,
" And with a ſtrain from thee enrich the muſe.
" As thee alone ſhe ſerves, her patron, thou,
" And great inſpirer be! then will ſhe joy,
" Through narrow life her lot, and private ſhade.
" And when her venal voice ſhe barters vile,
" Or to thy open or thy ſecret foes:
" May ne'er thoſe ſacred raptures touch her more,
" By ſlaviſh hearts unfelt! and may her ſong
" Sink in oblivion with the nameleſs crew!
" Vermin of ſtate! to thy o'erflowing light
" That owe their being, yet betray thy cauſe."
Then, condeſcending kind, the heavenly power
Return'd,—" What here, ſuggeſted by the ſcene,
" I ſlight unfold, record and ſing at home,
" In that beſt iſle, where (ſo we ſpirits move)
" With one quick effort of my will I am.
" There truth, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accoſt
" Ev'n kings themſelves, the monarchs of the free!
" Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race
" O'er Britons wield the ſceptre of their choice:
" And there, to finiſh what his fires began,
" A prince behold! for me who burns ſincere,
" Ev'n with a ſubject's zeal. He my great work
" Will parent like ſuſtain; and added give
" The touch, the graces and the muſes owe.
" For Britain's glory ſwells his panting breaſt;
" And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
" His pride to let the ſmiling heart abroad; [man;
" Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the
" To pleaſe his pleaſure; bounty his delight;
" And all the ſoul of Titus dwells in him."
Hail, glorious theme! but how, alas! ſhall verſe,
From the crude ſtores of mortal language drawn,
How faint and tedious, ſing, what, piercing deep,
The goddeſs flaſh'd at once upon my ſoul.
For, clear preciſion all, the tongue of gods,
Is harmony itſelf; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Meantime diſcloſing ages, as ſhe ſpoke,
In long ſucceſſion pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after ſcene, the human drama ſpread;
And ſtill th' embodied picture roſe to ſight.
Oh thou, to whom the muſes owe their flame;
Who bid'ſt, beneath the pole, Parnaſſus riſe,
And Hippocrenè flow; with thy bold eaſe,
The ſtriking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy ſtrong phraſe, that rolls profound, and clear;
Oh, gracious goddeſs! re-inſpire my ſong;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aſpiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

Notes on the preceding Poem.

Ver. 83. L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.

Ver. 242. Via Sacra.

Ver. 247. M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael d'Urbino; the three great modern maſters in ſculpture, architecture, and painting.

Ver. 273. Tuſculum is reckoned to have ſtood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

Ver. 276. The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulyſſes and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

Ver. 284. Naples then under the Auſtrian government.

Ver. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

Ver. 290. The coaſt of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidſt many magnificent ruins, thoſe of a temple erected to Venus are ſtill to be ſeen.

Ver. 303. All along this coaſt the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and ſeveral populous cities ſtood.

PART II. GREECE.

Contents.

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Thus ſpoke the goddeſs of the fearleſs eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the viſion roſe.
Firſt, in the dawn of time, with eaſtern ſwains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In ſearch of clearer ſpring, and freſher field.
Theſe, as increaſing families diſclos'd
The tender ſtate, I taught an equal ſway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erſpread,
The father-ſenate met. There juſtice dealt,
With reaſon then and equity the ſame,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had ſtain'd her ſword with ſubject's blood.
The ſimpler arts were all their ſimple wants
Had urg'd to light. But inſtant, theſe ſupply'd,
Another ſet of fonder wants aroſe,
And other arts with them of finer aim;
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking puſh'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to ſhine.
At firſt, on brutes alone the ruſtic war
Launch'd the rude ſpear; ſwift, as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young ſportive life was void of toil,
Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
But when to manhood grown, and endleſs joys,
Led on by equal toils, the boſom fir'd;
Lewd lazy rapine broke primeval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle foreſts drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering ſwain,
Seiz'd what he durſt not earn. Then brother's blood
Firſt, horrid, ſmok'd on the polluted ſkies.
Awful in juſtice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawleſs men,
The laſt worſt monſters of the ſhaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the ſharpen'd ſpear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then aroſe;
Who, ſcorning coward ſelf, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their eaſe, and for their ſafety bled.
Weſt with the living day to Greeee I came:
Earth ſmil'd beneath my beam: the muſe before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and ſigh'd the ſhepherds pain;
But now, to ſing heroic deeds, ſhe ſwell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
For Greece my ſons of Egypt I forſook:
A boaſtful race, that in the vain abyſs
Of fabling ages lov'd to loſe their ſource,
And with their river trac'd it from the ſkies.
While there my laws alone deſpotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd;
I taught them ſcience, virtue, wiſdom, arts:
By poets, ſages, legiſlators ſought;
The ſchool of poliſh'd life, and human-kind.
But when myſterious ſuperſtition came,
And, with her civil ſiſter leagu'd, involv'd
In ſtudy'd darkneſs the deſponding mind;
Then tyrant power the righteous ſcourge unloos'd:
For yielded reaſon ſpeaks the ſoul a ſlave.
Inſtead of uſeful works, like nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders cruſh'd the land;
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deſerv'd,
For one vile carcaſe periſh'd countleſs lives.
Then the great dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood is
" mine,
" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd,
His phrenzy ſoon the proud blaſphemer felt;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns loſt their force, and Niles o'erflown in vain.
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal ſtate
Of riſing Perſia, ſober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waſte: nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia; firſt to letters fam'd,
That paint the voice, and teach to ſpeak to ſight,
Of arts prime ſource, and guardian! by fair ſtars,
Firſt tempted out into the lonely deep;
To whom I firſt diſcover'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to ſubdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
Earneſt of Britain. Nor by theſe retain'd;
Nor by the neighbouring land whoſe palmy ſhore
The ſilver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd land of arts, and urg'd my flight.
Hail nature's utmoſt boaſt, unrival'd Greece!
My faireſt reign! where every power benign
Conſpir'd to blow the flower of human kind,
And laviſh'd all that genius can inſpire.
Clear ſunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægæan, temper'd kind,
Light, airy ſoils. A country rich, and gay;

Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harveſt, joyous vales,
Mountains and ſtreams, where verſe ſpontaneous flow'd:
Whence deem'd by wondering men the ſeat of gods,
And ſtill the mountains and the ſtreams of ſong.
All that boon nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my reſtleſs arts
Frame into finiſh'd life. How many ſtates,
And cluſtering towns, and monuments of fame,
And ſcenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves;
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Iſles
In ſhining proſpect riſe, and on the ſhore
Of fartheſt Crete reſounds the Libyan main.
O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
Amid a circle of ſoft-riſing hills,
The patient Sparta one: the ſober, hard,
And man-ſubduing city; which no ſhape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleaſure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the ſolid baſe
Of equal life, ſo well a temper'd ſtate;
Where mix'd each government, in ſuch juſt poiſe;
Each power ſo checking, and ſupporting, each;
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it ſtood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One ſhock of faction, or of party-rage.
For, drain'd the ſprings of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, ſunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the ſoil; yet there the calm abode
Of wiſdom, virtue, philoſophic eaſe,
Of manly ſenſe and wit, in frugal phraſe
Confin'd, and preſs'd into laconic force.
There too, by rooting there ſtill treacherous ſelf,
The public and the private grew the ſame.
The children of the nurſing public hall,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that
The tender mother urg'd her ſon to die.
Of ſofter genius, but not leſs intent
To ſeize the palm of empire, Athens roſe:
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus ſpread, amid the ſcented ſky,
His thymy treaſures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the ſtores of health;
Wrapt in a ſoul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilyſſus and Cephiſſus glow'd
This hive of ſcience, ſhedding ſweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, paſſionate for me, and eaſy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of ſpeech,
Enforcing haſty counſel immature,
Totter'd the raſh democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at laſt, their mild reſtorer, roſe:
Allay'd the tempeſt; to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the ſettling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two ſenates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving ſtate.
Nor was my forming care to theſe confin'd,
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who ſhould moſt excel
In government well-pois'd, adjuſted beſt
To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free ſocial life, and poliſh'd manners fair:
In exerciſe, and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Perſian pride;
In moral ſcience, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they ſtrove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By conteſt brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardour burn: their great reward
The verdant wreathe, which ſounding Piſa gave.
Hence flouriſh'd Greece: and hence a race of men,
As gods by conſcious future times ador'd:
In whom each virtue wore a ſmiling air,
Each ſcience ſhed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the *fam'd paſs*, firm as an iſthmus ſtood;
And the whole eaſtern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its viſion, nobly check'd,
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band, an hoſt of ſlaves.
Hence through the continent ten thouſand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whoſe glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deſerts, in vain, unknown;
Oppos'd their courſe; and hoſtile lands, un-
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whoſe jaws deſtruction grinn'd
Hunger, and toil; Armenian ſnows, and ſtorms;
And circling myriads ſtill of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their ſteady column pierc'd the ſcattering herds,
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief
Fir'd and ſuſtain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
Almoſt almighty in ſevere extremes!
The ſea at laſt from Colchian mountains ſeen,
Kind-hearted tranſport round their captains threw
The ſoldiers fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries reſounding loud—*The ſea! the ſea!*
In Attic bounds hence heroes, ſages, wits,
Shone thick as ſtars, the milky way of Greece!
And though gay wit, and pleaſing grace, was theirs,
All the ſoft modes of elegance and eaſe;
Yet was not courage leſs, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and diſquiſition deep.
My ſpirit pours a vigour through the ſoul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inſpires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler ſcience, as in that of arms.
Athenians thus not leſs intrepid burſt
The bonds of tyrant darkneſs, than they ſpurn'd
The Perſian chains: while through the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Inceſſant ſtruggled taſte refining taſte,
And friendly free diſcuſſion, calling forth
From the fair jewel truth its latent ray.
O'er all ſhone out the great Athenian Sage,
And father of philoſophy: the ſun,
From whoſe white blaze emerg'd each various ſect
Took various tints, but with diminiſh'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he, in every ſtreet,
Dealt priceleſs treaſure: goodneſs his delight,
Wiſdom his wealth, and glory his reward

Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His ſimple queſtion ſtole: as into truth,
And ſerious deeds, he ſmil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bleſs,
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine
In different ſchools. The bold poetic phraſe [broke
Of figur'd Plato; Xenophon's pure ſtrain,
Like the clear brook that ſteals along the vale;
Diſſecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
Th' exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic ſneer;
The ſlow-conſenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliſs to virtue, the glad eaſe
Of Epicurus, ſeldom underſtood.
They, ever candid, reaſon ſtill oppos'd
To reaſon; and, ſince virtue was their aim,
Each by ſure practice try'd to prove his way
The beſt. Then ſtood untouch'd the ſolid baſe
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind:
For ſyſtems yet, and ſoul-enſlaving creeds,
Slept with the monſters of ſucceeding times.
From prieſtly darkneſs ſprung th' enlightning arts
Of fire, and ſword, and rage, and horrid names.
O, Greece! thou ſapient nurſe of finer arts!
Which to bright ſcience blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praiſe, that thou, and thou alone,
In theſe haſt led the way, in theſe excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of aſſenting time.
In thy full language, ſpeaking mighty things;
Like a clear torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
A broad majeſtic ſtream, and rolling on
Through all the winding harmony of ſound:
In it the power of eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the perſuaſive or pathetic ſoul;
Still'd by degrees the democratic ſtorm,
Or bade it threatening riſe, and tyrants ſhook,
Fluſh'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muſe, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding phraſe, or jarring ſound,
Her unconfin'd divinity diſplay'd;
And, ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her will;
Or ſoft depreſs'd it to the ſhepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it ſwelling to the tongue of gods.
Heroic ſong was thine; the Fountain-Bard,
Whence each poetic ſtream derives its courſe.
Thine the dread *moral ſcene*, thy chief delight!
Where idle fancy durſt not mix her voice,
When reaſon ſpoke auguſt; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or ſtorm'd; and in th' impaſſion'd
Concealing art with art, the poet ſunk. [man,
This potent ſchool of manners, but when left
To looſe neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundleſs coſt, by thee; whoſe every ſon,
Ev'n laſt mechanic, the true taſte poſſeſs'd
Of what had flavour to the nouriſh'd ſoul.
The ſweet enforcer of the poet's ſtrain,
Thine was the meaning muſic of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that, void of paſſion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-ſearching voice, and artful hand,
To which reſpondent ſhakes the varied ſoul.
Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By love imagin'd, by the graces touch'd,
The boaſt of well-pleas'd nature! Sculpture ſeiz'd,
And bade them ever ſmile in Parian ſtone.
Selecting beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left ev'n nature's ſelf behind.
From thoſe far different, whoſe prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd at all
Through the live features of one breathing ſtone.
There, beaming full, it ſhone; expreſſing gods:
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of ſinew'd Mars,
Or the ſly graces of the Cyprian queen.
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple ſunk,
And every muſcle ſwell'd, as nature taught.
In treſſes, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in looſe robes, or thin tranſparent veils;
Sprung into motion; ſoften'd into fleſh;
Was fir'd to paſſion, or refin'd to ſoul.
Nor leſs thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brighteſt dames,
Aſſembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal ſmil'd,
The ſoul of beauty! call'd the queen of love,
Freſh from the billows, bluſhing orient charms.
Ev'n ſuch enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted war th' impatient torch
Daſh'd to the ground; and, rather than deſtroy
The patriot picture, let the city 'ſcape.
Firſt elder ſculpture taught her ſiſter art
Correct deſign; where great ideas ſhone,
And in the ſecret trace expreſſion ſpoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or eaſy; and, caſt free behind,
The ſwelling mantle's well-adjuſted flow.
Then the bright muſe, their eldeſt ſiſter, came;
And bade her follow where ſhe led the way:
Bade earth, and ſea, and air, in colours riſe;
And copious action on the canvas glow;
Gave her gay fable; ſpread invention's ſtore;
Enlarg'd her view; taught compoſition high,
And juſt arrangement, circling round one point,
That ſtarts to ſight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly muſe a nobler aim,
And, ſcorning the ſoft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticos, and ſchools,
Heroic deeds ſhe trac'd, and warm diſplay'd
Each moral beauty to the raviſh'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd preſence of the God,
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or aſſembled youth
Burn'd in ambition's circle round the ſage,
The living leſſon ſtole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
Theſe rouſe to glory, while, to rural life,
The ſofter canvas oft re[illegible]he ſoul.
There gayly broke the ſun-illumin'd cloud;
The leſſening proſpect, and the mountain blue,
Vaniſh'd in air; the precipice o'erhung, dire;
White, down the rock, the ruſhing torrent daſh'd;
The ſun ſhone, trembling, o'er the diſtant main;
The tempeſt foam'd, immenſe; the driving ſtorm
Sadden'd the ſkies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the ſcath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In cloſing ſhades, and where the current [illegible],
With peace, and love, and innocence around,
Pip'd the lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock.
Round happy parents ſmil'd younger their ſelves;

And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
To public virtue thus the ſmiling arts,
Unblemiſh'd handmaids, ſerv'd! the graces they
To dreſs this faireſt Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of ſordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great maſters ſtrove;
Courted by kings, and by contending ſtates
Aſſum'd the boaſted honour of their birth.
In architecture too thy rank ſupreme!
That art where moſt magnificent appears
The little builder man; by thee refin'd,
And, ſmiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy ſure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who ſcorn their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of ſhame.
Not thoſe gay domes that o'er thy ſplendid ſhore
Shot, all proportion, up. Firſt unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric roſe;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich Corinthian ſpread her wanton wreath.
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the ſtill or ſtormy waſte
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial riſe.
These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,
From end to end—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) ſay, goddeſs, where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! ſhe reſum'd: deep in the kindred gloom
Of ſuperſtition, and of ſlavery ſunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By looſe dejected ſloth and ſervile fear;
No ſcience pierce the darkneſs of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious ſoul
Of imitation in their breaſt awake.
Ev'n, to ſupply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic toil denies the hopeleſs hand.
Scarce any trace remaining, veſtige gray,
Or nodding column on the deſert ſhore,
To point where Corinth, or where Athens ſtood.
A faithleſs land of violence, and death!
Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the ſhore;
And his wild impulſe curious ſearch reſtrains,
Afraid to truſt th' inhoſpitable clime.
Neglected nature fails; in ſordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The ſun himſelf ſeems angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race;
And fires them oft with peſtilential rays:
While earth, blue poiſon ſteaming on the ſkies,
Indignant, ſhakes them from her troubled ſides.
But as from man to man, fate's firſt decree,
Impartial death the throng of riches rolls,
So ſtates muſt die, and liberty go round.
Fierce was the ſtrife, ere virtue, value, arts,
And the ſoul fir'd by me (that often, ſtung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd
And groſs barbarial unfeeling bondage ſpread.
Sooner I move'd my much reluctant flight,
Pois'd o'er the doubtful wing; when Greece with Greece
Embroil'd in foul contention fought no more
For common glory, and for common weal:
But, falſe to freedom, ſought to quell the free;
Broke the firm band of peace, and ſacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force;
And, as around the partial trophy bluſh'd,
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Perſian power, whoſe pride they ſcorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely ſued;
Sued to be venal parricides, to ſpill
Their country's braveſt blood, and on themſelves
To turn their matchleſs mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Suſa, then, ſat the great king;
And by the trick of treaties, the ſtill waſte
Of ſly corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his ſteel could ne'er perform.
Profuſe he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering ſtates; their wild aſſemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blaſt the ſeas:
And by their liſted orators, whoſe breath
Still with a factious ſtorm infeſted Greece
Rous'd them to civil war, or daſh'd them down
To ſordid peace.—Peace! that, when Sparta ſhook
Aſtoniſh'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-ſpread o'er Aſia's ſunny ſhore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could ſo baſe, ſo infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inſpire? Jealous, they ſaw
Reſpiring Athens rear again her walls;
And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
To cruſh this rival city to the duſt.
For now no more the noble ſocial ſoul
Of Liberty my families combin'd;
But by ſhort views, and ſelfiſh paſſions, broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd ſevere, and wag'd eternal war;
Nor felt they, furious, their exhauſted force;
Nor, with falſe glory, diſcord, madneſs blind,
Saw how the blackening ſtorm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle ſtain'd,
The bluſh and boaſt of Fame, where courage, art,
And milititary glory, ſhone ſupreme:
But let deteſting ages, from the ſcene
Of Greece ſelf-mangled, turn the ſickening eye.
At laſt, when bleeding from a thouſand wounds,
She felt her ſpirits fail; and in the duſt
Her lateſt heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Ageſilaus, and the Theban Friends:
The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire ſcent of Cheronæa lur'd,
And, fierce-deſcending, ſeiz'd his hapleſs prey.
Thus tame ſubmitted to the victor's yoke
Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
For every grace, and muſe, and ſcience born;
With arts of war, of government, elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the beſt;
Whom I myſelf could ſcarcely rule: and thus
The Perſian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
Unleſs corruption firſt deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born ſoul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain;
For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But ſoon as independence ſtoops the head,

To vice enſlav'd, and vice-created wants;
Then to ſome foul corrupting hand, whoſe waſte
Theſe heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds.
From man to man the ſlackening ruin runs,
Till the whole ſtate unnerv'd in ſlavery ſinks.

Notes to Part II.

Ver. 57. Civil tyranny.
Ver. 63. The pyramids.
Ver. 65. The tyrants of Egypt.
Ver. 138. A mountain near Athens.
Ver. 142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was ſituated.
Ver. 157. The Areopagus, or ſupreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved: and the council of four hundred, by him inſtituted. In this council all affairs of ſtate were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the aſſembly of the people.
Ver. 174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.
Ver. 180. The ſtraits of Thermopylæ.
Ver. 197. Xenophon.
Ver. 222. Socrates.
Ver. 272. Homer.
Ver. 323. When Demetrius beſieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by ſetting fire to that quarter of it where ſtood the houſe of the celebrated Protegenes; he choſe rather to raiſe the ſiege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture, called Jaſylus, the maſter-piece of the painter.
Ver. 442. So the kings of Perſia were called by the Greeks.
Ver. 453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Perſians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks eſtabliſhed in the Leſſer Aſia to the dominion of the king of Perſia.
Ver. 459. Athens had been diſmantled by the Lacedemonians at the end of the firſt Peloponneſian war, and was at this time reſtored by Conon to its former ſplendor.
Ver. 470. The Peloponeſian war.
Ver. 478. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.
Ver. 480. The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

PART III. ROME.

Contents.

As this part contains a deſcription of the eſtabliſhment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies ſettled in the ſouthern parts of Italy, which with Sicily conſtituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With theſe colonies the ſpirit of Liberty, and of republics, ſpreads over Italy, to ver. 32. Tranſition to Pythagoras, and his philoſophy, which he taught through thoſe free ſtates and cities, to ver. 71. Amidſt the many ſmall republics in Italy, Rome the deſtin'd ſeat of Liberty. Her eſtablimment there dated from the expulſion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece, to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman republic given in the firſt part of this poem: to mark its riſe and fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its firſt ages, the greateſt force of Liberty and virtue exerted, to ver. 103. The ſource whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of theſe virtues. Thence their ſecurity at home; their glory, ſucceſs, and empire abroad, to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire geographically deſcribed, to ver. 257. The ſtates of Greece reſtored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the higheſt inſtance of public generoſity and beneficence, to ver. 328. The loſs of Liberty in Rome. Its cauſes, progreſs, and completion, in the death of Brutus, to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors, to ver. 513, From Rome the Goddeſs of Liberty goes among the northern nations; where, by infuſing into them her ſpirit and general principles, ſhe lays the ground-work of her future eſtabliſhments; ſends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enſlaved; and then, with arts and ſciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages, to ver. 550. The celeſtial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

Here melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted ſtill whate'er the goddeſs ſung.
Then I, impatient: "From extinguiſh'd Greece,
"To what new region ſtream'd the human day?"
She ſoftly ſighing, as when zephyr leaves
Reſign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Reſum'd: Indignant, theſe laſt ſcenes I fled;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium ſtood arous'd. Ages before,
Great mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after ſwarm, her ardent youth around,
On Aſia, Afric, Sicily, they ſtoop'd,
But chief on fair Heſperia's winding ſhore;
Where, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales,
They roll'd increaſing colonies along,
And lent materials for my Roman reign.
With them *my ſpirit* ſpread; and numerous ſtates
And cities roſe, on Grecian models form'd;
As its parental policy, and arts,
Each had imbib'd. Beſides to each aſſign'd
A guardian genius, o'er the public weal,
Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to ſuſtain,
Or more ſublime, the ſoul infus'd by me:
And ſtrong the battle roſe, with various wave,
Againſt the tyrant deſpot of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almoſt all below the proud regard
Of ſtory vow'd to Rome, or deeds intent
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
Not ſo the Samian ſage; to him belongs
The brighteſt witneſs of recording fame.
For theſe free ſtates his native iſle forſook,
And a vain tyrant's tranſitory ſmile,
He ſought Crotona's pure ſalubrious air, [taught;
And through great Greece his gentle wiſdom
Wiſdom that calm'd for liſtening years the mind

ver heard amid the ſtorm of zeal,
His mental eye firſt launch'd into the deeps
Of boundleſs ether; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathleſs ſky
Unerring roll, and wind their ſteady way.
There he the full conſenting choir beheld;
There firſt diſcern'd the ſacred band of love,
The kind attraction, that to central ſuns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Inſtructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
The ſun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power:
Whom nought can image, and who beſt approves
The ſilent worſhip of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous heaven, and ſpreads the joy.
Nor ſcorn'd the ſoaring ſage to ſtoop to life,
And bound his reaſon to the ſphere of man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;
Inſpir'd the ſtudy of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws deviſ'd
Where with enlighten'd juſtice mercy mix'd.
He ev'n, into his tender ſyſtem, took
Whatever ſhares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indiſſoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever ſhifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence try'd againſt the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with ſome kindred ſoul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain aſcend,
And not a circling form, but riſing whole.
Amid theſe ſmall republics one aroſe,
On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,
Fated for me. A nobler ſpirit warm'd
Her ſons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler ſtill
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
With all their crimes; bade radiant eras riſe,
And the long honours of the conſul-line.
Here, from the fairer, not the greater plan
Of Greece I vary'd; whoſe unmixing ſtates,
By the keen ſoul of emulation pierc'd,
Long wag'd alone the bloodleſs war of arts,
And their *beſt* empire gain'd. But to diffuſe
O'er *men* an empire was my purpoſe now:
To let my martial majeſty abroad;
Into the vortex of one ſtate to draw
The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth;
To conquer tyrants, and ſet nations free.
Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my ampleſt reign.
Now, while its firſt, laſt, periods you ſurvey,
Mark how it labouring roſe, and rapid fell.
When Rome in noon-tide empire graſp'd the
And, ſoon as her reſiſtleſs legions ſhone, [world,
The nations ſtoop'd around, though then appear'd
Her grandeur moſt, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people preſs'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty ſtruggle then:
Then for each Roman hand an hero told;
And every paſſing hill, and Latian ſcene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That ſurpaſs the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with ſacred horror ſtrike.
For me, to prove my moſt exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection puſh'd,
To fondneſs or enthuſiaſtic zeal,
The great, the reigning paſſion of the free.
That godlike paſſion; which, the bounds of ſelf
Divinely burſting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd ſelves;
Of all who ſafe beneath the voted laws
Of the ſame parent ſtate, fraternal, live.
From this kind ſon of moral nature flow'd
Virtues, that ſhine the light of human kind,
And, ray'd through ſtory, warm remoteſt time.
Theſe virtues too, reflected to their ſource,
Increas'd its flame. The ſocial charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive ſtill,
As more by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.
Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintiff voice,
The voice of pleading nature was not heard; [voice,
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more:
Stern to themſelves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence ſweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil;
Patience, that baffled fortune's utmoſt rage;
High-minded hope, which at the loweſt ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The braveſt impulſe felt, and ſcorn'd deſpair.
Hence moderation a new conqueſt gain'd;
As on the vanquiſh'd, like deſcending heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns beſtow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no ſeaſon pierce.
Hence, Independence, with his little pleas'd,
Serene, and ſelf-ſufficient, like a god;
In whom corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honeſt roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,
The man maintain'd, the Roman's ſplendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:
Or ready, a rough ſwain, to guide the plough;
Or elſe, the purple o'er his ſhoulder thrown,
In long majeſtic flow, to rule the ſtate,
With wiſdom's pureſt eye; or, clad in ſteel,
To drive the ſteady battle on the foe.
Hence every paſſion, ev'n the proudeſt, ſtoop'd,
To common good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius. All ſubmiſſive hence,
Conſuls, dictators, ſtill reſign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd. [wings,
Though conqueſt o'er them clapp'd her eagle-
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her ſnowy ſteeds
To the triumphal car; ſoon as expir'd
The lateſt hour of ſway, taught to ſubmit
(A harder leſſon that than to command)
Into the private Roman ſunk the chief.
If Rome was ſerv'd, and glorious, careleſs they
By whom, their country's fame they deem'd their own;
And, above envy, in a rival's train, [own;
Sung the loud Iös by themſelves deſerv'd.
Hence matchleſs courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii dy'd;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf.
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counſel never given before;
For Roman honour ſued, and his own doom.
Hence he ſuſtain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentleſs fix'd, he from a laſt embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aſide,
His little children climbing for a kiſs; [friends,
Then dumb through rows of weeping wondering

A new illuſtrious exile! preſs'd along.
Nor leſs impatient diſt he pierce the crowds
Oppoſing his return, than if, eſcap'd
From long litigious ſuits, he glad forſook
The noiſy town a while, and city cloud
To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air.
Need I theſe high particulars recount?
The meaneſt boſom felt a thirſt for fame?
Flight their worſt death, and ſhame their only fear.
Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
When Rome and glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boaſt of theſe unequall'd times.
Ages revolv'd unſully'd by a crime:
Aſtrea reign'd, and ſcarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and diſdaining to deſcend
To meanneſs, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
All peaceful ſmil'd, all ſave the paſſing clouds
That often hang on freedom's jealous brow!
And fair unblemiſh'd centuries elaps'd,
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue ſuch, that an unbalanc'd ſtate,
Still between noble and plebeian toſt,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the ſtorms. Oft though the native feuds,
That from the firſt their conſtitution ſhook,
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
Stood on the threatening point of civil war
Ready to ruſh: yet could the lenient voice
Of wiſdom, ſoothing the tumultuous ſoul,
Thoſe ſons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by ſelf, ſo naked lay,
And ſenſible to truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by oppreſſion ſwell'd,
Prevail'd a ſimple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided ſtate.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The ſoothing touch; ſtill, in the love of Rome,
The dread dictator found a ſure reſource.
Was ſhe aſſaulted? was her glory ſtain'd?
One common quarrel wide inflam'd the whole.
Foes in the forum in the field were friends.
By ſocial danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their deareſt country all, to die.
Thus up the hill of empire ſlow they toil'd:
Till, the bold ſummit gain'd, the thouſand ſtates
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they reſiſtleſs ruſh'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
Let Fancy's eye the diſtant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the weſtern main,
Where ſtorms at large reſound, and tides immenſe:
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coaſt,
And moiſt Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd
Amid the reſtleſs clouds, and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where firſt the ſpringing morn
Her roſes ſheds, and ſhakes around her dews:
From the dire deſerts by the Caſpian lav'd,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;
And bleſt Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watery north,
Parent of floods! from the majeſtic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, ſeven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flaſhing Danube roars.
To where the frozen Tanais ſcarcely ſtirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,
In the black Scythian ſea his torrent throws.
Laſt, that beneath the burning zone behold,
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan ſands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waſte
A verdant iſle, with ſhade and fountain freſh:
And farther to the full Egyptian ſhore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, deſcends.
In this vaſt ſpace what various tongues, and ſtates!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods and ſeas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
O'er Greece deſcended chief, with ſtealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day:
As at her Iſthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full-aſſembled youth innumerous ſwarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius ſat;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtleſs gaiety of game,
While ſport alone their unambitious hearts
Poſſeſs'd; the ſudden trumpet, ſounding hoarſe,
Bade ſilence o'er the bright aſſembly reign.
Then thus a herald:—"To the ſtates of Greece
"The Roman people, unconfin'd, reſtore
"Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws:
"Taxes remit, and garriſons withdraw."
The crowd aſtoniſh'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; ſome queſtion'd, ſome exclaim'd,
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is loſt in anxious joy) Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, diſtinct, and loud.
Loud, and diſtinct, it was again proclaim'd;
And ſtill as midnight in the rural ſhade,
When the gale ſlumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while ſevere amazement held them mute,
Then, burſting broad, the boundleſs ſhout to heaven
From many a thouſand hearts ecſtatic ſprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The ſwelling ſea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Through all her turrets ſtately Corinth ſhook;
And, from the void above of ſhatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathleſs to the ground.
What piercing bliſs! how keen a ſenſe of fame,
Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmoſt ſoul!
And with what deep-felt glory didſt thou then
Eſcape the fondneſs of tranſported Greece!
Mix'd in a tempeſt of ſuperior joy,
They left the ſports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other ſtraining in a ſtrict embrace,
Nor ſtrain'd a ſlave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the proconſul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the feſtive hours;
And muſic, ſparkling wine, and converſe warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew.—"Ye gods! they cry'd,
"Ye guardian gods of Greece! And are we free?
"Was it not madneſs deem'd the very thought?
"And is it true? How did we purchaſe chains?

what a dire expence of kindred blood?
" And are they now diſſolv'd? And ſcarce one
" drop
" For the fair firſt of bleſſings have we paid?
" Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
" When rages wide the ſtorm of mingling war,
" Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
" To turn ſucceſs, and conqueſt, rarer ſtill:
" That the great gods and Romans only know.
" Lives there on earth, almoſt to Greece unknown,
" A people ſo magnanimous, to quit
" Their native ſoil, traverſe the ſtormy deep,
" And by their blood and treaſure, ſpent for us,
" Redeem our ſtates, our liberties, and laws!
" There does! there does! oh, ſaviour Titus!
" Rome!'
Thus through the happy night they pour'd their ſouls,
And in my laſt reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the ſhepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks, and gameſome kids;
Meantime the ſun, beneath the green earth ſunk,
Slants upward o'er the ſcene a parting gleam:
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the ſwain;
To weſtern worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the ſource of light recals his ray.
Here interpoſing I.—" Oh, queen of men!
" Beneath whoſe ſceptre in eſſential rights
" Equal they live; though plac'd, for common
" good,
" Various, or in ſubjection, or command;
" And that by common choice: alas! the ſcene,
" With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
" Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus ſhe purſued.—Near this great era, Rome
Began to feel the ſwift approach of fate,
That now her vitals gain'd: ſtill more and more
Her deep diviſions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and deſolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her ſons
Theſe fierce contentions ſprung; and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd;
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue ſunk,
As, with the ſliding rock, the pile ſuſtain'd.
A laſt attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying ſcale, and poiſe the ſtate.
On one ſide ſwell'd ariſtocratic pride;
With uſury, the villain! whoſe fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baſeneſs the free ſoul;
And luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleaſure fir'd;
Fit for proſcriptions, for the darkeſt deeds,
As the proud feeder bade: inconſtant, blind,
Deſerting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and ſeditious, when a chief inſpir'd
Their headlong fury; but, of him depriv'd,
Already ſlaves that ſick'd the ſcourging hand.
This firm republic, that againſt the blaſt
Of oppoſition roſe; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum, whoſe boughs
Still ſtronger ſhoot beneath the rigid ax)
By loſs, by ſlaughter, from the ſteel itſelf,
Ev'n force and ſpirit drew; ſmit with the calm,
The dead ſerene of proſperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppoſe;
Her terror once on Afric's tawny ſhore,
Now ſmok'd in duſt, a ſtabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Beſides, deſtructive, from the conquer'd eaſt,
In the ſoft plunder came that worſt of plagues,
That peſtilence of mind, a fever'd thirſt
For the falſe joys which luxury prepares,
Unworthy joys! that waſteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No ſecret ray to glad the conſcious ſoul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth,
And wealth acquiring powers: while ſtupid ſelf,
Of narrow guſt, and hebetating ſenſe
Devour the nobler faculties of bliſs.
Hence Roman virtue ſlacken'd into ſloth;
Security relax'd the ſoftening ſtate;
And the broad eye of government lay cloſ'd
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more: but party rag'd;
And partial power, and licence unreſtrain'd,
Let diſcord through the deathful city looſe.
Firſt, mild Tiberius, on thy ſacred head
The fury's vengeance fell; the firſt whoſe blood
Had ſince the conſul's ſtain'd contending Rome.
Of precedent pernicious! with thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thouſand more; till, into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The forum and comitia horrid grew,
A ſcene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
When, half-aſham'd, corruption's thieviſh arts,
And ruffian force began to ſap the mounds
And majeſty of laws; if not in time
Repreſs'd ſevere, for human aid too ſtrong
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
Thus luxury, diſſenſion, a mix'd rage
Of boundleſs pleaſure and of boundleſs wealth,
Want wiſhing change, and waſte repairing war,
Rapine for ever loſt to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuſe of blood revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawleſs force,
Each heightening each, alternate ſhook the ſtate,
Meantime ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And ſpoil of nations, in one circling blaſt
Combin'd in various ſtorm, and from its baſe
The broad republic tore. By virtue built,
It touch'd the ſkies, and ſpread o'er ſhelter'd earth
An ample roof: by virtue too ſuſtain'd,
And balanc'd ſteady, every tempeſt ſung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer ſtand.
But when, with ſudden and enormous change,
The firſt of mankind ſunk into the laſt,
As once in virtue, ſo in vice extreme,
This univerſal fabric yielded looſe,
Before ambition ſtill; and thundering down,
At laſt, beneath its ruins cruſh'd a world.
A conquering people, to themſelves a prey,
Muſt ever fall; when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine ſavage grown, can find
No land to ſack and pillage but their own.
By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, firſt
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceaſing woes began, and this, or that,
(Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue ſpar'd,
Nor ſex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
Till Rome, into an human ſhambles turn'd,
Made deſerts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains

Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scævola there was, to raiſe for me
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No ſon, a witneſs to his hoary ſire
In duſt and gore defil'd? no friend forlorn?
No wretch that doubtful trembled for himſelf?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monſter's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deſerv'd
The ſacred ſhelter of the laws he ſpurn'd?
No. Sad o'er all profound dejection ſat;
And nerveleſs fear. The ſlave's aſylum theirs:
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to ſlaughter; or partaken guilt.
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power reſign'd,
And all unhop'd the common-wealth reſtor'd,
Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
Through ſtreets yet ſtreaming from his murderous hand
Unarm'd he ſtray'd, unguarded, unaſſail'd,
And on the bed of peace his aſhes laid;
A grace, which I to his demiſſion gave.
But with him dy'd not the deſpotic ſoul.
Ambition ſaw that ſtooping Rome could bear
A maſter, *nor had virtue to be free.*
Hence, for ſucceeding years, my troubled reign
No certain peace, no ſpreading proſpect knew.
Deſtruction gather'd round. Still the black ſoul,
Or of a Cataline, or Rullus, ſwell'd
With fell deſigns; and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the ſtate-wielding magic of his tongue;
And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
With theſe I linger'd; till the flame anew
Burſt out in blaze immenſe, and wrapt the world.
The ſhameful conteſt ſprung; to whom mankind
Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name;
Or to the nobler Cæſar, on whoſe brow
O'er daring vice deluding virtue ſmil'd,
And who no leſs a vain ſuperior ſcorn'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors roſe,
The venal WILL *be bought, the baſe have lords.*
To theſe vile wars I left ambitious ſlaves;
And from Philippi's field, from where in duſt
The laſt of Romans, matchleſs Brutus! lay,
Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.
What though the firſt ſmooth Cæſar's arts careſs'd,
Merit and virtue, ſimulating me?
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clinch, and make it ſofter ſit
On the new-broken ſtill ferocious ſtate.
From the dark third, ſucceeding, I beheld
Th' imperial monſters all.—A race on earth
Vindictive, ſent the ſcourge of human kind!
Whoſe blind profuſion drain'd a bankrupt world;
Whoſe luſt to forming nature ſeems diſgrace;
And whoſe infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
To that of Pætus, in the peaceful bath,
Or Rome's affrighted ſtreets, inglorious flow.
But almoſt juſt the meanly-patient death,
That waits a tyrant's unprevented ſtroke.
Titus indeed gave one ſhort evening gleam;
More cordial felt, as in the midſt it ſpread
Of ſtorm, and horror. The delight of men!
He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded loſt;
Trajan and he, with the mild ſire and ſon,
His ſon of virtue! eas'd awhile mankind;
And arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their laſt effort: what ſculpture rais'd
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs ſtole;
And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chiſſel's ſhame)
On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.
Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hemus, I purſued my flight;
And, piercing fartheſt Scythia, weſtward ſwept
Sarmatia, travers'd by a thouſand ſtreams.
A ſullen land of lakes, and fens immenſe,
Of rocks, reſounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deſerts black with ſounding pine;
Where nature frowns: though ſometimes into ſmiles
She ſoftens; and immediate, at the touch
Of ſouthern gales, throws from the ſudden glebe
Luxuriant paſture, and a waſte of flowers.
But, cold-compreſt, when the whole loaded heaven
Deſcends in ſnow, loſt in one white abrupt,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd earth; and, ſeiz'd by froſt,
Lakes, headlong ſtreams, and floods, and oceans ſleep,
Yet there life glows; the furry millions there,
Deep-dig their dens beneath the ſheltering ſnows:
And there a race of men prolific ſwarms,
To various pain, to little pleaſure us'd;
On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds;
Hard like their ſoil, and like their climate fierce,
The nurſery of nations!—Theſe I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;
Till from almoſt perpetual night they broke,
As if in ſearch of day; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only ſlave-ſuſtain'd,
Reſiſtleſs rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by me.
Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd ſeeds
Of freedom lay, for many a wintery age;
And though my ſpirit work'd by ſlow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceneſs yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of riſing winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne?
So, arts and each good genius in my train,
I cut the cloſing gloom, and ſoar'd to heaven.
In the bright regions there of pureſt day,
Far other ſcenes, and palaces, ariſe,
Adorn'd profuſe with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a roſe before the mid-day ſun,
Shrink up its bloſſom; like a bubble, break
The paſſing poor magnificence of kings.
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every ſplendor forth, and there his court
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds:
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But ſacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals: wraps a law
Too ſoftening fair, for thoſe that here in duſt
Muſt cheerful toil out their appointed years.
A ſenſe of higher life would only damp

The ſchool-boy's taſk and ſpoil his playful hours.
Nor could the child of reaſon, feeble man,
With vigour through this infant being drudge;
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliſs
Diſcloſing, dazzle and diſſolve his mind.

Notes on Part III.

Ver. 7. The laſt ſtruggles of Liberty in Greece.

Ver. 15. A promontory in Calabria.

Ver. 32. Pythagoras.

Ver. 34. Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

Ver. 37. The ſouthern parts of Italy and Sicily, ſo called becauſe of the Grecian colonies there ſettled.

Ver. 38. His ſcholars were enjoined ſilence for five years.

Ver. 57. The four cardinal virtues.

Ver. 244. The ancient name of the Volga.

Ver. 245. The Caſpian ſea.

Ver. 264. The king of Macedonia.

Ver. 286. The Iſthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

Ver. 369. Carthage.

Ver. 390. Tib. Gracchus.

Ver. 465. Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, propoſed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but deſtructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his ſpeech againſt Rullus.

Ver. 489. Tiberius.

Ver. 496. Thraſea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus:—"After having inhumanly ſlaughtered ſo "many illuſtrious men, he (Nero) burned at laſt "with a deſire of cutting off virtue itſelf in the "perſon of Thraſea, &c."

Ver. 505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopted ſon Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philoſophus.

Ver. 511. Conſtantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was deſtroyed, ſculpture having been then almoſt entirely loſt.

Ver. 515. The ancient Sarmatia contained a vaſt tract of country running all along the north of Europe and Aſia.

PART IV. BRITAIN.

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Difference betwixt the ancients and moderns ſlightly touched upon, to ver. 30. Deſcription of the dark ages. The Goddeſs of Liberty, who during theſe is ſuppoſed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Science, to ver. 100. She firſt deſcends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their ſeveral arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invaſions had not been able to deſtroy. The revival of theſe arts marked out. That ſometimes arts may flouriſh for a while under deſpotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of theſe, to ver. 254. Learning begins to dawn. The Muſe and Science attend Liberty, who in her progreſs towards Great Britain raiſes ſeveral free ſtates and cities. Theſe enumerated, to ver. 381. Author's exclamation of joy, upon ſeeing the Britiſh ſeas and coaſts riſe in the viſion, which painted whatever the Goddeſs of Liberty ſaid. She reſumes her narration. The Genius of the Deep appears, and, addreſſing Liberty, aſſociates Great Britain into his dominion, to ver. 451. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the iſland. Theſe deſcribed. Animated by the preſence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contraſted with the works and deluſions of oppoſing demons, to ver. 626. Concludes with an abſtract of the Engliſh hiſtory, marking the ſeveral advances of Liberty, down to her complete eſtabliſhment at the Revolution.

STRUCK with the riſing ſcene, thus I amaz'd:
"Ah, Goddeſs, what a change! Is earth the ſame?
"Of the ſame kind the ruthleſs race ſhe feeds?
"And does the ſame fair ſun and ether ſpread
"Round this vile ſpot their all-enlivening ſoul?
"Lo! beauty fails; loſt in unlovely forms
"Of little pomp, magnificence no more
"Exalts the mind, and bids the public ſmile:
"While to rapacious intereſt glory leaves,
"Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."
To this the power, whoſe vital radiance calls
From the brute maſs of man an order'd world,
"Wait till the morning ſhines, and from the [depth
"Of Gothic darkneſs ſprings another day.
"True genius droops; the tender ancient taſte
"Of beauty, then freſh-blooming in her prime,
"But faintly trembles through the callous ſoul;
"And grandeur, or of morals, or of life,
"Sinks into ſafe purſuits, and creeping cares.
"Ev'n cautious virtue ſeems to ſtoop her flight,
"And aged life to deem the generous deeds
"Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
"Well-reaſon'd, in reſearches piercing deep
"Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
"And all that calm experience can diſcloſe,
"(Slow guide, but ſure) behold the world anew
"Exalted riſe, with other honours crown'd;
"And, where my ſpirit wakes the finer powers,
"Athenian laurels ſtill afreſh ſhall bloom."
Oblivious ages paſs'd; while earth, forſook,
By her beſt genii, lay to demons foul,
And unchain'd furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; firſt ſmall of ſize,
But ſoon dilating to the ſkies ſhe towers:
Then, wide as air, the livid fury ſpread,
And high her head above the ſtormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, ſwell'd the groaning winds,
With wild ſurmiſes, battlings, ſounds of war:
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
Forth ruſh'd the bloody power of Gothic war,
War againſt human kind. Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train:
Unliſtening, barbarous force, to whom the ſword
Is reaſon, honour, law: the foe of arts
By monſters follow'd, hideous to behold, [theſe
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with

Another ſpecies of tyrannic rule,
Unknown before, whoſe cancrous ſhackles ſeiz'd
Th' envenom'd ſoul; a wilder fury, ſhe
Ev'n o'er her elder ſiſter tyranniz'd;
Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud; the ſable band,
Thundering,—Submit, ye laity! ye profane!
"Earth is the Lord's, and therefore ours; let kings
"Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
"If not, behold! the ſacred lightning flies:"
Scholaſtic diſcord, with an hundred tongues.
For ſcience uttering jangling words obſcure,
Where frighted reaſon never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature, cleric pride.
Whoſe reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And holy ſlander, his aſſociate firm,
On whom the *lying ſpirit* ſtill deſcends:
Mother of tortures! perſecuting zeal,
High-flaſhing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fierceſt fiend! of ſaintly brow demure,
Aſſuming a celeſtial ſeraph's name,
While ſhe beneath the blaſphemous pretence
Of pleaſing Parent Heaven, the *ſource of love!*
Has wrought more horrors, more deteſted deeds,
Than all the reſt combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell deſigns,
Came idiot ſuperſtition; round with ears
Innumerous ſtrow'd, ten thouſand monkiſh forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or ſcare the ſimple into ſlaves,
And poiſon reaſon; groſs, ſhe ſwallows all,
The moſt abſurd believing ever moſt.
Broad o'er the whole her univerſal night,
The gloom ſtill doubling, ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be ſeen, but viſionary monks
To councils ſtrolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti ſaints, diſturbing diſtant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the ſacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues againſt mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain devotion to a ſolemn farce;
To holy dotage virtue, ev'n to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient freedom to the rage of ſlaves,
Proud of their ſtate, and fighting for their chains;
Diſhonour'd courage to the bravo's trade,
To civil broil; and glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy reaſon totter'd on her throne.
At laſt Heaven's beſt inexplicable ſcheme,
Diſcloſing, bade new brightening eras ſmile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled ſcience, ſwift we ſpread
A ſounding pinion. Eager pity, mixt
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium firſt we ſtoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, ſunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance haſt thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals, Huns,
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form haſt thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend!
How frequent by the red inhuman hand, ſblood,
Yet warm with brother's, huſband's, father's
Haſt thou thy matrons and thy virgins ſeen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death!
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into ſtony wilds;
And ſuccourleſs, and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to nature's common caſt!
Added to theſe, the ſtill continued waſte
Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, ſeize the very ſoul.
Where hadſt thou treaſures for this rapine all?
Theſe hungry myriads that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd ſack on ſack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of art; whence this grey ſcene a miſe
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
Here ſculpture, painting, architecture, bent
From ancient models to reſtore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they roſe.
Amid the hoary ruins ſculpture firſt,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy ſparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As ſhe the pleaſing reſurrection ſaw.
In leaning ſite, reſpiring from his toils
The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample cheſt, all tempeſted with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She ſaw the head,
Breathing the hero, ſmall, of Grecian ſize,
Scarce more extenſive than the ſinewy neck;
The ſpreading ſhoulders, muſcular, and broad;
The whole a maſs of ſwelling ſinews, touch'd
Into harmonious ſhape; ſhe ſaw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and through the finiſh'd whole
Shows what ideas ſmil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aſpect, ruſh'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator. Pityleſs his look,
And each keen ſinew brac'd, the ſtorm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The Dying Other from the gloom ſhe drew.
Supported on his ſhorten'd arm he leans,
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate,
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The ſuffering feature ſullen vengeance lowers,
Shame, indignation, unaccompliſh'd rage,
And ſtill the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conqueſt-fluſh'd, from proſtrate Python, came
The quiver'd god. In graceful act he ſtands,
His arm extended with the ſlacken'd bow.
Light flows his eaſy robe, and fair diſplays
A manly ſoften'd form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardleſs cheek to wave.
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And ſweet ſubſiding to a native ſmile,
Mixt with the joy elating conqueſt gives,
A ſcatter'd frown exalts his matchleſs air.
On Flora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs
Riſe through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The queen of love aroſe, as from the deep
She ſprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Baſhful ſhe bends, her well-taught look aſide
Turns in enchanting guiſe, where dubious mix
Vain conſcious beauty, a diſſembled ſenſe
Of modeſt ſhame, and ſlippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the ſtone,
As if exulting in its conqueſt, ſmiles.
So turn'd each limb, ſo ſwell'd with ſoftening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At laſt her utmoſt maſter-piece ſhe found,

...at Maro fir'd; the miſerable ſire,
Wrapt with his ſons in fates ſevereſt graſp.
The ſerpents, twiſting round their ſtringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such paſſion here,
Such agonies, ſuch bitterneſs of pain,
Seem ſo to tremble through the tortur'd ſtone,
That the touch'd heart engroſſes all the view.
Almoſt unmark'd the beſt proportions paſs,
That ever Greece beheld; and, ſeen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious paſſions ſeize:
The father's double pangs, both for himſelf
And ſons convuls'd; to heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accuſing, caſt;
His fell deſpair with indignation mixt.
As the ſtrong curling monſters from his ſide
His full extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his ſons
All the ſoft rage of younger paſſions ſhow.
In a boy's helpleſs fate one ſinks oppreſs'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to ſteal out of the horrid twine.
  She bore no more, but ſtrait from Gothic ruſt
Her chiſel clear'd, and duſt and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Succeſſive as it went,
From ſon to ſon, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till, in a legiſlator's awful grace
Dreſs'd, Buonaroti bid a Moſes riſe,
And, looking love immenſe, a Saviour-God.
  Of theſe obſervant, painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecſtatic ſhe diffus'd
The canvas, ſeiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanſe
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldeſt race,
Barren, and dry; juſt ſtruggling from the taſte,
That had for ages ſcar'd in cloyſters dim
The ſuperſtitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe caſt,
Arts gradual gather ſtreams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The goddeſs dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind diſtance ſtill
Perfection ſtands, like happineſs, to tempt
Th' eternal chaſe. In elegant deſign
Improving nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expreſſion, airs divine;
Her ſons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To thoſe of Venice ſhe the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing maſs
Of light and ſhade that ſettles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raiſe the picture, and repoſe the ſight.
The Lombard ſchool ſucceeding, mingled both.
  Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
Rear'd the magnific front. Muſic again
Her univerſal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, riſing from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert ſpread, and ſolemn quire.
  Ev'n bigots ſmil'd; to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp;
For in a tyrant's garden theſe a while
May bloom, though freedom be their parent ſoil.
  And now confeſt, with gently-growing gleam,
The morning ſhone, and weſtward ſtream'd its light,
The muſe awoke. Not ſooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artleſs her voice.
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern courſe
She, with her tutor ſcience, in my train,
Ardent purſu'd, her ſtrains more noble grew:
While reaſon drew the plan, the heart inform'd
The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.
  Rome and her circling deſerts caſt behind,
I paſs'd not idle to my great ſojourn.
  On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliſs,
I ſmall republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had ſocial freedom bound their peace, and arts,
Inſtead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
Employed their little cares, and ſav'd their fate.
  Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path too I with public bleſſings ſtrow'd;
Free ſtates and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In ſpite of culture negligent and groſs,
From her deep boſom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden ſpreads.
  The barren rocks themſelves beneath my foot
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian ſhore.
Thick ſwarming people there, like emmets, ſeiz'd
Amid ſorrounding cliffs, the ſcatter'd ſpots,
Which nature left in her deſtroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor ſigh'd for other lands.
There, in white proſpect, from the rocky hill,
Gradual deſcending to the ſhelter'd ſhore,
By me proud Genoa's marble turrets roſe.
And while my genuine ſpirit warm'd her ſons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, ſhe
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow ſeas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
  Nor be the then triumphant ſtate forgot; [ſtill,
Where, puſh'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant
Inſpir'd by me, through the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame ſome ſparks alive:
The ſeeming god-built city! which my hand
Deep in the boſom fix'd of wondering ſeas.
Aſtoniſh'd mortals fail'd, with pleaſing awe,
Around the ſea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny ſtreet; where on each hand,
Amazing ſeen amid unſtable waves,
The ſplendid palace ſhines; and riſing tides,
The green ſteps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair queen of Adria's ſtormy gulf,
The mart of nations! long, obedient ſeas
Roll'd all the treaſure of the radient Eaſt;
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worſe
Whoſe ſhar'd oppreſſion lightens as diffus'd)
Each ſubject tearing, many tyrants roſe.
The leaſt the proudeſt. Join'd in dark cabal,
They jealous, watchful, ſilent, and ſevere,
Caſt o'er the whole indiſſoluble chains:
The ſofter ſhackles of luxurious eaſe
They likewiſe added, to ſecure their ſway.
Thus Venus fainter ſhines; and commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping ſail.

Burſting, beſides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle; found another ſeat,
Opening a thouſand ports, and charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can diſmay, far other ſons.
The mountains then, clad with eternal ſnow,
Confeſs'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By nature thrown inſuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly ſtates,
And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural plenty fills, [horn,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her
Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be ſeen! unguilty cities riſe,
Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free; and in their happy ſtreets,
Nor cruel deed nor miſery is known,
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to ſmile,
And preſs their culture on retiring ſnows;
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewiſe know, beyond the nerve remiſs
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The taſteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
Ev'n, cheer'd by me, their ſhaggy mountains
More than or Gallic, or Italian plains; [charm
And ſickening fancy oft, when abſent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again:
The hollow-winding ſtream: the vale, fair ſpread,
Amid an amphitheatre of hills; [ſprings:
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the ſudden tempeſt
From ſteep to ſteep aſcending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic ſhapes:
The flitting cloud, againſt the ſummit daſh'd;
And, by the ſun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy ſhower: hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain aſh, and ſolemn-ſounding pine;
The ſnow-fed torrent, in white mazes toſt,
Down to the clear ethereal lake below:
And, high o'er-topping all the broken ſcene,
The mountain fading into ſky; where ſhines
On winter winter ſhivering, and whoſe top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the ſnows.
From theſe deſcending, as I wav'd my courſe
O'er vaſt Germania, the ferocious nurſe
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave ſome favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their ſwarming ſtreets,
More buſy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my ſoul.
Thence the loud Baltic paſſing, black with ſtorm,
To wintery Scandinavia's utmoſt bound;
There, I the manly race, the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdom's, form'd into a ſtate
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by froſt,
Tempeſt, and toil their nerves, the ſons of thoſe
Whoſe only terror was a bloodleſs death,
They wiſe, and dauntleſs, ſtill ſuſtain my cauſe.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the ſouth,
The whiſpering zephyrs ſigh'd at my delay.
Here with the ſhifted viſion, burſt my joy.
" O the dear proſpect! O majeſtic view!
" See Britain's empire! lo! the watery vaſt
" Wide-waves, diffuſing the cerulian plain.
" And now, methinks, like clouds at diſtance ſeen,
" Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn
" My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
" Ineffable, a ſecret ſweetneſs breathes. [flows
" Goddeſs, forgive!—My heart, ſurpris'd o'er-
" With filial fondneſs for the land you bleſs."
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the celeſtial brightneſs ſmil'd;
Then thus: As o'er the wave-reſounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy iſle, I ſteer'd
With eaſy wing; behold! from ſurge to ſurge,
Stalk'd the tremendous genius of the deep.
Around him clouds, in mingled tempeſt, hung;
Thick-flaſhing meteors crown'd his ſtarry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it ſtream'd compreſt the gloomy cloud.
Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
He needs but ſtrike the conſcious flood, and ſhook
From ſhore to ſhore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice
(Like that hoarſe blaſt that round the cavern howls,
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Addreſs'd, began—By fate commiſſion'd, go,
" My ſiſter-goddeſs now, to yon bleſt iſle,
" Henceforth the partner of my rough domain,
" All my dread walks to Britons open lie.
" Thoſe that refulgent, or with roſy morn,
" Or yellow evening, flame; thoſe that, profuſe
" Drunk by equator-ſuns, ſeverely ſhine;
" Or thoſe that, to the poles aproaching, riſe
" In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
" Ev'n yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
" The vaſt Pacific; that on other worlds,
" Their future conqueſt, rolls reſounding tides.
" Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
" Nor Alexander's me, nor Cæſars brav'd.
" Still, in the crook of ſhore, the coward ſail
" Till now low-crept; and peddling commerce ply'd
" Between near-joining lands. For Briton's, chief,
" It was reſerv'd, with ſtar-directed prow,
" To dare the middle-deep, and drive aſſur'd
" To diſtant nations through the pathleſs main,
" Chief, for their fearleſs hearts the glory waits,
" Long months from land, while the black ſtormy night
" Around them rages, on the groaning maſt
" With unſhook knee to know their giddy way;
" To ſing, unquell'd, amid the laſhing wave;
" To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
" By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
" The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
" Each conquer'd ocean ſtaining with their blood,
" Inſtead of treaſure robb'd by ruffian war,
" Round ſocial earth to circle fair exchange,
" And bind the nations in a golden chain,
" To theſe I honour'd ſtoop. Ruſhing to light,
" A race of men behold! whoſe daring deeds
" Will in renown exalt my nameleſs plains
" O'er thoſe of fabling earth, as her's to mine
" In terror yield. Nay, could my ſavage heart
" Such glories check, their unſubmitting ſoul
" Would all my fury brave, my tempeſt climb,
" And might in ſpite of me my kingdom force."
Here, waiting no reply, the ſhadowy power
Eas'd the dark ſky, and to the deeps return'd:
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent Gallia's ſhore.
Of this encounter glad, my way to land

quick purſued, that from the ſmiling ſea
Receiv'd me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
And muſic, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd aſtoniſhment the labouring hind,
Who for a while th' unfiniſh'd furrow left,
And let the liſtening ſteer forget his toil.
Unſeen by groſſer eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aërial train, theſe ſounds of joy,
Full of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing flood,
Urg'd by almighty power, this favour'd iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the continent aſide,
Indented ſhore to ſhore reſponſive ſtill,
Its guardian ſhe—The goddeſs, whoſe ſtaid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her treſſes, like a flood of ſoften'd light,
Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek ſits beauty's brighteſt roſe.
Of high demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding grace
With every motion. Full her riſing cheſt;
And new ideas, from her finiſh'd ſhape,
Charm'd ſculpture taking might improve her art.
Such the fair guardian of an iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as vernal blooms, the faireſt dames.
High-ſhining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting me, ſhe ſtood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mixt ſpirit burning in her ſons,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the ſtate.
The native Genii, round her, radiant ſmil'd.
Courage of ſoft deportment, aſpect calm,
Unboaſting, ſuffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting child;
But, on juſt reaſon, once his fury rous'd,
No lion ſprings more eager to his prey:
Blood is a paſtime; and his heart, elate,
Knows no depreſſing fear. That virtue known
By the relenting look, whoſe equal heart
For others feels, as for another ſelf:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind ſenſe within:
Whether the blameleſs poor, the nobly maim'd,
The loſt to reaſon, the declin'd in life,
The helpleſs young that kiſs no mother's hand,
And the gray ſecond infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A ſight to gladden heav'n! whether ſhe ſtands
Fair beckoning at the hoſpitable gate,
And bids the ſtranger take repoſe and joy:
Whether, to ſolace honeſt labour, ſhe
Rejoices thoſe that make the land rejoice;
Or whether to philoſophy, and arts,
(At once the baſis and the finiſh'd pride
Of government and life) ſhe ſpreads her hand;
Nor knows her gift profuſe, nor ſeems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that ſhe gives at all.
Juſtice to theſe her awful preſence join'd,
The mother of the ſtate! No low revenge,
No turbid paſſions in her breaſt ferment:
Tender, ſerene, compaſſionate of vice,
As the laſt woe that can afflict mankind.
She puniſhment awards; yet of the good
More piteous ſtill, and of the ſuffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her juſt decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himſelf
Pronounces his own doom. O, happy land!
Where reigns alone this juſtice of the free!
Mid the bright groupe ſincerity his front,
Diffuſive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The thoughtful power apart,
Now, penſive, caſt on earth his fix'd regard,
Now touch'd celeſtial, launch'd it on the ſky.
The genius he whence Britain ſhines ſupreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He too the fire of fancy feeds intenſe,
With all the train of paſſions thence deriv'd.
Not kindling quick, a noiſy tranſient blaze,
But gradual, ſilent, laſting, and profound.
Near him retirement, pointing to the ſhade;
And independence ſtood: the generous pair,
That ſimple life, the quiet-whiſpering grove,
And the ſtill raptures of the free-born ſoul
To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,
Proudly prefer them to the ſervile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of ſlaves.
Or ſhould the latter, to the public ſcene
Demanded, quit his ſylvan friend a while;
Nought can his firmneſs ſhake, nothing ſeduce
His zeal, ſtill active for the commonweal;
Nor ſtormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
Foul miniſter's dark-working by the force
Of ſecret-ſapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their ſhameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly ſcorns; and, if he muſt betray
His plunder'd country, or his power reſign,
A moment's parley were eternal ſhame:
Illuſtrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unſtain'd aſcends,
And firm in ſenates ſtands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful ſhade.
Aloof the baſhful virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by ſweet diſtruſt diſtruſted worth.
Rough labour clos'd the train: and in his hand
Rude, callous, ſinew-ſwell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly indignation. Sour he ſeems,
And more than ſeems, by lawful pride aſſail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and juſt, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale inſidious gall:
Ev'n in the very luxury of rage,
He ſoftening can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, ſupport, and glory of the land!
Nor be religion, rational and free,
Here paſs'd in ſilence; whoſe enraptur'd eye
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine: who not from ſervile fear,
By rites for ſome weak tyrant incenſe fit,
The god of love adores, but from a heart
Effuſing gladneſs, into pleaſing awe
That now aſtoniſh'd ſwells, now in a calm
Of fearleſs confidence that ſmiles ſerene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then moſt grateful, when Heav'ns bounty
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd ſuperior day.
I joy'd to join the virtues whence my reign
O'er Albion was to riſe. Each cheering each,
And, like the circling planets from the ſun,
All borrowing beams from me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleaſures rather. Long the pungent time
Paſs'd not in mutual hails: but, through the land
Darting our light, we ſhone the fogs away.
The virtues conquer with a ſingle look.
Such grace, ſuch beauty, ſuch victorious light,
Live in their preſence, ſtream in every glance,
That the ſoul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the ſoul demons, that oppoſe our reign,

Would ſtill from us deluded mortals wrap;
Or in groſs ſhades they drown the viſual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix
Falſehood and truth confounded, foil the ſenſe
With vain refracted images of bliſs.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the duſky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkneſs pile, and with their thickeſt ſhade
Secure the throne. No ſavage Alp, the den [ſcene,
Of wolves, and bears, and monſtrous things ob-
That vex the ſwain, and waſte the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we ſometimes ſend a ſearching ray.
As, at the ſacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire; ſo, pierc'd ſevere,
Before our potent blaze theſe demons fly,
And all their works diſſolve.—The whiſper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
Fair-fac'd deceit, whoſe wily conſcious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the duſt,
But, when it ſafely dares, as prompt to ſting:
Smooth crocodile deſtruction, whoſe fell tears
Enſnare. The Janus face of courtly pride;
One to ſuperiors heaves ſubmiſſive eyes,
On hapleſs worth the other ſouls diſdain.
Cheeks, that for ſome weak tenderneſs, alone,
Some virtuous ſlip, can wear a bluſh. The laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls diſcloſe the heart,
At ſtarving virtue, and at virtue's fools.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted faith:
Nay more, the godleſs oath, that knows no ties.
Soft-buzzing ſlander; ſilky moths, that eat
An honeſt name. The harpy hand, and maw,
Of avaricious luxury; who makes
The throne his ſhelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his ſervice, who betrays his king. [night
Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic
To preſent grandeur how my Britain roſe.
Bold were thoſe Britons, who, the careleſs ſons
Of nature, roam'd the foreſt-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars:
For by the Druid taught, that death but ſhifts
The vital ſcene, they that prime fear deſpis'd;
And, prone to ruſh on ſteel, diſdain'd to ſpare
An ill-ſav'd life that muſt again return.
Erect from nature's hand, by tyrant force,
And ſtill more tyrant cuſtom, unſubdued.
Man knows no maſter ſave creating Heaven,
Or ſuch as choice and common good ordain.
This general ſenſe, with which the nations I
Promiſcuous fire, in Britons burn'd intenſe,
Of future times prophetic. Witneſs, Rome,
Who ſaw'ſt thy Cæſar, from the naked land,
Whoſe only fort was Britiſh hearts, repell'd,
To ſeek Pharſalian wreaths. Witneſs, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootleſs to ſecure,
Beneath an empire's yoke, a ſtubborn iſle,
Diſputed hard, and never quite ſubdued. [ſcorn'd
The north remain'd untouch'd, where thoſe who
To ſtoop, retir'd; and to their keen effort
Yielding at laſt, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to ſuſtain the ſhock,
From ſea to ſea deſponding legions rais'd
The wall immenſe, and yet, on ſummer's eve,
While ſport his lambkins round, the ſhepherd's
Continual o'er it burſt the northern ſtorm, [gaze,
As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarſe

A ſwift return. But the devouring flood
No more endur'd control, when, to ſupport
The laſt remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, and ſunk.
Great proof! how men enfeeble into ſlaves.
The ſword behind him flaſh'd; before him roar'd
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around,
He roll'd his eye, not ſparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus to battle led
Silurian ſwains, and Boadicea taught,
Her raging troops the miſeries of ſlaves. [hears
Then (ſad relief!) from the bleak coaſt, that
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, ſtrong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect. For conqueſt and defence
Suffices the ſame arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a freſh invigorating ſtream;
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty ſpirit glow'd.
Raſh war, and perilous battle, their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds
Unpeaceful death their choice; deriving thence
A right to feaſt, and drain immortal bowls
In Odin's hall; whoſe blazing roof reſounds
The genial uproar of thoſe ſhades, who fall
In deſperate fight, or by ſome brave attempt;
And though more poliſh'd times the martial creed
Diſown, yet ſtill the fearleſs habit lives.
Nor were the ſurly gifts of war their all.
Wiſdom was likewiſe theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nurſing peace,
And matchleſs orders, the deep baſis ſtill
On which aſcends my Britiſh reign. Untam'd
To the refining ſubtleties of ſlaves,
They brought an happy government along;
Form'd by that freedom, which, with ſecret voice,
Impartial nature teaches all her ſons,
And which of old through the whole Scythian maſs
I ſtrong inſpir'd. Monarchical their ſtate,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wiſe
Of each harmonious pow'r: only, too much
Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.
In many a field, by civil fury ſtain'd,
Bled the diſcordant heptarchy; and long
(Educing good from ill), the battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons ſaw
Egbert and peace on one united throne.
No ſooner dawn'd the fair diſcloſing calm
Of brighter days, when, low! the north anew,
With ſtormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the ſevereſt e'er a people felt.
The Daniſh raven, lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land inceſſant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miſerable coaſt. Before them ſtalk'd,
Far ſeen, the demon of devouring flame;
Rapine, and murder, all with blood beſmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While cloſe behind them march'd the fallow power
Of deſolating famine who delights
In graſs-grown cities, and in deſert fields;
And purple-ſpotted peſtilence, by whom
Ev'n friendſhip ſcar'd, in ſickening horror ſinks
Each ſocial ſenſe and tenderneſs of life.
Fixing at laſt, the ſanguinary race
Spread from the Humber's loud-reſounding ſhore,

To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with ſuperior arm the Saxon aw'd.
But ſuperſtition firſt, and monkiſh dreams,
And monk-directed cloyſter-ſeeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depreſs'd the ſoul
Of conquering freedom, which he once reſpir'd.
Thus cruel ages paſs'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds ſhe came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire ſunk,
Then ſet entire in Haſtings bloody field.
Compendious war! (on Britains glory bent,
So fate ordain'd) in that deciſive day,
The haughty Norman ſeiz'd at once an iſle,
For which, through many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burſt;
And, mix'd the genius of theſe people all,
Theſe virtues mix'd in one exalted ſtream,
Here the rich tide of Engliſh blood grew full.
Awhile my ſpirit ſlept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath deſpotic rage.
Inſtead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All proſtrate lay; and, in the ſecret ſhade,
Deep-ſtung, but fearful, indignation gnaſh'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, deſpoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with caſtles cruſh'd,
With ruſſian's quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
The ſhivering wretches, at the curfew ſound,
Dejected ſhrunk into their ſordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times
Mus'd ſad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed
A tyrant's idle ſport, the peaſants ſtarv'd:
The wild herd, the paſture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, ſpiry town, was giv'n,
And the brown foreſt roughen'd wide around.
But this ſo dead, ſo vile ſubmiſſion, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, my gradual flame
Shook of the mountain of tyrannic ſway,
Unus'd to bend, impatient of control,
Tyrants themſelves the common tyrant check'd.
The church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd ſtate,
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, firſt taught their rapine law,
The barons next a nobler league began,
Both thoſe of Engliſh and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the free! preſs'd by a band
Of patriots, ardent as the ſummer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant ſee!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His ſtrong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the charter, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.
Through this and through ſucceeding reigns
Theſe long conteſted rights, the wholeſome winds
Of oppoſition hence began to blow,
And often ſince have lent the country life.
Before their breath corruptions infect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counſel, fly;
Or, ſhould they ſounding ſwell, a putrid court,
A peſtilential miniſtry, they purge,
And ventilated ſtates renew their bloom.
Though with the temper'd monarchy here
Ariſtocratic ſway, the people ſtill,
Flatter'd by this or that, as intereſt lean'd,
No full perfection knew. For me reſerv'd,
And for my commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd my firſt attempt, in ſenates roſe,
The fort of freedom! ſlow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that ſoul,
Which generous nature breathes, and which when
By me to bondage was corrupted Rome,
I through the northern nations wide diffus'd.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, ruſh'd
From the rude iron regions of the north,
To Lybian deſerts ſwarm protruding ſwarm,
And pour'd new ſpirit through a ſlaviſh world.
Yet, o'er theſe Gothic ſtates, the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engroſs'd
The mingled power. But on Britannia's ſhore
Now preſent, I to raiſe my reign began
By raiſing the democracy, the third
And broadeſt bulwark of the guarded ſtate.
Then was the full, the perfect plan diſclos'd
Of Britain's matchleſs conſtitution, mixt
Of mutual checking and ſupporting powers,
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of free
Deſerving, while the vaſſal-many droop'd:
For ſince the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depreſs'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory caſt.
Mark from this period the continual proof.
When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning ſlaves;
Proudly regardleſs of their people's plaints,
And poorly paſſive of inſulting foes;
Double, not prudent, obſtinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, neceſſity their faith;
Inſtead of generous fire, preſumptuous, hot,
Raſh to reſolve, and ſlothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and ſlaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining ſhameful waſte;
By counſels weak and wicked, eaſy rous'd
To paltry ſchemes of abſolute command,
To ſeek their ſplendor in their ſure diſgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth:
When ſuch o'ercaſt the ſtate, no bond of love,
No heart, no ſoul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the looſe disjointed public, loſt
To fame abroad, to happineſs at home.
But when an Edward and an Henry breath'd
Through the charm'd whole one all exerting ſoul:
Drawn ſympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd:
When counſels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of ſtate, determin'd kept
Some ruling point in view: when on the ſtock
Of public good and glory grafted, ſpread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they ſtray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of reſtraint:
When regal ſtate, pre-eminence of place,
They ſcorn'd to deem pre-eminence of eaſe,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The buſy hive: as in diſtinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, firſt;
When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank; with equal hand, prepar'd
To guard the ſubject, and to quell the foe:
When ſuch with me their vital influence ſhed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeleſs ſigh was heard;

No foul diſtruſt through wary ſenates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd:
On aid, unqueſtion'd, liberal aid was given:
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies ruſh'd;
And Creſſy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim
What kings ſupported by almighty love,
And people fir'd with liberty, can do.
Be veil'd the ſavage reigns, when kindred rage
The numerous once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppreſs'd
By private feuds, almoſt extinguiſh'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.
Proud, dark, ſuſpicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous caſt
His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full.
He mark'd the barons of exceſſive ſway,
At pleaſure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to cruſh theſe petty tyrants, plann'd
A law, that let them, by the ſilent waſte
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuſe,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By ſoft degrees a mighty change enſued,
Ev'n working to this day. With ſtreams, deduc'd
From theſe diminiſh'd floods, the country ſmil'd.
As when impetuous from the ſnow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal ſuns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with waſteful ſweep,
He foams along; but, through Batavian meads
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thouſand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ſhips, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landſkip riſes round.
His furious ſon the ſoul-enſlaving chain,
Which many a doating venerable age
Had link by link ſtrong-twiſted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power;
From heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each ſolemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous ſoul, to fool mankind;
And, wild at laſt, to plunge into a ſea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That firſt through Wickliff ſtreak'd the prieſtly gloom,
Now burſt in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of ſuperſtition crawl'd
Her motly ſons, fantaſtic figures all;
And, wide-diſpers'd, their uſeleſs fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
Trade, join'd to theſe, on every ſea diſplay'd
A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering ſtores, whoſe fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily deſpis'd,
Yet work'd his woe; and to the bliſsful groves,
Where nature liv'd herſelf among her ſons
And innocence and joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worſt the zeal inflam'd barbarian drew.
Be no ſuch horrid commerce, Britain, thine!
But want for want, with mutual aid, ſupply.
The commons thus enrich'd, and powerful
Againſt the barons weigh'd. Eliza then, grown,
Amid theſe doubtful motions, ſteady, gave
The beam to fix. She! like the ſecret eye
That never cloſes on a guarded world,
So ſought, ſo mark'd, ſo ſeiz'd the public good,
That ſelf-ſupported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inſpir'd by me, beneath her ſheltering arm,
In ſpite of raging *univerſal ſway*,
And raging ſeas repreſs'd, the Belgic ſtates,
My bulwark on the continent, aroſe.
Matchleſs in all the ſpirit of her days!
With confidence, unbounded, fearleſs love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Cheerful demanded the long-threaten'd fleet,
And daſh'd the pride of Spain around their iſle.
Nor ceas'd the Britiſh thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and ſmoke Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe ev'n to the centre ſhook
Of their new-conquer'd world, and ſkulking ſtole
By veering winds their Indian treaſure home.
Meantime, peace, plenty, juſtice, ſcience, arts,
With ſofter laurels crown'd her happy reign.
As yet uncircumſcrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague prerogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulf, where ſwallow'd oft
The helpleſs ſubject lay. This to reduce
To the juſt limit was my great effort.
By means, that evil ſeem to narrow man,
Superior beings work their myſtic will;
From ſtorm and trouble thus a ſettled calm,
At laſt, effulgent, o'er Britannia ſmil'd.
The gathering tempeſt, heaven-commiſſion'd, came,
Came in the prince, who, drunk with flattery,
His vain pacific counſels rul'd the world; [dreamt
Though ſcorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitleſs treaties; while at home enſlav'd,
And by a worthleſs crew inſatiate drain'd,
He loſt his people's confidence and love:
Irreparable loſs! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious paſs'd:
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd:
Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.
But nothing that to theſe internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawleſs ſway
He, with his ſlaviſh doctors, try'd to rear
On metaphyſic, on enchanted ground
And all the mazy quibbles of the ſchools:
As if for one, and ſometimes for the worſt,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! not ſo the dire effect,
The fierce, the fooliſh diſcord thence deriv'd
That tears the country ſtill, by party-rage
And miniſterial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Beſt fitted, faint this prince purſued his claim:
Content to teach the ſubject-herd, how great,
How ſacred he! how deſpicable they!
But his unyielding ſon theſe doctrines drank,
With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
By reaſoning his fire); and what they taught
Warm, and tenacious, into practice puſh'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind reſtraint apply'd;
The more they ſtruggled to ſupport the laws,
His juſtice-dreading miniſters the more [check
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the
Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of falſe-deſigning guilt, the fountain he
Of public wiſdom and of juſtice ſhut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing ſource,

Th' illegal impoſition follow'd harſh,
With execration given, or ruthleſs ſqueez'd
From an inſulted people, by a band
Of the worſt ruffians, thoſe of tyrant power.
Oppreſſion walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train: informers, ſpies,
Blood-hounds, that ſturdy freedom to the grove
Purſue; projectors of aggrieving ſchemes
Commerce to load for unprotected ſeas,
To ſell the ſtarving many to the few,
And drain a thouſand ways th' exhauſted land.
Ev'n from that healing place, whence peace ſhould flow,
And goſpel truth, inhuman bigots ſhed
Their poiſon round; and on the venal bench,
Inſtead of juſtice, party held the ſcale,
And violence the ſword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at laſt their vengeance full.
Mid the low murmurs of ſubmiſſive fear
And mingled rage, my Hambden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment ſat, behov'd ſome other ear.
When inſtant from the keen reſentive north,
By long oppreſſion by religion rous'd,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, though meant to furniſh hoſtile aid,
The more than Roman ſenate. There a flame
Broke out, that clear'd, conſum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant burſting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of me, each agitated ſoul
Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld ſuch light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! ſuch dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majeſtic wiſdom, taught its courſe
What nuiſance to devour; ſuch wiſdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd ſincere
To clear the weedy ſtate, reſtore the laws,
And for the future to ſecure their ſway.
This then the purpoſe of my mildeſt ſons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief, ſhould the breath of factious fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthuſiaſt ſwell'd)
Not eaſy cools again. From breaſt to breaſt,
From eye to eye, the kindling paſſions mix
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wiſe and juſt,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the ſtorm.
Thus to one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by confuſion's lawleſs ſons deſpoil'd, [ground,
King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the
Succeſſive, ruſh'd—Lo! from their aſhes roſe,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-ſtate.
The grievous yoke of vaſſalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by thoſe flames diſſolv'd;
And, from the waſteful, the luxurious king, [bend.
Was purchas'd that which taught the young to
Stronger reſtor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Deſpoil'd, on ſenates more dependent grew,
And they more frequent, more aſſur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour ſpread that bitter root,
The paſſive doctrines, by their patrons firſt
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themſelves.
This wild deluſive cant; the raſh cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, reſtleſs in a double chain
To bind anew the land; the conſtant need
Of finding faithleſs means, of ſhifting forms,
And flattering ſenates, to ſupply his waſte;
Theſe tore ſome moments from the careleſs prince,
And in his breaſt awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous ſoftneſs long he min'd his way;
By ſubtle arts, diſſimulation deep;
By ſharing what corruption ſhower'd, profuſe;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleaſing manners, fitted to deceive.
At laſt ſubſided the delirious joy,
On whoſe high billow, from the ſaintly reign
The nation drove too far. A penſion'd king,
Againſt his country brib'd by Gallic gold;
The port pernicious ſold, the Scylla ſince,
And fell Charybdis of the Britiſh ſeas;
Freedom attack'd abroad, with ſurer blow
To cut it off at home; the ſaviour-league
Of Europe broke; the progreſs ev'n advanc'd
Of univerſal ſway, which to reduce
Such ſeas of blood and treaſure Britain coſt;
The millions, by a generous people given,
Or ſquander'd vile, or to corrupt, diſgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own,
Employ'd; the darling church herſelf betray'd;
All theſe, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
And wak'd my ſpirit, the reſiſting ſoul.
Mild was, at firſt, and half aſham'd, the check
Of ſenates, ſtrook from the fantaſtic dream
Of abſolute ſubmiſſion, tenets vile!
Which ſlaves would bluſh to own, and which,
To practice, always honeſt nature ſhock. [reduc'd
Not ev'n the maſk remov'd, and the fierce front
Of tyranny diſclos'd; nor trampled laws;
Nor ſeiz'd each badge of freedom through the land;
For Sidney bleeding for th' unpubliſh'd page;
Nor on the bench avow'd corruption plac'd,
And murderous rage itſelf, in Jefferies' form;
Nor endleſs acts of arbitrary power,
Cruel and falſe, could raiſe the public arm.
Diſtruſtful, ſcatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
The patient public turns not till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king, and hurried fated on
His meaſures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herſelf, portentous ſcar'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding roſe, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
Yet ſilence reign'd. Each on another ſcowl'd
Rueful amazement, preſſing down his rage:
As, muſtering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully ſtill, waiting the high command
To ſpring. Strait from his country Europe ſav'd,
To ſave Britannia, lo! my darling ſon,
Thau hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Naſſau came. I huſh'd the deep,
By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds,
Still ſhifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the deliverer to the longing ſhore.
See! wide alive, the foaming channel bright
With ſwelling ſails, and all the pride of war,
Delightful view! when juſtice draws the ſword;
And, mark! diffuſing ardent ſoul around,
And ſweet contempt of death, my ſtreaming flag.
Ev'n adverſe navies bleſs'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and ſilent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waſte of arms
His progreſs mark'd. The faint oppoſing hoſt

For once, in yielding, their beſt victory found,
And by deſertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his the bloodleſs conqueſt of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.
Then dawn'd the period deſtin'd to confine
The ſurge of wild prerogative, to raiſe
A mound reſtraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the ſwallow'd ſtate
Better than Belgian plains without their dikes,
Suſtaining weighty ſeas. This, often ſav'd
By more than human hand, the public ſaw, [yield
And ſeiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to
Deſtructive power, a wiſe heroic prince
Ev'n lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happineſs, Britannia's bounded kings.
What though not theirs the boaſt, in dungeon glooms,
To plunge bold freedom; or, to cheerleſs wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to ſtrike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not juſtice, that delights
To dare the keeneſt eye of open day.
What though no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule, [power,
They deem it! what though, tools of wanton
Peſtiferous armies ſwarm not at their call!
What though they give not a relentleſs crew
Of civil furies, proud oppreſſion's fangs!
To tear at pleaſure the dejected land,
With ſtarving labour pampering idle waſte.
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltleſs tear from lone affliction's eye;
To raiſe hid merit, ſet th' alluring light
Of virtue high to view; to nouriſh arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd ſtate,
Make a whole glorious people ſing for joy,
Bleſs human kind, and through the downward
Of future times to ſpread that better ſun [depth
Which lights up Britiſh ſoul! for deeds like theſe,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While, (ſtill ſuperior bliſs!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh, luxury divine! O, poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of deſpotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
By boundleſs good, without the power of ill.
And now behold! exalted as the cope
That ſwells immenſe o'er many peopled earth,
And like it free, my fabric ſtands complete,
The palace of the laws. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceaſing crowds,
With kings themſelves the hearty peaſant mix'd
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
Reſponſive place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The ſheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the whole,
Ye floods, deſcend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempeſt, nor corroſive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark corruption, can its frame diſſolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the duſt.

Notes on Part IV.

Ver. 49. Church power, or eccleſiaſtical tyranny.

Ver. 52. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 86. Cruſades.

Ver. 91. Corruption of the Church of Rome.

Ver. 94. Vaſſalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

Ver. 96. Duelling.

Ver. 123. The hierarchy.

Ver. 141. The Hercules of Farneſe.

Ver. 153. The fighting gladiator.

Ver. 156. The dying gladiator.

Ver. 164. The Apollo of Belvidere.

Ver. 175. The Venus of Medici.

Ver. 185. The groupe of Laocoon and his two ſons, deſtroyed by two ſerpents.

Ver. 186. See *Æneid* ii. ver. 199—227.

Ver. 208. It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the moſt celebrated maſter of modern ſculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inſpiration, or enthuſiaſtic fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

Ver. 213, 214. Eſteemed the two fineſt pieces of modern ſculpture.

Ver. 244. The ſchool of the Caracci.

Ver. 266. The river Arno runs through Florence.

Ver. 269. The republics of Florence, Piſa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably ſubject to the Great Duke of Tuſcany, except it be Lucca, which ſtill maintains the form of a republic.

Ver. 282. The Genoeſe territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the moſt part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

Ver. 284. According to Dr. Burnet's ſyſtem of the deluge.

Ver. 293. Venice was the moſt flouriſhing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the paſſage to the Eaſt Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America were diſcovered.

Ver. 294. Thoſe who fled to ſome marſhes in the Adriatic gulf, from the deſolation ſpread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, firſt founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Ver. 319. The main ocean.

Ibid. Great Britain.

Ver. 325. The Swiſs Cantons.

Ver. 329. Geneva, ſituated on the Lacus Lemanus, a ſmall ſtate, but noble example of the bleſſings of civil and religious liberty.

Ver. 347. The Swiſs, after having been long abſent from their native country, are ſeiz'd with ſuch a violent deſire of ſeeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languiſhing indiſpoſition, called the Swiſs ſickneſs.

Ver. 366. The Hans Towns.

Ver. 372. The Swedes.

Ver. 377. See note on verſe 678.

Ver. 624. Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ, or Gauls.

Ver. 630. The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Ver. 645. The Roman empire.

Ver. 647. Caledonia inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not ſubmit to the Romans, retired.

Ver. 654. The wall of Severus built upon

Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite croſs the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

Ver. 654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

Ver. 658. The Roman empire being miſerably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Ver. 662. The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for aſſiſtance, thus expreſſed their miſerable condition.---"We know not which way "to turn us. The barbarians drive us to ſea, "and the ſea forces us back to the barbarians; "between which we have only the choice of two "deaths, either to be ſwallowed up by the waves, "or butchered by the ſword."

Ver. 665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the beſt general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were eſteemed the braveſt and moſt powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordſhire, Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Monmouthſhire, and Glamorganſhire.

Ver. 666. Queen of the Iceni: her ſtory is well known.

Ver. 678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by ſickneſs or by age, went into vaſt caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noiſome creatures uſual to ſuch places, and there for ever grovelled in endleſs ſtench and miſery. On the contrary, all who gave themſelves to warlike actions and enterpriſes, to the conqueſt of their neighbours and the ſlaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or reſolutions, went immediately to the vaſt hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open houſe for all ſuch gueſts, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feaſts and mirth, carouſing in bowls made of the ſkulls of their enemies they had ſlain; according to the number of whom, every one in theſe manſions of pleaſure was the moſt honoured and beſt entertained.

Sir William Temple's Eſſay on Heroic Virtue.

Ver. 701. The ſeven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, conſidered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an aſſembly general, or Wittenagemot.

Ver. 704. Egbert, king of Eſſex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the heptarchy under his dominion, was the firſt king of England.

Ver. 709. A famous Daniſh ſtandard was called *reafan*, or *raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this ſtandard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ver. 733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no leſs famous in peace for his many excellent inſtitutions, particularly that of juries.

Ver. 736. The battle of Haſtings, in which Harold II. the laſt of the Saxon kings, was ſlain, and William the Conqueror made himſelf maſter of England.

Ver. 748. Edward III. the Confeſſor, who reduced the Weſt-Saxon, Mercian, and Daniſh laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of the laws of Edward.

Ver. 755. The curfew bell (from the French *couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the Engliſh to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a ſevere fine.

Ver. 762. The New Foreſt in Hampſhire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compaſs was laid waſte.

Ver. 775. On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the barons on Runnemede, ſigned the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

Ver. 784. The league formed by the barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the firſt confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's intereſt againſt the king.

Ver. 796. The commons are generally thought to have been firſt repreſented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to ſend four knights, as repreſentatives of their reſpective ſhires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to ſend, as their repreſentatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgeſſes. Till then, hiſtory makes no mention of them; whence a very ſtrong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the houſe of commons to that æra.

Ver. 840. Edward III. and Henry V.

Ver. 865. Three famous battles, gained by the Engliſh over the French.

Ver. 868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaſter.

Ver. 873. Henry VII.

Ver. 879. The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

Ver. 881. Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

Ver. 895. Henry VIII.

Ibid. Of papal dominion.

Ver. 904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the cloſe of the fourteenth century, publiſhed doctrines very contrary to thoſe of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Ver. 906. Suppreſſion of monaſtries.

Ver. 912. The Spaniſh Weſt-Indies.

Ver 931. The dominion of the houſe of Auſtria.

Ver. 937. The Spaniſh Armada. Rapin ſays, that after proper meaſures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Ver. 957. James I

Ver 966. Elector Palatine, and who had been choſe king of Bohemia, but was ſtript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the Firſt, his father-in-law,

being amuſed from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

Ver. 970. The monſtrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeaſible hereditary right, paſſive obedience, &c.

Ver. 975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

Ver. 982. Charles I.

Ver. 991. Parliaments.

Ver. 1003. Ship-money.

Ver. 1004. Monopolies.

Ver. 1008. The raging High Church ſermons of theſe times, inſpiring at once a ſpirit of ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion to the court, and of bitter perſecution againſt thoſe whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Ver. 1045. At the Reſtoration.

Ver. 1048. Charles II.

Ver. 1049. Court of Wards.

Ver. 1075. Dunkirk.

Ver. 1077. The war, in conjunction with France, againſt the Dutch.

Ver. 1078. The triple alliance.

Ver. 1080. Under Lewis XIV.

Ver. 1084. A ſtanding army, raiſed without the conſent of parliament.

Ver. 1095. The charters of corporations.

Ver. 1105. James II.

Ver. 1119. The Prince of Orange, in his paſſage to England, though his fleet had been at firſt diſperſed by a ſtorm, was afterwards extremely favoured by ſeveral changes of wind.

Ver. 1122. Rapin, in his Hiſtory of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover, to ſtay for the ſhips that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is not eaſy to imagine what a glorious ſhow the fleet made. Five or ſix hundred ſhips in ſo narrow a channel, and both the Engliſh and French ſhores covered with numberleſs ſpectators, are no common ſight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it ſtruck me extremely.

Ver. 1126. The Prince placed himſelf in the main body, carrying a flag with Engliſh colours, and their Highneſſes' arms ſurrounded with this motto, The Proteſtant Religion and the Liberties of England; and underneath the motto of the houſe of Nauſſau, Je Maintiendrai, I will maintain. RAPIN.

Ver. 1127. The Engliſh fleet.

Ver. 1130. The king's army.

Ver. 1143. By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succeſſion.

Ver. 1144. William III.

PART V. THE PROSPECT.

Contents.

THE Author addreſſes the Goddeſs of Liberty, marking the happineſs and grandeur of Great Britain, as ariſing from her influence; to ver. 58. She reſumes her diſcourſe, and points out the chief virtues which are neceſſary to maintain her eſtabliſhment there; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its laſt ornament and ſupport, ſciences, fine arts, and public works. The encouragement of theſe urged from the example of France, though under a deſpotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a proſpect of future times, given by the Goddeſs of Liberty: this deſcribed by the Author, as it paſſes in viſion before him.

HERE interpoſing, as the goddeſs paus'd;—
" Oh, bleſt Britannia! in thy preſence bleſt,
" Thou guardian of mankind! whence ſpring alone,
" All human grandeur, happineſs, and fame:
" For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain;
" The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
" And, gilded with thy rays, ev'n death looks gay.
" Let other lands the potent bleſſing boaſt
" Of more exalting ſuns. Let Aſia's woods,
" Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
" And let the little inſect-artiſt form,
" On higher life intent, its ſilken tomb.
" Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, diſcloſe,
" The various-tinctur'd children of the ſun.
" From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
" A flavour drink, that in one piercing taſte
" Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burſt
" With floods of joy; with mild balſamic juice
" The Tuſcan olive. Let Arabia breathe
" Her ſpicy gales, her vital gums diſtil.
" Turbid with gold let ſouthern rivers flow; [maze.
" And orient floods draw ſoft, o'er pearls, their
" Let Afric vaunt her treaſures; let Peru
" Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed
" The yellow traitor that her bliſs betray'd,—
" Unequall'd bliſs!—and to unequall'd rage!
" Yet nor the gorgeous eaſt, nor golden ſouth,
" Nor, in full prime, that new-diſcover'd world,
" Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praiſe,
" Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddeſs, ſhe
" Derives her praiſe from thee, her matchleſs charms.
" Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own;
" And, warm with culture, her thick cluſtering fields
" Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
" Her meads; her gardens ſmile eternal ſpring.
" She gives the hunter-horſe, unquell'd by toil,
" Ardent, to ruſh into the rapid chaſe:
" She, whitening o'er her downs, diffuſive, pours
" Unnumber'd flocks: ſhe weaves the fleecy robe,
" That wraps the nations: ſhe, to luſty droves,
" The richeſt paſture ſpreads; and, hers, deep-wave
" Autumnal ſeas of pleaſing plenty round.
" Theſe her delights: and by no baneful herb,
" No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
" No fierce-deſcending wolf, no ſerpent roll'd
" In ſpires immenſe progreſſive o'er the land,
" Diſturb'd. Enlivening theſe, add cities, full
" Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds;
" Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
" Innumerous ſow'd along the lively vale,
" Where bold unrivall'd peaſants happy dwell:
" Add ancient ſeats, with venerable oaks
" Emboſom'd high, while kindred floods below

" Wind through the mead; and thoſe of modern
" hand,
" More pompous, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar.
" Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
" Where warm the finny race? Thee, chief, O
" Thames!
" On whoſe each tide, glad with returning ſails,
" Flows in the mingled harveſt of mankind?
" And thee, thou Severn, whoſe prodigious ſwell,
" And waves, reſounding, imitate the main?
" Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
" That point around the world? and why her ſeas?
" All ocean is her own, and every land
" To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.
" She too the mineral feeds: th' obedient lead,
" The warlike iron, nor the peaceful leſs,
" Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
" And that the Tyrian merchant ſought of old,
" Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
" She rears to freedom an undaunted race:
" Compatriot, zealous, hoſpitable, kind,
" Hers the warm Cambrian: hers the lofty Scot,
" To hardſhip tam'd, active in arts and arms,
" Fir'd with a reſtleſs, an impatient flame,
" That leads him raptur'd where ambition calls:
" And Engliſh merit hers; where meet, combin'd,
" Whate'er high fancy, ſound judicious thought,
" An ample generous heart, undrooping ſoul,
" And firm tenacious valour can beſtow.
" Great nurſe of fruits, of flocks, of commerce,
She! [taught,
" Great nurſe of men! By thee, O Goddeſs,
" Her old renown I trace, diſcloſe her ſource
" Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons ſing
" A ſtrain the muſes never touch'd before."
" But how ſhall this thy mighty kingdom ſtand?
" On what unyielding baſe? how finiſh'd ſhine?"
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice,
Majeſtic thus ſhe rais'd—" To Britons bear
" This cloſing ſtrain, and with intenſer note
" Loud let it ſound in their awaken'd ear."
On virtue can alone my kingdom ſtand,
On public virtue, every virtue join'd.
For, loſt this ſocial cement of mankind,
The greateſt empires, by ſcarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder ſoft away; till, tottering looſe,
They prone at laſt to total ruin ruſh.
Unbleſt by virtue, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild a yoke
To tame the ſtooping ſoul, a trick of ſtate
To maſk their rapine, and to ſhare the prey.
What are without it ſenates, ſave a face
Of conſultation deep and reaſon free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are ſold?
What boaſted freedom, ſave a ſounding name?
And what election, but a market vile
Of ſlaves ſelf-barter'd? Virtue! without thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in ſtates;
War has no vigour, and no ſafety peace:
Ev'n juſtice warps to party, laws oppreſs,
Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
Firſt broke the balance, and then ſcorn'd the
ſword.
Thus nations ſink, ſociety diſſolves;
Rapine and guile and violence break looſe,
Everting life, and turning love to gaul;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hiſſing ſands to him are tame.
By thoſe three virtues be the frame ſuſtain'd
Of Britiſh freedom: Independent life;
Integrity in office; and o'er all
Supreme, a paſſion for the commonweal.
Hail! Independence, hail! Heaven's next beſt gift
To that of life and an immortal ſoul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public freedom, hail, thou ſecret ſource!
Whoſe ſtreams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That nature craves. Its happy maſter there,
The only free-man, walks his pleaſing round:
Sweet-featur'd peace attending; fearleſs truth;
Firm reſolution; goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; contentment, ſureſt friend;
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever-new.
Theſe cheer his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,
When into action call'd, his buſy hours.
Meantime true judging moderate deſire,
Oeconomy and taſte, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom fortune heaps, without theſe virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf enjoyment ſpringing from within;
That independence, active, or retir'd,
Which make the ſoundeſt bliſs of man below:
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,
And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily-wretched train,
Though rich, are beggars, and, though noble, ſlaves.
Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a groſs expence,
They purchaſe diſappointment, pain, and ſhame.
Inſtead of hearty, hoſpitable cheer,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows;
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, ſteep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark thoſe diſgraceful piles of wood and ſtone;
Thoſe parks and gardens, where, his haunts be-
trimm'd,
And nature by preſumptuous art oppreſs'd,
The woodland genius mourns. See! the full board
That ſteams diſguſt, and bowls that give no joy;
No truth invited there, to feed the mind;
Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reaſon quaffs.
Hark! how the dome with inſolence reſounds,
With thoſe retain'd by vanity to ſcare
Repoſe and friends. To tyrant faſhion mark
The coſtly worſhip paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From ſtill deluſive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See! ſelf-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Daſh'd o'er the town, a miſerable wreck!
Then to adore ſome warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the bur
Of maſquerade unbluſhing; or, to ſhow
Their ſcorn of nature, at the tragic ſcene

They mirthful ſit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and ev'n the fair,
The tender fair, each ſweetneſs laid aſide,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In ſome ſack'd city. Thus diſſolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury diſſolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needleſs want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe:
With fair but faithleſs ſmiles each varniſh'd o'er,
Each ſmooth as thoſe that mutually deceive,
And for their falſehood each deſpiſing each;
Till ſhook their patron by the wintery winds,
Wide flies the wither'd ſhower, and leaves him bare.
O, far ſuperior Afric's ſable ſons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to theſe willing ſlaves!
And, rich, as unſqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his virtue boaſt alone!
Britons! be firm!—nor let corruption ſly
Twine round your heart indiſſoluble chains!
The ſteel of Brutus burſt the groſſer bonds
By Cæſar caſt o'er Rome; but ſtill remain'd
The ſoft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæſars roſe. Determin'd, hold
Your independence; for, that once deſtroy'd,
Unfounded, freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aërial from the ſpreading eye.
Forbid it Heaven! that ever I need urge
Integrity in office on my ſons!
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—The gracious, the confiding hand,
That laviſhly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whoſe cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public: every face they ſee,
And every friend; nay, in effect, themſelves.
As in familiar life, the villain's fate
Admits no cure; ſo, when a deſperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant ſpurn, and hopeleſs ſoar away.
But, ah, too little known to modern times!
Be not the nobleſt paſſion paſt unſung;
That ray peculiar from unbounded love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic ſoul;
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame!
Celeſtial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profuſely ſcatter'd through the blue immenſe,
Haſt thou been bleſſing myriads, ſince in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome, ſo many deathleſs names
From thee their luſtre drew? ſince, taught by thee,
Their poverty put ſplendor to the bluſh,
Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight?
O, wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my laſt retreat?
'Tis not enough, from ſelf right underſtood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
Though virtue not diſdains appeals to ſelf,
Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy ſave hers.
Far leſs the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or thoſe whom private paſſions, for a while,
Beneath my ſtandard liſt, can they ſuffice
To raiſe and fix the glory of my reign?
An active flood of univerſal love
Muſt ſwell the breaſt. Firſt, in effuſion wide,
The reſtleſs ſpirit roves creation round,
And ſeizes every being: ſtronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred ſearch
Of bliſs allys: then, more collected ſtill,
It urges human-kind: a paſſion grown,
At laſt, the central parent-public calls
Its utmoſt effort forth, awakes each ſenſe,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, ſhook from ſublimer powers
Than thoſe of ſelf, this heaven-infus'd delight,
This mortal gravitation, ruſhing prone
To preſs the public good, my ſyſtem ſoon,
Traverſe, to ſeveral ſelfiſh centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin: while for ever ſhut
Stand the bright portals of deſponding fame.
From ſordid ſelf ſhoot up no ſhining deeds,
None of thoſe ancient lights, that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and arouſe the brave
To juſt ambition, virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-buſtling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader ſcorns
The poor hiſtoric page; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's ſhame.
Not ſo the times, when, emulation-ſtung,
Greece ſhone in genius, ſcience, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind
Through the deep periods of devolving time,
Thoſe, raptur'd, copy; theſe, aſtoniſh'd, read.
True, a corrupted ſtate, with every vice
And every meanneſs foul, this paſſion damps.
Who can, unſhock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling ſmile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentleſs ſelf,
Equally vile if miſer or profuſe?
Powers not of God, aſſiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak at diſtance from redreſs?
Delirious faction bellowing loud my name?
The falſe fair-ſeeming patriot's hollow boaſt?
A race reſolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My ſacred rights a merchandiſe alone
Eſteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who theſe indeed can undeteſting ſee!—
But who unpitying? To the generous eye
Diſtreſs is virtue; and, though ſelf-betray'd,
A people ſtruggling with their fate muſt rouſe
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once
Be loſt to virtue quite. How glorious then!
Fit luxury for gods! to ſave the good,
Protect the feeble, daſh bold vice aſide,
Depreſs the wicked, and reſtore the frail.
Poſterity, beſides, the young are pure,
And ſons may tinge their father's cheek with ſhame.
Should then the times arrive (which heaven avert!)
That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly quell'd,
But by corruption's ſoul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent and groſs! by their own gold,
In part beſtow'd, to bribe them to give all.
With party raging, or immers'd in ſloth,
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
To ſlily-conquering Gaul; ev'n from her brow
Let her own naval oak be baſely torn,

By ſuch as tremble at the ſtiffening gale,
And ner'eleſs ſink while others ſing rejoic'd.
Or (darker proſpect! ſcarce one gleam behind
Diſcloſing) ſhould the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the fartheſt hut,
That ſits ſerene within the foreſt-ſhade;
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
And their luxurious thirſt, ſo gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they ſtand prepar'd
To ſell their birthright for a cooling draught.
Should ſhameleſs pens for plain corruption plead;
The hir'd aſſaſſins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should public virtue grow the public ſcoff,
Till private, failing, ſtaggers through the land:
Till round the city looſe mechanic want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury ſleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound:
Nay, till to loweſt deeds the higheſt ſtoop;
The rich, like ſtarving wretches, thirſt for gold;
And thoſe, on whom the vernal ſhowers of heaven
All bounteous fall, and that prime lot beſtow,
A power to live to nature and themſelves,
In ſick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune, joyleſs, and with honours, mean.
Meantime, perhaps, profuſion flows around,
The waſte of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions in the gulf abſorpt
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
Of rous'd corruption ſtill demanding more.
That very portion, which (by faithful ſkill
Employ'd) might make the ſmiling public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, ſerves but to nurſe
A locuſt-band within, and in the bud
Leaves ſtarv'd each work of dignity and uſe.
I paint the worſt. But ſhould theſe times arrive,
If any nobler paſſion yet remain,
Let all my ſons all parties fling aſide,
Deſpiſe their nonſenſe, and together join;
Let worth and virtue ſcorning low deſpair,
Exerted full, from every quarter ſhine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flaſh'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intenſe
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the ſtars effulge; fainter, at firſt,
They, ſtraggling, riſe; but when the radiant hoſt,
In thick profuſion pour'd, ſhine out immenſe,
Each caſting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
But why to Britons this ſuperfluous ſtrain?—
Good-nature, honeſt truth ev'n ſomewhat blunt,
Of crooked baſeneſs and indignant ſcorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cauſe,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only want—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a bleſt retirement ſtill they dwell.
To ſofter proſpect turn we now the view,
To laurell'd ſcience, arts, and public works,
That lend my finiſh'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur, and grace. Of ſullen genius he!
Curs'd by the muſes! by the graces loath'd!
Who deems beneath the public's high regard
Theſe laſt enlivening touches of my reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be; let trade enormous riſe,
Let eaſt and ſouth their mingled treaſure pour,
Till, ſwell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burſt o'er the city, and devour the land:
Yet theſe neglected, theſe recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuiſance; and, oblivious ſunk,
That nation muſt another Carthage lie.
If not by them, on monumental braſs,
On ſculptur'd marble, on the deathleſs page,
Impreſt, renown had left no trace behind:
In vain, to future times, the ſage had thought,
The legiſlator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
Th' awarders they of fame's immortal wreath,
They rouſe ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuſe,
Delight the general eye, and, dreſt by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
Science, my cloſe aſſociate, ſtill attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes, in ſimple guiſe,
She walks the furrow with the conſul ſwain,
Whiſpering unletter'd wiſdom to the heart,
Direct; or, ſometimes, in the pompous robe
Of fancy dreſt, ſhe charms Athenian wits,
And a whole ſapient city, round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:
With Xenophon, ſometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate ſoul, and makes retreat
Unequall'd glory: with the Theban ſage,
Epaminondas, firſt and beſt of men!
Sometimes ſhe bids the deep-embattled hoſt,
Above the vulgar reach, reſiſtleſs form'd,
March to ſure conqueſt—never gain'd before!
Nor on the treacherous ſeas of giddy ſtate
Unſkillful ſhe: when the triumphant tide
Of high-ſwoln empire wears one boundleſs ſmile,
And the gale tempts to new purſuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, ſhe collects her ſail,
And ſeeks the bliſsful ſhore of rural eaſe,
Where, but th' Aonian maids, no ſyrens ſing;
Or ſhould the deep-brew'd tempeſt muttering riſe,
While rocks and ſhoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully ſhe her wide-reviving light
To ſenates holds, a Cataline confounds,
And ſaves a while from Cæſar, ſinking Rome.
Such the kind power, whoſe piercing eye diſſolves
Each mental fetter, and ſets reaſon free;
For me inſpiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy freemen, and how wretched ſlaves,
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The goddeſs ſpreads her ſtores, the ſecret ſoul
That quickens trade, the breath unſeen that wafts
To them the treaſures of a balanc'd world.
But finer arts (ſave what the muſe has ſung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head; and public works,
Broke by corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, diſgrace; not ſerve, deſtroy.
Shall Britons, by their own joint wiſdom rul'd
Beneath one royal head, whoſe vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts, and public works, ſhall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Depreſt, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, ſhould th' unkingly thirſt of gold,

Or tyrant paſſions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locuſt-armies o'er the blaſted land:
Drains from its thirſty bounds the ſprings of wealth,
His own inſatiate reſervoir to fill:
To the lone deſert patriot-merit frowns,
Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,
Indignant, burſting, for their nobler works
All other licence ſcorn but truth's and mine.
Oh, ſhame to think! ſhall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd ſtill, the better laurel loſe?
Ev'n in that monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt,
By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To graſp unbounded ſway; while, ſwarming round,
His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
To hoſtile hands while treaſure flow'd profuſe,
And, that great ſource of treaſure, ſubject's blood,
Inhuman ſquander'd, ſicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while my ſuperior ſons,
In vengeance ruſhing, daſh'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low:
Ev'n then, as in the golden calm of peace!
What public works at home, what arts aroſe!
What various ſcience ſhone! what genius glow'd!
'Tis not for me to paint, diffuſive ſhot
O'er fair extents of land, the ſhining road;
The flood-compelling arch; the long canal,
Through mountains piercing, and uniting ſeas;
The dome reſounding ſweet with infant joy,
From famine ſav'd, or cruel-handed ſhame,
And that where valour counts his noble ſcars;
The land were ſocial pleaſure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel freed;
The robber from his fartheſt foreſt chas'd;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into ſure peace the beſt police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd arts,
And ſcience, by deſpotic bounty bleſs'd,
At diſtance flouriſh'd from my parent-eye,
Reſtoring ancient taſte, how Boileau roſe.
How the big Roman ſoul ſhook, in Corneille,
The trembling ſtage. In elegant Racine;
How the more powerful, tho' more humble voice
Of nature-painting Greece, reſiſtleſs breath'd
The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's ſcene,
Chaſtis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not ſcatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itſelf. To public honours rais'd,
How learning in warm ſeminaries ſpread;
And, more for glory than the ſmall reward,
How emulation ſtrove. How their pure tongue
Almoſt obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
From Rome, awhile, how painting, courted long,
With Pouſſin came; ancient deſign, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another ſoul.
How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,
The fam'd and only picture, eaſy, gives,
Refin'd her touch, and, thro' the ſhadow'd piece,
All the live ſpirit of the painter pour'd.
Coyeſt of arts, how ſculpture norward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon ariſe.
How laviſh'd grandeur blaz'd; the barren waſte,
Aſtoniſh'd, ſaw the ſudden palace ſwell,
And fountains ſpout amid its arid ſhades.
For leagues, bright viſtas opening to the view,
How foreſts in majeſtic gardens ſmil'd.
How menial arts, by their gay ſiſters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the ſilky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illum'd the ſtory'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.
These laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profuſion, its diſhonour ſhade,
And, green thro' future times, ſhall bind thy brow;
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion loſt.
With what prevailing vigour had they ſhot,
And ſtole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-ſunk millions fed? Superior ſtill,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the ſkies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of freedom ſwell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,
A falſe uncertain ſpring, when bounty gives,
Weak without me, a tranſitory gleam.
Fair ſhine the ſlippery days, enticing ſkies
Of favour ſmile, and courtly breezes blow;
Till arts, betray'd, truſt to the flattering air
Their tender bloſſom: then malignant riſe
The blights of envy, of thoſe inſect-clouds,
That, blaſting merit, often cover courts:
Nay, ſhould, perchance, ſome kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's ſoul,
His wavering ardour fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuſe his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at laſt, and wintery tyrants come,
Each ſprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with me imperial bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal ſpring:
While mingled autumn every harveſt pours
Of every land; whate'er invention, art,
Creating toil and nature can produce.
Here ceas'd the goddeſs; and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for ſudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burſt my prayer.
" Oh, forming light of life! O, better ſun!
" Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy north,
" Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian ſkies,
" That, unſtain'd ether all, diffuſive ſmile,
" *When ſhall we call theſe ancient laurels ours?*
" *And when Thy work complete?*" Straight with her hand,
Celeſtial red, ſhe touch'd my darken'd eyes.
As at the touch of day the ſhades diſſolve,
So quick, methought, the miſty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below:
The future ſhone diſclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright riſing æras inſtant ruſh'd to light.
" They come! great goddeſs! I the times behold!
" The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
" Have earn'd ſo dear, and, not with leſs renown,
" In the warm ſtruggles of the ſenate fight.
" The times I ſee! whoſe glory to ſupply,
" For toiling ages, commerce round the world
" Has wing'd unnumber'd ſails, and from each land
" Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome
" Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
" Lo! Princes I behold! contriving ſtill,
" And ſtill conducting firm ſome brave deſign;
" Kings! that the narrow joyleſs circle ſcorn,
" Burſt the blockade of falſe deſigning men,
" Of treacherous ſmiles, of adulation fell,
" And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:

" Their court rejoicing millions; worth alone,
" And virtue dear to them; their beſt delight,
" In juſt proportion, to give general joy;
" Their jealous care thy kingdom to maintain;
" The public glory theirs; unſparing love
" Their endleſs treaſure; and their deeds their praiſe,
" With thee they work. Nought can reſiſt your force.
" Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats;
" Strong ſpread the blooms of genius, ſcience, art;
" His baſhful bounds diſcloſing merit breaks;
" And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows
" Expanſive o'er the land. Another race
" Of generous youth, of patriot fires, I ſee!
" Not thoſe vain inſects fluttering in the blaze
" Of court, and ball and play; thoſe venal ſouls,
" Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
" That, to their vices ſlaves, can ne'er be free.
" I ſee the fountain's purg'd? whence life derives
" A clear or turbid flow; ſee the young mind
" Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
" Or by ſcholaſtic jargon bloated proud.
" But fill'd and nouriſh'd by the light of truth.
" Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
" And pouring on the heart the paſſions feel
" At once informing light and moving flame;
" Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
" The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
" In all that mind our body can adorn,
" And form to life. Inſtead of barren heads,
" Barbarian pedants, wrangling ſons of pride,
" And truth-perplexing metaphyſic wits,
" Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
" Lo! juſtice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
" Unpurchas'd ſhines on all, and from her beam,
" Appalling guilt, retire the ſavage crew,
" That prowl amid the darkneſs they themſelves
" Have thrown around the laws. Oppreſſion grieves,
" See! how her legal furies bite the lip, [tect,
" While Yorks and Talbots their deep ſnares de-
" And ſeize ſwift juſtice through the clouds they raiſe.
" See! ſocial labour lifts his guarded head,
" And men not yield to government in vain.
" From the ſure land is rooted ruffian force,
" And, the lewd nurſe of villains, idle waſte;
" Lo! raz'd their haunts, down daſh'd their maddening bowl,
" A nation's poiſon! beauteous order reigns!
" Manly ſubmiſſion, unimpoſing toil,
" Trade without guile, civility that marks
" From the foul herd of brutal ſlaves thy ſons,
" And fearleſs peace. Or ſhould affronting war
" To ſlow but dreadful vengeance rouſe the juſt,
" Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
" That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
" Their own bleſt iſle againſt a leaguing world.
" Deſpairing Gaul her boiling youth reſtrains,
" Diſſolv'd her dream of univerſal ſway:
" The winds and ſeas are Britain's wide domain;
" And not a ſail, but by permiſſion, ſpreads.
" Lo! ſwarming ſouthward on rejoicing ſons,
" Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
" Of undeſery'd diſtreſs, the better home
" Of thoſe whom bigots chaſe from foreign lands.
" Not built on rapine, ſervitude, and woe,
" And in their turn ſome petty tyrant's prey;
" But, bound by ſocial freedom, firm they riſe;
" Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
" And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah ſees.
" Horrid with want and miſery, no more
" Our ſtreets the tender paſſenger afflict.
" Nor ſhivering age, nor ſickneſs without friend,
" Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,
" Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
" Its guiltleſs pangs, I ſee! The ſtores, profuſe,
" Which Britiſh bounty has to theſe aſſign'd,
" No more the ſacrilegious riot ſwell
" Of cannibal devourers! Right apply'd,
" No ſtarving wretch the land of freedom ſtains:
" If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
" If ſick, if maim'd, his miſerable due;
" And will, if young, repay the fondeſt care.
" Sweet ſets the ſun of ſtormy life, and ſweet
" The morning ſhines, in mercy's dews array'd.
" Lo! how they riſe! theſe families of Heaven!
" That! chief, (but why—ye bigots!—why ſo late?)
" Where blooms and warbles glad a riſing age:
" What ſmiles of praiſe! and, while their ſong aſcends,
" The liſtening ſeraph lays his lute aſide.
" Hark! the gay muſes raiſe a nobler ſtrain,
" With active nature, warm impaſſion'd truth,
" Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
" Of various ſtring, and heart-felt image fill'd.
" Behold! I ſee the dread delightful ſchool
" Of temper'd paſſions, and of poliſh'd life,
" Reſtor'd: behold! the well-diſſembled ſcene
" Calls from embelliſh'd eyes the lovely tear,
" Or lights up mirth in modeſt cheeks again.
" Lo! vaniſh'd monſter-land. Lo! driven away
" Thoſe that Apollo's ſacred walls profane:
" Their wild creation ſcatter'd, where a world
" Unknown to nature, chaos more confus'd,
" O'er the brute ſcene its ouran-outangs pours;
" Deteſted forms! that, on the mind impreſt,
" Corrupt, confound, and barbariſe an age.
" Behold! all thine again the ſiſter-arts,
" Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
" Nurs'd by the treaſure from a nation drain'd
" Their works to purchaſe, they to nobler rouſe
" Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
" Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
" The gaudy tools, and priſoners, no more.
" Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confeſs:
" For kings and ſenates fit, the palace ſee!
" The temple breathing a religious awe;
" Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,
" The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
" Taſte, never idly working, ſaves expence.
" See! Sylvan-ſcenes, where art, alone, pretends
" To dreſs her miſtreſs, and diſcloſe her charms;
" Such as a Pope in miniature has ſhown;
" A Bathurſt o'er the widening foreſt ſpreads;
" And ſuch as form a Richmond, Chiſwick, Stowe.
" Auguſt, around, what public works I ſee!
" Lo! ſtately ſtreets, lo! ſquares that court the breeze,

" In ſpite of thoſe to whom pertains the care,
" Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways,
" Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
" Connecting ſea to ſea, the ſolid road.
" Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's ſtand)
" With eaſy ſweep beſtrides the chaſing flood.
" See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
" Each part with each, and with the circling
" main
" The whole enliven'd iſle. Lo! ports expand,
" Free as the winds and waves, their ſheltering
" arms.
" Lo! ſtreaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
" On every pointed coaſt the light-houſe towers;
" And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
" Hark! how the baffled ſtorm indignant roars."
As thick to view theſe varied wonders roſe,
Shook all my ſoul with tranſport, unaſſur'd,
The viſion broke; and, on my waking eye,
Ruſh'd the ſtill ruins of dejected Rome.

Notes on Part V.

Ver. 79. Tin.

Ver. 285. Lord Moleſworth in his account of Denmark ſays,—It is obſerved, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the ſeat of the government is advantageous to the ſubjects; while the diſtant provinces are leſs thriving, and more liable to oppreſſion.

Ver. 409. The famous retreat of the ten thouſand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

Ver. 414. Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incurſion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now ſix hundred years ſince the Dorians had poſſeſſed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been ſeen within their territories. Plutarch in Ageſilaus.

Ver. 458. Lewis XIV.

Ver. 473. The canal of Languedoc.

Ver. 475, & 477. The hoſpitals for foundlings and invalids.

Ver. 496. The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

Ver. 503. Engraving.

Ver. 518. The tapeſtry of the Gobelins.

Ver. 663. An hoſpital for foundlings.

Ver. 680. A creature which, of all brutes, moſt reſembles man.—See Dr. Tyſon's treatiſe on this animal.

Ver. 699. Okely woods, near Cirenceſter.

ELEGIES, SONGS, &c.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

From a MS. in the collection of the Earl of Buchan.

YE fabled muſes, I your aid diſclaim,
Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame:
True genuine woe my throbbing breaſt inſpires,
Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;
The ſoul ſprings inſtant at the warm deſign,
And the heart dictates every flowing line.
See! where the kindeſt, beſt of mothers lies,
And death has ſhut her ever-weeping eyes;
Has lodg'd at laſt peace in her weary breaſt,
And lull'd her many piercing cares to reſt.
No more the orphan train around her ſtands,
While her full heart upbraids her needy hands!
No more the widow's lonely fate ſhe feels,
The ſhock ſevere that modeſt want conceals,
Th' oppreſſor's ſcourge, the ſcorn of wealthy pride,
And poverty's unnumber'd ills beſide.
For ſee! attended by th' angelic throng,
Through yonder worlds of light ſhe glides along,
And claims the well earn'd raptures of the ſky.—
Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye;
She ſeeks the helpleſs orphans left behind;
So hardly left! ſo bitterly reſign'd!
Still, ſtill! is ſhe my ſoul's divineſt theme,
The waking viſion, and the wailing dream:
Amid the ruddy ſun's enliv'ning blaze
O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays,
And in the dread dominion of the night
Shines out again the ſadly pleaſing ſight.
Triumphant virtue all around her darts,
And more than volumes ev'ry look imparts—
Looks, ſoft, yet awful, melting, yet ſerene,
Where both the mother and the ſaint are ſeen.
But ah! that night—that torturing night remains;
May darkneſs dye it with its deepeſt ſtains,
May joy on it forſake her roſy bow'rs,
And ſcreaming ſorrow blaſt its baleful hours,
When on the margin of the briny flood *
Chill'd with a ſad preſaging damp I ſtood,
Took the laſt look, ne'er to behold her more,
And mix'd our murmurs with the wavy roar,
Heard the laſt words fall from her pious tongue,
Then, wild into the bulging veſſel flung,
Which ſoon, too ſoon convey'd me from *her* ſight,
Dearer than life, and liberty and light!
Why was I then, ye powers, reſerv'd for this?
Nor ſunk that moment in the vaſt abyſs?
Devour'd at once by the relentleſs wave,
And whelm'd for ever in a watery grave?—
Down, ye wild wiſhes of unruly woe!—
I ſee her with immortal beauty glow,
The early wrinkle care-contracted gone,
Her tears all wip'd, and all her ſorrows flown;
Th' exalting voice of Heav'n I hear her breathe,
To ſoothe her ſoul in agonies of death.
I ſee her through the manſions bleſt above,
And now ſhe meets her dear expecting love.
Heart-cheering ſight! but yet, alas! o'erſpread
By the damp gloom of grief's uncheerful ſhade,
Come then of reaſon the reflecting hour,
And let me truſt the kind o'er-ruling power,

* *On the ſhore of Leith, when he embarked for London.*

Who from the right commands the ſhining day,
The poor man's portion, and the orphan's ſtay!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN THE PAINTER *.

From a MS. in the collection of the Earl of Buchan.

Oh could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind,
Juſt, as the living form's by thee deſign'd,
Of Raphael's figures none ſhould fairer ſhine,
Nor Titian's colours longer laſt than mine.
A mind in wiſdom old, in lenience young,
From fervant truth where every virtue ſprung;
Where all was real, modeſt, plain, ſincere;
Worth above ſhow, and goodneſs unſevere:
View'd round and round, as lucid diamonds throw
Still as you turn them a revolving glow:
So did his mind reflect with ſecret ray,
In various virtues, heav'n's internal day,
Whether in high diſcourſe it ſoar'd ſublime,
And ſprung impatient o'er the bounds of time,
Or wand'ring nature through with raptur'd eye,
Ador'd the hand that turn'd yon azure ſky:
Whether to ſocial life he bent his thought,
And the right poiſe of mingling paſſions ſought,
Gay converſe bleſs'd; or in the thoughtful grove
Bid the heart open every ſource of love.
New varying lights ſtill ſet before your eyes
The juſt, the good, the ſocial, or the wiſe.
For ſuch a death who can, who would, refuſe
The friend a tear, a verſe the mournful muſe?
Yet pay we juſt acknowledgment to Heaven,
Though ſnatch'd ſo ſoon, that Aikman e'er was given.
A friend, when dead, is but remov'd from ſight,
Hid in the luſtre of eternal light:
Oft with the mind he wonted converſe keeps
In the lone walk, or when the body ſleeps
Lets in a wand'ring ray, and all elate
Wings and attracts her to another ſtate †;
And when the parting ſtorms of life are o'er,
May yet rejoin him on a happier ſhore.
As thoſe we love decay, we die in part,
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart;
Till looſen'd life at laſt—but breathing clay,
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who lateſt feels the blow,
Whoſe eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
And dying, all he can reſign is breath.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN HIS EARLY YEARS, AND AFTERWARDS SHAPED FOR HIS AMANDA.

From a MS. in the collection of the Earl of Buchan.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part;
Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh and wiſh the ſoul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?
But buſy buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude *;
For pomp, and noiſe, and ſenſeleſs ſhow,
To make us nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And put the golden fetter on!

TO DR. DELACOUR, IN IRELAND.

On his proſpect of poetry.

Hail gently-warbling Delacour, whoſe fame,
Spurning Hibernia's ſolitary coaſt,
Where ſmall rewards attend the tuneful throng,
Pervades Britannia's well-diſcerning iſle:
In ſpite of all the gloomy-minded tribe
That would eclipſe thy fame, ſtill ſhall the muſe,
High ſoaring o'er the tall Parnaſſian mount
With ſpreading pinions—ſing thy wondrous praiſe,
In ſtrains attun'd to the ſeraphic lyre.
Sing unappall'd, though mighty be the theme!
O! could ſhe in thy own harmonious ſtrain,
Where ſofteſt numbers ſmoothly flowing glide
In trickling cadence; where the milky maze
Devolves in ſilence; by the harſher ſound
Of hoarſer periods ſtill unruffled, could
Her lines but like thine own Euphrates flow—
Then might ſhe ſing in numbers worthy thee.
But what can language do, when fancy finds
Herſelf unequal to the lovely taſk?
Can feeble words thy vivid colours paint,
Or ſhow the ſweets which inexhauſtive flow?
Hearken ye woods, and long-reſounding groves;
Liſten ye ſtreams, ſoft purling thro' the meads,
And hymning horrid, all ye tempeſts roar.
Awake, ye woodlands! ſing, ye warbling larks,
In wildly luſcious notes! But moſt of all,
Attend, ye grateful fair, attend the youth
Who ſweetly ſings of nature and of you:
From you alone his conſcious breaſt expects
Its ſoft rewards, by ſordid love of gain
Unbiaſs'd, undebas'd; to meaner minds
Belong ſuch narrow views; his nobler ſoul,
Tranſported with a gen'rous thirſt of fame,
Sublimely riſes with expanded wings,
And through the lucid empyrean ſoars.
So the young eagle wings its rapid way [aloft,
Through heaven's broad azure; ſometimes ſprings
Now drops, now cleaves with even-waving wings
The yielding air, nor ſeas nor mountains ſtop
Its flight impetuous, gazing at the ſun
With irretorted eye, whilſt he pervades

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* *Mr. Aikman died at London, on the 7th of June, O. S. 1731, from whence his remains were ſent to Scotland, and interred in the Gray-Friars church-yard, cloſe by thoſe of his only ſon, who had been buried only a few months before.*

† *This and the three preceding lines, are not in the MS. of Mrs. Forbes Aikman.*

* *For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,*
And I abſolve thy future care:
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine!

The original of this alſo, as prepared for his miſtreſs, is in Lord Buchan's poſſeſſion.

A trackleſs void, and unexplor'd before.
Long had the curious traveller ſtrove to find
The ruins of aſpiring Babylon—
In vain—for nought the niceſt eye could trace
Save one wide, wat'ry, undiſtinguiſh'd waſte:
But you with more than magic art have rais'd
Semiramis's city from its grave;
You have revers'd the ſcripture curſe, which ſaid,
Dragons ſhall here inhabit; in your page
We view the riſing ſpires; the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders through the verdant maze;
In middle air the pendant gardens hang,
Tremendous ceiling!—whilſt no ſolar beam
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom beneath: the woods
Project above a ſteep-alluring ſhade;
The finiſh'd garden opens to the view
Wide-ſtretching viſtas, while the whiſpering wind
Dimples along the breezy-ruffled lake.
Now every tree irregular, and buſts
Are prodigal of harmony: the birds
Frequent th' aërial wood, and nature bluſhes,
Aſham'd to find herſelf outdone by art:
Theſe and a thouſand beauties could I ſing,
Collecting like the ever-toiling bee
From yonder mingled wilderneſs of flow'rs
The aromatic ſweets; while you, great youth!
O'er thy decaying country chief preſide;
Be thou her genius call'd, inſpire her youth
With noble emulation to arrive
At Helicon's fair font, which few, alas!
Save you, have taſted of Hibernian youth.
Thy country, tho' corrupted, brought thee forth,
And deem'd her greateſt ornament; and now
Regards thee as her brighteſt northern ſtar.
Long may you reign as ſuch; and ſhould grim time,
With iron teeth, deprive us of our Pope,
Then we'll tranſplant thy blooming laurels freſh
From your bleak ſhore to Albion's happier coaſt.

S O N G.

O THOU, whoſe tender ſerious eyes
Expreſſive ſpeak the mind I love;
The gentle azure of the ſkies,
The penſive ſhadows of the grove:

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their ſweetneſs on me ſhine,
Pour'd through my ſoul be all their darts.

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once ſo ſoft, ſo keen, a ray:
In pity, then, my lovely fair,
O turn theſe killing eyes away!

But what avails it to conceal
One charm, where nought but charms we ſee?
Their luſtre then again reveal,
And let me, Myra, die of thee.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MISS YOUNG.

An urge too late! from beauty's bondage free,
Why did I truſt my liberty with thee?
And thou, why didſt thou, with inhuman art,
If not reſolv'd to take, ſeduce my heart?
Yes, yes, you ſaid (for lovers eyes ſpeak true):
You muſt have ſeen how faſt my paſſion grew;
And when your glances chanc'd on me to ſhine,
How my fond ſoul ecſtatic ſprung to thine!
But mark me, fair-one, what I now declare
Thy deep attention claims, and ſerious care:
It is no common paſſion fires my breaſt,
I muſt be wretched, or I muſt be bleſt!
My woes all other remedy deny;
Or, pitying, give me hope, or bid me die!

A P O E M,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Inſcribed to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole.

SHALL the great ſoul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his ſtars; and every muſe,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence, ſhun the weight
Of honours due to his illuſtrious name?
But what can man? Ev'n now the ſons of light,
In ſtrains high warbled to ſeraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coaſt of bliſs.
Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
And ſung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aſpire,
In nature's general ſymphony to join.
And what new wonders can you ſhow your gueſt!
Who, while on this dim ſpot, where mortals toil
Clouded in duſt, from motions ſimple laws,
Could trace the ſecret hand of Providence,
Wide-working through this univerſal frame.
Have ye not liſten'd while he bound the ſuns,
And planets, to their ſpheres! th' unequal taſk
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft diſgrac'd
The pride of ſchools, becauſe their courſe was known
Full in its cauſes and effects to him,
All piercing ſage! Who ſat not down and dream'd
Romantic ſchemes, defended by the din
Of ſpecious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-ſearching, ſaw at laſt the ſyſtem dawn,
And ſhine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how ſtrong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminiſh'd, but the pride of boys
In ſome ſmall fray victorious! when inſtead
Of ſhatter'd parcels of this earth uſurp'd
By violence unmanly, and ſore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herſelf
Stood all ſubdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our ſolar round
Firſt gazing through, he by the blendid power
Of *gravitation* and *projection* ſaw
The whole in ſilent harmony revolve.
From unaſſiſted viſion hid, the moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were ſeen.
He alſo fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale ſhadowy light,
In a ſoft deluge overflows the ſky.
Her every motion clear-diſcerning, he
Adjuſted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty maſs of water ſwells
Reſiſtleſs, heaving on the broken rocks,

And the full river turning: till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waſte of idle ſands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every ſtar,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or aſtronomic tube,
Far-ſtretching, ſnatches from the dark abyſs;
Or ſuch as farther in ſucceſſive ſkies
To fancy ſhine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into ſuns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious ſyſtem: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that ſingle power,
Which draws the ſtone projected to the ground.
O, unprofuſe magnificence divine!
O, wiſdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few cauſes ſuch a ſcheme of things,
Effects ſo various, beautiful, and great,
An univerſe complete! And, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whoſe well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The myſtic veil tranſpiercing, inly ſcann'd
The riſing, moving, wide-eſtabliſh'd frame.
He, firſt of men, with awful wing purſued
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening ſky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.
The heavens are all his own; from the wild
Of whirling *vortices*, and circling *ſpheres*, [rule
To their firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd.
The ſchools aſtoniſh'd ſtood; but found it vain
To combat ſtill with demonſtration ſtrong,
And, unawaken'd dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleaſing viſions fled,
With the gay ſhadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton roſe, our philoſophic ſun.
Th' aërial flow of ſound was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks,
'Till the touch'd organ takes the meſſage in.
Nor could the darting beam of ſpeed immenſe,
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit, and meaſuring eye.
Ev'n light itſelf, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwiſted all the ſhining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undiſtinguiſh'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. Firſt the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing green.
Then the pure blue, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of ſadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-ſkirted evening droops with froſt.
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.
Theſe, when the clouds diſtil the roſy ſhower,
Shine out diſtinct adown the watery bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy viſion bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from theſe reſult,
And myriads ſtill remain; infinite ſource
Of beauty, ever-bluſhing, ever-new!
Did ever poet image aught ſo fair, [brook!
Dreaming in whiſpering groves, by the hoarſe
Or prophet, to whoſe rapture heaven deſcends!
Ev'n now the ſetting ſun and ſhifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How juſt, how beauteous, the *refractive law.*
The noiſeleſs tide of time, all bearing down
To vaſt eternity's unbounded ſea,
Where the green iſlands of the happy ſhine,
He ſtemm'd alone; and to the ſource (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) aſcending, rais'd
His lights at equal diſtances, to guide
Hiſtorian, wilder'd on his darkſome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high diſcoveries ſing? when but a few
Of the deep-ſtudying race can ſtretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought,
How ſhall the muſe then graſp the mighty theme?
What wonder thence that his devotion ſwell'd
Reſponſive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whoſe piercing mental eye diffuſive ſaw
The finiſh'd univerſity of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear inceſſant to adore that power
Who fills, ſuſtains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who beſt can tell, ye happy few,
Who ſaw him in the ſofteſt lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vaſt unborrow'd treaſures of his mind,
Oh, ſpeak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm eſtabliſh'd on eternal truth;
Fervant in doing well, with every nerve
Still preſſing on, forgetful of the paſt,
And panting for perfection: far above
Thoſe little cares, and viſionary joys,
That ſo perplex the fond impaſſion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-truſting man.
And you, ye hopeleſs gloomy-minded tribe,
You who unconſcious of thoſe nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Againſt the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, ſay, can a ſoul
Of ſuch extenſive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air?
But, hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when ſome awful change is come,
Sound through the world—'*Tis done—The meaſure's full;*
And I reſign my charge.—Ye mouldering ſtones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthleſs ruin, and whate'er ſupports
The worſhip name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the duſt! what grandeur can ye boaſt
While Newton lifts his column to the ſkies,
Beyond the waſte of time. Let no weak drop
Be ſhed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
Theſe are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And elegiac ſong. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders through thoſe endleſs worlds
He here ſo well deſcried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
O, Britain's boaſt whether with angels thou
Sitteſt in dread diſcourſe, or fellow-bleſt,

Who joy to ſee the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy ſwift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture loſt,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From light *himſelf*; oh, look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the ſpirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preſide,
And be her Genius call'd! her ſtudies raiſe,
Correct her manners, and inſpire her youth.
For, though deprav'd and ſunk, ſhe brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name: ſhe points thee out
To all her ſons, and bids them eye thy ſtar:
While, in expectance of the ſecond life,
When time ſhall be no more, thy ſacred duſt
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the ſcene.

A POEM,

To the memory of the Right Hon. Lord Talbot, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Addreſſed to his ſon.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father loſt; permit the muſe,
The muſe aſſign'd of old a double theme,
To praiſe dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whoſe generous taſk begins where intereſt ends,
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verſe ſincere, by truth inſpir'd,
Which means not to beſtow, but borrow fame.
Yes, ſhe may ſing his matchleſs virtues now—
Unhappy that ſhe may—But where begin?
How from the diamond ſingle out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thouſand hues,
Effuſe one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of theſe narrow days
No more preſume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united ſaw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd ſoul,
The graceful eaſe, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
Eternal Wiſdom, that all-quickening ſun,
Whence every life, in juſt proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence ſteady, calm,
Diffuſive, deep, and clear, his reaſon ſaw,
With inſtantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliſs
Pertains, that nobleſt ſcience, fit for man:
And hence, reſponſive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In conſort foul agree; each heightening each;
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender ſenſe,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his;
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give uſeful worth, or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in ſtudious ſhade to lie,
In ſoft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With ſelfiſh peace. The ſyren of the wiſe,
(Who ſteals th' Aonian ſong, and, in the ſhape
Of virtue, woos them from a worthleſs world)
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His ſtrenuous ſpirit, recollected, calm,
As ſilent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the buſtling, and the bad,
Preſs to uſurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of ſneaking intereſt or luxurious vice,
The villain's paſſions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour through the ſoul,
Than thoſe that, mingled with our trueſt good,
With preſent honour and immortal fame,
Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the ſhade
Lamenting lies, with future ſchemes amus'd,
While wickedneſs and folly, *kindred powers*,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action: action, that diſdain'd
To loſe in deathlike ſloth one pulſe of life,
That might be ſav'd; diſdain'd for coward eaſe,
And her inſipid pleaſures, to reſign
The prize of glory, the keen ſweets of toil,
And thoſe high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the ſpring
Leads in her ſwelling train the gentle airs.
While gay, behind her, ſmiles the kindling waſte
Of ruffian ſtorms and winter's lawleſs rage.
In him Aſtrea, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
To bleſs them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happineſs and juſtice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, ſought the good
Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model ſtates:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful ſleep could hold
His ſtill-awaken'd ſoul; nor friends had charms
To ſteal, with pleaſing guile, one uſeful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied ſteps, by virtue led,
He gain'd the ſummit of that ſacred hill,
Where, rais'd above black envy's darkening clouds
Her ſpotleſs temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more!
Vaniſh, ye human comets! ſhrink your blaze
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing deſolated earth,
You ſcatter'd famine, peſtilence, and war;
Vaniſh! before this vernal ſun of fame;
Effulgent ſweetneſs! beaming life and joy.
How the heart liſten'd while he, pleading ſpoke!
While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reaſon ſo perſuaſive ſtole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye ſtudious of the laws, again
Shall ſuch enchanting leſſons bleſs your ear?
When ſhall again the darkeſt truths, perplext,
Be ſet in ample day? when ſhall the harſh
And arduous open into ſmiling eaſe?
The ſolid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent with the pureſt light
At once to pour conviction on the ſoul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impaſſion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was ſafely lodg'd

By heaven—He, ſacred to his country's cauſe,
To trampled want and worth, to ſuffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
Reſerv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Deſpiſing then the ſmiles or frowns of power,
He all that nobleſt eloquence effus'd,
With generous paſſion, taught by reaſon, breathes:
Then ſpoke the man: and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.
Plac'd on the ſeat of juſtice, there he reign'd,
In a ſuperior ſphere of cloudleſs day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemperate heat
No paſſion e'er diſturb'd the clear ſerene
That round him ſpread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of juſtice, like the ſteady ſun,
Its equal ardour lent; and ſometimes rais'd
Againſt the ſons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet ſtill by ſober dignity reſtrain'd.
As intuition quick, he ſnatch'd the truth,
Yet with progreſſive patience, ſtep by ſtep,
Self-diffident, or to the ſlower kind,
He through the maze of falſehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the laſt, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And ev'n the loſer own'd the juſt decree.
But when, in ſenates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd ſalubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His inſight deep into Britannia's weal,
Spontaneous ſeem'd from ſimple ſenſe to flow,
And the plain patriot ſmooth'd the brow of law.
No ſpecious ſwell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear; no ſtudy'd maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: ſafe in itſelf,
In its own force, all-powerful reaſon ſpoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once,
He ſtream'd deciſive day, and ſhow'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,
The heart attends: for let the *venal* try
Their every hardening ſtupifying art,
Truth muſt prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And nature, ſkilful touch'd, is honeſt ſtill.
Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wiſdom! ſuch abilities! and, join'd
To virtue ſo determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of ſuch adamantine proof,
As ev'n corruption, hopeleſs, and o'eraw'd,
Durſt not have *tempted!* Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to pleaſe,
Nobly to pleaſe; while equally he ſcorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the ſtate, where wakes a ruling eye
Of ſuch inſpection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard ſo vigilant, ſo pure,
Toil may reſign his careleſs head to reſt,
And ever-jealous freedom ſleep in peace.
Ah! loſt untimely! loſt in downward days!
And many a patriot counſel with him loſt!
Counſels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldeſt time by fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

Let learning, arts, let univerſal worth,
Lament a patron loſt, a friend and judge,
Unlike the ſons of vanity, that veil'd
Beneath the patron's proſtituted name,
Dare ſacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And fluſh confuſion o'er an honeſt cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it ſeem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous ſource of good.
His ſympathiſing heart itſelf receiv'd
The generous obligation he beſtow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muſes own,
But ſcorn with noble pride the boaſted aid
Of taſteleſs vanity's inſulting hand.
The gracious ſtream, that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noiſy gift of ſummer's noon,
Whoſe ſudden current, from the naked root,
Waſhes the little ſoil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the bluſhing flowers:
No, 'tis the ſoft-deſcending dews at eve,
The ſilent treaſures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their ſtores, the ſtill night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freſhen'd world,
In fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and ſong.
Still let me view him in the pleaſing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded ſoul is ſeen.
There, with that trueſt greatneſs he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the ſoft graces of the friendly ſcene,
Inſpiring ſocial confidence and eaſe.
As free the converſe of the wiſe and good,
As joyous, diſentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various bloſſom'd ſpring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's penſive ſhade,
The philoſophic mind with nature talks.
Say ye, his ſons, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid ſuperfluous ſtate aſide,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendſhip rais'd it, with eſteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! ſpeak the joy,
The pure ſerene, the cheerful wiſdom mild,
The virtuous ſpirit, which his vacant hours,
In ſemblance of amuſement, through the breaſt
Infus'd. And thou, O * Rundle! lend thy ſtrain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his ſoul!
In whom the head and heart their ſtores unite;
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digeſts, the well-tun'd boſom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
With memory converſing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled ſhore you, penſive, ſtray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak creſcent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole, reſounding, ruſh,
Impetuous. Though from native ſun-ſhine driven,
Driven from your friends, the ſun-ſhine of the ſoul,
By ſlanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bleſs your lot.

* *Dr. Rundle, late Biſhop of Derry, in Ireland.*

Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendſhip glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into ſlow eſteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the ſweet light from mingled minds diſclos'd,
From mingled chemic oils as burſts the fire.
I too remember well that cheerful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The ſerious there
Mix'd with the ſportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth ſoften'd wiſdom, candour temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the ſting.
Not ſimple nature's unaffected ſons,
The blameleſs Indians, round the foreſt-cheer,
In ſunny lawn or ſhady covert ſet,
Hold more unſpotted converſe: nor, of old,
Rome's awful conſuls, her dictator-ſwains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with ſtricter virtue fed the ſoul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates preſided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper ſcience reign'd.
But far beyond the little vulgar bounds,
Of family, or friends, or native land.
By juſt degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To human kind, to parent nature's works.
Of free acceſs, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And ſpread an open countenance, where ſmil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodneſs ſhone:
For *nothing human foreign was to him.*
Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be ſupported, you ſucceed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, through lateſt time, enrich your race,
When groſſer wealth ſhall moulder into duſt.
And with their authors in oblivion ſunk
Vain titles lie, the ſervile badges oft
Of mean ſubmiſſion, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, through every land and age,
Of univerſal reaſon's various ſons,
And ev'n of God himſelf, ſole perfect judge!
Yet know, theſe nobleſt honours of the mind
On rigid terms deſcend: the high-plac'd heir
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant ſeeks our faults, cannot through life,
Amid the nameleſs inſects of a court,
Unheeded ſteal: but, with his ſire compar'd,
He muſt be glorious, or he muſt be ſcorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muſe
May ſafely ſing, and ſing without reſerve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That ſhould a Talbot mourn. Ourſelves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and ſtrength;
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
That we ſuch virtues knew, ſuch virtues felt,
And feel them ſtill, teaching our views to riſe
Through ever-brightening ſcenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worſt of zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtleſs duſt, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its ſpirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another ſource,
Than the blind maze of undeſigning blood;
Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid ſtream.
Methinks I ſee his mounting ſpirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bleſs mankind,
Eternal goodneſs, on this darkſome ſpot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's preſence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliſs,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot ſhades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameleſs boaſt.
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the beſt of ſons!
The beſt of friends!—Too ſoon is realiz'd
That hope, which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Mean while the kindred ſouls of every land,
(However divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,
In one ſelected never-jarring ſtate,
Where God himſelf their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, ſuch the ſenſe that ſtill
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loſs, they drop a pitying tear.
But ceaſe preſumptuous Muſe, nor vainly ſtrive
To quit this cloudy ſphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace theſe ſcenes,
Scenes, that our groſs ideas groveling caſt
Behind, and ſtrike our boldeſt language dumb.
Forgive, immortal ſhade! if aught from earth,
From duſt low-warbled, to thoſe groves can riſe,
Where flows celeſtial harmony, forgive
This fond ſuperfluous verſe. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impreſs'd, thy deeds themſelves
Atteſt thy praiſe. Thy praiſe the widow's ſighs,
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The ſons of juſtice and the ſons of ſtrife,
All who or freedom or who intereſt prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all,
Conſpire to ſwell thy ſpotleſs praiſe to heaven.
Glad heaven receives it, and ſeraphic lyres
With ſongs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inſpires.
The Muſe, beſides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her prieſteſs, gives it her, to hymn,
Whatever good and excellent ſhe forms.

ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

While ſecret-leaguing nations frown around,
Ready to pour the long-expected ſtorm;
While ſhe, who wont the reſtleſs Gaul to bound,
Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form;
While on our vitals ſelfiſh parties prey,
And deep corruption eats our ſoul away:

Yet in the Goddeſs of the Main appears
A gleam of joy, gay-flufhing every grace,
As ſhe the cordial-voice of millions hears,
Rejoicing, zealous, o'er *thy* riſing race:
Strait her rekindling eyes reſume their fire,
The Virtues ſmile, the Muſes tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muſe's ſong,
United Britons thy dear offſpring hail:
The city triumphs through her glowing throng;
The ſhepherd tells his tranſport to the dale;
The ſons of rougheſt toil forget their pain,
And the glad ſailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Auguſta's gentle blood,
And thine, thou friend of liberty! be born:
Can aught ſave what is lovely, generous, good;
What will, at once, defend us, and adorn?
From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas riſe.

May fate my fond devoted days extend,
To ſing the promis'd glories of thy reign!
What though, by years depreſs'd, my muſe might bend;
My heart will teach her ſtill a nobler ſtrain:
How, with recover'd Britain, will ſhe ſoar,
When France inſults, and Spain ſhall rob no more.

ODE.

Tell me, thou ſoul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or doſt thou, free, at pleaſure, roam,
And ſometimes ſhare thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerleſs home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'ſt round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd ſhadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beſide ſome ſympathetic ſtream,
In ſlumber find a ſhort relief,
Oh, viſit thou my ſoothing dream!

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY *,

IN HOLYROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.

E. S.
Once a lively image of human nature,
Such as God made it
When he pronounced every work of his to be good.
To the memory of Eliſabeth Stanley,
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley;
Who, to all the beauty, modeſty,
And gentleneſs of nature,
That ever adorned the moſt amiable woman,
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,
And vigour of mind,
That ever exalted the moſt heroical man;
Who having lived the pride and delight of her parents,
The joy, the conſolation, and pattern of her friends,
A miſtreſs not only of the Engliſh and French,
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning,
Without vanity or pedantry,
At the age of eighteen,
After a tedious, painful, deſperate illneſs,
Which, with a Roman ſpirit,
And a Chriſtian reſignation,
She endured ſo calmly, that ſhe ſeemed inſenſible
To all pain and ſuffering, except that of her friends,
Gave up her innocent ſoul to her Creator,
And left to her mother, who erected this monument,
The memory of her virtues for her greateſt ſupport;
Virtues which, in her ſex and ſtation of life,
Were all that could be practiſed,
And more than will be believed,
Except by thoſe who know what this inſcription relates.

Here, Stanley, reſt, eſcap'd this mortal ſtrife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more ſweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy ſick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to ſave her anxious groan,
No more thy boſom preſſes down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliſs ſincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing tear!
O, born to bloom, then ſink beneath the ſtorm,
To ſhow us virtue in her faireſt form;
To ſhow us artleſs reaſon's moral reign,
What boaſtful ſcience arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient paſſions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we muſt follow ſoon, will glad obey,
When a few ſuns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will cloſe the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Bleſt be the bark! that wafts us to the ſhore,
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy duſt repoſe,
Is all the hope thy hapleſs mother knows.

TO THE REVEREND MR. MURDOCH,

Rector of Straddiſhall, in Suffolk, 1738.

Thus ſafely low, my friend, thou can'ſt not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noiſe, no care, no vanity, no ſtrife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic eaſe,
And aſk no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

A PARAPHRASE

On the latter part of the ſixth Chapter of St. Matthew.

When my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;

S iiij

* *See what is ſaid of this lady in "Summer."*

While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
O, let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford,
Profuſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempeſt bears;
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor ſtores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing, that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing, when ſpring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.
Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!
If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFIC DOCTOR.

Sweet, ſleeky doctor! dear pacific ſoul!
Lay at the beef, and ſuck the vital bowl!
Still let the involving ſmoke around thee fly,
And broad-look'd dulneſs ſettle in thine eye.
Ah! ſoft in down theſe dainty limbs repoſe,
And in the very lap of ſlumber doze;
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face;
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
And ſure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in ſleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the lethargic book thy head.
Theſe eyes wipe often with the hollow'd lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeaſurably yawn.
Slow let the prayers by the meek lips be ſung,
Nor let thy thoughts be diſtanc'd by thy tongue;
If ere the lingerers are within a call,
Or if on prayers thou deign'ſt to think at all.
Yet—only yet—the ſwimming head we bend;
But when ſerene, the pulpit you aſcend,
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
And round you the conſenting audience ſleeps.
So when an aſs with ſluggiſh front appears,
The horſes ſtart, and prick their quivering ears;
But ſoon as e'er the ſage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He's not the happy man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent heaven;
Whoſe gilded roofs on ſhining columns riſe,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes:
Whoſe table flows with hoſpitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year;
Whoſe vallies ſmile, whoſe gardens breathe the ſpring,
Whoſe carved mountains bleat, and foreſts ſing;
For whom the cooling ſhade in ſummer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines;
From whoſe wide fields unbounded autumn poure
A golden tide into his ſwelling ſtores:
Whoſe winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big ſheet, and toiling commerce ſails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleaſure ſerves;
While youth, and health, and vigour, ſtring his nerves.
Ev'n not all theſe, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the happy man, without the mind;
Where judgment ſits clear-ſighted, and ſurveys
The chain of reaſon with unerring gaze;
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer ſcenes, and bolder figures riſe;
Where ſocial love exerts her ſoft command,
And plays the paſſions with a tender hand,
Whence every virtue flows, in rival ſtrife,
And all the moral harmony of life.
Nor canſt thou, Dodington, this truth decline,
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

ON THE REPORT OF A WOODEN BRIDGE

To be built at Weſtminſter.

By Rufus' hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the genius of the river roſe,
And thus exclaim'd: "Have I, ye Britiſh ſwains,
"Have I for ages lav'd your fertile plains?
"Giv'n herds, and flocks, and villages increaſe,
"And fed a richer than a golden fleece?
"Have I, ye merchants, with each ſwelling tide,
"Pour'd Afric's treaſure in, and India's pride?
"Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?
"Made every climate your's, and every ſoil?
"Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming baſe,
"Yet muſt a wooden bridge my waves diſgrace?
"Tell not to foreign ſtreams the ſhameful tale,
"And be it publiſh'd in no Gallic vale,"
He ſaid; and, plunging to his cryſtal dome,
While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

S O N G.

One day the god of fond deſire,
On miſchief bent, to Damon ſaid,
Why not diſcloſe your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

The ſhepherd mark'd his treatherous art,
And, ſoftly-ſighing, thus reply'd:
'Tis true, you have ſubdued my heart,
But ſhall not triumph o'er my pride

The ſlave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his paſſion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
  Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
  But to the lonely liſtening plain.

Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
  Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
  In freſher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle ſpirits of the vale,
  To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale.,
  And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
  Though fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
  Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
  With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Not purer her own wiſhes riſe,
  Not holier her own ſighs in prayer.

But, if, at firſt, her virgin fear
  Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name,
With that of friendſhip ſoothe her ear—
  True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

SONG.

UNLESS with my Amanda bleſt,
  In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
  In vain I rear the breathing flower:

Awaken'd by the genial year,
  In vain the birds around me ſing;
In vain the freſhening fields appear:
  Without my love there is no ſpring.

SONG.

COME, gentle god of ſoft deſire,
  Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt!
Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
  In rapture, rage, and nonſenſe dreſt.

Theſe are the vain diſguiſe of love;
  And, or beſpeak diſſembled pains,
Or elſe a fleeting paſſion prove—
  The frantic fury of the veins.

But come in friendſhip's angel-guiſe:
  Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art:
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes,
  More ſweet emotions at the heart,

O, come with goodneſs in thy train,
  With peace, and tranſport void of ſtorm,
And, would'ſt thou me for ever gain,
  Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG,

Intended to have been inſerted in the Fourth Act of Sophoniſba, a Tragedy.

COME, gentle Venus! and aſſuage
A warring world, a bleeding age.
For nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintery tempeſts haſte away,
A lucid calm inveſts the ſea,
Thy native deep is full of thee:
The flowering earth where-e'er you fly,
Is all o'er ſpring, all ſun the ſky.
A genial ſpirit warms the breeze;
Unſeen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The deſert growls a ſoften'd note,
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.
  But chief into the human heart
You ſtrike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleaſing pangs to know
To languiſh in luxurious woe,
To feel the generous paſſions riſe,
Grow good by gazing, mild by ſighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love,
  Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh, come, ſweet ſmiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom.
For long the furious god of war
Has cruſh'd us with his iron car,
Has rais'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has foil'd them with his cruel ſtains,
Has ſunk our youth in endleſs ſleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh, take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy boſom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiſs,
Ah, then! his ſtormy heart control,
And ſigh thyſelf into his ſoul.

ODE.

O NIGHTINGALE, beſt poet of the grove,
  That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
  O lend that ſtrain, ſweet nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
  I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
  Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's ſimple laws,
  Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell where-ever roving fancy draws,
  And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care:

But we, vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
  Dare not be bleſt leſt envious tongue ſhould blame:
And hence, in vain I languiſh for my bride;
  O mourn with me, ſweet bird, my hapleſs flame,

TO SERAPHINA.

ODE.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the falſe illuſive light,
Whoſe flattering unauſpicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that ſweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,

Is like the ſacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers bleſt,
Conducting them to peace and reſt.
A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguiſh, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes diſpenſe
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in viſions angels ſhed
Around the heaven-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina, ſure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low paſſions to eſcape.
And woo bright virtue's faireſt ſhape;
'Tis ecſtacy with wiſdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

ODE ON ÆOLUS'S HARP *.

Ethereal race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove;
Ye unſeen beings, to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

But, hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone,
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he the ſacred bard †; who ſat alone,
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint;
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſoothe a dying ſaint.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir, raiſe;
Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn, from praiſe to praiſe.

Let me, ye wandering ſpirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe, my muſe forgets to ſing.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

Hail, mildly pleaſing ſolitude,
Companion of the wiſe and good,
But, from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky,
A ſhepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſkip ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage, and ſwain;
Plain innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee ſports ſweet liberty;
And wrapt Urania ſings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret cell!
And in thy deep receſſes dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

PROLOGUE.

TO MR. MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

Since Athens firſt began to draw mankind,
To picture life, and ſhow th' impaſſion'd mind;
The truly wiſe have ever deem'd the ſtage
The moral ſchool of each enlighten'd age.
There, in full pomp, the tragic muſe appears,
Queen of ſoft ſorrows, and of uſeful fears.
Faint is the leſſon reaſon'd rules impart:
She pours it ſtrong and inſtant through the heart
If virtue is the theme; we ſudden glow
With generous flame: and, what we feel, we
grow.
If vice ſhe paints; indignant paſſions riſe:
The villain ſees himſelf with loathing eyes.
His ſoul ſtarts, conſcious, at another's groan:
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.
To-night our meaning ſcene attempts to ſhow
What fell events from dark ſuſpicion flow;
Chief when it taints a lawleſs monarch's mind,
To the falſe herd of flattering ſlaves confin'd.
The ſoul ſinks gradual to ſo dire a ſtate;
Ev'n excellence but ſerves to feed its hate:
To hate remorſeleſs, cruelty ſucceeds.
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.
Behold, our author at your bar appears,
His modeſt hopes depreſs'd by conſcious fears.
Faults he has many—But to balance thoſe,
His verſe with heart-felt love of virtue glows,

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* *Æolus's Harp is a muſical inſtrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oſwald; its properties are fully deſcribed in the Caſtle of Indolence.*

† *Jeremiah.*

All lighter errors let indulgence ſpare:
And be his equal trial full and fair.
For this beſt Britiſh privilege we call;
Then—as he merits, let him ſtand, or fall.

DENNIS TO MR. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find,
Thy various Seaſons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her bloſſoms, various as thy muſe,
And, like thy ſoft compaſſion, ſheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expreſſion glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeneſs throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' inſtructed reader gains,
Who taſtes the meaning purpoſe of thy ſtrains.
Winter—but that no ſemblance takes from thee;
That hoary ſeaſon yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak ſtorms I withering lay,
Leafleſs, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet ſhall my propleſs ivy, pale and bent,
Bleſs the ſhort ſunſhine which thy pity lent.

EPITAPH ON MR. THOMSON.

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,
And boaſt thoſe honours ſculpture can beſtow;
Short-liv'd renown! that every moment muſt
Sink with its emblem, and conſume to duſt!
But Thomſon needs no artiſt to engrave,
From dumb oblivion no device to ſave;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior aſk;
Nature for him aſſumes herſelf the taſk;
The Seaſons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flouriſh, as from them it came.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

Containing

HORÆ LYRICÆ,	MORAL SONGS,
DIVINE SONGS,	HYMNS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Regard the man, who, in ſeraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, ſings his Maker's praiſe;
He needs invoke no fabled Muſe's art,
The heavenly ſong comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart which God has deign'd t' inſpire
With holy raptures, and a ſacred fire!

VERSES TO WATTS BY A LADY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF WATTS.

Of the life of Watts the memorials are not ſo copious as might be expected; "not becauſe there was no friend," ſays Dr. Gibbons, "who would willingly pay that reſpect to his memory as to write the hiſtory of his life, but becauſe he himſelf diſapproved it; for when he has been deſired to leave ſome memoirs that might furniſh ſuch a hiſtory, he abſolutely declined it, and deſired that his character might ſtand in the world merely as it would appear in his works."

In compliance, however, with cuſtom, "as well as to preſerve the memory of ſo reſpectable a character, ſome brief memoirs of his life" were given to the world by Dr. Jennings, in his funeral ſermon, preached December 11. 1748; which, with ſome additions, were prefixed by Dr. Gibbons to the collection of his works, in 6 vol. 4to. 1754.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account are chiefly taken from the "Memoirs" of Dr. Jennings; and the ſubſequent narratives of Dr. Gibbons and Dr. Johnſon, by whoſe recommendation his poems and thoſe of Pomfret, Yalden, and Blackmore, were inſerted in the Collection of "The Engliſh Poets," 1779.

Iſaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17. 1674, of parents who were eminent for religion, and conſiderable ſufferers, for conſcience ſake, in the perſecution of the Proteſtant diſſenters in the reign of Charles II. His father, Iſaac Watts, is ſaid to have kept a boarding-ſchool for young gentlemen in the town of Southampton, and appears, from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

He was the eldeſt of nine children, and, from his infancy, diſcovered a remarkable propenſity to learning; and was early diſtinguiſhed for the ſprightlineſs and vivacity of his wit, which, even in the years of younger life, was regulated by a deep ſenſe of religion. He began, we are told, to learn Latin when he was four years old, probably at home. He was afterwards taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by the Rev. Mr. Pinhorne, maſter of the free ſchool at Southampton, to whom he afterwards gratefully inſcribed a Latin *Ode* in his *Horæ Lyricæ*.

His proficiency at ſchool was ſo conſpicuous, that a ſubſcription was propoſed to ſupport him at the Univerſity; but he declared his reſolution of adhering to the diſſenters, among whom he had been educated. "Such he was," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "as every Chriſtian church would rejoice to have adopted."

In 1690, he was ſent to an academy in London, taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his fellow ſtudents in logic and philoſophy, Hughes, Mr. Samuel Say, and Dr. Horte, afterwards archbiſhop of Tuam. His gratitude has inſcribed an *Ode* to his tutor in his *Horæ Lyricæ*.—With Hughes he maintained a friendly and poetical correſpondence till the death of that amiable poet in 1720. Mr. Say, after having been ſome years paſtor of a diſſenting congregation at Ipſwich, ſucceeded Dr. Calamy in Weſtminſter in 1733. Soon after his death, which happened April 12. 1743, his "Poems," and two Eſſays in proſe, were publiſhed, in 1 vol. 4to. by ſubſcription. The eſſays, one of which is "on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers in general," and the other "on thoſe of Paradiſe Loſt in particular," have been much admired.—Some Latin eſſays, ſuppoſed to have been written as exerciſes at this academy, ſhew a degree of knowledge both philoſophical and theological, ſuch as very few attain by a longer courſe of ſtudy.

He was, as he himſelf informs us, addicted to verſifying from the age of fifteen; and in his youth he appears to have cultivated Latin poetry. His verſes to his brother, in the *Glyconic* meaſure, written when he was ſeventeen, are remarkably eaſy and elegant. His method of ſtudy was to impreſs the contents of his books upon his memory, by abridging them, and by interleaving them, to amplify one ſyſtem with ſupplements from another.

While he was under the tuition of Mr. Rowe, his behaviour was not only ſo inoffenſive, that he declared he never once gave him occaſion for reproof, but ſo exemplary, that he often propoſed him as a pattern to his other pupils.

In 1693, in his nineteenth year, he joined in communion with the congregation of which Mr. Rowe was paſtor.

The year following, he left the academy, and ſpent two years in ſtudy and devotion at the houſe of his father, who treated him with great tenderneſs, and had the happineſs indulged to few parents, of living to ſee his ſon eminent for literature, and venerable for piety.

In 1696, he was invited by Sir John Hartopp, Bart. to reſide in his family at Stoke Newington, as tutor to his ſon; where he continued about four years, and acquitted himſelf with fidelity and reputation.

In that time he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the Holy Scriptures, and to the reading of the beſt commentators, both critical and practical, preparatory to his undertaking the paſtoral office, to which he was determined to devote his life, and of the importance of which he had a deep ſenſe upon his mind.

He began to preach on his birth-day 1698, when he had completed his thirty-fourth year; and was the ſame year choſen aſſiſtant to Dr. Iſaac Chauncy, and met with general acceptance.

In March 1702, he ſucceeded Dr. Chauncy in his miniſterial office; but ſoon after his entrance on his charge, he was ſeized by a dangerous illneſs, which ſunk him to ſuch weakneſs that the congregation thought an aſſiſtant neceſſary, and appointed Mr. Samuel Price, in July 1703.

His health then returned gradually, and he performed his duty till September 1712, when he was ſeized by a fever of ſuch violence and continuance, that, from the feebleneſs which it brought upon him, he never perfectly recovered. It was not till October 1716 that he was able to return to his public miniſtry. In the mean time, his aſſiſtant Mr. Price, was, at his deſire, and by his recommendation, choſen by the congregation to be joint paſtor with him.

The languiſhing ſtate of his health drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his houſe; where, with a conſtancy of friendſhip and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-ſix years with all the kindneſs that friendſhip could prompt, and all the attention that reſpect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards; but he continued with Lady Abney and her daughter to the end of his life. The Lady died about a year after him:

A connection like this, in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deſerves a particular memorial: and if the following quotation from Dr. Gibbons's narrative appear long, let it be conſidered, that it compriſes an account of thirty-ſix years.

" Our next obſervation ſhall be made upon that remarkably kind providence which brought the Doctor into Sir Thomas Abney's family, and continued him there till his death, a period of no leſs than thirty-ſix years. In the midſt of his ſacred labours for the glory of God, and good of his generation, he is ſeized with a moſt violent and threatening fever, which leaves him oppreſſed with great weakneſs, and puts a ſtop at leaſt to his public ſervices for four years. In this diſtreſſing ſeaſon, doubly ſo to his active and pious ſpirit, he is invited to Sir Thomas Abney's family; nor ever removes from it till he had finiſhed his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonſtrations of the trueſt friendſhip. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied purſuits of his ſtudies. Here he dwelt in a family which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was an houſe of God. Here he had the privilege of a country receſs, the fragrant bower, the ſpreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to ſoothe his mind and aid his reſtoration to health; to yield him whenever he choſe them, moſt grateful intervals from his laborious ſtudies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for this happy event, he might, as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor and inability for public ſervice, and even for profitable ſtudy, or perhaps might have ſunk into his grave under the overwhelming load of infirmities in the midſt of his days; and thus the church and the world would have been deprived of thoſe many excellent ſermons and works which he drew up and publiſhed during his long reſidence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney dies: but his amiable conſort ſurvives, who ſhows the Doctor the ſame reſpect and friendſhip as before; and moſt happily for him, and great numbers beſides; for, as her riches were great, her gene-

rosity and munificence were in full proportion. Her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the Doctor's; and thus this excellent man, through her kindness, and that of her daughter, the present Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who, in a like degree esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into this family, till his days were numbered and finished, and, like a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy."

From the time of his reception into this family, his life was no otherwise diversified than by successive public avocations; the number and variety of which show the intenseness of his industry, and the extent of his capacity.

In 1728, the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, with great propriety, and without his knowledge, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Academical honours, Dr. Johnson observes, would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment.

He continued many years to study and to preach, and to do good by his instruction and example, till at last the infirmities of age disabled him from the more laborious part of his ministerial functions; and being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to remit the salary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the resignation.

By degrees his weakness increased, and at last confined him to his chamber and his bed, where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired November 25. 1748, in the 75th year of his age.

He left his brother, Mr. Enoch Watts, and Nathaniel Neal, Esq. an eminent attorney in London, son of the Rev. Daniel Neal, author of the "History of the Puritans," and nephew of Dr. Lardner, his joint executors. His manuscripts, by the direction of his will, were committed to the care of Dr. Doddridge and Dr. Jennings. The latter writes Dr. Doddridge, Jan. 5. 1748-9. "I believe we shall not have near so much trouble in publishing the Doctor's manuscripts as I expected. I learn from Mr. Parker [Watts' Amanuensis] there is little, if any thing more, remaining of that sort than the second part of *the Improvement of the Mind*. He tells me there are also some miscellaneous things in the manner of his *Reliquiæ Juveniles*. If I should be engaged" he adds "in drawing up the Doctor's character, I am much obliged to you for the judicious hints you have furnished me with for that purpose." His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Jennings, December 11. 1748.

His Works, in prose and verse, published by himself, together with his manuscripts, revised and corrected by Dr. Jennings and Dr. Doddridge, were collected and published in 6 vol. 4to. 1754, by Dr. Gibbons, who prefixed a short account of his life and character.

A summary account of the contents of the several volumes, pointing out the dates of the more considerable pieces, and interspersing such remarks as may serve to delineate his character as a writer, may enable the reader to form a consistent idea of his extensive genius, accomplished learning, and truly amiable and benevolent temper.

The First Volume contains, *Forty-four Sermons on various subjects, divine and moral, with Hymns annexed, suited to each subject.* They were first published in three separate volumes 12mo. in 1721, 1723, and 1727. In the 5th edition they were reduced to 2 vol. 8vo.—*The World to come, or Discourses on the Joys or Sorrows of Departed Souls at Death, and the Glory or Terror of the Resurrection*, published in 2 vol. 8vo. 1739 and 1745. To these discourses is prefixed an *Essay towards a proof of a separate state of Souls between Death and the Resurrection, and the commencement of the Rewards of Virtue and Vice immediately after Death*; first printed in 1732, without his name.—*Nine Sermons upon some of the principal heads of the Christian Religion*, preached at the Lecture in Berry-street, 1733, and printed in 1735.

The Second Volume contains, *Twelve Evangelical Discourses on several subjects, with an Essay on the Powers of Flesh and Spirit.*—*Death and Heaven, in two funeral discourses in memory of Sir John Hartopp and his Lady*, first printed in 1722.—*The Strength and Weakness of Human Reason, in four conferences*, without his name.—*Humility represented in the character of St. Paul*, 1737, with some additional observations from his MS.—*A Defence against the Temptations to Self-murder*, 1726.—*The Holiness of Times, and Places, and People*, 1738.—*A Caveat against Infidelity, or the Danger of Apostacy from the Christian Faith*, composed in 1722, but not printed till 1729.—*The Harmony of all the Religions which God ever revealed*, 1742.—*The Doctrine of the Passions explained and improved*, which at first stood as an introduction to the *Discourses of the Love of God*, &c. 1729, but was enlarged and published sepa-

rately, 1734.—*Diſcourſes of the Love of God, and its Influence on all the Paſſions*, with a *Devout Meditation annexed to each ſubject*, 1729, 1734.—*An Eſſay towards the encouragement of Charity Schools*, 1728.—*A Sermon for the Reformation of Manners*, 1707.—*A Sermon on the death of George I.* 1727.

The Third Volume contains, *A Humble Attempt towards the Revival of Practical Religion*, 1731.—*A Guide to Prayer, or a Free and Rational Account of the Gift, Grace, and Spirit of Prayer.*—*A Diſcourſe on Cateebiſms, with Catechiſms adapted to the various ages and capacities of Children and Youth*, 1730.—*A Short View of the whole Scripture Hiſtory.*—*Prayers compoſed for the Uſe and Imitation of Children*, 1728. *Queſtions proper for Students in Divinity, Candidates of the Miniſtry, and Young Chriſtians.*—*Orthodoxy and Charity United, in ſeveral Reconciling Eſſays on the Law and Goſpel, Faith and Works.*—*Self-love and Virtue reconciled only by Religion.*—*An Eſſay to prove that the only effectual obligation of Mankind to practiſe Virtue depends on the Exiſtence and Will of God, with an occaſional proof of the Neceſſity of Revelation.*—*The Redeemer and the Sanctifier, or the Sacrifice of Chriſt, and the Operation of the Spirit Vindicated*, without his name, 1736.

The Fourth Volume contains chiefly Poetical Compoſitions. *The Pſalms of David imitated in the language of the New Teſtament*, 1718.—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Three Books*, 1707.—*A Short Eſſay towards the Improvement of Pſalmody*, 1707.—*Divine Songs and Hymns attempted in eaſy language, for the uſe of children*, 1715.—*Horæ Lyricæ, poems chiefly of the Lyric kind, in Three Books*, 1706; reprinted with the *Divine and Moral Songs*, in the collection of "the Engliſh Poets," 1779 and 1790, and inſerted in the preſent collection. The preface contains an intereſting account of his poetical ſtudies, and an animated defence of ſacred poetry.—*Reliquiæ Juveniles, Miſcellaneous Thoughts, in proſe and verſe, on Natural, Moral, and Divine Subjects*, 1734.—*Remnants of Time employed in Proſe and Verſe*; printed from his MS.—*The Art of Reading and Writing Engliſh*, 1720.

The Fifth Volume compriſes his Philoſophical Writings. *Logic, or the Right Uſe of Reaſon in the Inquiry after Truth.*—*The Improvement of the Mind, or a Supplement to the Art of Logic*, in Two Parts, the ſecond printed from his MS.—*A Diſcourſe on the Education of Children and Youth*; printed from his MS.—*The Knowledge of the Heavens and Earth made eaſy, or the Firſt Principles of Aſtronomy and Geography explained by the uſe of Globes and Maps*, 1725.—*Philoſophical Eſſays on Various Subjects, Air, Space, Subſtance, Body, Spirit, Innate Ideas, &c.*; with Remarks on Mr. Locke's "Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding."—*A Brief Scheme of Ontology, or the Science of Being in general*, annexed to the *Philoſophical Eſſays*, and in the firſt edition, 1733.

The Sixth Volume contains his Controverſial Writings. *The Rational Foundation of a Chriſtian Church, and the terms of Chriſtian Communion*, 1747.—*A New Eſſay on Civil Power in Things ſacred*, occaſioned by the application to parliament for the Explication or Repeal of the Corporation and Teſt Acts, and printed without his name, 1739.—*The Ruin and Recovery of Mankind, or an Attempt to vindicate the Scriptural Account of theſe great events, upon the plain Principles of Reaſon*, occaſioned by Dr. Taylor's "Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," and Dr. Balguy's "Eſſay on Redemption," printed without his name.—*An Eſſay on the Freedom of Will in God, and the Creatures, and on various ſubjects connected therewith*, printed without his name, 1733.—*The Chriſtian Doctrine of the Trinity*, &c. 1722.—*Seven Diſſertations relating to the Chriſtian Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1724.—*Uſeful and important queſtions concerning Jeſus the Son of God, freely propoſed*; printed without his name, 1746. And *the Glory of Chriſt, as God-man, diſplayed, in Three Diſcourſes*; printed without his name, 1746.

In an aſſemblage of writings, both in proſe and verſe, of ſuch uncommon variety, the attentive and judicious will certainly diſcern the marks of eminent capacity, and aſſiduous application, and will be diſpoſed to make candid allowances for ſome inſtances of peculiar ſentiments and language, which may not ſo exactly correſpond with their own judgment and taſte. His early reliſh for poetry may probably have occaſioned ſuch a florid diction, ſuch a diffuſive and pathetic ſtyle, as ſome critics of a ſeverer turn of thought may be ready to object to, as not ſo properly adapted to theological diſcourſes, whether popular or polemical; but, when every deduction is made which criticiſm requires, very conſiderable ſupplies of inſtruction and entertainment will be communicated to thoſe who careſully peruſe, and thoroughly digeſt, his more elaborate and judicious compoſitions.

An opinion has obtained, that in his latter days he changed his ſentiments concerning the Trinity. In his MS. correſpondence with the Rev. Martin Tomkins, on the worſhip of the Holy Spirit, publiſhed by the Rev. S. Palmer, 1793, he confeſſes, that "he wiſhed ſome things were corrected"

concerning the Trinitarian doxologies in his books of *Hymns*; but then, he continues, "the queſtion with me is this: as I *wrote* them in ſincerity at that time, is it not more for the edification of Chriſtians, and the glory of God, to let them ſtand, than to ruin the uſefulneſs of the whole work by correcting them now, and perhaps bring further and falſe ſuſpicions on my preſent opinions? Beſides, I might tell you I ſold the copy to Mr Laurence, and his poſterity make money of it to this day, and I can ſcarce claim a right to make any alteration in the book which would injure the ſale of it."

On this paſſage it is obvious to remark, that he *wiſhed that ſome things* in his doxologies *were corrected*; but how far he changed his ſentiments with reſpect to the Trinity, before his death, cannot, perhaps, be fully aſcertained, though it is probable he died in the faith for which he ſo zealouſly contended in his writings.

His intellectual and moral accompliſhments are univerſally allowed to have been, in the higheſt degree, reſpectable and amiable. The natural ſtrength of his genius, which he cultivated and improved by a very conſiderable acquaintance with the moſt celebrated writers, both ancient and modern, enriched his mind with a large and uncommon ſtore of juſt ſentiments and uſeful knowledge of various kinds. The extent and ſublimity of his imagination, a quickneſs of apprehenſion, and ſolidity of judgment, together with a faithful memory, gave him a remarkable pre-eminence. As a Chriſtian, he was eminent for pure and undiſſembled piety, humility, candour, and charity. He maintained a free and friendly correſpondence with Chriſtians of different parties and denominations. He engaged in controverſy with a pacific view to heal, and reconcile diſputes among Chriſtians, rather than to make proſelytes to any party; and wrote with ſuch a ſpirit of meekneſs and love, as is truly inſtructive and exemplary. The goodneſs of his heart was diſplayed in liberal and beneficent actions: and during the laſt thirty years of his life, he conſtantly devoted a fifth part of his income, which did not exceed a hundred a-year, to charitable uſes. His patience and reſignation to the will of God, in ſeaſons of affliction, were eminently approved.

As a poet, his compoſitions are characteriſed by a happy, and ſometimes an incomparable freedom of verſification, of ſpirit, and of piety; and it may be ſaid, in his own words, in *the Two Happy Rivals*, that, in his *Odes*,

A thouſand looſe Pindaric plumes fly ſcattering down the wind.

His poetry is chiefly devotional; in regard to which Dr. Johnſon affirms, that "it is ſufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well." He had alleged juſt before, that "the paucity of topics of *devotional poetry* enforces perpetual repetition," which is indeed not void of truth, and that the "ſanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of the figurative diction;" but he muſt have confeſſed, that the pſalmiſt and prophets ſeem to have afforded examples to the contrary.

Watts, it may be worth remembering, was "a gentleman of the firſt edition" of the "Dunciad," on account of his *Pſalms*, which are deſervedly in great eſtimation; but obſerving to Mr. Richardſon the painter, that Pope profeſſed to ſatirize none but thoſe who attacked him, which he never had; and this being repreſented to the ſatiriſt, in the next edition his name was omitted.

With Dr. Johnſon, the leading feature of whoſe mind was religion, Watts may be expected to have been a favourite; and it is but doing him juſtice to acknowledge, that though he is not remarkable for paying compliments to the diſſenters, he has delineated his character with liberality and candour. To his opinion of Watts's poetry the preſent writer has little to object; and moſt of thoſe, he believes, who intereſt themſelves in the poetical reputation of Watts, will be inclined to forgive his biographer for ſome aſperities, in conſideration of the unqualified applauſe beſtowed on his "piety and innocence," his "fidelity and diligence," his "gentleneſs and modeſty," his "charity and moderation."

"He was one of the firſt authors that taught the diſſenters to court attention by the graces of language. He ſhewed them that zeal and purity might be expreſſed and enforced by poliſhed diction.

"In the pulpit, though his low ſtature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantage of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his diſcourſes very efficacious. Such was his flow of thoughts, and ſuch his promptitude of language, that in the

latter part of his life he did not precompoſe his curſory ſermons; but having adjuſted the heads, and ſketched out ſome particulars, truſted for ſucceſs to his extemporary powers.

" To ſtated and public inſtruction, he added familiar viſits and perſonal application; and was careful to improve the opportunities which converſation offered, of diffuſing and increaſing the influence of religion.

" By his natural temper, he was quick of reſentment; but by his eſtabliſhed and habitual practice, he was gentle, modeſt, and inoffenſive. He condeſcended to lay aſide the ſcholar, the philoſopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and ſyſtems of inſtruction, adapted to the wants and capacities of children, from the dawn of reaſon, through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man, acquainted with the common principles of human actions, will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating *Locke*, and at another time making a *Catechiſm* for children in their fourth year.

" As his mind was capacious, his curioſity excurſive, and his induſtry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his ſubjects various. With his theological works, I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekneſs of oppoſition, and his mildneſs of cenſure. It was not only in his books, but in his mind, that orthodoxy was united with charity.

" Of his philoſophical pieces, his *Logic* has been received into the univerſities, and therefore wants no private recommendation: if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it muſt be conſidered that no man who undertakes merely to methodize or illuſtrate a ſyſtem, pretends to be the author.

" Few books have been peruſed by me with greater pleaſure than his *Improvement of the Mind*, of which the radical principle may indeed be found in Locke's " Conduct of the Underſtanding;" but they are ſo expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the higheſt degree uſeful and pleaſing. Whoever has the care of inſtructing others, may be charged with deficience in his duty if this book is not recommended.

" As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffuſed over his works: Under his direction it may be truly ſaid *Theologiæ Philoſophia ancillatur*, philoſophy is ſubſervient to evangelical inſtruction: it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at leaſt wiſhing to be better. The attention is caught by indirect inſtruction; and he that ſat down only to reaſon, is in a ſudden compelled to pray.

" Few men have left behind ſuch purity of character, or ſuch monuments of laborious piety. He has provided inſtruction for all ages, from thoſe who are liſping their firſt leſſons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke. He has left neither corporeal nor ſpiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reaſoning and the ſcience of the ſtars.

" His character, therefore, muſt be formed from the multiplicity and diverſity of his attainments rather than from any ſingle performance: for it would not be ſafe to claim for him the higheſt rank in any ſingle denomination of literary dignity; yet perhaps there was nothing in which he would not have excelled, if he had not divided his powers to different purſuits.

" As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would probably have ſtood high among the authors with whom he is now aſſociated. For his judgment was clear, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice diſcernment; his imagination, as the *Dacian Battle* proves, was vigorous and active, and the ſtores of knowledge were large by which his fancy was to be ſupplied. His ear was well tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is like that of others, unſatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the ſanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is ſufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well.

" His poems on other ſubjects ſeldom riſe higher than might be expected from the amuſements of a man of letters, and have different degrees of value as they are more or leſs laboured, or as the occaſion was more or leſs favourable to invention.

" He writes too often without regular meaſure, and too often in blank verſe: the rhymes are not always ſufficiently correſpondent. He is particularly unhappy in coining names expreſſive of characters. His lines are commonly ſmooth and eaſy, and his thoughts always religiouſly pure; but who is there that to ſo much piety and innocence does not wiſh for a greater meaſure of ſprightlineſs and vigour? He is at leaſt one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may ſafely pleaſed; and happy will be that reader whoſe mind is diſpoſed by his verſes, or his proſe, copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God!"

RECOMMENDATORY VERSES.

ON READING MR. WATTS'S POEMS, SACRED TO PIETY AND DEVOTION.

REGARD the man who in ſeraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, ſings his Maker's praiſe:
He needs invoke no fabled muſe's art,
The heavenly ſong comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inſpire
With holy raptures, and a ſacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whoſe ſoul and guiltleſs breaſt,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' Almighty gueſt!
'Tis he that lends thy towering thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'ſt to ſing:
He to thy ſoul lets in celeſtial day,
Ev'n whilſt impriſon'd in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aſpect thou art not alarm'd,
He, for thy ſake, has death itſelf diſarm'd;
Not ſhall the grave o'er thee a victory boaſt;
Her triumph in thy riſing ſhall be loſt,
When thou ſhalt join th' angelic choirs above,
In never-ending ſongs of praiſe and love.

EUSEBIA.

TO MR. WATTS, ON HIS POEMS.

To murmuring ſtreams, in tender ſtrains,
My penſive muſe no more
Of love's enchanting force complains,
Along the flowery ſhore.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breaſt alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have loſt their uſual charms.

No gay ALEXIS in the grove
Shall be my future theme:
I burn with an immortal love,
And ſing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I ſeem to gain,
And ſacred tranſports feel,
While WATTS, to thy celeſtial ſtrain,
Surpris'd, I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending foreſt lends an ear;
The birds their notes forget.

With ſuch a graceful harmony
Thy numbers ſtill prolong;
And let remoteſt lands reply,
And echo to thy ſong.

Far as the diſtant regions, where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours through the air,
From her reſplendent wings;

Unto the new-found realms, which ſee
The latter ſun ariſe,
When, with an eaſy progreſs, he
Rolls down the nether ſkies.

July 1706. PHILOMELA *.

TO MR. WATTS, ON READING HIS HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HAIL, heaven-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame,
And high ſeraphic numbers, durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, ſelf-conſcious of a ſoul
Superior, though on earth detain'd a while;
Like ſome propitious angel, that's deſign'd
A reſident in this inferior orb,
To guide the wandering ſouls to heavenly bliſs,
Thou ſeem'ſt; while thou their everlaſting ſongs
Haſt ſung to mortal ears, and down to earth
Transferr'd the work of heaven; with thought ſublime,
And high ſonorous words, thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view
The towering height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father; as of old
When firſt th' Almighty from the dark abyſs
Of everlaſting night and ſilence call'd
The ſhining worlds with one creating word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hoſts,
And with external glories fill'd the void,
Harmonious ſeraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their cheerful hallelujahs bleſs'd
The bounteous author of their happineſs;
From orb to orb th' alternate muſic rang,
And from the cryſtal arches of the ſky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native ſeat

* *A name aſſumed by my rival.*

Of the firſt happy pair, who join'd their ſongs
To the loud echoes of th' angelic choirs,
And fill'd with bliſsful hymns, terreſtrial heaven,
The paradiſe of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambroſial air,
Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal ſweets,
Forbidding death and ſorrow, and beſtow'd
Freſh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth.
Not ſo, alas! the vile apoſtate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
Aſſaulting with their impious blaſphemies
The Power ſupreme that give them life and breath;
Incarnate fiends! outrageous they defy'd
Th' Eternal's thunder and almighty wrath
Fearleſs provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet; remembering well the day
When, driven from pure immortal ſeats above,
A fiery tempeſt hurl'd them down the ſkies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulf,
Where bound on ſulphurous lakes to glowing rocks
With adamantine chains, they wail their woes,
And know Jehovah great as well as good;
And fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
With horror find his arm omnipotent.
Prodigious madneſs! that the ſacred muſe,
Firſt taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundleſs glories of the ſky,
Should now to every idol baſely bow,
And curſe the Deity ſhe once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each fordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praiſe
Of haughty Lucifer, the deſperate foe
Of God and man, and winning every hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear theſe accurſed lays, and, thus outdone,
Raging they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their helliſh blaſphemies,
And with loud curſes rend the gloomy vault.
Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter heaven, and laugh at hell;
To dreſs-up vice in falſe deluſive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading beſotted ſouls through flowery paths,
In gaudy dreams, and vain fantaſtic joys,
To diſmal ſcenes of everlaſting woe;
When the great Judge ſhall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames ſurround the trembling globe,
While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
And the laſt trump awakes the ſleeping dead;
And guilty ſouls to ghaſtly bodies driven,
Within thoſe dire eternal priſons ſhut,
Expect their ſad inexorable doom.
Say now, ye men of wit! what turn of thought
Will pleaſe you then! Alas, how dull and poor,
Ev'n to yourſelves, will your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wiſh,
You'd been as very fools as once you thought
Others, for the ſublimeſt wiſdom ſcorn'd;
When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall ſinge your blighted laurels, and the men
Who thought they flew ſo high, ſhall fall ſo low.
No more, my Muſe, of that tremenduous thought;
Reſume thy more delightful theme, and ſing
Th' immortal man, that with immortal verſe
Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
Deſpiſes mortal critics' idle rules:
While the celeſtial flame that warms thy ſoul
Inſpires us, and with holy tranſports moves
Our labouring minds, and nobler ſcenes preſents
Than all the Pagan poets ever ſung,
Homer or Virgil; and far ſweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught his ſounding lyre,
And purer far, though Martial's ſelf might ſeem
A modeſt poet in our Chriſtian days.
May thoſe forgotten and neglected lie,
No more let men be fond of fabulous gods,
Nor Heathen wit debauch one Chriſtian line,
While with the coarſe and daubing paint we hide
The ſhining beauties of eternal truth,
That in her native dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the eyes of angels.---Oh! like thee
Let every nobler genius tune his voice
To ſubjects worthy of their towering thoughts.
Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and conſecrate your deathleſs lays
To him who reigns above, and her who rules below.

April 17. 1706. JOSEPH STANDEN.

TO MR. WATTS, ON HIS DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, human ſeraph, whence that charming force,
That flame! that ſoul! which animates each line;
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with ponderous ſenſe! Say, did not He,
The lovely Jeſus, who commands thy breaſt,
Inſpire thee with himſelf? With Jeſus dwells,
Knit in myſterious bands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlaſting ſource
Of love: And what is love, in ſouls like thine,
But air, and incenſe to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring ſaint, whoſe ſwimming eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the leaſt exalted of thy ſtrains,
How greedily he'd drink the muſic in,
Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near
So great a ſtreis of powerful harmony,
Nature unable to ſuſtain,
Would ſink oppreſs'd with joy to endleſs reſt.
Let none henceforth of providence complain,
As if the world of ſpirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night;
What though no ſhining angel darts from thence
With leave to publiſh things conceal'd from ſenſe,
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as W[illegible]'s are, and love like his.
But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you uſe,
To tranſports ſo intenſely rais'd your muſe,
Leſt, whilſt th' eceſtatic impulſe you obey,
The ſoul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

Sept[illegible]4. 1706. HENRY GROVE.

TO DR. WATTS,

ON THE FIFTH EDITION OF HIS HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SOVEREIGN of ſacred verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.

A muſe, the meaneſt of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the ſong.
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.
No vulgar themes thy pious muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page.
You in majeſtic numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For every grace of every muſe is thine.
Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
Conducts his favourite to the realms of light;
Where Raphael's lyre charms the celeſtial throng,
Delighted cherubs liſtening to the ſong:
From bliſs to bliſs the happy beings rove,
And taſte the ſweets of muſic and of love.
But when the ſofter ſcenes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the ſaint,
When you deſcribe how few the happy pairs,
Whoſe hearts united ſoften all their cares,
We ſee to whom the ſweeteſt joys belong,
And Myra's beauties conſecrate your ſong.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleaſing theme for ever dwell;
But the muſe faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy ſtrains with wonder and delight.
When tombs of princes ſhall in ruins lie,
And all but heaven-born piety ſhall die,
When the laſt trumpet wakes the ſilent dead,
And each laſcivious poet hides his head,
With thee ſhall thy divine Urania riſe,
Crown'd with freſh laurels, to thy native ſkies:
Great How and Gouge ſhall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly ſtrings,
And join the Lyric Ode while ſome fair ſeraph ſings.

Sic ſpirat, ſic optat,
Tui amantiſſimus
BRITANNICUS.

PREFACE.

It has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art, inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his "right hand became glorious in power; when thy right hand, "O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the "red sea. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the "deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the "mighty waters." Exod. xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that economy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism, the Muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

Μῶσαι Πιερίηθεν ἀοιδῇσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε, Διὶ ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πατέρ' ὑμνείουσαι.

"Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,
"Descend, and sing the God your Father's "praise."

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poesy was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for this, she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them:

"Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
"Peoples the dark retreats of death,
"Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,
"And praise your Maker with your forked "tongues."

This profanation and debaſement of ſo divine an art, has tempted ſome weaker Chriſtians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or at leaſt, that verſe is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looſer hours; but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is ſerious and ſacred. They ſubmit, indeed, to uſe it in divine pſalmody; but they love the drieſt tranſlation of the pſalm beſt. They will venture to ſing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulneſs; but ſtill they perſuade themſelves, and their children, that the beauties of poeſy are vain and dangerous. All that ariſes a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worſhip, and hardly eſcapes the ſentence of "unclean and abo-"minable." It is ſtrange, that perſons that have had the Bible in their hands, ſhould be led away by thoughtleſs prejudices to ſo wild and raſh an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this four, this cenſorious humour too far, leſt the ſacred writers fall under the laſh of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the ſtyle and way of writing that is uſed by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Teſtament are Hebrew verſe? and the figures are ſtronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more ſurpriſing and ſtrange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah ſings her praiſes to the God of Iſrael, while he marched from the field of Edom, ſhe ſets the "earth a-trembling, "the heavens drop, and the mountains diſſolve "from before the Lord. They fought from hea-"ven, the ſtars in their courſes fought againſt Si-"ſera: When the river of Kiſhon ſwept them "away, that ancient river, the river Kiſhon. O "my ſoul, thou haſt trodden down ſtrength." Judg. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, ſpeaks his ſenſe of the holineſs of God, he introduces a machine in a viſion: "Fear came upon "me, trembling on all my bones; the hair of my "fleſh ſtood up; a ſpirit paſſed by and ſtood ſtill, "but its form was undiſcernible; an image be-"fore mine eyes; and ſilence; Then I heard a "voice, ſaying, Shall mortal man be more juſt "than God?" &c. Job iv. When he deſcribes the ſafety of the righteous, he "hides him from "the ſcourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh "at deſtruction and famine, he brings the ſtones "of the field into league with him, and makes "the brute animals enter into a covenant of "peace." Job v. 21, &c. When Job ſpeaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he ſpreads over it! "It is a region to which I muſt "ſhortly go, and whence I ſhall not return; it is "a land of darkneſs, it is darkneſs itſelf, the land "of the ſhadow of death; all confuſion and diſ-"order, and where the light is as darkneſs. This "is my houſe, there have I made my bed: I have "ſaid to corruption, Thou art my father; and to "the worm, Thou art my mother and my ſiſter: "As for my hope, who ſhall ſee it? I and my "hope go down together to the bars of the pit." Job x. 21, and xvii. 13. When he humbles himſelf in complainings before the almightineſs of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he uſe! "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and "fro? Wilt thou purſue the dry ſtubble? I con-"ſume away like a rotten thing, a garment eat-"en by the moth." Job xiii. 25, &c. "Thou "liſteſt me up to the wind, thou cauſeſt me to "ride upon it, and diſſolveſt my ſubſtance." Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more deſpicable ideas, to repreſent the ſcoundrel herd and refuſe of mankind, than thoſe which Job uſes? chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own ſorrows and reproaches to amazement: "They that are "younger than I have me in deriſion, whoſe fa-"thers I would have diſdained to have ſet with "the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they "were ſolitary; fleeing into the wilderneſs deſo-"late and waſte: They cut up mallows by the "buſhes, and juniper-roots for their meat: They "were driven forth from among men (they cried "after them as after a thief), to dwell in the cliffs "of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in "rocks: Among the buſhes they brayed, under "the nettles they were gathered together; they "were children of fools, yea, children of baſe "men; they were viler than the earth: And "now I am their ſong, yea, I am their by-word," &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own ſorrows! "Terrors are turned upon "him, they purſue his ſoul as the wind, and his "welfare paſſes away as a cloud; his bones are "pierced within him, and his ſoul is poured out: "he goes mourning without the ſun, a brother to "dragons, and a companion to owls; while his "harp and organ are turned into the voice of "them that weep." I muſt tranſcribe one half of this holy book, if I would ſhow the grandeur, the variety, and the juſtneſs of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expreſſion; I muſt copy out a good part of the writings of David and Iſaiah, if I would repreſent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and ſtyle: nor is the language of the leſſer prophets, eſpecially in ſome paragraphs, much inferior to theſe.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumſtances, if their deſigning be ſo juſt and noble, their diſpoſition ſo artful, and their colouring ſo bright, beyond the moſt famed human writers, how much more muſt their deſcriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is poſſible to be ſaid by a meaner tongue? When they ſpeak of the dwelling-place of God, "He "inhabits eternity, and ſits upon the throne of "his holineſs, in the midſt of light inacceſſible." When his holineſs is mentioned, "The heavens "are not clean in his ſight, he charges his angels "with folly: He looks to the moon, and it ſhin-"eth not, and the ſtars are not pure before his "eyes: He is a jealous God, and a conſuming "fire." If we ſpeak of ſtrength, "Behold, he is "ſtrong: He removes the mountains, and they "know it not: He overturns them in his anger: "He ſhakes the earth from her place, and her "pillars tremble. He makes a path through the "mighty waters, he diſcovers the foundations of "the world: The pillars of heaven are aſtoniſhed "at his reproof." And after all, "Theſe are "but a portion of his ways: The thunder of his "power who can underſtand?" His ſovereignty,

his knowledge, and his wiſdom, are revealed to us in language vaſtly ſuperior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. "Let the potſherds "ſtrive with the potſherds of the earth; but "ſhall the clay ſay to him that faſhioneth it, "What makeſt thou? He bids the heavens drop "down from above, and let the ſkies pour down "righteouſneſs. He commands the ſun, and it "riſeth not, and he ſealeth up the ſtars. It is "he that ſaith to the deep, be dry, and he drieth "up the rivers. Woe to them that ſeek deep to "hide their counſel from the Lord; his eyes are "upon all their ways, he underſtands their "thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, "and deſtruction hath no covering. He calls out "all the ſtars by their names, he fruſtrateth the "tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad: "He turns wiſe men backward, and their know-"ledge becomes fooliſh." His tranſcendent eminence above all things is moſt nobly repreſented, when he "ſits upon the circle of the earth, and "the inhabitants thereof are as graſshoppers: "All nations before him are as the drop of a buc-"ket, and as the ſmall duſt of the balance: He "takes up the iſles as a very little thing; Leba-"non, with all her beaſts, is not ſufficient for a "ſacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees ſuf-"ficient for the burning. This God, before "whom the whole creation is as nothing, yea, "leſs than nothing, and vanity. To which of all "the heathen gods then will ye compare me, "ſaith the Lord, and what ſhall I be likened to?" And to which of all the heathen poets ſhall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the ſacred deſcriber of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptineſs. Let us turn our eyes now to ſome of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: How meanly do the beſt of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this ſubject, when brought into compariſon with Moſes, whom Longinus himſelf, a Gentile critic, cites as a maſter of the ſublime ſtyle, when he choſe to uſe it; "And the Lord ſaid, Let there be light, and "there was light; Let there be clouds and ſeas, "ſun and ſtars, plants and animals, and behold "they are:" He commanded, and they appear and obey: "By the word of the Lord were the "heavens made, and all the hoſt of them by the "breath of his mouth:" This is working like a God, with infinite eaſe and omnipotence. His wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his adverſaries, and for the ſuccour of his ſaints, is ſet before our eyes in the ſcripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When "he ariſes out of his place, the earth trembles, "the foundation of the hills are ſhaken becauſe "he is wroth: There goes a ſmoke up out of his "noſtrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, "coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, "and comes down, and darkneſs is under his "feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow "down at his preſence." If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a deſcending God, they might uſe thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horſes for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs inſtead of horſes, or ſeats him in "cha-"riots of ſalvation." David beholds him riding "upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH: "He was mounted upon a cherub, and did fly; "he flew on the wings of the wind;" and Habbakkuk ſends "the peſtilence before him." Homer keeps a mighty ſtir with his Νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς, and Heſiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. Jupiter, that raiſes up the clouds, and that makes a noiſe, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the "clouds but the duſt of his feet;" and when the Higheſt gives his voice in the heavens, "Hail-"ſtones and coals of fire follow." A divine poet diſcovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature; "at thy rebuke, "O Lord, at the blaſt of the breath of thy noſ-"trils." When the Holy One alighted upon Mount Sinai, "his glory covered the heavens: "He ſtood and meaſured the earth: He beheld "and drove aſunder the nations, and the ever-"laſting mountains were ſcattered: The perpe-"tual hills did bow; his ways are everlaſting." Then the prophet "ſaw the tents of Cuſhan in "affliction, and the curtains of the land of Mi-"dian did tremble." Hab. iii. Nor did the bleſſed Spirit which animated theſe writers forbid them the uſe of viſions, dreams, the opening of ſcenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occaſions: the divine licence in this reſpect is admirable and ſurpriſing, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninſpired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble eſſay to diſcover how much ſuperior is inſpired poeſy to the brighteſt and beſt deſcriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his propoſal of criticiſm had been encouraged and purſued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been ſecured from the danger of Deiſm; while they muſt have been forced to confeſs at leaſt the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they ſee a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to aſſert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dreſs? Shall the French poet * affright us, by ſaying,

"De la foy d'un Chrêtien les myſteres terribles,
"D'Ornemens egayez ne ſont point ſuſcep-
"tibles?

But the French critic †, in his reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, "That the majeſty of our "religion, the holineſs of its laws, the purity of "its morals, the heigth of its myſteries, and the "importance of every ſubject that belongs to it, "requires a grandeur, a nobleneſs, a majeſty, "and elevation of ſtyle, ſuited to the theme: "ſparkling images and magnificent expreſſions "muſt be uſed, and are beſt borrowed from "Scripture: let the preacher, that aims at elo-"quence, read the prophets inceſſantly, for their "writings are an abundant ſource of all the riches

* *Boileau.*
† *Rapin.*

" and ornaments of ſpeech." And, in my opinion, this is far better counſel than Horace gives us, when he ſays,

" ——— Vos exemplaria Græca
" Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ."

As, in the conduct of my ſtudies with regard to divinity, I have reaſon to repent of nothing more than that I have not peruſed the Bible with more frequency; ſo if I were to ſet up for a poet, with a deſign to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the prophets night and day. I am ſure, the compoſures of the following book would have been filled with much greater ſenſe, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Beſides, we may fetch a further anſwer to Monſieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble uſe have Racine and Corneille made of Chriſtian ſubjects, in ſome of their beſt tragedies! What a variety of divine ſcenes are diſplayed, and pious paſſions awakened, in thoſe poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the ſame time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand * that directed me to ſuch entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wiſhed for, and ſought in vain in our own. Yet I muſt confeſs, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have ſo far anſwered Boileau's objection, in Engliſh, as that the obſtacles of attempting Chriſtian poeſy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted †.

It is true indeed, the Chriſtian myſteries have not ſuch need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather compoſed, the heathen ſuperſtition. But this ſtill makes for the greater eaſe and ſurer ſucceſs of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a ſimple dreſs, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly diſdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelation ſeems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illuſtrates the ſubject with many charming glories; but ſtill it muſt be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Chriſtianity have ſomething brighter and bolder in them, ſomething more ſurpriſing and celeſtial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of falſe luſtre that form and garniſh a heathen ſong: here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muſe, and the heavenly theme would ſo relieve a dull hour, and a languiſhing genius, that when the muſe nods, the ſenſe would burn and ſparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much leſs toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furniſh out a Chriſtian poem, than a modern play! There is nothing among all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two ſuch extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days; the poſſeſſor of the palace of Heaven laid to ſleep in a manger; the holy Jeſus, who knew no ſin, bearing the ſins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of ſorrow loading the ſoul of him who was God over all, bleſſed for ever; and the ſovereign of life ſtretching his arms on a croſs, bleeding and expiring: The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childiſh figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Beliides, the Furies with ſnaky hairs, or all the flowery ſtories of Elyſium. And if we ſurvey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe; the advantage for touching the ſprings of paſſion will fall infinitely on the ſide of the Chriſtian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and ſorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, muſt needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whoſe every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his ſoul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furniſh out a tragedy, are ſo armed by wit and fancy, as to become ſovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our ſmiles and our tears at pleaſure; how wondrous a conqueſt might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at leaſt, to ſobriety, if the ſame happy talent were employed in dreſſing the ſcenes of religion in their proper figures of majeſty, ſweetneſs, and terror! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiouſly neglected by thoſe whom Heaven has endued with a gift ſo proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whoſe ſweet inſinuations might almoſt convey piety in reſiſting nature, and melt the hardeſt ſouls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would ſhine bright in a dramatic deſcription; nor is their any need of any reaſon why we ſhould always borrow the plan or hiſtory from the ancient Jews, or primitive matyrs; though ſeveral of theſe would furniſh out noble materials for this ſort of poeſy: but modern ſcenes would be better underſtood by moſt readers, and the application would be much more eaſy. The anguiſh of inward guilt, the ſecret ſtings and racks and ſcourges of conſcience; the ſweet retiring hours, and ſeraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a reſolved ſoul over a thouſand temptations; the inimitable love and paſſion of a dying God; the awful glories of the laſt tribunal; the grand deciſive ſentence, from which there is no appeal; and the conſequent tranſports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; theſe things may be variouſly diſpoſed, and form many poems. How might ſuch performances, under a divine bleſſing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and

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* *Philomela.*

† *Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his laſt poem, entitled Alfred, has more copiouſly refuted all Boileau's arguments on this ſubject, and that with great juſtice and elegance.* 1723.—*I am perſuaded that many perſons who deſpiſe the poem would acknowledge the juſt ſentiments of that preface.*

beauty? This would make religion appear like itſelf, and confound the blaſphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleaſures.

But we have reaſon to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raiſed their ambition to ſo divine a pitch; I ſhould rejoice to ſee more of this celeſtial fire kindling within them; for the flaſhes that break out in ſome preſent and paſt writings betray an infernal ſource. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have ſo pathetically deſcribed and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. Theſe gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poeſy, have given the world happy examples of what they wiſh and encourage in proſe; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the ſhining colours of profuſe and florid diction.

If ſhorter ſonnets were compoſed on ſublime ſubjects, ſuch as the Pſalms of David, and the holy tranſports interſperſed in the other ſacred writings, or ſuch as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyricks; I perſuade myſelf that the Chriſtian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his deſign to diffuſe virtue, and allure ſouls to God. If the heart were firſt inflamed from Heaven, and the muſe were not left alone to form the devotion, and purſue a cold ſcent, but only called-in as an aſſiſtant to the worſhip, then the ſong would end where the inſpiration ceaſes; the whole compoſure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the ſame pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the ſhorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr. Norris's Eſſays in verſe, are convincing inſtances of the ſucceſs of this propoſal.

It is my opinion alſo, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble meaſures of Milton without rhyme, would beſt maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a looſe to the devout ſoul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Pſalm-tranſlators; I have contracted and cramped the ſenſe, or rendered it obſcure and feeble, by the two ſpeedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reaſon of the following compoſures, and of the firſt or ſecond publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title aſſures them that poeſy is not the buſineſs of my life; and if I ſeized thoſe hours of leiſure, wherein my ſoul was in a more ſprightly frame, to entertain them or myſelf with a divine or moral ſong, I hope I ſhall find an eaſy pardon.

In the Firſt Book are many odes which were written to aſſiſt the meditations and worſhip of vulgar Chriſtians, and with a deſign to be publiſhed in the volume of hymns, which have now paſſed a ſecond impreſſion: but upon the review, I found ſome expreſſions that were not ſuited to the plaineſt capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to pleaſe the weaker Chriſtian: therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Among the ſongs that are dedicated to divine love, I think I may be bold to aſſert, that I never compoſed one line of them with any other deſign than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to ſecure them all from being perverted and debaſed to wanton paſſions, by ſeveral lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the nobleſt inſtances of the grace of Chriſt repreſented under the figure of a conjugal ſtate, and deſcribed in one of the ſweeteſt odes, and the ſofteſt paſtoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon *, in his Song, and his father David, in Pſal. xlv. if David was the author: and I am well aſſured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the ſacred writers too nearly, in ſo nice an affair.

The "Poems ſacred to Virtue," &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my ſoul was juſt ſuited to the ſubject of my verſe: the image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whoſe ſoul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulneſs of the fancy, and coarſeneſs of expreſſion, will diſappear; the ſameneſs of the humour will create a pleaſure, and inſenſibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muſe. Young gentlemen and ladies, whoſe genius and education have given them a reliſh of oratory and verſe, may be tempted to ſeek ſatisfaction among the dangerous diverſions of the ſtage, and impure ſonnets, if there be no proviſion of a ſafer kind made to pleaſe them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this reſpect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raiſe it to a diſdain of brutal pleaſures. The frequent interpoſition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a ſerious ſenſe of God, religion, and eternity. The ſame duty that might be deſpiſed in a ſermon, when propoſed to their reaſon, may here, perhaps, ſeize the lower faculties with ſurpriſe; delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the ſuperior powers of the mind to piety. Among the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward-ſhape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more eaſily ſuſceptive of religion in a grave diſcourſe and ſedate reaſoning. Some are beſt frighted from ſin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the propereſt paſſion to which we can addreſs ourſelves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive ſo powerful as that which applies itſelf to their ingenuity, and their poliſhed imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the ſoul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleaſures; and if I could but make up a compoſition of virtue and delight, ſuited to the taſte of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had ſome hope to allure and raiſe them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and cuſtom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a ſlight inclination to ſatire or burleſque, I thought it proper to ſuppreſs it. The griping

* *Solomon's Song was much more in uſe among preachers and writers of divinity when theſe poems were written than it is now*, 1736.

and the growling muſe are not hard to be obtained; but I would diſdain their aſſiſtance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly ſmile, may be ſucceſsfully employed. Could I perſuade any man by a kinder method, I ſhould never think it proper to ſcold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are ſome moroſe readers, that ſtand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that ſort of ſocial life repreſented to us in the ſacred writings? Some expreſſions are there uſed with a deſign to give a mortifying influence to our ſofteſt affections; others again brighten the character of that ſtate, and allure virtuous ſouls to purſue the divine advantage of it, the mutual aſſiſtance in the way to ſalvation.

Are not the cxxviith and cxxviiith Pſalms indited on this very ſubject? Shall it be lawful for the preſs and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming ſolemnity in proſe, and muſt the mention of the ſame thing in poeſy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a ſerious character to write on this argument, becauſe it has been unhappily polluted by ſome ſcurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing miſchief, while a thouſand vile poems of the amorous kind ſwarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not ſuch ſtrangers as they are repreſented. The bliſsful intimacy of ſouls in that ſtate will afford ſufficient furniture for the graveſt entertainment in verſe; ſo that it need not be everlaſtingly dreſſed-up in ridicule, nor aſſumed only to furniſh out the lewd ſonnets of the times. May ſome happier genius promote the ſame ſervice that I propoſed, and by ſuperior ſenſe, and ſweeter ſound, render what I have written contemptible and uſeleſs.

The imitations of that nobleſt Latin poet of modern ages, Caſimire Sarbiewſki, of Poland, would need no excuſe, did they but ariſe to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines; or to leave out as many, that I might ſuit my ſong more to my own deſign, or becauſe I ſaw it impoſſible to preſent the force, the fineneſs, and the fire of his expreſſion in our language. There are a few copies wherein I have borrowed ſome hints from the ſame author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow ſo ſuperior a genius now and then to be laviſh in his imagination, and to indulge ſome excurſions beyond the limits of ſedate judgment: the riches and glory of his verſe make atonement in abundance. I wiſh ſome Engliſh pen would import more of his treaſures, and bleſs our nation.

The inſcriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almoſt all the Lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the ſofter method of applauſe. Suſtained by their example, a man will not eaſily be overwhelmed by the heavieſt cenſures of the unthinking and unknowing; eſpecially when there is a ſhadow of this practice in the divine Pſalmiſt, while he inſcribes to Aſaph or Jeduthun his ſongs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric odes, though they are addreſſed to God himſelf.

In the "poems of Heroic meaſure," I have attempted in rhyme the ſame variety of cadence, comma and period, which blank verſe glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the beſt verſification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, juſt in the ſame pace, and with the ſame pauſes. It ſpoils the nobleſt pleaſure of the ſound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to ſleep with the unmanly ſoftneſs of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences

In the "Eſſays without Rhyme," I have not ſet up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he ſhall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled inſtances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majeſty and ſereneneſs of thought. There are ſeveral epiſodes in his longer works, that ſtand in ſupreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vaſt reverence with which I read his Paradiſe Loſt, cannot perſuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and ſometimes of his parentheſes, runs me out of breath: Some of his numbers ſeem too harſh and uneaſy. I could never believe that roughneſs and obſcurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect archaiſms, exoticiſms, and a quaint uncouthneſs of ſpeech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verſe may be written with all due elevation of thought, in a modern ſtyle, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's tales, or running back ſo far as the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the reign of the Faery Queen. The oddneſs of an antique ſound, gives but a falſe pleaſure to the ear, and abuſes the true reliſh, even when it works delight. There were ſome ſuch judges of poeſy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniouſly laughs at one of them, that was pleaſed even to aſtoniſhment with obſolete words and figures;

"Attonituſque legis terrai frugiferai."

So the ill-drawn poſtures and diſtortions of ſhape that we meet with in Chineſe pictures charm a ſickly fancy by their very aukwardneſs: ſo a diſtempered appetite will chew coals and ſand, and pronounce it guſtful.

In the Pindarics, I have generally conformed my lines to the ſhorter ſize of the ancients, and avoided to imitate the exceſſive lengths to which ſome modern writers have ſtretched their ſentences, and eſpecially the concluding verſe. In theſe the ear is the trueſt judge; nor was it made to be enſlaved to any preciſe model of elder or later times.

After all, I muſt petition my reader to lay aſide the ſour and ſullen air of criticiſm, and to aſſume the friend. Let him chooſe ſuch copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is ſuited to the ſong. Let him come with a deſire to be entertained and pleaſed, rather than to ſeek his own diſguſt and averſion, which will not be hard to find. I am not ſo vain as to think there are no faults, nor ſo blind as to eſpy none: though

I hope the multitude of alterations in this ſecond edition are not without amendment. There is ſo large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as in the various tranſpoſitions, that it would be uſeleſs and endleſs, and all confuſion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions alſo make up half the book, and ſome of theſe have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to poliſh the roughneſs of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it ſhine. Wide defects and equal ſuperfluities may be found, eſpecially in the larger pieces; but I have at preſent neither inclination nor leiſure to correct, and I hope I never ſhall. It is one of the biggeſt ſatisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again *. So that my friends may be perfectly ſecure againſt this impreſſion's growing waſte upon their hands; and uſeleſs as the former has done. Let minds that are better furniſhed for ſuch performances purſue theſe ſtudies, if they are convinced that poeſy can be made ſerviceable to religion and virtue. As for myſelf, I almoſt bluſh to think that I have read ſo little, and written ſo much. The following years of my life ſhall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my ſtation, excepting thoſe hours that may be employed in finiſhing my imitation of the Pſalms of David, in Chriſtian language, which I have now promiſed the world †.

I cannot court the world to purchaſe this book for their pleaſure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleaſes me. The beſt of them ſinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the myſteries of heaven, or of the muſes, ſhould be a genius of no vulgar mould: And as the name Vates belongs to both; ſo the furniture of both is compriſed in that line of Horace,

" ——Cui mens divinior, atque os
" Magna ſonaturum——"

But what Juvenal ſpake in his age, abides true in ours: A complete poet or a prophet is ſuch a one;

" —Qualem nequeo monſtrare, & ſentio tantum."

Perhaps neither of theſe characters in perfection ſhall ever be ſeen on earth, till the ſeventh angel has ſounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beaſt and his image, when the natives of heaven ſhall join in concert with prophets and ſaints, and ſing to their golden harps " ſalvation, honour and glory to him that " ſits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever."

MAY 14. 1709.

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* " Naturam expellas furcâ licet, uſque recur-" ret." HOR. *Will this ſhort note of Horace, excuſe a man who has reſiſted nature many years, but has been ſometimes overcome?* 1736. *Edition the 7th.*

† *In the year* 1719 *theſe were finiſhed and printed.*

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPPING WITH FEAR.

Who dares attempt th' eternal Name,
With notes of mortal ſound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And ſpread deſpair around.

Deſtruction waits t' obey his frown,
And Heaven attends his ſmile;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it ſtill.

Celeſtial King, our ſpirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and caſt a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty ſeat.

When ſhall we ſee the Great Unknown,
And in thy preſence ſtand?
Reveal the ſplendors of thy throne,
But ſhield us with thy hand.

In thee what endleſs wonders meet!
What various glory ſhines!
The croſſing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are loſt in ſweet ſurpriſe
If thou unvail thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the ſkies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majeſty,
To ſpread their beams abroad,
Not all their faireſt minds on high
Are ſhadows of a God.

Thy works the ſtrongeſt ſeraph ſings
In a too feeble ſtrain,
And labours hard on all his ſtrings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be!
How ſhort our praiſes fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' eternal All.

ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

Yet, mighty God, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
While the young notes and venturous ſong
To worlds of glory ſoar.

If thou my daring flight forbid,
The muſe folds up her wings;
Or at thy word her ſlender reed
Attempts almighty things.

Her ſlender reed, inſpir'd by thee,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And ſpreads a heaven below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath:
And calls the angelic hoſts to arms,
To give the nations death.

But when ſhe taſtes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture ſtrong,
Scarce the divineſt harp above
Aims at a ſweeter ſong,

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

Not from the duſt my ſorrows ſpring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower ſkies!
Let all the baneful planets ſhed
Their mingled curſes on my head,
How vain their curſes, if th' eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bleſs me with his eyes!
Creatures with all their boaſted ſway
Are but his ſlaves, and muſt obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to ſleep:
The north wind bluſters, and aſſumes command
Over the deſert and the deep;
Old Boreas with his freezing powers
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glaſs,
Arreſt the dancing rivulets as they paſs,
And chains them moveleſs to their ſhores;
The grazing ox lows to the gelid ſkies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the ſolid lakes, ſnuffs up the wind and dies,

Fly to the polar world, my ſong,
And mourn the pilgrims there (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of ſtatues on the Ruſſian plains,
And life ſtands frozen in the purple veins.

Atheiſt, forbear: no more blaſpheme:
God has a thouſand terrors in his name,
A thouſand armies at command,
Waiting the ſignal of his hand,
And magazines of froſt, and magazines of flame.
Dreſs thee in ſteel to meet his wrath;
His ſharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the ſoul, and ſhake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the ſky,
And ſcatters fate on ſwains and kings;
And flocks and herds, and nations die;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blaſphemies the lie.

The miſchiefs that infeſt the earth,
When the hot dog-ſtar fires the realms on high,
Drought and diſeaſe, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flaſhes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd Divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirſt,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to duſt,
The ſun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye ſcourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy ſtandards ſtrip,
And bear down with a mighty ſweep
The riches of the fields and honours of the woods;
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that in midnight ſleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves;
While you diſpenſe your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that ſounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

O for a meſſage from above
To bear my ſpirits up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrors and ſupport my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
While thou art Sovereign, I'm ſecure;
I ſhall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wiſh, heaven, earth, and hell are thine.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Haſt thou not ſeen, impatient boy?
Haſt thou not read the ſolemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy?
Pleaſure muſt be daſh'd with pain:
And yet, with heedleſs haſte,
The thirſty boy repeats the taſte,
Nor hearkens to deſpair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleaſure never run ſincere:
(Earth has no unpolluted ſpring)
From the curs'd ſoil ſome dangerous taint they bear;
So roſes grow on thorns, and honey wears a ſting.

In vain we ſeek a heaven below the ſky;
The world has falſe, but flattering, charms:
Its diſtant joys ſhow big in our eſteem,
But leſſen ſtill as they draw near the eye;
In our embrace the viſions die.
And when we graſp the airy forms,
We loſe the pleaſing dream.

Earth, with her ſcenes of gay delight,
Is but a landſkip rudely drawn,
With glaring colours, and falſe light;
Diſtance commends it to the ſight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauſeous daubing nigh,
Coarſe and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Diſſolve the pleaſure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my ſoul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
Thoſe heavens are fairer than they ſeem;
There pleaſures all ſincere glide on in cryſtal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief diſturbs the ſtream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No curſed ſoil, no tainted ſpring,
Not roſes grow on thorns, nor honey wears a ſting.

FELICITY ABOVE.

No, 'tis in vain to ſeek for bliſs;
For bliſs can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jeſus is,
And tread on heavenly ground.

There's nothing round theſe painted ſkies,
Or round this duſty clod;
Nothing, my ſoul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

'Tis heaven on earth to taſte his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the heaven I hope above
Is but to ſee his face.

Why move my years in ſlow delay!
O God of ages! why?
Let the ſpheres cleave, and mark my way
To the ſuperior ſky.

Dear Sovereign, break theſe vital ſtrings
That bind me to my clay;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

Keep ſilence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
The muſe ſtands trembling while ſhe ſings
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Th' Almighty Voice bid ancient night
Her endleſs realms reſign,
And lo, ten thouſand globes of light
In fields of azure ſhine.

Now Wiſdom with ſuperior ſway
Guides the vaſt moving frame,

While all the ranks of being pay,
Deep reverence to his name.

He ſpake; the ſun obedient ſtood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And diſappoints the ſea.

Lord of the armies of the ſky,
He marſhals all the ſtars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and ſize,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counſels ſhine:
Each opening leaf, and every ſtroke,
Fulfils ſome deep deſign.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To ſceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel aſks the reaſon why,
Nor God the reaſon gives;
Nor dares the favourite-angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never long'd to ſee
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes ſhall riſe.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in ſome humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

SELF CONSECRATION.

It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me ſore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And waſted half my days;
My inward power ſhall burn and flame
With zeal and paſſion for thy name,
I would not ſpeak, but for my God, nor move, but to his praiſe.

What are my eyes but aids to ſee
The glories of the Deity
Inſcrib'd with beams of light
On flowers and ſtars? Lord, I behold
The ſhining azure, green and gold;
But when I try to read thy name, a dimneſs veils my ſight.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil ſings
Sicilian ſwains, or Trojan kings,
And drink the muſic in:
Why ſhould the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed, awake my joys,
And yet my heart ſo ſtupid lie when ſacred hymns [begin?

Change me, O God; my fleſh ſhall be
An inſtrument of ſong to thee,
And thou the notes inſpire;
My tongue ſhall keep the heavenly chime,
My cheerful pulſe ſhall beat the time,
And ſweet variety of ſound ſhall in thy praiſe conſpire.

The deareſt nerve about my heart,
Should it refuſe to bear a part,
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious ſtring, or ſhow my zeal in death.

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

God is a name my ſoul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confeſs the Infinite Unknown.

From thy Great Self thy being ſprings;
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And Self-ſufficience bears them all.

Thy voice produc'd the ſeas and ſpheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets ſhine;
But nothing like thy Self appears,
Through all theſe ſpacious works of thine.

Still reſtleſs nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no ſucceſſion knows,
And all thy vaſt deſigns are one:

A glance of thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad ſheets of light compoſe thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worſhip in ſubmiſſive forms;
Thy preſence ſhakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How ſhall affrighted mortals dare
To ſing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but ſhadows of thy face?

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach conſuming flame?
None but thy wiſdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can ſpeak thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And ſend your fears away;
" News from the region of the ſkies,
" Salvation's born to-day,

" Jeſus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

" No gold, nor purple ſwaddling-bands,
" Nor royal ſhining things;
" A manger for his cradle ſtands,
" And holds the King of kings.

" Go, ſhepherds, where the Infant lies,
" And ſee his humble throne;

" With tears of joy in all your eyes.
" Go, Shepherds, kiſs the Son."

Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtrait around,
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong:

" Glory to God that reigns above
" Let peace ſurround the earth;
" Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love,
" At their Redeemer's birth."

Lord! and ſhall angels have their ſongs,
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues
When they forget to praiſe!

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines?
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known through the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand through the ſkies.

Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience ſtill.

Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhow the labour of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.

But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms;

Our thoughts are loſt in reverend awe;
We love and we adore;
The firſt arch-angel never ſaw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

When ſinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh, the dear myſteries of his croſs!
The triumph of his groans!

Now the full glories of the lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joys ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

THE HUMBLE INQUIRY.

A French ſonnet imitated. 1695.

" Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens," &c.

GRACE rules below, and ſits enthron'd above,
How few the ſparks of wrath! how ſlow they move.
And drop and die in boundleſs ſeas of love!

But me, vile wretch! ſhould pitying love embrace,
Deep in its ocean, hell itſelf would blaze,
And flaſh, and burn me through the boundleſs ſeas.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to ſuch a vaſtneſs grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine honour bids, " avenge thine injur'd name,"
Thy ſlighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moiſt tears might but incenſe thy flame.

Should heaven grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blaſt me, I could plead no more,
But own thy juſtice dying, and adore.

Yet can thoſe bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this ſacred ſhroud,
Ting'd in the vital ſtream of my redeemer's blood.

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

HENCE from my ſoul, my ſins, depart,
Your fatal friendſhip now I ſee:
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal diſtance flee.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I careſs'd your viperous brood,
And in my heart-ſtrings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breaſt, with boding fears,
And, cruſhing hard my tortur'd ſoul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treaſons, Prince of grace!
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou haſt pray'd for that curs'd race,
" Father, they know not what they do."

Great advocate, look down and ſee
A wretch, whoſe ſmarting ſorrows bleed;
O plead the ſame excuſe for me!
For, Lord, I know not what I did.

Peace, my complaints; let every groan
Be ſtill, and ſilence wait his love;
Compaſſions dwell amidſt his throne,
And through his inmoſt bowels move.

Lo, from the everlaſting ſkies,
Gently, as morning-dews diſtil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

How ſweet the voice of pardon ſounds!
Sweet the relief to deep diſtreſs!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my powers adore the grace.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THREE GREAT SALVATIONS.

VIZ.

1. From the Spaniſh Invaſion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery by K. WILLIAM of glorious memory, who landed, Nov. 5. 1688.

Compoſed, Nov. 5. 1695.

INFINITE God, thy counſels ſtand
Like mountains of eternal braſs,
Pillars to prop our ſinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the ſeas.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heaven of angels praiſe;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the Britiſh iſles;
"There," ſaid the Lord, "to ages ſtand,
"Firm as the everlaſting hills."

In vain the Spaniſh ocean roar'd;
Its billows ſwell'd againſt our ſhore.
Its billows ſunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

Come, ſaid the ſons of bloody Rome,
Let us provide new arms from hell:
And down they digg'd through earth'sdark womb,
And ranſack'd all the burning cell.

Old Satan lent them fiery ſtores,
Infernal coal, and ſulphurous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

Beneath the ſenate and the throne,
Engines of helliſh thunder lay;
There the dark ſeeds of fire were ſown,
To ſpring a bright, but diſmal day.

Thy love beheld the black deſign,
Thy love that guards our iſland round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And cruſh'd the tempeſt under ground.

THE SECOND PART.

ASSUME, my tongue a nobler ſtrain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their powers again,
Again they die beneath his ſword.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny poſſeſs'd the throne,
And murderers of an Iriſh ſoul
Ran, threatening death, through every town.

The Romiſh prieſt, and Britiſh prince,
Join'd their beſt force, and blackeſt charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd their ſervice of their arms.

They came, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The courts of darkneſs rang with joy,
Th' old Serpent hiſs'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

But lo, the great deliverer ſails,
Commiſſion'd from Jehovah's hand,
And ſmiling ſeas, and wiſhing gale
Convey him to the longing land.

The happy day *, and happy year,
Both in our new ſalvation meet:
The day † that quench'd the burning ſnare,
The year that burnt th' invading fleet.

Now did thine arm, O God of Hoſts,
Now did thine arm ſhine dazzling bright,
The ſons of might their hands had loſt,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne:
There, ye celeſtial warriors, ſtay,
And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the earth ſhall know
And learn the worſhip of the ſky:
Angels and Britons join below,
To raiſe their hallelujahs high.

All hallelujah heavenly king;
While diſtant lands thy victory ſing,
And tongues their utmoſt powers employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

FAR in the heavens my God retires,
My God, the mark of my deſires,
And hides his lovely face;
When he deſcends within my view,
He charms my reaſon to purſue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in the unequal chaſe.

Or if I reach unuſual height
Till near his preſence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a ſea of light I roll,
Where wiſdom, juſtice, mercy, ſhines;
Infinite rays in croſſing lines [my ſoul,
Beat thick confuſion on my ſight, and overwhelm

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What ſingle ſtrength, in vain deſigns,
United force hath done;
Thus worms may join, and graſp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the ſea)
But the whole race of creature-ſouls
Stretch'd to their laſt extent of thought, plunge and are loſt in thee.

Great God, behold my reaſon lies
Adoring; yet my love would riſe
On pinions not her own:
Faith ſhall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackleſs ſeas of light,
To thee, th' eternal fair, the infinite unknown.

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* *Nov.* 5. 1688. † *Nov.* 5. 1588.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

My thoughts, that often mount the ſkies,
Go, ſearch the world beneath,
Where nature in all ruin lies,
And owns her ſovereign, death.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies ſpread around!
And heaps of duſt and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

Theſe ſkulls, what ghaſtly figures now!
How loathſome to the eyes!
Theſe are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

But where the ſouls, thoſe deathleſs things,
That left his dying clay?
My thoughts, now ſtretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

O that unfathomable ſea!
Thoſe deeps without a ſhore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

Thus muſt we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful ſea;
Vain are our groans, and dying ſtrife,
To gain a moment's ſtay.

There we ſhall ſwim in heavenly bliſs,
Or ſink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcaſs thoughtleſs lies,
Among the ſilent graves.

Some hearty friend ſhall drop his tear
On our dry bones and ſay,
"Theſe once were ſtrong, as mine appear,
"And mine muſt be as they."

Thus ſhall our mouldering members teach
What now our ſenſes learn:
For duſt and aſhes loudeſt preach
Man's infinite concern.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

Oft have I ſat in ſecret ſighs,
To feel my fleſh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my ſorrows now,
Nor dares the fleſh complain;
Diſeaſes bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful ſoul now all the day
Sits waiting here and ſings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practiſes her wings.

Faith almoſt changes into ſight,
While from afar ſhe ſpies,
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created ſkies.

Had but the priſon walls been ſtrong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkneſs ſhe had dwelt too long,
And leſs of glory ſaw.

But now the everlaſting hills
Through every chink appear,
And ſomething of the joy ſhe feels
While ſhe's a priſoner here.

The ſhines of heaven ruſh ſweetly in
At all the gaping flaws:
Viſions of endleſs bliſs are ſeen;
And native air ſhe draws.

O may theſe walls ſtand tottering ſtill,
The breaches never cloſe,
If I muſt here in darkneſs dwell,
And all this glory loſe!

Or rather let this fleſh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to ſee th' enlarged way,
I ſtretch'd my pinions through.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH,

Pſalm cxlviii. *Paraphraſed*

Praise ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye powers that guard his throne;
Jeſus the man ſhall lead the ſong,
The God inſpire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above;
Sing: for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays,

Bluſh and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe.
And ſhore reply to ſhore:

While monſters ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their maker-God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe,

Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſpering through the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow:
Sweet cluſters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning-ſky:
While groveling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals, take the ſound,
Echo the glories of your king,
Through all the nations round.

Th' eternal name muſt fly aroad
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race ſhall bow to God,
That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

Laugh, ye profane, and ſwell and burſt
With bold impiety:
Yet ſhall ye live for ever curs'd,
And ſeek in vain to die.

The gaſp of your expiring breath
Conſigns your ſouls to chains,
By the laſt agonies of death,
Sent down to fiercer pains,

Ye ſtand upon a dreadful ſteep,
And all beneath is hell:
Your weighty guilt will ſink you deep,
Where the old ſerpent fell.

When iron ſlumbers bind your fleſh,
With ſtrange ſurpriſe you'll find
Immortal vigour ſpring afreſh,
And tortures wake the mind!

Then you'll confeſs, the frightful names
Of plagues you ſcorn'd before,
No more ſhall look like idle dreams,
Like fooliſh tears no more.

Then ſhall ye curſe that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your ſouls away
For vanity and ſongs.

Behold the ſaints rejoice to die,
For heaven ſhines round their heads;
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

Their longing ſpirits part, and riſe
To their celeſtial ſeat;
Above theſe ruinable ſkies
They make their laſt retreat.

Hence, ye profane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious ſouls;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And diſtant are our goals.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

Arm thee with thunder, heavenly muſe,
And keep th' expecting world in awe;
Oft haſt thou ſung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God;
Now give thy fierceſt fires a looſe,
And ſound his dreadfull law;
To Iſrael firſt the words were ſpoke,
To Iſrael freed from Egypt's yoke,
Inhuman bondage! The hard galling load,
Over-preſs'd their feeble ſouls,
Bent their knees to ſenſeleſs bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

Now had they paſs'd th' Arabian bay,
And march'd between the cleaving ſea;
The riſing waves ſtood guardians of their wondrous way
But fell with moſt impetuous force
On the purſuing ſwarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in watery death the rider and the horſe:
O'er ſtruggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And ſav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beſide,
He ſwallows fate with ſwimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

Ah! fooliſh Iſrael, to comply
With Memphian idolatry!
And bow to brutes (a ſtupid ſlave)
To idols impotent to ſave!
Behold thy God, the ſovereign of the ſky,
Has wrought ſalvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron ſleep,
And rais'd thine honours high:
His grace forgives thy follies paſt,
Behold he comes in majeſty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law:
Prepare to meet thy God in haſte;
But keep an awful diſtance ſtill;
Let Moſes round the ſacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark! The ſhrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the ſame herald, and the trump the ſame
Which ſhall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature ſtand,
And Heav'ns eternal will proclaim,
That time ſhall be no more.

Thus while the labouring angel ſwell'd the ſound,
And rent the ſkies, and ſhook the ground,
Up roſe th' Almighty; round his ſapphire ſeat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The leſſer powers at diſtance dwell,
And caſt their glories down ſucceſſive at his feet:
Gabriel the great prepares his way,
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors," he cries;
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open, and ſhoot celeſtial day
Upon the lower ſkies.
Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their head,
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the ſuperior ſpheres,
A thouſand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beſet with burning gems;
The winds in harneſs with the flames

Flew o'er th' ethereal road:
Down through his magazines he paſt
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy ſnow,
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as faſt
Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on ſolid darkneſs trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And ſcatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and ſulphur ran, a fiery ſtream:
He ſpoke, and (though with unknown ſpeed he came)
Chid the ſlow tempeſt, and the lagging flame.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,
With axle red, and glowing wheel,
Did the winged chariot light,
And riſing ſmoke obſcur'd the burning hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
Lo, the gloomy pride out-brave's
The ſtately pyramids of fire:
The pyramids to heaven aſpire, [higher.
And mix with ſtars, but ſee their gloomy offſpring
So have you ſeen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that ſix ſcore years has ſtood,
And proudly ſhoot a leaf or two
Above its kind ſupporters utmoſt bough,
And glory there to ſtand the loftieſt of the wood

Forbear, young muſe, forbear;
The flowery things that poets ſay,
The little arts of ſimile
Are vain and uſeleſs here;
Nor ſhall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learn'd Rome has heard;
Ætna ſhall be nam'd no more,
Ætna the torch of Sicily;
Not half ſo high
Her lightnings fly;
Not half ſo loud her thunders roar
Croſs the Sicanian ſea, to fright th' Italian ſhore.
Behold the ſacred hill: Its trembling ſpire
Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under th' Almighty weight:
Preſs'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load.
Deep groan'd the mount; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bow'd, and ſhook beneath the burden of a God.

Freſh horrors ſeize the camp; deſpair,
And dying groans, torment the air,
And ſhrieks, and ſwoons, and deaths were there:
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze
Spread through the hoſt a wild amaze;
Darkneſs on every ſoul, and pale was every face:
Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
Let Moſes ſpeak, or Iſrael dies:
Moſes the ſpreading terror feels,
No more the Man of God conceals
His ſhivering and ſurpriſe:
Yet, with recovering mind, commands [hands.
Silence, and deep attention, through the Hebrew

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the fire,
Majeſtic ſounds break through the ſmoky cloud:
Sent from the All-creating tongue,
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

"I am the Lord: 'Tis I proclaim
"That glorious and that fearful name,
"Thy God and King: 'Twas I, that broke
"Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke;
"Mine is the right to ſpeak my will,
"And thine the duty to fulfil.
"Adore no God beſide Me, to provoke mine eyes:
"Nor worſhip me in ſhapes and forms that men deviſe; [to jeſt;
"With reverence uſe my name, nor turn my words,
"Obſerve my ſabbath well, nor dare profane my reſt;
"Honour and due obedience to thy parents give;
"Nor ſpill the guiltleſs blood, nor let the guilty live: [bed;
"Preſerve thy body chaſte, and flee th' unlawful
"Nor ſteal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his bread; [ceit;
"Forbear to blaſt his name with falſehood or de-
"Nor let thy wiſhes looſe upon his large eſtate."

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c. Eccl. xii.

Children, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts aſtray.

The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your firſt regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

Be wiſe, and make his favour ſure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and ſtrength decays.

No more the bleſſings of a feaſt
Shall reliſh on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taſte
And pleaſure of a ſong.

Old age, with all her diſmal train,
Invades your golden years
With ſighs and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never ſpares.

What will ye do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the ſuperior ſkies?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or ſtand before his ſeat,
While nature's old ſupporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight?

Can you expect your feeble arms,
Shall make a ſtrong defence,
When death with terrible alarms,
Summons the priſoner hence?

The ſilver bands of nature burſt,
And let the building fall;
The fleſh goes down to mix with duſt,
Its vile original.

Laden with guilt (a heavy load)
Unclean'd and unforgiven,

The ſoul returns t' an angry God,
To be ſhut out from heaven.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unweary'd ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years;

Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies,
That dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;

Ariſe, and to that Sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the duſky hour,
And half ſupply the abſent day.

Ye twinkling ſtars, who gild the ſkies
When darkneſs has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When buſineſs, cares, and day, are gone:

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Diſpers'd through all the heavenly ſtreet,
Whoſe boundleſs treaſures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou heaven of heavens, ſupremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine.

Praiſe thou thy great inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every ſaint,
Nor veils the luſtre of his face.

O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the ſun that makes our days:
With all thy ſhining works above,
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

LORD, when we ſee a ſaint of thine
Lie gaſping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

How we could ev'n contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We aſk thine envoy to convey
Our ſpirits in his ſtead.

Our ſouls are riſing on the wing,
To venture in his place:
For when grim death has loſt his ſting,
He has an angel's face.

Jeſus, then, purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

Oh! if my threatening ſins were gone,
And death had loſt his ſting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

Away theſe interpoſing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet.

I'd leap at once my ſeventy years
I'd ruſh into his arms,
And loſe my breath, and all my cares
Amidſt thoſe heavenly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeleſs clay,
Without a ſigh, without a groan,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!

Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled praiſe.

In native white and red
The roſe and lily ſtand,
And, free from pride, their beauties ſpread,
To ſhow thy ſkilful hand.

The lark mounts up the ſky,
With unambitious ſong,
And bears her Maker's praiſe on high
Upon her artleſs tongue.

My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worſhip due.

But pride, that buſy ſin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praiſe thee with deſign;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very ſongs I frame
Are faithleſs to thy cauſe,
And ſteal the honours of thy name
To build their own applauſe.

Create my ſoul anew,
Elſe all my worſhip's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Deſcend, celeſtial fire,
And ſeize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure deſire,
A ſacrifice to love.

Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my ſoul, aſcend,
In ſweet perfumes of praiſe.

TRUE LEARNING.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret.

HAPPY the feet that ſhining truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path ſhe pleaſe,
To ſee her native luſtre round her ſpread,
Without a veil, without a ſhade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herſelf ſhe is.

Our ſenſes cheat us with the preſſing crowds
Of painted ſhapes they thruſt upon the mind:
The truth they ſhow lies wrap'd in ſevenfold ſhrouds,
Our ſenſes caſt a thouſand clouds
On unenlighten'd ſouls, and leave them doubly blind.

I hate the duſt that fierce diſputers raiſe,
And loſe the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what empty ways,
To fence and guard by rule and rote!
Our God will never charge us, that we knew them not,

Touch, heavenly Word, O touch theſe curious ſouls;
Since I have heard but one ſoft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the ſchools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and ſtand divinely free.

'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,
He graſps whole nature in his ſingle hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre where they ſtand.

Without his aid I have no ſure defence,
From troops of errors that beſiege me round;
But he that reſts his reaſon and his ſenſe
Faſt here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unſhaken ground.

Infinite truth, the life of my deſires,
Come from the ſky, and join thyſelf to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tir'd of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my ſpirit burns to ſee.

Speak to my ſoul, alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with deluſive art:
All nature ſilent in his preſence ſtand;
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leaves his ſingle voice to whiſper to my heart.

Retire, my ſoul, within thyſelf retire,
Away from ſenſe and every outward ſhow:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aſpire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and ſpread above, ſurveying all below.

The Lord grows laviſh of his heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on ſuch a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes, ſhe gains a piercing ſight,
She dives into the infinite,
And ſees unutterable things in that unknown abyſs.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him bleſt, my muſe, whom wiſdom guides
In her own path to her own heavenly ſeat;
Through all the ſtorms his ſoul ſecurely glides,
Nor can the tempeſts, nor the tides,
That riſe and roar around, ſupplant his ſteady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And ſeek, in vain, a paſſage to his breaſt,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He ſmiles, and ſees them vainly try
To lure his ſoul aſide from her eternal reſt.

Our head-ſtrong luſts, like a young fiery horſe,
Start, and flee raging in a violent courſe;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides them,
Checks their career, and turns and guides them,
And bids his reaſon bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himſelf, he rules his wildeſt thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he deſign'd,
While he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find
A plague like reigning paſſions, and a ſubject mind.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquiſh ſelf is a laborious art;
What manly courage to ſuſtain the fight
To bear the noble pain, and part
With thoſe dear charming tempters rooted in the heart!

'Tis hard to ſtand when all the paſſions move,
Hard to awake the eye that paſſion blinds;
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
That clings ſo cloſe about our minds,
And where th' inchanted ſoul ſo ſweet a poiſon finds.

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breaſt, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my luſts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and priſon'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I muſt uſe my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aſpires:
I have a ſoul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things;
I have a ſoul was made for infinite deſires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine;
Now, ſhould you fix my feet on Cæſar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my ſoul confine.

I am the Lord's, and Jeſus is my love;
He, that dear God, ſhall fill my vaſt deſire:
My fleſh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my ſoul ſhall centre, all my powers conſpire.

Thus I with angels live; thus half-divine
I ſit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great deſign,
That everlaſting project all my thoughts employs.

A SONG TO CREATING WISDOM.

PART I.

ETERNAL Wiſdom, thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the ſun;
With what amaze ſhall I ſurvey
The wonders thou haſt done!

Thy hand how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold?
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

There thou haſt bid the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

PART II.

Downward I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and ſtorms below,
Thoſe under-regions of the ſkies
Thy numerous glories ſhow.

The noiſy winds ſtand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet, loud and ſtrong,
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine hoſt.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful ſhowers around:
At thy command they ſink, and drop
Their fatneſs on the ground.

PART III.

Now to the earth I bend my ſong,
And caſt my eyes abroad,
Dancing the Britiſh iſles along;
Bleſt iſles, confeſs your God.

How did his wondrous ſkill array
Your fields in charming green;
A thouſand herbs his art diſplay,
A thouſand flowers between.

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's beſt defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Thoſe luxuries of ſenſe.

The bleeting flocks his paſture feeds:
And herds of larger ſize,
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand ſupplies.

PART IV.

We ſee the Thames careſs the ſhores,
He guides her ſilver flood:
While angry Severn ſwells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler God.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve his ſtrong command;
His breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

Amidſt thy watery kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And ſcaly monſters, at thy word,
Ruſh through the northern ſea.

PART V.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Through ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite ſtrength, and equal ſkill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

But the ſweet beauties of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jeſus face
We ſee, adore, and love.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

Lord, when my thoughtful ſoul ſurveys
Fire, air, and earth, and ſtars and ſeas,
I call them all thy ſlaves;
Commiſſion'd by my Father's will,
Poiſons ſhall cure, or balms ſhall kill;
Vernal ſuns, or zyphyrs breath.
May burn or blaſt the plants to death
That ſharp December ſaves;
What can winds or planets boaſt
But a precarious power?
The ſun is all in darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be fire, and fire be froſt,
When he appoints the hour.
Lo, the Norwegians near the polar ſky
Chafe their frozen limbs with ſnow,
Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
The vital flame touch'd with a ſtrange ſupply
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh;
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold ſteel, expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight bear,
And burns th' unwary ſtranger there.
Enquire, my ſoul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thouſand years, and ſee
Th' Aſſyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boaſting to be abſolute:
Once to his court the God of Iſrael came,
A King more abſolute than he.
I ſee the furnace blaze with rage
Sevenfold: I ſee amidſt the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name:
They move, they walk acroſs the burning ſtage
Unhurt, and fearleſs, while the tyrant ſtood
A ſtatue; fear congeal'd his blood:
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments, or their hair;
It knew the Lord of nature there.
Nature compell'd by a ſuperior cauſe,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now ſeems to break them, and obeys
Her ſovereign king in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories ſhine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine! [thine.
Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance, are
Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye ſounding names of vanity:
No more my lips ſhall ſacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no ſupplies

What is the ſun, or what the ſhade,
Or froſts, or flames, to kill or ſave?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead;
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE.

In Imitation of the cxivth *Pſalm.*

When the eternal bows the ſkies,
To viſit earthy things,
With ſcorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings:

Rides on a cloud diſdainful by
A Sultan, or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that riſe ſo high,
Or frowns them from afar;

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the ſkies.
To viſit every humble ſoul,
With pleaſure in his eyes.

Why ſhould the Lord that reigns above
Diſdain ſo lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why ſuch looks of love
Upon ſuch worthleſs things?

Mortals, be dumb: what creature dares
Diſpute his awful will?
Aſk no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be ſtill.

Juſt like his nature is his grace,
All ſovereign, and all free;
Great God, how ſearchleſs are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

THE INFINITE.

Some ſeraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden ſtring.
That I may raiſe a lofty ſong
To our Eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlaſting One!
Boundleſs thy might and majeſty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

Thy glories ſhine of wondrous ſize,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine eſſence is a vaſt abyſs,
Which angels cannot ſound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The myſteries of creation lie,
Beneath enlighten'd minds,
Thoughts can aſcend above the ſky,
And fly before the winds.

Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills,
And ſtretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our ſpirit fills,
And overloads our ſoul.

In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundleſs unconceivables,
And vaſt eternity.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

Alas, my aching heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with ſmart,
And frights my ſlumbering eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conſcience o'er
Fluſh crimſon in my face.

My ſorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of reſtraint,
Into thy boſom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could ruſh with violence on to ſin,
In preſence of thy ſword.

How often have I ſtood
A rebel to the ſkies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudeſt cries!

He offers all his grace,
And all his heaven to me;
Offers! but 'tis to ſenſeleſs braſs,
That cannot feel nor ſee.

Jeſus the Saviour ſtands
To court me from above,
And looks and ſpreads his wounded hands,
And ſhows the prints of love.

But I, a ſtupid fool,
How long have I withſtood
The bleſſings purchas'd with his ſoul,
And paid for all in blood!

The heavenly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

Lord, I'm aſham'd to ſay
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And ſent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

Not all thine heavenly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

Lord, 'tis againſt thy face
My ſins like arrows riſe,
And yet, and yet (O matchleſs grace!)
Thy thunder ſilent lies.

O ſhall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I ſuch hell-harden'd ſteel
That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face:
This rebel-heart no more withſtands,
But ſinks beneath thy grace.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy croſs I lie;
And throw my ſoul, my flesh, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

" Riſe, ſays the Prince of Mercy, riſe,
" With joy and pity in his eyes:
" Riſe, and behold my wounded veins,
" Here flows the blood to waſh thy ſtains.
" See my great Father reconcil'd:"
He ſaid. And lo, the Father ſmil'd:
The joyful cherubs clap'd their wings,
And ſounded grace on all their ſtrings.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN AND BABES, PRAISE YE THE LORD, Pſal. cxlviii. 12.

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whoſe veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns, [ſtrung;
And wields your active limbs, with hardy ſinews
Fall proſtrate at th' eternal throne
Whence your precarious powers depend;
Nor ſwell as if your lives were all your own,
But chooſe your Maker for your friend;
His favour is your life, his arm is your ſupport,
His hand can ſtretch your days, or cut your minutes ſhort.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And ſhoot delicious danger thence;
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reaſon down to ſenſe;
Boaſt not of thoſe withering charms
That muſt yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the author of your ſmiling face; [hours:
That heavenly bridegroom claims your blooming
O make it your perpetual care
To pleaſe that Everlaſting Fair;
His beauties are the ſun, and but the ſhade is yours.

Infants, whoſe different deſtinies
Are wove with threads of different ſize;
But from the ſame ſpring-tide of tears,
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train!) and date your following years:
Break your firſt ſilence in his praiſe
Who wrought your wondrous frame:
With ſounds of tendereſt accent raiſe
Your honours to his name;
And conſecrate your early days
To know the Power ſupreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Juſt marching off the mortal ſtage,
Fathers, whoſe vital threads are ſpun
As long as e'er the glaſs of life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way
Through flowery fields a fair long ſummer's day;
Gaſp out your ſoul in praiſes to the ſovereign power [hour.
That ſet your weſt ſo diſtant from your dawning

FLYING FOWL, AND CREEPING THINGS, PRAISE YE THE LORD, Pſal. cxlviii. 10.

Sweet flocks, whoſe ſoft enamell'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the ſky;
Whoſe charming notes addreſs the ſpring
With an artleſs harmony.
Lovely minſtrels of the field,
Who in leafy ſhadows ſit,
And your wondrous ſtructures build, [light:
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning

To nature's God your firſt devotions pay,
Ere you ſalute the riſing day,
'Tis he calls up the ſun, and gives him every ray.
Serpents, who o'er the meadows ſlide,
And wear upon your ſhining back
Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thouſand mingling colours make;
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire:
In harmleſs play twiſt and unfold
The volumes of your ſcaly gold:
That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wiſe.

Inſects and mites, of mean degree,
That ſwarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by Wiſdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various die;
In your innumerable forms
Praiſe him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bend his lofty counſels down
To deſpicable worms.

THE COMPARISON AND COMPLAINT.

Infinite power, eternal Lord,
How ſovereign is thy hand!
All nature roſe t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

With ſteady courſe thy ſhining ſun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah! how wide my ſpirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My ſoul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward-road.

The raging fire, and ſtormy ſea,
Perform thine awful will,
And every beaſt and every tree,
Thy great deſigns fulfil:

While my wild paſſions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
And fleſh and ſenſe, enſlav'd to ſin,
Draw my beſt thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me?

Great God, create my ſoul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thine hand;
Here all my powers I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every ſpring.

Then ſhall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering ſenſes rove;
Devotion ſhall be all my heart,
And all my paſſions love.

Than not the ſun ſhall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel ſwifter through the ſky,
Nor with a zeal ſo warm.

GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.

What is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach:
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The ſpacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how ſhort they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright.
Nothing are they, and God is all

He ſpoke the wondrous word, and lo
Creation roſe at his command:
Whirlwinds and ſeas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There reſts the earth, there roll the ſpheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own Self-ſufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meaſuring the changes by their moon:
No ebb his ſea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

Then fly, my ſong, an endleſs round,
The lofty tune let Michael raiſe;
All nature dwell upon the ſound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praiſe.

JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

Adam our father and our head,
Tranſgreſt; and juſtice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law ſpeaks all deſpair,
There's no reprive, nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the ſkies;
"Seraphs the mighty and the wiſe,
"Say, what expedient can you give?
"That ſin be damn'd, and ſinners live?

"Speak, are you ſtrong to bear the load,
"The weighty vengeance of a God?
"Which of you loves our wretched race,
"Or dares to venture in our place?"

In vain we aſk: for all around
Stands ſilence through the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the ſtrength or half the love.

But, O unutterable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place:
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Juſtice was pleas'd to bruiſe the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then roſe: The law could aſk no more.

Amazing work! look down, ye ſkies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly thrones, ſtoop from above,
And bow to this myſterious love.

See, how they bend! See, how they look,
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And ſtudied dark decrees in vain,
The croſs and Calvary makes them plain.

Now they are ſtruck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face:
Now clap their ſounding plumes, and cry,
"The wiſdom of a Deity!"

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son,
And ſing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he ſunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hoſts ador'd:
And ſay, dear Conqueror, ſay, how long,
Ere we ſhall riſe to join their ſong.

Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well-diſtinguiſh'd ray;
But my wing'd paſſion hardly bears
Theſe lengths of ſlow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love,
Raiſe me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To ſing and love as angels do.

LOOKING UPWARD.

The heavens invite mine eye,
The ſtars ſalute me round;
Father, I bluſh, I mourn to lie
Thus groveling on the ground.

My warmer ſpirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wiſh aloud for wings of love
To raiſe me ſwift and high.

Beyond thoſe cryſtal vaults,
And all their ſparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you;
Heaven is my native air:
I bid my friends a ſhort adieu,
Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releas'd
From their old fleſhy clod;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haſte,
And ſet me near my God.

CHRIST DYING, RISING, AND REIGNING.

He dies! the heavenly lover dies!
The tidings ſtrike a doleful ſound
On my poor heart-ſtrings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear boſom of your God,
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what ſudden joys I ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again.

The riſing God forſakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our Great Deliverer reigns.

Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains.

Say live for ever wondrous King!
Born to redeem and ſtrong to ſave!
Then aſk the monſter, Where's his ſting?
And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

O THE immenſe, th' amazing height,
The boundleſs grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And ſways the nations with his nod!

He ſpeaks, and lo, all nature ſhakes,
Heavens everlaſting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks;
And ſhoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations ſtart and fly
At the blue light'ning's horrid glare,
Atheiſts and emperors ſhrink and die,
When flame and noiſe torment the air.

Let noiſe and flame confound the ſkies,
And drown the ſpacious realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thunderer's praiſe,
And ſend our loud hoſannas through.

Celeſtial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We ſhout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus ſhall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play:
Ye light'nings, fly to make him room,
Ye ſtorms prepare his way!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE.

Attempted in Engliſh Sapphick.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning with a ſtorm of hail comes
Ruſhing amain down.

How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarſe thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such ſhall the noiſe be, and the wild diſorder,
(If things eternal may be like theſe earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the ſtrong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repoſe of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones ariſing,
Flames all around them.

Hark the ſhrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguiſh,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-ſtrings,
And the ſmart tinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeleſs immortals! how they ſcream and ſhiver
While devils puſh them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas!) come, ariſe to Jeſus,
How he ſits God-like! and the ſaints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I ſit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then aſcend to glory,
While our hoſannas all along the paſſage
Shout the Redeemer.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

EARTH has detain'd me priſoner long,
And I'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I ſtretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

There the dear Man my Saviour ſits,
The God, how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated ſtrains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.

Jeſus the Lord their harps employs,
Jeſus my love they ſing,
Jeſus the name of both our joys
Sounds ſweet from every ſtring.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace they run,
And ſpeak in moſt majeſtic ſounds,
The godhead of the Son.

How on the Father's breaſt he lay,
The darling of his ſoul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

And now they ſink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal God-head down
To dwell in humble clay.

O ſacred beauties of the Man!
(The God reſides within)
His fleſh all pure, without a ſtain,
His ſoul without a ſin.

Then, how he look'd, and how he ſmil'd,
What wondrous things he ſaid!
Sweet cherubs, ſtay, dwell here awhile,
And tell what Jeſus did.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladſome rays;

He bids the dumb attempt to ſpeak,
They try their tongues in praiſe.

He ſhed a thouſand bleſſings round
Where-e'er he turn'd his eye;
He ſpoke, and at the ſovereign ſound
The helliſh legions fly.

Thus while with unambitious ſtriſe
Th' ethereal minſtrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken ſtring
Groans with a ſtrange ſurpriſe;
The reſt in ſilence mourn their King,
That bleeds and loves, and dies.

Seraph and ſaint, with drooping wings,
Ceaſe their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling ſprings,
While Jeſus ſleeps in death.

Then all at once to living ſtrains
They ſummon ev'ry chord,
Break up the tomb, and burſt his chains,
And ſhow their riſing Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the ſkies,
With loud hoſannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful ſtate the conquering God
Aſcends his ſhining throne,
While tuneful angels ſound abroad
The victories he has won.

Now let me riſe, and join their ſong,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
Oh! for ſome heavenly notes to bear
My ſpirit to the ſkies!

There, ye that love my Saviour, ſit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haſte above,
To bleſs the God that I adore,
And ſing the Man I love.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND SEA, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Earth, thou great footſtool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful ſource
Of all our raiment, life and food;
Our houſe, our parent, and our nurſe;
Mighty ſtage of mortal ſcenes,
Dreſt with ſtrong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around
(And flowery carpets ſpread the ground);
Thou bulky globe, prodigious maſs,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty ſpace!
While thy unwieldy weight reſts on the feeble air,
Bleſs that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

Fire, thou ſwift herald of his face,
Whoſe glorious rage, at his command,
Levels a palace with the ſand,
Blending the lofty ſpires in ruin with the baſe:
Ye heavenly flames, that ſinge the air,
Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows that his ſounding quivers bear
To ſcatter deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the ſovereign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of kings.

Thou vital element, the air,
Whoſe boundleſs magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair, [death:
And ſave the bubble man from the cold arms of
And ye, whoſe vital moiſture yields
Life's purple ſtream a freſh ſupply; [fields,
Sweet waters, wandering through the flowery
Or dropping from the ſky;
Confeſs the Power whoſe all-ſufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build, or to ſupport our frame.

Now the rude air, with noiſy force,
Beats up and ſwells the angry ſea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And ſweep the ſailors hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the ſhores!
Lo, the wild ſeas and ſurging waves
Gape hideous in a thouſand graves:
Be ſtill, ye floods, and know your bounds of ſand,
Ye ſtorms, adore your Maſter's hand:
The winds are in his fiſt, the waves at his command.

From the eternal emptineſs
His fruitful word by ſecret ſprings
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble univerſe:
Old nothing knew his powerful hand,
Scarce had he ſpoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and ſea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all:
And ſtill they dance, and ſtill obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

THE FAREWELL.

Dead be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To ſenſual bliſs that charms us ſo,
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taſte
Of the fair fruit that ſinners prize:
Their paradiſe ſhall never waſte
One thought of mine, but to deſpiſe.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the ſweet that is not laid
A bait to ſome deſtructive ſnare?

Be gone for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill earth, farewell!

Angels aſpire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, heaven, and fill my vaſt deſires,
My ſoul purſues the ſovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner food.

GOD ONLY KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

STAND, and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our ſight
Plung'd in th' abyſs of dazzling light.

Thou ſacred One, Almighty Three,
Great Everlaſting Myſtery,
What lofty numbers ſhall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?

Seraphs, the neareſt to the throne,
Begin, and ſpeak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the ſong, wind up your ſtrings,
To notes untry'd, and boundleſs things.

You, whoſe capacious powers ſurvey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is ſeen, or known, or thought, by you!

How flat your higheſt praiſes fall
Below th' immenſe Original!
Weak creatures we, that ſtrive in vain
To reach an uncreated ſtrain!

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praiſe;
A ſong ſo vaſt, a theme ſo high,
Is for the voice that tun'd the ſky.

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION.

My crimes awake; and hideous fear
Diſtracts my reſtleſs mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell purſues behind.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne;
While thunder murmurs round the ſky,
Impatient to be gone.

Where ſhall I hide this noxious head:
Can rocks or mountains ſave?
Or ſhall I wrap me in the ſhade
Of midnight and the grave?

Is there no ſhelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jeſus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy blood.

Thoſe guardian drops my ſoul ſecure,
And waſh away my ſin;
Eternal juſtice frowns no more,
And conſcience ſmiles within.

I bleſs that wondrous purple ſtream
That whitens every ſtain;
Yet is my ſoul but half redeem'd,
If ſin the tyrant reign.

Lord, blaſt his empire with thy breath,
That curſed throne muſt fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command?
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Reſts on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
While with a ſmile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

A word of his Almighty breath
Can ſwell or ſink the ſeas;
Build the vaſt empires of the earth,
Or break them as he pleaſe.

Adoring angels round him fall
In all their ſhining forms,
His ſovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthleſs race,
In ſweet compaſſion move;
He clothes his looks with ſofteſt grace,
And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And ſway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in eaſe, or pain,
We are his favourites ſtill.

No more ſhall peeviſh paſſion riſe,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis ſovereign love that lends our joys,
And love reſumes again.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

"CURST be the man, for ever curſt,
"That doth one wilful ſin commit;
"Death and damnation for the firſt,
"Without relief and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But, Jeſus, thy dear gaſping breath,
And Calvary, ſay gentler things.

"Pardon, and grace, and boundleſs love,
"Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God."

Hark, how he prays (the charming ſound
Dwells on his dying lips) "Forgive!"
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live."

Go, you that reſt upon the law,
And toil, and ſeek ſalvation there,
Look to the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſhrink, and tremble, and deſpair.

But I'll retire beneath the croſs:
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen ſword that juſtice draws,
Flaming and red, ſhall paſs me by.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A RESTLESS WORLD.

" O Mens, quæ ſtabili fata Regis vice," &c.
Caſimire, Book III. Od. 28.

Eternal Mind, who rul'ſt the fates
Of dying realms, and riſing ſtates,
With one unchang'd decree;
While we admire thy vaſt affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a ſmile to thee?

Thou ſcattereſt honours, crowns, and gold:
We fly to ſeize, and fight to hold
The bubbles and the oar:
So emmets ſtruggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For ſhells upon the ſhore.

Here a vain man his ſceptre breaks,
The next a broken ſceptre takes,
And warriors win and loſe;
This rolling world will never ſtand,
Plunder'd and ſnatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

Earth's but an atom: Greedy ſwords
Carve it among a thouſand lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy ſwords ſtill fight and ſlay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To ſit and ſmile with thee.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

" How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
" How vile theſe bodies are!
" Why was a clod of earth deſign'd
" T' encloſe a heavenly ſtar?

" Weak cottage where our ſouls reſide!
" This fleſh a tottering wall;
" With frightful breaches gaping wide
" The building bends to fall.

" All round it ſtorms of trouble blow,
" And waves of ſorrow roll;
" Cold waves and winter ſtorms beat through,
" And pain the tenant-ſoul.

" Alas! how frail our ſtate!" ſaid I:
And thus went mourning on,
Till ſudden from the cleaving ſky
A gleam of glory ſhone.

My ſoul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then ſhe remember'd heaven her home,
And ſhe a priſoner here.

Straight ſhe began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She ſung the frailty of her clay
In pleaſurable ſtrains.

" How weak the priſon where I dwell!
" Fleſh but a tottering wall,
" The breaches cheerfully foretel,
" The houſe muſt ſhortly fall.

" No more, my friends, ſhall I complain,
" Though all my heart-ſtrings ache;
" Welcome diſeaſe, and every pain,
" That makes the cottage ſhake.

" Now let the tempeſt blow all round,
" Now ſwell the ſurges high,
" And beat this houſe of bondage down,
" To let the ſtranger fly.

" I have a manſion built above
" By the Eternal Hand;
" And ſhould the earth's old baſis move,
" My heavenly houſe muſt ſtand.

" Yes for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
" (I long to ſee the God)
" And his immortal ſtrength ſuſtains
" The courts that coſt him blood."

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
" I come, my Lord, my Love:"
Devotion breaks the priſon-walls,
And ſpeeds my laſt remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the firſt ſhip broke the unknown ſea:
And, leaving his dear native ſhores behind,
Truſted his life to the licentious wind.
I ſee the ſurging brine: the tempeſt raves:
He on a pine-plank rides acroſs the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thouſand gaping graves:
He ſteers the winged boat, and ſhifts the ſails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.
Such is the ſoul that leaves this mortal land
Fearleſs when the great maſter gives command.
Death is the ſtorm: She ſmiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempeſt waft her from the ſhore.
Then with a ſkilful hand ſhe ſweeps the ſeas,
And manages the raging ſtorm with eaſe;
(Her faith can govern death) ſhe ſpreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as ſhe ſails ſhe ſings,
And loſes by degrees the ſight of mortal things.
As the ſhores leſſen, ſo her joys ariſe,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempeſt dies.
Now vaſt eternity fills all her ſight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The ſeas for ever calm, the ſkies for ever bright.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

How long ſhall death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the juſt,
While the rich blood of martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the duſt?

When ſhall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond deſires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

Let faith ariſe, and climb the hills,
And from afar deſcry
How diſtant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.

Lo, I behold the ſcattering ſhades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

I ſee the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around:
The ſkies divide, to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, ariſe!"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking ſaints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Riſe to the middle air,
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

O may my humble ſpirit ſtand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the ſkies
On love's triumphant wing!

Ad Dominum noſtrum & Servatorem.

JESUM CHRISTUM.

ODA.

Te, grande numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum noſtri Jeſu
Vox, citharæ, calami ſonabunt.

Attentur auro grandiſonæ fides,
Chriſti triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractoſque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

Immenſa vaſtos ſæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum Patris in ſinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jeſus;

Donec ſuperno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miſeros nepotes:

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes & enſem, telaque ſanguine
Tingenda noſtro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa monſtra.

Commota ſacras viſcera protinus
Senſêre flammas, omnipotens furor
Ebullit, Immenſique Amoris
Æthereum calet Igne Pectus.

"Non tota prorſus Gens Hominum dabit
"Hoſti triumphos: Quid patris & labor
"Dulciſque imago? num peribunt
"Funditus? O prius aſtra cæcis.

"Mergantur undis, & redeat chaos:
"Aut ipſe diſperdam Satanæ dolos,
"Aut ipſe diſperdar, & iſti
"Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

"Teſtor paternum numen, & hoc caput
"Æquale teſtor," dixit; & ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Deſiliitque ruens Olympo.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artuſque noſtros, heu tenues nimis
Nimiſque viles! Vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

Vitamque morti: Proh dolor! O graves
Tonandis iræ! O Lex ſatis aſpera!
Merceſque peccati ſevera
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

Non pœna lenis! Quò ruis impotens!
Quò Muſa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Buſtique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

Sepone queſtus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Pſalle ſonoriùs
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Senſêre Numen Regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat Rex Gehennæ,
Perque ſuum tremebundus orcum.

Latè refugit. "Nil agis impie,
"Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
"Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

Trajecit hoſtem. Nigra ſilentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum peroſæ, ex quo coruſco
Præcipites cecidere cœlo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque deſignata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

Heîc ſtrata paſſim vincula, & heîc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Inviſa; ploratuque vaſto
Spicula mors ſibi adempta plangit.

En, ut reſurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Aſtricta raptans monſtra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina ſcandit ovans Olympi!

Io triumphe plectra ſeraphica,
Io triumphe Grex Hominum ſonet,
Dum læta quaquaverſus ambos
Aſtra repercutiunt triumphos.

SUI-IPSIUS INCREPATIO.

EPIGRAMMA.

Corpore cur hæres, Wattſi? cur incola terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina ſanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè diſtrahit; auceps
Undique adeſt Satanas retia fæva ſtruens.
Suſpice ut æthereum ſignant tibi nubibus aſtra
Tramitem, & aula vocat parta Cruore Dei.

Tè manet Uriel dux; & tibi ſubjicit alas
Stellatas Seraphîn officioſa cohors.
Te ſuperûm chorus optat amans, te invitat Jeſus,
"*Huc ades & noſtro tempora conde ſinû.*"
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
Inde, nec Alliciunt Angelus, Aſtra, Deus.

EXCITATIO CORDIS CÆLUM VERSUS.
1694.

Heu quot ſæcla terris carcere corporis,
Wattſi? quid refugis limen & exitum?
Nec mens æthereum culmen, & atria
Magni patris anhelitat?

Corpus vile creat mille moleſtias,
Circum corda volant & dolor, & metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas inſidias ſtruit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de ſolo
Surgunt: Chriſtus abeſt, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè Chriſtus abeſt, inter & angelos
Et picta aſtra perambulans.

* Cœli ſumma petas, nec jaculabitur.
Iracunda tonans fulmina: Te Deus
Hortatur; Vacuum tende per Aera
Pennas nunc homini datas.

BREATHING TOWARD THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

Caſimire, Book I. Od. 19. *imitated.*

"Urit me Patriæ Decor," &c.

The beauty of my native land
Immortal love inſpires;
I burn, I burn with ſtrong deſires,
And ſigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her ſhining way,
And ſhoots my heart through with a ſilver ray;
Upward my heart aſpires:
A thouſand lamps of golden light
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my ſight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds reſort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Muſt ye for ever walk th' ethereal round,
For ever ſee the mourner lie
An exile of the ſky;
A priſoner of the ground?
Deſcend ſome ſhining ſervants from on high,
Build me a haſty tomb;
A graſſy turf will raiſe my head;
The neighbouring lilies dreſs my bed;
And ſhed a ſweet perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death,
My ſoul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one grooning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn;
Raphael, behold me all undreſt,
Here gently lay this fleſh to reſt;
Then mount and lead the path unknown,
Swift I purſue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own.

Vide Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.

THE HUNDREDTH EPIGRAM OF CASIMIRE.

On Saint Ardalio, *who from a Stage-Player became a Chriſtian, and ſuffered Martyrdom.*

Ardalio jeers, and in his comic ſtrains
The *myſteries of our bleeding God profanes,*
While his loud laughter ſhakes the painted ſcenes.

Heaven heard, and ſtrait around the ſmoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

Mercy ſtood near, and with a ſmiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "There's no need of you;
"Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak man ſubdue."

Grace leaves the ſkies, and he the ſtage forſakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows, this gentle farewell ſpeaks;

"So goes the comedy of life away;
"Vain earth, adieu; Heaven will applaud to-day;
"Strike courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

When the Proteſtant Church at Montpelier was demoliſhed by the French King's Order, the Proteſtants laid Stones up in their Burying-place, whereon a Jeſuit made a Latin Epigram.

Engliſhed thus:

A Hug'not church, once at Montpelier built,
Stood and proclaim'd their madneſs and their guilt;
Too long it ſtood beneath heaven's angry frown,
Worthy when riſing to be thunder'd down.
Lewis, at laſt, th' avenger of the ſkies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:
The ſtones diſpers'd their wretched offspring come,
Gather, and heap them on their father's tomb.
Thus the curs'd houſe falls on the builder's head;
And though beneath the ground their bones are laid,
Yet the juſt vengeance ſtill purſues the guilty dead.

THE ANSWER
BY A FRENCH PROTESTANT.

Engliſhed thus:

A Chriſtian church once at Montpelier ſtood,
And nobly ſpoke the builder's zeal for God,
It ſtood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deſerv'd to be deſtroy'd ſo ſoon:
Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the ſacred ſtones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead father's bones;
The ſtones ſhall move when the dead father's riſe,
Start up before the pale deſtroyer's eyes,
And teſtify his madneſs to th' avenging ſkies.

TWO HAPPY RIVALS,
DEVOTION AND THE MUSE.

Wild as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindaric ſong:
Here ſhe glows like burning noon

In fierceſt flames, and here ſhe plays
Gentle as ſtar-beams on the midnight ſeas;
Now in a ſmiling angel's form,
Anon ſhe rides upon the ſtorm,
Loud as the noiſy thunder, as a deluge ſtrong.
Are my thoughts and wiſhes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the Muſe: Lo ſhe diſdains
The links and chains,
Meaſures and rules of vulgar ſtrains,
And o'er the laws of harmony a Sovereign Queen
ſhe reigns.

If ſhe roves
By ſtreams or groves
Tuning her pleaſures or her pains,
My paſſion keeps her ſtill in ſight,
My paſſion holds an equal flight
Through love's, or nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt ſhe ſings
Of the biggeſt mortal things,
Tottering thrones and nations ſlain;
Or breaks the fleets of waring kings,
While thunders roar
From ſhore to ſhore,
My ſoul ſits faſt upon her wings,
And ſweeps the crimſon ſurge, or ſcours the purple
plain;
Still I attend her as ſhe flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the ſkies.

But when from the meridian ſtar
Long ſtreaks of glory ſhine,
And heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, ſhe knows the ſign,
The Muſe aſcends her heavenly carr, [divine.
And climbs the ſteepy path and means the throne
Then ſhe leaves my fluttering mind
Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
Lengths of diſtance far behind:
Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings, but cannot riſe,
Cannot riſe,——Swift and high
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way th' ethereal hill.

O why is piety ſo weak,
And yet the Muſe ſo ſtrong?
When ſhall theſe hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A ſpark of heavenly day;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy fleſh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal paſſion charms my ſoul aſtray,
Shine, thou ſweet hour of dear releaſe,
Shine, from the ſky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliſs.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the ſong, and guides the way;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And ſcarce the boldeſt Muſe can follow or obey.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
She ſpreads her gay deluſive ſcenes;
Or is the viſion true?
Behold religion on her throne,
In awful ſtate deſcending down.
And her dominions vaſt and bright within my
ſpacious view.
She ſmiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy powers looſe from the cumbrous [clay,
And with a joyful haſte obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths and heights and depths unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory ſown,
And ſeas, and ſkies, and ſtars her own,
In an unmeaſur'd ſphere!
What heavens of joy, and light ſerene,
Which nor the rolling ſun has ſeen,
Where nor the roving Muſe has been
That greater traveller!

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that ſenſe can ſhow,
To golden ſcenes, and flowery fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the ſwift tranſports of the mind
Leave the fluttering Muſe behind,
A thouſand looſe Pindaric plumes fly ſcattering
down the wind.
Among the clouds I loſe my breath,
The rapture grows too ſtrong:
The feeble powers that nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treaſurer of death;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the groſs organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundleſs flights of an unfetter'd [mind,
And raiſe an equal ſong.

The following POEMS *of this* BOOK *are peculiarly dedicated to*
DIVINE LOVE.*

THE HAZARD OF LOVING THE CREATURES.

WHERE-E'ER my flattering paſſions rove,
I find a lurking ſnare;
'Tis dangerous to let looſe our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

Souls whom the tie of friendſhip binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the leſs for God.

Nature has ſoft but powerful bands,
And reaſon ſhe controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang cloſeſt to our ſouls.

Thoughtleſs they act th' old ſerpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

---

* *Different ages have their different airs and faſhions of writing. It was much more the faſhion of the age when theſe poems were written, to treat of divine ſubjects in the ſtyle of Solomon's Song, than it is at this day, which will afford ſome apology for the writer, in his younger years.*

Our haſty wills ruſh blindly on
Where riſing paſſion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters ſtrong
To bind our ſlaviſh ſouls.

Dear Sovereign, break theſe fetters off,
And ſet our ſpirits free;
God in himſelf is bliſs enough,
For we have all in thee.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

Come, let me love: or is thy mind
Harden'd to ſtone, or froze to ice?
I ſee the bleſſed Fair-one bend
And ſtoop t' embrace me from the ſkies!

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thoſe ſweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal love!

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to ſuſtain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling ſkies!
Jeſus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a croſs of love, and dies.

Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo
In groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives; and ſpreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing ſmart;
By theſe dear wounds, ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his heart.

Sure I muſt love: or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paſſion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart ſhall yield to death or love.

THE HEART GIVEN AWAY.

If there are paſſions in my ſoul,
(And paſſions ſure they be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jeſus all for thee.

If love that pleaſing power, can reſt
In hearts ſo hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour to my breaſt,
For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world, with treacherous art
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmeſt paſſions dead
To all that earth can boaſt;
This ſoul of mine was never made
For vanity and duſt.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidſt their flattering charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celeſtial hill,
Walks downward to our worthleſs land,
His ſoul points upward ſtill.

He glides along my mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his taſk, and ſpreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

Sweet Muſe, deſcend and bleſs the ſhade,
And bleſs the evening grove;
Buſineſs, and noiſe, and day, are fled,
And every care, but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phyllis ſhall infect the air,
With her unhallow'd name.

Jeſus has all my powers poſſeſt,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my breaſt,
Shall ſtill command my voice.

Some of the faireſt choirs above
Shall flock around my ſong,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms ſhall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While ſilence ſits on every bough,
And bends the liſtening woods.

I'll carve our paſſion on the bark
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtic mark
That Jeſus dy'd for me.

The ſwains ſhall wonder when they read,
Inſcrib'd on all the grove,
That Heaven itſelf came down, and bled
To win a mortal's love.

THE FAIREST AND THE ONLY BELOVED.

Honour to that diviner ray
That firſt allur'd my eyes away
From every mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my ſight
Seem but the twinkling ſparks of night,
And languiſhing in doubtful light
Die at the morning-ſtar.

Whatever makes the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever ſpeaks the creature ſweet,
And worthy of my paſſion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thouſand graces ever riſe
A bloom upon his face;
A thouſand arrows from his eyes
Shoot through my heart with dear ſurpriſe,
And guard around the place.

All nature's art ſhall never cure
The heavenly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's power
To make another wound;

Earthly beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the wounds she made,
But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What heaven has join'd shall never part,
And Jesus must be mine.

In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatteries of the day
Would veil his image from my sight,
Or tempt my soul away;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream,
And knows not to depart:
The passion reigns
Through all my veins,
And floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds him at my heart.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my love;
Here I confine my sense;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant-minutes pass;
Grant thou, Everlasting Fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there:
My soul aspires to see thy face
Though life should for the vision pay;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God;
In thee the passions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd,
Exult and spread their powers abroad.
Not all the glittering things on high
Can make my heaven, if thou remove;
I shall be tir'd, and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love;
Who could ever bear to be
Curst with immortality
Among the stars, but far from thee?

MUTUAL LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

Not the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel
He brought my guilty soul from hell:
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With every fleeting breath?
And through that heaven of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of death;
Then I could give successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore, and die.

The substance of the following Copy, and many of the lines, were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. Noles, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

Angels of light, your God and King surround,
With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship, while his saints on earth,
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel
His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine,
Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise.
My joyful heart high leaping in my breast
With transport cry'd, This is the Christ of God;
Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost
in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve or name,
Though with contempt; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine and presence soon withdrew;
I sought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his absence; and with shrieks
Proclaim'd, Where Jesus is not, all is vain.
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or seek him panting with extreme desire,
'Tis he alone can please my wondering soul;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord,
Through his blew pavement I behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there———
This sight I ne'er can lose, by it I live;
A quickening virtue from his death inspir'd
Is life and breath to me; his flesh my food;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast; my vigorous mind
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th' eternal mind.
With vast amaze I see th' unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite schemes, and infinite designs
Of God's own Heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can discover; Christ the End of all,
And Christ the great Beginning; he my Head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the day, the joyful day were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust,
Crown'd with new honours, shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord; while shouting saints

Surround their King, and God's Eternal Son
Shines in the midſt, but with ſuperior beams,
And like himſelf; then the myſterious Word
Long hid behind the letter ſhall appear
All ſpirit and life, and in the fulleſt light
Stand forth to public view: and there diſcloſe
His Father's ſacred works, and wonderous ways:
Then wiſdom, righteouſneſs, and grace divine,
Through all the infinite tranſactions paſt,
Inwrought and ſhining, ſhall with double blaze
Strike our aſtoniſh'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death, and the tempter, and the man of ſin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment caſt,
Shall vex the ſaints no more: but perfect love
And loudeſt praiſes perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the bliſsful ſtate.

LOVE ON A CROSS, AND A THRONE.

Now let my faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and ſee his throne above.

See where he languiſh'd on the croſs;
Beneath my ſins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead my cauſe
By his Almighty Father's ſide.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of ſorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing ſmart,
And buys my pleaſure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqueror ſits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compaſſion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound:

How ſhall a pardon'd rebel ſhow
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I baniſh every foe,
I hate the ſins that coſt thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My deareſt luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stampt as a ſeal upon my heart.

A PREPARATORY THOUGHT

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

In Imitation of Iſaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the ſkies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes.

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

Lo, he reveals his ſhining breaſt;
I own thoſe wounds, and I adore;
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore!

Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine!
Lord! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine,
This heavenly fleſh, this ſacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;
'Twas his own love this table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taſte the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move,
And ſweet hoſannas crown the board.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I'M tir'd with viſits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
Their converſation cloys;
Their vain amours, and empty ſtuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy beſt company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my paſſions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight ſhades, on froſty ground,
I could attend the pleaſing ſound,
Nor ſhould I feel December cold, nor think the darkneſs long.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the ſins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I bluſh with ſecret ſhame,
And weep, and love, and bleſs the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me.

Next he deſcribes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody paſſion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the ſympathetic ſmart
There's a ſtrange joy beats round my heart;
The curſed tree has bleſſings in't, my ſweeteſt balm it bears.

I hear the glorious ſufferer tell,
How on his croſs he vanquiſh'd hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Tranſported and inſpir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a ſong;
"How has the ſerpent loſt his ſting! and where's thy victory, death!"

But when he ſhows his hands and heart,
With thoſe dear prints of dying ſmart,
He ſets my ſoul on fire:
Not the beloved John could reſt
With more delight upon that breaſt,
Nor Thomas pry into thoſe wounds with more intenſe deſire.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my ſorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I eaſe my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head ſuſtains.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And ſporting ſwains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My ſoul diſdains that little ſnare

The tangles of Amira's hair;
Thine arms, my God, are fweeter bands, nor can
my heart remove.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING.

Sol. Song, i. 3. & ii. 5. & vi. 5.

TELL me, faireſt of thy kind,
Tell me Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve ſuch cares as mine:
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the ſky,
The ſickening ſheep to covert fly,
The ſheep not half ſo faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breaſt,
Where doſt thou lead thy flock to reſt:
Why ſhould I appear like one
Wild and wandering all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my Great Redeemer, ſay,
Shall I turn my feet aſtray!
Will Jeſus bear to ſee me rove,
To ſee me ſeek another love?

Ne'er had I known his deareſt name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame, [found:
Had not his heart-ſtrings firſt began the tender
Nor can I bear the thought, that he
Should leave the ſky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch ſo vile as me
Without returns of paſſion for his dying wound.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majeſty and gentleneſs.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills:
His abſence is perpetual ſmart;
Nor is my ſoul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer ſmiles.
Where ſhall I reſt this drooping head?
I love, I love the ſun, and yet I want the ſhade.

My ſinking ſpirits feebly ſtrive
T' endure the ecſtaſy;
Beneath theſe rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleaſure and the pain
That all my inward powers ſuſtain [again.
But ſuch as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God

Oh, why ſhould beauty heavenly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's ſight,
And torture with the ſweet exceſs of light?
Our hearts, alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break,
Oh, why is love ſo ſtrong, and nature's ſelf ſo
weak?

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Aſcend the azure hills, and ſhine
Among the happy tenants of the ſkies,
They can ſuſtain a viſion ſo divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intenſe, the glories overcome me,
Dear Lord, forgive my raſh complaint,
And love me ſtill
Againſt my froward will;
Unveil thy beauties, though I faint.
Send the great herald from the ſky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble ſtate of things ſhall fly,
And pain and pleaſure mix no more:
Then ſhall I gaze with ſtrengthened ſight
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart ſhall all be love, my Jeſus all delight.

LOVE TO CHRIST PRESENT OR ABSENT.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jeſus, thy love exceeds the reſt;
Love the beſt bleſſings here below,
And neareſt image of the bleſt.

Sweet are my thoughts, and ſoft my cares,
When the celeſtial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's ſomething kind and pleaſing ſtill.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each ſmile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

He ſpeaks, and ſtrait immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
My ſoul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleaſure ſhoots through every part.

If he withdraw a moment's ſpace,
He leaves a ſacred pledge behind;
Here in this breaſt his image ſtays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his abſence I complain,
And long, and weep as lovers do,
There's a ſtrange pleaſure in the pain,
And tears have their own ſweetneſs too.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or aſk the watchmen of the night
For ſome kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

Jeſus, my God; yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis beſt to ſee my Lord at home,
And feel the preſence of his grace.

THE ABSENCE OF CHRIST.

COME, lead me to ſome lofty ſhade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall ſhadows were for lovers made;
And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enſlav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the ſkies.

Jeſus, the ſpring of all that's bright,
The Everlaſting Fair,
Heaven's ornament, and heaven's delight,
Is my eternal care.

But, ah! how far above this grave
Does the bright charmer dwell?

Abſence, thou keeneſt wound to love,
That ſharpeſt pain, I feel.

Penſive I climb the ſacred hills,
And near him vent my woes:
Yet his ſweet face he ſtill conceals,
Yet ſtill my paſſion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bleſs the echo in her cell
That beſt repeats her name.

My paſſion breathes perpetual ſighs,
Till pitying winds ſhall hear,
And gently bear them up the ſkies,
And gently wound his ear.

DESIRING HIS DESCENT TO EARTH.

Jesus, I love. Come, deareſt name,
Come and poſſeſs this heart of mine;
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely leſs than thine.

O! if my Lord would leave the ſkies,
Dreſt in the rays of mildeſt grace,
My ſoul ſhould haſten to my eyes
To meet the pleaſures of his face.

How would I feaſt on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worſhip and love, in all their forms,
Should honour beauty ſo divine.

In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,
The world in vain ſhall bid me move,
In vain; for I ſhould gaze ſo long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

Then (mighty God) I'd ſing and ſay,
"What empty names are crowns and kings!
"Amongſt them give theſe worlds away,
"Theſe little deſpicable things."

I would not aſk to climb the ſky
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heaven as bright and high
In the bleſt viſion of my God.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN.

'Tis pure delight, without alloy,
Jeſus, to hear thy name,
My ſpirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the ſacred flame.

My paſſions hold a pleaſing reign,
With love inſpires my breaſt,
Love, the divineſt of the train,
The ſovereign of the reſt.

This is the grace muſt live and ſing,
When faith and fear ſhall ceaſe,
Muſt ſound from every joyful ſtring
Through the ſweet groves of bliſs.

Let life immortal ſeize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my ſoul away,
Can bring me near my God.

Swift I aſcend the heavenly place,
And haſten to my home:
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye ſeparating hills,
Let guilt and death remove:
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death muſt yield to love.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD WORTH DYING FOR:

OR, THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Lord, 'tis an infinite delight
To ſee thy holy face,
To dwell whole ages in thy ſight,
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows; and ſings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moſes the ſaint enjoys the fame,
And heaven repeats the ſong.

While the bright nation ſounds thy praiſe
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

Thy love, a ſea without a ſhore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To ſee a ſmiling God!

Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And ſtretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the ſky,
The wondrous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," ſays God, "and die;"
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breaſt,
His Maker kiſs'd his ſoul away,
And laid his fleſh to reſt.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own ſpirit gave;
His was the nobleſt road to death,
And his the ſweeteſt grave.

LONG FOR HIS RETURN.

O 'twas a mournful parting day!
Farewell, my ſpouſe, he ſaid;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!
How long my Love hath ſtaid!)

Farewell! at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's ſky;
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

Round the creation wild I rove,
And ſearch the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

My paſſions fly to ſeek their King,
And ſend their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an abſent God:

With inward pain my heart-ſtrings ſound.
My ſoul diſſolves away,
Dear Sovereign, whirl the ſeaſons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

Yet gracious God,
Yet will I ſeek thy ſmiling face;
What though a ſhort eclipſe his beauties ſhroud,
And bar the influence of his rays.
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a ſummer cloud:
He is my ſun though he refuſe to ſhine,
Though for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light ariſe
I'll ſpring a thought away to God;
The paſſion of my heart and eyes
Shall ſhout a thouſand groans and ſighs.
A thouſand glances ſtrike the ſkies,
The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy ſervant pray,
Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring;
Or ſhall I breathe in vain and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious brightneſs, through the gloomy veil,
Low how the armies of deſpair
Aloft their footy banners rear
Round my poor captive ſoul, and dare
Pronounce me priſoner of hell.
But thou, my Sun, and thou my Shield,
Wilt ſave me in the bloody field; [ray,
Break, glorious brightneſs, ſhoot one glimmering
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone
When wondrous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple ſhone,
And mingled their victorious rays;
Sin, with all its ghaſtly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And ſmiling triumph ſat on every face:
Our ſpirits raptur'd with the ſight
Where all devotion, all delight,
And loud hoſannas ſounded the Redeemer's praiſe.
Here could I ſay,
(And point the place whereon I ſtood)
Here I enjoy'd a viſit half the day
From my deſcending God:
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely ſweet the bleſſings were
While mine Emanuel was there:
And o'er the head
The conqueror ſpread
The banner of his love.

Then why my heart ſunk down ſo low?
Why do my eyes diſſolve and flow,
And hopeleſs nature mourn?
Review, my ſoul, thoſe pleaſing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the diſpleaſure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raiſe a frown
To chide the child, or prove the ſon,
But love will ne'er deſtroy;
The hour of darkneſs is but ſhort,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy ſupport,
The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

When ſhall thy lovely face be ſeen?
When ſhall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of diſtance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load!

Our months are ages of delay,
And ſlowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
Theſe tedious rounds of ſluggiſh years.

Ye heavenly gates, looſe all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Bleſt Saviour, cleave the ſtarry plains,
And make the cryſtal mountains flow.

Hark, how thy ſaints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, thou, the ſoul of all our joys,
Thou, the deſire of nations, come.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bleſs our eyes, and bleſs our ears,
Thou abſent love, thou dear unknown,
Thou faireſt of ten thouſand fairs.

Our heart-ſtrings groan with deep complaint,
Our fleſh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.

Our ſpirits ſhake their wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne?
We riſe away from mortal things
T' attend thy ſhining chariot down.

Now let our cheerful eyes ſurvey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And ſmile to ſee the lightnings play,
And flaſh along before thy wheels.

O for a ſhout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thundering ſound!
The angel herald ſhakes the ſkies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye ſlumbering ſaints, a heavenly hoſt
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every ſacred ſleeping duſt
Leap into life, for Jeſus comes.

Jeſus, the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumberous clay;
Quick as ſeraphic-flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of deſire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the weltering world in fire.

BEWAILING MY OWN INCONSTANCY.

I love the Lord! but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thouſand loves.

If my ſoul burn to ſee my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,

But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my paſſions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it ſtill.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder ſee,
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

Oft I am told the muſe will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straiſt I begin ſome ſacred ſong,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

Strangely I loſe his lovely face,
To hold the empty ſounds in chaſe;
At beſt the chimes divide my heart,
And the muſe ſhares the larger part.

Falſe confident! and falſer breaſt!
Fickle, and fond of every gueſt:
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

This fooliſh heart can leave her God,
And ſhadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How ſhall I fix this wandering mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

Look gently down Almighty Grace,
Priſon me round in thine embrace?
Pity the ſoul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Say when ſhall the bright moment be
That I ſhall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign Lords adore,
And the wild muſe prove falſe no more!

FORSAKEN, YET HOPING.

Happy the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jeſus mine,
And ſit and view his ſmiling face,
And melt in pleaſures all-divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till ſin defil'd my breaſt,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly gueſt.

And now he's gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my ſoul, and hides his love!
Curſe on you, ſins, that griev'd him ſo,
Ye ſins, that forc'd him to remove.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue:
Hither, my friends, your ſorrows bring:
Angels, aſſiſt my doleful ſong,
If you have e'er a mourning ſtring.

But, ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you ſee;
While my poor ſpirits pant and die,
And groan for thee, my God, for thee.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And ſpy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot through the cleaving ſpheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My ſoul ſprings out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the manſions of the ſky.

There ſmiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewell to jealouſies, and pains,
And all the ills of abſent love.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

Eternal Power! whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

The loweſt ſtep above thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

Thy dazzling beauties whilſt he ſings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of ſhining thrones around
Fall worſhipping, and ſpread the ground.

Lord, what ſhall earth and aſhes do!
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

Earth from afar has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to liſp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below;
Be ſhort, our tunes; our words be few;
A ſacred reverence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

"Tibi ſilet laus, O Deus." Pſal. lxv. 1.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO HONOUR, VIRTUE, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

Queen of the northern world, whoſe gentle ſway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet in all the royal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almoſt without a tear [tongue
Stands; nor complains; while from thy gracious
Peace flows in ſilver ſtreams amidſt the throng.
Amazing balm, that on thoſe lips was found
To ſoothe the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion ſhouts thine honours as her joys ariſe.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can ſecure her head;
Her trembling eagles haſten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy ſhield. Remoter lands
Whoſe lives lay truſted in Naſſovian hands

Transfer their ſouls, and live; ſecure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, whilſt in various forms
Fair piety ſhines through the Britiſh iſles:
Here at thy ſide, and in thy kindeſt ſmiles *
Blazing in ornamental gold ſhe ſtands,
To bleſs thy councils and aſſiſt thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.
There at a humble diſtance from the throne †
Beauteous ſhe lies; her luſtre all her own,
Ungarniſh'd; yet not bluſhing, nor afraid,
Nor knows ſuſpicion, nor affects the ſhade:
Cheerful and pleas'd ſhe not preſumes to ſhare
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear ſovereign, endleſs vows ariſe,
And zeal with earthly wing ſalutes the ſkies
To gain thy ſafety: Here a ſolemn form *
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wiſhes: There the mind †
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes. Yet ſtill beyond our vows,
Thy lovely glories riſe, thy ſpreading terror grows,

Princeſs, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudeſt breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall ſcourge rebellion and the rival-boy ‡:
Thy ſounding arms his Gallic patron hears,
And ſpeeds his flight; nor overtakes his fears,
Till hard deſpair wring from the tyrant's ſoul
The iron tears out: Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home, till wrath ſubmit
Her impious banners to thy ſacred feet;
Mad zeal, and frenzy with their murderous train,
Feel theſe ſweet realms in thine auſpicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and treaſon bite the chain.

Let no black ſcenes affright fair Albion's ſtage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bleſs the earth, and late aſcend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unſung; for by thine awful hands
Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferior kings§, and gives 'em their commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy ſiſter-ſeraph, bleſt Maria, waits.

But Oh! the parting ſtroke! ſome heavenly power
Cheer thy ſad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious ſtar appear on high
The faireſt glory of the weſtern ſky,
And Anna be its name; with gentle ſway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Soothe the rude north wind, and the rugged bear,
Calm, riſing wars heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the ſouthern ſphere.

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* *The eſtabliſhed church of England.*
† *The Proteſtant diſſenters.*
‡ *The Pretender.*
§ *She made Charles the Emperor's ſecond ſon King of Spain, who was afterwards Emperor of Germany.*

Note, *This poem was written in the year* 1705, *in that honourable part of the reign of our late queen, when ſhe had broke the French power at Blenheim, aſſerted the right of Charles the preſent emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and promiſed inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Proteſtant diſſenters. Thus ſhe appeared the chief ſupport of the Reformation, and the patroneſs of the liberties of Europe.*

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accompliſhment of thoſe glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the muſe cannot ſatisfy herſelf to publiſh this new edition, without acknowledging the miſtake of her former preſages, and while ſhe does the world this juſtice, ſhe does herſelf the honour of a voluntary retraction.

Auguſt 1. 1721. *I. W.*

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward muſe
That dar'd prophetic ſeals to looſe,
(Unſkill'd in fates eternal book)
And the deep characters miſtook.
George is the name, that glorious ſtar;
Ye ſaw his ſplendors beaming far;
Saw in the eaſt your joys ariſe,
When Anna ſunk in weſtern ſkies,
Streaking the heavens with crimſon gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day:
His influence ſoothes the Ruſſian bear,
Calms riſing wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the ſun his beams are hurl'd
To ſcatter bleſſings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muſe has ſpoke,
And crown the work that Anne forſook.
Auguſt 1. 1721.

TO JOHN LOCKE, ESQ.

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

ANGELS are made of heavenly things,
And light and love our ſouls compoſe,
Their bliſs within their boſom ſprings,
Within their boſom flows.

But narrow minds ſtill make pretence
To ſearch the coaſts of fleſh and ſenſe,
And fetch diviner pleaſures thence.
Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belye their nobler birth,
Debaſe their honour down to earth,
And claim a ſhare with worms.

He that has treaſures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his ſpacious mind.
Locke hath a ſoul wide as the ſea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vaſt ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd

TO JOHN SHUTE, ESQ.

(AFTERWARDS LORD BARRINGTON.)

On Mr Locke's dangerous Sickneſs, ſometime after he had retired to ſtudy the Scriptures. June, 1704.

AND muſt the man of wonderous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are juſt refin'd)
Forſake our longing eyes?
Reaſon at length ſubmits to wear
The wings of faith; and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the ſkies.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And ſeize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeneſs bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his ſon.

Thus when our follies, or our faults,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen ſhall make us wiſe:
The ſallies of whoſe youthful wit
Could pierce the Britiſh fogs with light.
Place our true * intereſt in our ſight,
And open half our eyes.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES.

FRIENDSHIP. 1702.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou ſweet deluding ill,
The brighteſt minute mortals find,
And ſharpeſt hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our ſhares
Of pleaſure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

But whilſt in floods our ſorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling ſouls
Serves but to ſwell our woe.

Oh! why ſhould bliſs depart in haſte,
And friendſhip ſtay to moan?
Why the fond paſſion cling ſo faſt,
When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death diſſolve the chain:
For love and joy were once ally'd,
And muſt be join'd again.

TO NATHANIEL GOULD, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR NATHANAEL GOULD. 1704.

'TIS not by ſplendor, or by ſtate,
Exalted mien, or lofty gate,
My muſe takes meaſures of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majeſtic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boaſt
O'er fellow-minds enſlav'd in clay,
Or ſwelt when I ſhall have engroſt
A larger heap of ſhining duſt,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world ſalute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The ſounding names of high and great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ſhips to run
And ſearch the traffic of the ſea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the weſtern minds away,
Or richer ſpices from the riſing ſun:
While the glad tenants of the ſhore
Shout, and pronounce him ſenator *,
Yet ſtill the man's the ſame:
For well the happy merchant knows
The ſoul with treaſure never grows,
Nor ſwells with airy fame.

But truſt me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To riſe above the mean control
Of fleſh and ſenſe, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a ſoul.
We ſteer our courſe up through the ſkies;
Farewell this barren land:
We ken the heavenly ſhore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of ſpirit lies,
And beekoning angels ſtand.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

THE LIFE OF SOULS. 1704.

SWIFT as the ſun revolves the day
We haſten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
'Tis air that lends us life, when firſt
The vital bellows heave:
Our fleſh we borrow of the duſt;
And when a mother's care has nurſt
The babe to manly ſize, we muſt
With uſury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame:
And plants, and roots, of barbarous name,
Torn from the Indian ſhore.
Thus we ſupport our tottering fleſh,
Our cheeks reſume the roſe afreſh.
When bark and ſteel play well their game
To ſave our ſinking breath,
And Gibſon, with his awful power,
Reſcues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.
But art and nature, powers and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yields us, at laſt to greedy worms
A deſpicable prey;
I'd have a life to call my own,
That ſhall depend on heaven alone;
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſea
Mix their baſe eſſences with mine,
Nor claim dominion ſo divine
To give me leave to be.

Sure there's a mind within that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;

* *The intereſt of England, written by Mr. Shute.*

* *Member of parliament for a port in Suſſex.*

I feel the inward pulſe beat high
With vigorous immortality.
Let earth reſume the fleſh it gave,
And breath diſſolve amongſt the winds;
Gibſon, the things that fear a grave,
That I can loſe, or you can ſave,
Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the ſkies,
Upwards our ſpirits hourly riſe,
And there our thoughts employ:
When heaven ſhall ſign our grand releaſe,
We are no ſtrangers to the place,
The buſineſs, or the joy.

FALSE GREATNESS.

Myro, forbear to call him bleſt
That only boaſts a large eſtate,
Should all the treaſures of the weſt
Meet, and conſpire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reaſon can't deſcend ſo low.
Let a broad ſtream with golden ſands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow ſoul.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy ſtore,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own ſcale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of ſhining ore.
He ſpreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœſus mounts his throne,
And both ſtand up, and ſmile to ſee
How long their ſhadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that ſhape their own!

Thus mingled ſtill with wealth and ſtate,
Crœſus himſelf can never know;
His true dimenſions and his weight
Are far inferior to their ſhow.
Were I ſo tall to reach the pole,
Or graſp the ocean with my ſpan,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul:
The mind's the ſtandard of the man.

TO SARISSA.

AN EPISTLE.

Bear up, Sariſſa, through the ruffling ſtorms
Of a vain vexing world: Tread down the cares
Thoſe ragged thorns that lie acroſs the road,
Nor ſpend a tear upon them. Truſt the muſe,
She ſings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
This rain of eyes will make the briars grow.
We travel through a deſert, and our feet
Have meaſur'd a fair ſpace, have left behind
A thouſand dangers, and a thouſand ſnares
Well ſcap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finiſh'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: The twinge of real ſmart,
And the falſe terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vaniſh together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or ſetting or aſcending,
Or in meridian height: Then ſilence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witneſs'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye ſilver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Thoſe hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and ſorrows paſt,
Mountainous woes, ſtill leſſen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a ſtormy ſea,
Wave after wave (a long ſucceſſion) roll
Beyond the ken of ſight: The ſailors ſafe
Look far a-ſtern till they have loſt the ſtorm,
And ſhout their boiſterous joys. A gentler Muſe
Sings thy dear ſafety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night
Loſe them, Sariſſa, and aſſiſt my ſong.

Awake thy voice, ſing how the ſlender line
Of fate's immortal Now divides the paſt
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The paſt temptations
No more ſhall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the deſtin'd number; every pulſe
Beats a ſharp moment of the pain away,
And the laſt ſtroke will come. By ſwift degrees
Time ſweeps us off, and we ſhall ſoon arrive
At life's ſweet period: O celeſtial point
That ends this mortal ſtory!

But if a glimpſe of light with flattering ray
Breaks through the clouds of life, or wandering fire
Amidſt the ſhades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor: faithleſs guide,
That leads the loneſome pilgrim wide aſtray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleaſure take an angel-form,
And at a diſtance riſe, by ſlow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herſelf into your heart,
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: The juſt delight
That heaven indulges lawful muſt obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In ſlavery to ſenſe, nor ſwell your hope
To dangerous ſize: If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To ſit too near your heart. Still may our ſouls
Claim kindred with the ſkies, nor mix with duſt
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A neſt for worms, and haſten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heavenly Eden's riſing hills
With beauty and with ſweets; no lurking miſchief
Dwells in the fruit, nor ſerpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliſs
Ripe for the taſte, but 'tis a ſteep aſcent:
Hold faſt the * golden chain let down from heaven,
'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
Draw upwards; faſten'd to the pearly gate,
It guides the way unerring: happy clue
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas wiſdom's nobleſt work,
All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

* *The Goſpel.*

TO MR. T. BRADBURY.

PARADISE. 1708.

YOUNG as I am I quit the ſtage,
Nor will I know th' applauſes of th' age;
Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years;
I leave my country all in tears;
But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongſt ye, friends, divide and ſhare
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear [race.
A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the
Hark my fair guardian chides my ſtay,
And waves his golden rod:
"Angel, I come; lead on the way:"
And now by ſwift degrees
I ſail aloft through azure ſeas,
Now tread the milky road:
Farewell, ye planets, in your ſpheres;
And as the ſtars are loſt, a brighter ſky appears.
In haſte for paradiſe
I ſtretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was paſt
Deſerts of trackleſs light and all the ethereal waſte,
And to the ſacred borders brought;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies, [priſe.
And well defends the walls from ſieges and ſur-
With pleaſing reverence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my ſoul, and view th' amazing ſcenes;
Sit faſt upon the flying muſe,
And let thy roving wonder looſe
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon ſtands eternal here: here may thy ſight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light;
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy muſt beat high in every vein,
Pleaſure through all the boſom reign;
The laws forbid the ſtranger, pain,
And baniſh every care.
See how the bubbling ſprings of love
Beneath the throne ariſe;
The ſtreams in cryſtal channels move,
Around the golden ſtreets they rove,
And bleſs the manſions of the upper ſkies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor ſin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs freſh on all the boughs,
And ſprings from every root;
Here may thy greedy ſenſes feaſt
While ecſtaſy and health attends on every taſte.
With the fair proſpect charm'd I ſtood;
Fearleſs I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuſe ſalvation from the ſilver flood,
Nor can exceſs be there.

In ſacred order rang'd along
Saints new-releas'd by death
Join the bold ſeraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal ſong.
Each has a voice that tunes his ſtrings.
To mighty ſounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlaſting weight,
Sounds, like the ſofter viol, ſweet,
And like the trumpet, ſtrong,
Divine attention held my ſoul,
I was all ear!
Through all my powers the heavenly accents roll,
I long'd and wiſh'd my Bradbury there;
"Could he but hear theſe notes, I ſaid,
"His tuneful ſoul would never bear
"The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
"But burſt the vital chords to reach the happy dead."

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine:
Again my ſoul th' unequal honour fought,
Again her utmoſt force ſhe brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldly thought.
Thrice I eſſay'd, and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour ſtrain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright viſion, and diſſolv'd the dream:
I ſunk at once and loſt the ſkies:
In vain I ſought the ſcenes of light
Rolling abroad my longing eyes, [night.
For all around them ſtood my curtains and the

STRICT RELIGION VERY RARE.

I'M born aloft, and leave the crowd,
I ſail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the open day
Command the globe with wide ſurvey,
Where ants in buſy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

"Are theſe the things (my paſſion cry'd)
"That we call men? Are theſe ally'd
"To the fair worlds of light?
"They have ras'd out their Maker's name,
"Graven on their minds with pointed flame
"In ſtrokes divinely bright.

"Wretches! they hate their native ſkies;
"If an ethereal thought ariſe,
"Or ſpark of virtue ſhine,
"With cruel force they damp its plumes,
"Choke the young fire with ſenſual fumes,
"With buſineſs, luſt, or wine.

"Lo! how they throng with panting breath
"The broad deſcending road
"That leads unerring down to death,
"Nor miſs the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a nobler few
Dare to ſtray upward, and purſue
Th' unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid ſoul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrſis fly
Each like a riſing ſtar.
Charin I ſaw and Fidea there,
I ſaw them help each other's flight,
And bleſs them as they go;

They ſoar beyond my labouring ſight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
  But not their love below.
On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
  The temple of their God:
With morning incenſe up they riſe
Sublime, and through the lower ſkies
  Spread the purfumes abroad.

Acroſs the road a ſeraph flew,
" Mark (ſaid he) that happy pair,
" Marriage helps devotion there:
" When kindred minds their God purſue
" They break with double vigour through
  " The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleaſure and ſurpriſe,
  My ſoul adores and ſings,
" Bleſt be the power that ſprings their flight,
" That ſtreaks their path with heavenly light,
" That turns their love to ſacrifice,
  " And joins their zeal for wings."

TO MR. C. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

Fleetwoods, young generous pair,
Deſpiſe the joys that fools purſue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
  Try'd by a ſtandard bold and juſt
  Honour and gold and paint and duſt;
How vile the laſt is, and as vain the firſt!
  Things that the crowd call great and brave,
  With me how low their value's brought!
  Titles and names, and life and breath,
  Slaves to the wind and born for death;
  The ſoul's the only thing we have
    Worth an important thought.

  The ſoul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
  Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mouldering corpſe, and leaves the
      globe behind.
  In limbs of clay though ſhe appears,
Array'd in roſy ſkin, and deck'd with ears and
  The fleſh is but the ſoul's diſguiſe, [eyes,
There's nothing in her frame 'kin to the dreſs ſhe
  From all the laws of matter free, [wears.
  From all we feel, and all we ſee,
She ſtands eternally diſtinct, and muſt for ever be.

  Riſe then, my thoughts, on high,
  Soar beyond all that's made to die;
    Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of ſouls,
  Whirling the planets round the poles, [riods on.
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our pe-
Swift the approach, and ſolemn is the day,
    When this immortal mind
  Stript of the body's coarſe array
  To endleſs pain, or endleſs joy,
  Muſt be at once conſign'd.

  Think of the ſands run down to waſte,
  We poſſeſs none of all the paſt,
  None but the preſent is our own;
  Grace is not plac'd within our power,
  'Tis but one ſhort, one ſhining hour,
  ght and declining as a ſetting ſun.
  See the white minutes wing'd with haſte;
  The Now that flies may be the laſt;
Seize the ſalvation e'er 'tis paſt,
    Nor mourn the bleſſing gone:,
  A thought's delay is ruin here,
  A cloſing eye, a gaſping breath,
  Shuts up the golden ſcene in death,
    And drowns you in deſpair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

Casimir. Lib. II. Od. 2, Imitated.

" Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles," &c.

Mark how it ſnows! how faſt the vallies fills!
And the ſweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yet the warm ſun-beams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the vail away, and the young green ap-
      pear.

But when old age has on your temples ſhed
Her ſilver-froſt, there's no returning ſun;
Swift flies our autumn, ſwift our ſummer's fled,
When youth, and love, and ſpring, and golden
      joys are gone.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged ſnow,
Stick faſt upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, not the roſy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

The chaſe of pleaſures is not worth the pains,
While the bright ſands of health run waſting
      down;
And honour calls you from the ſofter ſcenes,
To ſell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and ſhort, that mortals have,
And one old age diſſolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heavenly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's ſacred tears
Bedewing his cold herſe, has liv'd his day:
Thus Blackbourn, we ſhould leave our names our
      heirs; [away.
Old time and waning moons ſweep all the reſt

TRUE MONARCHY. 1701.

The riſing year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor: but a ſteedy ſoul
Stands firm on its own baſe, and reigns as wide
As abſolute; and ſways ten thouſand ſlaves,
Luſts and wild fancies with a ſovereign hand.

  We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reaſon's throne,
Forms it a large one, while his royal mind
Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws its own ſtatutes, and with joy obeys.

  'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Though guilt with ſun-beams and ſet round with
A monarch he that conquers all his fears, [ſtars.
And treads upon them; when he ſtands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait

His nightly ſlumbers, and ſecure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In ſquare battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himſelf a numerous hoſt,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveleſs as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleaſure, ſpreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To ſenſual eaſe (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whoſe waxen images of ſouls
Are moulded into ſoftneſs); ſtill his mind
Wears its own ſhape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noiſe
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the ſhouts
Of popular applauſe, that empty ſound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or ſpite or envy. In himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his tower, and conſcience is his ſhield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition ſwells, my wiſhes ſoar,
This be my kingdom; ſit above the globe
My riſing ſoul, and dreſs thyſelf around
And ſhine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wiſdom's lofty caſtle, there reſide
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the buſy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and buſtling in a thouſand forms
Of ſtrife and toil, to purchaſe wealth and fame,
A bubble or a duſt: Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyſelf to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

Honour demands my ſong. Forget the ground,
My generous muſe, and ſit among the ſtars!
There ſing the ſoul, that, conſcious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Among theſe dying clods, and bears her ſtate
Juſt to herſelf: how nobly ſhe maintains
Her character, ſuperior to the fleſh,
She wields her paſſions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This is the man whom ſtorms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no deſire
To read his ſecret fate; yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn deſtiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful ſhapes,

He that unſhrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the firſt wound, may finiſh all the war
With mere courageous ſilence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy ſtrokes of fate, he bears them well.

He, though th' Atlantic and the Midland ſeas
With adverſe ſurges meet, and riſe on high
Suſpended 'twixt the winds, then ruſh amain
Mingled with flames, upon his ſingle head,
And clouds, and ſtars, and thunder, firm he ſtands,
Secure of his beſt life; unhurt, unmov'd;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty caſtle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and ſurveys
The ruins of creation (ſouls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds); a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his cloſing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a ſigh
He bids his batter'd fleſh lie gently down
Amongſt his native rubbiſh; whilſt the ſpirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted gueſt
Of the third heaven, th' unruinable ſky.

Thither, when fate has brought our willing ſouls,
No matter whether 'twas a ſharp diſeaſe,
Or a ſharp ſword that help'd the travellers on,
And puſh'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the ſtormy brine
With ſteady prow; know, we ſhall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliſs.
To which we ever ſteer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've ſpread the ſpacious ſea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank ſhift me to land
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap aſhore
Joyful and fearleſs on th' immortal coaſt,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it muſt be loſt.

To the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, the Director of my youthful Studies.

FREE PHILOSOPHY.

Custom, that tyranneſs of fools,
That leads the learned round the ſchools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!
My genius ſtorms her throne:
No more, ye ſlaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Looſe hands, and quit th' inchanted ground:
Knowledge invites us each alone.
I hate theſe ſhackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wiſe;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Samſon, blind and bound;
But when his native ſtrength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence, like the ſun,
Only diſſolves the frozen ſnow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And chooſe the channels where they run.

Thoughts ſhould be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a ſingle mind
Will through all nature fly:
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden ſouls?
A genius which no chain controls
Roves with delight, or deep, or high:
Swift I ſurvey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the ſolid ground,
Or travel o'er the ſky.

TO THE REVEREND MR. BENONI ROWE,

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

Rowe, if we make the crowd our guide
Through life's uncertain road,

Mean is the chaſe; and wandering wide
We miſs th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy ſteps, and tread the ſame:
Dreſt in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a ſoul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reaſon never leads the dance;
While in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we ſtray,
To ruin we deſcend, to ruin we advance.
Wiſdom retires; ſhe hates the crowd,
And with a decent ſcorn
Aloof ſhe climbs her ſteepy ſeat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,
Have e'er a paſſage worn.

Mere hazard firſt began the track,
Where cuſtom leads her thouſands blind
In willing chains and ſtrong;
There's ſcarce one bold, one noble mind,
Dares tread the fatal error back;
But hand in hand ourſelves we bind,
And drag the age along.

Mortals, a ſavage herd, and loud
As billows on a noiſy flood,
In rapid order roll:
Example makes the miſchief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheadful of the goal.
Me let *Ithuriel's friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear ſublime
To wiſdom's lofty tower,
Thence to ſurvey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
Bleſs the delivering power.

TO THE REVEREND MR. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

GREAT man, permit the muſe to climb,
And ſeat her at thy feet;
Bid her attempt a thought ſublime,
And conſecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel th' attractive force
Of thy ſuperior ſoul:
My chariot flies her upward courſe,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow gray in trifling cares,
Or waſte the motions of the ſpheres
Upon delights as vain!
A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow duſt is ſolid good;
Thus, like the aſs of ſavage kind,
We ſnuff the breezes of the wind,
Or ſteal the ſerpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But ſtrike one doleful ſound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our ſouls,
Souls that were fram'd of ſprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory ſeek a brutal joy;
How they diſclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright ſubſtance down with droſſy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated ſong,
Bid us renounce this world of ſenſe,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the ſeraphic throng:
"Knowledge and love makes ſpirits bleſt,
"Knowledge their food, and love their reſt;"
But fleſh, th' unmanageable beaſt,
Reſiſts the pity of thine eyes,
And muſic of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of groveling mind
Round the ſhort joys of earthly kind
In reſtleſs windings roam;
Howe hath an ample orb of ſoul,
Where ſhining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heaven at home.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND RELIEF.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impoſe
Upon my better powers:
She caſts ſweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons, and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
If (where no ſovereign cure appears)
No opiates could be found.

Love, the moſt cordial ſtream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin ſtood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they roſe,
And with more golden ſands her fancy pav'd the flood:
Then fond to be entirely bleſt,
And tempted by a faithleſs youth,
As void of goodneſs as of truth,
She plunges in with heedleſs haſte,
And rears the nether mud:
Darkneſs and nauſeous dregs ariſe
O'er thy fair current, love, with large ſupplies
Of pain to teaze the heart, and ſorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliſs that charm'd her ſight
Is daſh'd, and drown'd, and loſt:
A ſpark or glimmering ſtreak at moſt,
Shines here and there, amidſt the night,
Amidſt the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the ſad ſurpriſe,
Doris awakes at laſt,
Grown by the diſappointment wiſe;
And manages with art th' unlucky caſt;
When the lowering frown ſhe ſpies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love ſhe meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her ſovereign beauty bow;
Cheerful ſhe ſmiles upon the grizly form;

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* *The name of an angel in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.*

So ſhines the ſetting ſun on adverſe ſkies,
And paints a rainbow on the ſtorm;
Anon ſhe lets the ſullen humour ſpend,
And with a virtuous book or friend,
Beguiles th' uneaſy hours:
Well-colouring every croſs ſhe meets,
With heart ſerene ſhe ſleeps and eats,
She ſpreads her board with fancy'd ſweets,
And ſtrows her bed with flowers.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

THERON, amongſt 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 crumbling ſtone,
Yet e'er he paſt, with much ado,
He gueſs'd, and ſpell'd out, SCI-PI-O.

" Enough, he cry'd; I'll drudge no more
" In turning the dull Stoics o'er;
" Let pedants waſte their hours of eaſe
" To ſweat all night at Socrates;
" And feed their boys with notes and rules,
" Thoſe tedious recipe's 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 mouldering pyramid
" Says all that the old ſages ſaid;
" For me theſe ſhatter'd tombs contain
" More morals than the Vatican.
" The duſt of heroes caſt abroad,
" And kick'd, and trampled in the road,
" The relics of a lofty mind,
" That lately wars and crowns deſign'd,
" Toſt for a jeſt from wind to wind,
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall monuments of fame to rear,
" They are but caſtles in the air.
" The towering heights, and frightful falls,
" The ruin'd heaps, and funerals,
" Of ſmoking kingdoms and their kings,
" Tell me a thouſand mournful things
" 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 further 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 every clown
" Tramples the ſons of honour down.
" Beggars with awful aſhes ſport,
" And tread the Cæſars in the dirt."

FREEDOM.

1697.

TEMPT me no more. My ſoul can ne'er comport
With the gay ſlaveries of a court;
I've an averſion to thoſe charms,
And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vaſſal ſouls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compoſe his ſtate;
Move as he moves; and when he loiters, ſtand;
You're but the ſhadows of a man.
Bend when he ſpeaks; and kiſs the ground:
Go, catch th' impertinence of ſound:
Adore the follies of the great;
Wait till he ſmiles: But lo, the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate.

Thus baſe born minds: but as for me,
I can and will be free:
Like a ſtrong mountain, or ſome ſtately tree,
My ſoul grows firm upright,
And as I ſtand, and as I go,
It keeps my body ſo;
No, I can never part with my creation-right.
Let ſlaves and aſſes ſtoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee [it free.
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd

Thus my bold harp profuſely play'd
Pindarical; then on a branchy ſhade
I hung my harp aloft, myſelf beneath it laid.
Nature that liſten'd to my ſtrain,
Reſum'd the theme, and acted it again.
Sudden roſe a whirling wind
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the ſtraws and feathers crowd,
Types of a ſlaviſh mind;
Upwards the ſtormy forces riſe,
The duſt flies up and climbs the ſkies,
And as the tempeſt fell, th' obedient vapours ſunk:
Again it roars with bellowing ſound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow, and the aſp, trembled and kiſs'd the ground:
Hard by there ſtood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the ſtorm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's ſtroke.

ON MR. LOCKE'S ANNOTATIONS,

UPON SEVERAL PARTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, LEFT BEHIND HIM AT HIS DEATH.

THUS reaſon learns by ſlow degrees,
What faith reveals; but ſtill complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkneſs from the too exuberant light.
The blaze of thoſe bright myſteries
Pour'd all at once on nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble ſight.

Reaſon could ſcare ſuſtain to ſee
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity;

Scarce could her pride deſcend to own
Her Maker ſtooping from his throne,
And dreſt in glories ſo unknown.
A ranſom'd world, a bleeding God,
And heaven appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be underſtood.

'Faith, thou bright cherub, ſpeak, and ſay,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Coſt thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.
'Twas hard to make ſo rich a ſoul ſubmit,
And lay her ſhining honours at thy ſovereign feet.
Siſter of faith, fair charity,
Show me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he ſees the Godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His nobleſt powers in deep proſtration lie
At the myſterious throne.
" Forgive, he cries, ye ſaints below,
" The wavering and the cold aſſent
" I gave to themes divinely true;
" Can you admit the bleſſed to repent?
" Eternal darkneſs veil the lines
" Of that unhappy book,
" Where glimmering reaſon with falſe luſtre ſhines,
" Where the mortal pen miſtook
" What the celeſtial meant!"

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do;
'Tis enough that I can ſay,
I've poſſeſs'd myſelf to-day:
Then if haply midnight-death
Seize my fleſh, and ſtop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I ſhall be
Heir to the beſt part of me.
Glittering ſtones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world beſtows,
She can take, and I can loſe;
But the treaſures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my ſpacious ſoul,
And ſurvey myſelf awhole,
And enjoy myſelf alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never ſeen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd
Here on all the ſhining boughs
Knowledge fair and uſeleſs grows;
On the ſame young flowery tree
All the ſeaſons you may ſee;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Juſt diſcloſing to the ſight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into ſolid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taſte;
Seraphs feed on ſuch repaſt.
Here, in a green and ſhady grove,
Streams of pleaſure mix with love:
There beneath the ſmiling ſkies
Hills of contemplation riſe;
Now upon ſome ſhining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
There are endleſs beauties more
Earth hath no reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the ſoul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treaſures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watery ſtage
Cannot coaſt it in an age;
Harts, or horſes, ſtrong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand days and more.
Yet the ſilly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coaſting round the narrow ſhores,
Narrow ſhores of fleſh and ſenſe,
Picking ſhells and pebbles thence:
Or ſhe ſits at fancy's door,
Calling ſhapes and ſhadows to her,
Foreign viſits ſtill receiving,
And t' herſelf a ſtranger living.
Never, never would ſhe buy
Indian duſt, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If ſhe ſaw her native ſtore;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

THE ADVENTUROUS MUSE.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Through riſing deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wonderous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor * Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor † Purcell notes to ſing.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulfing ſand:
Climbing the liquid mountains of the ſkies,
She meets deſcending angels as ſhe flies,
Nor aſks them where their country lies,
Or where the ſea-marks ſtand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She ſprings, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white ſails aloft, and ſteers,
With bold and ſafe attempt, to the celeſtial land.

Whilſt little ſkiffs along the mortal ſhores
With humble toil in order creep,

---

* *A French critic.*
† *An Engliſh maſter of muſic.*

Coaſting in ſight of one another's oars,
  Nor venture through the boundleſs deep,
  Such low pretending ſouls are they
Who dwell enclos'd in ſolid orbs of ſkull;
  Plodding along their ſober way,
The ſnail o'ertakes them in their wildeſt play,
While the poor labourers ſweat to be correctly dull.

Give me the chariot whoſe diviner wheels
  Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd
  Bound o'er the everlaſting hills,
And loſe the clouds below, and leave the ſtars behind.
  Give me the muſe whoſe generous force,
    Impatient of the reins,
  Purſues an unattempted courſe,
Breaks all the critics iron chains,
And bears to Paradiſe the raptur'd mind.

  There Milton dwells: The mortal ſung
  Themes not preſum'd by mortal tongue;
  New terrors, or new glories, ſhine
In every page, and flying ſcenes divine
Surpriſe the wondering ſenſe, and draw our ſouls along.
  Behold his muſe ſent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of chaos roar,
  And realms of night unknown before.
  She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Through fields of heavenly war, and ſeraphs overthrown,
  Where his adventurous genius led:
Sovereign ſhe fram'd a model of her own,
  Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verſe ſublime,
A monument too high for coupled ſounds to climb.
  He mourn'd the garden loſt below;
  (Earth is the ſcene for tuneful woe)
  Now bliſs beats high in all his veins,
  Now the loſt Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrivall'd ſtrains.

Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael ſings,
  And knows no rule but native fire:
All heaven ſits ſilent, while to his ſovereign ſtrings
  He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
    Acroſs the golden lyre:
  From every note devotion ſprings.
  Rapture, and harmony, and love,
    O'erſpread the liſtening choir.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

THE COMPLAINT.

'Twas in a vale where oſiers grow,
By murmuring ſtreams we told our woe,
    And mingled all our cares:
Friendſhip ſat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews ariſe,
    And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
    Shone with a fainter bright;
Still ſickening, and decaying ſtill,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
    With his expiring light.

In dark eclipſe his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obſcur'd his gold
    Behind her ſable wheels;
Nature grew ſad to loſe the day,
The flowery vales in mourning lay,
    In mourning ſtood the hills.

Such are our ſorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
    Our darken'd ſouls behind;
In the young morning of our years
Diſtempering fogs have climb'd the ſpheres,
    And choke the labouring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty ſhade,
    New-brightening all the ſkies:
But ſay, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipſe be gone,
    Or when our ſuns ariſe?

In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
Harmonious ſounds in vain have try'd
    To make the darkneſs fly:
But drugs would raiſe the dead as ſoon,
Or clattering braſs relieve the moon,
    When fainting in the ſky.

Some friendly ſpirit from above,
Born of the night, and nurſt with love,
    Aſſiſt our feebler fires:
Force theſe invading glooms away;
Souls ſhould be ſeen quite through their clay,
    Bright as your heavenly choirs.

But if the fogs muſt damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, diſſolve our frame,
    Releaſe the priſoner-mind:
Our ſouls ſhall mount, at thy diſcharge,
To their bright ſource, and ſhine at large
    Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

THE AFFLICTIONS OF A FRIEND. 1702.

Now let my cares all buried lie,
  My griefs for ever dumb:
Your ſorrows ſwell my heart ſo high,
  They leave my own no room.

Sickneſs and pains are quite forgot,
  The ſpleen itſelf is gone;
Plung'd in your woes, I feel them not,
  Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts ſenſe to flight,
  And all the ſoul invades:
So the broad gloom of ſpreading night
  Devours the evening ſhades.

Thus am I born to be unbleſt!
  This ſympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breaſt
  T' admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long ſucceſſion reign;
  Their iron rod I feel:
Friendſhip has only chang'd the chain,
  But I'm the priſoner ſtill.

Why was this life for misery made?
Or why drawn out so long?
Is there no room amongst the dead?
Or is a wretch too young?

Move faster on, great nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling powers,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undistinguish'd hours.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
Nor smile upon a slave:
Darkness, and death, make haste at once
To hide me in the grave.

THE REVERSE:

OR, THE COMFORTS OF A FRIEND.

Thus nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
Till grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
And, smiling, thus she said:

Were kindred spirits born for cares?
Must every grief be mine?
Is there a sympathy in tears?
Yet joys refuse to join?

Forbid it, heaven, and raise my love,
And make our joys the same;
So bliss and friendship join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

Sorrows are lost in vain delight
That brightens all the soul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my powers employ:
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet, when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
And haste away, my years;
Or I can wait my father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

Rise glorious, every future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well-distinguish'd rays.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN LORD CUTTS.

AT THE SIEGE OF NAMUR.

THE HARDY SOLDIER.

" O WHY is man so thoughtless grown?
" Why guilty souls in haste to die?
" Venturing the leap to worlds unknown,
" Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

" Are lives but worth a soldier's pay?
" Why will ye join such wide extremes,
" And stake immortal souls, in play
" At desperate chance, and bloody games?

" Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
" Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
" Calmly she meets the deadly shot!
" Secure of life above the stars.

" But phrenzy dares eternal fate,
" And, spurr'd with honour's airy dreams,
" Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
" And force a passage to the flames."

Thus hovering o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heavenly love in Gabriel's form:
Young Thraso left the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls;
Vows are but wind, the hero cries;
Then swears by heaven, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

BURNING SEVERAL POEMS OF

OVID, MARTIAL, OLDHAM, DRYDEN, &c.

1703.

I JUDGE the muse of lewd desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with an heavenly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging sin.

Die, Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her shade.

Strephon *, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever shine his name!)
As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
" Burn, burn, he cry'd with sacred rage,
" Hell is the due of every page,
" Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent heaven!
" So vile the muse, and yet the man forgiven!)
" Burn on my songs: For not the silver Thames
" Nor Tyber with his yellow streams
" In endless currents rolling to the main,
" Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the
" stain."

So Moses by divine command
Forbid the leprous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown.
" Break down the timber, and dig up the stone."

* *Earl of Rochester.*

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

AGAINST TEARS. 1699.

MADAM, perſuade me tears are good
To waſh our mortal cares away;
Theſe eyes ſhall weep a ſudden flood,
And ſtream into a briny ſea.

Or if theſe orbs are hard and dry,
(Theſe orbs that never uſe to rain)
Some ſtar direct me where to buy
One ſovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor ſhall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new ſorrow ſprings,
As weeds in rainy ſeaſons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miſeries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in ſeas of grief.

Then let theſe uſeleſs ſtreams be ſtaid,
Wear native courage on your face:
Theſe vulgar things were never made
For ſouls of a ſuperior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thouſand foes your ſteps ſurround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe;
The hardeſt fight is higheſt crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Aug. 1701.

SAY mighty Love, and teach my ſong,
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains
That thoughtleſs fly into thy chains,
As cuſtom leads the way:
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Ice in their hearts and ſnow

Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like Stoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heavenly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind;
For Love abhors the fight:
Looſe the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet,
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

AN EPISTLE. DEC. 1702.

LET uſeleſs ſouls to woods retreat;
Polhill ſhould leave a country ſeat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

Nor Kent *, nor Suſſex *, ſhould have charms,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counſels and to arms.

Lewis, by fawning ſlaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a † baſe-born lord;
Awake your cares! awake your ſword!

Factions amongſt the ‡ Britons riſe,
And warring tongues, and wild ſurmiſe,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Reſolv'd, "'tis of diviner weight,
"To ſave the people, than the ſtate."

The bold § machine is form'd and join'd
To ſtretch the conſcience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

Your grandſire ſhades with jealous eye
Frown down to ſee their offspring lie
Careleſs, and let their country die.

If ‖ Trevia fear to let you ſtand
Againſt the Gaul with ſpear in hand,
At leaſt petition for ¶ the land.

---

* *His country-ſeat and dwelling.*
† *The Pretender, proclaim'd King in France.*
‡ *The parliament.*
§ *The bill againſt occaſional conformity, 1702.*
‖ *Mrs. Polhill of the family of Lord Trevor.*
¶ *Mr. Polhill was one of thoſe five zealous gentlemen who preſented the famous Kentiſh pe-*

THE CELEBRATED VICTORY

OF THE POLES OVER OSMAN THE TURKISH EMPEROR IN THE DACIAN BATTLE.

Tranſlated from Caſimire, B. IV. Od. 4. with large Additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the ſtrong,
Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic muſe
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair poſſeſſions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy ſprings
Smil'd on his ſeed, and ſeventy harveſt-moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he reſum'd the toil: and fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In graſſy furrows, the torn earth diſclos'd
Helmets, and ſwords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in ruſt) and heaps of mighty bones.
The ſun deſcending to the weſtern deep
Bid him lie down and reſt; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon ſong.
Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove ſecure,
Or feed beſide me; taſte the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the ſweet herb,
And graze in ſafety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his ſpear, and breathes; yet ſtill his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old ſoldier, ſay,
How fair a harveſt of the ſlaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles
Of vaſt deſtruction, and of Thracian dead,
Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) ſpread o'er the pathleſs hills,
And coats of ſcaly ſteel, and hard habergeon,
Deep-bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy,
I was their captive, and remind their dreſs:)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In auguſt port, and regular array,
Led on to conqueſt: Here the Turkiſh chief
Preſumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out freſh troops perpetual, dreſt in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in ſpangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
Theſe eyes have ſeen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian ſpears; when poliſh'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick againſt the ſun
Reſtoring all his beams! but frowning war
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempeſt, ſtood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The ſtorm of miſſive ſteel delay'd a while
By wiſe command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And ſcymiter and ſabre bore the ſheath
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and diſgorg'd their ſulphurous fire.
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms;
Then javelins anſwer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hiſſing death: With adverſe age
The crooked faulchions met; and hideous noiſe
From claſhing ſhields, through the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thouſand iron ſtorms
Roar diverſe: and in harſh confuſion drown
The trumpet's ſilver ſound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen ſtores
Of the cold north, when pour'd in rattling hail,
Laſh with ſuch madneſs the Norwegian plains,
Or ſo torment the ear. Scarce ſounds ſo far
The direful fragor, when ſome ſouthern blaſt
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
The maſſy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous craſh, rolls down the rugged cliff
Reſiſtleſs, plunging in the ſubject lake
Como, or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills;
Such was the noiſe of war: the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the ſky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame, and blood,
And ſweat, and duſt, array the broad campaign
In horror: haſty feet, and ſparkling eyes,
And all the ſavage paſſions of the ſoul,
Engage in the warm buſineſs of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight; and breaſts in cloſe embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of death.
Here words auſtere, of perilous command,
And valour ſwift t' obey; bold feats of arms
Dreadful to ſee, and glorious to relate,
Shine through the field with more ſurpriſing brightneſs
Than glittering helms or ſpears. What loud applauſe
(Beſt meed of warlike toil) what manly ſhouts,
And yells unmanly through the battle ring!
And ſudden wrath dies into endleſs fame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful, though with leſſer wings.

But what the Dahets or the coward ſoul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of baſe Cilicians 'ſcaping from the ſlaughter,
Of Parthian beaſts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean againſt th' intrepid breaſt
Of the purſuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Ruſh here, and here the Lithuanian horſe
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the ſky
On ſounding wheels; or as ſome mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful ſteep
Precipitant, and bears along the ſtream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty foreſts headlong to the plain.

The bold Boruſſian ſmoking from afar
Moves like a tempeſt in a duſky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing ſcene!
What ſhowers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burſt from the darkneſs! while their cohorts firm

...ition to the parliament, in the reign of King William, to haſten their ſupplies in order to ſupport the King in his war with France.

Met the like thunder, and an equal ſtorm,
From hoſtile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted boſoms tempt the edge of war,
And ruſh on the ſharp point; while baleful miſchiefs,
Deaths, and bright dangers flew acroſs the field
Thick and continual, and a thouſand ſouls
Fled murmuring through their wounds. I ſtood aloof,
For 'twas unſafe to come within the wind
Of Ruſſian banners, when with whizzing ſound,
Eager of glory, and profuſe of life,
They bore down fearleſs on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkiſh moons
Wander'd in diſarray. A dark eclipſe
Hung on the ſilver creſcent, boding night,
Long night, to all her ſons: at length diſrob'd
The ſtandards fell: the barbarous enſigns torn
Fled with the wind, the ſport of angry heaven:
And a large cloud of infantry and horſe
Scattering in wild diſorder, ſpread the plain.

Not noiſe, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high-built ſize prevails: 'Tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole foreſts fall
(A ſpacious ruin) by one ſingle axe,
And ſteel well-ſharp'ned: ſo a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thouſand doves.

Vaſt was the ſlaughter, and the flowery green
Drank deep of flowing crimſon. Veteran bands
Here made their laſt campaign. Here haughty chiefs
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppreſs'd with iron ſlumbers, and long night.
Their ghoſts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well: for at their ſide
Some faithful Janizaries ſtrew'd the field,
Fall'n in juſt ranks or wedges, lunes or ſquares,
Firm as they ſtood; to the Warſovian troops,
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad ſabre and keen poll-axe flew
With ſpeedy terror through the feebler herd,
And made rude havock and irregular ſpoil
Amongſt the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In ſwift affright a thouſand different ways
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy mountains,
Bellowing; yet haſty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Poliſh hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire proſpect diſtant fill'd my ſoul
With awe; till the laſt relics of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying had diſcloſ'd
The ghaſtly plain: I took a nearer view,
Unſeemly to the ſight, nor to the ſmell
Grateful. What loads of mangled fleſh and limbs
(A diſmal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay weltering on the ground; while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves ſtill ſhivering, nor had loſt
All taſte of pain! Here an old Thracian lies,
Deform'd with years and ſcars, and groans aloud
Torn with freſh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the ſoul's remove, and chain it down
By the hard laws of nature, to ſuſtain
Long torment: his wild eye-balls roll: his teeth,
Gnaſhing with anguiſh, chide his lingering fate.
Emblazon'd armour ſpoke his high command
Amongſt the neighbouring dead; they round their lord
Lay proſtrate; ſome in flight ignobly ſlain,
Some to the ſkies their faces upwards turn'd
Still brave, and proud to die ſo near their prince.
I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richeſt Ott'man blood
Extended on the field: in friendſhip join'd,
Nor fate divides them: hardy warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in ſhowers of darts they fell,
Each with his ſhield ſpread o'er his lover's heart,
In vain: for on thoſe orbs of friendly braſs
Stood groves of javelins; ſome, alas, too deep
Were planted there, and through their lovely boſoms
Made painful avenues for cruel death.
O my dear native land, forgive the tear
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when ſtrong compaſſion
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a ſacrifice to hoſtile virtue.
Dacia, forgive the ſigh that wiſh'd the ſouls
Of thoſe fair infidels ſome humble place
Among the bleſt. "Sleep, ſleep, ye hapleſs pair,
"Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better fate,
"And better faith." Hard by the general lay,
Of Saracen deſcent, a grizly form
Breathleſs, yet pride ſat pale upon his front
In diſappointment, with a ſurly brow
Louring in death, and vext; his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bite hard the Poliſh ſpear:
In that dead viſage my remembrance reads
Raſh Caraccas: In vain the boaſting ſlave
Promis'd and ſooth'd the ſultan threatening fierce
With royal ſuppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warſovian ſilk and gold;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide covering of the air,
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
Inſulting hopes! with what an awful ſmile
Laughs at the proud, that looſen all the reins
To their unbounded wiſhes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a ſhameful end!
But whether am I borne? This thought of arms
Fires me in vain to ſing to ſenſeleſs bulls
What generous horſe ſhould hear. Break off, my ſong;
My barbarous muſe, be ſtill: Immortal deeds
Muſt not be thus profan'd in ruſtic verſe:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing fame, ſhall loud rehearſe the fight
In ſounds of glory. Lo, the evening-ſtar
Shines o'er the weſtern hill; my oxen, come,
The well-known ſtar invites the labourer home.

TO MR. HENRY BENDYSH.

Aug. 24. 1705

DEAR SIR,

THE following ſong was yours when firſt compoſed; The muſe then deſcribed the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill matched; and now ſhe rejoices that you have eſcaped the common miſchief, and that your ſoul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeneſs and love. Perſevere, and be happy.

I perſuade myſelf you will accept from the preſs what the pen more privately inſcribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain leſt you ſhould take of

fence at the fabulous dreſs of this poem: Nor would weaker minds be ſcandalized at it, if they would give themſelves leave to reflect how many divine truths are ſpoken by the holy writers in viſions and images, parables and dreams: Nor are my wiſer friends aſhamed to defend it, ſince the narrative is grave, and the moral ſo juſt and obvious.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Sept. 3. 1701

Why ſhould our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendyſh, 'tis ſtrange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

In vain I ſought the wonderous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide,
On fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of my mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

Hard by, a venerable prieſt,
Riſen with his God, the ſun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

" He ſang th' eternal rolling flame,
" The vital maſs, that ſtill the ſame
" Does all our minds compoſe:
" But ſharp'd in twice ten thouſand frames:
" Thence differing ſouls of differing names,
" And jarring tempers roſe.

" The mighty power that form'd the mind
" One mould for every two deſign'd,
" And bleſs'd the new-born pair:
" This be a match for this (he ſaid):
" Then down he ſent the ſouls he made,
" To ſeek them bodies here:

" But parting from their warm abode
" They loſt their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah cruel chance, and croſſing fates!
" Our eaſtern ſouls have dropt their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whoſe birth is to his own ally'd,
" The ſweeteſt joy of life:
" But oh the crowds of wretched ſouls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd t' eternal ſtrife!"

Thus ſang the wondrous Indian bard;
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
Sure then (I cry'd) might I but ſee
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where,
" What diſtant lands this unknown fair,
" Or diſtant ſeas detain?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet, and mingle ſouls,
" And wear the joyful chain."

THE HAPPY MAN.

Serene as light, is Myron's ſoul,
And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole:
In manly beauty ſhines his face;
Every muſe, and every grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their ſeat,
His heart profuſely good, his tongue divinely ſweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood ſcarce begun!
Behold the race of virtue run!
Behold the goal of glory won!
Nor fame denies the merit, nor with-holds the [prize;
Her ſilver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru,
In barbarous ſongs, pronounce the Britiſh hero's [name.
" Airy bleſs (the hero cry'd)
" May feed the tympany of pride;
" But healthy ſouls were never found
" To live on emptineſs and ſound."

Lo, at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Bleſſings with laviſh hand ſhe pours
Gather'd from the Indian coaſt;
Not Danae's lap could equal treaſures boaſt,
When Jove came down in golden ſhowers.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high diſdain I heard him ſay,
" Bliſs is not made of glittering clay."
Now pomp and grandeur court his head
With ſcutcheons, arms, and enſigns ſpread;
Gay magnificence and ſtate,
Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
And ſlaves and endleſs order round his table wait;
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they riſe,
Watch every motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with moſt impatient zeal,
With ſwift ambition ſeize th' unfiniſh'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He dropt a tear, and pity'd kings,
Then, flying from the noiſy throng,
Seeks the diverſion of a ſong.

Muſic deſcending on a ſilent cloud,
Tun'd all her ſtrings with endleſs art;
By ſlow degrees from ſoft to loud
Changing ſhe roſe: The harp and flute
Harmonius join, the hero to ſalute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and ſcenes of lawleſs love
Each with utmoſt luxury ſtrove
To treat their favourite beſt;
But ſounding ſtrings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawleſs love, in vain combine
To make his virtue ſleep, or lull his ſoul to reſt.

He ſaw the tedious round, and, with a ſigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
" In crowds of pleaſure ſtill I find
" A painful ſolitude of mind.
" A vacancy within which ſenſe can ne'er ſupply.
" Hence, and be gone, ye flattering ſnares,
" Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
" Ye unperforming promiſers!
" Be all my baſer paſſions dead,
" And baſe deſires, by nature made
" For animals and boys:
" Man has a reliſh more refin'd,
" Souls are for ſocial bliſs deſign'd,
" Give me a bleſſing fit to match my mind,
" A kindred-ſoul to double and to ſhare my joys."
Myrrha appear'd: " Serene her ſoul,
" And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole:
" In ſofter beauties ſhone her face;
" Every muſe, and every grace,
" Made her heart and tongue their ſeat,
" Her heart profuſely good, her tongue divinely ſweet:
" Myrrha the wonder of his eyes;" [ſweet:
His heart recoil'd with ſweet ſurpriſe,
With joys unknown before:
His ſoul diſſolv'd in pleaſing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
" Enough! (th' impatient hero cries)
" And ſeiz'd her to his breaſt,
" I ſeek no more below the ſkies,
" I give my ſlaves the reſt."

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

An Anſwer to an infamous ſatyr, called "Advice to a Painter;" written by a nameleſs author, againſt King William III. of glorious memory, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this ſatyr into my hand, you gave me the occaſion of employing my pen to anſwer ſo deteſtable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the intereſt of his majeſty, your counſels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And ſince you provoked me to write, you will accept of thoſe efforts of my loyalty to the beſt of kings, addreſſed to one of the moſt zealous of his ſubjects, by

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND muſt the hero, that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and ſcandal ſtand?
The man of wondrous ſoul, that ſcorn'd his eaſe,
Tempting the winters, and the faithleſs ſeas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Iriſh knife, [name,
And cruſh the French dragoon? Muſt William's
That brighteſt ſtar that gilds the wings of fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the juſt,
Adorn theſe gloomy ſcenes or tyranny and luſt?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my ſpirits flame;
Can your zeal ſleep! Or are your paſſions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkneſs on the Poet's name?
Why ſmoke the ſkies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blaſt his guilty ſoul?
Audacious wretch! to ſtab a monarch's fame,
And fire his ſubjects with a rebel-flame;
To call the painter to his black deſigns,
To draw our guardian's face in helliſh lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be ſhown
Under no ſhape but angels, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the Britiſh throne.

O! could my thought but graſp the vaſt deſign,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouſe Apelles, from his iron ſleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgic plain;
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the ſlain,
Scattering juſt vengeance through the red campaign.
Then daſh the canvas with a flying ſtroke,
Till it be loſt in clouds of fire and ſmoke,
And ſay, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the ſquadrons broke.

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there like a rock he ſtood
His country's ſingle barrier in a ſea of blood.
Calmly he leaves the pleaſures of a throne,
And his Maria weeping; whilſt alone [own:
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his
But heaven ſecures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hovering angels; though they fly concealed, [ſhield.
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our iſle,
Mark how the ſkies with joyful luſtre ſmile,
Then imitate the glory; on the ſtrand
Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
Waſh off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint;
Abroad a hero, and at home a ſaint.
Throne him on high upon a ſhining ſeat,
Luſt and profaneneſs dying at his feet, [meet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive
The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow
With flowery bleſſings ever on his brow.
At his right hand pile up the Engliſh laws
In ſacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
His wiſe and juſt commands———
Riſe, ye old ſages of the Britiſh iſle,
On the fair tablet caſt a reverend ſmile,
And bleſs the piece; theſe ſtatutes are your own
That ſway the cottage, and direct the throne;
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the ſame

Let liberty, and right, with plumes diſplay'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er the reſt her ſtarry pinions ſpread.
Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
Place waiting virtues, each of heavenly mien;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes;
The juſt, the bold, the temperate, and the wiſe
Dwell in his looks; majeſtic, but ſerene;
Sweet, with no fondneſs; cheerful, but not vain:
Bright, without terror; great, without diſdain.
His ſoul inſpires us what his lips command,
And ſpreads his brave example through the land:
Not ſo the former reigns;———

Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treaſures of his ſacred breaſt
Are too divine, too vaſt to be expreſt:
Colours muſt fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

Now, Muſe, purſue the ſatyriſt again,
Wipe off the blots of his invenom'd pen;
Hark, how he bids the ſervile painter draw,
In monſtrous ſhapes, the patrons of our law;
At one ſlight daſh he cancels every name
From the white rolls of honeſty and fame;
This ſcribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots ſudden bolts promiſcuous at the baſe and brave,
And with unpardonable malice ſheds
Poiſon and ſpite on undiſtinguiſh'd heads.
Painter, forbear; or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw firſt this poet, like ſome baleful ſtar,
With ſilent influence ſhedding civil war;
Or factious trumpeter, whoſe magic ſound
Calls off the ſubjects to the hoſtile ground,
And ſcatters helliſh feuds the nation round.
Theſe are the imps of hell, that curſed tribe
That firſt create the plague, and then the pain deſcribe.

Draw next above, the great ones of our iſle,
Still from the good diſtinguiſhing the vile;
Seat them in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Peeling the ſubjects with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation ſold,
And tinge their greedy looks with ſordid gold.
Mark what a ſelfiſh faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous deſigns,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Naſſau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majeſty, look gently down,
Mingling ſoft pity with an awful frown:
He grieves to ſee how long in vain he ſtrove
To make us bleſt, how vain his labours prove
To ſave the ſtubborn land he condeſcends to love.

TO THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Caſimire, B. IV. Od. 15.

...IA, there's nothing here that's free
... wearisome anxiety:
...the whole round of mortal joys
... ſhort poſſeſſion tires and cloys:
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Juſt from the window to the bed,
We riſe to ſee and to be ſeen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and ſtretch to ſleep again.
But Fancy, that uneaſy gueſt,
Still holds a longing in our breaſt:
She finds or frames vexations ſtill.
Herſelf the greateſt plague we feel,
We take ſtrange pleaſure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Aſſume the load, and pant and ſweat
...neath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear ſelves we live at ſtrife,
While the moſt conſtant ſcenes of life
From peeviſh humours are not free;
Still we affect variety:
Rather than paſs an eaſy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling ſun,
And vex that he ſhould ever run
The ſame old track; and ſtill, and ſtill
Riſe red behind yon eaſtern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the ſame caſement every night.

We ſhift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes;
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Againſt the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods; a hermit ſaint!
She loaths her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
But humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart: She is hurry'd ſtill,
Twixt her wild paſſions and her will:
Haunted and hagg'd where-e'er ſhe roves,
By purling ſtreams, and ſilent groves,
Or with her furies, or her loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air;
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling ſky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain; if this diſeaſed mind
Clings faſt, and ſtill ſits cloſe behind.
Faithful diſeaſe, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's ſide,
Over the deſart or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying ſails.

Happy the ſoul that virtue ſhows
Too fix the place of her repoſe,
Needleſs to move; for ſhe can dwell
In her old grandfire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But ſweetly hides herſelf at home.
And eaſy on a native throne
Of humble turf ſits gently down.

Yet ſhould tumultuous ſtorms ariſe,
And mingle earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Should the waves ſwell, and make her roll
Acroſs the line, or near the pole,
Still ſhe's at peace; for well ſhe knows
To launch the ſtream that duty ſhows,
And makes her home where-e'er ſhe goes.
Bear her, ye ſeas, upon your breaſt,
Or waft her, winds, from eaſt to weſt
On the ſoft air; ſhe cannot find
A couch ſo eaſy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half ſo kind.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

Caſimire, Book I. Ode 4. imitated.

"Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ," &c.

July, 1700.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the ſun look down and ſay,
"Inglorious here he lies;"

Shake off your eaſe, and ſend your name
To immortality and fame,
By every hour that flies.

Youth's a ſoft ſcene, but truſt her not:
Her airy minutes, ſwift as thought,
Slide off the ſlippery ſphere;
Moons with their months make haſty rounds,
The ſun has paſs'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

Let folly dreſs in green and red,
And gird her waſte with flowing gold,
Knit bluſhing roſes round her head,
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering roſe,
And the pale gold how dim it ſhows!

Bright and laſting bliſs below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celeſtial flow
In an eternal ſtream,
The pleaſures that the ſmiling day
With large right hand beſtows,
Falſely her left conveys away,
And ſhuffles in our woes.
So have I ſeen a mother play,
And cheat her filly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and ſmil'd.

Airy chance, and iron fate,
Hurry and vex our mortal ſtate,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now ſullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harneſt hours and minutes ſtrive,
And days with ſtretching pinions drive-
-down fiercely on the goal.

Not half ſo faſt the galley flies
O'er the Venetian ſea,
When ſails, and oars, and labouring ſkies,
Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The reſt lie ſtill yet in their neſt
And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

Caſimire, Book IV. Ode 12. *imitated.*

"Quid me latentem," &c. 1700.

The noiſy world complains of me
That I ſhould ſhun their ſight and flee
Viſits, and crowds, and company.
Gunſton, the lark dwells in her neſt
Till ſhe aſcend the ſkies;
And in my cloſet I could reſt
Till to the heavens I riſe:
Yet they will urge, "This private life
"Can never make you bleſt,
"And twenty doors are ſtill at ſtrife
"T' engage you for a gueſt."
Friend, ſhould the towers of Windſor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
But ſhort ſhould be my ſtay,
Since a diviner ſervice waits
T' employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

When I within myſelf retreat,
I ſhut my doors againſt the great;
My buſy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large ſurvey I ſee
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various ſcenes of my retiring ſoul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful ſtrife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

There's a day haſtening, ('tis an awful day!)
When the great ſovereign ſhall at large review
All that we ſpeak, and all we do,
The ſeveral parts we act on this wide ſtage of clay;
Theſe he approves, and thoſe he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
O if the judge from his tremendous ſeat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I ſhall be happy though unknown,
Nor heed the gazing rabble, nor the ſhouting ſtreet.

I hate the glory, friend, that ſprings
From vulgar breath, and empty ſound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flattering gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till envy ſhoots, and fame receives the wound;
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down glory falls, and ſtrikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from fame;
How happy I ſhould lie
In ſweet obſcurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if ſociety be due
To keep our taſte of pleaſure new,
Gunſton, I'd live and die with you,
For both our ſouls are one.

Here we could ſit and paſs the hour,
And pity kingdoms, and their kings,
And ſmile at all their ſhining things,
Their toys of ſtate, and images of power;
Virtue ſhould dwell within our ſeat,
Virtue alone could make it ſweet,
Nor is herſelf ſecure, but in a cloſe retreat,
While ſhe withdraws from public praiſe,
Envy perhaps would ceaſe to rail,
Envy itſelf would innocently gaze
At beauty in a vail:
But if ſhe once advance to light,
Her charms are loſt in envy's ſight,
And virtue ſtands the mark of univerſal ſpight.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

THE DISDAIN. 1700.

Hartopp, I love the ſoul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:

Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line
Look through the ſtars, and ſmile divine
Upon an heir ſo great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild ſcenes of buſy life,
The noiſe, th' amuſements, and the ſtrife,
Are but the viſions of the night,
Gay phantoms of deluſive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

Fleſh is the vileſt and the leaſt
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beaſt,
Or quit the manly name.
Pleaſures of ſenſe we leave for boys;
Be ſhining duſt the miſer's food;
Let fancy feed on fame and noiſe,
Souls muſt purſue diviner joys,
And ſeize th' immortal good.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there ſhould be any mortifying lines in the following poems inſcribed to you, ſo ſoon after your entrance into that ſtate which was deſigned for the completeſt happineſs on earth: But you will quickly diſcover, that the muſe in the firſt poem only repreſents the ſhades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the ſocial life. In the ſecond, perhaps ſhe indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at laſt, and things ſet in a due light, I hope there is no ground for cenſure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the moſt important concerns of human nature in verſe, and that with a ſolemnity becoming the argument. I have baniſhed grimace and ridicule, that perſons of the moſt ſerious character may read without offence. What was written ſeveral years ago to yourſelf, is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may aſſume it to yourſelf as a private entertainment ſtill, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE's a long tragedy: This globe the ſtage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with ſtrong machines,
Gay fields, and ſkies, and ſeas: The actors many:
The plot immenſe: A flight of demons ſit
On every ſailing cloud with fatal purpoſe;
And ſhoots acroſs the ſcenes ten thouſand arrows
Perpetual and unſeen, headed with pain,
With ſorrow, infamy, diſeaſe, and death.
The pointed plagues fly ſilent through the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet ſure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wiſhes an aſſociate. Lo ſhe glides
Single through all the ſtorm, and more ſecure;
Leſs are her dangers, and her breaſt receives
The feweſt darts. "But, O my lov'd Marilla,
"My ſiſter, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
"How much art thou expoſed! Thy growing ſoul
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
"Stands but the broader mark for all the miſchiefs
"That rove promiſcuous o'er the mortal ſtage:
"Children, thoſe dear young limbs, thoſe tendereſt pieces,
"Of your own fleſh, thoſe little other ſelves,
"How they dilate the heart to wide dimenſions,
"And ſoften every fibre to improve
"The mother's ſad capacity of pain!
"I mourn Fidelio too; though heaven has choſe
"A favourite mate for him, of all her ſex
"The pride and flower: How bleſt the lovely pair,
"Beyond expreſſion, if well mingled loves
"And woes well mingled could improve our bliſs!
"Amidſt the rugged cares of life behold
"The father and the huſband; flattering names,
"That ſpread his title, and enlarge his ſhare
"Of common wretchedneſs. He fondly hopes
"To multiply his joys, but every hour
"Renews the diſappointment and the ſmart.
"There not a wound afflicts the meaneſt joint
"Of his fair partner, or her infant train,
"(Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmoſt ſoul.
"Strange is thy power, O Love! what numerous veins,
"And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
"Are link'd and faſten'd to a lover's heart,
"By ſtrong but ſecret ſtrings! With vain attempt
"We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
"To break the ties of nature and of blood;
"Thoſe hidden threads maintain the dear communion
"Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions
"Reciprocal give endleſs ſympathy
"In all the bitters and the ſweets of life.
"Thrice happy man, if pleaſure only knew
"Theſe avenues of love to reach our ſouls,
"And pain had never found them!"

Thus ſang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnia came,
And oft Narciſſus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
And the gay ſilken bondage. Firm ſhe ſtood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation ſtill,
Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
And hard to be diſſolv'd. Yet riſing tears
Sate on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious ſorrow; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapleſs ſtate
Of mortal love. Love, thou beſt bleſſing ſent
To ſoften life, and make our iron cares
Eaſy: But thy own cares of ſofter kind
Give ſharper wounds: They lodge too near the heart,
Beat, like the pulſe, perpetual, and create
A ſtrange uneaſy ſenſe, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, ſpeak ſincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous riſe,
If but the abſence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly ſmiles
The cheerful ſun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain: The region of thy ſoul
Is darkneſs, till thy better ſtar appear.
Tell me, what toil, what torment to ſuſtain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Reſtleſs in fond inquiry, nor believes
Chariſſa ſafe: Chariſſa, in whoſe life
Thy life conſiſts, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and ſurmiſe put on a thouſand forms

Of dear diſquietude, and round thine ears
Whiſper ten thouſand dangers, endleſs woes,
Till thy frame ſhudders at her fancy'd death;
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Through every vein. Speak, does the ſtranger muſe
Caſt happy gueſſes at the unknown paſſion,
Or has ſhe fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys ſincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd
Or fruſtrate? Here commit thy ſecret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendſhip and oblivion; leſt they ſpoil
Thy new-born pleaſures with diſtaſteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful proſpect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in ſad ſucceſſion, while his ſoul
Is torn away piece-meal: Thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his deareſt half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the ſweeteſt ſaddeſt airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To cloſe his ſwimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heart-ſtrings off
From the fair boſom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous cares
Hang on his parting ſoul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppreſſion, and the herd
Of ſavage men? So parts the dying turtle
With ſobbing accents, with ſuch ſad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: The widow bird
Wanders in loneſome ſhades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a ſpeedier prey
To talon'd faulcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirſt for blood———

THE SECOND PART:

OR, THE BRIGHT VISION.

Thus far the muſe, in unaccuſtom'd mood,
And ſtrains unpleaſing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus ſhe ſang
Partial; for melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in ſable robe: The penſive muſe
Survey'd the darkſome ſcenes of life, and ſought
Some bright relieving glimpſe, ſome cordial ray
In the fair world of love: But while ſhe gaz'd
Delightful on the ſtate of twin-born ſouls
United, bleſs'd, the cruel ſhade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a falſe tinctur'd glaſs
Deceitful; blending love and life at once
In darkneſs, chaos, and the common maſs
Of miſery: Now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in diſdain.
Swift vaniſhes the fallen form, and lo
The ſcene ſhines bright with bliſs: Behold the place
Where miſchiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguiſh, nor diſeaſe,
Nor malice forky-tongued. On this dear ſpot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy ſtation
To act thy part of life, ſerene and bleſt
With the fair conſort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a viſion of that happy grove
Where the firſt authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in ſweet partnerſhip! one hour they liv'd;
But chang'd the taſted bliſs (imprudent pair!)
For ſin, and ſhame, and this waſte wilderneſs
Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wiſhing muſe new-dreſſes the fair garden
Amid this deſert world, with budding bliſs,
And ever-greens, and balms, and flowery beauties
Without one dangerous tree: There heavenly dews
Nightly deſcending ſhall impearl the graſs
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the ſpires: The ſpicy vapours
Riſe with the dawn, and through the air diffus'd
Salute your waking ſenſes with perfume:
While vital fruits with their ambroſial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalize the ſtructure of your clay.
On this new paradiſe the cloudleſs ſkies
Shall ſmile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unſully'd (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) meaſures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon
In milder rays ſerene, ſhould nightly riſe
Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with ſilver joys,
And ſtill forget her wane. The feather'd choir,
Warbling their Maker's praiſe on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening-bough, ſhall join your worſhip,
Join your ſweet veſpers, and the morning ſong.

O ſacred ſymphony! Hark, through the grove
I hear the ſound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecſtaſy; unknown delight!
And the fair muſe proclaims the heaven below.

Not the ſeraphic minds of high degree
Diſdain converſe with men: Again returning
I ſee th' ethereal hoſt on downward wing.
Lo, at the eaſtern gate young cherubs ſtand
Guardians, commiſſion'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taſte their banquet, learn the nobler pleaſures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael ſhall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliſs. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heaven: (So Milton ſings, enlightened bard!
Nor miſs'd his eyes, when in ſublimeſt ſtrain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's ſons high favour'd.) Thou ſhalt learn
Celeſtial leſſons from his awful tongue;
And with ſoft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digreſſion) all his words rehearſe
To thy Chariſſa's ear, and charm her ſoul.
Thus with divine diſcourſe, in ſhady bowers
Of Eden, our firſt father entertain'd
Eve his ſole auditreſs; and deep diſpute
With conjugal careſſes on her lip
Solv'd eaſy, and abſtruſeſt thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear aſſociates ſeated low
On humble turf, with roſe and myrtle ſtrow'd;
But high their converſe: how ſelf-ſuffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories: arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal acceſs forbids, projecting far
Splendours unſufferable and radiant death:

With reverence and abaſement deep they fall
Before his Sovereign Majeſty, to pay
Due worſhip: Then his mercy on their ſouls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but ſovereign ſtill;
And leads their meditation and diſcourſe
Long ages backward, and acroſs the ſeas
To Bethlehem of Judah: There the Son,
The filial Godhead, character expreſs
Of brightneſs inexpreſſible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made deſcent to earth:
Sprung from the ſons of Adam he became
A ſecond father, ſtudious to regain
Loſt paradiſe for men, and purchaſe heaven.

The lovers with endearment mutual thus
Promiſcuous talk'd, and queſtions intricate
His manly judgment ſtill reſolv'd, and ſtill
Held her attention fix'd: ſhe muſing ſat
On the ſweet mention of incarnate love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to ſofteſt ſtrains.
" She ſang the Infant God; (myſterious theme!)
" How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
" The ox and aſs his mean companions; there
" In habit vile the ſhepherds flock around,
" Saluting the great mother, and adore
" Iſrael's anointed King, the appointed heir
" Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his regal ſtate; for thee, my Mitio,
" Debas'd in ſervile form; but angels ſtood
" Miniſtering round their charge with folded
" wings [hours
" Obſequious, though unſeen; while lightſome
" Fulfill'd the day, and the gray evening roſe.
" Then the fair guardians hovering o'er his head
" Wakeful all night, drive the foul ſpirits far,
" And with their fanning pinions purge the air
" From buſy phantoms, from infectious damps,
" And impure taint; while their ambroſial plumes
" A dewy ſlumber on his ſenſes ſhed.
" Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers ſung
" Melodious, ſoothing the ſurrounding ſhades,
" And kept the darkneſs chaſte and holy. Then
" Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
" Wonder'd to ſee their mighty Maker ſleep.
" Behold the glooms diſperſe, the roſy morn
" Smiles in the eaſt with eye-lids opening fair,
" But not ſo fair as thine; O I could fold thee,
" My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,
" For ever in theſe arms! For ever dwell
" Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
" And every pulſe ſhould beat ſeraphic love!
" Around my ſeat ſhould crowding cherubs come
" With ſwift ambition, zealous to attend
" Their prince, and form a heaven below the ſky.

" Forbear, Chariſſa, O forbear the thought
" Of female fondneſs, and forgive the man
" That interrupts ſuch melting harmony!"
Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay juſt worſhip to the ſacred King,
Jeſus the God; nor with devotion pure
Mix the careſſes of her ſofter ſex; [aſide
(Vain blandiſhment!) " Come, turn thine eyes
" From Bethlehem, and climb up the doleful ſteep
" Of bloody Calvary, where naked ſkulls
" Pave the ſad road, and fright the traveller.
" Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
" Of her Redeemer panting up the hill
" Hard burden'd? Can thy heart attend his croſs?
" Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,
" For thee he dies. Beneath thy ſins and mine
" (Horrible load!) the ſinleſs Saviour groans,
" And in fierce anguiſh of his ſoul expires.
" Adoring angels pry with bending head
" Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
" This infinite deſign. Here peace is made
" 'Twixt God the Sovereign, and the rebel man:
" Here Satan overthrown with all his hoſts
" In ſecond ruin rages and deſpairs;
" Malice itſelf deſpairs. The captive prey
" Long held in ſlavery hopes a ſweet releaſe,
" And Adam's ruin'd offſpring ſhall revive
" Thus ranſom'd from the greedy jaws of death."

The fair diſciple heard; her paſſions move
Harmonious to the great diſcourſe, and breathe
Refin'd devotion: while new ſmiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men; ſeal'd by the ſacred Three
In heaven; and ſeal'd on earth with God's own
blood.
Here they unite their names again, and ſign
Thoſe peaceful articles. (Hail, bleſt co-heirs
Celeſtial! Ye ſhall grow to manly age,
And, ſpite of earth and hell, in ſeaſon due
Poſſeſs the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they ſurvey
The goſpel treaſures infinite, unſeen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: Riches divine
And honours which the Almighty Father God
Pour'd with immenſe profuſion on his Son,
High treaſurer of heaven. The Son beſtows
The life, the love, the bleſſing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. " Then, my Chariſſa, all is thine.
" And thine, my Mitio, the fair ſaint replies.
" Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
" And place, and time, are ours; and things to
come,
" And paſt, and preſent; for our intereſt ſtands
" Firm in our myſtic head, the title ſure.
" 'Tis for our health and ſweet refreſhment, (while
" We ſojourn ſtrangers here) the fruitful earth
" Bears plenteous; and revolving ſeaſons ſtill
" Dreſs her vaſt globe in various ornament.
" For us this cheerful ſun and cheerful light
" Diurnal ſhine. This blue expanſe of ſky
" Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,
" Covering our ſlumbers, all with ſtary gold
" Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
" For us time wears his wings out: Nature keeps
" Her wheels in motion: and her fabric ſtands.
" Glories beyond our ken of mortal ſight
" Are now preparing, and a manſion fair
" Awaits us, where the ſaints unbody'd live.
" Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from ſin;
" Thither our hearts with moſt inceſſeant wiſh
" Panting aſpire; when ſhall that deareſt hour
" Shine and releaſe us hence, and bear us high,
" Bear us at once unſever'd to our better home?"

O bleſt connubial ſtate! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unſociated ſouls
Who ſeek their faithful twins! Your pleaſures riſe
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as the glorious noon, ſerenely calm

As ſummer-evenings. The vile ſons of earth
Grovelling in duſt with all their noiſy jars
Reſtleſs, ſhall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendſhip and love ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd reign
O'er all your paſſions with unrivall'd ſway
Mutual and everlaſting: Friendſhip knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each poſſeſſes, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: There's not one thought
Can lurk in cloſe reſerve, no barriers fix'd,
But every paſſage open as the day
To one another's breaſt, and inmoſt mind.
Thus by communion your delight ſhall grow,
Thus ſtreams of mingled bliſs ſwell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely glow.

THE THIRD PART:

OR THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

Should ſovereign love before me ſtand,
With all his train of pomp and ſtate,
And bid the daring muſe relate
His comforts and his cares;
Mitio, I would not aſk the ſand
For metaphors t' expreſs their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the ſtars.
Thy cares and comfort, ſovereign love,
Vaſtly out-weigh the ſand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the ſtars above.
Thy mighty loſſes and thy gains
Are their own mutual meaſures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleaſures.

Say Damon, ſay, how bright the ſcene,
Damon is half-divinely bleſt,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breaſt,
Without a jealous thought, or buſy care between:
Then the ſweet paſſions mix and ſhare;
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy ſoul's remoteſt part
Conceal a thought or wiſh from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleaſures fly,
When friendſhip all-ſincere grows up to ecſtacy,
Nor ſelf contracts the bleſs, nor vice pollutes the joy.
While thy dear offſpring round thee ſit,
Or ſporting innocently at thy feet
Thy kindeſt thoughts engage:
Thoſe little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

But ſhort is earthly bliſs! The changing wind
Blows from the ſickly ſouth, and brings
Malignant fevers on its ſultry wings,
Relentleſs death ſits cloſe behind:
Now gaſping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans ſalutes his ears,
Through every vein the thrilling torments roll;
While ſweet and bitter are at ſtriſe
In thoſe dear miſeries of life,
Thoſe tendereſt pieces of his bleeding ſoul.

The pleaſing ſenſe of love awhile
Mixt with the heart-ach may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight:
Till ſorrows like a gloomy deluge riſe,
Then every ſmiling paſſion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes
Darkling and ſolitary waits the ſlow-returning light.

Here then let my ambition reſt,
May I be moderately bleſt
When I the laws of love obey;
Let but my pleaſure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and ſink again,
And ſhare juſt meaſures of alternate ſway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner ſcenes
On this dull ſtage of clay:
The tribes beneath the northern Bear
Submit to darkneſs half the year,
Since half the year is day.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

Juſt after Mr. Dryden. 1700

AN EPIGRAM.

Dryden is dead, Dryden alone could ſing
The full grown glories of a future king.
Now Gloſter dies: Thus leſſer heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give;
And ſcarce revive the muſe: But William ſtands,
Nor aſks his honours from the poets hands,
William ſhall ſhine without a Dryden's praiſe,
His laurels are not grafted on the bays,

AN EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL TO CIRINUS.

"Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
"Ut mecum poſſis," &c.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOSIAH HORTE.

Lord Biſhop of Kilmore in Ireland.* 1694.

So ſmooth your numbers, friend, your verſe ſo ſweet,
So ſharp the jeſt, and yet the turn ſo neat,
That with her martial Rome would place Cirine
Rome would prefer your ſenſe and thought to mine
Yet modeſt you decline the public ſtage,
To fix your friend alone amidſt th' applauding age.
So Maro did; the mighty Maro ſings
In vaſt heroic notes of vaſt heroic things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' ſtrings.
He ſcorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Though his brave genius flaſh'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could ſilence all the lyric quire.
So to his Varius he reſign'd the praiſe
Of the proud buſkin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And ſing of gods and heroes in a bolder ſtrain.

A handſome treat, a piece of gold, or ſo,
And compliments will every friend beſtow;

* *Afterwards Archbiſhop of Tuam.*

Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tendereſt point of honour, wit.

EPISTOLA

FRATRI SUO DILECTO E. W. I. W. S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amande, frater, accepi literas, eodem fortaſsè momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te ſcribentem vidit dies, meum ad epiſtolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane eſt inter nos Fraternum Nomen, unicus enim ſpiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, et concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam creſcat indies, et vigeſcat mutua charitas; faxit Deus, ut amor ſui noſtra incendat et defæcet pectora, tunc etenim et alternis puræ amicitiæ flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; Contemplemur Jeſum noſtrum, cœleſte illud et adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille eſt,

QUI quondam æterno delapſus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut poſſet corpore noſtras
(Heu miſeras) ſufferre vices; ſponſoris obivit
Munia, et in ſeſe Tabulæ maledicta Minacis
Tranſtulit, et ſceleris pœnas hominiſque reatum,

Ecce jacet defertus humi, diffuſus in herbam
Integer, innocuas verſus ſua ſidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oſcula Patris
Amplexus ſolitoſve: Artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, et ſponte ſinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige * ſagittas,
" Hæc, ait, iratum ſorbebunt pectora ferrum,
" Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina ſanguis."

Dixit, et horrendum fremuêre tonitrua cœli
Infenſuſque Deus, (quem jam poſuiſſe paternum
Muſa queri vellet nomen, ſed et ipſa fragores
Ad tantos pevefacta ſilet). Jam diſſilit æther,
Panduntur que fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et pœnarum theſauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi veſano ſulphure nimbi,
Centupliciſque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic ſub pondere preſſus
Reſtat, compreſſos dumque ardens explicat artus
† Purpureo veſtes tinctæ ſudore madeſcunt.
Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori
Segniùs incumbit, ſed laſſos increpat ignes
Acriter, et ſumno languentem ſuſcitat ‡ enſem:
" Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue ſacro
" Flumine mucronem; Vos hinc, mea ſpicula, latè
" Ferrea per totum diſpergite tormina Chriſtum,
" Immenſum tolerare valet; ad pondere pœnæ
" Suſtentanda hominem ſuffulcict incola Numen.
" Et tu ſacra Decas Legum, violata tabella,
" Ebibe vindictam; vaſtâ ſatiabere cæde,
" Mortalis culpæ penſabit dedecus ingens
" Permiſtus Deitate Cruor."——

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque ſinus; ſancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, ſævis avidas dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem ſcrutator, et ilia mordet;
Intereâ ſervator § ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illuſtri ‖ perfuſus membra cruore,
Exultatque miſer fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget Patris Honos, et non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miſeros fontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Durus amor? Quid non cœleſtia?

At ſubſidat phantaſia, vaneſcant imagines; neſcio quo me proripuit amans Muſa: Volui quatuor linias pedibus aſtringere, et ecce! numeri creſcunt in immenſum; dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologium læſerit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata eſt ad me epiſtola indicans matrem meliuſculè ſe habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorſus deſuerit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, ſed turgidi & creſcentes verſus noluêre plura, et coarctârunt ſcriptionis limites. Vale amice frater, et in ſtudio pietatis et artis medicæ ſtrenuus decurre.

Datum à Muſeo meo Londini XVto Kalend. Feb.
Anno Salutis CIↃIↃCXCIII.

Fratris E. W. olim navigaturo. *Sept.* 30, 1691.

FELIX, pede proſpero
I frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cærula
Pandas carbaſa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura ſint.
Non te monſtra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhoſpita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, et liquidum chaos.
Nec te forbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec ſcopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum lætus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; et zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et ſævum boream domas.
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem ſuis.

Ad Reverendum Virum
DM JOHANNEM PINHORNE,
Fidum Adoleſcentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

PINDARCI CARMINIS SPECIMEN. 1694.

ET te, Pinhorni, Muſa Triſantica
Salutat, ardens diſcipulam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates
Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros et Ebraia per aſpera graſſus
Non durâ duxiſſe manu
Tuo patefcunt lumine Theſpii
Campi atqui ad arcem Pieridûm iter:
En altus aſſurgens Homerus
Arma deoſque viroſque miſcens
Occupat æthereum Parnaſſi culmen: Homeri
Immenſos ſtupeo manes——
Te, Maro, dulcè canens ſylvas, te bella ſonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ;
Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates,
Debita Thura Lyræ.

* *Joh* iv. 6. † *Luke* xxii. 4.
‡ *Zech.* xiii. 7. § *Col.* ii. 15. ‖ *Luke* xxii. 24.

Vobis, magna trias! clariſſima nomina ſemper
Scrinia noſtra patent, & pectora noſtra patebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem conceſſerit otia & horam
Divina Moſis pagina.

Flaccus ad hanc triadem ponatur, at ipſa pudendas
Deponat veneres: venias ſed * " purus & inſons
" Ut te collaudem, dum ſordes & mala luſtra"
Ablutus, Venuſine, canis rideſve. Reciſæ
Hâc lege accedent ſatyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abeſſet
Perſius, obſcuros vates, niſi lumina circumfuſa forent, ſphingiſque ænigmata, Bonde, ſcidiſſes.
Grande ſonans Senecæ fulmen, grandiſque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celſo ponantur eodem
Ordine, et ambabus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, Poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos: improba tinea
Obiit, nec audat ſæva caſtas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, ſtercoris impii
Sentino fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Inſulsè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata caſtis carmina, et improbi
Spurcos Naſonis amores.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab arâ
En Buchananus adeſt. Divini pſaltis imago
Jeſſiadæ ſalveto; potens ſeu numinis iras
Fulminibus miſcere, ſacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel citharæ ſono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.
Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi aſtabis ſocius perennis,
Seu levi menſæ ſimul aſſidere
Dignabere, ſeu lecticæ.
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos ſuadebis inire ſomnos
Sacra ſopitis ſuperinferens oblivia curis,
Stet juxtà † Caſimirus, huic nec parciùs ignem
Natura indulſit nec Muſa armavit alumnum
† Sarbivium rudiore lyrâ.
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!
‡ Humana linquens (en ſibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatoſve thronos & partium polum
Viſurus conſurgis ovans,
Viſum fatigas, æciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè ſtupeo volatum
O non imitabilis ales.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Muſa, ſimul totus ferveſcere
Santio, ſtellatas levis induor
Alas & tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter ſidera radens vertice
Longè deſpecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altiſonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia ſæcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu malè) deperit.
O curas hominum miſeras! Cano,
Et miſeras nugas diademata!
Ventoſæ ſortis ludibrium.
En mihi ſubſidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Geſtit & effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo——————
——————at vos heroes & arma
Et procul eſte Dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum veſtræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut veſtris, Dyonyſe, Thyrſis?
Et Clava, & Anguis, & Leo, & Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii Patris,
Abſtate à carmine noſtro.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te noſtra ſonabit Jeſu
Muſa, nec aſſueto cœleſtes barbiton auſû
Tentabit numeros. Vaſti ſine limite numen &
Immenſum fine lege deum numeri fine lege ſonabunt.

Sed muſam magna pollicentem deſtituit vigor; Divino jubare perſtringitur oculorum acies. En labaſcit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorſum per inane ætheris, jacet victa, obſtupeſcit, ſilet.

Ignoſcas, reverende vir, vano conamini; fragmen hoc rude licet et impolitum æqui boni conſulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.

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* *Horat. Lib. I. Sat. 6.*

† *M. Caſimirus, Serbiewſki Poeta inſignis Polonis.*

‡ *Lib. II. Ode V.*

Votum, ſeu Vita in terris beata.

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIUM

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, BARTUM,

Hartoppi eximio ſtemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, ſi roges
Quem mea Muſa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter & ampliùs,
Et ſimiles ſuperis annos agit
" Qui ſibi ſufficiens ſemper adeſt ſibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, ſylvaſque ſilentes
Se muſiſque ſuis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

Non ſuæ vulgi favor inſolentis
(Plauſus inſani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad ſacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt æthera clamor.
Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage, veſtra fulgor arenulæ
Ducent ab obſcurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

O ſi daretur ſtamina proprii
Tractare fuſii pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intexta forent invidioſa meæ.

Longè à triumphis, & ſonitu tubæ
Longè remotos tranſigerem dies:
Abſtate faſces (ſplendida vanitas)
Et vos abſtate, coronæ.

Pro meo tecto caſa ſit, ſalubres
Captet Auroras, procul urbis atro
Diſtet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthiſis mala, dura tuſſis.
Diſplicet Byrſa & fremitu moleſto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons ſalientis aquæ.

Litigioſa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad ſylvas properans rixoſas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis———
Blandimenta artis ſimul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, & amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! & inane ſacri
Nomen amici!

Tuque quæ noſtris inimica muſis
Felle ſacratum vitias amorem,
Abſis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus eſt Urania,
Et juvenis Seſſæus amor mihi.

Cœlede carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jeſſæa) lætis atiribus inſonet,
Nec Watſianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, ſodales, ſemper amabiles,
Nunc ſimul adſitis, nunc viciſſim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO MRS. SINGER AFTERWARDS MRS. ROWE.

On the ſight of ſome of her divine Poems, never printed. July 19. 1706.

On the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celeſtial themes
Refuſe to dance upon my ſtrings:
There beneath the evening ſky
I ſung my cares aſleep, and rais'd my wiſhes high
To everlaſting things.
Sudden from Albion's weſtern coaſt
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighbouring ſhepherds knew the ſilver ſound;
"'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighbouring ſhepherds cry;
At once my ſtrings all ſilent lie,
At once my fainting muſe was loſt,
In the ſuperior ſweetneſs drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
My ſoul retir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and Philomela's ſong
Was all divine delight.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My muſe attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal ſtrings:
Now thoſe immortal ſtrings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heaven, and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers, with awe profound,
While Philomela ſings,
Attend the rapture of the ſound,
And my devotion riſe on her ſeraphic wings.

STANZAS TO LADY SUNDERLAND,

AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS. 1712.

Fair nymph, aſcend to beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone:
Let favourites take thy lower ſphere,
Not monarchs are thy rival here.

The court of beauty, built ſublime,
Defies all powers but thine and time:
Envy, that clouds the hero's ſky,
Aims but in vain her flight ſo high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Iſter's flood,
Nor ſtandards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's houſe, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms;
His lightning ſtrikes with leſs ſurpriſe
Than ſudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; ſhe enſlaves the mind:
We follow with a pleaſing pain,
And bleſs the conqueror and the chain.

The muſe, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her preſence in deſpair,
And owns th' inimitable fair.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

An Epitaph on King William III. of glorious memory.

Who died March 8th 1701.

Beneath theſe honours of a tomb,
Greatneſs in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the ſkies!)

Preſerve, O venerable pile,
Inviolate thy ſacred truſt;
To thy cold arms the Britiſh iſle,
Weeping, commits her richeſt duſt.

Ye gentleſt miniſters of fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt ſlumbers wait
With ſilken cords to bind his eyes.

Reſt his dear ſword beneath his head;
Round him his faithful arms ſhall ſtand:
Fix his bright enſigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye ſiſter arts of paint and verſe,
Place Albion fainting by his ſide,
Her groans ariſing o'er the herſe,
And Belgia ſinking when he dy'd.

High o'er the grave religion ſet
In ſolemn gold; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian virtues round.

Fair liberty in ſables dreſt,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
"William, the ſcourge of tyrants paſt,
"And awe of princes yet unborn."

Sweet peace his ſacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And ſtretch her wings acroſs the deep
To bleſs the nations with the ſhade.

Stand on the pile, immortal fame,
Broad ſtars adorn thy brighteſt robe,
Thy thouſand voices ſound his name
In ſilver accents round the globe.

Flattery ſhall faint beneath the ſound,
While hoary truth inſpires the ſong;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And ſlander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night and the grave remove your gloom;
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar dead;
But glory bids the royal tomb
Diſdain the horrors of a ſhade.

Glory with all her lamps ſhall burn,
And watch the warrior's ſleeping clay,
Till the laſt trumpet rouſe his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

An Elegiac ſong ſent in a letter of Condolance to Mr. N. P. Merchant, at Amſterdam.

HARK! She bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the ſpheres;
Our eyes the radiant ſaint purſue
Through liquid teleſcopes of tears.

Farewell, bright ſoul, a ſhort farewell,
Till we ſhall meet again above,
In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

There glory ſits on every face,
There friendſhip ſmiles in every eye,
There ſhall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the ſky.

O'er all the names of Chriſt our king
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps ſhall ſound from every ſtring
The wonders of his bleeding love.

Come, ſovereign Lord, dear Saviour come,
Remove theſe ſeparating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it ſtays!

How long muſt we lie lingering here,
While ſaints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this duſky ſphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet ſoul, we leave thee to thy reſt,
Enjoy thy Jeſus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out, and climb the ſhining road.

While the dear duſt ſhe leaves behind
Sleeps in thy boſom, ſacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her ſlumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM Viri Venerabilis Dom. N. MATHER,

Carmine Lapidario conſcriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri
NATHANAELIS MATHERI.
QUOD mori potuit hic ſubtus depoſitum eſt;
Si quæris, hoſpes, quantus et qualis fuit,
Fidas enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus ſtudiis & evangelio devotâ;
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanum ſc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in ſancti miniſterii ſpem eductus
Non fallacem:
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum & docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;
At ſupra corpus & formam ſublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio:
Supra hæc pietas, & (ſi fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modeſtia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitas afflatæ mentis ſpecimina
Præſtantiora edipit,
Toties hominem ſedulus occuluit
Ut ſolus conſpiceretur Deus:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen ſui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem ſepulchrale marmor
Invita obruit ſilentio.
Gratiam Jeſu Chriſti ſalutiferam
Quam abundè hauſit ipſe, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Concionatur gravis aſpectu, geſtu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Floſculos rhetorices ſupervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum Majeſtas, & Deus præſens.
Hinc arma militiæ ſuæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas,
Et hinc victoriæ

Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum & salutare vulnis:
Vulneratus idem tractare leniter solers,
Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates,
Quavi oleo lætitiæ semper recèns delibutus,
Et semper supra socios;
Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem
Quaquaversùs & latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio & in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit
Hierophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
Properè & exultim attigit.
Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20° Martii, 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut semper) providentium secutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
Quos doctrinâ precibus, & vita beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore solutus 26° Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
Probis piisque omnibus
Infandum sui desiderium:
Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit
Expectans stellam matutinam.

TO THE REVEREND MR. JOHN SHOWER,

On the death of his Daughter Mrs. Anne Warner.

Reverend and dear Sir,

How great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impress'd with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to

SIR,

Your affectionate humble servant,

I. W.

December 22. 1707.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT

On Mrs. Ann Warner, who died of the Small-Pox, December 18. 1707, at One of the Clock in the Morning; a few Days after the Birth and Death of her first Child.

AWAKE, my muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Vernera fled; With upward aim
Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.
The midnight watch of angels, that patrole
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing scapes thy search, nor canst thou miss
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of amaranth, or cheerful even-green,
She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderness;
By what divine protections she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue
(Snares set to murder souls); but heaven secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.
Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' Eternal Sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! There
Thou art for ever hers, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.
Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due
Such as are paid in heaven: And last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant: "This" (with sure presage she cries)
"Awaits my father; when will he arrive?
"How long, alas, how long!" (Then calls her mate)
"Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
"Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever one."
Ah me! where roves my fancy! What kind dreams
Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, muse,
Chooses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own: so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death.

Tell me on what ſublimer theme ſhe dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth purſuing. (When, my ſoul,
O when ſhall thy releaſe from cumberous fleſh
Paſs the great ſeal of heaven? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a looſe to ſoar and trace
The intellectual world? Divine delight?
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps ſhe ſings
To ſome new golden harp th' Almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His croſs, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
O could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!——
Or lies ſhe now before th' eternal throne
Proſtrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd, and ſelf-abaſement at the ſight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And hers amongſt them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor ſet with meaner gems: But vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever baniſh'd flies the place,
Curſt pride, the dreſs of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O ſtamp upon my ſoul
Some bliſsful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my paſſions and my eyes aſide
From the dear breathleſs clay. Diſtreſſing ſight!
I look, and mourn, and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondneſs: Tears bedewing
That form ſo late deſir'd, ſo late belov'd,
Now loathſome and unlovely. Baſe diſeaſe,
That leagu'd with nature's ſharpeſt pains, and ſpoil'd
So ſweet a ſtructure! The impoiſoning taint
O'erſpreads the building wrought with ſkill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the duſt!

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? This the face
Where love triumph'd? and beauty on theſe cheeks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was ſeated to advantage; mild, ſerene,
Reflecting roſy light? So ſits the ſun
(Fair eye of heaven!) upon a crimſon cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the ſky, till riſing fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden ſtar, and ſink him down
Oppreſt with darkneſs.——

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED AND HONOURED RELATIVE, MRS. M. W.

JULY 13, 1693.

I KNOW the kindred-mind. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe;
Among the heavenly forms I ſee
The kindred-mind from fleſhy bondage free;
O how unlike a thing was lately ſeen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghaſtly air, and languiſh'd head,
Life on this ſide, there the dead,
While the delaying fleſh lay ſhivering between.

Long did the earthly houſe reſtrain
In toilſome ſlavery that ethereal gueſt;
Priſon'd her round in walls of pain,
And twiſted cramps and aches with her chain;
Till by the weight of numerous days oppreſt
The earthy houſe began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive ſoul became her own again:
Tir'd with the ſorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourſcore years
The priſoner ſmil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her fetters looſe, and mounted to her reſt.

Gaze on, my ſoul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;
Raſe out thoſe melancholy ſhapes of woe
That hang around the memory, and becloud it ſo.
Come fancy, come, with eſſences refin'd,
With youthful green, and ſpotleſs white;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T' expreſs the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a ſhade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid.
But if the features too divine
Beyond the power of fancy ſhine,
Conceal th' inimitable ſtrokes behind a graceful ſhrine.
Deſcribe the ſaint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in juſt proportion meet;
But let her poſture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Obſerve how near it ſtands to th' Almighty ſeat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Freſh in her looks let ſprightly youth ariſe,
And joys unknown below the ſkies.
Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breaſt confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through.
The features of the mind
Expreſs her paſſion ſtill the ſame,
But more divinely ſweet;
Love has an everlaſting flame,
And makes the work complete.
The painter muſe with glancing eye
Obſerv'd a manly ſpirit nigh *,
That death had long disjoined:
"In the fair tablet they ſhall ſtand
"United by a happier band:"
She ſaid, and fix'd her ſight, and drew the manly mind.
Recount the years, my ſong, (a mournful round!)
Since he was ſeen on earth no more:
He fought in lower ſeas and drown'd;
But victory and peace he found
On the ſuperior ſhore.
There now his tuneful breath in ſacred ſongs
Employs the European and the Eaſtern tongues.
Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and ſcience meet,
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his feet.

* *My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts had ſuch acquaintance with the mathematicks, painting, muſic, and poeſy, &c. as gave him conſiderable eſteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ſhip of war 1656, and by blowing up of the ſhip in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.*

'Tis done! What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love,
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A FUNERAL POEM ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Presented to the Right Honourable the Lady Abney, Lady Mayoress of London. July 1701.

MADAM,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward muse: but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other: It rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: And I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your [illegible]st brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: But I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is: Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more Christian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your Ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most hearty
and obedient servant,
I. WATTS.

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Who died November 11. 1700, *when he had just finished his Seat at Newington.*

Of blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heavenly Muse. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,
Gunston the friend is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting every lawful sweet [years
That peace and plenty brings, while numerous
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres:
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual length:
But hasty fate thrusts her dread sheers between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight, [night.
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair fabric that thy dying friend [raised

Built nameleſs: 'twill ſuggeſt a thouſand things
Mournful and ſoft as my Urania ſings.

How did he lay the deep foundations ſtrong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and laſting; there a numerous train
Of happy Gunſtons might in pleaſure reign,
While nations periſh, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not time itſelf ſhould waſte the bleſt eſtate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient ſeat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder dies
Childleſs; his ſiſters weep and cloſe his eyes,
And wait upon his herſe with never-ceaſing cries.
Lofty and ſlow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty ſorrows nod on every plume;
A thouſand groans his dear remains convey,
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's ſacred tears well-watering all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the ſable road;
But no dear ſon to tread the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young ſorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and ſay,
"This was my father's," with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd claſp the ſmiling boy,
And call him my young friend: but awful fate
Deſign'd the mighty ſtroke as laſting as 'twas great.

And muſt this building then, this coſtly frame,
Stand here for ſtrangers! Muſt ſome unknown name
Poſſeſs theſe rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were theſe walls rais'd for this hapleſs end?
Why theſe apartments all adorn'd ſo gay?
Why his rich fancy laviſh'd thus away?
Muſe, view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled ſhades wrought in by ſoft degrees,
Give a ſweet ſoil to all the charming piece;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The diſmal chambers of the hollow ground,
And ſolid ſhades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: Earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noiſome vapours glide along his face
Riſing perpetual. Muſe, forſake the place,
Flee the raw-damps of the unwholeſome clay,
Look to his airy ſpacious hall, and ſay,
"How has he chang'd it for a loneſome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!

Th' unhappy houſe looks deſolate and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns;
The pillars languiſh; and each lofty wall
Stately in grief, laments the maſter's fall,
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
His faint reſemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and ſquare it riſes from below:
A noble air without a gaudy ſhow
Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's ſoul.

O how I love to view the ſtately frame,
That dear memorial of the beſt lov'd name!
Then could I wiſh for ſome prodigious cave
Vaſt as his ſeat, and ſilent as his grave,
Where the tall ſhades ſtretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the ſun-beams off;
Thither, my willing feet, ſhould ye be drawn
At the gray twilight, and the early dawn.
There ſweetly ſad ſhould my ſoft minutes roll,
Numbering the ſorrows of my drooping ſoul.
But theſe are airy thoughts! ſubſtantial grief
Grows by thoſe objects that ſhould yield relief;
Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,
My grief from every proſpect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the ſmiling ſkies,
Still my heart ſinks, and ſtill my cares ariſe;
My wandering feet round the fair manſion rove,
And there to ſoothe my ſorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the ſweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To ſee thoſe walls, pay the ſad viſit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold ſome melancholy ſcene,
With many a penſive thought, and many a ſigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania, there;
Say, my Urania, how the weſtern ſun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory ſhone,
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the ſea,
And ſudden night devour'd the ſweet remains of day;
Thus the bright youth juſt rear'd his ſhining head
From obſcure ſhades of life, and ſunk among the dead.
The riſing ſun adorn'd with all his light
Smiles on theſe walls again: but endleſs night
Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gunſton lies;
He's ſet for ever, and muſt never riſe.
Then why theſe beams, unſeaſonable ſtar,
Theſe lightſome ſmiles deſcending from afar,
To greet a mourning houſe? In vain the day
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a ſhining path along the floors
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds them: while vaſt emptineſs
And hollow ſilence reigns through all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of nature's face.
Yet nature's wheels will on without control,
The ſun will riſe, the tuneful ſpheres will roll,
And the two mighty Bears walk round and watch the pole.

See while I ſpeak, high on her ſable wheel
Old night advancing climbs the eaſtern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,
How their brown pinions edg'd with evening gold
Spread ſhadowing o'er the houſe, and glide away,
Slowly purſuing the declining day;
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit ſtill,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that ſhadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah fruitleſs wiſh! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that deſpairs the dawn!

Muſe, view the turret: juſt beneath the
Loneſome it ſtands, and fixes my ſad eyes,
As it would aſk a tear. O ſacred ſeat
Sacred to friendſhip! O divine retreat!

Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noiſy town, my friend
From mortal cares retiring, ſhould aſcend
And lead me thither. We alone would ſit
Free and ſecure of all intruding feet:
Our thoughts would ſtretch their longeſt wings, and riſe,
Nor bound their ſoarings by the lower ſkies:
Our tongues ſhould aim at everlaſting themes,
And ſpeak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundleſs joys and glories, thrones and ſeats
Built high in heaven for ſouls: We'd trace the ſtreets
Of golden pavement, walk each bliſsful field,
And climb and taſte the fruits the ſpicy mountains yield;
Then would we ſwear to keep the ſacred road,
And walk right upwards to that bleſt abode:
We'd charge our parting ſpirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' Almighty ſeat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus ſhould we mount on bold adventurous wings
In high diſcourſe, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in ſweet ſucceſſion move,
And minutes meaſur'd, as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-ſhining love.

Anon our thoughts ſhould lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleaſing ſight,
A large round proſpect of the ſpreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The ſmoky city, and the buſy men.
How we ſhould ſmile to ſee degenerate worms
Laviſh their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honours, dreams of empty ſound
Till envy riſe, and ſhoot a ſecond wound
At ſwelling glory, ſtrait the bubble breaks,
And the ſcenes vaniſh, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles inſolent and proud
Sink to the duſt, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a reſtleſs thing: Still vain and wild
Lives beyond ſixty, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying luſts ſtill break the ſacred bound
To ſeek new pleaſures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a ſhort dying joy to ſell a deathleſs ſoul!
'Tis but a grain of ſweetneſs they can ſow,
And reap the long ſad harveſt of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different ſtrife,
And baniſh all the lawful ſweets of life,
To ſweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear duſt yet darker than before,
And never dare to uſe a grain of all the ſtore.

Happy the man that knows the value juſt
Of earthly things, nor is enſlav'd to duſt.
'Tis a rich [illegible] the ſkies but rarely ſend
To ſay[illegible]e ſouls. Then happy thou, my friend,
[illegible]hou hadſt learnt to manage and command
[illegible]e wealth that heaven beſtow'd with liberal hand:

Hence this fair ſtructure roſe; and hence this ſeat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we ſhall never meet,
And ſmile, and love, and bleſs each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunſton, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd, where my Gunſton lies.

Come hither, all ye tendereſt ſouls, that know
The heights of fondneſs, and the depths of woe,
Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghaſtly wound;
Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Claſp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,
Come; in the pomp of all your wild deſpair,
With flowing eye-lids, and diſorder'd hair,
Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little ſtreams in my unbounded ſea.

You ſacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whoſe dear embraces held
Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known
Two happy ſouls made intimately one,
And felt a parting ſtroke: 'Tis you muſt tell
The ſmart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
This ſoul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its ſide its deareſt half is torn,
The reſt lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh infinite diſtreſs! ſuch raging grief
Should command pity, and deſpair relief.
Paſſion, methinks, ſhould riſe from all my groans,
Give ſenſe to rocks, and ſympathy to ſtones.

Ye duſky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual ſound:
Be all ye flowery vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Aſſiſt my ſorrows and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Muſt ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn, ye gay ſmiling meadows, and be ſeen
In wintery robes, inſtead of youthful green;
And bid the brook that ſtill runs warbling by,
Move ſilent on, and weep his uſeleſs channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd ſhould come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak ſhall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding ſoul with mine.
Ye ſtately elms, in your long order mourn *;
Strip off your pride to dreſs your maſter's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves inſtead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the bluſtering rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To ſhow your ſorrows. Often ye have ſeen
Our heads reclin'd upon the riſing green;
Beneath your ſacred ſhade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendſhip reign'd with an unbounded ſway:

* *There was a long row of tall elms then ſtanding where ſome years after the lower garden was made.*

Hither our ſouls their conſtant offerings brought,
The burthens of the breaſt, and labours of the thought;
Our opening boſoms on the conſcious ground
Spread all the ſorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleaſures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honeſt ſoul
We ſhare the heap, yet both poſſeſs the whole,
And all the paſſions there through both our boſoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and eaſe by turns the ſympathy of pain.

Friendſhip! myſterious thing, what magic powers
Support thy ſway, and charm theſe minds of ours?
Bound to thy foot we boaſt our birth-right ſtill,
And dream of freedom, when we've loſt our will,
And chang'd away our ſouls: At thy command,
We ſnatch new miſeries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours; and, thoughtleſs of our eaſe,
Plague the dear ſelf that we were born to pleaſe.
Thou tyranneſs of minds, whoſe cruel throne
Heap on poor mortals ſorrows not their own;
As though our mother nature could no more
Find woes ſufficient for each ſon ſhe bore,
Friendſhip divides the ſhares, and lengthens out the ſtore.
Yet we are fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy ſlavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death diſſolves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving muſe
Wild and deſpairing knows not what ſhe does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her ſavage hours
Affronts the name ſhe loves and ſhe adores.
She is thy votareſs too; and at thy ſhrine,
O ſacred friendſhip, offer'd ſongs divine,
While Gunſton liv'd, and both our ſouls were thine.
Here to theſe ſhades at ſolemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bleſs. Sweet luxury of the mind!
And ſweet the aids of ſenſe! Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, ſporting through the trees:
The linnet and the lark their veſpers ſung,
And clouds of crimſon o'er th' horizon hung;
The ſlow-declining ſun with ſloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the weſtern hills.

Mourn, ye gardens, ye unfiniſh'd gates,
Ye green incloſures, and ye growing ſweets,
Lament; for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the ſilent moon
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breaſts did all our thoughts inſpire
With joys almoſt immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's ſouls
In rapture, and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear my ſong! this is too much to bear,
Too dreadful to repeat; ſuch joys as theſe
Fled from the earth for ever!——

Oh for a general grief! let all things ſhare
Our woes, that knew our loves: The neigbouring air
Let it be laden with immortal ſighs,
And tell the gales, that every breath that flies
Over theſe fields ſhould murmur and complain,
And kiſs the fading graſs, and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep: this is an endleſs wound,
Vaſt and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His ſilver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear ſound no more ſhall ye rejoice,
And I no more muſt hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping ſoul! that heavenly breath,
That could ſpeak life, lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips all cold and pale
Eternal chains and heavy ſilence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him ſpeak again,
Once more at leaſt, once more, and then
Gunſton aloud I call: In vain I cry
Gunſton aloud; for he muſt ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop theſe funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wandering I tune my ſorrows to the groves,
And vent my ſwelling griefs, and tell the winds our loves; [not:
While the dear youth ſleeps faſt, and hears them
He hath forgot me: In the loneſome vault
Mindleſs of Watts and friendſhip, cold he lies
Deaf and unthinking clay.——

But whither am I led? This artleſs grief
Hurries the muſe on, obſtinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:
The pleaſing hours, the happy moments paſt
In theſe ſweet fields reviving on my taſte
Snatch me away reſiſtleſs with impetous haſte.
Spread thy ſtrong pinions once again, my ſong,
And reach the turret thou haſt left ſo long:
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converſe; but only hears
The noiſy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds ſalute it whiſtling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows; rattling ſhowers
Laſh the fair ſides; above, loud thunder roars;
But ſtill the maſter ſleeps; nor hears the voice
Of ſacred friendſhip, nor the tempeſt's noiſe:
An iron ſlumber ſits on every ſenſe,
In vain the heavenly thunders ſtrive to rouſe it thence.

One labour more, my muſe, the golden ſphere
Seems to demand: See through the duſky air
Downward it ſhines upon the riſing moon;
And, as ſhe labours up to reach her noon,
Purſues her orb with repercuſſive light,
And ſtreaming gold repays the paler beams of night:
But not one ray can reach the darkſome grave,
Or pierce the ſolid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunſton dwells in death. Be[illegible] it flames
Like ſome new meteor with diffuſive b[illegible]
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes ſtars;
"So ſhines thy Gunſton's ſoul above the ſpheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.

" We ſaw the fleſh ſink down with cloſing eyes,
" We heard thy grief ſhriek out, He dies, He dies,
" Miſtaken grief! to call the fleſh the friend!
" On our fair wings did the bright youth aſcend,
" All heaven embrac'd him with immortal love,
" And ſung his welcome to the courts above.
" Gentle Ithuriel led him round the ſkies,
" The buildings ſtruck him with immenſe ſurpriſe;
" The ſpires all radiant, and the manſions bright,
" The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light:
" Beauty and ſtrength on the tall bulwarks ſate
" In heavenly diamond; and for every gate
" On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
" Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
" Millions of glories reign through every part;
" Infinite power, and uncreated art,
" Stand here diſplay'd, and to the ſtranger ſhow
" How it out-ſhines the nobleſt ſeats below.
" The ſtranger fed his gazing powers awhile
" Tranſported: Then, with a regardleſs ſmile,
" Glanc'd his eye downward through the cryſtal
" floor,
" And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful ſtrain;
Raphael commands: Aſſume thy joys again.
In everlaſting numbers ſing, and ſay,
" Gunſton has mov'd his dwelling to the realms
" of day; [groans away."
" Gunſton the friend lives ſtill: And give thy

AN ELEGY ON MR. THOMAS GOUGE.

TO MR. ARTHUR SHALLET, MERCHANT.

Worthy Sir,

The ſubject of the following elegy was high in your eſteem, and enjoyed a large ſhare of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the aſſiſtance of the muſe to make it perpetual; but when ſhe can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this addreſs acknowledge the favours ſhe has received from the living, it is a double pleaſure to,

Sir,
Your obliged humble ſervant,
I. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS GOUGE,
Who died Jan. 5th. 1699-1700.

Ye virgin ſouls, whoſe ſweet complaint
Could teach Euphrates * not to flow,
Could Sion's ruin ſo divinely paint,
Array'd in beauty and in woe:
Awake, ye virgin ſouls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful ſorrows dreſs a prophet's urn.

O could my lips or flowing eyes
But im[illegible]e ſuch charming grief,
I'd [illegible]n the ſeas, and teach the ſkies,
[illegible] and ſobs, and ſympathies,
Nor ſhould the ſtones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks ſhall have eyes, and ſtones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
And ſent his miniſter of death
To ſcourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath;
He came commiſſion'd for the fates
Of awful Mead, and charming Bates;
There he eſſay'd the vengeance firſt,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge to duſt.

Great Gouge to duſt! how doleful is the ſound!
How vaſt the ſtroke is! and how wide the wound!
Oh painful ſtroke! diſtreſſing death!
A wound unmeaſurably wide
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he reſign'd his breath.
The muſe that mourns a nation's fall,
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majeſty and groans,
Such as ſhe ſings to ſinking thrones,
And in deep ſounding numbers tell,
How Sion trembled, when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herſelf, with all her ſtore,
Can furniſh ſuch a pomp for death no more.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
Sure he was ſome ethereal mind,
Fated in fleſh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His ſoul was of th' angelic frame,
The ſame ingredients, and the mould the ſame,
When the Creator makes a miniſter of flame,
He was all form'd of heavenly things,
Mortals, believe what my Urania ſings,
For ſhe has ſeen him riſe upon his flamy wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly
Up through the ocean of the ſky,
Tow'rd the celeſtial coaſt!
With what amazing ſwiftneſs ſoar
Till earth's dark ball was ſeen no more,
And all its mountains loſt!
Scarce could the muſe purſue him with her ſight;
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wonderous flight,
And knew the ſtranger well;
Say, how he paſt the radiant ſpheres,
And viſited your happy ſeats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden ſtreets,
And walk'd among the ſtars.

Tell how he climb'd the everlaſting hills
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a ſtrong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious ſight
Of the inheritance of ſaints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft the humble ſcholar came,
And to your ſongs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal baſe that bears,
The new creation's frame.
The countenance of God he ſaw,
Full of mercy: full of awe,

* *Pſal.* 137. *Lament.* i. 2. 3.

The glories of his power, and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous ſprings
Of thoſe celeſtial ſacred things,
The peaceful goſpel, and the fiery law
In that majeſtic face.
That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With moſt profound abaſement and exalted joy,
The rolls of fate were half unſeal'd,
He ſtood adoring by;
The volume open'd to his eye,
And ſweet intelligence he held
With all his ſhining kindred of the ſky.

Ye ſeraphs that ſurround the throne,
Tell how his name was through the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own:
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blaſphemers ſhrink and fear †:
Impudent tongues! to blaſt a prophet's name!
The poiſon ſure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blaſphemers dwell,
To taint the pureſt duſt, and blot the whiteſt fame!
Impudent tongues! You ſhould be darted through,
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Uſeleſs and dead till ſlander die,
Till ſlander die with you.

"We ſaw him, ſaid th' ethereal throng,
"We ſaw his warm devotions riſe,
"We heard the fervour of his cries,
"And mix'd his praiſes with our ſong:
"We knew the ſecret flights of his retiring hours,
"Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,
"Young Iſrael roſe to wreſtle with his God,
"And with unconquer'd force ſcal'd the celeſtial towers,
"To reach the bleſſing down for thoſe that fought his blood.
"Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand
"Rais'd high to cruſh the factious foe;
"As oft we ſaw the rolling vengeance ſtand
"Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
"While his aſcending prayer upheld the falling blow."

Draw the paſt ſcenes of thy delight,
My muſe, and bring the wondrous man to ſight.
Place him ſurrounded as he ſtood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A ſtream of harmony ran ſoft along,
And every ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its ſilver way,
'Till warm devotion rais'd the current ſtrong:
Then fervid zeal on the ſweet deluge rode,
Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiſcuous on the torrent-flood,
And bore our raptur'd ſenſe away, and thoughts and ſouls to God.
O might we dwell for ever there!
No more return to breathe this groſſer air,
This atmoſphere of ſin, calamity, and care.

But heavenly ſcenes ſoon leave the ſight
While we belong to clay,
Paſſions of terror and delight,
Demand alternate ſway.

Behold the man, whoſe awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſwell the trumpet's warlike noiſe.
He ſtands the herald of the threatening ſkies,
Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely riſe,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in his eyes.
Round the high roof the curſes flew
Diſtinguiſhing each guilty head,
Far from th' unequal war the atheiſt fled,
His kindled arrows ſtill purſue,
His arrows ſtrike the atheiſt through,
And o'er his inmoſt powers a ſhuddering horror ſpread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
Blaſpheming ſouls of harden'd ſteel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the ſound.
The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride ſinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark deſpair, and mingles with the dead.

Now, muſe, aſſume a ſofter ſtrain,
Now ſoothe the ſinner's raging ſmart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the ſurging conſcience, and aſſwage the pain;
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the ſouls that guilt had ſlain,
And ſtrait the dying rebel lives,
The dead ariſe again;
The opening ſkies almoſt obey
His powerful ſong; a heavenly ray
Awakes deſpair to light, and ſheds a cheerful day.
His wondrous voice rolls back the ſpheres,
Recalls the ſcenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all his labours and his loves,
The anguiſh of his croſs, and triumphs of his throne.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The ſteep aſcent of Calvary,
And ſets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celeſtial ſorrow reigns;
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimſon of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words he ſung the vital flood
Where all our ſins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the ſpear, and balmy as the blood.
In his diſcourſe divine
Afreſh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept ſympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful ſound,
Sad as the breaking heart-ſtrings of th' expiring God.

Down to the manſions of the dead,
With trembling joy our ſouls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear prince of light reclin[illegible] his head
Darkneſs and ſhades among.
With pleaſing horror we ſurvey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And ſhed a ſweet perfume.

† *Though he was ſo great and good a man, he did not eſcape cenſure.*

Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs:
The riſing God! he comes, he comes, [train.
With throngs of waking ſaints, a long triumphing

See the bright ſquadrons of the ſky,
Downward on wings of joy and haſte they fly,
Meet their returning ſovereign, and attend him
A ſhining car the conqueror fills, [high.
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud, [the wheels.
And gnaws th' eternal braſs that binds him to
The opening gates of bliſs receive their king,
The Father-God ſmiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs ſing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory ſits faſt upon his head;
Dreſs'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the ſeaſons, and the ſhining globes,
And ſways the living worlds, and regions of the [dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realms below,
Vaſt was his truſt, and great his ſkill,
Bright the credentials he could ſhow,
And thouſands own'd the ſeal,
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promiſe, and command:
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our ſouls ſtart out, to hear
The embaſſies of love he bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!
Life's buſy cares a ſacred ſilence bound,
Attention ſtood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleaſure of the ſound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

But O my everlaſting grief!
Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of ſorrow riſe,
Nor hope th' impoſſible relief.
Ye remnants of the ſacred tribe
Who feel the loſs, come ſhare the ſmart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can deſcribe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language ſo divine?
Our paſſions want the heavenly flame,
Almighty Love breathes faintly in our ſongs,
And awful threatenings languiſh on our tongues;
Howe is a great but ſingle name:
Amidſt the crowd he ſtands alone:
Stands yet, but with his ſtarry pinions on,
Dreſt for the flight, and ready to be gone.
Eternal God, command his ſtay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could with his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot's come,
And ſhining guards, t' attend thy prophet home,
Amidſt a thouſand weeping eyes,
Send an Eliſha down, a ſoul of equal ſize,
Or burn this worthleſs globe, and take us to the ſkies.

DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

PREFACE.

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

My Friends,

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wiſdom and welfare of the ſucceeding generation are intruſted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The ſeeds of miſery or happineſs in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes ſown very early? and therefore, whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a reliſh for virtue and religion, ought, in the firſt place, to be propoſed to you.

Verſe was at firſt deſigned for the ſervice of God, though it has been wretchedly abuſed ſince. The ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and diſciples the precepts of morality and worſhip in verſe. The children of Iſrael were commanded to learn the words of the ſong of Moſes, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30, and we are directed in the New Teſtament, not only to ſing "with grace "in the heart, but to teach and admoniſh one an- "other by hymns and ſongs," Epheſ. v. 19. And there are theſe four advantages in it.

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is ſomething ſo amuſing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their buſineſs a diverſion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of theſe ſongs every week, if they fulfil the buſineſs of the week well, and promiſing them the book itſelf, when they have learnt ten or twenty ſongs out of it.

II. What is learnt in verſe, is longer retained in memory, and ſooner recollected. The like ſounds, and the like number of ſyllables, exceedingly aſſiſt the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a ſong running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off ſome temptations, or to incline to ſome duty, when a word of ſcripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a conſtant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have ſomething to think upon when alone, and ſing over to themſelves. This may ſometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raiſe a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to ſeek relief for an emptineſs of mind, out of the looſe and dangerous ſonnets of the age.

IV. Theſe Divine Songs may be a pleaſant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worſhip, to ſing one in the family, at ſuch time as the parents or governors ſhall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verſe to the moſt uſual pſalm tunes.

The greateſt part of this little book was compoſed ſeveral years ago, at the requeſt of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechiſing a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant ſkill and ſucceſs. So that you will find here nothing that ſavours of a party: The children of high and low degree, of the church of England or Diſſenters, baptiſed in infancy, or not, may all join together in theſe ſongs. And as I have endeavoured to ſink the language to the level of a child's underſtanding, and yet to keep it, if poſſible, above contempt; ſo I have deſigned to profit all, if poſſible, and offend none. I hope the more general the ſenſe is, theſe compoſures may be of the more univerſal uſe and ſervice.

I have added at the end, ſome attempts of ſonnets on moral ſubjects, for children, with an air of pleaſantry, to provoke ſome fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he ſucceed your cares with his abundant grace, that the riſing generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Chriſtian world, and a bleſſing to the earth.

SONG I.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
  Who reigns above the ſky!
How ſhall a child preſume to ſing
  His dreadful majeſty?

How great his power is, none can tell,
  Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor ſaints that dwell
  On high before his face.

Not angels that ſtand round the Lord,
  Can ſearch his ſecret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
  And ſing his praiſes ſtill.

Then let me join this holy train,
  And my firſt offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not diſdain
  To hear an infant ſing.

My heart reſolves, my tongue obeys,
  And angels ſhall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praiſe
  Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
  That made the mountains riſe,
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
  And built the lofty ſkies.

I ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
  The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
  And all the ſtars obey.

I ſing the goodneſs of the Lord,
  That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures with his word,
  And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are diſplay'd,
  Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I ſurvey the ground I tread,
  Or gaze upon the ſky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
  But makes thy glory known;
And clouds ariſe, and tempeſts blow,
  By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
  Are ſubject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
  But God is preſent there.

In heaven he ſhines with beams of love,
  With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I ſtand or move,
  And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
  He keeps me with his eye;
Why ſhould I then forget the Lord,
  Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit, there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his power divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of Sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the bless'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

SONG IV.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

SONG V.

PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN A CHRISTIAN LAND.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

SONG VI.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven!

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worship'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VIII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The ſtars, that in their courſes roll,
Have much inſtruction given;
But thy good word informs my ſoul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and ſhow
The goodneſs of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy moſt holy word.

Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
Here my beſt comfort lies;
Here my deſires are ſatisfy'd,
And hence my hopes ariſe.

Lord, make me underſtand thy law;
Show what my thoughts have been:
And from thy goſpel let me draw
Pardon for all my ſin.

Here would I learn how Chriſt had dy'd
To ſave my ſoul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beſide
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a freſh delight
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

THE praiſes of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt ſo young
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched ſlave to ſin.

That I am led to ſee
I can do nothing well;
And whither ſhall a ſinner flee
To ſave himſelf from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my ſin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn
How Chriſt, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ranſom coſt his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He ſends his Spirit down
To ſhow the wonders of his love,
And make his goſpel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Thoſe truths which all thy ſervants preach,
And all thy ſaints believe.

Then ſhall I praiſe the Lord
In a more cheerful ſtrain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG IX.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the ſhades of night,
And our moſt ſecret actions lie
All open to thy ſight.

There's not a ſin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we ſay,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Againſt the judgement-day.

And muſt the crimes that I have done
Be read and publiſh'd there?
Be all expos'd before the ſun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot aſham'd I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my ſins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood waſh out my ſtains,
And anſwer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a ſinful thought,
Since the great God can ſee and hear,
And writes down every fault.

SONG X.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth, and ſeas:
I fear his wrath, I aſk his love,
And with my lips I ſing his praiſe.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we muſt do:
My ſoul, to his commands ſubmit,
For they are holy, juſt, and true.

There is a goſpel of rich grace,
Whence ſinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent, and ſeek thy face;
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I muſt die,
Nor do I know how ſoon 'twill come:
A thouſand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Juſt as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or ſouthward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the ſtate wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

THERE is beyond the ſky
A heaven of joy and love;

And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this curs'd end?
And may I hope whene'er I die
I shall to heaven ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY's the child whose youngest years
Receive instructions well:
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
"To seek for heaven or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may loose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Refuse the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place?

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his Almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace:
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

SONG XIV.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

WHAT blest'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy by times was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

SONG XV.

AGAINST LYING.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Saphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that ſpeak
The words of truth; but every liar
Muſt have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimſtone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Leſt I be ſtruck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

SONG XVI.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them ſo;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you ſhould never let
Such angry paſſions riſe;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all our actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the bleſſed virgin's ſon,
That ſweet and lovely child.

His ſoul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his ſtature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne
He ſees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Whatever brawls diſturb the ſtreet,
There ſhould be peace at home;
Where ſiſters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels ſhould never come.

Birds in their little neſts agree;
And 'tis a ſhameful ſight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

Hard names at firſt, and threatening words,
That are but noiſy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked ſwords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's ſon
To rage againſt another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wiſe will make their anger cool,
At leaſt before 'tis night;
But in the boſom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childiſh rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING NAMES.

Our tongues were made to bleſs the Lord,
And not ſpeak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We muſt not rail again.

Croſs words and angry names require
To be chaſtis'd at ſchool;
And he's in danger of hell fire,
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be ſo profane,
To mock and jeer and ſcoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord ſhall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Eliſha ſo;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go."

God quickly ſtopp'd their wicked breath,
And ſent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death.
With blood and groans and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To ſinners e'er ſo young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

AGAINST SWEARING AND CURSING, AND TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

Angels, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuſe thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry, how they ſwear,
And curſe their fellows and blaſpheme!

How will they ſtand before thy face,
Who treated thee with ſuch diſdain,
While thou ſhalt doom them to the place
Of everlaſting fire and pain?

Then never ſhall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praiſe thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart ſhall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whoſe power I fear;
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendſhip, when I hear
Young ſinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curſe, and learn to ſwear.

SONG XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little buſy bee
  Improve each ſhining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower?

How ſkilfully ſhe builds her cell!
How neat ſhe ſpreads the wax!
And labours hard to ſtore it well
  With the ſweet food ſhe makes.

In works of labour or of ſkill,
  I would be buſy too;
For Satan finds ſome miſchief ſtill
  For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
  Let my firſt years be paſt,
That I may give for every day
  Some good account at laſt.

SONG XXI.

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

Why ſhould I join with thoſe in play,
  In whom I've no delight;
Who curſe and ſwear but never pray;
  Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton ſong:
  Their words offend mine ears;
I ſhould not dare defile my tongue
  With language ſuch as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
  Nor with the ſcoffers go;
I would be walking with the wiſe,
  That wiſer I may grow.

From one rude boy that us'd to mock,
  They learn the wicked jeſt:
One ſickly ſheep infects the flock,
  And poiſons all the reſt.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
  With ſinful children here;
Then let me not be ſent to hell,
  Where none but ſinners are.

SONG XXII.

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

Why ſhould our garments, made to hide
Our parents ſhame, provoke our pride?
The art of dreſs did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learnt to ſin.

When firſt ſhe put her covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boaſt
In the fond marks of glory loſt.

How proud we are! how fond to ſhow
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor ſheep and ſilk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dreſt fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me ſtill.

Then will I ſet my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind:
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace
Theſe are the robes of richeſt dreſs.

No more ſhall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this bleſt apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould.
It takes no ſpot, but ſtill refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it ſhines.

In this on earth ſhould I appear;
Then go to heaven and wear it there;
God will approve it in his ſight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG XXIII.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Let children that would fear the Lord
  Hear what their teachers ſay;
With reverence meet their parents word,
  And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
  Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
  Or mocks his mother's word;

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
  How curſed is his name!
The ravens ſhall pick out his eyes,
  And eagles eat the ſame.

But thoſe who worſhip God, and give
  Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long ſhall live,
  And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

Why ſhould I love my ſport ſo well,
  So conſtant at my play,
And loſe the thoughts of heaven and hell
  And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
  But, Lord, to learn thy will;
And ſhall I daily know thee more,
  And leſs obey thee ſtill?

How ſenſeleſs is my heart and wild!
  How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakneſs of a child,
  And pardon all my faults!

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
  And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
  To what a child can ſay.

SONG XXV.

A MORNING SONG.

My God, who makes the ſun to know
His proper hour to riſe,
And to give light to all below,
Doth ſend him round the ſkies.

When from the chambers of the eaſt
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor ſtops to reſt;
But round the world he ſhines.

So, like the ſun, would I fulfil
The buſineſs of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and ſtill
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my ſoul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been ſpent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

AN EVENING SONG.

And now another day is gone,
I'll ſing my Maker's praiſe;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waſte!
My ſins, how great their ſum!
Lord, give me pardon for the paſt,
And ſtrength for days to come.

I lay my body down to ſleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkneſs keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I cloſe my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me riſe
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG XXVII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

This is the day when Chriſt aroſe
So early from the dead;
Why ſhould I keep my eyelids clos'd,
And waſte my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jeſus broke
The power of death and hell;
And ſhall I ſtill wear Satan's yoke,
And love my ſins ſo well?

To-day with pleaſure Chriſtians meet,
To pray and hear the word:
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my ſport to read and pray,
And ſo prepare for heaven:
O may I love this bleſſed day
The beſt of all the ſeven!

SONG XXVIII.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to ſee
A whole aſſembly worſhip thee!
At once they ſing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and ſtill would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleaſure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Chriſt and things divine
Fill up this fooliſh heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, OUT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT,

PUT INTO SHORT RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

Exodus, Chap. xx.

1. Thou ſhalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abſtain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor ſteal though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet:

THE SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS, OUT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew xxii. 37.

With all thy ſoul love God above,
And as thyſelf thy neighbour love.

OUR SAVIOUR's GOLDEN RULE.

Matthew vii. 12.

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor ſay to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

Love God with all your ſoul and ſtrength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbour as yourſelf,
Be faithful, juſt, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be ſure you never do.

Out of my Book of HYMNS *I have here added the Hoſanna, and Glory to the Father, &c. to be ſung at the End of any of theſe Songs, according to the Direction of Parents or Governors.*

THE HOSANNA; OR SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

LONG METRE.

HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperior throne:
We bleſs the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down on earth.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion ſing
The growing glories of her king.

COMMON METRE.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace;
Sion, behold thy king!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

Hoſanna to th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his name.

SHORT METRE.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

To Chriſt, th' anointed King,
Be endleſs bleſſings given;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

GLORY TO THE FATHER AND THE SON, &c,

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Be honour, praiſe and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

COMMON METRE.

Now let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

GIVE to the Father praiſe,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace;
Be equal honour done.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS,

Was I wiſh ſome happy and condeſcending genius would undertake for the uſe of children, and perform much better.

THE ſenſe and ſubjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country (which would alſo afford matter for other divine ſongs). Here the language and meaſures ſhould be eaſy, and flowing with cheerfulneſs, with or without the ſolemnities of religion, or the ſacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from thoſe idle, wanton, or profane ſongs, which give ſo early an ill taint to the fancy and memory; and become the ſeeds of future vices,

I. THE SLUGGARD.

'TIS the voice of the ſluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too ſoon, I muſt ſlumber again."
As the door on its hinges, ſo he on his bed,
Turns his ſides and his ſhoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more ſleep and a little more ſlumber;"
Thus he waſtes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he ſits folding his hands,
Or walks about ſauntering, or trifling he ſtands.

I paſs'd by his garden, and ſaw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thiſtle grow broader and higher
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags:
And his money ſtill waſtes till he ſtarves or he begs.

I made him a viſit, ſtill hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he ſcarce reads his Bible and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a leſſon for me:"
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

II. INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows to ſee the young lambs
Run ſporting about by the ſide of their dams,
With fleeces ſo clean and ſo white;
Or a neſt of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much may we learn from the ſight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and ſo fierce are their natures:
But Thomas and William, and ſuch pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmleſs as doves or as lambs,
Thoſe lovely ſweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we ſay,
Should hinder another in jeſting or play;
For he's ſtill in earneſt that's hurt;
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, "'Tis all but in ſport."

III. THE ROSE.

How fair is the roſe! what a beautiful flower
The glory of April and May!

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the roſe has one powerful virtue to boaſt,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are loſt,
Still how ſweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the roſe:
But all our fond care to preſerve them is vain;
Time kills them as faſt as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade:
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will ſcent, like a roſe, when I'm dead.

IV. THE THIEF.

Why ſhould I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods againſt his will?
Hands were made for honeſt labour,
Not to plunder or to ſteal.

'Tis a fooliſh ſelf-deceiving
By ſuch tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to ſorrow, ſhame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their ſad profit to compute?
To what diſmal ſtate they brought us
When they ſtole forbidden fruit?

Oft we ſee a young beginner
Practiſe little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd ſinner;
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can ſpy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Leſt I covet what's not mine:
Leſt I ſteal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from ſin.

V. THE ANT, OR EMMET.

These Emmets how little they are in our eyes?
We tread them to duſt, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wiſe as we are, if we went to their ſchool,
There's many a ſluggard and many a fool,
Some leſſons of wiſdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in ſleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a ſun-ſhiny day,
And for winter they lay up their ſtores:
They manage their work in ſuch regular forms,
One would think they foreſaw all the froſts and the ſtorms,
And ſo brought their food within doors.

But I have leſs ſenſe than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I ſhall want,
Nor provide againſt dangers in time.
When death or old age ſhall ſtare in my face,
What a wretch ſhall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my ſtrength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will ſerve me when ſickneſs ſhall come,
And pray that my ſins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

VI. GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Though I am now in younger days,
Nor can I tell what ſhall befal me.
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age ſhall call me.

Should I be rich or great,
Others ſhall partake my goodneſs;
I'll ſupply the poor with meat,
Never ſhowing ſcorn or rudeneſs.

Where I ſee the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deſerve to feel the ſame
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why ſhould I return them railing,
Since I beſt revenge my wrongs,
By my patience never failing?

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking fooliſh, curſing, ſwearing;
Firſt I'll try to make them wiſe,
Or I'll ſoon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modeſt, neat and clean,
And ſubmit when they reprove me.

If I ſhould be poor and ſick,
I ſhall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be eaſily offended;
What's amiſs I'll ſtrive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be ſo watchful ſtill
O'er my humours and my paſſion,
As to ſpeak and do no ill,
Though it ſhould be all the faſhion:

Wicked faſhions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave ſo well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the ſun,
How lovely and joyful the courſe that he rnn,
Though he roſe in a miſt when his race he begun,
And there follow'd ſome droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the weſt,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are beſt;
He paints the ſky gay as he ſinks to his reſt,
And foretells a bright riſing again.

Juſt ſuch is the Chriſtian: His courſe he begins,
Like the ſun in a miſt, while he mourns for his ſins,
And melts into tears: Then he breaks out and ſhines,
And travels his heavenly way:

But when he comes nearer to finiſh his race,
Like a fine ſetting ſun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a ſure hope at the end of his days
Of riſing in brighter array.

Some Copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already into ſeveral hands, the Author has been perſuaded to permit it to appear in public, at the end of theſe Songs for Children.

A CRADLE HYMN.

Hush! my dear, lie ſtill and ſlumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly bleſſings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
Houſe and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment.
All thy wants are well ſupply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he deſcended,
And became a child like thee?

Soft and eaſy is thy cradle:
Coarſe and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birth-place was a ſtable,
And his ſofteſt bed was hay.

Bleſſed babe! what glorious features,
Spotleſs fair, divinely bright!
Muſt he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the ſight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Curſed ſinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly ſtranger!
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my ſong might ſound too hard;
'Tis thy { * Mother / Nurſe that } fits beſide thee,
And her arms ſhall be thy guard.

Yet to read the ſhameful ſtory,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they ſerv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I ſing.

See the kinder ſhepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the ſky!
Where they ſought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dreſſing;
Lovely infant, how he ſmil'd!
When he wept, the mother's bleſſing
Sooth'd and huſh'd the holy child.

Lo, he ſlumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to ſave thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endleſs crying,
That thy bleſt Redeemer came.

May'ſt thou live to know and fear him,
Truſt and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and ſing his praiſe!

I could give thee thouſand kiſſes,
Hoping what I muſt deſire;
Not a mother's fondeſt wiſhes
Can to greater joys aſpire.

* *Here you may uſe the words, brother, ſiſter, neighbour, friend, &c.*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

AMBROSE PHILIPS, ESQ.

Containing

PASTORALS,
ODES,
EPISTLES,

SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

To rural lays, e'er yet in manhood ripe,
A ſhepherd didſt thou tune thine oaten pipe:
The groves and ſtreams, and daiſy-painted plains,
The joys and griefs of unambitious ſwains
Employ'd thy verſe; thy verſe, whoſe magic force
The Severn charm'd, and ſtopp'd his ſilver courſe;
Thus play'd thy youth: but weightier cares engage
Thy more experienc'd life, and learned age;
Thy country's love thy tragic ſtrains infuſe,
And the free Britons bleſs thy patriot muſe.

WELSTED'S EPISTLE TO PHILIPS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF A. PHILIPS.

AMBROSE PHILIPS, deſcended of an ancient family in Leiceſterſhire, was born in 1671. Of the place of his birth, or the early part of his life, there are no memorials.

He received his academical education at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow.

He was probably intended for the church, and ſeems to have taken the firſt orders; for Pope mentions him in "the Bathos," as a zealous proteſtant deacon.

He firſt tried his poetical powers, in contributing ſome Engliſh verſes to the "Cambridge collection," on the death of Queen Mary.

He afterwards undertook to epitomize Hacket's "Life of Archbiſhop Williams," which he publiſhed in 1700, with an *Appendix*, giving an account of his benefactions to St. John's College.

In this work, he had an opportunity, which he wanted, to promote the principles of the Whig party, of which he was a zealous adherent, as the Archbiſhop was the perpetual antagoniſt to Laud, and a ſtrenuous oppoſer of the high church meaſures.

About this time, it is probable, he left the Univerſity, and repaired to London, where he eaſily found acceſs to Addiſon and Steele, by whom he was received with kindneſs; and, according to Jacob, he aſſociated with the wits who frequented Button's Coffee-houſe.

Not long afterwards, he probably publiſhed his *Six Paſtorals*; at leaſt he muſt have publiſhed them before 1704, becauſe they are evidently prior to thoſe of Pope, his powerful rival in that ſpecies of compoſition.

This work, which he inſcribed to the univerſal patron, the Earl of Dorſet, firſt procured him the notice of the public, and completely eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation.

He afterwards went abroad; but how he was employed, or in what ſituation, is not yet diſcovered.

It is certain that he was at Copenhagen in 1709, from whence he addreſſed *A Poetical Epiſtle* to the Earl of Dorſet, which is juſtly eſteemed one of his beſt performances.

It was publiſhed in "The Tatler," under the title of *A Winter Piece*, and mentioned by Steele in the following terms of approbation.

"This is as fine a piece as we ever had from any of the ſchools of the moſt learned painters: ſuch images as theſe give us a new pleaſure in our ſight; and fix upon our minds traces of reflection which accompany us whenever the like objects occur."

Pope, when he affected to deſpiſe his other writings, always excepted this out of the number; and in one of his firſt letters, mentions it with high praiſe, as the production of a man "who could write nobly."

On his return to London, his friends were no longer in power; and having obtained no ſuitable proviſion, he was reduced to tranſlate *The Perſian Tales* for Tonſon; for which, though liberally [illegible]d, he was afterwards reproached by Pope, with this addition of contempt, that he worked for half-a-crown.

> The bard, whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
> Who turns a Perſian tale for half-a-crown.

In the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, he was ſecretary to the Hanover Club; who uſed to drink regular toaſts to the health of thoſe ladies who were moſt zealouſly attached to the Hanoverian ſucceſſion; upon whom he wrote the following *Epigram*, not collected in his poems.

The reigning fair, on poliſh'd cryſtal ſhine,
Enrich our glaſſes, and improve our wine;
The favourite names we to our lips apply,
Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecſtacy.
While theſe, the choſen beauties of our iſle,
Propitious on the cauſe of freedom ſmile;
The raſh Pretender's hopes we may deſpiſe,
And truſt Britannia's ſafety to their eyes.

In 1712, he brought upon the ſtage at Drury-Lane, *The Diſtreſt Mother*, a tragedy, which is almoſt a tranſlation from the "Andromaque" of Racine. It is, however, very well tranſlated, the poetry pleaſing, and the incidents ſo affecting, that it never fails bringing tears into the eyes of a ſenſible audience.

Oft' as *Andromache* renews her woe,
The mothers ſadden, and their eyes o'erflow;
Hermione, with love and rage oppreſt,
Now ſoothes, now animates each maiden breaſt.
From firſt to laſt, alternate paſſions reign,
And we reſiſt the poet's art in vain.

The friends of Philips exerted every art to promote his intereſt with the town. Before the appearance of the play, a whole *Spectator* was devoted to its praiſe; and while it yet continued to be acted, another *Spectator* was written to tell what impreſſion it made upon Sir Roger de Coverley; and on the firſt night, a ſelect audience, ſays Pope, was called together to applaud it.

It was concluded with the moſt ſucceſsful epilogue that ever was yet ſpoken on the Engliſh theatre. The three firſt nights it was recited twice, and not only continued to be demanded through the run of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the ſtage, the epilogue is ſtill expected, and is ſtill ſpoken.

Of this diſtinguiſhed epilogue, the reputed author was Budgell; but it was known in Tonſon's family, and told to Garrick, that Addiſon was the author of it; and that when it had been at firſt printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were diſtributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgell, that it might add weight to the ſolicitation which he was then making for a place.

Philips was now high in the ranks of literature. His play was applauded; his tranſlations from *Sappho* had been publiſhed in "The Spectator;" he was an important and a diſtinguiſhed aſſociate of clubs, witty and poetical; and nothing was wanting to his happineſs, but that he ſhould be ſure of its continuance.

It was his misfortune to become ridiculous, without his own fault, by the injudicious kindneſs and extravagant admiration of his friends, who were very willing to advance his reputation, but unhappily commended him too much.

Tickell, in "The Guardian," gave an account of paſtoral, partly critical, and partly hiſtorical; in which, when the merit of the modern is compared, Taſſo and Guarini are cenſured for remote thoughts and unnatural refinements; and the pipe of the paſtoral muſe is tranſmitted by lawful inheritance, from Theocritus to Virgil, from Virgil to Spenſer, and from Spenſer to Philips.

This inauguration of Philips offended Pope, and was the occaſion of his writing the 40th number of "The Guardian," in which he drew a compariſon of Philips's performance with his own; and though he has himſelf always the advantage, he gives the preference to Philips.

The deſign of aggrandizing himſelf, he diſguiſed with ſuch dexterity, that, though Addiſon diſcovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of diſpleaſing Pope by publiſhing his paper.

The enemies of Pope exulted to ſee him placed below Philips in a ſpecies of poetry upon which he was ſuppoſed to value himſelf, but were much mortified to find that Pope himſelf was the real author of that paper, and that the whole criticiſm was an artifice of irony.

From that time Pope and Philips lived in a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence.

In poetical powers, of either praiſe or ſatire, there was no proportion between the two combatants; but Philips, though he could not prevail by wit, hoped to hurt Pope with another weapon, and charged him as diſaffected to the government.

Pope appears to have been extremely exaſperated; for, in the firſt edition of his "Letters," he calls Philips "raſcal;" and in the laſt, ſtill charges him with detaining in his hands the ſubſcriptions for "Homer," delivered to him by the Hanover club; that he might delay the gratification of him by whoſe proſperity he was pained; but he no where complains that Philips threatened to chaſtiſe him at Button's Coffee-houſe, as is commonly reported.

Upon the ſucceſſion of the Houſe of Hanover, Philips ſeems to have obtained too little notice: he was only made a Juſtice of the Peace for Weſtminſter, which did not much elevate his character; and in 1717, a Commiſſioner of the Lottery.

In 1718, he projected a periodical paper, called, *The Free-Thinker*, in which he was aſſiſted by Dr. Hugh Boulter, afterwards Archbiſhop of Armagh, the Right Honourable Richard Weſt, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Reverend Gilbert Burnet, the Reverend Henry Stevens, and Welſted, whoſe contributions were chiefly poetical. It has been re-printed in 3 vols. 8vo.; but it is now little read, though much of it is worthy of revival.

In 1722, he brought on the ſtage at Drury-Lane, *The Briton*, a tragedy, which was acted with conſiderable ſucceſs; but is now neglected, though it deſerves to be more known. One of the ſcenes between *Vannoc*, the Britiſh Prince, and *Valens*, the Roman general, is confeſſed to be written with great dramatic ſkill, animated by ſpirit truly poetical.

The ſame year he exhibited another tragedy at Drury-Lane, on the ſtory of *Humphry Duke of Glouceſter*; which met with great ſucceſs; but at preſent it is only remembered by its title.

Welſted wrote a copy of verſes in praiſe of this tragedy, which is printed among his "Poems," the general merit of which, particularly his "Genius, an Ode," entitles him to more attention than he has hitherto received from the readers of poetry.

In 1724, when Dr. Boulter was advanced to the Archbiſhopric of Armagh, he did not forget his friend Philips; but took him to Ireland, as partaker of his fortune, made him his ſecretary, and added ſuch preferments as enabled him to repreſent the county of Armagh in the Iriſh parliament.

In December 1726, he was made Secretary to the Lord Chancellor; and in Auguſt 1733, became Judge of the Prerogative Court.

After the death of Dr. Boulter, in 1742, he continued ſome years in Ireland; but at laſt, having purchaſed an annuity of 400 l. he returned to England in 1748, having ſurvived moſt of his friends and enemies, and among them his implacable antagoniſt Pope.

The ſame year, he collected and publiſhed his *Poems*, in one volume, with a dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle, omitting the ſmall epigram *upon the Toaſts of the Hanover Club*; which is leſs to be wondered at, than that he ſhould have adopted this ſhort epigram *on good Muſic and bad Dancers*, written by Mr. Jeffreys.

How ill the motion with the muſic ſuits;
So fiddled Orpheus, and ſo danc'd the brutes.

He now certainly hoped to paſs ſome years of life in plenty and tranquillity; but he did not long enjoy his fortune; he was ſtruck with a palſy, and died at his lodgings near Vauxhall, June 18. 1749, in the 78th year of his age.

There is little tranſmitted of the perſonal character of Philips; only it is known, that he was diſtinguiſhed for bravery and ſkill in the ſword. To extreme ſuſceptibility of cenſure, he added ſolemnity in converſation. Dr. Johnſon relates, that Mr. Ing, a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordſhire, happened to be once at table with him, and took occaſion to aſk him, "How came thy King of Epirus to drive oxen, and to ſay, "I am goaded on by love?" After which queſtion, he never ſpoke again.

He appears, however, to have been a man of integrity; for P. Whitehead relates, that when Addiſon was Secretary of State, Philips applied to him for ſome preferment, but was coolly anſwered, that it was thought he was already provided for by being made a Juſtice of Weſtminſter. To this obſervation, Philips, with ſome indignation, replied, "Though poetry was a trade he could not live by; yet he ſcorned to owe ſubſiſtence to another which he ought not to live by."

As a poet, Philips appears not to deſerve the contempt with which he has been treated by Pope, nor the high praiſe he has received from Cooke, in "The Battle of the Poets." In his *Paſtorals*, he takes Spenſer for his pattern, and endeavours to be natural. By endeavouring to imitate too ſervilely, the manners and ſentiments of vulgar ruſtics, he is ſometimes flat and inſipid. Pope's "Paſtorals" are written in a very different form. He takes Virgil for his pattern, and labours to be elegant; but his topics are beaten, and his chief merit is the ſmoothneſs of his verſification, which is muſical to a degree of which rhyme could hardly be thought capable.

In the paſſages which Pope has imitated from Virgil, he has merited but little applauſe. The imitations of Philips have all the paſtoral ſimplicity of Spenſer, a true Doric dialect, and very lively deſcription. Pope, therefore, may be allowed to be the beſt verſifier, and Philips the better Arcadian.

As a general poet, he appears to diſadvantage on a compariſon with Pope; but though he is not a very animated or firſt-rate writer, his *firſt* and *fifth Paſtorals*, his *Epiſtle from Copenhagen*, his *Ode on the Death of Earl Cowper*, his tranſlations of the two *Odes of Sappho*, and the two firſt *Olympic Odes of Pindar*, and above all, his pleaſing tragedy of *The Diſtreſt Mother*, are a conſiderable acquiſition to Engliſh poetry.

His character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, is more favourable than might be expected from the well-known prejudices of that excellent biographer; yet he has omitted to notice his incomparable tranſlation of the two fragments of *Sappho*; and might have mentioned that the name of *Namby Pamby* was firſt beſtowed on him, by the facetious Henry Cary, in ridicule of his poems of ſhort lines, which have been ſince burleſqued by the ingenious Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Eſq. in his excellent burleſque piece, on Swift, Pope, Thomſon, Young, Philips and Cibber, called, "The Pipe of Tobacco," by ſuch a cloſe imitation, that it has not the appearance of a copy but an original.

"Of *The Diſtreſt Mother*, not much is pretended to be his own, and therefore it is no ſubject of criticiſm: his other two tragedies, I believe, are not below mediocrity, nor above it. Among the poems compriſed in the preſent collection, the *Letter from Denmark* may be juſtly praiſed: the *Paſtorals*, which, by the writer of the "Guardian," were ranked as one of the four genuine productions of the ruſtic muſe, cannot ſurely be deſpicable. That they exhibit a mode of life which did not exiſt, nor ever exiſted, is not to be objected; the ſuppoſition of ſuch a ſtate is allowed to paſtoral. In his other poems, he cannot be denied the praiſe of lines ſometimes elegant; but he has ſeldom much force, or much comprehenſion. The pieces that pleaſe beſt, are thoſe which from Pope, and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of *Namby Pamby*: the poems of ſhort lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole the "ſteerer of the realm" to Miſs Pulteney in the nurſery. The numbers are ſmooth and ſpritely; and the diction is ſeldom faulty. They are not loaded with much thought; yet if they had been written by Addiſon, they would have had admirers: little things are not valued, but when they are done by thoſe who can do greater.

"In his tranſlations from *Pindar*, he found the art of reaching all the obſcurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his ſublimity; he will be allowed, if he has leſs fire, to have more ſmoke.

"He has added nothing to Engliſh poetry, yet at leaſt half his book deſerves to be read; perhaps he valued moſt himſelf that part which the critic would reject."

THE WORKS OF A. PHILIPS.

TO HIS GRACE THOMAS, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

My Lord,

The honours of your ancient and illuſtrious family, which that noble writer, Algernon Sidney, places among the firſt in theſe kingdoms for prerogative of birth, the titles which you have long worn with diſtinguiſhed luſtre, and the high ſtation which you have many years filled, and now fill, in the government, give your Grace a juſt pre-eminence in the community; but they are excellencies of a more exalted kind to which this tribute of my reſpect is paid. Your early zeal in the cauſe of liberty, which manifeſted itſelf at the cloſe of a late reign, when the worſt of ſchemes were promoted againſt this nation by the worſt of men, the aſſociation (of which I had the honour to be an humble member) into which you then entered, with ſome others, eminent for their birth, fortune, and knowledge, for ſecuring the ſucceſſion of the houſe of Hanover to the throne of theſe kingdoms, your taſte of uſeful and polite literature, and the encouragement which you have always been ready to give to it, your friendly regard to it, and connection with, that unniverſity which has been the nurſe of the greateſt ſtatemen, heroes, philoſophers, and poets, of Engliſh growth, and the open liberality of your heart on all laudable occaſions, muſt give you a place in the affections of all Engliſhmen who know the intereſt of their native country: and to thoſe virtues, more than to the private friendſhip with which your Grace has long honoured me, I make this offering of the few Poetical Pieces, which were the produce of my leiſure, but ſome of my moſt pleaſant hours: your Grace will be able to diſtinguiſh thoſe which have been printed before, from thoſe which now make their firſt appearance: and I number among the felicities of my days, this opportunity of approaching you with ſomething perhaps not unworthy your acceptance; and I have the honnour to be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

moſt devoted, obliged,

and moſt humble ſervant,

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

April, 1748.

PREFACE TO THE PASTORAL POEMS.

"Noſtra, nec erubuit ſylvas habitare, Thalia." VIRG. Ecl. vi. 2.

It is ſomewhat ſtrange to conceive, in an age ſo addicted to the muſes, how Paſtoral Poetry comes to be never ſo much as thought upon; conſidering eſpecially, that it is of the greateſt antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremoſt, among the ſmaller poems, in dignity, Virgil and Spenſer made uſe of it as a prelude to Epic Poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the ſubject makes it ſo little inviting.

There is no kind of Poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the Paſtoral boaſt after a peculiar manner: for, as in painting, ſo in poetry, the country affords not only the moſt delightful ſcenes and proſpects, but likewiſe the moſt pleaſing images of life.

Gaſſendus (I remember) obſerves, that Peireſkius was a great lover of muſic, eſpecially the melody of birds: becauſe their ſimple ſtrains have leſs of paſſion and violence, but more of a ſedate and quiet harmony; and, therefore, do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner, the Paſtoral Song gives a ſweet and gentle compoſure to the mind; whereas the Epic and Tragic Poems, by the vehemency of their emotions, raiſe the ſpirits into a ferment.

To view a fair ſtately palace, ſtrikes us indeed with admiration, and ſwells the ſoul with notions of grandeur: but when I ſee a little country-dwelling, advantageouſly ſituated amidſt a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unſpeakable ſort of ſatisfaction, and cannot forbear wiſhing my kinder fortune would place me in ſuch a ſweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenſer, are the only poets who ſeem to have hit upon the true nature of Paſtoral compoſitions: ſo that it will be ſufficient praiſe for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

PASTORAL POEMS.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

Lobbin.

If we, O Dorſet, quit the city-throng,
To meditate in ſhades the rural ſong,
By your command, be preſent; and, O bring
The muſe along! The muſe to you ſhall ſing:
Her influence, Buckhurſt, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the fam'd Sicilian Swain.
Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious ſtore,
Lobbin, a ſhepherd-boy, one evening fair,
As weſtern winds had cool'd the ſultry air,
His number'd ſheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary diſcontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whiſpering boughs,
He, ſolitary, ſat to breathe his vows,
Venting the tender anguiſh of his heart,
As paſſion taught, in accents free of art:
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His ſighs were laviſh'd thus on Lucy bright.
" Ah, well-a-day! how long muſt I endure
" This pining pain? Or who ſhall ſpeed my cure?
" Fond love no cure will have, ſeek no repoſe,
" Delights in grief, nor any meaſure knows:
" And now the moon begins in clouds to riſe;
" The brightening ſtars increaſe within the ſkies;
" The winds are huſh; the dews diſtil; and ſleep
" Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary ſheep:
" I only, with the prowling wolf, conſtrain'd
" All night to wake: with hunger he is pain'd,
" And I with love. His hunger he may tame;
" But who can quench, O cruel love, thy flame?
" Whilom did I, all-as this poplar fair,
" Up-raiſe my heedleſs head, then void of care,
" 'Mong ruſtic routs the chief for wanton game;
" Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
" Who better ſeen than I in ſhepherds' arts,
" To pleaſe the lads, and win the laſſes' hearts!
" How deftly, to mine oaten-reed ſo ſweet,
" Wont they, upon the green to ſhift their feet?
" And, weary'd in the dance, how would they
" yearn
" Some well-deviſed tale from me to learn?
" For many ſongs and tales of mirth had I,
" To chaſe the loitering ſun adown the ſky:
" But, ah! ſince Lucy coy, deep-wrought her
" Within my heart, unmindful of delight [" ſpight
" The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
" To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitleſs
" moan.
" Oh! quit thy wonted ſcorn, relentleſs fair!
" Ere, lingering long, I periſh through deſpair.
" Had Roſalind been miſtreſs of my mind,
" Though not ſo fair, ſhe would have prov'd more
" kind.
" O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
" How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
" Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever ſtay,
" And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay:
" The flowers, anew, returning ſeaſons bring!
" But beauty faded has no ſecond ſpring.
" My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
" Takes pleaſure in the miſchief of her eyes.
" Like friſking heifer, looſe in flowery meads,
" She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
" Yet ſtill from me. Ah me, the tireſome chaſe!
" Shy as the fawn, ſhe flies my fond embrace.
" She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
" Fly where ſhe will, her likeneſs in my mind.
" No cruel purpoſe, in my ſpeed, I bear;
" 'Tis only love; and love why ſhould'ſt thou fear?
" What idle fears a maiden-breaſt alarm!
" Stay, ſimple girl: a lover cannot harm.
" Two ſportive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear;
" Whoſe ſhooting horns like tender buds appear:
" A lambkin too, of ſpotleſs fleece, I breed,
" And teach the fondling from my hand to feed:
" Nor will I ceaſe betimes to cull the fields
" Of every dewy ſweet the morning yields:
" From early ſpring to autumn late ſhalt thou
" Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow:
" And when,—But, why theſe unavailing pains?
" The gifts, alike, and giver, ſhe diſdains:
" And now, left heireſs of the glen, ſhe'll deem
" Me, landleſs lad, unworthy her eſteem:
" Yet, was ſhe born, like me, of ſhepherd-ſire;
" And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
" O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
" Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,
" How would I wander, every day, to find
" The choice of wildings, bluſhing through the
" rind!
" For gloſſy plumbs how lightſome climb the tree,
" How riſk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!
" Or! if thou deign to live a ſhepherdeſs,
" Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin, ſhalt poſſeſs;
" And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
" If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
" Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
" The bordering flowers leſs beauteous than they
" grow? " mean,
" O! come, my love; nor think th' employment
" The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean,
" To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
" Ere the warm ſun drink up the cooly dews,

" While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I
" cheer [" ear.
" Each hour, and through the day detain thine
" How would the crook beſeem thy lily-hand!
" How would my younglings round thee gazing
" ſtand!
" Ah, witleſs younglings! gaze not on her eye:
" Thence all my ſorrow; thence the death I die.
" O, killing beauty! and O, ſore deſire!
" Muſt then my ſufferings, but with life, expire?
" Though bloſſoms every year the trees adorn,
" Spring after ſpring I wither, nipt with ſcorn:
" Nor trow I when this bitter blaſt will end,
" Or if yon ſtars will e'er my vows befriend.
" Sleep, ſleep, my flock; for happy ye may take
" Sweet nightly reſt, though ſtill your maſter
" wake."

Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,
In ſlender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale,
The love-ſick ſhepherd, liſtening, felt relief,
Pleas'd with ſo ſweet a partner in his grief,
Till, by degrees, her notes and ſilent night
To ſlumbers ſoft his heavy heart invite.

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT, COLINET.

Thenot.

Is it not Colinet I loneſome ſee,
Leaning with folded arms againſt the tree?
Or is it age of late bedims my ſight?
'Tis Colinet, indeed, in woeful plight.
Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,
Unſeemly, now the ſky ſo bright appears!
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful lad, when all things ſmile around?
Or heareſt not lark and linnet jointly ſing,
Their notes blithe-warbling to ſalute the ſpring?

Colinet.

Though blithe their notes, not ſo my wayward
fate;
Nor lark would ſing, nor linnet, in my ſtate.
Each creature, Thenot, to his talk is born,
As they to mirth and muſic, I to mourn.
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
My tears oft' mingling with the falling dew.

Thenot.

Small cauſe, I ween, has luſty youth to plain:
Or why may, then, the weight of eld ſuſtain,
When every ſlackening nerve begins to fail,
And the load preſſeth as our days prevail?
Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn, bend;
Spite of my ſnowy head, and icy veins,
My mind a cheerful temper ſtill retains:
And why ſhould man, miſhap what will, repine,
Sour every ſweet, and mix with tears his wine?
But tell me, then: it may relieve thy woe,
To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

Colinet.

Idly 'twill waſte thee, Thenot, the whole day,
Shouldſt thou give ear to all my grief can ſay.
Thine ewes will wander; and the heedleſs lambs,
In loud complaints, require their abſent dams.

Thenot.

See Lightfoot he ſhall tend them cloſe: and I,
'Tween whiles, acroſs the plain will glance mine
eye.

Colinet.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
Doth there one ſmiling hour my youth attend?
Though few my days, as well my follies ſhow,
Yet are thoſe days all clouded o'er with woe:
No happy gleam of ſunſhine doth appear,
My lowering ſky, and wintery months, to cheer.
My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
Which bears the thunder-ſcar, too plain I ſee:
Quite deſtitute it ſtands of ſhelter kind,
The mark of ſtorms, and ſport of every wind:
The riven trunk feels not th' approach of ſpring;
Nor birds among the leafleſs branches ſing:
No more, beneath thy ſhade, ſhall ſhepherds
throng,
With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleaſing ſong.
Ill-fated tree! and more ill-fated I!
From thee, from me, alike the ſhepherds fly.

Thenot.

Sure thou in hapleſs hour of time waſt born,
When blighting mildews ſpoils the riſing corn,
Or blaſting winds o'er bloſſom'd hedge-rows paſs,
To kill the promis'd fruits, and ſcorch the graſs,
Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, fore-
ſhows,
Blood-ſtain'd in foul eclipſe, impending woes.
Untimely born, ill-luck betides thee ſtill.

Colinet.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill?

Thenot,

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our ſheep,
From this good ſhepherd's care his flock may keep:
Againſt ill-luck, alas! all forecaſt fails;
Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

Colinet.

Ah me, the while! ah me, the luckleſs day!
Ah, luckleſs lad! befits me more to ſay.
Unhappy hour! when, freſh in youthful bud,
I left, Sabrina fair, thy ſilvery flood.
Ah, ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on thy flowery banks I wont to keep.
Sweet are thy banks! Oh, when ſhall I, once
more,
With raviſh'd eyes review thine amell'd ſhore?
When, in the cryſtal of thy water, ſcan
Each feature faded, and my colour wan?
When ſhall I ſee my hut, the ſmall abode
Myſelf did raiſe, and cover o'er with ſod?
Small though it be, a mean an humble cell,
Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

Thenot.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away
From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart aſtray?

Colinet.

A lewd deſire, ſtrange lads and ſwains to know:
Ah, God! that ever I ſhould covet woe!
With wandering feet unbleſt, and fond of fame,
I ſought I know not what beſides a name.

Thenot.

Or, ſooth to ſay, didſt thou not hither roam
In ſearch of gains more plenty than at home?
A rolling-ſtone is, ever, bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.

Colinet.

Small need there was, in random ſearch of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,
To diſtant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myſelf ſuch deal of woe!
My ſheep quite ſpent, through travel and ill-fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,
The damp, cold greenſward, for my nightly bed,
And ſome ſlant willow's trunk to reſt my head.
Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain;
And hard is want to the unpractis'd ſwain:
But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
To blaſting ſtorms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail it falls; the pelting ſhower
Deſtroys the tender herb, and budding flower.

Thenot.

Slander we ſhepherds count the vileſt wrong:
And what wounds ſorer than an evil tongue?

Colinet.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of ſpite,
Make mock of all the ditties I indite.
In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, ſo ſhrill,
Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill;
In vain thou ſeeks the coverings of the grove,
In the cool ſhade to ſing the pains of love:
Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
And every elf hath ſkill enough to rail:
But yet, though poor and artleſs be my vein,
Menalcas ſeems to like my ſimple ſtrain:
And, while that he delighteth in my ſong,
Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,
Nor night, nor day, ſhall my rude muſic ceaſe;
I aſk no more, ſo I Menalcas pleaſe.

Thenot.

Menalcas, lord of theſe fair fertile plains,
Preſerves the ſheep, and o'er the ſhepherds reigns:
For him our yearly wakes, and feaſts, we hold,
And chooſe the faireſt firſtling from the fold;
He, good to all, who good deſerve, ſhall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at eaſe to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteouſly reward thy rural ſongs.

Colinet.

Firſt, then, ſhall lightſome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to paſtures dry,
And every rapid river ceaſe to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

Thenot.

This night thy care with me forget; and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheeſe and curd,
With ſome remaining fruit of laſt year's hoard,
Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
Sweet herbs and moſs, which gentle ſleep invite:
And now behold the ſun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the ſign of ebbing day:
With ſongs the jovial hinds return from plough;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

Albino.

When Virgil thought no ſhame the Doric reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Auguſtus' name he grac'd his ſong:
And Spenſer, when amid the rural throng
He caroll'd ſweet, and graz'd along the flood
Of gentle Thames, made every ſounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on every tree was found:
Since then, through Anna's cares at eaſe we live,
And ſee our cattle unmoleſted thrive,
While from our Albion her victorious arms
Drive waſteful warfare, loud in dire alarms,
Like them will I my ſlender muſic raiſe,
And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praiſe.
Meantime, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
As my kids browſe, obſcure in ſhades I play:
Yet, not obſcure, while Dorſet thinks no ſcorn
To viſit woods, and ſwains ignobly born.
Two valley ſwains, both muſical, both young,
In friendſhip mutual, and united long,
Retire within a moſſy cave, to ſhun
The crowd of ſhepherds, and the noon-day ſun.
A gloom of ſadneſs overcaſts their mind:
Revolving now, the ſolemn day they find,
When young Albino died. His image dear
Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear:
To tears they add the tribute of their verſe;
Theſe Angelot, thoſe Palin, did rehearſe.

Angelot.

Thus, yearly circling, by-paſt times return;
And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
Sent into life, alas! how ſhort thy ſtay:
How ſweet the roſe! how ſpeedy to decay!
Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
Sad-ſounding wide from every village bell?
Can we forget how ſorely Albion moan'd,
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,
Preſaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We loſt Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boaſt of this fair iſland, darling joy
Of nobles high, and every ſhepherd boy?
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were ſeen,
Nor ſhepherd found upon the graſſy green,
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were heard to warble through the wood.
In yonder gloomy grove outſtretch'd he lay
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
On his cold cheek the roſy hue decay'd,
And, o'er his lips, the deadly blue diſplay'd:
Bleating around him lie his plaintive ſheep,
And mourning ſhepherds come, in crowds, to weep.
Young Buckhurſt comes: and, is there no redreſs?
As if the grave regarded our diſtreſs!
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
The pious mother comes, with grief oppreſt:
Ye trees, and conſcious fountains, can atteſt
With what ſad accents, and what piercing cries,
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the ſkies,
And every ſtar upbraided with his death,
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She claſp'd her ſon: nor did the nymph, for this,
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliſs,
Him teaching, young, the harmleſs crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field,
As milk-white ſwans on ſtreams of ſilver ſhow,
And ſilvery ſtreams to grace the meadows flow,
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou, to thine, an ornament was born.

Since thou, delicious youth, didſt quit the plains,
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitleſs pains,
In labour'd furrows ſow the choice of wheat,
And, over empty ſheaves, in harveſt ſweat,
A thin increaſe our fleecy cattle yield;
And thorns, and thiſtles, overſpread the field.
How all our hope is fled like morning-dew!
And ſcarce did we thy dawn of manhood view.
Who now ſhall teach the pointed ſpear to throw,
To whirl the ſling, and bend the ſtubborn bow,
To toſs the quoit with ſteady aim, and far,
With ſinewy force, to pitch the maſſy bar?
Nor doſt thou live to bleſs thy mother's days,
To ſhare her triumphs, and to feel her praiſe,
In foreign realms to purchaſe early fame,
And add new glories to the Britiſh name:
O, peaceful may thy gentle ſpirit reſt!
The flowery turf lie light upon thy breaſt;
Nor ſhrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground.

Palin.

No more, miſtaken Angelot, complain:
Albino lives; and all our tears are vain:
Albino lives, and will for ever live,
With myriads mixt, who never know to grieve,
Who welcome every ſtranger-gueſt, nor fear
Ever to mourn his abſence with a tear,
Where cold, nor heat, nor irkſome toil annoy,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs, comes to damp their joy:
And now the royal nymph, who bore him, deigns
The land to rule, and ſhield the ſimple ſwains,
While, from above, propitious he looks down:
For this, the welkin does no longer frown.
Each planet ſhines, indulgent, from his ſphere,
And we renew our paſtimes with the year.
Hills, dales, and woods, with ſhrilling pipes reſound:
The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd,
And hail Albino bleſt: the valleys ring
Albino bleſt! O now, if ever, bring
The laurel green, the ſmelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowſlip, which in meadow grows,
The fountain-violet, and the garden-roſe,
Marſh-lilies ſweet, and tufts of daffodil,
With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill,
Whether in open ſun, or ſhade they blow,
More early ſome, and ſome unfolding ſlow,
Bring, in heap'd caniſters, of every kind,
As if the ſummer had with ſpring combin'd,
And nature, forward to aſſiſt your care,
Did not profuſion for Albino ſpare.
Your hamlets ſtrew, and every public way;
And conſecrate to mirth Albino's day:
Myſelf will laviſh all my little ſtore,
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there ſhall harp, young Myco ſing,
And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play:
To thee theſe honours, yearly, will we pay:
Nor fail to mention thee in all our cheer,
And teach our children the remembrance dear,
When we our ſhearing-feaſt, or harveſt keep,
To ſpeed the plough, and bleſs our thriving ſheep.
While willow kids, and herbage lambs purſue,
While bees love thyme, and locuſt ſip the dew,
While birds delight in woods their notes to ſtrain,
Thy name and ſweet memorial ſhall remain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

Myco.

THIS place may ſeem for ſhepherd's leiſure made,
So cloſe theſe elms inweave their lofty ſhade;
The twining woodbine, how it climbs; to breathe
Refreſhing ſweets around on all beneath;
The ground with graſs of cheerful green beſpread,
Through which the ſpringing flower up-rears the head:
Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daiſies white and endive blue,
And honeyſuckles of a purple dye,
Confuſion gay! bright waving to the eye.
Hark, how they warble in that brambly buſh,
The gaudy goldfinch, and the ſpeckly thruſh,
The linnet green, with others fram'd for ſkill,
And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:
In ſprightly concert how they all combine,
Us prompting in the various ſongs to join:
Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or voice more ſounding try:
And ſince our ewes have graz'd, what harms if they
Lie round and liſten while the lambkins play?

Argol.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit expreſs
Fair nature's bounties in the faireſt dreſs:
'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the ſky;
And rapture works the ſinger's fancy high.
Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees:
Ill ſuch incitements ſuit my rugged lay,
Befitting more the muſic thou canſt play.

Myco.

No ſkill of muſic kon I, ſimple ſwain,
No fine device thine ear to entertain:
Albeit ſome deal I pipe, rude though it be,
Sufficient to divert my ſheep and me;
Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath ſkill)
Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,
And fain would teach me on what ſounds to dwell,
And where to ſink a note, and where to ſwell.

Argol.

Ah, Myco! half my flock would I beſtow,
Should Colinet to me his cunning ſhow:
So trim his ſonnets are, I pr'ythee, ſwain,
Now give us, once, a ſample of his ſtrain:
For wonders of that lad the ſhepherds ſay,
How ſweet his pipe, how raviſhing his lay!
The ſweetneſs of his pipe and lay rehearſe;
And aſk what boon thou willeſt for thy verſe.

Myco.

Since then thou liſt, a mournful ſong I chooſe:
A mournful ſong relieves a mournful muſe,
Faſt by the river on a bank he ſate,
To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was ſhe,
Whoſe fate he wept, a faithful ſhepherd he.

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" O woeful day! O, day of woe to me!
" That ever I ſhould live ſuch day to ſee!
" That ever ſhe could die! O, moſt unkind,
" To go and leave thy Colinet behind!
" From blameleſs love, and plighted troth to go,
" And leave to Colinet a life of woe!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" And yet, why blame I her! Full fain would
" ſhe
" With dying arms have claſp'd herſelf to me:
" I claſp'd her too, but death prov'd over-ſtrong;
" Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong:
" Yet how ſhall I from vows and tears refrain?
" And why ſhould vows, alas! and tears be vain!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my
ſheep,
" Aid me, thou ever-flowing ſtream, to weep;
" Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to ſigh,
" And thou, my woe, aſſiſt me thou to die.
" Me flock nor ſtream, nor winds nor woes, re-
" lieve; [grieve."
" She lov'd through life, and I through life will

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
" With downcaſt look, and with diſhevell'd hair,
" All beat the breaſt, and wring your hands and
" moan:
" Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your own:
" Her hour, untimely, help me to lament;
" And let your hearts at Stella's name relent."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" In vain th' endearing luſtre of your eyes
" We doat upon, and you as vainly prize.
" What though your beauty bleſs the faithful
" ſwain,
" And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign;
" Yet in their prime does death the faireſt kill,
" As ruthleſs winds the tender bloſſoms ſpill."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Such Stella was; yet Stella might not live!
" And what could Colinet in ranſom give?
" Oh! if or muſic's voice, or beauty's charm,
" Could milden death, and ſtay his lifted arm,
" My pipe her face, her face my pipe might ſave,
" Redeeming each the other from the grave."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Ah, fruitleſs wiſh! fell death's uplifted arm
" Nor beauty can arreſt, nor muſic charm.
" Behold! oh, baleful ſight! ſee where ſhe lies!
" The budding flower, unkindly blaſted, dies:
" Nor, though I live the longeſt day to mourn,
" Will ſhe again to life and me return."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now,
" To weave freſh girlonds for thy Stella's brow?
" No girlond ever more may Stella wear,
" Nor ſee the flowery ſeaſon of the year,
" Nor dance, nor ſing, nor ever ſweetly ſmile,
" And every toil of Colinet beguile."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Throw by the lily, daffodil, and roſe;
" Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, com-
" poſe, [dreſs'd,
" With baneful hemlock, deadly night-ſhade,
" Such chaplets as may witneſs thine unreſt,
" If aught can witneſs: O, ye ſhepherds, tell,
" When I am dead, no ſhepherd lov'd ſo well!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Alack, my ſheep! and thou, dear ſpotleſs
" lamb,
" By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd thee from the dam,
" What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
" My whole employment, and my whole relief!
" Stray where ye liſt, ſome happier maſter try:
" Yet once, my flock, was none ſo bleſs'd as I."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" My pipe, whoſe ſoothing ſound could paſſion
" move,
" And firſt taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
" Shall ſilent hang upon this blaſted oak,
" Whence owls their dirges ſing, and ravens croak;
" Nor lark, nor linnet, ſhall my day delight,
" Nor nightingale ſuſpend my moan by night:
" The night and day ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd be,
" Alike to Stella, and alike to me."

No more, my pipe; here ceaſe we to expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

Thus, ſorrowing, did the gentle ſhepherd ſing,
And urge the valley with his wail to ring.
And now that ſheep-hook for my ſong I crave.

Argol.

Not this, but one more coſtly, ſhalt thou have,
Of ſeaſon'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month, and year;
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle torn'd,
And richly by the carver's ſkill adorn'd.
O, Colinet! how ſweet thy grief to hear!
How does thy verſe ſubdue the liſtening ear!
Soft falling as the ſtill, refreſhing dew,
To ſlake the drought, and herbage to renew:
Not half ſo ſweet the midnight winds, which move
In drowſy murmurs o'er the waving grove,
Nor valley brook, that, hid by alders, ſpeeds
O'er pebbles warbling, and through whiſpering
reeds,
Nor dropping waters, which from rocks diſtil,
And welly grots with tinkling echoes fill.
Thrice happy Colinet, who can relieve
Heart-anguiſh ſore, and make it ſweet to grieve!

And next to thee ſhall Myco bear the bell,
Who can repeat thy peerleſs ſong ſo well:
But ſee! the hills increaſing ſhadows caſt;
The ſun, I ween, is leaving us in haſte:
His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood,
And bluey miſts ariſe from yonder flood.

Myco.

Bid then our dogs to gather in the ſheep.
Good ſhepherds, with their flock, betimes ſhould ſleep.
Who late lies down, thou know'ſt, as late will riſe,
And, ſluggard-like, to noon-day ſnoring lies,
While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy paſtures bleat in vain.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

Cuddy.

In rural ſtrains we firſt our muſic try,
And baſhful into woods and thickets fly,
Miſtruſting then our ſkill; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch ſublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackville, ſhall engage
My riper verſe, and more aſpiring age.
The ſun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to ſhoot direct his burning ray;
When, with the flocks, their feeders ſought the ſhade
A venerable oak wide-ſpreading made:
What ſhould they do to paſs the loitering time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And ſome the joys, and ſome the pains of love,
And ſome to ſet out ſtrange adventures, ſtrove;
The trade of wizards ſome, and Merlin's ſkill,
And whence, to charms, ſuch empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy laſt (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

" When ſhepherds flouriſh'd in Eliza's reign,
" There liv'd in high repute a jolly ſwain,
" Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and ſing,
" And by his notes invite the lagging ſpring.
" He, as his cuſtom was, at leiſure laid
" In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,
" Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
" Enchantment ſweet as ever wont to hear
" Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
" Detain'd by muſic, hovering on in air:
" Drawn by the magic of th' enticing ſound,
" What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!
" The ſteerlings left their food; and creatures, wild
" By nature form'd, inſenſibly grew mild.
" He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
" And loads the neighbouring branches with his ſong:
" There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
" Jealous, and fond of praiſe, to liſten came:
" She turn'd her ear, and pauſe by pauſe, with
" Like echo to the ſhepherd's pipe reply'd. [pride.
" The ſhepherd heard with wonder, and again,
" To try her more, renew'd his various ſtrain:
" To all the various ſtrain ſhe plies her throat,
" And adds peculiar grace to every note.
" If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,
" Or briſker motion to his meaſure give,
" If gentle ſounds he modulate, or ſtrong,
" She, not a little vain, repeats the ſong:
" But ſo repeats, that Colin half-deſpis'd
" His pipe and ſkill, around the country priz'd:
" And ſweeteſt ſongſter of the winged kind,
" What thanks, ſaid he, what praiſes, ſhall I find
" To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
" The rudeneſs of my rural fife I ſee;
" From thee I learn no more to vaunt my ſkill:
" Aloft in air ſhe ſate, provoking ſtill
" The vanquiſh'd ſwain. Provok'd, at laſt, he ſtrove
" To ſhow the little miniſtrel of the grove
" His utmoſt powers, determin'd once to try
" How art, exerting, might with nature vie;
" For vie could none with either in their part,
" With her in nature, nor with him in art.
" He draws-in breath, his riſing breath to fill:
" Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to ſhrill.
" From note to note, in haſte, his fingers fly;
" Still more and more the numbers multiply:
" And now they trill, and now they fall and riſe,
" And ſwift and ſlow they change with ſweet ſurpriſe.
" Attentive ſhe doth ſcarce the ſounds retain;
" But to herſelf firſt cons the puzzling ſtrain,
" And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
" The ſhepherd in his own harmonious lays,
" Through every changing cadence runs at length,
" And adds in ſweetneſs what he wants in ſtrengh.
" Then Colin threw his fife diſgrac'd aſide,
" While ſhe loud triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
" Her mighty conqueſt, and within her throat
" Twirls many a wild unimitable note,
" To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
" A little harp of maple ware he bore:
" The little harp was old, but newly ſtrung,
" Which, uſual, he acroſs his ſhoulders hung.
" Now take, delightful bird, my laſt farewell,
" He ſaid, and learn from hence thou doſt excel
" No trivial artiſt: and anon he wound
" The murmuring ſtrings, and order'd every ſound:
" Then earneſt to his inſtrument he bends,
" And both hands pliant on the ſtrings extends:
" His touch the ſtrings obey, and various move,
" The lower anſwering ſtill to thoſe above:
" His fingers, reſtleſs, traverſe to and fro,
" As in purſuit of harmony they go:
" Now, lightly ſkimming, o'er the ſtrings they paſs,
" Like winds which gently bruſh the plying graſs,
" While melting airs ariſe at their command:
" And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
" He ſinks into the cords with ſolemn pace,
" To give the ſwelling tones a bolder grace;
" And now the left, and now by turns the right,
" Each other chaſe, harmonious both in flight;
" Then his whole fingers blend a ſwarm of ſounds,
" Till the ſweet tumult through the harp re-bounds,
" Ceaſe, Colin, ceaſe, thy rival ceaſe to vex;
" The mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:
" She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
" And hits imperfect accents here and there,
" And fain would utter forth ſome double tone,
" When ſoon ſhe falters, and can utter none:

" Again ſhe tries, and yet again ſhe fails;
" For ſtill the harp's united power prevails.
" Then Colin play'd again, and playing ſung:
" She, with the fatal love of glory ſtung,
" Hears all in pain: her heart begins to ſwell:
" In piteous notes ſhe ſighs, in notes which tell
" Her bitter anguiſh: he ſtill ſinging plies
" His limber joints: her ſorrows higher riſe.
" How ſhall ſhe bear a conqueror, who, before,
" No equal through the grove in muſic bore?
" She droops, ſhe hangs her flagging wings, ſhe
" moans,
" And fetcheth from her breaſt melodious groans.
" Oppreſs'd with grief at laſt too great to quell,
" Down, breathleſs, on the guilty harp ſhe fell.
" Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
" And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed,
" And broke his wicked ſtrings, and curs'd his
" ſkill;
" And beſt to make atonement for the ill,
" If, for ſuch ill, atonement might be made,
" He builds her tomb beneath a laurel ſhade,
" Then adds a verſe, and fets with flowers the
" ground,
" And makes a fence of winding oſiers round.
" A verſe and tomb is all I now can give;
" And here thy name at leaſt, he ſaid, ſhall live."
Thus ended Cuddy with the ſetting ſun,
And, by his tale, unenvy'd praiſes won.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

Geron.

How ſtill the ſea behold! how calm the ſky!
And how, in ſportive chaſe, the ſwallows fly!
My goats, ſecure from harm, ſmall tendance need,
While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed:
And here below, the banky ſhore along,
Your heifers graze. Now, then, to ſtrive in ſong
Prepare. As eldeſt, Hobbinol begin;
And Lanquet's rival verſe, by turns, come in.

Hobbinol.

Let others ſtake what choſen pledge they will,
Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with ſkill:
For praiſe we ſing, nor wager ought beſide;
And, whoſe the praiſe, let Geron's lips decide.

Lanquet.

To Geron I my voice, and ſkill, commend,
A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

Geron.

Begin then, boys; and vary well your ſong:
Begin; nor fear, from Geron's ſentence, wrong.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and ſweet of ſound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give: no mean reward,
If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd.

Hobbinol.

The ſnows are melted; and the kindly rain
Deſcends on every herb, and every grain:
Soft balmy breezes breathe along the ſky;
The bloomy ſeaſon of the year is nigh.

Lanquet.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love;
The turtle's moan is heard in every grove;
The paſtures change; the warbling linnets ſing:
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy ſpring.

Hobbinol.

When locuſts, in the ferny buſhes, cry,
When ravens pant, and ſnakes in caverns lie,
Graze then in woods, and quit the ſhadeleſs plain,
Elſe ſhall ye preſs the ſpungy teat in vain.

Lanquet.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye ſee
The ground beſtrew'd with fruits of every tree,
And ſtormy winds are heard, think winter near,
Nor truſt too far to the declining year.

Hobbinol.

Woe then, alack! befall the ſpendthrift ſwain,
When froſt, and ſnow, and hail, and ſleet, and rain,
By turns chaſtiſe him, while, through little care,
His ſheep, unſhelter'd, pine in nipping air.

Lanquet.

The lad of forecaſt then untroubled ſees
The white-bleak plains, and ſilvery froſted trees:
He ſends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cott the wintery blaſt defies.

Hobbinol.

Full fain, O bleſs'd Eliza! would I praiſe
Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days:
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the ſhepherd's friend:
Eternal bleſſings on his ſhade attend!

Lanquet.

Thrice happy ſhepherds now! for Dorſet loves
The country-muſe, and our reſounding groves,
While Anna reigns: O, ever may ſhe reign!
And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

Hobbinol.

I love, in ſecret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in ſecret all, repaid;
This coming night ſhe plights her troth to me:
Divine her name, and thou the victor be.

Lanquet.

Mild as the lamb, unharmful as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love:
How we in ſecret love, I ſhall not ſay:
Divine her name, and I give up the day.

Hobbinol.

Soft on a cowſlip-bank my love and I
Together lay; a brook ran murmuring by:
A thouſand tender things to me ſhe ſaid;
And I a thouſand tender things repaid.

Lanquet.

In ſummer-ſhade, behind the cocking hay,
What kind endearing words did ſhe not ſay!
Her lap, with apron deck'd, ſhe fondly ſpread,
And ſtrok'd my cheek, and lull'd my nodding
head.

Hobbinol.

Breathe ſoft, ye winds; ye waters, gently flow;
Shield her, ye trees; ye flowers, around her grow:
Ye ſwains, I beg you, paſs in ſilence by;
My love, in yonder vale, aſleep does lie.

Lanquet.

Once Delia ſlept on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
I ſmooth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
Condemn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs.

Hobbinol.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd, and at me glanc'd a ſidelong eye:
Then, cowering in the treacherous ſtream, ſhe
try'd
Her tempting form, yet ſtill in vain, to hide.

Lanquet.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the ſedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
Yet oft ſhe ſtopt, and oft ſhe turn'd her eye.

Hobbinol.

When firſt I ſaw (would I had never ſeen!)
Young Lyſet lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties, as ſhe mov'd,
Poor heedleſs wretch! at unawares I lov'd.

Lanquet.

When Lucy decks with flowers her ſwelling breaſt,
And on her elbow leans, diſſembling reſt,
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor paſture, worth my care I find.

Hobbinol.

Come, Roſalind, O come! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a deſert is to me.
Come, Roſalind, O come! My brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all, are thine.

Lanquet.

Come, Roſalind, O come! Here ſhady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flowers:
Come, Roſalind: Here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte the live-long time away.

Hobbinol.

In vain the ſeaſons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow:
No herb there is, no ſeaſon, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

Lanquet.

What profits me, that I in charms have ſkill,
And ghoſts, and goblins, order as I will,
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
The ſprite that breaks my quiet night and day?

Hobbinol.

O, that, like Colin, I had ſkill in rhymes,
To purchaſe credit with ſucceeding times!
Sweet Colin Clout! who never, yet, had peer;
Who ſung through all the ſeaſons of the year.

Lanquet.

Let me, like Merlin, ſing: his voice had power
To free th' 'clipſing moon at midnight hour:
And, as he ſung, the fairies with their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

Hobbinol.

Laſt eve of May did I not hear them ſing,
And ſee their dance? And I can ſhow the ring,
Where, hand in hand, they ſhift their feet ſo light:
The graſs ſprings greener from their tread by night.

Lanquet.

But haſt thou ſeen their king, in rich array,
Fam'd Oberon, with damaſk'd robe ſo gay,
And gemmy crown, by moonſhine ſparkling far,
And azure ſceptre, pointed with a ſtar?

Geron.

Here end your pleaſing ſtriſe. Both victors are;
And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and ſweet of ſound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
To each I give. A mizzling miſt deſcends
Adown that ſteepy rock: and this way tends
Yon diſtant rain. Shoreward the veſſels ſtrive;
And, ſee, the boys their flocks to ſhelter drive.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your muſic, gentle ſwains:
Saw ye Delia croſs the plains?
Every thicket, every grove,
Have I rang'd, to find my love:
A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,
Tell me only, doth ſhe live?
White her ſkin as mountain-ſnow;
In her cheek the roſes blow;
And her eye is brighter far
Than the beamy morning ſtar.
When her ruddy lip ye view,
'Tis a berry moiſt with dew:
And her breath, oh, 'tis a gale
Paſſing o'er a fragrant vale,
Paſſing, when a friendly ſhower
Freſhens every herb and flower.
Wide her boſom opens, gay
As the primroſe-dell in May,
Sweet as violet-borders growing
Over fountains ever-flowing.
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Do her auburn treſſes twine,
Gloſſy ringlets all behind
Streaming buxom to the wind,
When along the lawn ſhe bounds,
Light, as hind before the hounds:
And the youthful ring ſhe fires,
Hopeleſs in their fond deſires,
As her flitting feet advance,
Wanton in the winding dance.
Tell me, ſhepherds, have ye ſeen
My delight, my love, my queen?

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HAVE ye ſeen the morning ſky,
When the dawn prevails on high,
When, anon, ſome purple ray
Gives a ſample of the day,
When, anon, the lark, on wing,
Strives to ſoar, and ſtrains to ſing?
Have ye ſeen th' ethereal blue
Gently ſhedding ſilvery dew,
Spangling o'er the ſilent green,
While the nightingale, unſeen,
To the moon and ſtars, full bright,
Loneſome chants the hymn of night?
Have ye ſeen the broider'd May
All her ſcented bloom diſplay,
Breezes opening, every hour,
This, and that, expecting flower,
While the mingling birds prolong,
From each buſh, the vernal ſong?
Have ye ſeen the damaſk-roſe
Her unſully'd bluſh diſcloſe,
Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her gloſſy white, excell,
Or a garden vary'd o'er
With a thouſand glories more?
By the beauties theſe diſplay,
Morning, evening, night, or day,
By the pleaſures theſe excite,
Endleſs ſources of delight!
Judge, by them, the joys I find,
Since my Roſalind was kind,
Since ſhe did herſelf reſign
To my vows, for ever mine.

EPISTLES.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO DESIRED ME TO WRITE ON THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM. April 20. 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verſe but ſhow
What ſorrow I, what ſorrow all men, owe
To Naſſau's fate, or could I hope to raiſe
A ſong proportion'd to the monarch's praiſe,
Could I his merits, or my grief, expreſs,
And proper thoughts in proper language dreſs,
Unbidden ſhould my pious numbers flow,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe;
But, rather than profane his ſacred herſe
With languid praiſes, and unhallow'd verſe,
My ſighs I to myſelf in ſilence keep,
And inwardly, with ſecret anguiſh, weep.
Let Halifax's muſe (he knew him well)
His virtues to ſucceeding ages tell.
Let him, who ſung the warrior on the Boyne,
(Provoking Dorſet in the taſk to join)
And ſhow'd the hero more than man before,
Let him th' illuſtrious mortal's fate deplore;
A mournful theme: while, on raw pinions, I
But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly;
Content, if, to divert my vacant time,
I can but like ſome love-ſick fopling rhyme,
To ſome kind-hearted miſtreſs make my court,
And, like a modiſh wit, in ſonnet ſport.
Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
In poliſh'd ſentiments, and labour'd ſtrains:
To blooming Phyllis I a ſong compoſe,
And, for a rhyme, compare her to the roſe;
Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,
To paint the bluſh that does her cheek adorn,
And, when the whiteneſs of her ſkin I ſhow,
With ecſtaſy bethink myſelf of ſnow.
Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the cloſe,
And ſweeten into verſe inſipid proſe.
The country ſcraper, when he wakes his crowd,
And makes the tortur'd cat-gut ſqueak aloud,
Is often raviſh'd, and in tranſport loſt:
What more, my friend, can fam'd Corelli boaſt,
When harmony herſelf from heaven deſcends,
And on the artiſt's moving bow attends?
Why then, in making verſes, ſhould I ſtrain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?
Who ſtudy Horace and the Stagyrite?
Why cramp my dulneſs, and in torment write?
Let me tranſgreſs by nature, not by rule,
An artleſs idiot, not a ſtudy'd fool,
A Withers, not a Rymer, ſince I aim
At nothing leſs, in writing, than a name.

FROM HOLLAND, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1703.

FROM Utrecht's ſilent walks, by winds, I ſend
Health and kind wiſhes to my abſent friend,
The winter ſpent, I feel the poet's fire;
The ſun advances, and the fogs retire:
The genial ſpring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primroſe birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets aſſemble on the main:
The voice of war the gallant ſoldier wakes;
And weeping Cloë parting kiſſes takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle ſoars;
The Belgick lion in full fury roars.
Diſpatch the leader from your happy coaſt,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boaſt:
O, Marlborough, come! freſh laurels for thee riſe!
One conqueſt more; and Gallia will grow wiſe.
Old Lewis makes his laſt effort in arms,
And ſhows how, ev'n in age, ambition charms.
Mean while, my friend, the thickening ſhades I haunt,
And ſmooth canals, and after rivulets pant:
The ſmooth canals, alas, too lifeleſs ſhow!
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of eaſe, and fond of humble things,
Below the ſmiles, below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my ſtars, I prize the ſweets of life:
No ſleepleſs nights I count, no days of ſtrife.
Content to live, content to die, unknown,
Lord of myſelf, accountable to none;
I ſleep, I wake, I drink; I ſometimes love;
I read, I write; I ſettle, and I rove,
When, and where-e'er, I pleaſe: thus, every hour
Gives ſome new proof of my deſpotic power.
All, that I will, I can; but then, I will
As reaſon bids; I meditate no ill;
And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.
But this is all romance, a dream to you,
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
White ſtaffs and truncheons, ſeals and golden keys,
And ſilver ſtars, your towering genius pleaſe:
Such manly thoughts in every infant riſe
Who daily for ſome tinſel trinket cries.
Go on, and proſper, Sir: but firſt from me
Learn your own temper; for I know you free.
You can be honeſt; but you cannot bow,
And cringe, beneath a ſupercilious brow:
You cannot fawn; your ſtubborn ſoul recoils
At baſeneſs; and your blood too highly boils.
From nature ſome ſubmiſſive tempers have;
Unkind to you, ſhe form'd you not a ſlave.
A courtier muſt be ſupple, full of guile,
Muſt learn to praiſe, to flatter, to revile,
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give falſe hopes, and on falſe hopes depend.
Go on, and proſper, Sir; but learn to hide
Your upright ſpirit: 't will be conſtrued pride.
The ſplendour of a court is all a cheat;
You muſt be ſervile, ere you can be great.

Beſides, your ancient patrimony waſted,
Your youth run out, your ſchemes of grandeur blaſted,
You may perhaps retire in diſcontent,
And curſe your patron, for no ſtrange event:
The patron will his innocence proteſt,
And frown in earneſt, though he ſmil'd in jeſt.
Man, only for himſelf, can ſuffer wrong;
His reaſon fails, as his deſires grow ſtrong:
Hence, wanting ballaſt, and too full of ſail,
He lies expos'd to every riſing gale.
From youth to age, for happineſs he's bound:
He ſplits on rocks, or runs his bark aground,
Or, wide of land, a deſert ocean views,
And, to the laſt, the flying port purſues,
Yet, to the laſt, the port he does not gain,
And dying finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9. 1709.

From frozen climes, and endleſs tracts of ſnow,
From ſtreams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What preſent ſhall the muſe to Dorſet bring,
Or how, ſo near the pole, attempt to ſing?
The hoary winter here conceals from ſight
All pleaſing objects which to verſe invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and ſilver-ſtreaming floods,
By ſnow diſguis'd, in bright confuſion lie,
And with one dazzling waſte fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the ſpring,
No birds within the deſert region ſing.
The ſhips, unmov'd, the boiſterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vaſt leviathan wants room to play,
And ſpout his waters in the face of day.
The ſtarving wolves along the main ſea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a ſhining league the level main
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy plain:
There ſolid billows of enormous ſize,
Alps of green ice, in wild diſorder riſe.
And yet but lately have I ſeen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dreſs appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treaſur'd ſnow,
Or winds begun through hazy ſkies to blow,
At evening a keen eaſtern breeze aroſe,
And the deſcending rain unſully'd froze.
Soon as the ſilent ſhades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn diſclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich diſguiſe,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every ſhrub, and every blade of graſs,
And every pointed thorn, ſeem'd wrought in glaſs;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns ſhow,
While through the ice the crimſon berries glow.
The thick-ſprung reeds, which watery marſhes yield,
Seem'd poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag, in limpid currents, with ſurpriſe,
Sees cryſtal branches on his forehead riſe:
The ſpreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether ſhine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches ſhun,
Which wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.
When if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
The brittle foreſt into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempeſt bends,
And in a ſpangled ſhower the proſpect ends:
Or, if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country ſees,
And journeys ſad beneath the dropping trees:
Like ſome deluded peaſant, Merlin leads [meads.
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious
While here enchanted gardens to him riſe,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths purſue,
And, while he thinks the fair illuſion true,
The trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the tranſient viſion mourns.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

One of the Lords Juſtices appointed by his Majeſty. 1714.

Patron of verſe, O Halifax, attend,
The muſe's favourite, and the poet's friend!
Approaching joys my raviſh'd thoughts inſpire:
I feel the tranſport; and my ſoul's on fire!
Again Britannia rears her awful head:
Her fears, tranſplanted, to her foes are fled.
Again her ſtandard ſhe diſplays to view;
And all its faded lilies bloom anew.
Here beauteous liberty ſalutes the ſight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilſt here religion, ſmiling to the ſkies,
Her thanks expreſſes with up-lifted eyes.
But who advances next, with cheerful grace,
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn,
O property! O goddeſs, Engliſh born! [mourn!
Where haſt thou been? How did the wealthy
The bankrupt nation ſigh'd for thy return,
Doubtful for whom her ſpreading funds were fill'd,
Her fleets were freighted, and her fields were till'd.
No longer now ſhall France and Spain combin'd,
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom ſtrive,
And in your ſhatter'd bulwarks yet ſurvive,
For you alone, worthy a better fate,
O, may this happy change not come too late!
Great in your ſufferings!—But, my muſe, forbear;
Nor damp the public gladneſs with a tear:
The hero has receiv'd their juſt complaint,
Grac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-ſaint:
Like him, with pleaſure he foregoes his reſt,
And longs, like him, to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,
As juſtice calls, he draws or ſheaths the ſword:
Matur'd by thought, his councils ſhall prevail;
Nor ſhall his promiſe to his people fail.
He comes, deſire of nations! England's boaſt!
Already he has reach'd the Belgian coaſt.
Our great deliverer comes! and with him brings
A progeny of late ſucceeding kings,
Fated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes
In diſtant years, and fix the world's repoſe.
The floating ſquadrons now approach the ſhore;
Loſt in the ſailors ſhouts, the cannons roar:
And now, behold, the ſovereign of the main,
High on the deck, amidſt his ſhining train,

Surveys the ſubject flood. An eaſtern gale
Plays through the ſhrouds, and ſwells in every ſail:
Th' obſequious waves his new dominion own,
And gently waft their monarch to his throne.
Now the glad Britons hail their king to land,
Hang on the rocks, and blacken all the ſtrand:
But who the ſilent ecſtacy can ſhow,
The paſſions which in nobler boſoms glow?
Who can deſcribe the godlike patriot's zeal?
Or who, my Lord, your generous joys reveal?
Ordain'd, once more, our treaſure to advance,
Retrieve our trade, and ſink the pride of France,
Once more the long-neglected arts to raiſe,
And form each riſing genius for the bays.
Accept the preſent of a grateful ſong;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To Cam and Iſis ſhall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every muſe.
Ev'n now the vocal tribe in verſe conſpires;
And I already hear their ſounding lyres:
To them the mighty labour I reſign,
Give up the theme, and quit the tuneful nine.
So when the ſpring firſt ſmiles among the trees,
And bloſſoms open to the vernal breeze,
The watchful nightingale, with early ſtrains,
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains,
But drops her muſic, when the choir appear,
And liſtens to the concert of the year.

To the Honourable
JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.
Secretary at War, at Hampton-Court. 1717.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And cheerful friends your hours of leiſure ſhare;
O, Craggs, for candour known! indulge awhile
My fond deſire, and on my labour ſmile:
Nor count it always an abuſe of time
To read a long epiſtle, though in rhyme.
To you I ſend my thoughts, too long confin'd,
And eaſe the burden of a loyal mind;
To you my ſecret tranſports I diſcloſe,
That riſe above the languid powers of proſe.
But, while theſe artleſs numbers you peruſe,
Think 'tis my heart that dictates, not the muſe;
My heart, which at the name of Brunſwick fires,
And no aſſiſtance from the muſe requires.
Believe me, Sir, your breaſt that glows with zeal
For George's glory, and the public weal,
Your breaſt alone feels more pathetic heats;
Your heart alone with ſtronger raptures beats.
When I review the great examples paſt,
And to the former ages join the laſt;
Still, as the godlike heroes to me riſe,
In arms triumphant, and in councils wiſe,
The king is ever preſent to my mind;
His greatneſs, trac'd in every page, I find;
The Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
And under ſhining names on Brunſwick dwell.
At Hampton, while he breathes untainted air,
And ſeems, to vulgar eyes, devoid of care;
The Britiſh muſes to the grove will preſs,
Tune their melodious harps, and claim acceſs:
But let them not too raſhly touch the ſtrings;
For fate allows no ſolitude to kings.
Hail to the ſhades, where William, great in arms,
Retir'd from conqueſt to Maria's charms!
Where George ſerene in majeſty appears,
And plans the wonders of ſucceeding years!
There, as he walks, his comprehenſive mind
Surveys the globe, and takes-in all mankind:
While, Britain, for thy ſake he wears the crown;
To ſpread thy power as wide as his renown:
To make thee umpire of contending ſtates,
And poiſe the balance in the world's debates.
From the ſmooth terraſs, as he caſts his eye,
And ſees the current ſea-ward rolling by;
What ſchemes of commerce riſe in his deſigns!
Pledges of wealth! and unexhauſted mines!
Through winds and waves, beneath inclement ſkies,
Where ſtars, diſtinguiſh'd by no name, ariſe,
Our fleets ſhall undiſcover'd lands explore,
And a new people hear our cannons roar.
The rivers long in ancient ſtory fam'd,
Shall flow obſcure, nor with the Thames be nam'd:
Nor ſhall our poets copy from their praiſe,
And Nymphs and Syrens to thy honour raiſe;
Nor make thy banks with Tritons ſhells reſound,
Nor bind thy brows with humble ſedges round:
But paint thee as thou art; a peopled ſtream!
The boaſt of merchants, and the ſailors theme!
Whoſe ſwelling floods unnumber'd ſhips ſuſtain,
And pour whole towns afloat into the main;
While the redundant ſeas waft up freſh ſtores,
The daily tribute of far diſtant ſhores.
Back to thy ſource I try thy ſilver-train,
That gently winds through many a fertile plain;
Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,
And ſhepherds tune at eaſe the vocal reed:
Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,
And freighted veſſels down thy channel ride;
Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind,
Swell into ſtate, and foam before the wind:
Thy ſovereign's emblem! in thy courſe complete!
When I behold him in his lov'd retreat,
Where rural ſcenes their pleaſing views diſcloſe,
A ſylvan deity the monarch ſhows;
And if he only knew the woods to grace,
To rouſe the ſtag, and animate the chaſe:
While every hour, from thence, his high commands,
By ſpeedy winds convey'd to various lands,
Control affairs; give weighty councils birth;
And ſway the mighty rulers of the earth.
Were he, our iſland's glory and defence,
To reign unactive, at the world's expence;
Say, generous Craggs, who then ſhould quell the rage
Of lawleſs faction, and reform the age?
Who ſhould our dear-bought liberties maintain?
Who fix our leagues with France, and treat with Spain?
Who check the headſtrong Swede; aſſuage the Czar;
Secure our peace, and quench the northern war?
The Turk, though he the Chriſtian name defies,
And curſes Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
His cauſe to Brunſwick's equity dare truſt;
He knows him valiant, and concludes him juſt;
He knows his fame in early youth acquir'd,
When turban'd hoſts before his ſword retir'd.
Thus while his influence to the poles extends,
Or where the day begins, or where it ends,
Far from our coaſts he drives off all alarms;
And thoſe his power protects, his goodneſs charms.
Great in himſelf, and undebas'd with pride,
The ſovereign lays his regal ſtate aſide,

Pleas'd to appear without the bright diſguiſe
Of pomp; and on his inborn worth relies.
His ſubjects are his gueſts; and daily boaſt
The condeſcenſion of their royal hoſt:
While crowds ſucceeding crowds on either hand,
A raviſh'd multitude, admiring ſtand.
His manly wit and ſenſe, with candour join'd,
His ſpeech with every elegance refin'd,
His winning aſpect, his becoming eaſe,
Peculiar graces all, conſpire to pleaſe,
And render him to every heart approv'd;
The king reſpected, and the man belov'd.
Nor is his force of genius leſs admir'd,
When moſt from crowds or public cares retir'd,
The learned arts, by turns, admittance find;
At once unbend and exerciſe his mind.
The ſecret ſprings of nature, long conceal'd,
And to the wiſe by ſlow degrees reveal'd,
(Delightful ſearch!) his piercing thought deſcries.
Oft through the concave azure of the ſkies
His ſoul delights to range, a boundleſs ſpace,
Which myriads of celeſtial glories grace;
Worlds behind worlds, that deep in ether lie,
And ſuns, that twinkle to the diſtant eye;
Or call them ſtars, on which our fates depend,
And every ruling ſtar is Brunſwick's friend.
Soon as the riſing ſun ſhoots o'er the ſtream,
And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam,
You to the healthful chaſe attend the king,
And hear the foreſt with the huntſmen ring:
While in the duſty town we rule the ſtate,
And from Gazettes determine England's fate.
Our groundleſs hopes and groundleſs fears prevail,
As artful brokers comment on the mail.
Deafen'd with news, with politics oppreſt,
I wiſh the wind ne'er vary'd from the weſt.
Secure on George's councils I rely,
Give up my cares, and Britain's foes defy.
What though cabals are form'd, and impious [trigues?
leagues!
Though Rome fills Europe with her dark in-
His vigilance, on every ſtate intent,
Defeats their plots, and over-rules th' event.
But whither do my vain endeavours tend?
Or how ſhall I my raſh attempt defend?
Divided in my choice, from praiſe to praiſe
I rove, bewilder'd in the pleaſing maze.
One virtue mark'd, another I purſue,
While yet another riſes to my view.
Unequal to the taſk, too late I find
The growing theme unfiniſh'd left behind.
Thus, the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
At once the thymy treaſure of the plain,
Wide ranging on her little pinions toils,
And ſkims o'er hundred flowers for one ſhe ſpoils:
When, ſoon o'erburden'd with the fragrant weight,
Homeward ſhe flies, and flags beneath her freight.

.....

TO LORD CARTERET,

DEPARTING FROM DUBLIN, 1726.

Behold, Britannia waves her flag on high,
And calls forth breezes from the weſtern ſky,
And beckons to her ſon, and ſmooths the tide,
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide.
Go, Carteret, go; and, with thee, go along
The nation's bleſſing, and the poet's ſong;
Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
The kindeſt wiſhes, and ſincereſt praiſe.
Go, Carteret, go; and bear my joys away!
So ſpeaks the muſe, that fain would bid thee ſtay:
So ſpoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
Who gave his vows, and canvaſs, to the wind,
And promis'd to return; but never more
Did he return to the Threïcian ſhore.
Go, Carteret, go: alas, a tedious while
Haſt thou been abſent from thy mother-iſle;
A ſlow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
That feels perfections, and reſigns with pain
Enjoyments I may never know again.
O, while mine eye purſues the fading ſails,
Smooth roll, ye waves, and ſteady breathe, ye gales,
And urge with gentle ſpeed to Albion's ſtrand
A houſehold fair, amidſt the faireſt land,
In every decency of life polite,
A freight of virtues wafting from my ſight:
And now farewell, O early in renown,
Illuſtrious, young, in labours for the crown,
Juſt, and benign, and vigilant, in power,
And elegant to grace the vacant hour,
Relaxing ſweet! Nor are we born to wear
The brow ſtill bent, and give up life to care:
And thou, mild glory, beaming round his fame,
Franciſca, thou, his firſt, his lateſt flame;
Parent of bloom! In pleaſing arts refin'd!
Farewell, thy hand, and voice, in muſic join'd;
Thy courteſy, as ſoothing as thy ſong,
And ſmiles ſoft-gleaming on the courtly throng:
And thou, Chariſſa, haſtening to thy prime,
And Carolina, chiding tardy time,
Who every tender wiſh of mine divide,
For whom I ſtrung the lyre, once laid aſide,
Receive, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,
Thrive on in life! and, thriving on, excel!
Accept this token, Carteret, of good-will,
The voice of nature, undebas'd by ſkill,
Theſe parting numbers. cadenc'd by my grief,
For thy lov'd ſake, and for my own relief,
If aught, alas, thy abſence may relieve,
Now I am left, perhaps, through life to grieve:
Yet would I hope, yet hope I know not why,
(But hopes and wiſhes in one balance lie)
Thou may'ſt reviſit, with thy wonted ſmiles,
Ierna, iſland ſet around with iſles:
May the ſame heart, that bids thee now adieu,
Salute thy ſails, and hail thee into view!

ODES.

SONG.

From White's and Will's
To purling rills
The love-ſick Strephon flies;
There, full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town;
But, when in tears
The youth appears,
She meets him with a frown.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
Till angry Strephon ſwore,
And, what is ſtrange,
Though loth to change,
Would never ſee her more.

SONG.

Why we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the ſhaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madneſs 'tis in me to grieve:
Since her will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why:
Seek the riddle in the ſkies.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

May 25. 1724.

Little ſyren of the ſtage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart!
O, too pleaſing in thy ſtrain,
Hence, to ſouthern climes again;
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell,
To this iſland bid farewell;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE EARL OF HALIFAX.

June 30, 1718.

Weeping o'er thy ſacred urn,
Ever ſhall the muſes mourn;
Sadly ſhall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in woe.
Thouſands, nobly born, ſhall die,
Thouſands in oblivion lie,
Names, which leave no trace behind;
Like the clouds before the wind,
When the duſky ſhadows paſs,
Lightly fleeting o'er the graſs.
But, O Halifax, thy name
Shall th ough ages riſe in fame:
Sweet remembrance ſhalt thou find,
Sweet in every noble mind.

To the Honourable MISS CARTERET.

Bloom of beauty, early flower
Of the blifsful bridal bower,
Thou, thy parents pride and care,
Faireſt offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel ſeeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Doſt thy very ſex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear,
How to ſpeak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dangerous to be ſeen)
How ſhall I, or ſhall the muſe,
Language of reſemblance chooſe?
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of ſweetneſs, full of grace!
By the next returning ſpring,
When again the linnets ſing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty ſportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year in freſh attire,
Welcomes every gay deſire,
Blooming on ſhalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,
Fairer ſight than orchard ſhows,
Which beſide a river blows:
Yet, ere gather ſpring I ſee,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, ſtill improves thy prime;
And, beneath the vernal ſkies,
Yet a verdure more ſmiles riſe,
Ere thy beauties, kindling flow,
In each finiſh'd feature glow,
Ere, in ſmiles and in diſdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Abſolute, to love or kill,
Fond beholders, at thy will,
Then the taper-moulded waſte
With a span of ribbon brac'd,
And the ſwell of either breaſt,
And the wide high-vaulted cheſt,

And the neck ſo white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the ſtore of charms which ſhine
Above, in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow ſpace
To complete the deſperate face,
Theſe alluring powers, and more,
Shall enamour'd youths adore;
Theſe, and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aching heart ſhall praiſe.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happieſt he of happy men,
Who, in courtſhip greatly ſped,
Wins the damſel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day:
For the dark-brown duſk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the ſloping ſhoulders flowing.
And the ſmoothly pencil'd brow,
Mild to him in every vow,
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinneſt bloſſoms blow,
And the hazely lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,
And that cheek of health, o'erſpread
With ſoft-blended white and red,
And the witching ſmiles which break
Round thoſe lips, which ſweetly ſpeak,
And thy gentleneſs of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind,
Theſe endowments, heavenly dower!
Brought him in the promis'd hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him ſtill to woo thee.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM EARL COWPER. 1723.

STROPHE I.

Wake the Britiſh harp again,
To a ſad melodious ſtrain;
Wake the harp, whoſe every ſtring,
When Halifax reſign'd his breath,
Accurs'd inexorable death;
For I, once more, muſt in affliction ſing,
One ſong of ſorrow more beſtow,
The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe:
Yet, O my ſoul, if aught may bring relief,
Full many, grieving, ſhall applaud thy grief,
The pious verſe, that Cowper does deplore,
Whom all the boaſted powers of verſe cannot reſtore.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to her, his fondeſt care,
Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
Nor his country ever dear,
From her, from them, from Britain torn:
With her, with them, does Britain mourn:
His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
And, intermingling, ſighs with praiſe,
All good men wiſh the number of his days
Had been to him twice told; and twice again,
In that ſeal'd book, where all things which pertain
To mortal man, whatever things befall,
Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall;

EPODE I.

Where every loſs, and every gain,
Where every grief, and every joy,
Every pleaſure, every pain,
Each bitter, and each ſweet alloy,
To us uncertain though they flow,
Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
Too wretched ſtate, did man foreknow
Thoſe ills, which man cannot remove!
Vain is wiſdom for preventing
What the wiſeſt live lamenting.

STROPHE II.

Hither ſent, who knows the day
When he ſhall be call'd away?
Various is the term aſſign'd:
An hour, a day, ſome months, or years,
The breathing ſoul on earth appears;
But, through the ſwift ſucceſſion of mankind,
Swarm after ſwarm! a buſy race,
The ſtrength of cities, or of courts the grace,
Or who in camps delight, or who abide
Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,
Of them, though many here long lingering dwell,
And ſee their children's children, yet, how few excel!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come, and hence we go,
Sadows paſſing to and fro,
Seen a while, forgotten ſoon:
But thou, to fair diſtinction born,
Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn
Of life, ſtill brightening to the pitch of noon,
Scarce verging to the ſteep decline,
Hence ſummon'd while thy virtues radiant ſhine,
Thou ſingled out the foſterling of fame,
Secure of praiſe, nor leſs ſecur'd from blame,
Shalt be remember'd with a fond applauſe,
So long as Britons own the ſame indulgent laws.

EPODE II.

United in one public weal,
Rejoicing in one freedom, all,
Cowper's hand apply'd the ſeal,
And levell'd the partition-wall.
The choſen ſeeds of great events
Are thinly ſown, and ſlowly riſe:
And time the harveſt-ſcythe preſents,
In ſeaſon, to the good and wiſe:
Hymning to the harp my ſtory,
Fain would I record his glory.

STROPHE III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
Truth unleaven'd, pure of art,
Like the hallow'd bard of yore,
Whe chaunted in authentic rhymes
The worthies of the good old times,
Ere living vice in verſe was varniſh'd o'er,
And virtue died without a ſong.
Support of friendleſs right, to powerful wrong
A check, behold him in the judgment ſeat!
Twice, there, approv'd, in righteouſneſs complete:
In juſt awards, how gracious! tempering law
With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Hear him ſpeaking, and you hear
Reaſon tuneful to the ear!

Lips with thymy language ſweet,
Diſtilling on the hearer's mind
The balm of wiſdom, ſpeech refin'd,
Celeſtial gifts!—Oh, when the nobles meet,
When next, thou ſea-ſurrounded land,
Thy nobles meet at Brunſwick's high command.
In vain they ſhall the charmer's voice deſire!
In vain thoſe lips of eloquence require!
That mild conviction which the ſoul aſſails
By ſoft alarms, and with a gentle force prevails!

EPODE III.

To ſuch perſuaſion, willing yields
The liberal mind, in freedom train'd.
Freedom, which, in crimſon'd fields,
By hardy toil our father's gain'd,
Inheritance of long deſcent!
The ſacred pledge ſo dearly priz'd
By that bleſs'd ſpirit we lament:
Grief-eaſing lays, by grief deviſ'd,
Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,
Sooth the ſorrows to him owing!

STROPHE IV.

Early on his growing heir,
Stamp what time may not impair,
As he grows, that coming years,
Or youthful pleaſures, or the vain
Gigantic phantom of the brain
Ambition, breeding monſtrous hopes and fears,
Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,
Ennobling manhood, flower of life full-blown,
May never wear the boſom-image faint.
O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
The lively lovely ſemblance of his ſire,
A model to his ſon! that ages may admire!

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
Still renewing in the race,
Once thy father's pleaſing hope,
Thy widow'd mother's comfort now,
No fuller bliſs does heaven allow,
While we behold yon wide-ſpread azure cope,
With burning ſtars thick-luſter'd o'er,
Than to enjoy, and to deſerve, a ſtore
Of treaſur'd fame, by blameleſs deeds acquir'd
By all unenvied, and by all deſired,
Free-gift of men, the tribute of good-will!
Rich in this patrimony fair, increaſe it ſtill.

EPODE IV.

The fullneſs of content remains
Above the yet unfathom'd ſkies,
Where, triumphant, gladneſs reigns,
Where wiſhes ceaſe, and pleaſures riſe
Beyond all wiſh; where bitter tears
For dying friends are never ſhed;
Where ſighing, none deſire paſs'd years:
Recall'd or wiſh'd the future fled.
Mournful meaſures, O, relieve me!
Sweet remembrance! ceaſe to grieve me.

STROPHE V.

He the robe of juſtice wore
Sully'd not, as heretofore,
When the magiſtrate was ſought
With yearly gifts. Of what avail
Are guilty hoards? for life is frail;
And we are judg'd where favour is not bought,
By him, forewarn'd thou frantic iſle,
How did the thirſt of gold thy ſons beguile!
Beneath the ſpecious ruin thouſands groan'd,
By him, alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd
Where ſhall his like, on earth, be found? oh, when
Shall I, once more, behold the moſt belov'd of men!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aſpect! winning mind!
Soul and body aptly join'd!
Searching thought, engaging wit,
Enabled to inſtruct, or pleaſe,
Uniting dignity with eaſe,
By nature form'd for every purpoſe fit,
Endearing excellence!——O, why
Is ſuch perfection born, and born to die?
Or do ſuch rare endowments ſtill ſurvive,
As plants remov'd to milder regions thrive,
In one eternal ſpring? and we bewail
The parting ſoul, new-born to life that cannot fail.

EPODE V.

Where ſacred friendſhip, plighted love,
Parental joys, unmix'd with care,
Through perpetual time improve?
Or do the deathleſs bleſſed ſhare
Sublimer raptures, unreveal'd,
Beyond or weak conception pure?
But, while thoſe glories lie conceal'd,
The righteous count the promiſe ſure,
Trials to the laſt enduring,
To the laſt their hope ſecuring.

To the Right Honourable.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

May 1. 1723.

Who, much diſtinguiſh'd, yet is bleſs'd!
Who, dignified above the reſt,
Does, ſtill, unenvied live?
Not to the man whoſe wealth abounds,
Nor to the man whoſe fame reſounds,
Does heaven ſuch favour give,
Nor to the noble-born, nor to the ſtrong,
Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young,

Whom then, ſecure of happineſs,
Does every eye beholding bleſs,
And every tongue commend?
Him, Pultney, who, poſſeſſing ſtore,
Is not ſolicitous of more,
Who, to mankind a friend,
Nor envies, nor is envied by, the great,
Polite in courts, polite in his retreat.

Whoſe unambitious, active ſoul,
Attends the welfare of the whole,
When public ſtorms ariſe,
And in the calm a thouſand ways
Diverſifies his nights and days,
Still elegantly wiſe;
While books, each morn, the lightſome ſoul invite,
And friends, with ſeaſon'd mirth, improve the night.

In him do men no blemiſh ſee;
And factions in his praiſe agree,
When moſt they vex the ſtate:
Diſtinguiſh'd favourite of the ſkies,
Belov'd he lives, lamented dies:
Yet, ſhall he not to fate

Submit entire; the reſcuing muſe ſhall ſave
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

Too frail is braſs and poliſh'd ſtone;
Perpetual fame the muſe alone
On merit can beſtow:
Yet, muſt the time-enduring ſong,
The verſe unrivall'd by the throng,
From nature's bounty flow:
Th' ungifted tribe in metre paſs away,
Oblivion's ſport, the poets of a day.

What laws ſhall o'er the ode preſide?
In vain would art preſume to guide
The chariot-wheels of praiſe,
When fancy, driving, ranges free,
Freſh flowers ſelecting, like the bee,
And regularly ſtrays,
While nature does, diſdaining aids of ſkill,
The mind with thought, her ears with numbers, fill.

As when the Theban hymns divine
Make proud Olympian victors ſhine
In an eternal blaze,
The varying meaſures, ever new,
Unbeaten tracts of fame purſue,
While through the glorious maze
The poet leads his heroes to renown,
And weaves in verſe a never-fading crown.

TO MISS MARGARET PULTENEY,

DAUGHTER OF DANIEL PULTENY, ESQ. IN THE NURSERY.

April 27. 1727.

DIMPLY damſel, ſweetly ſmiling,
All careſſing, none beguiling,
Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
Every charm to nature owing,
This and that new thing admiring,
Much of this and that inquiring,
Knowledge by degrees attaining,
Day by day ſome virtue gaining,
Ten years hence, when I leave chimings
Beardleſs poets, fondly rhyming,
(Feſcued now, perhaps in ſpelling,)
On thy riper beauties dwelling,
Shall accuſe each killing feature
Of the cruel, charming, creature,
Whom I knew complying, willing,
Tender, and averſe from killing.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,

IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS.

May 1. 1724.

TIMELY bloſſom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their ſolicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, ſtill at eaſe,
Pleaſing, without ſkill to pleaſe,
Little goſſip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneleſs ſong,
Laviſh of a heedleſs tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to bluſh,
Like the linnet in the buſh.
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her ſlender throat
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy ſpray,
Wearied then, and glad of reſt,
Like the linnet in the neſt.
This thy preſent happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleaſures, other cares,
Ever-buſy time prepares;
And thou ſhalt in thy daughter ſee,
This picture, once, reſembled thee.

To the Right Honourable ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQ.

June 15. 1724.

VOTARY to public zeal,
Miniſter of England's weal,
Have you leiſure for a ſong,
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and ſweet in every meaſure,
Tell me, Walpole, have you leiſure?
Nothing lofty will I ſing,
Nothing of the favourite king,
Something, rather, ſung with eaſe,
Simply elegant to pleaſe.
Fairy virgin, Britiſh muſe,
Some unhear'd-of ſtory chooſe
Chooſe the glory of the ſwain,
Gifted with a magic ſtrain,
Swaging grief of every kind,
Healing, with a verſe, the mind:
To him came a man of power,
To him, in a cheerleſs hour;
When the ſwains by Druids taught,
Soon divin'd his irkſome thought,
Soon the maple harp he ſtrung,
Soon with ſilver accent, ſung.
" Steerer of a mighty realm,
" Pilot waking o'er the helm,
" Bleſſing of thy native ſoil,
" Weary of a thankleſs toil,
" Caſt repining thought behind,
" Give thy trouble to the wind.
" Mortal, deſtin'd to excel,
" Bear the blame of doing well,
" Like the worthies great of old,
" In the liſt of fame enroll'd.
" What, though titles thou decline?
" Still the more thy virtues ſhine.
" Envy, with her ſerpent eye,
" Marks each praiſe that ſoars on high.
" To thy lot reſign thy will:
" Every good is mix'd with ill.
" See, the white unblemiſh'd roſe
" On a thorny bramble blows:
" See, the torrent pouring rain
" Does the limpid fountain ſtain:
" See, the giver of the day
" Urgeth on, through clouds, his way:

" Nothing is entirely bleſs'd;
" Envy does thy worth atteſt.
" Pleaſing viſions, at command,
" Anſwer to my voice and hand;
" Quick, the bliſsful ſcene prepare,
" Sooth the patriot's heavy care:
" Viſions, cheering to the ſight,
" Give him earneſt of delight.
" Wiſe diſpoſer of affairs,
" View the end of all thy cares!
" Forward caſt thy raviſh'd eyes,
" See the gladdening harveſt riſe:
" Lo, the people reap thy pain!
" Thine the labour, theirs the gain.
" Yonder turn a while thy view,
" Turn thee to yon ſpreading yew,
" Once the gloomy tree of fate,
" Once the plighted virgin's hate:
" Now, no longer does it grow,
" Parent of the warring bow:
" See, beneath the guiltleſs ſhade,
" Peaſants ſhape the plow and ſpade,
" Reſcued, ever, from the fear
" Of the whiſtling ſhaft and ſpear.
" Lo, where plenty comes, with peace!
" Hear the breath of murmur ceaſe:
" See, at laſt, unclouded days;
" Hear, at laſt, unenvied praiſe.
" Nothing ſhall thy ſoul moleſt;
" Labour is the price of reſt.
" Mortal, deſtin'd to excel,
" Bleſs the toil of doing well!"

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET,

IN THE SMALL-POX.

Dublin, July 31. 1725.

POWER o'er every power ſupreme,
Thou the poets hallow'd theme,
From thy mercy ſeat on high,
Hear my numbers, hear my cry,
Breather of all vital breath,
Arbiter of life and death,
Oh, preſerve this innocence,
Yet unconſcious of offence,
Yet in life and virtue growing,
Yet no debt to nature owing.
Thou who giv'ſt angelic grace
To the blooming virgin face,
Let the fell diſeaſe not blight
What thou mad'ſt for man's delight:
O'er her features let it paſs
Like the breeze o'er ſpringing graſs,
Gentle as refreſhing ſhowers
Sprinkled over opening flowers.
O, let years alone diminiſh
Beauties thou waſt pleas'd to finiſh.
To the pious parents give
That the darling fair may live:
Turn to bleſſings all their care,
Save their fondneſs from deſpair.
Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins;
Soften every throb of anguiſh,
Suffer not her ſtrength to languiſh:
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.

TO MISS GEORGIANA,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO LORD CARTERET.

Auguſt 10. 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
Minature of beauty's queen,
Numbering years, a ſcanty nine,
Stealing hearts without deſign,
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuſe in ſmiles,
Yet a novice in diſdain,
Pleaſure giving without pain,
Still careſſing, ſtill careſs'd,
Thou and all thy lovers bleſs'd,
Never teiz'd and never teizing,
O, for ever pleas'd and pleaſing!
Hither, Britiſh muſe of mine,
Hither all the Grecian nine,
With the lovely graces three,
And your promis'd nurſeling ſee:
Figure on her waxen mind
Images of life refin'd;
Make it, as a garden gay,
Every bud of thought diſplay,
Till, improving year by year,
The whole culture ſhall appear,
Voice, and ſpeech, and action, riſing,
All to human ſenſe ſurpriſing.
Is the ſilken web ſo thin
As the texture of her ſkin?
Can the lily and the roſe
Such unſully'd hue diſcloſe!
Are the violets ſo blue
As her veins expos'd to view?
Do the ſtars, in wint'ry ſky,
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding ſweeter than her note?
Who e'er knew the like before thee?
They who knew the nymph that bare thee,
From thy paſtime and thy toys,
From thy harmleſs cares and joys,
Give me now a moment's time:
When thou ſhalt attain thy prime,
And thy boſom feel deſire,
Love the likeneſs of thy ſire,
One ordain'd, through life, to prove
Still thy glory ſtill thy love.
Like thy ſiſter, and like thee,
Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:
Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
Trace the pattern ſet before thee,
Where the Liffy meets the main,
Has thy ſiſter heard my ſtrain:
From the Liffy to the Thames,
Miniſtrel echoes ſing their names,
Wafting to the willing ear
Many a cadence ſweet to hear,
Smooth as gently breathing gales
O'er the ocean and the vales,
While the veſſel calmly glides
O'er the level glaſſy tides,
While the ſummer flowersare ſpringing,
And the new-fledg'd birds are ſinging.

EPIGRAMS AND SHORT POEMS.

UPON THE TOASTS OF THE HANOVER CLUB.

The reigning fair on poliſh'd cryſtal ſhine,
Enrich our glaſſes, and improve our wine.
The favourite names we to our lips apply,
Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecſtacy.
While theſe, the choſen beauties of our iſle,
Propitious on the cauſe of freedom ſmile,
The raſh pretender's hopes we may deſpiſe,
And truſt Britannia's ſafety to their eyes.

ON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSIC *.

How ill the motion with the muſic ſuits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and ſo danc'd the brutes.

EPIGRAM.

George came to the crown without ſtriking a blow:
Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do ſo!

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, WHAT IS THOUGHT?

The hermit's ſolace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven, or his hell,
The madman's ſport, the wiſe man's pain.

TO MR. ADDISON ON CATO.

The mind to virtue is by verſe ſubdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good:
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inſpir'd,
Her free-born ſons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd cauſe,
Inflam'd the ſenate and upheld her laws,
Your manly ſcenes had liberty reſtor'd,
And given the juſt ſucceſs to Cato's ſword,
O'er Cæſar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the muſe triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

A FRAGMENT.

In ſearch of wiſdom far from wit I fly:
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whoſe bewitching arms our early time
We waſte, and vigour of our youthful prime:
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
We caſt the miſtreſs off to take a wife,
And, wed to wiſdom, lead a happy life.

The following Epitaph on the monument of my kinſwoman, was written at the requeſt of her huſband.

Within the burial-vault near this marble, lieth the body of Penelope, youngeſt daughter (and coheir with her ſiſter Elizabeth) to Robert Philips of Newton-Regis, in the county of Warwick, Eſq. She died in her ſix and thirtieth year, on the 25th day of January, 1726.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION,

(Appealing yet to teſtimonies manifold)
Recall to every ſurviving witneſs,
And, for enſample, record to poſterity,
Her endowments,
Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,
Or to the aſſiduous leſſons of education,
Or to the ſilent admonitions of reflection.
To her parents, huſband, children,
In no care, no duty, no affection,
Was ſhe wanting,
Reſerving, deſerving, winning,
From them reſpectively,
Equal endearments.
Of countenance and of diſpoſition,
Open, cheerful, modeſt;
Of behaviour, humble, courteous, eaſy;
Of ſpeech, affable, free, diſcreet;
In civilities, punctual, ſincere, and elegant;
Prone to offices of kindneſs and good will;
To enmity a ſtranger;
Forward, earneſt, impatient,
To ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
To comfort the afflicted;
Solicitous for the poor,
And rich in ſtore of alms:
Whereby ſhe became
The delight, the love, the bleſſing, of all.
In her houſehold flouriſhed
Cheerfulneſs, due order, thrift, and plenty.
In the cloſet retired,
In the temple public.
Morning and evening did ſhe worſhip;
By inſtruction, by example,
Sedulous to nurture her children in godlineſs:
So prevalent her love to them,
Viſited with that ſore diſeaſe,
Which too often kills or blites
The mother's fondeſt hopes,
That (regardleſs of ſelf-preſervation)
In pious watching over their lives
She, catching the infection, loſt her own,
Triumphing, through reſignation,
Over ſickneſs, pain, anguiſh, agony,
And (encompaſſed with tears and lamentations)
Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

To the Memory, ever dear and precious, of his moſt affectionate, moſt beloved, and moſt deſerving Wife, is this monument raiſed by Henry Vernon, of Hilton, in the county of Stafford, Eſquire. To him ſhe bore five Sons and two Daughters, all ſurviving, ſaving Elizabeth; who dying, in her ſecond year, of the ſmall-pox, ſome few days before, reſteth by her mother.

THE FABLE OF THULE, UNFINISHED.

Far northward as the Dane extends his ſway,
Where the ſun glances but a ſloping ray,
Beneath the ſharpeſt rigour of the ſkies,
Diſdainful Thule's wintery iſland lies.
Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
Shall virgins learn from my inſtructive ſong;
And every youth, who lingers in deſpair,
By thy example warn the cruel fair.

* *This epigram is claimed by Mr. Jeffreys, and is printed in his Works.*

In Cyprus, ſacred to the queen of love,
(Where ſtands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
Was Thule born, uncertain how. 'Tis ſaid
Once Venus won Adonis to her bed,
And pregnant grew, the birth to chance aſſign'd
In woods, and foſter'd by the feather'd kind.
With flowers ſome ſtrew the helpleſs orphan round,
With downy moſs ſome ſpread the carpet ground,
Some ripen'd fruits, ſome fragrant honey, bring;
And ſome fetch water from the running ſpring;
While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
Their infant-charge, and tune her tender ear.
Soon as the ſun forſakes the evening ſkies,
And hid in ſhades the gloomy foreſt lies,
The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
And lull her, with their gentler ſtrains, to ſleep.
This the prevailing rumour: as ſhe grew,
No dubious tokens ſpoke the rumour true.
In every forming feature might be ſeen
Some bright reſemblance of the Cyprian queen:
Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
In all her early paſſion of the chaſe:
And when, on ſpringing flowers reclin'd, ſhe ſung,
The birds upon the bending branches hung,
While, warbling, ſhe expreſs'd their various ſtrains,
And, at a diſtance, charm'd the liſtening ſwains:
So ſweet her voice reſounding through the wood,
They thought the nymph ſome Syren from the flood.
Half human thus by lineage, half divine,
In foreſts did the lonely beauty ſhine,
Like woodland flowers, which paint the deſert glades,
And waſte their ſweets in unfrequented ſhades.
No human face ſhe ſaw, and rarely ſeen
By human face: a ſolitary queen
She rul'd, and rang'd, her ſhady empire round.
No horn the ſilent huntreſs bears; no hound,
With noiſy cry, diſturbs her ſolemn chaſe,
Swift, as the bounding ſtag, ſhe wings her pace;
And, bend whene'er ſhe will her ebon bow,
A ſpeedy death arreſts the flying foe.
The bow the hunting goddeſs firſt ſupply'd,
And ivory quiver croſs her ſhoulder tied.
Th' imperious queen of heaven, with jealous eyes,
Beholds the blooming virgin from the ſkies,
At once admires, and dreads her glowing charms,
And ſees the god already in her arms:
In vain, ſhe finds, her bitter tongue reproves
His broken vows, and his clandeſtine loves:
Jove ſtill continues frail: and all in vain
Does Thule in obſcureſt ſhades remain,
While Maja's ſon, the thunderer's winged ſpy,
Informs him where the lurking beauties lie.
What ſure expedient then ſhall Juno find,
To calm her fears, and eaſe her boding mind?
Delays to jealous minds a torment prove;
And Thule ripens every day for love.
She mounts her car, and ſhakes the ſilken reins;
The harneſs'd peacocks ſpread their painted trains,
And ſmooth their gloſſy necks againſt the ſun:
The wheels along the level azure run.
Eaſtward the goddeſs guides her gaudy team,
And perfects, as ſhe rides, her forming ſcheme.
The various orbs now paſs'd, adown the ſteep
Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep
In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
Hang pois'd in air, to bleſs the iſles with rain:
And here the panting birds repoſe a while:
Nor ſo their queen; ſhe gains the Cyprian iſle,
By ſpeedy zephyrs borne in thicken'd air:
Unſeen ſhe ſeeks, unſeen ſhe finds, the fair.
Now o'er the mountain tops the riſing ſun
Shot purple rays: now Thule had begun
Her morning chaſe, and printed in the dews
Her fleeting ſteps. The goddeſs now purſues,
Now overtakes her in the full career,
And flings a javelin at the flying deer.
Amaz'd, the virgin huntreſs turns her eyes;
When Juno, (now Diana in diſguiſe,)
Let no vain terrors diſcompoſe thy mind;
My ſecond viſit, like my firſt, is kind.
Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
Did not I give?—Here ſudden bluſhes glow
On Thule's cheeks: her buſy eyes ſurvey
The dreſs, the creſcent; and her doubts give way.
I own thee, goddeſs bright, the nymph replies,
Goddeſs, I own thee, and thy favours prize:
Goddeſs of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
Freſh in my mind thine image ſtill remains.
Then Juno, beauteous ranger of the grove,
My darling care, fair object of my love,
Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIRST OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTORIOUS IN THE HORSE-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet praiſes Hiero for his juſtice, his wiſdom, and his ſkill in muſic. He likewiſe celebrates the horſe that won the race, and the place where the Olympic games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponnerus) he takes an occaſion of digreſſing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he ſets forth the felicity of the Olympian victors. Then he concludes, by praying to the gods to preſerve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admoniſhing him to moderation of mind, in his high ſtation; and, laſtly, glories in his own excellency in compoſitions of this kind.

STROPHE I. *Meaſures* 18.

EACH element to water yields;
And gold like blazing fire by night,
Amidſt the ſtores of wealth that builds
The mind aloft, is eminently bright;

But if, my ſoul, with fond deſire
To ſing of games thou doſt aſpire,
As thou by day canſt not deſcry,
Through all the liquid waſte of ſky,
One burniſh'd ſtar, that like the ſun does glow,
And cheriſh every thing below,
So, my ſweet ſoul, no toil divine,
In ſong, does like th' Olympian ſhine:
Hence do the mighty poets raiſe
A hymn, of every tongue the praiſe,
The ſon of Saturn to reſound,
When far, from every land, they come
To viſit Hiero's regal dome,
Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found:

ANTISTROPHE I. *Meaſures* 18.
Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains,
He governs, righteous in his power,
And, all excelling while he reigns,
From every lovely virtue crops the flower:
In muſic, bloſſom of delight,
Divinely ſkill'd, he cheers the night,
As we are wont, when friends deſign
To feaſt and wanton o'er their wine:
But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,
If Piſa, city of renown,
And if the fleet victorious ſteed,
The boaſt of his unrivall'd breed,
Heart-pleaſing raptures did inſpire,
And warm thy breaſt with ſacred fire,
When late, on Alpheus' crowded ſhore,
Forth-ſpringing quick, each nerve he ſtrain'd,
The warning of the ſpur diſdain'd,
And ſwift to victory his maſter bore.

EPODE I. *Meaſures* 16.
The lov'd Syracuſian, the prince of the courſe,
The king, who delights in the ſpeed of the horſe:
Great his glory, great his fame,
Throughout the land where Lydian Pelops came
To plant his men, a choſen race,
A land the ocean does embrace,
Pelops, whom Neptune, ruler of the main,
Was known to love, when into life again,
From the reviving cauldron warm,
Clotho produc'd him whole, his ſhoulder-blade,
And its firm brawn, of ſhining ivory made:
But truth, unvarniſh'd, oft neglected lies,
When fabled tales, invented to ſurpriſe,
In miracles mighty, have power to charm,
Where fictions, happily combin'd,
Deceive and captivate the mind.

STROPHE II. *Meaſures* 18.
Thus Poëſy, harmonious ſpell,
The ſource of pleaſures ever new,
With dignity does wonders tell;
And we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
Day, after day, brings truth to light,
Unveil'd, and manifeſt to ſight:
But, of the bleſs'd, thoſe lips which name
Foul deeds aloud, ſhall ſuffer blame.
Thee, ſon of Tantalus, my faithful ſong
Shall vindicate from every wrong,
The glories of thy houſe reſtore,
And baffle falſehoods told before:
Now, in his turn, thy ſire prepar'd
A banquet: when the gods appear'd
At Sipylus, his ſweet abode,
To grace the due proportion'd feaſt:
There, firſt, the trident-bearing gueſt
Beheld thy lovely form; and now, he glow'd;

ANTISTROPHE II. *Meaſures* 18.
And now, his ſoul ſubdued by love,
Thee in his golden car he bore
Swift to the lofty towers of Jove,
Whoſe name the nations all around adore:
Thus Ganymede was caught on high,
To ſerve the power who rules the ſky.
When thou no longer didſt appear,
And thoſe, who ſought a pledge ſo dear,
Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
Some envious neighbour, to defame
Thy father's feaſt, a rumour ſpread,
The rumour through the country fled,
That thou, to heighten the repaſt,
Waſt into ſeething water caſt,
Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire,
Thy limbs without compaſſion carv'd,
Thy ſodden fleſh in meſſes ſerv'd,
To gorge the gods, and a voracious fire:

EPODE II. *Meaſures* 16.
But, in thought ever pure, ſhall I deem it amiſs,
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of bliſs:
Let me then refrain, and dread:
A curſe hangs over the blaſphemer's head.
If they, who ſuperviſe and ward
The heavens, did ever ſhow regard
To mortal man, this Tantalus might boaſt,
Of mortal men that he was honour'd moſt:
But he not able to digeſt
The glut, the ſurfeit, of immortal joys,
One heinous forfeit all his bliſs deſtroys:
For over him the godhead hung, in air,
A ponderous ſtone, a dreadful poiſe of care!
From his head to remove it, with terror oppreſs'd,
In vain he tries, and ſeeks in vain
One cheerful moment to regain:

STROPHE III. *Meaſures* 18.
A life of woe, beyond relief,
His portion now; ordain'd before
To torments of a three-fold grief,
This fourth was added to complete his ſtore,
Since, high preſuming in his ſoul,
He nectar and ambroſia ſtole,
To give to men; by which he knew
That, taſting, he immortal grew:
But be not man deceiv'd: the gods reveal
What moſt we labour to conceal:
For this the powers, who deathleſs reign,
To earth ſent down his ſon again,
To dwell with men, a ſhort-liv'd race,
Whoſe ſudden fate come on apace.
His flowery age in all its pride,
When, o'er his chin, a blackening ſhade
Of down was caſt, a vow he made,
Deep in his ſoul, to win the profer'd bride.

ANTISTOPHE III. *Meaſures* 18.
Hippodamia, boaſted name,
From her great ſire the Piſan proud.
Alone, by night, the lover came
Beſide the hoary ſea, and call'd aloud
On him who ſways the triple ſpear,
And fills with din the deafen'd ear;

When, at his feet, the god aroſe:
Then Pelops, eager to diſcloſe
His mighty care, " O Neptune, if thy mind
" In love did ever pleaſure find,
" Let not Oenomaus prevail,
" And let this brazen javelin fail:
" Oh! bear me hence, on wheels of ſpeed,
" To Elis, to the glorious meed:
" To victory oh! whirl me, ſtrait:
" Since, after ten, and other three,
" Bold ſuiters ſlain, yet ſtill we ſee,
" From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait

EPODE III. *Meaſures* 16.

" Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
" The daſtard in heart, who deſpairs of his might.
" Since we all are born to die,
" Who, overcaſt, would in oblivion lie,
" In unreputed age decay,
" And meanly ſquander life away,
" Cut off from every praiſe? Then let me dare
" This conflict, in the duſty liſts to ſhare;
" And proſper thou my glowing wheels."
Thus Pelops ſpoke; nor was his fervent prayer
Pour'd forth in fruitleſs words, to waft in air:
The deity his whole ambition grants;
Nor ſhining car, nor courſers, now he wants:
In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
Exulting in the horſes' feet,
Unwearied ever, ever fleet:

STROPHE IV. *Meaſures* 18.

Oenomaus, he triumphs o'er
Thy proweſs, and, to ſhare his bed,
Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
Six princely ſons, to manly virtues bred.
Now, ſolemniz'd with ſteaming blood,
And pious rites, near Alpheus' flood
Entomb'd, he ſleeps, where th' altar ſtands,
That draws the vows of diſtant lands:
And round his tomb the circling racers ſtrive:
And round the wheeling chariots drive.
In thy fam'd courſes, Pelops, riſes
Th' Olympian glories to the ſkies,
And ſhine afar: there we behold
The ſtretch of manhood, ſtrenuous, bold,
In ſore fatigues, and there the ſtriſe
Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
Who overcomes! for he ſhall ſee
Unclouded days, and taſte the ſweets of life.

ANTISTROPHE IV. *Meaſures* 18.

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize.
The good that, in a day obtain'd,
From day to day freſh joy ſupplies,
Is the ſupreme of bliſs to man ordain'd:
But let me now the rider raiſe
And crown him with Æolian lays,
The victor's due: and I confide,
Though every welcome gueſt were try'd,
Not one, in all the concourſe, would be found
For faireſt knowledge more renown'd,
Nor yet a maſter more to twine,
In laſting hymns, each wreathing line.
The guardian god, who watchful guides
Thy fortunes, Hiero, preſides
O'er all thy cares with anxious power:
And ſoon, if he does not deny
His needful aid, my hopes run high
To ſing more pleaſing in the joyful hour.

EPODE IV. *Meaſures* 16.

On thy chariot, triumphant when thou ſhalt appear,
And fly o'er the courſe with a rapid career,
Tracing paths of language fair,
As I to Cronion's ſunny mount repair.
Even now the muſe prepares to raiſe,
Her growth, the ſtrongeſt dart of praiſe,
For me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
Do others riſe, conſpicuous, only kings,
High mounting on the ſummit fix:
There bound thy view, wide ſpread, nor vainly try
Farther to ſtretch the proſpect of thine eye:
Be, then, thy glorious lot to tread ſublime,
With ſteady ſteps, the meaſur'd tract of time;
Be mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
In Greece, throughout the learned throng,
Proclaim'd unrival'd in my ſong.

THE SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

TO THERON OF AGRIGENTUM, VICTORIOUS IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

He praiſes Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic Games, with a chariot and four horſes; likewiſe for his juſtice, his hoſpitality, his fortitude, and the illuſtrioufneſs of his anceſtors; whoſe adventures are occaſionally mentioned: then he interweaves digreſſions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and deſcribes the future ſtate of the righteous and of the wicked. Laſtly, he concludes with extolling his own ſkill in panegyric, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

STROPHE I. *Meaſures* 16.

Sovereign hymns, whoſe numbers ſway
The ſounding harp, what god, what hero, ſay,
What man, ſhall we reſound?
Is not Piſa Jove's delight?
And did not Hercules, with conqueſt crown'd
To him ordain
Th' Olympiad for an army ſlain,
Thank-offering of the war?
And muſt we not, in Theron's right,
Exert our voice, and ſwell our ſong?
Theron, whoſe victorious car
Four courſers whirl, fleeting along,
To ſtranger-gueſts indulgent hoſt,
Of Agrigentum the ſupport and boaſt,
Cities born to rule and grace,
Fair bloſſom of his ancient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. *Meaſures* 16.

Worthies ſore perplex'd in thought,
Till, wandering far, they found, what long they ſought,
A ſacred ſeat, faſt by
Where the ſtream does rapid run,
And reign'd, of Sicily the guardian eye,
When happy days,
And wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praiſe,
That in-born worth inflames.
Saturnian Jove, O! Rhea's ſon,
Who o'er Olympus doſt preſide,
And the pitch of lofty games,
And Alpheus, of rivers the pride,

Rejoicing in my ſongs, do thou
Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow,
Bleſſing, with a bounteous hand,
The rich hereditary land.

EPODE I. *Meaſures* 10.

Through their late lineage down. No power can
actions paſt,
Whether deeds of right or wrong,
As things not done recall,
Not even time, the father, who produces all;
Yet can oblivion, waiting long,
Gathering ſtrength
Through the length
Of proſperous times, forbid thoſe deeds to laſt:
Such force has ſweet-healing joy
The feſtering ſmart of evils to deſtroy,

STROPHE II. *Meaſures* 16.

When felicity is ſent
Down by the will ſupreme with full content;
Thy daughters, Cadmus, they
Greatly wretched here below,
Bleſs'd evermore, this mighty truth diſplay.
No weight of grief,
But, whelm'd in pleaſures, find relief,
Sunk in the ſweet abyſs.
Thou, Semele, with hair a-flow,
Thou by thunder doom'd to die,
Mingling with the gods in bliſs,
Art happy, for ever on high:
Thee Pallas does for ever love,
Thee chiefly Jupiter, who rules above;
Thee thy ſon holds ever dear,
Thy ſon with the ivy-wreath'd ſpear.

ANTISTROPHE II. *Meaſures* 16.

Beauteous Ino, we are told,
With the ſea-daughters dwells of Nereus old,
And has, by lot, obtain'd
Laſting life, beneath the deep,
A life within no bounds of time reſtrain'd.
The hour of death,
The day when we reſign our breath,
That offspring of the ſun,
Which bids us from our labours ſleep,
In vain do mortals ſeek to know,
Or who deſtin'd is to run
A life unintangled with woe;
For none are able to diſcloſe
The ſeaſons of th' uncertain ebbs and flows
Now of pleaſures, now of pains,
Which hidden fate to men ordains:

EPODE II. *Meaſures* 10.

Thus Providence, that to thy anceſtry, long-fam'd,
Portions out a pleaſing ſhare
Of heaven-ſprung happineſs,
Does, ceaſing in another turn of time to bleſs,
Diſtribute ſome reverſe of care,
As from years
Paſt appears,
Since the predeſtin'd ſon, at Pytho nam'd,
Did Laius, blindly meeting kill,
And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil:

STROPHE III. *Meaſures* 16.

Fell Erinnys, quick to view
The deed, his warlike ſons in battle ſlew,
Each by the other's rage
But to Polynices ſlain
Surviv'd Therſander, glory of his age,
For feats of war,
And youthful conteſts, honour'd far,
The Scion, kept alive
To raiſe th' Adraſtian houſe again:
From whence Æneſidamus' heir
Does his ſpreading root derive,
To branch out a progeny fair;
Who, ſpringing foremoſt in the chaſe
Of fame, demands we ſhould his triumph grace,
Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
Sweet union of melodious praiſe;

ANTISTROPHE III. *Meaſures* 16.

For not only has he borne
Th' Olympian prize, but, with his brother, worn
The garland of renown,
At Pytho and at Iſthmus; where,
Victorious both, they ſhar'd th' allotted crown,
Joint-honour, won
In twelve impetuous courſes, run
With four unwearied ſteeds.
To vanquiſh in the ſtrife ſevere
Does all anxiety deſtroy:
And to this, if wealth ſucceeds
With virtues enamel'd, the joy
Luxuriant grows; ſuch affluence
Does glorious opportunities diſpenſe,
Giving depth of thought to find
Purſuits which pleaſe a noble mind,

EPODE III. *Meaſures* 10.

Refulgent ſtar! to man the pureſt beam of light!
The poſſeſſor of this ſtore,
Far-future things diſcerning, knows
Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to immediate woes
Conſign'd, too late their pains deplore;
For below
Ere they go,
Sits one in judgment who pronounces right
On crimes in this wide realm of Jove;
Whoſe dire decree no power can e'er remove:

STROPHE IV. *Meaſures* 16.

But the good, alike by night,
Alike by day, the ſun's unclouded light
Beholding, ever bleſs'd,
Live an unlaborious life,
Nor anxious interrupt the hallow'd reſt
With ſpade and plow,
The earth to vex, or with the prow
The briny ſea, to eat
The bread of care in endleſs ſtrife.
The dread divinities among
The few unaccuſtom'd to wrong,
Who never broke th' vow they ſwore,
A tearleſs age enjoy for ever-more;
While the wicked hence depart
To torments which appall the heart;

ANTISTROPHE IV. *Meaſures* 16.

But the ſouls who greatly dare,
Thrice try'd in either ſtate, to perſevere
From all injuſtice pure,
Journeying onward in the way
Of Jupiter, in virtue ſtill ſecure,
Along his road
Arrive at Saturn's rais'd abode;
Where ſoft ſea-breezes breathe
Round the iſland of the bleſs'd; where gay

The trees with golden bloſſoms glow;
Where, their brows and arms to wreathe,
Bright garlands on every ſide below;
For, ſpringing thick in every field,
The earth does golden flowers ſpontaneous yield;
And, in every limpid ſtream,
The budding gold is ſeen to gleam:

EPODE IV. *Meaſures* 10.

Fair heritage! by righteous Rhadamanth's award;
Who, coëqual, takes his ſeat
With Saturn, ſire divine,
Thy conſort, Rhea, who above the reſt doth ſhine,
High thron'd, thou matron-goddeſs great:
Theſe among
(Bliſsful throng!)
Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard;
And, through his mother's winning prayer
To Jove, Achilles dwells immortal there:

STROPHE V. *Meaſures* 16.

He who Hector did deſtroy,
The pillar firm, the whole ſupport, of Troy,
And Cycnus gave to die,
And Aurora's Æthiop ſon.
My arm beneath yet many darts have I,
All ſwift of flight,
Within my quiver, ſounding right
To every ſkilful ear:
But, of the multitude, not one
Diſcerns the myſtery unexplain'd.
He tranſcendent does appear
In knowledge, from Nature who gain'd
His ſtore: but the dull-letter'd crowd,
In cenſure vehement, in nonſenſe loud,
Clamour idly, wanting ſkill,
Like crows, in vain, provoking ſtill.

ANTISTROPHE V. *Meaſures* 16.

The celeſtial bird of Jove:
But, to the mark, addreſs thy bow, nor rove,
My ſoul: and whom do I
Single out with fond deſire,
At him to let illuſtrious arrows fly?
My fix'd intent,
My aim, on Agrigentum bent,
A ſolemn oath I plight,
Sincere as honeſt minds require,
That through an hundred circling years,
With recorded worthies bright,
No rivaling city appears
To boaſt a man more frank to impart
Kind offices to friends with open heart,
Or, with hand amidſt his ſtore,
Delighting to diſtribute more.

EPODE V. *Meaſures* 10.

Than Theron: yet foul calumny, injurious blame,
Did the men of rancour raiſe
Againſt his fair renown,
Defamers who by evil actions ſtrove to drown
His good, and to conceal his praiſe.
Can the ſand,
On the ſtrand,
Be number'd o'er? Then, true to Theron's fame,
His favours ſhowering down delight
On thouſands who is able to recite?

.....

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

ON HIS LUTE.

The line of Atreus will I ſing;
To Cadmus will I tune the ſtring:
But, as from ſtring to ſtring I move,
My lute will only ſound of love.
The chords I change through every ſcrew,
And model the whole lute anew.
Once more in ſong, my voice I raiſe,
And, Hercules, thy toils I praiſe:
My lute does ſtill my voice deny,
And in the tones of love reply.
Ye heroes, then, at once farewell;
Loves only echo from my ſhell.

THE SECOND ODE.

ON WOMEN.

Nature the bull with horns ſupplies,
The horſe with hoofs the fortifies,
The fleeting foot on hares beſtows,
On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!
Grants fiſh to ſwim, and birds to fly,
And on their ſkill bids men rely.
Women alone defenceleſs live,
To women what does nature give?
Beauty, ſhe gives inſtead of darts,
Beauty, inſtead of ſhields, imparts;
Nor can the ſword, nor fire oppoſe
The fair, victorious where ſhe goes.

THE THIRD ODE.

ON LOVE.

One midnight when the Bear did ſtand
A-level with Böotes' hand,
And, with their labour ſore oppreſs'd,
The race of men were laid to reſt,
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came Love, and tried to force the bars.
Who thus aſſails my doors, I cry'd?
Who breaks my ſlumbers? Love reply'd,
Open: a child alone is here!
A little child!—you need not fear:
Here through the moonleſs night I ſtray,
And, drench'd in rain, have loſt my way.
Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haſte my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I ſee,
A little child, he ſeem'd to me;
Who bore a quiver, and a bow;
And wings did to his ſhoulders grow.
Within the hearth I bid him ſtand,
Then chafe and cheriſh either hand
Between my palms, and wring, with care,
The trickling water from his hair.
Now come, ſaid he, no longer chill,
We'll bend this bow, and try our ſkill,
And prove the ſtring, how far its power
Remains unſlacken'd by the ſhower.
He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
And pierces like a breeze, my liver:
Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
Rejoice with me, my hoſt, he ſaid;
My bow is ſound in every part,
And you ſhall rue it at your heart.

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

O VENUS, beauty of the ſkies,
To whom a thouſand temples riſe,
Gayly falſe in gentle ſmiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddeſs! from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A ſong in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright, immortal gueſt,
In all thy radiant charms confeſs'd.

Thou once didſt leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton ſparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I ſaw their quivering pinions play.

The birds diſmiſs'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my boſom rag'd,
And by what care to be aſſuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender heart ſubdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he ſhuns thy longing arms,
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he deſpiſe,
He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celeſtial viſitant, once more
Thy needful preſence I implore!
In pity come and eaſe my grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd ſoul relief:
Favour thy ſuppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart deſires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BLESS'D as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſs'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd: the ſubtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

TO MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS,

ON HIS DISTREST MOTHER.

Anonymous, from Steele's Collection.

LONG have the writers of this warlike age
With human ſacrifices drench'd the ſtage;
That ſcarce one hero dares demand applauſe,
Till, weltering in his blood, the ground he gnaws:
As if, like ſwans, they only could delight
With dying ſtrains, and while they pleaſe affright.
Our Philips, though 'twere to oblige the fair,
Dares not deſtroy, where Horace bids him ſpare:
His decent ſcene like that of Greece appears;
No deaths our eyes offend, no ſights our ears.
While he from nature copies every part,
He forms the judgment, and affects the heart.
Oft' as Andromache renews her woe,
The mothers ſadden, and their eyes o'erflow.
Hermione, with love and rage poſſeſt,
Now ſoothes, now animates, each maiden breaſt.
Pyrrhus, triumphant o'er the Trojan walls,
Is greatly perjur'd, and as greatly falls.
Love, and Deſpair, and Furies are combin'd
In poor Oreſtes, to diſtract his mind.
From firſt to laſt alternate paſſions reign;
And we reſiſt the Poet's will in vain.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.

Containing

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE,
THE THISTLE,
ODES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,
FABLES,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For HAMILTON, the Loves and Graces mourn,
And tuneful muſes weep o'er Ramſay's urn.

LANGHORNE'S GENIUS AND VALOUR.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

June 1794.

THE LIFE OF HAMILTON.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of HAMILTON, the compiler of this collection regrets his inability to give an account proportioned to his reputation among his contemporaries, or his rank among the writers of verſe.

Little attention has been beſtowed by the anonymous editor of his poems, in tranſmitting the incidents of his life, or in delineating his moſt prominent and obſervable particularities; and the intelligence which tradition has preſerved, is general and ſcanty.

The life of a private gentleman, devoting part of his time to polite literature, is held by his acquaintance, to be little deſerving of tranſmiſſion to poſterity. He riſes to eminence by exertions, which, to ordinary diſcernment, do not diſtinguiſh him from other men. When his fame is eſtabliſhed by time, it is generally too late to trace the events of his life, or to inveſtigate minutely the peculiarities of habit and diſpoſition which mark his character.

The account, therefore, which is here to be expected, may properly be proportioned to the means of information, rather than to his qualifications, which deſerve more ample illuſtration than this brief memorial can beſtow.

William Hamilton, was the ſecond ſon of ——— Hamilton, Eſq. of Bangour in Ayrſhire; a gentleman of an opulent fortune, and of an ancient and honourable family. He was was born in 1704.

He had all the advantages of a liberal and polite education. His taſte, like his ſtudies, was unconfined; but his peculiar genius for poetry appeared at an early time of life. It was improved by a lively imagination, an exquiſite delicacy of ſentiment, an extenſive acquaintance with claſſical learning, and a thorough knowledge of the world.

The early part of his life ſeems to have been divided between the occupations of literature, the amuſements of poetry, and the gaieties of elegant ſociety, of which he was the unrivalled pride and ornament.

The latter part of his life was unfortunate.

Education, private affection, and friendſhip, have often a powerful influence on political principles. He had been bred a Jacobite, and was unhappily prompted, by his own miſguided zeal, or the perſuaſions and example of his friends, to join the ſtandard of the Pretender, in 1745.

The ſame year, he celebrated the ſucceſs of the rebels at Preſtonpans, in an *Ode on the Battle of Gladſmuir*, which was printed at the time, and "married to the harmonies" of M'Gibbon. This was the only occaſion he had of poetical triumph and exultation.

The year following, he ſaw the hopes of his party periſh, in the ſuppreſſion of the rebellion by the memorable victory obtained over the rebels by the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden.

It is not certain whether he was preſent in the action; but it appears, that his life, for ſome time afterwards, was in imminent danger.

His reflections on this reverſe of fortune, are expreſſed in *A Soliloquy, wrote in June* 1746.

Now in this ſad and diſmal hour
Of multiply'd diſtreſs,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy ſorrows leſs.

When all around thee, cruel ſnares
Threaten thy deſtin'd breath,
And every ſharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains, or death.

He wandered about, for ſome time, in the Highlands, and experienced much perſonal inconvenience in eluding the diligence of the King's troops, employed in diſarming the inhabitants; but at laſt, found means to eſcape to France.

For this intelligence, the preſent writer is obliged to Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of "Douglas," a very accurate obſerver of the paſſages of that time, which, he is happy to announce, will ſoon receive every poſſible illuſtration from his elegant and claſſical pen.

He reſided ſeveral years abroad, chiefly in France and Italy, unconnected with the zealots of rebellion, and devoted to the milder ambitions of the ingenuous muſe.

At length, having made his peace with the Government, he returned to Scotland to take poſſeſſion of the family eſtate, which had devolved to him by the death of his brother.

He was of a delicate conſtitution; and, in his later years, his health was greatly impaired. This decay made him try the benefit of a warmer climate, in which he had paſſed a conſiderable part of his time. It had not, however, the deſired effect. He died at Lyons, on the 25th of March, 1754, in the 50th year of his age. His corpſe was brought to Scotland, and interred in the Abbey Church of Holyroodhouſe.

He was twice married into families of diſtinction; and, by his firſt lady, daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart. of Dunglaſs, left an only ſon, who inherits his eſtate.

The character of Hamilton was amiable and reſpectable. He poſſeſſed the ſocial virtues in an eminent degree. His writings breathe the paſſions which he felt; and are ſeldom cold or inanimated. The qualities of his heart and head were equally remarkable. His elegance and judgment were univerſally confeſſed. He was, in the proper ſenſe of the word, a fine gentleman.

As he wrote verſes entirely for his own amuſement, and that of his particular friends, few of his pieces were prepared for the preſs by himſelf. A collection of ſeveral of them was firſt publiſhed at Glaſgow, in 1748, not only without his name, but without his conſent. He was then abroad; and it was hoped the appearance of that collection would have drawn from him a more perfect edition. But, though after his return, he corrected many errors of the Glaſgow copy, occaſioned by the inadvertency of tranſcribers, he did not live to make a new and complete publication. The improvements he made, were, however, inſerted in the poſthumous edition of his *Poems on Several Occaſions*, printed at Edinburgh, in 8vo. 1760, with the addition of a great many valuable pieces taken from his own original manuſcripts. They are now, with the *Ode on the Battle of Gladſmuir*, not inſerted in the edition 1760, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

As a poet, Hamilton does not ſeem to have hitherto received ſo much attention as he deſerves. Party ſpirit, in our nation, has often influenced the judgment of poetical merit. His genius, perhaps, has been overlooked, becauſe his political opinions were reprobated. In this liberal age, when the juſt tribute of praiſe is beſtowed on talents and literary merit, of whatever party, it would be improper to take notice of his political opinions. He is certainly a pleaſing and amiable writer, though not a firſt-rate poet. He is not diſtinguiſhed for ſtrength of intellect or fertility of invention. His taſte was delicate, and refined by a careful peruſal of the ancient claſſics. He writes with neatneſs and terſeneſs, frequently with elevation and ſpirit. His compoſitions are characteriſed by ſprightlineſs and elegance, ſimplicity and tenderneſs. His diction is commonly chaſte and poetical; and his verſification, in general, correct and harmonious. Of his addreſſes and ſmaller pieces, which are commonly perſonal and occaſional, the greater part is panegyrical, and the chief ſource is gallantry. Of praiſe, he is very laviſh in his light and amatory productions. Undoubtedly many beauties of that time were proud of his praiſes. Who they were, whom he dignifies with poetical names, cannot be eaſily known. Perhaps by traditions preſerved in families, they may be diſcovered.

His *Triumph of Love*, if he had written nothing elſe, is ſufficient to entitle him to the character and diſtinction of a poet. It was publiſhed ſeparately in his life time; and, though in a careleſs dreſs, and even without a name, was received with the higheſt approbation. His *Epiſtle to the Counteſs of Eglintoun*, though incorrect, has many elegant paſſages It was originally prefixed to the inimitable *Gentle Shepherd*, of Ramſay, with whom his wit, poetry, and political principles naturally connected him. His imitation of the *Eighteenth Epiſtle of the firſt Book of Horace*, addreſſed to Ramſay, is written in a ſtrain of vigorous ſenſe and eaſy verſification. His other *Imitations of Horace*, deſerve great praiſe, for elegance of expreſſion and propriety of application. To be pleaſed with his fine *Ode on the Battle of Gladſmuir*, it is not neceſſary to think well of his opinions. Of his other *Odes*, the *ſecond* and *third* deſerve particular commendation. The *ſecond* poſſeſſes all the exquiſite delicacy, picturеſque deſcription, and appropriate imagery of Milton's "L'Allegro," of which it is evidently an imitation. His *Epitaphs* are among the moſt beautiful and pathetic compoſitions of that kind in our language. The *Epitaphs on Mrs. Colquhoun* and *his Wife* are truly admirable. The *Epiſode of the Thiſtle* abounds in poetical deſcription, animated by patriotic enthuſiaſm. Of his ſong in the Scottiſh dialect, called, *The Braes of Yarrow*, the extenſive popularity is the beſt encomium. The remaining pieces, it is not neceſſary to examine ſingly. They muſt be ſuppoſed to have faults and beauties of the ſame kind with the reſt; but the author's finiſhing hand, it ought to be remembered, has been wanting to many.

THE WORKS OF HAMILTON.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

READ here the pangs of unſucceſsful love,
View the dire ills the weary ſufferers prove,
When care in every ſhape has leave to reign,
And keener ſharpens ev'ry ſenſe of pain:
No charm the cruel ſpoiler can controul,
He blaſts the beauteous features of the ſoul;
With various conflict rends the deſtin'd breaſt,
And lays th' internal fair creation waſte:
The dreadful demon raging unconfin'd,
To his dire purpoſe bends the paſſive mind,
Gloomy and dark the proſpect round appears,
Doubts ſpring from doubts, and fears engender fears;
Hope after hope goes out in endleſs night,
And all is anguiſh, torture, and affright.
O! beauteous friend, a gentler fate be thine;
Still may thy ſtar with mildeſt influence ſhine;
May heav'n ſurround thee with peculiar care,
And make thee happy, as it made thee fair;
That gave thee ſweetneſs, unaffected eaſe,
The pleaſing look, that ne'er was taught to pleaſe,
True genuine charms, where falſehood claims no part,
Which not alone entice, but fix the heart:
And far beyond all theſe, ſupreme in place,
The virtuous mind, an undecaying grace.
Still may thy youth each fond endearment prove
Of tender friendſhip and complacent love;
May love approach thee, in the mildeſt dreſs,
And court thee to domeſtic happineſs;
And bring along the pow'r that only knows
To heighten human joys and ſoften woes;
For woes will be in life; theſe ſtill return,
The good, the beauteous, and the wiſe muſt mourn:
Doubl'd the joy that friendſhip does divide,
Leſſen'd the pain when arm'd the ſocial ſide:
But ah! how fierce the pang, how deep the groan,
When ſtrong affliction finds the weak alone!
Then may a friend ſtill guard thy ſhelter'd days,
And guide thee ſafe through fortune's myſtic ways;
The happy youth, whom moſt thy ſoul approves,
Friend of thy choice and huſband of thy loves,
Whoſe holy flame heav'ns altar does inſpire,
That burns through life one clear unſully'd fire,
A mutual warmth that glows from breaſt to breaſt,
Who loving is belov'd and bleſſing bleſt.
Then all the pleaſing ſcenes of life appear,
The charms of kindred and relations dear,
The ſmiling offspring, love's far better part,
And all the ſocial meltings of the heart:
Then harlot pleaſure, with her wanton train
Seduces from the perfect ſtate in vain;
In vain to the lock'd ear the ſyren ſings,
When angels ſhadow with their guardian wings
Such, fair Monimia, be thy ſacred lot,
When ev'ry memory of him forgot,
Whoſe faithful muſe inſpir'd the pious pray'r,
And weary'd heaven to keep thee in its care;
That pleas'd it would its choiceſt influence ſhow'r
Or on thy ſerious, or thy mirthful hour;
Conſpicuous known in ev'ry ſcene of life,
The mother, ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife;
That joy may grow on joy, and conſtant laſt,
And each new day riſe brighter than the paſt.

CONTEMPLATION: OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

——— *Rurſuſque reſurgens*
Saevit amor, ——— Virg. Æn. 4.

O VOICE divine, whoſe heavenly ſtrain
No mortal meaſure may attain,
O powerful to appeaſe the ſmart,
That feſters in a wounded heart,
Whoſe myſtic numbers can aſſuage
The boſom of tumult'ous rage,
Can ſtrike the dagger from deſpair,
And ſhut the watchful eye of care.
Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call,
Hope comes, that cheers or ſoftens all;
Expell'd by thee, and diſpoſſeſt
Envy forſakes the human breaſt.
Full oft with thee the bard retires,
And loſt to earth, to heav'n aſpires;
How nobly loſt! with thee to rove
Through the long deep'ning ſolemn grove,
Or underneath the moonlight pale,
To ſilence truſt ſome plaintive tale,
Of nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
While kings and all the proud repoſe;
Or where ſome holy aged oak
A ſtranger to the woodman's ſtroke;
From the high rock's aërial crown
In twiſting arches bending down,
Bathes in the ſmooth pellucid ſtream,
Full oft he waits the myſtic dream
Of mankind's joys right underſtood,
And of the all-prevailing good.
Go forth invok'd, O voice divine!
And iſſue from thy ſacred ſhrine;
Go ſearch each ſolitude around,
Where Contemplation may be found.

Where'er apart the goddeſs ſtands
With lifted eyes and heaven-rais'd hands;
If rear'd on ſpeculation's hill
Her raptur'd ſoul enjoys its fill
Of far tranſporting nature's ſcene,
Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain;
Or if with meaſur'd ſtep ſhe go
Where meditation ſpreads below,
In hollow vale her ample ſtore,
'Till weary fancy can no more;
Or inward if ſhe turn her gaze,
And all th' internal world ſurveys;
With joy complacent ſees ſucceed
In fair array, each comely deed.
She hears alone thy lofty ſtrain,
All other muſic charms in vain;
In vain the ſprightly notes reſound,
That from the fretted roofs rebound,
When the deft minſtrelſy advance
To form the quaint and orbed dance;
In vain unhallow'd lips implore,
She hearkens only to thy lore.
Then bring the lonely nymph along,
Obſequious to thy magic ſong;
Bid her to bliſs the ſecret bow'r
And heighten wiſdom's ſolemn hour.
  Bring faith, endu'd with eagle eyes,
That joins this earth to diſtant ſkies;
Bland hope that makes each ſorrow leſs,
Still ſmiling calm amidſt diſtreſs;
And bring the meek-ey'd charity,
Not leaſt, though youngeſt of the three:
Knowledge the ſage, whoſe radiant light,
Darts quick acroſs the mental night,
And add warm friendſhip to the train,
Social, yielding, and humane;
With ſilence, ſober-ſuited maid,
Seldom on this earth ſurvey'd:
Bid in this ſacred band appear,
That aged venerable ſeer,
With ſorrowing pale, with watchings ſpare,
Of pleaſing yet dejected air,
Him, heavenly melancholy hight,
Who flies the ſons of falſe delight,
Now looks ſerene through human life,
Sees end in peace the moral ſtrife,
Now to the dazzling proſpect blind,
Trembles for heaven and for his kind,
And doubting much, ſtill hoping beſt,
Late with ſubmiſſion finds his reſt:
And by his ſide advance the dame
All glowing with celeſtial flame,
Devotion, high above that ſoars,
And ſings exulting, and adores,
Dares fix on heav'n a mortal's gaze,
And triumph 'midſt the ſeraph's blaze:
Laſt to crown all, with theſe be join'd
The decent nun fair peace of mind,
Whom innocence ne'er yet betray'd,
Bore young in Eden's happy ſhade:
Reſign'd, contented, meek and mild
Of blameleſs mother, blameleſs child.
  But from theſe woods, O thou retire!
Hood-wink't ſuperſtition dire;
Zeal that clanks her iron bands,
And bathes in blood her ruthleſs hands;
Far hence hypocriſy away,
With pious ſemblance to betray,
Whoſe angel outſide fair contains
A heart corrupt, and foul with ſtains;
Ambition mad, that ſtems alone
The boiſterous ſurge, with bladders blown;
Anger, with wild diſorder'd pace;
And malice pale of famiſh'd face;
Loud-tongu'd clamour, get thee far
Hence, to wrangle at the bar;
With opening mouths vain rumour hung;
And falſehood with her ſerpent tongue;
Revenge, her bloodſhot eyes on fire,
And hiſſing envy's ſnaky tire;
With jealouſy, the fiend moſt fell
Who bears about his inmate hell;
Now far apart with hagard mien
To lone ſuſpicion liſt'ning ſeen,
Now in a gloomy band appears
Of ſallow doubts and pale-ey'd fears,
Whom dire remorſe of giant kind
Purſues with ſcorpion laſh behind;
And thou ſelf-love, who tak'ſt from earth,
With the vile crawling worm, thy birth,
Untouch'd with others' joy or pain,
The ſocial ſmile, the tear humane;
Thy ſelf thy ſole intemperate gueſt,
Uncall'd thy neighbour to the feaſt,
As if heaven's univerſal heir
'Twas thine to ſeize and not to ſhare:
With theſe away, baſe wretch accurſt,
By pride begot, by madneſs nurſt,
Impiety! of harden'd mind,
Groſs, dull, preſuming, ſtubborn, blind,
Unmov'd amidſt this mighty all,
Deaf to the univerſal call:
In vain above the ſyſtems glow,
In vain earth ſpreads her charms below,
Confiding in himſelf to riſe,
He hurls defiance to the ſkies,
And ſteel'd in dire and impious deeds
Blaſphemes his feeder whilſt he feeds.
But chiefly love, love far off fly,
Nor interrupt my privacy;
'Tis not for thee, capricious pow'r,
Weak tyrant of a feveriſh hour,
Fickle, and ever in extremes,
My radiant day of reaſon beams,
And ſober contemplation's ear
Diſdains thy ſyren ſong to hear;
Speed thee on changeful wings away,
To where thy willing ſlaves obey,
Go herd amongſt thy wonted train,
The falſe, th' inconſtant, lewd, and vain;
Thou haſt no ſubject here; begone,
Contemplation comes anon.
  Above, below, and all around,
Now nought but awful quiet's found,
The feeling air forgets to move,
No zephyr ſtirs the leafy grove;
The gentleſt murmur of the rill,
Struck by the potent charm is ſtill,
Each paſſion in the troubled breaſt
So toiling once lies huſh'd to reſt,
Whate'er man's buſtling race employs,
His cares, his hopes, his fears, his joys,
Ambition, pleaſure, intereſt, fame;
Each nothing of important name;
Ye tyrants of this reſtleſs ball,
This grove annihilates you all.

Oh power unſeen, yet felt, appear
Sure ſomething more than nature's here.
  Now on the flow'ring turf I lie,
My ſoul converſing with the ſky.
Far loſt in the bewildering dream
I wander o'er each lofty theme;
Tour on inquiry's wings on high,
And ſoar the heights of deity:
Fain would I ſearch the perfect laws
That conſtant bind th' unerring cauſe;
Why all its children, born to ſhare
Alike a father's equal care:
Some weep by partial fate undone,
The raviſh'd portion of a ſon;
Whilſt he whoſe ſwelling cup o'erflows,
Heeds not his ſuff'ring brother's woes;
The good, their virtues all forgot,
Mourn need ſevere, their deſtin'd lot;
While vice, invited by the great,
Feaſts under canopies of ſtate.
Ah! when we ſee the bad preferr'd,
Was it eternal juſtice err'd?
Or when the good could not prevail,
How could almighty proweſs fail?
When underneath the oppreſſor's blow
Afflicted innocence lies low,
Has not th' All-ſeeing eye beheld?
Or has a ſtronger arm repell'd?
When death diſſolves this brittle frame,
Lies ever quench'd the ſoul's bright flame?
Or ſhall th' ethereal breath of day
Relume once more this living ray?
From life eſcape we all in vain?
Heaven finds its creature out again,
Again its captive to control,
And drive him to another goal.
When time ſhall let his curtain fall,
Muſt dreary nothing ſwallow all?
Muſt we the unfiniſh'd piece deplore,
E'er half the pompous piece he o'er?
In his all comprehenſive mind,
Shall not th' almighty poet find
Some reconciling turn of fate
To make his wondrous work complete;
To finiſh fair his mingled plan,
And juſtify his ways to man?
But who ſhall draw theſe veils that lie
Unpierc'd by the keen cherub's eye?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, the daring flight give o'er,
Thine to ſubmit and to adore
Learn then: Into thyſelf deſcend,
To know thy being's uſe and end,
For thee what nature's kind intent,
Or on what fatal journey bent.
Is mean ſelf-love the only guide?
Muſt all be ſacrific'd to pride?
What ſacred fountains then ſupply
The feeling heart and melting eye?
Why does the pleading look diſarm
The hand of rage with ſlaughter warm?
Or in the battle's generous ſtrife,
Does Britain quell the luſt of life?
Next the bold inquiry tries,
To trace our various paſſions riſe;
This moment hope exalts the breaſt,
The next it ſinks by fear depreſt;
Now fierce the ſtorms of wrath begin,
Now all is holy calm within.

What ſtrikes ambition's ſtubborn ſprings,
What moves compaſſion's ſofter ſtrings;
How we in conſtant friendſhips join,
How in conſtant hates combine;
How nature, for her favourite, man,
Unfolds the wonders of her plan;
How fond to treat her choſen gueſt
Provides for every ſenſe a feaſt;
Gives to the wide excurſive eye
The radiant glories of the ſky;
Or bids each odorous bloom exhale
His ſoul t'enrich the balmy gale;
Or pour upon th' enchanted ear
The muſic of the op'ning year;
Or bids the limpid fountain burſt,
Friendly to life, and cool to thirſt;
What arts the beauteous dame employs
To lead us on to genial joys,
When in her ſpecious work we join
To propagate her fair deſign,
The virgin-face divine appears
In bloom of youth and prime of years,
And e'er the deſtin'd heart's aware
Fixes Monimia's image there.
  Ah me! what helpleſs have I ſaid?
Unhappy by myſelf betray'd!
I deem'd, but ah! I deem'd in vain,
From the dear image to refrain;
For when I fixt my muſing thought,
Far on ſolemn views remote;
When wand'ring in the uncertain round
Of mazy doubt, no end I found;
O my unbleſt and erring feet!
What moſt I ſought to ſhun, ye meet.
Come then my ſerious maid again:
Come and try another ſtrain;
Come and nature's dome explore,
Where dwells retir'd the matron hoar;
There her wondrous works ſurvey,
And drive th' intruder love away.
'Tis done. Aſcending heaven's height
Contemplation take thy flight:
Behold the ſun, thro' heav'n's wide ſpace;
Strong as a giant, run his race:
Behold the moon, exert her light,
As bluſhing bride on her love-night:
Behold the ſiſter ſtarry train,
Her bride-maids, mount the azure plain.
See where the ſnows their treaſures keep;
The chambers where the loud winds ſleep;
Where the collected rains abide
'Till heav'n ſet all its windows wide,
Precipitate from high to pour
And drown in violence of ſhow'r:
Or gently ſtrain'd they waſh the earth
And give the tender fruits a birth.
See where thunder ſprings his mine;
Where the paths of lightning ſhine.
Or tir'd thoſe heights ſtill to purſue,
From heav'n deſcending with the dew,
That ſoft impregns the youthful mead,
Where thouſand flowers exalt the head,
Mark how nature's hand beſtows
Abundant grace on all that grows,
Tinges, with pencil ſlow unſeen,
The graſs that clothes the valley green;
Or ſpreads the tulips parted ſtreaks,
Or ſanguine dyes the roſe's cheeks,

Or points with light Monimia's eyes,
And forms her boſom's beauteous riſe.
  Ah! haunting ſpirit art thou there!
Forbidden in theſe walks t' appear.
I thought, O love! thou wouldſt diſdain
To mix with wiſdom's black ſtay'd train;
But when my curious ſearching look,
A nice ſurvey of nature took,
Well pleas'd the matron ſet to ſhow
Her miſtreſs-work, on earth below.
Then fruitleſs knowledge turn aſide,
What other art remains untry'd
This load of anguiſh to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of love?
To friendſhip's ſacred force apply
That ſource of tenderneſs and joy;
A joy no anxious fears profane,
A tenderneſs that feels no pain:
Friendſhip ſhall all theſe ills appeaſe,
And give the tortur'd mourner eaſe.
Th' indiſſoluble tie, that binds
In equal chains, two ſiſter minds:
Not ſuch as ſervile int'reſts chooſe,
From partial ends and ſordid views;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,
The choice of wine-inflam'd deſires;
When the ſhort fellowſhips proceed,
From caſual mirth and wicked deed;
'Till the next morn eſtranges quite
The partners of one guilty night;
But ſuch as judgment long has weigh'd
And years of faithfulneſs have try'd;
Whoſe tender mind is fram'd to ſhare
The equal portion of my care;
Whoſe thoughts my happineſs employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys;
With whom in raptures I may ſtray,
Through ſtudy's long and pathleſs way,
Obſcurely bleſt, in joys, alone,
To the excluded world unknown.
Forſook the weak fantaſtic train
Of flatt'ry, mirth, all falſe and vain;
On whoſe ſoft and gentle breaſt
My weary ſoul may take her reſt,
While the ſtill tender look and kind
Fair ſpringing from the ſpotleſs mind,
My perfected delights enſure
To laſt immortal, free and pure.
Grant, Heav'n, if Heav'n means bliſs for me,
Monimia ſuch, and long may be.
  Here, here again! how juſt my fear!
Love ever finds admittance here;
The cruel ſpright intent on harm,
Has quite diſſolv'd the feeble charm;
Aſſuming friendſhip's ſaintly guiſe,
Has paſt the cheated ſentry's eyes,
And once attained his helliſh end,
Diſplays the undiſſembled fiend.
O fay! my faithful fair ally
How did'ſt thou let the traitor by?
I from the deſart bade thee come *,
Invok'd thee from thy peaceful home,
More to ſublime my ſolemn hour,
And curſe this demon's fatal pow'r;
Lo! by ſuperior force oppreſt,
Thou thoſe three ſeveral times haſt bleſt.

* Number, ch. 2.

Shall we the magic rites purſue,
When love is mightier far than thou;
Yes come, in bleſt enchantment ſkill'd,
Another altar let us build;
Go forth as wont, and try to find,
Where'er devotion lies reclin'd;
Thou her fair friend, by heaven's decree
Art one with her, and ſhe with thee.
  Devotion come with ſober pace,
Full of thought and full of grace;
While humbled on the earth I lie,
Wrapt in the viſion of the ſky,
To noble heights and ſolemn views
Wing my heav'n-aſpiring muſe;
Teach me to ſcorn, by thee refin'd,
The low delights of human kind:
Sure then to put to flight the boy
Of laughter, ſport, and idle joy.
O plant theſe guarded groves about,
And keep the treach'rous felon out.
  Now ſee! the ſpreading gates unfold,
Diſplay'd the ſacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair,
To the ſolemn houſe of prayer.
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion enter in my breaſt,
A mild and venerable gueſt!
Put off in Contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure in holy ground,
And cautious tread with awful fear
The courts of heav'n;——for God is here.
Nor my grateful voice I raiſe.
Ye angels ſwell a mortal's praiſe,
To charm with your own harmony,
The ear of him who ſits on high.
Grant me, propitious heav'nly pow'r,
Whoſe love benign we feel each hour,
An equal lot on earth to ſhare,
Nor rich, nor poor, my humble pray'r;
Leſt I forget, exalted proud,
The hand ſupreme that gave the good;
Leſt want o'er virtue ſhould prevail,
And I put forth my hand and ſteal;
But if thy ſov'reign will ſhall grant,
The wealth I neither aſk nor want;
May I the widow's need ſupply,
And wipe the tear from ſorrow's eye;
May the weary wand'rer's feet,
From me a bleſt reception meet!
But if contempt and low eſtate
Be the aſſignment of my fate,
O! may no hope of gain entice
To tread the green broad path of vice.
And bounteous O! vouchſafe to clear
The errors of a mind ſincere.
Illumine thou my ſearching mind,
Groping after truth and blind.
With ſtores of ſcience be it fraught
That bards have dream'd, or ſages taught;
And chief the heav'n-born ſtrain impart,
A muſe according to thy heart;
That wrapt in ſacred ecſtacy,
I may ſing and ſing of thee;
Mankind inſtructing in thy laws,
Bleſt poet in fair virtue's cauſe,
Her former merit to reſtore,
And make mankind again adore.

As when converſant with the great,
She fixt in palaces her ſeat.
Before her all-revealing ray,
Each ſordid paſſion ſhould decay:
Ambition ſhuns the dreaded dame,
And * pales his ineffectual flame;
Wealth ſighs her triumphs to behold,
And offers all his ſums of gold;
† She in her chariot ſeen to ride,
A noble train attend her ſide:
A cherub firſt, in prime of years,
The champion fortitude appears;
Next temp'rance ſober miſtreſs ſeen,
With look compos'd and cheerful mien;
Calm patience ſtill victorious found,
With never-fading glories crown'd,
Firm juſtice laſt the balance rears,
The good man's praiſe, the bad man's fears;
While chief in beauty as in place
She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
Monimia ſtill! here once again!
O! fatal name. Oh! dubious ſtrain!
Say heav'n-born virtue, pow'r divine,
Are all theſe various movements thine?
Was it thy triumphs, ſole inſpir'd
My ſoul to holy tranſports fir'd?
Or ſay do ſprings leſs ſacred move?
Ah! much I fear, it's human love.
Alas! the noble ſtrife is o'er,
The bliſsful viſions charm no more;
Far off the glorious rapture flown,
Monimia rages here alone.
In vain, love's fugitive, I try
From the commanding pow'r to fly,
Though grace was dawning on my ſoul,
Poſſeſt by heav'n ſincere and whole,
Yet ſtill in fancy's painted cells
The ſoul-inflaming image dwells.
Why didſt thou, cruel love, again
Thus drag me back, to earth and pain?
Well hop'd I, love, thou would'ſt retire
Before the bleſt Jeſſean lyre.
Devotion's harp would charm to reſt,
The evil ſpirit in my breaſt;
But the deaf adder fell diſdains,
Unliſtning to the chanter's ſtrains.
Contemplation, baffled maid,
Remains there yet no other aid?
Helpleſs and weary muſt thou yield
To love ſupreme in ev'ry field?
Let melancholy laſt engage,
Rev'rend hoary mantled ſage.
Sure, at his ſable flag's diſplay
Love's idle troop will flit away:
And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, ſad, forlorn, and drear.
Haſte thee ſilence, haſte and go,
To ſearch the gloomy world below.
My trembling ſteps, O Sybil, lead,
Through the dominions of the dead:
Where care, enjoying ſoft repoſe,
Lays down the burden of his woes;
Where meritorious-want, no more
Shiv'ring begs at grandeur's door;

Unconſcious grandeur, ſeal'd his eyes,
On the mould'ring purple lies.
In the dim and dreary round,
Speech in eternal chains lies bound.
And ſee a tomb, it's gates diſplay'd,
Expands an everlaſting ſhade.
O ye inhabitants! that dwell
Each forgotten in your cell,
O ſay! for whom of human race
Has fate decreed this hiding place?
And hark! methinks a ſpirit calls,
Low winds the whiſper round the walls,
A voice, the ſluggiſh air that breaks,
Solemn amid the ſilence ſpeaks.
Miſtaken man thou ſeek'ſt to know,
What known will but afflict with woe;
There thy Monimia ſhall abide,
With the pale bridegroom reſt a bride,
The wan aſſiſtants there ſhall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.
O words of woe! what do I hear?
What ſounds invade a lover's ear?
Muſt then thy charms, my anxious care,
The fate of vulgar beauty ſhare?
Good heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour.—
Yet ah! why ſwells my breaſt with fears?
Why ſtart the interdicted tears?
Love doſt thou tempt again? depart
Thou devil, caſt out from my heart.
Sad I forſook the feaſt, the ball,
The ſunny bow'r and lofty hall,
And ſought the dungeon of deſpair;
Yet thou overtak'ſt me there.
How little dream'd I thee to find
In this lone ſtate of human kind?
Nor melancholy can prevail,
The direful deed, nor diſmal tale:
Hop'd I for theſe thou would'ſt remove?
How near akin is grief to love?
Then no more I ſtrive to ſhun
Love's chains: O heav'n! thy will be done.
The beſt phyſician here I find,
To cure a ſore diſeaſed mind,
For ſoon this venerable gloom
Will yield a weary ſufferer room;
No more a ſlave to love decreed,
At eaſe and free among the dead.
Come then ye tears, ne'er ceaſe to flow,
In full ſatiety of woe:
Though now the maid my heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her charms,
Doom'd to obey, in bondage preſt,
The tyrant's love commands unbleſt;
Paſs but ſome fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart ſhall beat no more;
Then from my dark and cloſing eye,
The form belov'd ſhall ever fly.
The tyranny of love ſhall ceaſe,
Both laid down to ſleep in peace;
To ſhare alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 1726.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun! the rural lays,
Thine be the friends, and thine the poet's praiſe

* *See Hamlet.*
† *See Characteriſtics*, Vol. II. page 252.

The muſe that oft has rais'd her tuneful ſtrains,
A frequent gueſt on Scotia's bliſsful plains,
That oft has ſung, her liſt'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more reſumes the ſtill ſucceſsful lay,
Delighted, through the verdant meads to ſtray;
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy ſweets of purer air;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the ſtream, or in the rural ſhade;
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'ſt, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.
Learn from theſe ſcenes what warm and glowing fires,
Inflame the breaſt that real love inſpires;
Delighted read of ardor, ſighs, and tears;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what paſſions in his boſom riſe,
What dawning gladneſs ſparkles in his eyes,
When firſt the fair is bounteous to relent,
And bluſhing beauteous, ſmiles the kind conſent.
Love's paſſion here in each extreme is ſhown,
In Charlotte's ſmile, or in Maria's frown.
With words like theſe, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, ſuch nature firſt inſpir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phraſe admir'd.
His ſecret thoughts were undiſguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He ſpeaks his loves ſo artleſs and ſincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.
Heaven only to the rural ſtate beſtows
Conqueſt o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy, and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depreſt by fear;
Nor want's lean hand its happineſs conſtrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains;
No ſecret guilt its ſtedfaſt peace deſtroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Bleſt ſtill to ſpend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodneſs, and in calm content;
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinleſs and pure, in fair Humeia's ſoul.
But now the rural ſtate theſe joys has loſt,
Even ſwains no more that innocence can boaſt.
Love ſpeaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now happineſs forſakes her bleſt retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where ſhe fix'd her ſeat;
The pleaſing fields ſhe wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright ſober race;
When on the ſunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the ſons of men,
To crown the pleaſures of the blameleſs feaſt,
She uninvited came a welcome gueſt:
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Seduc'd from innocence incautious hearts;
Then grudging hate, and ſinful pride ſucceed,
Cruel revenge, and falſe unrighteous deed:
Then dow'rleſs beauty loſt the power to move;
The ruſt of lucre ſtain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hoſpitably good, [blood.
The genial hearth firſt bluſh'd with ſtranger's
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And ſemblant falſehood puts on truth's diſguiſe.
The peaceful houſehold fill'd with dire alarms,
The raviſh'd virgin mourns her ſlighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feaſt, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.
Unpuniſh'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happineſs forſakes the guilty ſwains.
O Happineſs! from human ſearch retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all deſir'd?
Nun ſober and devout! why art thou fled
To hide in ſhades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aſpect mild! ah why unkind,
Fly'ſt thou diſpleas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our ſteps to find the ſecret cell,
Where with thy ſire content thou lov'ſt to dwell.
Or ſay, doſt thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar, at the chambers of the great?
Doſt thou purſue the voice of them that call
To noiſy revel, and to midnight ball?
O'er the full banquet when we feaſt our ſoul,
Doſt thou inſpire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or with th' induſtrious planter doſt thou talk,
Converſing freely in an ev'ning walk?
Say, does the miſer e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and ſtudious of the treaſur'd gold?
Seeks knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still muſing ſilent at the morning hour?
May we thy preſence hope in war's alarms,
In S——'s wiſdom, or Montgomery's arms!
In vain our flatt'ring hopes our ſteps beguile,
The flying good eludes the ſearcher's toil:
In vain we ſeek the city or the cell;
Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.
Nor need mankind deſpair theſe joys to know,
The gift themſelves may on themſelves beſtow.
Soon, ſoon we might the precious bleſſing boaſt;
But many paſſions muſt the bleſſing coſt;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy grieving at another's ſtate.
Revenge no more muſt in our hearts remain,
Or burning luſt, or avarice of gain.
When theſe are in the human boſom nurſt,
Can peace reſide in dwellings ſo accurſt;
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breaſt,
Calm and ſerene, enjoys the heavenly gueſt;
From the tumultuous rule of paſſions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and ſpotleſs in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodneſs unconfin'd,
Thou ſhin'ſt a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
How ſwift to praiſe, how obſtinate to blame!
Bold in thy preſence baſhful ſenſe appears,
And backward merit loſes all its fears.
Supremely bleſt by heav'n, heav'n's richeſt grace
Confeſt is thine, an early blooming race,
Whoſe pleaſing ſmiles ſhall guardian wiſdom arm,
Divine inſtruction! taught of thee to charm.
What tranſports ſhall they to thy ſoul impart!
(The conſcious tranſports of a parent's heart.)
When thou behold'ſt them of each grace poſſeſt,
And ſighing youths imploring to be bleſt,
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the viſit, or the dance to ſhine.
Thrice happy! who ſucceed their mother's praiſe,
The lovely Eglintouns of future days.
Meanwhile purſue the following tender ſcenes,
And liſten to thy native poet's ſtrains.
In ancient garb the home bred muſe appears,
The garb our muſes wore in former years.
As in a glaſs reflected, here behold
How ſmiling goodneſs look'd in days of old.
Nor bluſh to read where beauty's praiſe is ſhown,
And virtuous love, the likeneſs of thy own;

While midſt the various gifts that gracious heaven,
Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given;
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee moſt,
T' enjoy that innocence the world has loſt.

ODE I.

TO FANCY.

FANCY, bright and winged maid!
In thy night drawn car convey'd,
O'er the green earth, and wide ſpread main,
A thouſand ſhadows in thy train,
A vary'd air-embody'd hoſt,
To don what ſhapes thou pleaſeſt moſt;
Brandiſh no more thy ſcorpion ſtings
Around the deſtin'd couch of kings;
Nor in rebellion's ghaſtly ſize
A dire gigantic ſpectre riſe:
Ceaſe, for a while, in rooms of ſtate
To damp the ſlumbers of the great;
In merit's lean look'd form t' appear,
And holla traitor in their ear:
Or freedom's holier garb bely,
While juſtice grinds her axe faſt by:
Nor o'er the miſer's eye-lids pour
The unrefreſhing golden ſhow'r;
Whilſt, keen th' unreal bliſs to feel,
His breaſt bedews the ruffian ſteel.
With theſe, (when next thou tak'ſt thy round)
The thoughts of guilty pride confound:
Theſe ſwell the horrors and affright
Of conſcience, keen condemning night.
For this (nor gracious pow'r! repine)
A gentler miniſtry be thine:
Whate'er inſpires the poet's theme,
Or lover's hope enliven'd dream.
Monimia's mildeſt form aſſume;
Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom;
Unfold her eyes unblemiſh'd rays,
That melt to virtue as we gaze;
That envy's guiltieſt wiſh diſarm,
And view benign a kindred charm:
Call all the graces from thy ſtore,
'Till thy creative pow'er be o'er;
Bid her each breathing ſweet diſpenſe,
And robe in her own innocence.
My wiſh is giv'n; the ſpells begin;
Th' ideal world awakes within;
The lonely void of ſtill repoſe
Pregnant with ſome new wonder grows:
See, by the twilight of the ſkies,
The beauteous apparition riſe;
Slow in Monimia's form, along
Glides to the harmony of ſong.
But who is he the virgin leads,
Whom high a flaming torch proceeds,
In a gown of ſtainleſs lawn,
O'er each manly ſhoulder drawn?
Who, clad in robe of ſcarlet grain,
The boy that wears her flowing train?
Behind his back a quiver flung;
A bended bow acroſs is hung;
His head and heels two wings unfold,
The azure feathers girt with gold.
Hymen! 'tis he who kind inſpires
Joys unfeign'd and chaſte deſires.
And thou, of love deceitful child!
With tyger-heart, yet lamb-like mild,
Fantaſtic by thyſelf, and vain,
But ſeemly ſeen in Hymen's train;
If fate be to my wiſhes kind,
O! may I find ye ever join'd;
But if the fates my wiſh deny,
My humble roof come ye not nigh.
The ſpell works on: yet ſtop the day
While in the houſe of ſleep I ſtay.
About me ſwells the ſudden grove,
The woven arbourette of love;
Flow'rs ſpring unbidden o'er the ground,
And more than nature plants around.
Fancy, prolong the kind repoſe;
Still, ſtill th' enchanting viſion glows;
And now I gaze o'er all her charms,
Now ſink tranſported in her arms.
Oh ſacred energy divine!
All theſe enraptur'd ſcenes are thine.
Hail! copious ſource of pure delight;
All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite;
Endearing truth thy train attends,
And thou and meek-ey'd peace are friends:
Cloſer entwine the magic bow'r;
Thick rain the roſe-empurpl'd ſhow'r:
The myſtic joy impatient flies
Th' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.
Unenvy'd let the rich and great
Turmoil without, and parcel fate,
Indulging here, in bliſs ſupreme,
Might I enjoy the golden dream:
But, ah! the rapture muſt not ſtay;
For ſee! ſhe glides, ſhe glides away.
Oh fancy! why did'ſt thou decoy
My thoughts into this dream of joy,
Then to forſake me all alone,
To mourn the fond deluſion gone?
O! back again, benign, reſtore
The pictur'd viſion as before.
Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes;
Ariſe, ye dear deceits, ariſe.
Ideas bland! where do ye rove?
Why fades my viſionary grove?
Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train,
Then will you, to the proud and vain,
From me, fantaſtic, wing your flight,
T' adorn the dream of falſe delight?
But now, ſeen in Monimia's air,
Can you aſſume a form leſs fair,
Some idle beauty's wiſh ſupply,
The mimic triumphs of her eye?
Grant all to me this live-long night,
Let charms detain the riſing light;
For this one night my liv'ries wear,
And I abſolve thee for the year.
What time your poppy-crowned God
Sends his truth-telling ſcouts abroad,
Ere yet the cock to mattins rings,
And the lark with mounting wings,
The ſimple village-ſwain has warn'd
To ſhake off ſleep, by labour earn'd;
Or on the roſe's ſilken hem,
Aurora weeps her earlieſt gem;
Or, beneath the op'ning dawn,
Smiles the fair-extended lawn.
When in the ſoft encircled ſhade
Ye find reclin'd the gentle maid,
Each buſy motion laid to reſt,
And all compos'd her peaceful breaſt;

Swift paint the fair internal ſcene,
The phantom labours of your reign;
The living imag'ry adorn
With all the limnings of the morn;
With all the treaſures nature keeps
Conceal'd below the forming deeps;
Or dreſs'd in the rich waving pride,
That covers the green mountain's ſide,
Or blooms beneath the am'rous gale
In the wide emboſom'd vale.
Let pow'rful muſic too eſſay
The magic of her hidden lay:
While each harſh thought away ſhall fly
Down the full ſtream of harmony,
Compaſſion mild ſhall fill their place,
Each gentle miniſter of grace;
Pity, that often melts to love,
Let weeping pity kind improve,
The ſoften'd heart, prepar'd to take
Whate'er impreſſions love ſhall make.
Oh! in that kind, that ſacred hour,
When hate, when anger have no power;
When ſighing love, mild ſimple boy,
Courtſhip ſweet, and tender joy,
Alone poſſeſs the fair one's heart;
Let me then, fancy, bear my part.
Oh! Goddeſs how I long t' appear;
The hour of dear ſucceſs draws near:
See where the crowding ſhadows wait;
Haſte and unfold the iv'ry gate;
Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,
Come in my anxious look array'd;
Come love, come Hymen, at my pray'r,
Led by blythe hope, ye decent pair
By mutual confidence combin'd,
As erſt in ſleep I ſaw you join'd.
Fill my eyes with heart ſwell'd tears,
Fill my breaſt with heart born fears,
Half-utter'd vows and half-ſuppreſs'd,
Part look'd, and only wiſh'd the reſt;
Make ſighs, and ſpeaking ſorrows prove,
Suffering much, how much I love;
Make the muſes lyre complain,
Strung by me in warbled ſtrain;
Let the melodious numbers flow
Powerful of a lover's woe,
Till, by the tender Orphean art,
I through her ear ſhall gain her heart.
Now fancy, now the ſcene is o'er:
I feel my ſorrows vex no more:
But when condemn'd again to mourn,
Fancy, to my aid return.

ODE II.

Begone, purſuits ſo vain and light;
Knowledge, fruitleſs of delight;
Lean ſtudy, fire of ſallow doubt,
I put thy muſing taper out;
Fantaſtic all, a long adieu;
For what has love to do with you?
For, lo, I go, where beauty fires,
To ſatisfy my ſoul's deſires;
For, lo, I ſeek the ſacred walls
Where love, and gentle beauty, calls:
For me ſhe has adorn'd the room,
For me has ſhed a rich perfume:
Has ſhe not prepar'd the tea;
The kettle boils——ſhe waits for me.

I come, nor ſingle, but along
Youthful ſports a jolly throng!
Thoughtleſs joke, and infant wiles;
Harmleſs wit, and virgin ſmiles;
Tender words, and kind intent;
Languiſh fond and blandiſhment;
Yielding curtſey, whiſper low;
Silken bluſh, with cheeks that glow;
Chaſte deſires, and wiſhes meet;
Thin clad hope, a foot-man fleet;
Modeſty, that turns aſide,
And backward ſtrives her form to hide;
Healthful mirth, ſtill gay and young,
And meekneſs with a maiden's tongue;
Satire, by good humour dreſs'd
In a many-colour'd veſt:
And enter leaning at the door,
Who ſend'ſt thy flaunting page before,
The roguiſh boy of kind delight,
Attendant on the lover's night,
Fair his iv'ry ſhuttle flies
Through the bright threads of mingling dies,
As ſwift his roſy fingers move
To knit the ſilken cords of love;
And ſtop who ſoftly ſtealing goes
Occaſion high on her tiptoes,
Whom youth with watchful look eſpies,
To ſeize the forelock ere ſhe flies,
Ere he her bald pate ſhall ſurvey,
And well ply'd heels to run away.
But, anxious care, be far from hence;
Vain ſurmiſe, and alter'd ſenſe;
Miſhapen doubts, the woes they bring;
And jealouſy, of fierceſt ſting;
Deſpair, that ſolitary ſtands,
And wrings a halter in his hands;
Flatt'ry falſe and hollow ſound,
And dread with eye ſtill looking round;
Avarice, bending under pelf;
Conceit, ſtill gazing on herſelf:
O love! exclude high creſted pride,
Nymph of Amazonian ſtride:
Nor in theſe walls, like waiting-maid,
Be curioſity ſurvey'd,
That to the key-hole lays her ear,
Liſt'ning at the door to hear;
Nor father time unleſs he's found
In triumph led by beauty bound,
Forc'd to yield to vigour's ſtroke,
His blunted ſcythe and hour glaſs broke.
But come, all ye who know to pleaſe;
Inviting glance, and downy eaſe;
The heart born joy, the gentle care;
Soft breath'd wiſh, and power of prayer;
The ſingle vow, that means no ill;
Believing quiet, ſubmiſſive will;
Conſtancy of meekeſt mind,
That ſuffers long and ſtill is kind;
All ye who put our woes to flight;
All ye who miniſter delight;
Nodes, and wreaths, and becks, and tips;
Meaning winks, and roguiſh trips;
Fond deceits, and kind ſurpriſes;
Sudden ſinks and ſudden riſes;
Laughs, and toys, and gameſome fights;
Jolly dance, and girds and flights:
Then, to make me wholly bleſt,
Let me be there a welcome gueſt.

ODE III.

Immortalia ne ſperes, monet annus—— HOR.

Now ſpring begins her ſmiling round,
Laviſh to paint th' enamell'd ground;
The birds exalt their cheerful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice.
The lovely graces, hand in hand,
Knit in love's eternal band,
With dancing ſtep at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
Where-e'er the youthful ſiſters move,
They fire the ſoul to genial love.
Now, by the river's painted ſide,
The ſwain delights his country bride:
While, pleas'd ſhe hears his artleſs vows;
Above the feather'd ſongſter woos.
Soon will the ripen'd ſummer yield
Her various gifts to ev'ry field;
Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous ſhow,
With ruby tinctur'd births ſhall glow;
Sweet ſmells, from beds of lilies born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn.
The ſunny day, and dewy night,
To rural play my fair invite;
Soft on a bank of violets laid,
Cool ſhe enjoys the evening ſhade;
The ſweets of ſummer feaſt her eye:
Yet ſoon, ſoon will the ſummer fly.
Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by the moral ſhow:
Now young and blooming thou art ſeen,
Freſh on the ſtalk, for ever green;
Now does th' unfolded bud diſcloſe
Full blown to ſight the bluſhing roſe:
Yet, once the ſunny ſeaſon paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt;
Let not the flatt'rer hope perſuade:
Ah! muſt I ſay that this will fade?
For ſee the ſummer poſts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay.
Now winter, from the frozen north,
Drives his iron chariot forth;
His grizly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweda's ſilver flood conſtrains:
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſs'd on many a with'ring green.
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee,
A ſnowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree,
Frequenting now the ſtream no more,
Thou fly'ſt, diſpleas'd the barren ſhore.
When thou ſhalt miſs the flow'rs that grew
But late to charm thy raviſh'd view,
Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this another day?
Yet, when in ſnow and dreary froſt
The pleaſure of the field is loſt,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant ſun;
In gay delights our hours employ;
We do not loſe, but change our joy;
Happy abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair,
To turn the page of ancient bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
But when the beauteous white and red
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled;
When wrinkles dire and age ſevere,
Make beauty fly we know not where:
The fair whom fates unkind diſarm,
Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?
Or is there left ſome pleaſing art,
To keep ſecure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! might lovers ſay,
Beauty, thy food does ſwift decay;
When once that ſhort-liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What art thy famine can prevent?
Virtues prepare with early care,
That love may live on wiſdom's fare;
Though ecſtaſy with beauty flies,
Eſteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the fates decree
The gift of heav'n in giving thee:
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage;
Thy virtues ſhall delight his age.

ODE IV.

ON THE NEW YEAR M.DCC.XXXIX.

JANUS, who with ſliding pace,
Run'ſt a never ending race,
And driv'ſt about, in prone career,
The whirling circle of the year,
Kindly indulge a little ſtay,
I beg but one ſwift hour's delay.
O! while th' important minutes wait,
Let me revolve the books of fate;
See what the coming year intends
To me, my country, kind and friends.
Then may'ſt thou wing thy flight, and go,
To ſcatter blindly joys and woe;
Spread dire diſeaſe, or pureſt health,
And, as thou liſts, grant place or wealth.
This hour, with-held by potent charms,
Ev'n peace ſhall ſleep in pow'rs mad arms?
Kings feel their inward torments leſs,
And for a moment wiſh to bleſs.
Life now preſents another ſcene,
The ſame ſtrange farce to act again;
Again the weary human play'rs
Advance, and take their ſeveral ſhares:
Clodius riots, Cæſar fights,
Tully pleads, and Maro writes,
Ammon's fierce ſons controuls the globe,
And Harlequin diverts the mob.
To time's dark cave the year retreats,
Theſe hoary unfrequented ſeats;
There from his loaded wing he lays
The months, the minutes, hours, and days;
Then flies, the ſeaſons in his train,
To compaſs round the year again.
See there, in various heaps combin'd,
The paſt deſigns of human kind;
Whatever ſwell'd the ſtateſman's thought,
The miſchiefs mad ambition wrought,
Public revenge and hidden guilt,
The blood by ſecret murder ſpilt,
Friendſhips to ſordid intereſt given,
And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er pair'd in heaven;
What avarice, to crown his ſtore,
Stole from the orphan, and the poor;
Or luxury's more ſhameful waſte,
Squander'd on the unthankful feaſt.

Ye kings, and guilty great, draw near;
Before this awful court appear:
Bare to the muſe's piercing eye
The ſecret of all mortals lie;
She, ſtrict avenger, brings to light
Your crimes conceal'd in darkeſt night;
As conſcience, to her truſt moſt true,
Shall judge between th' oppreſs'd and you.
This caſket ſhows, ye wretched train,
How often merit ſu'd in vain.
See, there, undry'd, the widow's tears;
See, there, unſooth'd, the orphan's fears:
Yet, look, what mighty ſums appear,
The vile profuſion of the year.
Could'ſt thou not, impious greatneſs, give
The ſmalleſt alms, that want might live?
And yet, how many a large repaſt,
Pall'd the rich glutton's ſickly taſte!
One table's vain intemp'rate load,
With ambuſh'd death, and ſickneſs ſtrow'd,
Had bleſs'd the cottage peaceful ſhade,
And given its children health and bread:
The ruſtic ſire, and faithful ſpouſe,
With each dear pledge of honeſt vows,
Had, at the ſober-taſted meal,
Repeated oft the grateful tale;
Had hymn'd, in native language free,
The ſong of thanks to heaven and thee;
A muſic that the great ne'er hear,
Yet ſweeter to the internal ear,
Than any ſoft ſeducing note
E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's throat.
Let's ſtill ſearch on——This bundle's large.
What's here? 'Tis ſcience' plaintive charge.
Hear wiſdom's philoſophic ſigh,
(Neglected all her treaſures lie)
That none her ſecret haunts explore,
To learn what Plato taught before;
Her ſons ſeduc'd to turn their parts
To flattery's more thriving arts;
Refine their better ſenſe away
And join corruptions flag, for pay.
See his reward the gameſter ſhare,
Who painted moral virtue fair;
Inſpir'd the minds of gen'rous youth
To love the ſimple miſtreſs truth;
The patriot path diſtinctly ſhow'd,
That Rome and Greece to glory trode;
That ſelf-applauſe is nobleſt fame,
And kings may greatneſs link to ſhame;
While honeſty is no diſgrace,
And peace can ſmile without a place.
Hear too aſtronomy repine,
Who taught unnumber'd worlds to ſhine;
Who travels boundleſs ether through,
And brings the diſtant orbs to view.
Can ſhe her broken glaſs repair,
Though avarice has her all to ſpare!
What mighty ſecrets had been found,
Was virtue miſtreſs of five pound?
Yet ſee where, given to wealth and pride,
A bulky penſion lies beſide.
Avaunt then, riches; no delay;
I ſpurn th' ignoble heaps away.
What though your charms can purchaſe all
The giddy honours of this ball;
Make nature's germans all divide,
And haughty peers renounce their pride;
Can buy proud Flavia's ſordid ſmile,
Or, ripe for fate, this deſtin'd iſle.
Though greatneſs condeſcends to pray,
Will time indulge one hour's delay,
Or give the wretch intent on pelf,
One moment's credit with himſelf?
Virtue, that true from falſe diſcerns,
The vulgar courtly phraſe unlearns,
Superior far to fortune's frown,
Beſtows alone the ſtable crown,
The wreath from honours root that ſprings,
That fades upon the brows of kings.

ODE V.

ON THE BATTLE OF GLADSMUIR, 1745.

As over Gladſmuir's blood-ſtain'd field,
Scotia, imperial goddeſs flew;
Her lifted ſpear and radiant ſhield
Conſpicuous blazing to the view:
Her viſage, lately clouded with deſpair,
Now reaſſum'd its firſt majeſtic air.

Such ſeen as oft in battle warm
She glow'd through many a martial age;
Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
In pious plans and counſel ſage:
For, o'er the mangling glories of her face,
A manly greatneſs heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its ſound,
Her voice the pow'r celeſtial rais'd;
Whilſt her victorious ſons around
In ſilent joy and wonder gaz'd:
The ſacred muſes heard th' immortal lay,
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey.

"'Tis done! my ſons! 'tis nobly done!"
Victorious over tyrant pow'r;
How quick the race of fame was run!
The work of ages in one hour:
Slow creeps th' oppreſſive weight of ſlaviſh reigns;
One glorious moment roſe, and burſt your chains.

But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
A prey to each inſulting foe;
I ſought the grove and gloomy vale,
To vent in ſolitude my woe:
Now to my hand the balance fair reſtor'd;
Once more I wield on high th' imperial ſword.

What arm has this deliverance wrought?
'Tis he! the gallant youth appears;
O warm in fields, and cool in thought!
Beyond the ſlow advance of years!
Haſte, let me, reſcu'd now from future harms,
Strain cloſe the filial virtue in my arms.

Early I nurs'd this royal youth,
Ah! ill detain'd on foreign ſhores;
I fill'd his mind with love of truth,
With fortitude and wiſdom's ſtores:
For when a noble action is decreed,
Heav'n forms the hero for the deſtin'd deed.

Nor could the ſoft ſeducing charms
Of mild Heſperia's blooming ſoil,
E'er quench his noble thirſt of arms,
Of generous deeds and honeſt toil;

Fir'd with the warmth a country's love imparts,
He fled their weakneſs, but admir'd their [arts.

With him I plow'd the ſtormy main;
My breath inſpir'd th' auſpicious gale;
Reſerv'd for Gladſmuir's glorious plain,
Through dangers wing'd his daring ſail:
Where, form'd with inborn worth, he durſt oppoſe
His ſingle valour to an hoſt of foes.

He came! he ſpoke! and all around,
As ſwift as heav'n's quick-darted flame,
Shepherds turn'd warriors at the ſound,
And every boſom beat for fame:
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his ſide the willing heroes riſe.

Rouſe, England! rouſe, fame's nobleſt ſon,
In all thy ancient ſplendor ſhine;
If I the glorious work begun,
O let the crowning palm be thine:
I bring a prince, for ſuch is heav'n's decree,
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

So ſhall fierce wars and tumults ceaſe,
While plenty crowns the ſmiling plain;
And induſtry, fair child of peace,
Shall in each crowded city reign;
So ſhall theſe happy realms for ever prove
The ſweets of union, liberty, and love.

ON SEEING

LADY MARY MONTGOMERY

SIT TO HER PICTURE.

In Imitation of Spencer's Style.

When Lindſay drew Montgomery, heavenly maid,
And gaz'd with wonder on that angel face,
Pleas'd I ſat by, and joyfully ſurvey'd
The daring pencil image every grace.

When as the youth, each feature o'er and o'er
Careful retouch'd with ſtrict obſervant view;
Eftſoons I ſaw how charms unſeen before
Swell'd to the ſight, and with the picture grew.

With milder glances now he arms her eyes,
The red now triumphs to a brighter roſe;
Now heaves her boſom to a ſofter riſe,
And fairer on her cheek the lily blows.

Laſt glow'd the bluſh that pure of female wile,
I whilom knew when ſo my ſtars decreed,
My pipe ſhe deign'd to laud in pleaſing ſmile,
All undeſerving I ſuch worthy meed.

The whiles I gaz'd, ah! felice art thought I,
Ah! felice youth that doen it poſſeſs;
Couth to depeint the fair ſo verily,
True to each charm, and faithful to each grace.

Sythence ſhe cannot emulate her ſkill,
Ne envy will the merits her ſiſters praiſe,
Then for the deed, O let her place the will,
And to the glowing colours join her lays.

Yet algates would the nine, that high on hill
Parnaſſe, ſweet imps of Jove, with Jove reſide,
Give me to reign the fiery ſteed at will,
And with kind hand thy lucky pencil guide.
Then certes mought we fate miſprile, of praiſe
Secure, if the dear maid in beauties bloom
Survive, or in thy colours, or my lays,
Joy of this age, and joy of each to come.

MISS AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

In the manner of the late Mr. Gay.

A TENDER Miſs, whom mother's care
Bred up in wholeſome country air,
Far from the follies of the town,
Alike untaught to ſmile or frown;
Her ear unus'd to flatt'ry's praiſe,
Unknown in woman's wicked ways;
Her tongue from modiſh tattle free,
Undipp'd in ſcandal and bohea;
Her genuine form and native grace
Were ſtrangers to a looking-glaſs;
Nor cards ſhe dealt, nor flirted fan,
And valu'd not quadrille or man;
But ſimple liv'd, juſt as you know
Miſs Cloe did—ſome weeks ago.
As now the pretty innocent
Walk'd forth to taſte the early ſcent,
She tripp'd about the murm'ring ſtream,
That oft had lull'd her thoughtleſs dream.
The morning ſweet, the air ſerene,
A thouſand flow'rs adorn'd the ſcene;
The birds rejoicing round appear
To chooſe their conforts for the year;
Her heart was light, and full of play,
And, like herſelf, all nature gay.
On ſuch a day, as ſages ſing,
A Butterfly was on the wing;
From bank to bank, from bloom to bloom,
He ſtretch'd the gold beſpangled plume:
Now ſkims along, and now alights
As ſmell allures, or grace invites;
Now the violet's freſhneſs ſips;
Now kiſs'd the roſe's ſcarlet lips;
Becomes anon the daiſy's gueſt;
Then preſs'd the lily's ſnowy breaſt;
Nor long to one vouchſafes a ſtay,
But juſt ſalutes, and flies away.
The virgin ſaw with rapture fir'd;
She ſaw, and what ſhe ſaw deſir'd,
The ſhining wings, and ſtarry eyes,
And burns to ſeize the living prize:
Her beating breaſt and glowing face
Betray her native love of dreſs,
And all the woman full expreſt
Firſt flutters in her little breaſt;
Enſnar'd by empty outward ſhow,
She ſwift purſues the inſect-beau;
O'er gay parterres ſhe runs in haſte,
Nor heeds the garden's flow'ry waſte.
Long as the ſun, with genial pow'r
Increaſing, warm'd the ſultry hour,
The nymph o'er every border flew,
And kept the ſhining game in view:
But when, ſoft breathing through the trees,
With coolneſs came the evening breeze;
As hov'ring o'er the tulip's pride
Hanging with wing diverſify'd,
Caught in the hollow of her hand,
She held the captive at command.

Flutt'ring in vain to be releas'd,
He thus the gentle nymph addreſs'd:
Looſe, gen'rous virgin, looſe my chain;
From me what glory canſt thou gain?
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring thing,
My only boaſt a gorgeous wing;
From flow'r to flow'r I idly ſtray,
The trifler of a ſummer's day:
Then let me not in vain implore,
But leave me free again to ſoar.
His words the little charmer mov'd,
She the poor trembler's ſuit approv'd.
His gaudy wings he then extends,
And flutters on her fingers ends:
From thence he ſpoke, as you ſhall hear,
In ſtrains well worth a woman's ear.
When now thy young and tender age
Is pure, and heedleſs to engage;
When in thy free and open mien
No ſelf-important air is ſeen;
Unknowing all, to all unknown,
Thou liv'ſt, or prais'd, or blam'd by none.
But when, unfolding by degrees
The woman's fond deſire to pleaſe,
Studious to heave the artful ſigh,
Miſtreſs of the tongue and eye,
Thou ſett'ſt thy little charms to ſhow,
And ſports familiar with the beau;
Forſaking then the ſimple plain,
To mingle with the courtly train,
Thou in the midnight ball ſhalt ſee
Things apparell'd juſt like me;
Who round and round, without deſign,
Tinſel'd in empty luſtre ſhine:
As dancing through the ſpacious dome,
From fair to fair the friſkers roam,
If charm'd with the embroider'd pride,
The victim of a gay out-ſide,
From place to place, as me juſt now,
The glitt'ring gew-gaw you purſue,
What mighty prize ſhall crown thy pains?
A butterfly is all thy gains!

TO A LADY,

ON HER TAKING SOMETHING ILL THAT THE AUTHOR SAID.

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous heav'n ere while ſerene?
Whence do theſe ſtorms and tempeſts blow,
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean?
And muſt then mankind loſe that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And lie obſcur'd in endleſs night,
For each poor filly ſpeech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name?
Thy form ſo fair, and faultleſs ſtands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty could make large amends:
Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t' enſnare,
With all her charms has deckt thy face,
And Pallas with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who muſt not reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy heaven;
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

UPON HEARING HIS PICTURE WAS IN A LADY'S BREAST.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture bleſt
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breaſt?
Move ſofter, thou fond flutt'ring heart.
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me thou brighteſt of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliſs deſign'd?
For Strephon's ſake, dear charming maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wand'ring ſhade?

And thou bleſt ſhade, that ſweetly art
Lodged ſo near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched maſter's ardent pray'r,
Ingroſſing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloe, laviſh'd maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee. Were I lord
Of all the wealth thoſe breaſts afford,
I'd be a miſer too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh ſmile not thus, my lovely fair,
On theſe cold looks, that lifeleſs air;
Prize him whoſe boſom glows with fire,
With eager love and ſoft deſire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the ſilent ſhade:
Thou can'ſt ſurpaſs the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond requeſt,
Say thou canſt love, and make me bleſt.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

Such, ſkill'd the tender verſe to frame,
And ſoftly ſtrike the golden lyre;
A ſtranger to the ſoft'ning flame,
And new to ev'ry mild deſire.

Sweets that crown the budding year,
Pour'd from the zephyrs tepid wing,
Saw Sappho in the grove appear,
The rival of the vocal ſpring.

To try the heart-ſubduing ſtrains,
Anon the vernal ſcenes impell

O'er lofty rocks and rilly plains
Soft warbled from th' Eolian ſhell.

Or ſuch as in the bright abodes,
The youngeſt muſe with glories crown'd,
To whom the ſire of men and gods
Gave all th' enchanting pow'r of ſound.

As at the banquet of the ſky,
Freed from the giant's impious arms,
She drew each heavenly ear and eye,
With beauty mingling muſic's charms.

Had ſuch a voice ſure to prevail,
Soft warbled from the ſyren ſtrand,
What wonder, if each amorous ſail
Spontaneous ſought the tuneful land.

Even thou who cautious wing'ſt thy way,
Had given thy tedious wand'rings o'er;
By Julia's all-perſuading lay
Fix'd ever to the pleaſing ſhore.

A face ſo ſweet had ſure prevail'd
With wiſdom's ſelf to hear the voice,
Whilſt both the yielding heart aſſail'd,
Here wiſdom might have fix'd his choice.

SONG.

Ye ſhepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain, [ſtrain;
Approach from your ſports, and attend to my
Amongſt all your number a lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch bliſs in his view.
Was ever a nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to death.
She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She ſmiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
A boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an air, [ſighs.
Inſpires me with hope, and yet bids me deſpair!
I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:
Her anſwer confounds, while her manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bleſs her in ſpite of my grief.
By night, while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with care,
I ſtart up in anguiſh and ſigh for the fair:
The fair ſleeps in peace, may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.
Then gaze at a diſtance, nor farther aſpire;
Nor think ſhe ſhould love, whom ſhe cannot admire;
Huſh all thy complaining, and dying her ſlave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyſelf to the grave.

SONG.

Ah the ſhepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh.
Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſco er;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chaſe,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

SONG.

Adieu ye pleaſant ſports and plays,
Farewell each ſong that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I ſing of Delia and of Damon's parting.
Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleaſant paſſion,
Till Delia's mildneſs had prevail'd
On him to ſhow his inclination.
Juſt as the fair one ſeem'd to give
A patient ear to his love ſtory,
Damon muſt his Delia leave,
To go in queſt of toilſome glory.
Half-ſpoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the uſual greeting;
And ſighs ſupply'd their wonted ſong,
Theſe charming ſounds were chang'd to [weeping.
A. Dear idol of my ſoul, adieu:
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me,
While Damon lives, he lives for you,
No other charms ſhall ever move me.
B. Alas! who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her?
The thought deſtroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.
A. If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me.

SONG.

Wouldst thou know her ſacred charms
Who this deſtin'd heart alarms,
What kind of nymph the heavens decree
That maid that's made for love and me.
Who pants to hear the ſigh ſincere,
Who melts to ſee the tender tear,
From each ungentle paſſion free;
Such the maid that's made for me.
Who joys whene'er ſhe ſees me glad,
Who ſorrows when ſhe ſees me ſad;
For peace and me can pomp reſign,
Such the heart that's made for mine.
Whoſe ſoul with gen'rous friendſhip glows;
Who feels the bleſſing ſhe beſtows;
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Such be mine, if ſuch there be.
Whoſe genuine thoughts devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
A ſimple train, from falſehood free,
Such the maid that's made for me.
Avaunt ye light coquets, retire
Whom glittering fops around admire;

Unmov'd your tinſel charms I ſee,
More genuine beauties are for me.
Should love, fantaſtic as he is,
Raiſe up ſome rival to my bliſs;
And ſhould ſhe change, but can that be?
No other maid is made for me.

A SONG

BY A YOUG LADY, ON READING THE FOREGOING.

If you would know, my deareſt friend,
The man whoſe merit may pretend
To gain my heart, that yet is free,
Him that's made for love and me:
His mind ſhould be his chiefeſt care,
All his improvements centre there,
From each unmanly paſſion free;
That is the man who's made for me.
Whoſe generous boſom goodneſs warms,
Whom ſacred virtue ever charms,
Who to no vice a ſlave will be;
This is the man who's made for me.
Whoſe tongue can eaſily impart
The dictates of his honeſt heart,
In plain good ſenſe; from flatt'ry free;
Such he muſt be who's made for me.
He alone can love inſpire,
Who feels the warmth of friendſhip's fire;
Humane and gen'rous, kind and free;
That is the man who's made for me.
If ſuch an one, my friend e'er tries
To make me his by ſtricteſt ties,
The ſtudy of my life ſhall be,
To pleaſe the man ſo dear to me.
Ye powder'd beaux, from me retire,
Who only your dear ſelves admire;
Though deck'd in richeſt lace you be,
No tinſel'd fop has charms for me.
Glaſgow.

REPLY BY THE AUTHOR.

—*Sed que legat ipſe Lycoris.* VIRG.

O GENTLE maid! whoe'er thou art,
That ſeek'ſt to bleſs a friendly heart;
Whoſe muſe and mind ſeem fram'd to prove
The tenderneſs of mutual love:
The heart that flutters in his breaſt,
That longs and pants to be at reſt,
Roam'd all around thy ſex, to find
A gentle mate; and hop'd her kind.
I ſaw a face—and found it fair;
I ſearch'd a mind—ſaw goodneſs there:
Goodneſs and beauty both combin'd;
But heav'n forbade her to be kind.
To thee for refuge dare I fly,
The victim of another eye?
Poor gift! a loſt, rejected heart,
Deep wounded by a foreign dart.
From this inevitable chain,
Alas! I hope to 'ſcape in vain.
Is there a pow'r can ſet me free,
A pow'r on earth—or is it thee?
Yet were thy cheek as Venus fair;
Bloom'd all the Paphian goddeſs there,
Such as ſhe bleſs'd Adonis' arms;
Thou couldſt but equal Laura's charms.

Or were thy gentleſt mind repleté
With all that's mild, that's ſoft, that's ſweet;
Was all that's ſweet, ſoft, mild, combin'd,
Thou could'ſt but equal Laura's mind.
Since beauty, goodneſs, is not found
Of equal force to ſooth this wound,
Ah! what can eaſe my anguiſh'd mind?
Perhaps the charm of being kind.
Canſt thou tranſported view the lays
That warble forth another's praiſe,
Indulgent to the vow unknown,
Well pleas'd with homage not thy own?
Canſt thou the ſighs with pity hear
That ſwell to touch another's ear?
Canſt thou with ſoft compaſſion ſee
The tears that fall, and not for thee?
Canſt thou thy blooming hopes reſign,
The vow ſincere, ſo dearly thine;
All theſe reſign, and prove to me
What Laura would not deign to be?
When at thy feet I trembling fall,
My life, my ſoul, my Laura call;
Wilt thou my anxious cares beguile,
And o'er thy face ſpread Laura's ſmile.
Perhaps time's gently ſtealing pace
May Laura's fatal form efface,
Thou to my heart alone be dear,
Alone thy image triumph here.
Come then, beſt angel! to my aid;
Come, ſure thou'rt ſuch, the gentleſt maid:
If thou canſt work this cure divine,
My heart henceforth is wholly thine.
Edinburgh.

THE YOUNG LADY's ANSWER.

YOUR Laura's charms I cannot boaſt;
For beauty I ne'er was a toaſt;
I'm not remarkable for ſenſe;
To wit I've not the leaſt pretence.
If gold and ſilver have the power
To charm, no thouſands ſwell my dower;
No ſhining treaſures I poſſeſs,
To make the world my worth confeſs.
An honeſt, plain, good natur'd laſs,
(The character by which I paſs),
I doubt will ſcarcely have the art
To drive your Laura from your heart.
But, Sir, your having been in love,
Will not your title to me prove:
Far nobler qualities muſt be
In him who's made for love and me.
'Tis true, you can with eaſe impart
The dictates of your honeſt heart,
In plain good ſenſe, from flatt'ry free:
But this alone won't anſwer me.
Once more peruſe my lines with care;
Try if you find your picture there:
For by that teſt you'll quickly ſee,
If you're the man who's made for me.
Glaſgow.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

TO LADY JANE HOME,

In imitation of the ancient Scottiſh manner.

A. BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bony bony bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow

Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?
Where gat ye that winſome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winſome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does ſhe weep, thy bony bony bride?
Why does ſhe weep thy winſome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be ſeen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun ſhe weep, lang maun ſhe, maun ſhe weep,
Lang maun ſhe weep with dule and ſorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be ſeen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For ſhe has tint her luver luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cauſe of ſorrow,
And I hae ſlain the comelieſt ſwain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy ſtream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow.

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and ſorrow!
'Tis he the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Waſh, O waſh his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and ſorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye ſiſters ſiſters ſad,
Ye ſiſters ſad, his tomb with ſorrow,
And weep around in waeful wiſe,
His helpleſs fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curſe ye, curſe ye, his uſeleſs uſeleſs ſhield,
My arm that wrought the deed of ſorrow,
The fatal ſpear that pierc'd his breaſt,
His comely breaſt, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but, to my ſorrow,
O'er raſhly bald a ſtronger arm
Thou met'ſt, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet ſmells the birk, green grows, green grows
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, [the graſs,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow ſweet? as, as ſweet flows Tweed,
As green its graſs, its gowan yellow,
As ſweet ſmells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In floury bands thou him didſt fetter,
Though he was fair and weil belov'd again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Buſk ye, then buſk, my bony bony bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I buſk a bony bony bride,
How can I buſk a winſome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That ſlew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender bloſſoms cover,
For there was baſely ſlain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple veſt, 'twas my awn ſeuing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little ken'd
He was in theſe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white ſteed,
Unheedful of my dule and ſorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;
I ſang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang e'er night the ſpear was flown
That ſlew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purſue me?
My luver's blood is on thy ſpear,
How canſt thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy ſiſters may be may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle ſcoffin,
May bid me ſeek on Yarrow Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And ſtrive with threatening words to muve me,
My luver's blood is on thy ſpear,
How canſt thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal ſheets my body cover,
Unbar ye bridal maids the door,
Let in the expected huſband lover.

But who the expected huſband huſband is?
His hands methinks are bath'd in ſlaughter,
Ah me! what ghaſtly ſpectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale ſhroud, bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff take aff theſe bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet beſt yet beſt beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life reſtore thee,
Yet lie all night between my brieſts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive ſo foul a ſlaughter,
And lye all night between my brieſts,
No youth ſhall ever lye there after.

A. Return return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy uſeleſs ſorrow,
Thy luver heeds nought of thy ſighs,
He lyes a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

THE FLOWER OF YARROW,

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

Go Yarrow flower, thou ſhalt be bleſt,
To lie on beauteous Mary's breaſt;
Go Yarrow flower ſo ſweetly ſmelling,
Is there on earth ſo ſoft a dwelling?
Go lovely flower, thou prettieſt flower,
That ever ſmil'd in Yarrow bower;
Go daughter of the dewy morning,
With Alves' bluſh the fields adorning.
Go lovely roſe, what do'ſt thou here?
Hing'ring away thy ſhort liv'd year,
Vainly ſhining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed ſweets conſuming.
Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to pull, no eye to view;
What are thy charms no heart deſiring?
What profits beauty none admiring?
Go Yarrow flower to Yarrow maid,
And on her panting boſom laid,
There all thy native form confeſſing,
The charm of beauty is poſſeſſing.
Come Yarrow maid from Yarrow field,
What pleaſure can the deſart yield?
Come to my breaſt O all excelling,
Is there on earth ſo kind a dwelling?
Come my dear maid, thou prettieſt maid,
That ever ſmil'd in Yarrow ſhade;
Come ſiſter of the dewy morning,
With Alves' bluſh the dance adorning.
Come lovely maid, love calls thee here,
Linger no more thy fleeting year,
Vainly ſhining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed ſweets conſuming.
Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to preſs, no eye to view;
What are thy charms no heart deſiring?
What profits beauty none admiring?
Come Yarrow maid with Yarrow roſe,
Thy maiden graces all diſcloſe;
Come bleſt by all, to all a bleſſing,
The charm of beauty is poſſeſſing.

SONG.

Ye ſhepherds of this pleaſant vale
Where Yarrow ſtreams along,
Forſake your rural toils and join
In my triumphant ſong.
She grants, ſhe yields; one heavenly ſmile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many ſuff'ring days.
Raiſe, raiſe the victor notes of joy,
Theſe ſuffering days are o'er;
Love ſatiates now his boundleſs wiſh
From beauties boundleſs ſtore:
No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears
This riſing calm deſtroy,
Now every proſpect ſmiles around
All opening into joy.
The ſun with double luſtre ſhone
That dear conſenting hour,
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale
New colour'd every flower:
The gales their gentle ſighs withheld,
No leaf was ſeen to move,
The hov'ring ſongſters round were mute,
And wonder huſh'd the grove.
The hills and dales no more reſound
The lambkin's tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow ſtole
In dimpling ſilence by:
All nature ſeem'd in ſtill repoſe
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,
She ſpoke and bleſs'd my ear.
Take, take, whate'er of bliſs or joy
You fondly fancy mine,
Whate'er of joy or bleſs I boaſt
Love renders wholly thine;
The woods ſtruck up to the ſoft gale,
The leaves were ſeen to move,
The feather'd choir reſum'd their voice,
And wonder fill'd the grove.
The hills and dales again reſound
The lambkins tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
The ſong of triumph by;
Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, ſong.
I ſnatch'd her to my trembling breaſt,
All nature joy'd along.

SONG.

Go plaintive ſounds! and to the fair
My ſecret wounds impart;
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.

But ſhe, methinks, is liſt'ning now
To ſome enchanting ſtrain;
The ſmile that triumphs o'er her brow,
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes plaintive ſounds, yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine;
Let that gay minute paſs away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes plaintive ſounds, no longer croſt,
Your griefs ſhall ſoon be o'er;
Her cheek undimpled now, has loſt
The ſmile it lately wore.

Yes plaintive ſounds, ſhe now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Eſſay to ſoften all her pow'rs,
And be that ſoftneſs love.

Ceaſe plaintive ſounds, your taſk is done,
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conqueſt won,
I ſee you melting there.

Return ye ſmiles, return again,
Return each ſprightly grace;
I yield up to your charming reign,
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward ſhow amiſs,
Rove where they will her eyes,
Still let her ſmiles each ſhepherd bleſs,
So ſhe but hear my ſighs.

SONG.

You ask me, charming fair,
Why thus I penſive go?
From whence proceeds my care,
What nouriſhes my woe?

Why ſeek'ſt the cauſe to find
Of ills that I endure?
Ah! why ſo vainly kind
Unleſs reſolved to cure?

It needs no magic art,
To know whence my alarms;
Examine your own heart,
Go read them in your charms.

Wh[illegible]er the youthful quire,
Along the vale advance,
To raiſe at your deſire,
The lay, or form the dance;

Beneficent to each,
You ſome kind grace afford,
Gentle in deed or ſpeech,
A ſmile or friendly word.

Whilſt on my love you put
No value;—or the ſame,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,
My breaſt with ſorrow heaves,
The pain I would diſguiſe,
Nor man nor maid deceives.

My love ſtands all diſplay'd,
Too ſtrong for art to hide;
How ſoon the heart's betray'd
With ſuch a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,
Affronts I could have borne,
Found comfort in your hate,
Or triumph'd in your ſcorn.

But whilſt I thus adore,
I'm driven to wild deſpair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.

EPITAPH ON LORD NEWHALL.

To fame let flatt'ry the proud column raiſe,
And guilty greatneſs load with venal praiſe,
This monument for nobler uſe deſign'd
Speaks to the heart, and riſes for mankind;
Whoſe moral ſtrain, if rightly underſtood,
Invites thee to be humble, wiſe and good.
Learn here of life, life's every ſacred end,
Hence form the father, huſband, judge and friend:
Here wealth and greatneſs found no partial grace;
The poor look'd fearleſs in th' oppreſſors face:
One plain good meaning through his conduct ran,
And if he err'd, alas! he err'd as man.
If then unconſcious of ſo fair a fame
Thou read'ſt without the wiſh to be the ſame,
Though proud of titles, or of boundleſs ſtore,
By blood ignoble, and by wealth made poor,
Yet read; ſome vice perhaps thou may'ſt reſign,
Be ev'n that momentary virtue thine.
Heav'n in thy breaſt here work its firſt eſſay,
Think on this man, and paſs unblam'd one day.

EPITAPH ON LORD BINNING.

Beneath this ſacred marble ever ſleeps
For whom a father, mother, conſort weeps;
Whom brothers, ſiſters, pious griefs purſue,
And children's tears with virtuous drops bedew:
The loves and graces grieving round appear,
Ev'n mirth herſelf becomes a mourner here;
The ſtranger who directs his ſteps this way
Shall witneſs to thy worth, and wond'ring ſay,
Thy life, though ſhort, can we unhappy call!
Sure thine was bleſt, for it was ſocial all:
O may no hoſtile hand this place invade,
For ever ſacred to thy gentle ſhade,
Who knew in all life's offices to pleaſe;
Join'd taſte to virtue, and to virtue eaſe;
With riches bleſt did not the poor diſdain;
Was knowing, humble, friendly, great, humane;
By good men honour'd, by the bad appreov'd,
And lov'd the muſes, by the muſes lov'd;
Hail! and farewell, who bore the gentleſt mind,
For thou indeed haſt been of human kind.

EPITAPH ON LORD BARGENY.

Go hence inſtructed from this early urn,
Wiſe as you weep, and better as you mourn;
This urn, where titles, fortune, youth repoſe:
How vain the fleeting good that life beſtows!
Learn age, when now it can no more ſupply,
To quit the burden, and conſent to die;
Secure, the truly virtuous never tell,
How long the part was acted, but how well:
Youth, ſtand convicted of each fooliſh claim,
Each daring wiſh of lengthen'd life and fame;
Thy life a moment, and thy fame a breath,
The natural end, oblivion and death:
Hear then this ſolemn truth, obey its call,
Submiſs adore, for this is mankind's all.

EPITAPH ON SIR JAMES SUTTIE.

This unambitious ſtone preſerves a name
To friendſhip ſanctify'd, untouch'd by fame,
A ſon this rais'd, by holy duty fir'd,
Theſe ſung a friend, by friendly zeal inſpir'd.
No venal falſehood ſtain'd the filial tear;
Unbought, unaſk'd, the friendly praiſe ſincere
Both for a good man weep; without offence,
Who led his days in eaſe and innocence.
His tear roſe honeſt; honeſt roſe his ſmile;
His heart no falſehood knew, his tongue no guile;
A ſimple mind with plain juſt notions fraught,
Nor warp'd by wit, nor by proud ſcience taught,
Nature's plain light ſtill rightly underſtood,
That never heſitates the fair and good—
Who view'd ſelf balanc'd from his calm retreat,
The ſtorms that vex the buſy and the great,
Unmingling in the ſcene, whate'er befel
Pity'd his ſuff'ring kind, and wiſh'd 'em well:
Careleſs if monarchs frown'd, or ſtateſmen ſmil'd,
His purer joy, his friend, his wife or child;
Conſtant to act the hoſpitable part,
Love in his look, and welcome in his heart;
Such unpriz'd bleſſings did his life employ,
The ſocial moment, the domeſtic joy.

A joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind;
That leaves no doubt, no grudge, no ſting behind:
The heart-born rapture that from virtue ſprings,
The poor man's portion, God withheld from kings.
This life at decent time was bid to ceaſe,
Finiſh'd among his weeping friends in peace.
Go traveller, wiſh his ſhade eternal reſt,
Go, be the ſame, for this is to be bleſt.

EPITAPH ON MRS. COLQUHOUN OF LUSS.

UNBLAM'D, O ſacred ſhrine, let me draw near;
A ſiſter's aſhes claim a brother's tear.
No ſemblant arts this copious ſpring ſupply,
'Tis nature's drops, that ſwell in friendſhip's eye;
O'er this ſad tomb ſee kneeling brothers bend,
Who wail a ſiſter, that excell'd a friend;
A child like this each parent's wiſh engage,
Grace of his youth and ſolace of his age:
Hence the chaſte virgin learn each pious art
Who ſighs ſincere to bleſs a virtuous heart,
The faithful youth, when Heaven the choice inſpires,
Such hope the partner of his kind deſires.
Oh early loſt! yet early all fulfill'd,
Each tender office of wife, ſiſter, child;
All theſe in early youth thou hadſt obtain'd;
The fair maternal pattern yet remain'd; [ſpare;
Heav'n ſought not that—elſe Heav'n had bid to
To thine ſucceeds now Providence's care—
Amidſt the pomp that to the dead we give,
To ſooth the vanity of thoſe that live,
Receive thy deſtin'd place, a hallow'd grave;
'Tis all we can beſtow, or thou can'ſt crave.
Be theſe the honours that embalm thy name,
The matron's praiſe, woman's beſt ſilent fame;
Such to remembrance dear, thy worth be found,
When queens, and flatterers ſleep forgot around,
'Till awful ſounds ſhall break the ſolemn reſt;
Then wake amongſt the bleſt, for ever bleſt.
Meanwhile upon this ſtone, thy name ſhall live,
Sure heaven will let this pious verſe ſurvive.

EPITAPH ON MRS. KEITH.

WHATE'ER all-giving nature could impart,
Whate'er or charm'd the eye, or warm'd the heart,
Beauty, by candid virtue ſtill approv'd,
Virtue, by beauty render'd moſt belov'd;
Whate'er kind friendſhip, or endearing truth,
For bleſt old age had treaſur'd up in youth;
What bleſt old age, in its laſt calm adieu,
Might with applauſe and conſcious joy review,
Repoſes here to wake in endleſs bliſs,
Too early raviſh'd from a world like this!
Where fair examples ſtrike, but not inſpire
To imitate the virtues all admire:
Yet liſten, virgins! to this ſaving ſtrain,
If ſhe has liv'd—let her not die in vain.

EPITAPH ON MRS. HEPBURN.

STAY, paſſenger; this ſtone demands thy tear;
Here reſt the hopes of many a tender year:
Our ſorrow now——ſo late our joy and praiſe!
Loſt in the mild Aurora of her days.
What virtues might have grac'd her fuller day!
'But ah! the charm juſt ſhown and ſnatch'd away.'
Friendſhip, love, nature, all reclaim in vain;
Heav'n when it wills, reſumes its gifts again.

EPITAPH ON MISS SETON,

INTERRED IN THE CHAPEL OF SETON-HOUSE.

IN theſe once hallowed walls' neglected ſhade,
Sacred to piety and to the dead,
Where the long line of Seton's race repoſe,
Whoſe tombs to wiſdom, or to valour roſe;
Though now a thankleſs age, to ſlavery prone,
Paſt fame deſpiſing, careleſs of its own,
Records no more; each public virtue fled,
Who wiſely counſell'd, or who bravely bled.
Though here the warrior ſhield is hung no more,
But every violated trophy tore, [lot,
Heav'ns praiſe, man's honour, ſhare one ſhameful
God and his image both alike forgot.
To this ſweet maid a kindred place is due;
Her earth ſhall conſecrate theſe walls anew;
The muſe that liſtens to deſert alone,
Snatches from fate, and ſeals thee for her own.

EPITAPH.

COULD this fair marble to the world impart
Half of the woes that rend a huſband's heart,
Could it be taught to look with nature's eye,
Like friendſhip cou'd it breathe the tender ſigh,
With each dear rapture bid the boſom glow,
Love e'er cou'd taſte, or tenderneſs beſtow,
Then might it tow'r unblam'd amid the ſkies,
And not to vanity, but virtue riſe.
Its nobleſt pomp, the humble eye endure,
And pride, when moſt it ſwell'd, here find a cure.
Ceaſe then——nor at the ſovereign will repine;
It gives, we bliſs; it ſnatches, we reſign:
To earth what came from earth returns again,
Heav'n fram'd th' immortal part above to reign.

EPITAPH ON MR. CUNNINGHAM OF CRAIGENDS.

A SON, a wife, bade the plain marble ariſe;
Beneath the ſacred ſhade a good man lies.
In Britain's ſenate long unblam'd he ſate,
And anxious trembled for her doubtful fate:
Above all giddy hopes, all ſelfiſh ends,
His country was his family and friends.
Children! weep not, thus cruelly bereft;
The fair example of his life is left;
Another far more laſting, ſafe eſtate
Than e'er deſcended from the rich and great;
Theirs fall to time or fortune ſoon a prey;
Or the poor gift of kings, kings ſnatch away:
Your bleſt ſucceſſion never can be leſs,
Still as you imitate you ſtill poſſeſs.

ON A SUMMER-HOUSE IN MY OWN GARDEN.

WHILST round my head the zephyrs gently play,
To calm reflection I reſign the day;
From all the ſervitudes of life releaſt,
I bid mild friendſhip to the ſober feaſt;
Nor beauty baniſh from the hallow'd ground,
She enters here to ſolace not to wound;
All elſe excluded from the ſacred ſpot,
One half deteſted, and one half forgot:
All the mad human tumult, what to me?
Here chaſte Calliope, I live with thee,

ON A DIAL IN MY GARDEN.

ONCE at a potent leader's voice it ſtay'd;
Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd.
Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,
The flying ſhadow ſhall return no more.

ON AN OBELISK IN MY GARDEN.

VIEW all around, the works of power divine,
Inquire, explore, admire, extol, reſign;
This is the whole of human kind below,
'Tis only giv'n beyond the grave to know.

INSCRIPTION ON A DOG.

CALM tho' not mean, courageous without rage,
Serious not dull, and without thinking ſage;
Pleas'd at the lot that nature has aſſign'd,
Snarl as I liſt, and freely bark my mind;
As churchman wrangle not with jarring ſpite,
Nor ſtateſman like carreſſing whom I bite;
View all the canine kind with equal eyes,
I dread no maſtif, and no cur deſpiſe.
True from the firſt, and faithful to the end,
I balk no miſtreſs, and forſake no friend.
My days and nights one equal tenor keep,
Faſt but to eat, and only wake to ſleep.
Thus ſtealing along life I live *incog*,
A very plain and downright honeſt dog.

THE WISH.

IF join'd to make up virtue's glorious tale,
A weak, but pious aid can aught avail,
Each ſacred ſtudy, each diviner page
That once inſpir'd my youth, ſhall ſooth my age.
Deaf to ambition, and to intereſt's call;
Honour my titles, and enough my all;
No pimp of pleaſure, and no ſlave of ſtate,
Serene from fools, and guiltleſs of the great,
Some calm and undiſturb'd retreat I'll chooſe
Dear to myſelf and friends. Perhaps the muſe
May grant, while all my thoughts her charms em-
If not a future fame, a preſent joy. [ploy,
Pure from each feveriſh hope, each weak deſire;
Thoughts that improve, and ſlumbers that inſpire,
A ſtedfaſt peace of mind, rais'd far above
The guilt of hate and weakneſſes of love;
Studious of life, yet free from anxious care;
To others candid, to myſelf ſevere;
Filial, ſubmiſſive to the ſovereign will;
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill;
I'll work in narrow ſphere, what heaven approves,
Abating hatreds, and increaſing loves.
My friendſhip, ſtudies, pleaſures, all my own,
Alike to envy, and to fame unknown:
Such in ſome bleſt aſylum let me lie,
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wiſh to die.

A SOLILOQUY.

IN IMITATION OF HAMLET.

MY anxious ſoul is tore with doubtful ſtrife,
And hangs ſuſpended betwixt death and life:
Life! death! dread objects of mankind's debate;
Whether ſuperior to the ſhocks of fate,
To bear its fierceſt ills with ſtedfaſt mind,
To nature's order piouſly reſign'd,
Or, with magnanimous and brave diſdain,
Return her back th' injurious gift again.
O! if to die, this mortal buſtle o'er,
Were but to cloſe one's eyes, and be no more;
From pain, from ſickneſs, ſorrows, ſafe withdrawn,
In night eternal that ſhall know no dawn;
This dread, imperial, wondrous frame of man,
Loſt in ſtill nothing, whence it firſt began:
Yes, if the grave ſuch quiet could ſupply,
Devotion's ſelf might even dare to die,
Leſt hapleſs victors in the mortal ſtrife,
Through death we ſtruggle but to ſecond life.
But, fearful here, though curious to explore,
Thought pauſes, trembling on the hidden ſhore:
What ſcenes may riſe, awake the human fear;
Being again reſum'd, and God more near;
If awful thunders the new gueſt appall,
Or the ſoft voice of gentle mercy call.
This teaches life with all its ills to pleaſe,
Afflicting poverty, ſevere diſeaſe;
To loweſt infamy gives power to charm,
And ſtrikes the dagger from the boldeſt arm.
Then, Hamlet, ceaſe; thy raſh reſolves forego,
God, nature, reaſon, all will have it ſo;
Learn by this ſacred horror, well ſuppreſt,
Each fatal purpoſe in the traitor's breaſt.
This damps revenge with ſalutary fear,
And ſtops ambition in its wild career,
Till virtue for itſelf begin to move,
And ſervile fear exalt to filial love.
Then in thy breaſt let calmer paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with thy lot on earth, abſolve the ſkies.
The ills of life ſee friendſhip can divide;
See angels warring on the good man's ſide.
Alone to virtue happineſs is given,
On earth ſelf-ſatisfy'd, and crown'd in heaven.

A SOLILOQUY.

WROTE IN JUNE 1746.

MYSTERIOUS innate of this breaſt,
Enkindled by thy flame;
By thee my being's beſt expreſt,
For what thou art I am.
With thee I claim celeſtial birth,
A ſpark of heaven's own ray;
Without thee ſink to vileſt earth,
Inanimated clay.
Now in this ſad and diſmal hour
Of multiply'd diſtreſs,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy ſorrows leſs.
When all around thee cruel ſnares
Threaten thy deſtin'd breath,
And every ſharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains or death.
Can ought that paſt in youth's fond reign
Thy pleaſing vein reſtore,
Lives beauty's gay and feſtive train
In memory's ſoft ſtore?
Or does the muſe? 'Tis ſaid her art
Can fierceſt pangs appeaſe,
Can ſhe to thy poor trembling heart
Now ſpeak the words of peace?
Yet ſhe was wont at early dawn
To whiſper thy repoſe,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's cloſe.

Friendſhip, 'tis true, its ſacred might,
May mitigate thy doom;
As lightning ſhot acroſs the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.
O God! thy providence alone
Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladneſs every moan,
And baniſh all my fear.
Thy arm all powerful to ſave,
May every doubt deſtroy;
And from the horrors of the grave,
New raiſe to life and joy.
From this, as from a copious ſpring,
Pure conſolation flows;
Makes the faint heart midſt ſufferings ſing,
And midſt deſpair repoſe.
Yet from its creature gracious Heaven,
Moſt merciful and juſt,
Aſks but for life and ſafety given,
Our faith and humble truſt.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

Thro' life's ſtrange myſtic paths, how mankind
A contradiction ſtill in all their ways; [ſtrays!
In youth's gay bloom, in wealth's inſulting hour!
As heav'n all mercy was, they live ſecure,
Yet full of fears, and anxious doubts expire,
And in the awful judge forget the Sire.
Fair virtue then with faithful ſteps purſue,
Thy good deeds many, thy offences few;
That at the general doom thou may'ſt appear
With filial hope to ſooth thy conſcious fear;
Then to perpetual bliſs expect to live,
Thy Saviour is thy judge, and may forgive.

DOVES.

A FRAGMENT.

Or doves ſweet gentle birds, the heaven born muſe
Prepares to ſing, their manners and what law,
The blameleſs race obey, their cares and loves.
O ſacred virgin, that, to me unſeen
Yet preſent, whiſpers nightly in my ear
Love dited ſong or tale of martial knight,
As beſt becomes the time: and aidful grants
Celeſtial grace implor'd, O, bounteous, ſay
What fav'rite maid in her firſt bloom of youth
Wilt chooſe to honour? ſeem I not to ſee
The laurel ſhake, and hear the voice divine
Sound in mine ear: 'With Erſkine beſt agrees
'The ſong of doves: herſelf a dove, well pleas'd
'Liſten gracious to the tale benign, and hear
'How the chaſte bird with words of fondling love,
'Soft billing, wooes his maid, their ſpouſal loves,
'Pure and unſtain'd with jealous fear of change;
'How ſtudious they to build their little neſts,
'Nature's artificers! and tender, breed [flight,
'Their unfledg'd children, till they wing their
'Each parent's care.' Come, as the muſe ordains,
O thou of every grace, whoſe looks of love,
Erſkine, attractive, draw all wond'ring eyes
Conſtant to gaze; and whoſe ſubduing ſpeech
Drops as the honey comb, and grace is pour'd
Into thy lips: for ever thee attends
Sweetneſs thy handmaid, and, with beauty, clothes,
As with the morning's robe inveſted round:
O come, again invok'd, and ſmiling lend
Thy pleas'd attention, whilſt in figur'd ſilk
Thy knowing needle plants th' embroider'd flower,
As in its native bed: ſo may'ſt thou find
Delight perpetual and th' inclining ear
Of heav'n propitious to thy maiden vow,
When thou ſhalt ſeek from love a youth ador'n'd
With all perfection, worthy of thy choice,
To bleſs thy night of joy and ſocial care.
O happy he, for whom the vow is made.

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THE FLOWERS.

A FRAGMENT.

The care of gardens, and the garden's pride,
To rear the blooming flowers, invites the muſe;
A grateful taſk! To thee, O Hume, ſhe ſings
Well pleas'd amid the verdant walks to ſtray,
With thee, her chief delight, when ſummer ſmiles.
Come now my love, nor fear the winter's rage;
For ſee the winter's paſt, the rains are gone:
Behold the ſinging of the birds is now,
Seaſon benign; the joyous race prepare
Their native melody, and warbling airs
Are heard in ev'ry grove: the flowers appear,
Earth's ſmiling offspring, and the beauteous meads
Are cloth'd in pleaſant green; now fruitful trees
Put forth their tender buds that ſoon ſhall ſwell
With rich nectareous juice, and woo thy hand
To pluck their ripen'd ſweets. Forſake a while
The noiſe of cities, and with me retire
To rural ſolitude: Lo! for thy head
I weave a garland, deck'd with vernal flowers,
Violet, and hyacinth, and bluſhing roſe
Of ev'ry rich perfume; here in this calm
And undiſturb'd retreat, content to dwell,
Secluded from mankind, with thee and love,
Sweetner of human cares: But thou perhaps
Delight'ſt to hear the voice that bids thee come
To feſtival and dance; thou long'ſt to meet
The raptur'd youth, that at aſſembly hour
Awaits thy coming: haſte adorn'd in all
Thy native ſoftneſs, freſh as breathing flowers
Sweet ſmelling in the morning dew, and fire
His ſoul, ill able to reſiſt ſuch charms,
Won with attractive ſmiles: while I far off
Bemoan thy abſence, and thy image form
In ev'ry thicket and each ſecret grove,
To ſooth my longing mind by fancy's aid,
Pleaſing reſemblance! until thou thyſelf,
O faireſt among women, deign to grace
The bower that love prepares, from me to learn
The care and culture of the flowery kind.

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THE EPISODE OF THE THISTLE.

FLOWERS, BOOK I.

Nor to the garden ſole where fair reſides
As in her court the ſcarlet queen, amid
Her train of flow'ry nymphs, does nature boon
Indulge her gifts: but to each nameleſs field,
When the warm ſun rejoicing in the year
Stirs up the latent juice, ſhe ſcatters wide
Her roſy children: then innumerous births,
As from the womb ſpring up, and wide perfume
Their cradles with ambroſial ſweets around.
Far as the eye can reach all nature ſmiles,

Hill, dale, or valley, where a lucid ſtream
Leads, through the level-down, his ſilver maze,
Gliding, with even pace, direct, as one
On journey bent, and now meand'ring fair,
Unencumber'd currents to and fro convolv'd,
His paſtime, underneath the azure green
The wanton fiſhes ſport; and round his banks,
Sole or in conſort, the aërial kind
Reſound in air with ſong: the wild thyme here
Breathes fragrance, and a thouſand glittering flowers
Art never ſow'd. Even here the riſing weed
The landſcape paints the lion's yellow tooth,
Th' enamell'd daiſy, with its roſe adorn'd
The prickly briar, and the thiſtle rude,
An armed warrior, with his hoſt of ſpears.
Thrice happy plant! fair Scotia's greateſt pride,
Emblem of modeſt valour, unprovok'd
That harmeth not, provok'd that will not bear
Wrong unreveng'd; what though the humble root
Diſhonour'd erſt, the growth of every field
Aroſe unheeded through the ſtubborn ſoil
Jejune: though ſofter flowers, diſdainful, fly
Thy fellowſhip, nor in the noſegay join,
Ill match'd compeers: not leſs the dews of heav'n
Lathe thy rough cheeks, and waſh thy warlike mail,
Gift of indulgent ſkies! though lily pure
And roſe of fragrant leaf, beſt repreſent
Maria's ſnowy breaſt and ruddy cheek
Bluſhing with bloom: th' Ormond's laurel rear
Sublimer branch, indulging loftier ſhade
To heaven inſtructed bard, that ſtrings beneath,
Melodious, his ſounding wire, to tales
Of beauties praiſe, or from victorious camps
Heroes returning fierce. Unenvyed may
The ſnowy lily flouriſh round the brow
Of Gallia's king: The thiſtle happier far
Exalted into nobler fate, ſhall riſe
Triumphant o'er each flower, to Scotia's bards
Subject of laſting ſong, their monarch's choice;
Who, bounteous to the lowly weed, refus'd
Each other plant, and bade the thiſtle wave,
Embroider'd, in his enſigns, wide diſplay'd
Along the mural breach: how oft, beneath
Its martial influence, has Scotia's ſons
Through every age with dauntleſs valour fought
On every hoſtile ground? while o'er their breaſt,
Companion to the ſilver ſtar, bleſt type
Of fame unſullied and ſuperior deed,
Diſtinguiſh'd ornament! their native plant
Surrounds the ſainted croſs, with coſtly row
Of gems, emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold,
A ſacred mark, their glory and their pride.
But wouldſt thou know how firſt th' illuſtrious plant
Roſe to renown: hear the recording muſe,
While back through ages that have roll'd ſhe leads
Th' inquiring eye, and wakens into life
Heroes and mighty kings, whoſe godlike deeds
Are now no more, yet ſtill the fame ſurvives,
Victor o'er time, the triumph of the muſe.
As yet for love of arts and arms renown'd,
For hoary ſires with gifts of wiſdom grac'd,
Unrivall'd maids in beauteous bloom, deſire
Of every eye, and youthful gallant chiefs
For courage fam'd and bleſt with ſacred ſong,
Flouriſh'd, ſublime, the Pictiſh throne; and ſhar'd,

Rival of Scotia's power, fair Caledon.
Equals in ſway, while both alike aſpired
To ſingle rule, diſdaining to obey:
Oft led by hate and thirſt of dire revenge
For raviſh'd beauty, or for kindred ſlain,
Wide-waſting others realms with inroads fierce,
Until the ſecond Kenneth, great in arms,
Brandiſh'd th' avenging ſword, that low in duſt,
Humbled the haughty race: yet oft, of war
Weary, and havock dire, in mutual blood
Embru'd, the nations join'd in leagues of peace
Short ſpace enjoy'd; when nice ſuſpicious fears
By jealous love of empire bred, again,
With fatal breath, blew the dire flame of war,
Rekindling fierce: thus when Achaius reign'd,
By the diſpoſing will of gracious Heav'n
Ordain'd the Prince of Peace. Fair Ethelind
Grace of the Pictiſh throne, in roſy youth,
Of beauties bloom, in his young heart, inſpir'd
Spouſal deſires, ſoft love, and dove-ey'd peace,
Her dowry. Then, his hymeneal torch,
Concord, high brandiſh'd; and in bonds of love,
Link'd the contending race. But ah! how vain
Hopes mortal man, his joys on earth to laſt
Perpetual and ſincere: for Athelſtane,
Fierce from the conqueſt of great Alured,
Northumbrian ruler, came. On Tweda's ſhore
Full twenty thouſand brazen ſpears, he fix'd,
Shining a deathful view; diſmay'd the brave
Erſt undiſmay'd: even he, their warlike chief,
Hungus, in arms, a great and mighty name,
Felt his fierce heart, ſuſpended, if to meet
Th' outrageous Saxon, dreadful in the ranks
Of battle diſarray'd. Suppliant of help,
He ſues the Scottiſh race, by friendly ties
Adjur'd and nuptial rites and equal fears.
Led by their gallant prince, the choſen train
Forſake their native walls. The glad acclaim
Of ſhouting crowds, and the ſoft virgins wiſh
Purſue the parting chiefs to battle ſent,
With omens not averſe. Darkneſs aroſe
O'er heav'n and earth, as now but narrow ſpace
Sunder'd each hoſtile force: ſole in his tent
The youthful chief, the hope of Albion, lay
Slumb'ring ſecure, when, in the hour of ſleep,
A venerable form, St. Andrew, ſeen
Majeſtic, ſolemn, grand, before his ſight
In viſion, ſtood: his deep and piercing eye
Look'd wiſdom, and mature ſedateneſs weigh'd
To doubtful counſels, from his temples flow'd
His hair, white as the ſnowy fleece that clothes
The Alpine ridge, a-croſs his ſhoulders hung
A baldric, where ſome heavenly pencil wrought
Th' events of years to come prophetic drawn,
Seaſons and times: in his right hand he held
A croſs, for beaming through the night; his left
A pointed thiſtle rear'd. Fear not, he cry'd,
Thy country's early pride; for lo! to thee
Commiſſion'd I, from heav'n's eternal king,
Etherial meſſenger of tidings glad,
Propitious now am ſent. Then be thou bold,
To-morrow ſhall deliver to thy hand
The troops of Athelſtane. But oh! attend,
Inſtructed from the ſkies, the terms of fate,
Conditional, aſſign'd; for, if miſled
By ſacred luſt of arbitrary ſway,
Thou, or of thee to come, thy race ſhall wage
Injurious war, unrighteous to invade

His neighbour's realms, who dares the guilty deed,
Him Heaven ſhall deſert in needful hour
Of ſad diſtreſs, deliver'd o'er a prey
To all the nations round. This plant I bear,
Expreſſive emblem of thy equal deed.
This, inoffenſive in its native field,
Peaceful inhabitant, and lowly grows;
Yet who with hoſtile hands its briſtly ſpears
Unpuniſh'd may provoke? and ſuch be thou
Unprompt t' invade, and active to defend;
Wiſe fortitude! but when the morning flames,
Secure, in heav'n, againſt yon fated hoſt
Go up and overcome. When home return'd
With triumph crown'd, grateful to me ſhalt rear
A riſing temple on the deſtin'd ſpace,
With lofty towers and battlements adorn'd,
A houſe where God ſhall dwell. The viſion ſpoke,
And mix'd with night, when, ſtarting from his couch, [cries
The youth from ſlumber wak'd. The mingled
Of horſe and horſemen, furious for the day,
Aſſail his ears. And now both armies clos'd
Tempeſtuous fight. Aloud the welkin roars,
Reſounding wide, and groans of death are heard
Superior o'er the din. The rival chiefs
Each adverſe battle gor'd. Here Athelſtane,
Horrent in mail, rear'd high his moony ſhield
With Saxon trophies charg'd and deeds of blood,
Horrid atchievement! nor leſs furious there
Hungus enflam'd with deſp'rate rage, and keen
Deſire of victory: and near him join'd,
With ſocial valour, by the viſion fir'd,
The hopes of Caledon, the Scottiſh oak
Plies furious, that from the mighty's blood
Return'd not back unſtain'd. Thus, when the ſeeds
Of fire and nitrous ſpume and grain aduſt,
Sulphureous, diſtend earth's hollow womb,
Sicilian Ætna labours to diſgorge
Dreadful eruption, from the ſmoking top
Flows down the molten rock in liquid ore,
A three-fold current to the waſted plain,
Each ravaging a ſep'rate way: ſo fought
Deſp'rate the chiefs; nine hours in equal ſcale
The battle hung, the tenth the angel rear'd
The tutelary croſs, then diſarray
Fell on the Saxon hoſt. Thus when of old
Th' Amalekite in vale of Rephidim,
Againſt the choſen race of Judah, ſet
The battle in array, and various chance
Alternate rul'd, when, as the ſun went down,
Aaron and Hur upſtaid the failing hands
Of Moſes, to ſuſtain the potent rod,
'Till Iſrael overthrew: thus fore that day
The battle went againſt the numerous hoſts
Of Athelſtane, impure; the daring chief,
Far from the ſlaughter borne, a ſwelling ſtream,
By ſudden rains high furging o'er its banks,
Impervious to his flight, for ever ſunk,
Number'd amongſt the dead. Then rout on rout,
Confuſion on confuſion, wild diſmay,
And ſlaughter raging wide, o'erturn'd the bands
Ere while ſo proud array'd. Amaz'd they fled
Before the Scottiſh ſword; for from the ſword,
From the drawn ſword, they fled, the bended bow,
The victor's ſhout, and honour of the war.
The royal youth, thus victor of his vows,
Leads to his native land with conqueſt crown'd,
His warring powers; nor of the heavenly dream
Unmindful, bade the promis'd towers aſpire
With ſolemn rites made ſacred to the name
Of him in viſion ſeen. Then, to inſpire
Love of heroic worth, and kindle ſeeds
Of virtuous emulation in the ſoul
Rip'ning to deed, he crown'd his manly breaſt
With a refulgent ſtar, and in the ſtar
Amidſt the rubies blaze, diſtinguiſh'd ſhines
The ſainted croſs, around whoſe golden verge
The embroider'd thiſtle, bleſt encloſure! winds
A warlike foliage of ported ſpears
Defenceful: laſt, partakers of his fame,
He adds a choſen train of gallant youths,
Illuſtrious fellowſhip! above their peers
Exalted eminent: the ſhining band,
Devote to fame, along the crowded ſtreets
Are led, exulting, to the lofty fane,
With holy feſtival and ritual pomp
Inſtall'd, of ſolemn prayer, and offer'd vows
Inviolate, and ſacred, to preſerve
The ordinance of heav'n, and great decree
Voice of the ſilent night: * O ill foreſeen,
O judgments ill forewarn'd and ſure denounc'd
Of future woes and cov'nants broke in blood,
That children's children wept: how didſt thou grieve,
O virgin daughter, and what tears bedew'd
The cheek of hoary age, when, as the fates,
Tranſgreſs'd the high command, ſeverely will'd,
The hapleſs youth, as the fierce lion's whelp,
Fell in the fatal ſnare? that ſacred head
Where late the graces dwelt, and wiſdom mild
Subdued attention, ghaſtly, pale, deform'd,
Of royalty deſpoil'd, by ruthleſs hands
Fix'd on a ſpear, the ſcoff of gazing crowds,
Mean triumph, borne: then firſt the radiant croſs
Submitted in the duſt, diſhonour foul,
Her holy ſplendors; firſt, the thiſtle's ſpears
Broke by a hoſtile hand, the ſilver ſtar
Felt dim eclipſe, and mourn'd in dark ſojourn,
A tedious length of years, till he, the fifth
Triumphant James, of Stuart's ancient line,
Reſtor'd the former grace, and bade it ſhine,
With added gifts adorn'd. To choſen twelve,
Inveſted with the ornaments of fame,
Their ſovereign's love, he, bounteous, gave to wear,
Acroſs their ſhoulders flung, the radiant brede
Of evening blue, of ſimple faith unſtain'd
Myſterious ſign and loyalty ſincere.
Approven chiefs! how many ſons, inroll'd
In the fair deathleſs liſt, has Scotia ſeen,
Or terrible in war for bold exploit?
Beſt champions! or, in the mild arts of peace,
Lawgivers wiſe, and of endanger'd rights,
Firm guardians in evil times, to death
Aſſerting virtue's cauſe, and virtue's train?
Bleſt patronage! nor theſe, with envy, view
Th' embroider'd garter to ſurround the knee
Of military chiefs of Brutus' blood,
With equal honours grac'd; while monarchs bear
The conſecrated croſs, and happy plant
Bright on the regal robe; nor valued more
Th' anointing oil of heav'n. In Britain's ſhield
The northern ſtar mingles with George's beams,

* *This refers to the ſtory of King Alpin, ſlain by the Picts, and his head fixed to a pole. See Buchanan, Book* V.

Conforted light, and near Hibernia's harp,
Breathing the ſp'rit of peace and ſocial love,
Harmonious power, the Scottiſh thiſtle fills
A diſtinguiſh'd place, and guards the Engliſh roſe.

SPEECH OF RANDOLPH,

A FRAGMENT OF BRUCE, BOOK II.

DEMAND'ST thou, mighty Bruce, to know from whence
My lineage I derive: Then hear a tale
Well known through fair Stirlina's fruitful bounds,
My native land. Of ancient Scottiſh kings,
Thy royal anceſtry, O Bruce, am I
Undoubted offspring; and, forgive the boaſt,
From the ſame fount my blood united flows,
Ally'd to thine. As yet Cameldoun's walls
By Forth, delightful ſtream! encircled ſtood
The ſeat of Edenuther, Pictiſh king;
To whoſe deſtruction, eager to revenge
The breach of faith and hoſpitable laws,
Inſulted——his embattled hoſt
Fierce Corbred led: for, from Dunſtaffnage towers,
Pretending love and Hymeneal rite,
The treacherous Pict, with meditated force,
Bore Ethelind, her country's juſteſt pride,
Peerleſs and fair; a thouſand heroes fought
For her to death, fierce raging round the walls
Of lofty Cameldoun: the guilty prince
Had dearly paid the price of faith forſworn,
But, ſtudious of new frauds within his walls,
H' invites the Scottiſh train, friendly to meet
In amicable talk, fair Ethelind
To be the pledge of future peace, and join
The warring nations in eternal league
Of love connubial: the unweeting king
Enter'd the hoſtile gates; with feaſt and ſong
The towers reſound, till the dark midnight hour
Awake the murderers: in ſleep he fell
With all his peers, in early life, and left
His vow'd revenge and ſiſter unredeem'd.
Now was the royal virgin left expos'd
To the fell victor's luſt, no friend to aid,
Her brother ſlain, and fierce and mighty chiefs
That warr'd in her defence. How could, alas!
Unſhelter'd, helpleſs innocence reſiſt
The infernal raviſher? with ſtedfaſt mind
She ſcorn'd his profer'd love; by virtue's aid
Triumphant o'er his luſt. In vain, with tears
And rough complaint that ſpoke a ſavage heart,
Strove he to gain and woo her to his will:
In vain, enrag'd and ruthleſs in his love,
He threat'ned. Death diſdain'd, force was the laſt,
But that her arm oppos'd, reſolv'd to ſtrike
The poignard in her breaſt, her virtue's guard.
All arts thus try'd in vain, at laſt incens'd,
Deep in a dungeon, from the cheerful light
Far, far remov'd, the wretched maid he threw
Deplorable; doom'd in that dwelling drear
To waſte her anxious days and ſleepleſs nights.
Anguiſh extreme! ah, how unlike theſe hours
That in her father's palace wont to paſs
In feſtival and dance. Her piteous ſhrieks
Mov'd her ſtern keeper's heart; ſecret he frees
The impriſon'd maid, and to the king relates
Her death, diſſembling. Then, with fell deſpite
And rage, inflam'd for uncnjoyed love,
The monarch ſtorm'd, he loth'd his food, and fled
All human converſe, fruſtrate of his will.
Meanwhile the nymph forſakes the hoſtile walls
Flying by night; through pathleſs wilds unknown
Guideleſs ſhe wanders, in her frighted ears
Still hears the tyrant's voice, in fancy views
His form terrific, and his dreaded front
Severe in frowns; her tender heart is vex'd
With every fear, and oft deſires to die.
Now day return'd, and cheerful light began
T' adorn the heav'ns; loſt in the hills ſhe knew
No certain path; around the dreary waſte
Sending her weeping eye, in vain requir'd
Her native fields, Dunſtaffnage' well known tow'rs,
And high Edeſta's walls, her father's reign.
Three days the royal wanderer bore the heat
Intenſely fervent, and three loneſome nights
Wet with the chilling dews; the foreſt oak
Supply'd her food, and at the running ſtream,
Patient, ſhe ſlack'd her thirſt. But when the fourth
Aroſe, deſcending from the Ochell height,
The flow'ry fields beneath, ſhe wander'd long
Erroneous, diſconſolate, forlorn.
Jerne's ſtream ſhe paſs'd; a riſing hill
Stood on the bank oppos'd, adorn'd with trees,
A ſilvan ſcene! thither ſhe bent her flight,
O'ercome with toil, and gently laid her down
In the embow'ring ſhade: the dew of ſleep
Fell on her weary eyes, then pleaſing dreams
Began to lay the tempeſt in her mind,
Calming from troubled thoughts: to regal pomp
She ſeems reſtor'd, her brother's fate reveng'd,
The tyrant ſlain: ſhe dream'd till morn aroſe,
The fifth that roſe ſince from Cameldoun's walls
She bent her flight: the cheerful day invites,
From fair Dundalgan's ever ſunny towers,
Mildred t' ariſe, who oft in fields of death,
Victorious, led the Picts embattled race,
Illuſtrious chief! he to the hilly height,
His morning walk, pleas'd with the ſeaſon fair,
Betakes him muſing, there it was he ſaw
Fair Ethelind, ſurpris'd as Hengiſt's ſon,
Elfred aſleep beheld, when, as ſhe fled
From Saxony to ſhun a ſtep-dame's rage
That ſought her life, he, with prevailing words,
Woo'd the conſenting maid: nor leſs amaz'd
The Pictiſh leader ſaw the beauteous form;
Fix'd in ſurpriſe and ardent gaze, he ſtood
Wond'ring! his beating heart with joy o'erflow'd.
He led her bluſhing from the ſacred grove
In baſhful modeſty, and doubting joy
Chaſtis'd with fear, alternate in her breaſt,
Poor lovely mourner! to his parents ſhow'd
The beauteous ſtranger; they in age rever'd
Lift up their trembling hands, and bleſt the maid,
Beſt workmanſhip of heaven! the youthful chief
Tranſported every day his gueſt beheld,
And every day beheld with new delight,
Her winning graces mild, and form divine,
That drew with ſoft attraction, kindling love,
Inflam'd his ſoul: ſtill new delays he frames
To gain a longer ſtay, e'er he reſtore
The beauteous exile to her native land,
His promis'd faith. The ſtory of her woes,
Her o'er and o'er demands; ſhe pleas'd relates
Her paſt adventures ſad, but, prudent, kept

Unknown her royal race; the ardent youth
Hangs on the ſpeaker's lips, ſtill more and more
Enamour'd of her charms, by courtly deed
He ſought the virgin's love; by pray'rs and vows
Won to conſent; the nuptial day aroſe,
Awak'd by muſic's ſound; the Pow'rs invok'd
To bliſs the hallow'd rite, and happy night
That to his arms beſtow'd the much lov'd maid,
The gift of Heaven: then gladneſs fill'd his heart
Unſpeakable, as when the ſapient King,
The ſon of David, on the happy day
Of his eſpouſals, when his mother bound
His brow in regal gold, delighted ſaw
His fair Egyptian bride adorned with all
Perfection, blooming in celeſtial ſweets.
  While thus the royal exile liv'd remote,
In Hymen's ſofteſt joys, the Scottiſh chiefs
Prepare for battle, ſtudious to redeem
Their captive queen, unknowing of her fate;
With juſt ſucceſs unbleſs'd, diſcomfited
They fell in ruthleſs fight, their mighty men
Unworthy bondage! helpleſs exiles ſold
To foreign lands. The Pictiſh king enrag'd
Collects an hoſt, embattled as the ſands
Along the Solway coaſt, from all the bounds
Of his wide empire, Brica's riſing towers,
And Jeda's ancient walls, once ſeat of kings,
With Eden rais'd on rocks, and Cameldoun,
Send forth their chiefs and citizens to war,
Pour'd thro' their lofty gates. What anguiſh then,
O royal virgin, vex'd thy tender heart,
When thou, thy huſband midſt your country's foes,
Enroll'dſt their leader? much didſt thou adjure
By nuptial ties, much by endearing love,
To ſpare thy country in the waſte of war;
He too, the youthful chief, long doubting ſtood
'Twixt love and duty, unreſolv'd of choice,
Hard conflict! to Dunſtaffnage walls he flies,
And left the weeping fair, intent to drown
The voice of love, ſoft pleading in his heart,
In ſounds of battle; but in vain! his wife
A beauteous form, ſtill riſes to his thoughts
In ſupplicating tears; he grieves to ſee
The mingling hoſts engage, and dreads to find
Amidſt the ſlain, his kindred new ally'd.
  But now the Pictiſh king with mighty chiefs
Selected from his peers, purſues his way
To raze the Scottiſh walls, Dundalgan's towers
Receive their monarch, proud to entertain
The mighty gueſt: exults the haughty king
With ſavage joy, when firſt his eyes beheld
The maid ſo lately loſt, again reſtor'd
Sad victim to his luſt: what could ſhe do,
Hopeleſs of aid! or how alas! avert
The dire event that from the monarch's luſt
Her fears preſag'd? 'twas heav'n her thoughts in-
In hour of ſad extreme, ſhe flies the dome [ſpir'd
With two, alone of all her menial train,
Companions of her flight. The king meanwhile,
Fierce with deſire and violent to enjoy,
Him nor the bowl delights, nor ſprightly mirth,
Nor tale of martial knight in ancient time
Recited: the unfiniſh'd feaſt he leaves
With wine enflam'd and ill perſuading luſt,
Worſt counſellors! a ſecret way he found
That to the queen's apartment led unſeen;
Thither he flies through many a lofty hall,
Where heroes oft have met in wiſe conſult,
Elate in thought; but heavens! what fell deſpite,
What raging pain tore his diſtracted mind,
When firſt he knew the royal fair was fled?
Deſp'rate in rage, he hopes his abſent prey,
Intent to raviſh. Hurrying to the camp
He ſought the general's tent, begirt around
With noble Picts there weeping Ethelind,
In ſoft'ned anguiſh, on the heroe's breaſt
He found reclining, ſad: he would have ſeiz'd
The trembling fair one from her lover's arms,
Her ſureſt refuge, miſerably torn,
Victim to luſt obſcene, had not the youth
Withſtood the dire attempt of ſovereign ſway.
Haughty, the monarch rag'd and call'd his chiefs
To aid, his chiefs refuſe th' unjuſt command:
Then impotent of mind he ſtorm'd, he ra[illegible]
Outrageous in his ire: then wild uproar,
Tumult, and martial din, ſounds o'er the camp,
While theſe aſſiſt the king, and theſe the youth,
By fearleſs friendſhip led: the claſh of ſwords,
Through the ſtill night, heard on the Scottiſh walls,
Alarms the chiefs in midnight council met:
The boldeſt of their warrior train they chooſe
For ſecret ambuſh, ſheath'd in jointed mail;
Th' intrepid band beneath a bending hill,
Await the riſing dawn; Mildred they ſeiz'd,
The royal exile and their ſocial train,
Flying the monarch's rage: the beauteous queen
Rejoices to behold her native walls,
Exil'd ſo long, her peers with lifted hands [turn'd,
Extoll'd the bounteous Pow'rs, their queen re-
The wondrous work of Fate; now ſhe relates
Her direful tale, the audience melt in tears.
  Meanwhile the monarch raging in the camp,
Forſook of all his peers, for fierce aſſault
Prepar'd, attended with a deſperate crew
Of men, that ſhar'd in partnerſhip of crimes,
March'd forward to his fate; the ambuſh'd train
Riſe ſudden, round them ſpread the ſlaughter'd
Himſelf, as furious in the front he warr'd [foe.
Bled by a well aim'd ſpear; to puniſh'd ghoſts
Of kings perfidious, fled his guilty ſoul.
  The monarch ſlain, the Pictiſh chiefs that late
Forſook the noiſy camp, convene within
The Scottiſh walls, the princes joyful plight
In leagues of mutual peace; in every fane
Each grateful altar blaz'd; to heaven they paid
Their vows, their queen reſtor'd, and with her peace
The purchaſe of her love: through all the town
Public rejoicings reign'd, the voice of mirth
Was heard in ev'ry ſtreet, that blazing ſhone
Illuminated bright. The diadem
Inſtar'd with diamond gems and flaming gold,
Magnificent! by Scotia's monarchs worn
From eldeſt times upon her beauteous brow
Plac'd by a mitr'd prieſt, in rich array,
Incircling, ſhines; her native peers around,
Mix'd with the Pictiſh chiefs, admiring ſtand,
Pleas'd with her heavenly ſmiles, her gentle look,
The type of ſofter rule: then next they gave
The ſceptre to her hands; the precious ſtones
Blaz'd on the beaming point, hail! Queen of Scots;
Joyful they cry, hail! to thy own return'd,
Safe from a thouſand toils, beyond our hopes,
Crown'd where thy fathers reign'd: thus paſt the
In celebrated rites. When morn aroſe [night
Th' aſſembled ſenate, partner of her throne

Elect the noble youth; in times of peace
To aid by counsel, and in war to lead
Her marshall'd chiefs: thus ended all her woes.
Blest in her husband's, and her subjects love,
Peace flourish'd in her reign: three sons she bore,
All men of valour known; well could they bend
The bow in time of need. Her eldest grac'd
With all the train of virtues that adorn
A prince, succeeded to the Scottish rule,
His mother's kingdom; in his happy days
The Scottish prowess twice o'erthrew the Dane
In bloody conflict, from our fatal shore
Repuls'd with ignominious rout, disgrac'd.
Her second hope, born to unluckier fate
Matchless in fight and every gallant deed,
The terror of his foes, his country's hope,
[illegible]less battle by ignoble hands
Fell in his prime of youth, for ever wept,
For ever honour'd. Athingart the last
For prudence far renown'd, Elgidra's charms
The heroe fir'd, as in her father's court
A peaceful legate by his brother sent
To Pictland's monarch; there the royal youth
Graceful, in warlike tournament above
His equals shone, and won the princely maid
Courted by rival kings: from that embrace
Descend a thousand chiefs, that lineal heir'd
The virtues of their sire, witness the fields
Of Loncart, and the streams that purple ran
With stain of Danish blood: the brazen spears
And crested helms, and antique shields, the spoils
Of chiefs in battle slain, hung on the roof,
Eternal trophies of their martial deeds,
From son to son preserv'd with jealous care.
My father in his country's quarrel met
A glorious fate, when god-like Wallace fought;
He, firm adherer to the nobler cause
Shar'd all his toils, and bled in all his fights,
Till Falkirk saw him fall; with Graham he fell,
Wallace his bold compeer, whom, great in arms,
Wallace alone surpast. With martial thoughts
He fired my youthful mind, and taught betimes
To build my glory on my country's love,
His great example! to thy native reign
If thee, thy fate propitious to the good,
Restor'd, h' enjoin'd me to unite my force,
From foreign victors to retrieve again
Thy ravish'd kingdoms: then this sword he gave
In dangers ever faithful to his arm,
Pledge of paternal love; nor shall the foe
Exult, I ween, to find the dastard son
Degenerate from his sire, to wield in vain
A father's gift. In me, O Bruce, behold
A willing warrior, from Bodotria's stream
I lead my native bands, hardy and bold,
In fight distinguish'd by superior deed.
He said and ceas'd; the arm'd assembly stood
Silent in thought, till from his lofty seat
Great Bruce arose——O noble youth! he cry'd,
Descended from a line of noble sires,
Accept thy monarch's thanks—Welcome thyself,
Welcome thy sequent chiefs, thy country sore
Oppress'd by dire usurpers, now demands
Warriors like thee, where death and bloodshed reign
In conflict stern; do thou approve thy might
Above thy fellows, by transcendent acts
To Fame endear'd; she, on thy praise well pleas'd
Constant to dwell, shall rear thee up on high
The loftiest branch, t' adorn thy ancient stem.
He spake, and gave the youth his plighted hand,
Pledge of benevolence and kind intent;
The chiefs around embrace and glad receive
The youthful champion worthy of his race.

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HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V. IMITATED.

What happy youth Maria now
Breathes in thy willing ear his vow!
With whom thou spend'st thy evening hours,
Amidst the sweets of breathing flowers;
For whom retir'd to secret shade,
Soft on thy panting bosom laid,
Thou set'st thy looks with nicest care,
And bind'st in gold thy flowing hair.
O neatly plain! How oft shall he
Bewail thy false inconstancy?
Condemn'd perpetual frowns to prove,
How often weep thy alter'd love?
Who thee, too credulous, hopes to find,
As now still golden and still kind;
And heedless now of fortune's power
Sets far away the evil hour.
How oft shalt thou, ill-star'd, bewail
Thou trusted to the faithless gale?
When unaccustom'd to survey
The rising winds and swelling sea;
When clouds shall rise on that dear face,
That shone adorn'd in every grace;
That yet untaught in wicked wiles,
Was wont to appear to thee in smiles.
Wretch'd they to whom thou shin'st, untry'd
Thy shifting calm and treacherous tide:
For me once shipwreck'd, now on shore,
I venture out my bark no more.

PALINODE.

O happy youth, who now possest
Of my Maria's smiles are blest;
Think not thy joys will constant prove,
How many changes are in love!
I once was happy too like thee,
That sun of beauty shone on me:
In darkness ever to deplore,
The sun is set to shine no more;
Doom'd near to view the rising light,
But weep out love's eternal night.
When first I spread the lover's sail,
Love blew from shore a friendly gale;
Sweet appear'd th' inchanting scene,
All calm below, above serene:
Joyous I made before the wind,
Heedless of what I left behind;
Nor rocks, nor quicksands did I dread,
No adverse winds to check my speed;
No savage pirate did I fear,
To ravish all my soul held dear,
Far off my treasure to convey,
And sell in foreign lands away:
Maria's hand unfurl'd the sails,
Her prayers invok'd the springing gales:
'Twas calm whate'er her eyes survey'd,
Her voice the raging storm obey'd;
And o'er the bosom of the tides,
Her will the ruling rudder guides.

But ah! the change, ſhe flies away,
And will vouchſafe no longer ſtay.
See now the ſwelling ſeas ariſe,
Loud ſtorming winds enrage the ſkies,
All weak the tempeſt to withſtand,
Trembling and pale I put to land.
Wet from the toſſing ſurge, aghaſt
I thank the gods, the danger's paſt;
And ſwear to venture out no more
Secure upon the ſafer ſhore;
Yet ſhould the ſwelling ſeas ſubſide,
And roll ſerene a ſilver tide;
Should yet the angry tempeſt ceaſe,
And gently breathe a gale of peace;
Much, much I fear, I'd dare again
A ſecond ſhipwreck on the main.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE VII. IMITATED.

TO THE EARL OF STAIR.

Let others in exalted lays
The lofty dome of Hopetoun praiſe,
Or where of old, in lonely cell,
The muſing Druid wont to dwell:
Or with the ſacred ſiſters roam,
Near holy Melroſe' ruin'd dome:
There are who paint with all their might
The fields where Fortha's ſtreams delight;
That winding through Stirlina's plain,
Rolls beauteous to the diſtant main:
Or faithful to the farmer's toil,
Extol fair Lothian's fertile ſoil;
Where Ceres her beſt gifts beſtows,
And Edin town her ſtructures ſhows.
Nor me delight thoſe ſylvan ſcenes,
Thoſe chequer'd bow'rs and winding greens;
Where art and nature join to yield
Unnumber'd ſweets to Marleſield:
Nor yet that ſoft and ſecret ſhade,
Where fair Aboyn aſleep is laid;
Where gay in ſprightly dance no more
She dreams her former triumphs o'er,
Theſe ſcenes can beſt entice my ſoul,
Where ſmooth Blancatria's waters roll;
Where beauteous Hume in ſmiling hour,
Plucks the green herb or riſing flower;
Pleas'd on the borders to behold
The apple redden into gold.
But whate'er place thy preſence boaſt,
Let not, O S——! an hour be loſt.
When the rough north and angry ſtorm,
Nature's lovely locks deform;
The ſouth reſtores the wonted grace,
And wipes the clouds from heaven's face.
So thou to finiſh all thy care,
The flaſk of brisk Champaign prepare;
Invite thy friends with wiſe deſign,
And waſh the ills of life with wine:
Whether beneath the open ſky,
Stretch'd in the tented couch to lie
Thy fate ordains; to ſhine again
Great on ſome future Blenheim's plain;
Higher to raiſe thy deathleſs name
Triumphant to ſublimer fame:
Or if ſecure from feveriſh heat,
Newliſton cover thy retreat,
Where wit conſpires with love's delights,
To grace thy days and bleſs thy nights.
When Fergus led in days of yore,
His exil'd bands to Scotia's ſhore;
The godlike founder of our ſtate,
Suſtain'd the ſhocks of adverſe fate:
Yet brave, diſdaining to repine,
Around his brows he bound the vine:
Let's follow ſtill without delay
Wherever fortune ſhows the way;
Courage, my lads, let none deſpair,
When Fergus leads, 'tis baſe to fear:
With better auſpice ſhall ariſe
Our empire in the northern ſkies:
Beauty and valour ſhall adorn,
Our happy offſpring yet unborn:
Now fill the glaſs, come fill again,
To-morrow we ſhall croſs the main.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XI. IMITATED.

TO MISS ERSK——.

Enquire not E—— fair, what end
The gods for thee or me intend:
How vain the ſearch, that but beſtows
The knowledge of our future woes?
Far happier they who ne'er repine
To draw the lots their fates aſſign;
Then be adviſ'd, and try not thou
What ſpells and cunning men can do.
In mirth thy preſent years employ,
And conſecrate thy charms to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old ſcore
Propitious add a winter more;
Or this ſhall lay thee cold in earth,
Now raging o'er Edina's frith.
Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite
To mirth, and wit, and gay delight;
Nor thou refuſe the voice that calls
To viſits and to ſprightly balls.
For time rides ever on the poſt,
Ev'n while we ſpeak the moment's loſt,
Then call each joy into this day,
And ſpend them now while now you may;
Have every pleaſure at command,
Fools let them lie in fortune's hand.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII. IMITATED

TO R—— S——.

The man ſincere and pure of ill,
Needs not with ſhafts his quiver fill,
Nor point the venom'd dart,
O'er him no weapon can prevail,
Clad in the firmeſt coat of mail,
A brave and honeſt heart.

Secure in innocence he goes
Through boiling friths and highland ſnows;
Or if his courſe he guide,
To where far-fam'd Lochleven's wave
Does round his iſlands winding, lave
Buchannan's hilly ſide.

For in Glentannar, as I ſtood
And ſung my Erſkine to the wood,
Unheeding of my way;
My every care forſook behind,
While all on Erſkine ran my mind,
It chanc'd my ſteps to ſtray.

When, lo! forth ruſhing from behind
A ſavage wolf of monſtrous kind,
Fierce ſhook his horrid head:
Unarm'd I ſtood, and void of fear,
Beheld the monſtrous ſavage near,
And me unarm'd, he fled.

A beaſt of ſuch portentous ſize,
Such hideous tuſks and glaring eyes,
Fierce Daunia never bred.
Nor Juba's land, without controul,
Where angry lions darkling howl,
His equal ever fed.

Place me where the ſummer breeze
Does ne'er refreſh the weary trees,
All on the gloomy plain,
Beſide of earth, offended heav'n
To the dominion foul has given,
Of clouds and beating rain.

Place me underneath the day,
Near neighbour to the burning ray;
Yet there the maid ſhall move,
There preſent to my fancy's eyes,
Sweet ſmiling Erſkine will I prize,
Sweet ſpeaking Erſkine love.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIII. IMITATED.

TO MISS D———.

Tell me, Maria, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run;
Why from his fond embraces fly,
And every ſoft endearment ſhun.

So through the rocks, or dewy lawn,
With plaintive cries, its dam to find,
Flies wing'd with fears the youngling fawn,
And trembles at each breath of wind.

Ah! ſtop thy flight, why ſhouldſt thou fly?
What can'ſt thou in a lover fear?
No angry boar, nor lion I,
Purſue thy tender limbs to tear.

Ceaſe then, dear wildneſs, ceaſe to toy;
But haſte all rivals to outſhine,
And grown mature and ripe for joy,
Leave mamma's arms and come to mine.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

What meaſure ſhall affliction know?
What bounds be ſet to ſuch a woe,
That weeps the loſs of one ſo dear!
Come, muſe of mourning! haſte, ordain
The ſacred melancholy ſtrain:
When virtue bids, 'tis impious to forbear.

Thy voice with powerful bleſſings fraught,
Inſpires the ſolemn ſerious thought;
A heavenly ſorrow's healing art,
That, whilſt it wounds, amends the heart.
A far more pleaſing rapture thine,
When bending over friendſhip's ſhrine,
Than mirth's fantaſtic varied lay,
Deceitful, idle, flutt'ring, vain,
Still ſhifting betwixt joy and pain,
Where ſport the wanton, or where feaſt the gay.

In duſt the good and friendly lies.
Muſt endleſs ſlumber ſeal thoſe eyes?———
Oh! when ſhall modeſt worth again,
Integrity, that knows no ſtain,
Thy ſiſter, juſtice, free from blame,
Kind truth, no falſe affected name,
To meet in ſocial union, find
So plain, ſo upright and ſo chaſte a mind?

By many good bewail'd, he's loſt;
By thee, O beauteous virgin! moſt.
Thou claim'ſt, ah pious! ah, in vain!
Thy father from the grave again.
Not on thoſe terms, by dooming heav'n,
His loan of mortal life was giv'n.
The equal lot is caſt on all,
Obedient to the univerſal call.
Ev'n thou, each decent part fulfill'd,
Wife, ſiſter, mother, friend and child,
Muſt yield to the ſupreme decree,
And every ſocial virtue weep for thee.

What though thou boaſts each ſoul ſubduing art,
That rules the movements of the human heart;
Though thine be every potent charm,
The rage of envy to diſarm:
Thus far heav'n grants, the great reward
Of beauty, under virtue's guard:
Yet all in vain aſcends thy pious pray'r,
To bid th' impartial Pow'r one moment ſpare;
That Pow'r who chaſtens whom he deareſt loves,
Deaf to the filial ſorrows he approves:
Seal'd ſacred by th' inviolable fates,
Unlocks no more the adamantine gates,
When once th' ethereal breath has wing'd its way,
And left behind its load of mortal clay.

Severe indeed! yet ceaſe the duteous tear;
'Tis nature's voice that calls aloud, "Forbear."
See, ſee deſcending to thy aid,
Patience, fair celeſtial maid:
She ſtrikes through life's dark gloom a bright'ning ray,
And ſmiles adverſity away.
White-handed hope advances in her train,
Leads to new life, and wakens joy again;
She renders light the weight of human woes,
And teaches to ſubmit when 'tis a crime t'oppoſe.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII. IMITATED.

TO HIS LYRE.

If e'er with thee, we fool'd away
Vacant beneath the ſhade a day,
Still kind to our deſire,
A Scottiſh ſong we now implore,
To live this year, and ſome few more,
Come then my Scottiſh lyre.

Firſt ſtrung by Stewart's cunning hand,
Who rul'd fair Scotia's happy land,
A long and wide domain:
Who bold in war, yet whether he,
Reliev'd his wave-beat ſhip from ſea,
Or camp'd upon the plain,

The joys of wine, and muſes young,
Soft beauty, and her page he ſung,
That ſtill to her adheres:

Margaret, author of his ſighs,
Adorn'd with comely coal-black eyes,
And comely coal-black hairs.

O thou the grace of ſong and love,
Exalted to the feaſts above,
The feaſt's ſupreme delight:
Sweet balm to heal our cares below;
Gracious on me thy aid beſtow,
If thee I ſeek aright.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIII. IMITATED.

Why do'ſt thou ſtill in tears complain,
Too mindful of thy love's diſdain!
Why ſtill in melancholy verſe
Unmeek Maria's hate rehearſe?
That Thirſis finds by fate's decree
More favour in her ſight than thee!
The love of Cyrus does enthral
Lycoris fair, with forehead ſmall;
Cyrus, declines to Pholoe's eyes,
Who unrelenting hears his ſighs;
But wolves and lambs ſhall ſooner join
Than they in mutual faith combine.
So ſeemeth good to love, who binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds,
Cruel in his brazen yoke,
Pleas'd with too ſevere a joke.
Myſelf, in youth's more joyous reign,
My laundreſs held in pleaſing chain;
When pliable to love's delights
My age excus'd the poet's ſlights:
More wrathful ſhe, than ſtorms that rore
Along the Solway's crooked ſhore.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

TO THE E—— M—— OF S——D.

Ne ſit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.——

Avow my noble friend thy kind deſires,
If Phillis' gentle form thy breaſt inſpires,
Nor glory, nor can reaſon diſapprove;
What though unknown her humble name,
Unchronicled in records old,
Or tale by flatt'ring poets told:
She to her beauties owes her nobleſt fame,
Her nobleſt honours to thy love.

Know Cupid ſcorns the trophy'd ſhield,
Vain triumph of ſome guilty field,
Where dragons hiſs and lions roar,
Blazon'd with argent and with or,
His heraldry is hearts for hearts,
He ſtamps himſelf o'er all, and dignifies his darts.

Smote by a ſimple village maid,
See noble Petrarch night and day
Pour his ſoft ſorrows through the ſhade;
Nor could the muſe his pains allay.
What though with hands pontific crown'd,
With all the ſcarlet ſenate round;
He ſaw his brows adorn the living ray,
Though ſighing virgins try'd each winning art,
To cure their gentle poet's love ſick heart;
Cupid more pow'rful than them all,
Reſolv'd his tuneful captive to enthral,
Subdued him with a ſhepherdeſs's look;
He wreathes his verdant honours round her crook,
And taught Vall'Cluſa's ſmiling groves,
To wear the ſable liveries of his loves.

But this example ſcarce can move thy mind,
The gentle power with verſe was ever join'd;
Then hear, my Lord, a dreadful tale,
Not known in fair Arcadia's peaceful vale,
Nor in the academic grove,
Where mild philoſophy might dwell with love,
But poring o'er the myſtic page,
Of old Stagira's wond'rous ſage,
In the dark cave of ſyllogiſtic doubt,
Where neither muſe nor beauty's queen,
Nor wand'ring grace was ever ſeen,
Love found his deſtin'd victim out,
And put the rude militia all to rout:
For whilſt poor Abelard, ah! ſoon decreed
Love's richeſt ſacrifice to bleed,
Unweeting drew the argumental thread,
A finer net the ſon of Venus ſpread;
Involving in his ample category,
With all his muſty ſchoolmen round,
Th' unhappy youth, alike renown'd
In philoſophic and in amorous ſtory.

Inflexible and ſtern the Czar,
Amidſt the iron ſons of war,
With dangers and diſtreſs encompaſt round,
In his large boſom deep receiv'd the wound.
No Venus ſhe, ſurrounded by the loves,
Nor drawn by cooing harneſt doves;
'Twas the caprice love to yoke,
Two daring ſouls, unharneſt and unbroke.
When now the many-laurell'd Swede,
The field of death his nobleſt triumph fled,
And forc'd by fate, but unſubdu'd of ſoul,
To the fell victor left the—conqueſt of the pole.

Henry, a monarch to thy heart,
In action brave, in council wiſe,
Felt in his breaſt the fatal dart,
Shot from two ſnowy breaſts, and two fair lovely eyes;
Though Galia wept though Sully frown'd,
Though rag'd the impious league around,
The little urchin entrance found,
And to his haughty purpoſe forc'd to yield
The virtuous conqueror of Coutra's field.

Who knows but ſome four-tail'd baſhaw
May hail thee, peer, his ſon-in-law,
Some bright ſultana, Aſia's pride,
Was grandame to the beauteous bride:
For ſure a girl ſo ſweet, ſo kind,
Such a ſincere and lovely mind,
Where each exalted virtue ſhines,
Could never ſpring from vulgar loins.
No, no, ſome chief of great Arſaces' line,
Has form'd her lineaments divine;
Who Rome's imperial faſces broke,
And ſpurn'd the nation's galling yoke,
Though now, oh! ſad reverſe of fate,
The former luſtre of her royal ſtate,
She ſees injurious time deface,
And weeps the raviſh'd ſceptres of her race.

Her melting eye and ſlender waiſt,
Fair tap'ring from the ſwelling breaſt,
All nature's charms, all nature's pride,
Whate'er they ſhow, whate'er they hide,
I own.—But ſwear by bright Apollo,
Whoſe prieſt I am, nought, nought can follow;

Suſpect not thou a poet's praiſe,
Unhurt I hear, uninjur'd gaze:
Alas! ſuch badinage but ill would ſuit
A married man, and forty years to boot.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI. IMITATED.

TO THE EARL OF M——T.

Ease from the gods the failor prays,
O'ertaken in the Ægean ſeas,
When ſtorms begin to roar;
When clouds wrap up the moon from ſight,
Nor ſhine the ſtars with certain light,
To guide him ſafe to ſhore,

Safe, fierce the Ruſſian in war's trade:
Safe, graceful in his tartan plaid,
The highlander demands,
M——t, not to be bought or ſold,
For purple, precious gems, or gold,
Or wide and large command.

For nor can wealth, nor golden mace,
Borne high before the great in place,
Make cares ſtand out o' the way;
The anxious tumults of the mind,
That round the palace unconfin'd,
Still roam by night and day.

Rich he lives on ſmall, whoſe board
Shines with frugal affluence ſtor'd,
The wealth his ſire poſſeſt;
Nor fear to loſe, creates him pain,
Nor ſordid love of greater gain,
Can break his eaſy reſt.

Why do we draw too ſtrong the bow,
Beyond our end our hopes to throw,
For warm with other ſuns
Why change our clime? to eaſe his toil,
What exile from his native ſoil,
From ſelf an exile runs.

For vicious care the ſhip aſcends,
On the way-faring troup attends
First of the company:
Swifter than harts that ſeek the floods,
Swifter than roll wind driven clouds
Along the middle ſky.

Glad in the preſent hour, a mind
Diſdains the care beyond, aſſign'd
To all, content at heart;
Tempers of life the bitter cup,
With ſweetning mirth, and drinks it up,
None bleſt in every part.

Dwindl'd thy ſire in ſlow old age,
Young K——m from off this ſtage
Was raviſh'd in his prime:
The hour perhaps benign to me,
Will grant what it denies to thee,
And lengthen out my time.

A numerous herd thy vallies fills,
The cattle on a thouſand hills,
That low around are thine.
The well-pair'd mares, thy gilded car,
Draw through the ſtreets, thyſelf from far,
In richeſt ſilks to ſhine,

Conſpicuous ſeen: To me my fate,
Not much to blame, a ſmall eſtate,
Of rural acres few:
A ſlender portion of the muſe
Bounteous beſides, the grace allows,
To ſcorn th' ill thinking crew.

HORACE BOOK IV. ODE 1. IMITATED.

Venus! call'ſt thou once more to arms?
Sound'ſt thou once more thy dire alarms?
Annoy'ſt my peaceful ſtate again——
Oh, faith of treaties ſworn in vain!
Seal'd with the ſignet of thy doves,
And ratify'd by all the loves.
Spare, Goddeſs! I implore, implore!
Alas! thy ſuppliant is no more
What once he was in happier time,
(Illuſtrated by many a rhime)
When, ſkill'd in every ruling art,
Good A****s ſway'd his yielding heart:
Love's champion then, and known to fame,
He boaſted no inglorious name.
Now, cruel mother of deſires!
That doubts and anxious joys inſpires,
Ah why ſo long diſus'd, again
Levieſt thou thy dreadful train;
That, when in daring fights he toil'd,
So oft his youthful ardor foil'd?
Oh! let thy hoſtile fury ceaſe,
Thy faithful veteran reſt in peace,
In the laborious ſervice worn,
His arms decay'd, and enſigns torn.
Go, go, ſwan-wing'd! through liquid air,
Where the bland breath of youthful pray'r
Recals thee from the long delay,
And weeping, chides thee for thy ſtay.
My lowly roof, that knows no ſtate,
Can't entertain a gueſt ſo great:
In P*****th's dome, majeſtic queen,
With better grace thou ſhalt be ſeen,
If worthy of the Cyprian dart,
Thou ſeek'ſt to pierce a lovely heart
For he to noble birth has join'd
A graceful form and gentle mind:
And to ſubdue a virgin breaſt
The youth with thouſand arts is bleſt;
Nor ſilent in his country's cauſe,
The anxious guardian of her laws.
He, in thy nobleſt warfare try'd,
Shall ſpread thy empire far and wide;
Confirm the glories of thy reign;
And not a glance ſhall fall in vain.
Then, when each rival ſhall ſubmit
The prize of beauty and of wit,
And riches yield to fair deſert
The triumph of a female heart;
Grateful thy marble form ſhall ſtand,
Fair breathing from the ſculptor's hand,
Below the temple's pillar'd pride,
Faſt by a ſacred fountain's ſide.
Where Tweed ſports round each winding maze,
There ſong ſhall warble, incenſe blaze;
Nor dumb ſhall reſt the ſilver lyre,
To animate the feſtive choir.
There twice a-day fond boys ſhall come,
And tender virgins in their bloom,

(With fearful awe and infant ſhame)
To call upon thy hallow'd name,
As thrice about the wanton round
With fnowy feet they lightly bound.
—For me no beauty now invites,
Long recreant to the ſoft delights.
Loſt to the charming arts that move,
Ah, dare I hope a mutual love!
The fond belief, of pleaſing pain,
That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again.
No wreaths upon my forehead bloom,
Where flow'rs their vernal ſouls conſume,
No more the reigning toaſt I claim:
I yield the fierce contended name,
Though daring once to drink all up,
While Bacchus could ſupply the cup.
Farewell, deluſive idle power!
" Welcome, contemplation's hour.
" Now, now I ſearch, neglected long,
" The charms that lie in moral ſong,
" How to aſſuage the boiling blood,
" The leſſons of the wiſe and good;
" Now with fraternal ſorrows mourn;
" Now pour the tear o'er friendſhip's urn;
" Or higher raiſe the wiſh refin'd,
" The generous pray'r for human kind;
" Or anxious for my Britain's fate,
" To freedom beg a longer date,
" To calm her more than civil rage,
" And ſpare her yet one other age,
" Theſe, theſe the labours I purſue:
" Fantaſtic love! a long adieu."
——Yet why, O bounteous ******, why,
Heaves the long forgotten ſigh?
Why, down my cheeks, when you appear,
Steals drop by drop th' unbidden tear?
Once ſkill'd to breathe the anxious vow,
Why fails my tongue its maſter now,
And, fault'ring, dubious ſtrives in vain
The tender meaning to explain?
Why, in the viſions of the night,
Riſes thy image to my ſight?
Now ſeized, thy much lov'd form I hold,
Now loſe again the tranſient fold;
Unequal, panting far behind,
Purſue thee fleeter than the wind,
Whether the dear deluſion ſtrays
Through fair Hope-park's inchanting maze,
Or where thy cruel phantom glides
Along the ſwiftly running tides.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE XVIII. IMITATED.

Dear Ramſay, if I know thy ſoul aright,
Plain-dealing honeſty's thy dear delight:
Not great, but candid born; not rich, but free;
Thinks kings moſt wretched, and moſt happy me:
Thy tongue untaught to lie, thy knee to bend,
I fear no flatt'rer where I wiſh a friend.
As the chaſte matron's tender look and kind,
Where ſits the ſoul to ſpeak the yearning mind,
From the falſe colouring of the wanton ſhows
Th' unhallow'd roſes and polluted ſnows,
A glare of beauty, nauſeous to the ſight,
Groſs but to feed deſire, not raiſe delight:
So differs far, in value, uſe and end,
The praiſing foe from the reproving friend.
Such diſtance lies between, nay greater far,
Who bears an honeſt heart, or bears a ſtar.
A fault there is, but of another ſort,
That aims by naſtineſs to make its court;
By downright rudeneſs would attempt to pleaſe,
And ſticks his friendſhip on your lips in greaſe:
With him (for ſuch were Sparta's rigid rules)
All the polite are knaves; the cleanly, fools;
Good humour for impertinence prevails;
So ſtrangely honeſt——he'll not pair his nails.
Know, virtuous Sir, if not indeed a ſlave
Yet, ſordid as the thing, thou art a knave;
Virtue, its own, and every plain man's guide,
Serenely walks with vice on every ſide,
Keeps its own courſe, to its own point does bend,
To follies deaf that call from either end.
This ſimple maxim ſhould a ſtateſman doubt,
Two characters ſhall make it plainly out.
The firſt is his (the oppoſite of proud),
By far more humble than a Chriſtian ſhould,
Purſues, diſtaſteful of plain ſober cheer,
Th' inhoſpitable dinner of a peer;
Uſurps, without the taſk of ſaying grace,
The poor ſtarv'd chaplain's perquiſites and place;
To vice gives virtue, to old age gives youth;
So well bred he—he never ſpoke one truth:
With watchful eyes ſits full againſt my lord,
And catches, as it falls, each heavy word;
That, echo'd back, and ſent from lungs more able,
Aſſumes new force, and bandies round the table.
All ſtare: "Was ever thing ſo pretty ſpoke?"
You'd almoſt ſwear it was his Grace's joke.
Yet ſuch as theſe divide the great man's ſtore,
And flatter out the friendleſs and the poor.
Nor leſs the fool our cenſure muſt engage,
Whom every trifle rouſes into rage.
He arms for all, ſo fierce the wordy war,
Labeo far leſs tenacious at the bar;
Words heap'd on words ſo faſt together drive,
Like cluſtring bees that darken from the hive,
He fights, alas! what mortal dares confute him?
With tongue, hand, eyes, and every inch about him?
Deny me this; ah! rather than comply
A thing ſo plain,——I'd ſooner ſtarve or die.
But, pray, what all this mighty fury draws?
Say, raves the patriot o'er expiring laws?
Say, on th' oppreſſor does his anger fall?
Pleads he for the diſtreſs'd, like good Newhall?
Againſt corruption does his vengeance riſe?
The army; or the general exciſe?
On trifling themes like theſe our man is mute,
As S————, if fee-leſs you preſent your ſuit.
More ſacred truths his zealous rage ſupply;
What all acknowledge, or what all deny:
If rogues in red are worſe than rogues in lawn;
Or *** be as great a dunce as ——;
Or if our Hannibal's fam'd Alpine road,
Be thirty foot, or five and thirty broad.
The vicious man, though in the worſt degree,
His neighbour thinks more vicious ſtill than he.
Is there whom lawleſs love ſhould bring to gallows?
He cries, what vengeance waits on perjur'd fellows?
Ruchead, who pin'd amidſt his boundleſs ſtore,
Cou'd wonder why rich Selkirk wiſh'd for more;
The youthful knight, who ſquanders all away,
On whores, on equipage, on dreſs and play;
The man who thirſts and hungers after gold;
The tricking tradeſman, and the merchant bold,

Whom fear of poverty compels to fly
Through ſeas, exciſemen, rocks, oaths, perjury;
Start at each others crimes with pious fright,
Yet think themſelves for ever in the right.
But above all, the rogue of wealth exclaims,
And calls the poorer ſinner filthy names;
Though his foul ſoul, diſcolour'd all within,
Has deeper drank the tincture of each ſin:
Or elſe adviſes, as the mother ſage
Rebukes the hopes and torment of her age,
(And faith, though inſolent of wealth, in this
Methinks, good friend, he talks not much amiſs)
" Yield, yield, O fool, to my ſuperior merit,
" Without a ſixpence thou, and ſin with ſpirit?
" For me thoſe high adventures kept by fate;
" For crimes look graceful with a large eſtate:
" Then ceaſe, vain madman, and contend no more;
" Heav'n meant thee virtuous when it made thee
" poor."
But crimes like theſe to gold we can forgive;
What boots it how they die or how they live?
Then weep, my friend, when wicked wealth you find,
To change the ſpecies of the virtuous mind.
You've doubtleſs heard how 'twas a ſtateſman's way,
Whene'er he would oblige, that is, betray,
Invited firſt the deſtin'd prey to dine,
Then whiſper'd in his ear, " You muſt be fine:
" Fine clothes, gay equipage, a ſplendid board
" Give youth a luſtre, and become a lord.
" Why loiter meanly in paternal grounds,
" To neighbours owe thy eaſe, thy health to
" hounds!
" Go roam about in gilded chariot hurl'd; [world:
" Make friends of ſtrangers, child, and learn the
" Theſe kind inſtructors teach you beſt of any,
" The wiſe Sir William, and the good Lord Fanny."
Guiltleſs he hears of penſion and of place,
Then ſinks in honour as he ſwells in lace;
Each hardy virtue yields, and, day by day,
Melts in the ſunſhine of a court away.
At firſt (not every manly thought reſign'd)
He wonders why he dares not tell his mind;
Feels the laſt footſteps of retiring grace,
And virtuous bluſhes ling'ring on his face:
The artful tempter plies the ſlaviſh hour,
And works the gudgeon now within his pow'r;
Then tips his fellow ſtateſman, " He'll aſſume
" New modes of thinking in the drawing-room;
" See idle dreams of greatneſs ſtrike his eyes,
" See penſions, ribbons, coronets ariſe."
" The man, whom labour only could delight,
" Shall loiter all the day, and feaſt all night:
" Who, mild, did once the kindeſt nature boaſt,
" Unmov'd ſhall riot at the orphan's coſt;
" To pleaſures vile, that health and fame deſtroy,
" Yield the domeſtic charm, the ſocial joy.
" See, charm'd no more with Maro's rural page,
" He ſlumbers over Lucan's free born rage.
" Each action in inverted lights is ſeen;
" Meanneſs, frugality; and freedom, ſpleen;
" How fooliſh Cato! Cæſar how divine!
" In ſpite of Tully, friend to Catiline."
Thus to each fair idea long unknown,
The ſlave of each man's vices and his own,
Inroll'd a member of the hireling tribe,
He tow'rs to villany's laſt act, a bribe,
And turns to make his ruin'd fortune's clear,
Or gameſter, bully, jobber, pimp, or peer

Till, late refracted through a purer air,
The beams of royal favour fall elſewhere:
Lo, vile, obſcure he ends his buſtling day,
All ſtain'd the luſtre of his orient ray;
And envies, poor, unpity'd, ſcorn'd by all,
Marchmont the glories of a gen'rous fall.
Such ſad examples can this land afford?
Why 'tis the hiſtory of many a Lord.
But you, perhaps, think odd whate'er I ſay;
Yet drink with ſuch originals each day.
Then cenſure we no more, too daring friend,
Whom Scandalum Magnatum may offend.
How poor a figure ſhould a poet make,
Ta'en into cuſtody for ſcribbling's ſake?
Ah how! (you know the muſes never pay)
With all his verſes earn five pounds a-day?
Leave we to Pope each knave of high degree,
Sing we ſuch rules as ſuit or you or me.
Then, firſt, into no others ſecrets pry;
To ſuch be deaf your ear, be blind your eye:
Of theſe, unaſk'd, why ſhou'd you claim a ſhare?
But keep theſe ſafe intruſted to your care.
For this, beware the cunning low deſign,
That takes advantage of your rage or wine;
For rage no pauſe of cooler thought affords,
Is raſh, intem'rate, headlong in its words.
Lock faſt your lips, then, guard whate'er you ſay,
Leſt in the fit of paſſion you betray;
And dread the wretch, who boaſts the fatal pow'r
To cheat in friendſhip's unſuſpecting hour.
There is a certain pleaſing force that binds,
Faſter than chains do ſlaves, two willing minds.
Tempers oppos'd each may it ſelf controul,
And melt two varying natures in one ſoul.
This made two brothers diff'rent humours hit,
Though one had probity, and one had wit.
Of ſober manners this, and plain good ſenſe,
Avoided cards, wine, company, expence;
Safe from the tempting fatal ſex withdrew,
Nor made advances further than a bow.
A diff'rent train of life his twin purſues;
Lov'd pictures, books, (nay authors write) the ſtews,
A miſtreſs, op'ra, play, each darling theme;
To ſcribble, above all, his joy ſupreme.
Muſt theſe two brothers always meet to ſcold,
Or quarrel, like to Jove's fam'd twins of old?
Each yielding, mutual, could each other pleaſe,
And drew life's yoke with tolerable eaſe:
This thinking mirth not always in the wrong,
Wou'd ſometimes condeſcend to hear a ſong;
And that, fatign'd with his exalted fits,
His beauties, gewgaws, whirlegigs and wits,
Would leave them all, far happier, to regale
With proſe and friendſhip o'er a pot of ale.
Then to thy friend's opinion ſometimes yield,
And ſeem to loſe, altho' thou gain'ſt the field;
Nor, proud that thy ſuperior ſenſe be ſhown,
Rail at his ſtudies, and extol your own.
For when Aurora weeps the balmy dew,
(And dreams, as rev'rend dreamers tell, are true)
Sir George my ſhoulder flaps, juſt in the time
When ſome rebellious word conſents to rhime:
Sudden my verſes take the rude alarm,
New-coin'd, and from the mint of fancy warm!
I ſtart, I ſtare, I queſtion with my eyes;
At once the whole poetic viſion flies.
Up, up, exclaims the knight; the ſeaſon fair;
See how ſerene the ſky, how calm the air;

Hark! from the hills the cheerful horns rebound,
And echo propagates the jovial ſound;
The certain hound in thought his prey purſues,
The ſcent lies warm, and loads the tainted dews,
I quit my couch, and cheerfully obey,
Content to let the younker have his way;
I mount my courſer, fleeter than the wind,
And leave the rage of poetry behind.
But when, the day in healthful labour loſt,
We eat our ſupper earn'd at common coſt; [troul,
When each frank tongue ſpeaks out without con-
And the free heart expatiates o'er the bowl;
Though all love proſe, my poetry finds grace,
And, pleas'd, I chant the glories of the chaſe.
Of old, when Scotia's ſons for empire fought,
Ere av'rice had debas'd each gen'rous thought,
Ere yet, each manlier exerciſe forgot,
One half had learn'd to doſe, one half to vote,
Each hardy toil confirm'd their dawning age,
And mimic fights inſpir'd to martial rage:
'Twas theirs with certain ſpeed the dart to ſend,
With youthful force the ſtubborn yew to bend;
O'ercame with early arm the fierceſt floods,
Or rang'd 'midſt chilling ſnows the pathleſs woods;
Toil'd for the ſavage boar on which they fed:
'Twas thus the chief of Bannockburn was bred.
That gave (not poliſh'd then below mankind)
Strength to the limbs, and vigour to the mind.
The ſmiling dame, in thoſe victorious days,
Was woo'd by valour, not ſeduc'd by praiſe;
Who ne'er did fears, but for her country, feel,
And never ſaw her lover, but in ſteel;
Could make a Douglas' ſtubborn boſom yield,
And ſend her hero raging to the field;
Heard kind the honeſt warrior's one-tongu'd vow,
Pleas'd with the genuine heart, as H*** is now.
How would the gen'rous laſs deteſt to ſee
An eſſenc'd fopling puling o'er his tea;
Ah how, diſtaſteful of the mimic ſhow,
Diſdain the falſe appearance, as a foe!
To greet, unfolding ev'ry ſocial charm,
Her ſoldier from the field of glory warm.
But now, alas! theſe gen'rous aims are o'er;
Each foe inſults, and Britain fights no more.
Yet humbler taſks may claim the patriot's toil:
Who aids her laws no more, may mend her ſoil.
Since, to be happy, man muſt ne'er be ſtill,
Th' internal void let peaceful labours fill;
When kind amuſements hours of fame employ,
The working mind ſubſides to ſober joy:
Behold, in fair autumnal honours ſpread,
The wheaten garland wreath the laurell'd head:
Where ſtagnant waves did in dull lakes appear,
Rich harveſts wave, the bounty of the year;
In barren heaths, where ſummer never ſmil'd,
The rural city riſes o'er the wild;
Along the cool canal, or ſhooting grove,
Diſport the ſons of mirth and gameſome love.
It now remains I counſel, if indeed
My counſel, friend, can ſtand thee ought in ſtead.
Judge well of whom you ſpeak; nor will you find
It always ſafe to tell each man your mind.
Even honeſty regard to ſafety owes;
Nor need it publiſh all it thinks and knows.
Th' eternal queſt'ner ſhun; a certain rule,
There is no blab like to the queſt'ning fool;
Even ſcarce before you turn yourſelf about,
Whate'er he hears his leaky tongue runs out;
The word elanc'd no longer we controul,
Once ſally'd forth, it burſts from pole to pole.
Guard well your heart, ah! ſtill be beauty-proof
Beneath fair friendſhip's venerable roof,
What though ſhe ſhines the brighteſt of the fair,
A form even ſuch as Wallace ſelf might wear!
What though no rocks, nor marble arm her breaſt,
A yielding Helen to her Trojan gueſt,
The dangerous combat fly: why wouldſt thou gain
A ſhameful conqueſt won by years of pain?
For know, the ſhort-liv'd guilty rapture paſt,
Reflection comes a dreadful judge at laſt:
'Tis that avenges (ſuch its pointed ſtings)
The poor man's cauſe on ſtateſmen and on kings.
To praiſe aright, is ſure no eaſy art;
Yet prudence here directs the wiſe-man's part.
Let long experience then confirm the friend,
Dive to his depth of ſoul, ere you commend.
Should you extol the fool but ſlightly known,
Guiltleſs you bluſh for follies not your own.
Alas! we err: for villains can betray,
And gold corrupt the ſaint of yeſterday.
Then ſhield, convicted by the public voice,
And frankly own the weakneſs of your choice;
So greater credit ſhall your judgment gain,
When you defend the worth that knaves arraign;
Whoſe ſoul ſecure, confiding in your aid,
Hopes the kind ſhelter of your friendly ſhade;
When envy on his ſpotleſs name ſhall fall,
Whoſe venom'd tooth corrupts and blackens all;
This mutual help the kindred virtues claim;
For calumny eats on from fame to fame.
When o'er thy neighbour's roof the flames aſpire,
Say, claims it not thy care to quench the fire?
When envy rages, ſmall the ſpace betwixt,
In worth ally'd, thy character is next.
Fir'd at the firſt with what the great impart,
Frank we give way, and yield up all the heart.
How ſweet the converſe of the potent friend!
How charming when the mighty condeſcend!
The ſmile ſo affable, the courtly word!——
And, as we would a miſtreſs, truſt a lord.
Th' experienc'd dread the cheat; with prudent care
Diſtruſt alike the powerful and the fair.
Thou, when thy veſſel flies before the wind,
Think on the peaceful port thou left behind;
Though all ſerene, yet bear a humble ſail,
Leſt veering greatneſs ſhift the treach'rous gale.
How various man! yet ſuch are nature's laws,
With pow'rful force each diff'rent humour draws.
The grave the cheerful hate; theſe hate the ſad;
Your ſober wiſe man thinks the wit quite mad;
He, happy too in wit's inverted rule,
Thinks every ſober wiſe man more than fool;
Whoſe active mind from toil to toil can run,
And join the riſing to the ſetting ſun,
Like Philip's ſon for fame, purſuing gains
While yet one penny unſubdu'd remains;
Admires how lovers waſte th' inactive day,
Sigh, mid'ſt the fair, their gentle ſouls away.
The tuneful bard, who boaſts his vary'd ſtrains,
Shares with the lark the glory of the plains,
Whoſe life th' impreſſion of no ſorrow knows,
So ſmoothly calm, he ſcarcely feels it flows.
In vocal woods each fond conceit purſues,
Pleas'd with the gingling bauble of a muſe,
Pities the toiling madman's airy ſcheme,
When greatneſs ſickens o'er th' ambitious dream;

Each boon companion, who the night prolongs,
In noiſe and rapture, feſtivals and ſongs,
Condemns the graver mortal for an aſs,
Who dares refuſe his bumper and his laſs;
Still urging on, what boots it that you ſwear
You dread the vapours and nocturnal air;
Yet grant a little to the ſocial vine,
Full on the friend with cloudleſs viſage ſhine,
Oft ſullen ſilence ſpeaks a want of ſenſe,
Or folly lurks beneath the wiſe pretence.
Is there ſevere, who baulks the genial hour?
He's not ſo ſober, were he not ſo ſour.
But above all, I charge thee o'er and o'er,
Fair peace through all her ſecret haunts explore;
Conſult the learn'd in life, (theſe beſt adviſe)
The good in this, more knowing than the wiſe,
Their ſacred ſcience learn, and what the art
To guard the ſallies of th' impetuous heart;
With temper due th' internal poiſe to keep,
Not ſoaring impudent, nor ſervile creep;
How ſure thyſelf, thy friends, thy God to pleaſe,
Firm health without, within unſhaken peace;
Leſt keen deſire, ſtill making new demands,
Should raiſe new foes unnumber'd on thy hands:
Or hope, or fear inſpire th' unmanly groan,
For things of little uſe, perhaps of none.
Who beſt can purchaſe virtue's righteous dow'r,
The ſage with wiſdom, or the king with pow'r:
Or if the mighty bleſſing ſtands confin'd,
To the chaſte nature and the heav'n-taught mind;
And chief th' important leſſon wiſe attend,
What makes thee to thyſelf thyſelf 's beſt friend:
If gold a pure tranquillity beſtows,
Or greatneſs can inſure a night's repoſe;
Or muſt we ſeek it in the ſecret road
That leads through virtue to the peaceful God;
A ſhaded walk, where, ſeparate from the throng,
We ſteal through life all unperceiv'd along.
For me, afraid of life's tempeſtuous gale,
I make to port, and crowd on all my ſail.
Soon may the peaceful grove and ſhelter'd ſeat
Receive me weary in the kind retreat;
Bleſt if my **** be the deſtin'd ſhade,
Where childhood ſported of no ills afraid,
Ere youth full grown its daring wing diſplay'd.
That often croſt by life's inteſtine war,
Foreſaw that day of triumph from afar,
When warring paſſions mingling in the fray,
Had drawn the youthful wand'rer from his way:
But recollecting the ſhort error, mourn'd,
And duteous to the warning voice return'd.
No more the paſſions hurrying into ſtrife,
My ſoul enjoys the gentler calms of life.
Like Tityrus, bleſs'd among the rural ſhades,
Whoſe hallow'd round no guilty wiſh invades;
No joy tumultuous, no depreſſing care;
All that I want is Amaryllis there;
While ſilver Forth each fair meander leads
Through breathing harveſts and empurpl'd meads;
Whoſe ruſſet ſwains enjoy the golden dream,
And thankful bleſs the plenty-giving ſtream.
There youth, convinc'd, forgoes each daring claim,
And ſettling manhood takes a ſurer aim;
Till age accompliſh late the fair deſign,
And calm poſſeſs the good, if age be mine.
What think'ſt thou then, my friend, ſhall be my cares,
My daily ſtudies, and my nightly pray'rs?
Of the propitious Pow'er this boon I crave,
Still to preſerve the little that I have;
Nor yet repugnance at the lot expreſs,
Should fate decree that little to be leſs,
That what remains of life to heav'n I live,
If life indeed has any time to give:
Or, if the fug'tive will no longer ſtay,
To part as friends ſhould do, and ſlip away:
Thankful to heav'n, or for the good ſupply'd,
To heav'n ſubmiſſive for the good deny'd;
Renounce the houſehold charm, a bliſs divine!
Heav'n never meant for me, and I reſign:
In other joys th' allotted hours improve,
And gain in friendſhip what was loſt in love:
Some comfort ſnatch'd, at each vain year return'd,
When nature ſuffer'd, or when friendſhip mourn'd,
Of all that ſtock ſo fatally bereft,
Once youth's proud boaſt, alas! the little left;
Theſe friends, in youth belov'd, in manhood try'd,
Age muſt not change through avarice or pride:
For me let wiſdom's ſacred fountain flow,
The cordial draught that ſweetens every woe:
Let fortune kind, the *juſt enough* provide,
Nor dubious float on hope's uncertain tide:
Add thoughts compos'd, affections ever even.—
Thus far ſuffices to have aſk'd of heaven,
Who, in the diſpenſations of a day,
Grants life, grants death; now gives, now takes away:
To ſcaffold oft the ribbon'd ſpoiler brings;
Takes power from ſtateſmen, and their thrones from kings;
From the unthankful heart the bliſs decreed——
But leaves the man of worth ſtill bleſs'd indeed:
Be life heav'n's gift, be mine the care to find,
Still equal to itſelf, the balanc'd mind;
Fame, beauty, wealth forgot, each human toy,
With thoughtful quiet pleas'd, and virtuous joy;
In theſe, and theſe alone, ſupremely bleſt,
When fools and madmen ſcramble for the reſt.

PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

ODE I. TRANSLATED *.

WATER, great principle where nature ſprings,
The prime of elements, and firſt of things,
Amidſt proud riches' ſoul-inflaming ſtore,
As through the night the fiery blaze
Pours all around the ſtreaming rays,
Conſpicuous glows the golden oar.
But if thee, O my ſoul, a fond deſire
To ſing the conteſts of the great,
Calls forth t' awake th' etherial fire,
What ſubject worthier of the lyre,
Olympia's glories to relate!
Full in the forehead of the ſky,
The ſun, the world's bright radiant eye,
Shines o'er each leſſer flame;
On earth what theme ſuffices more
To make the muſes' offſpring ſoar,
Than the Olympian victor's fame?
But from the ſwelling column, where on high
It peaceful hangs, take down the Doric lyre,

* *Lyricorum longè Pindarus princeps, ſpiritûs magnificentiâ, ſententiis, figuris, beatiſſima rerum verborumque copâ, et velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine; proptur quæ Horatius eum merito credit nemini imitabilem. Quinctil. Inſtit. Orat. lib. x. cap.* 1.

If with ſweet love of ſacred melody,
The ſteeds of Hiero thy breaſt inſpire.
When borne along the flow'ry ſide,
Where ſmooth Alpheus' waters glide,
Their voluntary virtue flies,
Nor needs the driver's rouſing cries,
But rapid ſieze the duſty ſpace,
To reap the honours of the race
The merit of their ſpeed;
And bind, with laurel wreath, the manly brows
Of him, the mighty king of Syracuſe,
Delighting in the victor ſteed.
Far found his glory through the winding coaſt
Of Lydia, where his wand'ring hoſt
From Elis, Pelops led to new abodes;
There proſper'd in his late found reign,
Lov'd by the ruler of the main;
When, at the banquet of the gods,
In the pure laver of the fates again,
Clotho, the youth to life renew'd,
With potent charm and myſtic ſtrain,
When, by his cruel father ſlain,
With ivory ſhoulder bright endow'd.
Oft fables with a fond ſurpriſe,
When ſhaded o'er with fair diſguiſe,
The wand'ring mind detain;
Deluded by the kind deceit,
We joy more in the ſkilful cheat
Than in truth's faithful ſtrain.
But chief to verſe theſe wond'rous pow'rs belong,
Such grace has heaven beſtowed on ſong;
Bleſt parent! from whoſe loins immortal joys,
To mitigate our pain below,
Soft'ning the anguiſh of our woe,
Are ſprung, the children of its voice:
Song can o'er unbelief itſelf prevail,
The virtue of its magic art,
Can make the moſt amazing tale,
With ſhafts of eloquence aſſail,
Victorious, the yielding heart:
But time, on never-ceaſing wings,
Experienc'd wiſdom ſlowly brings,
And teaches mortal race
Not to blaſpheme the Holy One
That, deathleſs, fills the heav'nly throne,
Inhabiting eternal ſpace.
Therefore, O ſon of Tantalus, will I
In other guiſe thy wond'rous tale unfold,
And juſter to the rulers of the ſky,
With lips more hallow'd than the bards of old.
For when thy ſire, the gods above,
To ſhare the kind return of love,
Invited from their native bow'rs,
To his own lov'd Sipylian tow'rs,
The trident pow'r, by fierce deſire,
Subdu'd, on golden ſteeds of fire
Thee bore aloft to Jove on high;
Where, ſince young Ganymede, ſweet Phrygian boy,
Succeeded to the miniſtry of joy,
And nectar banquet of the ſky.
But when no more on earth thy form was ſeen,
Conſpicuous in the walks of men,
Nor yet to ſooth thy mother's longing ſight,
The ſearching train ſent to explore
Thy lurking place, could thee reſtore,
The weeping fair's ſupreme delight:
Then Envy's forked tongue began t' infeſt
And wound thy ſire's untainted fame,
That he to each etherial gueſt
Had ſerv'd thee up a horrid feaſt,
Subdu'd by force of all-devouring flame;
But, the bleſt pow'rs of heav'n t' accuſe,
Far be it from the holy muſe,
Of ſuch a feaſt impure;
Vengeance protracted for a time,
Still overtakes the ſland'rers crime,
At heaven's ſlow appointed hour.
Yet certain, if the Pow'r who wide ſurveys,
From his watch-tow'r, the earth and ſeas,
E'er dignify'd the periſhable race;
Him, Tantalus they rais'd on high,
Him, the chief fav'rite of the ſky,
Exalted to ſublimeſt grace.
But his proud heart was lifted up and vain,
Swell'd with his envy'd happineſs,
Weak and frail his mortal brain,
The lot ſuperior to ſuſtain,
He fell degraded from his bliſs.
For on his head th' Almighty Sire,
Potent in his kindled ire,
Hung a rock's monſtrous weight:
Too feeble to remove the load,
Fix'd by the ſanction of the God,
He wand'red erring from delight.
The watchful ſynod of the ſkies decreed
His waſted heart a prey to endleſs woes,
Condemn'd a weary pilgrimage to lead,
On earth ſcare, a ſtranger to repoſe.
Becauſe, by mad ambition driv'n,
He robb'd the ſacred ſtores of heav'n:
Th' ambroſial vintage of the ſkies
Became the daring ſpoiler's prize,
And brought to ſons of mortal earth,
The banquet of celeſtial birth,
With endleſs bleſſings fraught;
And to his impious rev'lers pour'd the wine,
Whoſe precious ſweets make bleſt the pow'rs divine,
Gift of the rich immortal draught.
Fooliſh the man who hopes his crimes may lie
Unſeen by the ſupreme all-piercing eye:
He, high enthron'd above all heav'ns height,
The works of men with broad ſurvey,
And, as in the blazing flame of day,
Beholds the ſecret deeds of night.
Therefore his ſon the immortals back again
Sent to theſe death-obnoxious abodes,
To taſte his ſhare of human pain,
Exil'd from the celeſtial reign,
And ſweet communion of the gods.
But when the fleecy down began
To clothe his chin, and promiſe man,
The ſhafts of young deſire,
And love of the fair female kind,
Inflam'd the youthful hero's mind,
And ſet his amorous ſoul on fire.
Won by fair Hippodamia's lovely eyes,
The Piſan tyrant's blooming prize,
High in his hopes he purpos'd to obtain;
O'ercome her ſavage ſire in arms,
The price of her celeſtial charms:
For this the ruler of the main
Invoking in the dreary ſolitude,
And ſecret ſeaſon of the night;
Oft, on the margin of the flood
Alone, the raging lover ſtood,
Till to his long-deſiring ſight,

From below the founding deeps,
His ſcaly herds where Proteus keeps,
The fav'rite youth to pleaſe,
Dividing ſwift the hoary ſtream,
Refulgent on his golden team,
Appear'd the trident-ſcepter'd king of [ſeas.
To whom the youth: Life'er with fond delight,
The gifts of Venus could thy ſoul inſpire,
Reſtrain fell Oenemaus' ſpear in fight;
And me, who dare advent'rous to aſpire,
Me grant, propitious, to ſucceed,
Enduing with unrivall'd ſpeed
The flying car, decreed to gain
The laurel wreath, on Elis' plain,
Victorious o'er the father's pow'r;
Who dire, ſo many hapleſs lovers ſlain,
Does ſtill a maid the wond'rous fair detain,
Protractive of the ſweet connubial hour.
Danger demands a ſoul ſecure of dread,
Equal to the daring deed!
Since then th' immutable decrees of fate,
Have fix'd, by their vicegerent death,
The limits of each mortal breath,
Doom'd to the urn, or ſoon or late:
What mind reſolv'd and brave would ſleep away
His life, when glory warms the blood,
Only t' enjoy ſome dull delay,
Inactive to his dying day,
Not aiming at the ſmalleſt good?
But the blooming maid inſpires
My breaſt to far ſublimer fires,
To raiſe my glory to the ſkies:
Gracious, O fav'ring pow'r! give ear,
Indulgent to my vow ſincere,
Proſp'ring the mighty enterpriſe.
So pray'd the boy: nor fell his words in vain,
Unheeded by the ruler of the main;
A golden car, earth's ſhaking pow'r beſtow'd,
And to the glitt'ring axle join'd
Unrivall'd ſteeds, fleet as the wind:
Glad of the preſent of the god,
The ardent youth demands the promis'd fight:
In duſt, the haughty parent laid,
Neptune fulfils the youth's delight,
And wings his chariot's rapid flight,
To win the ſweet celeſtial maid.
She, with ſix ſons, a fair increaſe,
Crown'd the hero's warm embrace,
Whom virtue's love inſpir'd;
Upright to walk in virtue's ways,
The ſureſt path to nobleſt praiſe,
The nobleſt praiſe the youth acquir'd.
Now by Alpheus' ſtream, meand'ring fair,
Whoſe humid train wide ſpreads the Piſan plains,
A ſepulchre, ſublimely rear'd in air,
All, of the mighty man that was, contains.
There frequent in the holy ſhade,
The vows of ſtranger-chiefs are paid,
And on the ſacred altar lies
The victim, ſmoking to the ſkies;
When heroes, at the ſolemn ſhrine,
Invoke the pow'rs with rites divine,
From every diſtant ſoil,
And drive about the conſecrated mound
The ſounding car, or on the liſted ground
Urge the fleet racers, or the wreſtlers toil.
Happy the man whom fav'ring fate allows
The wreaths of Piſa to ſurround his brows;
All wedded to delight, his after-days
In calm and even tenor run,
The noble dow'r of conqueſt won,
Such conſcious pleaſure flows from praiſe.
Thee, muſe, great Hiero's virtue to prolong,
It fits, and to reſound his name:
Exalting o'er the vulgar throng,
In thy ſweet Eolian ſong,
His garland of Olympian fame.
Nor ſhalt thou, O my muſe! e'er find
A more ſublime or worthier mind,
To better fortunes born:
On whom the gracious love of God,
The regal pow'r has kind beſtow'd,
And arts of ſway, that power t' adorn.
Still may thy God, O potent king! employ
His ſacred miniſtry of joy,
Solicitous, with tutelary care,
To guard from the attacks of fate
Thy bleſſings, laſting as they're great,
The pious poet's conſtant pray'r.
Then to the mighty bounty of the ſky,
The muſe ſhall add a ſweeter lay,
With wing ſublime, when ſhe ſhall flie
Where Cronius rears his cliffs on high,
Smote with the burning ſhafts of day;
If the muſes' quiver'd god
Pave for ſong the even road,
With ſacred rapture warm,
A further flight aloft in air
Elanc'd, ſhall wing my tuneful ſpear,
More vigorous from the muſe's arm.
To many heights the daring climber ſprings,
Ere he the higheſt top of pow'r ſhall gain;
Chief ſeated there the majeſty of kings,
The reſt, at different ſteps, below remain:
Exalted to that wondrous height,
T' extend the proſpect of delight,
May'ſt thou, O Hiero! live content,
On the top of all aſcent.
To thee, by bounteous fates, be giv'n
T' inhabit ſtill thy lofty heav'n:
To me, in arts of peace,
Still to converſe with the fair victor hoſt,
For graceful ſong, an honourable boaſt,
Conſpicuous through the realms of Greece.

PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

ODE II.

O SOVEREIGN hymns! that pow'rful reign
In the harp, your ſweet domain,
Whom will ye chooſe to raiſe;
What god ſhall now the verſe reſound;
What chief, for godlike deed renown'd,
Exalt to loftieſt praiſe?
Piſa is Jove's: Jove's conqu'ring ſon
Firſt the Olympic race ordain'd:
The firſt fair fruits of glory won
The haughty tyrant's rage reſtrain'd.
He firſt the wond'rous game beſtow'd,
When breathing from Augean toils,
He conſecrates the dreadful ſpoils,
An off'ring to his father-god.
Theron, his virtues to approve,
And imitate the ſeed of Jove,
Th' Olympic laurel claims,

Whoſe ſwift-wheel'd car has borne away
The rapid honours of the day,
Foremoſt among the victor names.
Therefore for Theron praiſe awaits,
For him the lyre awakes the ſtrain,
The ſtranger welcom'd at his gates
With hoſpitable love humane.
Fix'd on the councils of his breaſt,
As on the column's lofty height
Remains ſecure the building's weight,
The ſtructure of his realm may reſt.
Of a fair ſtem, himſelf a fairer flow'r,
Who ſoon tranſplanted from their native ſoil,
Wander'd many climates o'er,
Till, after long and various toil,
On the fair river's deſtin'd bank they found
Their ſacred ſeat, and heav'n-choſe ground;
Where ſtood, delightful to the eye,
The fruitful, beauteous Sicily,
And could a num'rous iſſue boaſt, [the coaſt.
That ſpread their luſtre round, and flouriſh'd o'er
The following years all took their ſilver flight,
With pleaſure wing'd and ſoft delight,
And every year that flew in peace,
Brought to their native virtues, ſtore
Of wealth and pow'r, a new increaſe, [more.
Fate ſtill confirm'd the ſum, and bounteous added
But ſon of Rhe' and Saturn old,
Who doſt thy ſacred throne uphold
On high Olympus' hill;
Whoſe rule th' Olympic race obeys,
Who guid'ſt Alpheus' winding maze,
In hymns delighting ſtill;
Grant, gracious to the godlike race,
Their children's children to ſuſtain,
Peaceful through time's ne'er-ending ſpace,
The ſceptre and paternal reign.
For time, the aged ſire of all,
The deed impatient of delay,
Which the ſwift hour has wing'd away,
Juſt or unjuſt can ne'er recall.
But when calmer days ſucceed,
Of fair event and lovely deed,
Our lot ſerene at laſt;
The memory of darker hours,
When heav'n ſevere and angry low'rs,
Forgotten lies and paſt.
Thus mild and lenient of his frown,
When Jove regards our adverſe fate,
And ſends his choſen bleſſings down
To cheer below our mortal ſtate:
Then former evils, odious brood,
Before the heav'n-born bleſſings fly,
Or trodden down ſubjected lie,
Soon vanquiſh'd by the victor-good.
With thy fair daughters, Cadmus! beſt agrees
The muſe's ſong; who, after many woes
At laſt on golden thrones of eaſe,
Enjoy an undiſturb'd repoſe.
No more they think of Cadmus, mournful ſwain!
Succeeding joys diſpel his former pain.
And Semele, of roſy hue,
Whom the embracing thunderer flew,
Exalted now to heav'n's abodes,
Herſelf a goddeſs blythe, dwells with immortal gods.
Bath'd in ambroſial odours of the ſky,
Her long diſhevell'd treſſes fly:
Her, Minerva ſtill approves;
She is her prime and darling joy:
Her, heav'n's Lord ſupremely loves;
As does his roſy ſon, the ivy-crowned boy.
Thou Ino too! in pearly cells,
Where Nereus' ſea-green daughter dwells,
Enjoy'ſt a lot divine:
No more of ſuff'ring mortal ſtrain,
An azure goddeſs of the main,
Eternal reſt is thine.
Loſt in a maze, blind feeble man,
Knows not the hour he ſure foreſees,
Nor with the eyes of nature can
Pierce through the hidden deep decrees.
Nor ſees he if his radiant day,
That in meridian ſplendour glows,
Shall gild his ev'ning's quiet cloſe,
Soft ſmiling with a farewell ray.
As when the ocean's refluent tides,
Within his hollow womb ſubſides,
Is heard to ſound no more;
Till rouſing all its rage again,
Flood roll'd on flood it pours amain,
And ſweeps the ſandy ſhore:
So fortune, mighty queen of life,
Works up proud man, her deſtin'd ſlave,
Of good and ill the ſtormy ſtrife,
The ſport of her alternate wave;
Now mounted to the height of bliſs,
He ſeems to mingle with the ſky;
Now looking down with giddy eye,
Sees the retreating waters fly,
And trembles at the deep abyſs.
As, by experience led, the ſearching mind
Revolves the records of ſtill-changing fate,
Such dire reverſes ſhall he find,
Oft mark the fortunes of the great!
Now bounteous gods, with bleſſings all divine,
Exalt on high the ſceptred line,
Now the bright ſcene of laurell'd years,
At once quick-ſhifting, diſappears:
And in their radiant room ſucceeds
A diſmal train of ills, and tyrannous miſdeeds.
Since the curſt hour the fateful ſon
Plung'd in the guilt he ſought to ſhun,
And ſaw beneath his haſty rage
The hoary king, heav'n's victim, bleed;
Deaf to a father's pleading age,
His erring hands fulfill'd, what guilty fate decreed
Erynnis, dreadful fury! ſaw
The breath of nature's holieſt law,
She mounts her hooked car;
Through Phocis' death-devoted ground
She flew, and gave the nations round
To the wide waſte of war:
By mutual hands the brothers dy'd,
Furious on mutual wounds they run;
Sons, fathers, ſwell the ſanguine tide;
Fate drove the purple deluge on.
Thus periſh'd all the fated brood,
Thus Eris wrought her dreadful will;
When fated vengeance had its fill,
Therſander clos'd the ſcene of blood.
He, ſprung from beauteous Argea, ſhone,
The glory of Adraſtus' throne,
When fierce in youthful fire,
He rag'd around the Theban wall,
And ſaw the ſevenfold city fall
A victim to his ſire.

From him, as from a ſecond root,
Wide ſpreading to the lofty ſkies,
The ſons of martial glory ſhoot,
And cluſt'ring chiefs on chiefs ariſe.
There in the topmoſt boughs diſplay'd,
Great Theron ſits with luſtre crown'd,
And verdant honours bloom around,
While nations reſt beneath his ſhade.
Awake the lyre! Theron demands the lays,
Yet all too low! Call forth a nobler ſtrain!
Decent is ev'n th' exceſs of praiſe:
For Theron ſtrike the ſounding lyre again.
Olympia's flow'ring wreath he ſingly wears;
The Iſthmian palm his brother ſhares.
Delphi reſounds the kindred name,
The youths contend alike for fame,
Fair rivals in the glorious chaſe, [giddy ſpace.
When twelve times darting round, they flew the
Thrice bleſt! for whom the graces twine
Fame's brighteſt plume, the wreathe divine:
Loſt to remembrance, former woes
No more reflection's ſting employ;
With triumph all the boſom glows,
Pour'd through th' expanding heart, th' impetuous
Riches, that ſingly are poſſeſt, [tide of joy.
Vain pomp of life! a ſpecious waſte,
But feed luxurious pride:
Yet when with ſacred virtues crown'd,
Wealth deals its liberal treaſures round,
'Tis nobly dignify'd.
To modeſt worth, to honour's bands,
With conſcious warmth he large imparts;
And in his preſence ſmiling ſtands
Fair ſcience, and her handmaid, arts.
As in the pure ſerene of night,
Thron'd in its ſphere, a beauteous ſtar
Sheds its bleſt influence from afar
At once beneficent and bright.
But hear ye wealthy, hear ye great,
I ſing the fix'd decrees of fate,
What after death remains,
Prepar'd for the unfeeling kind
Of cruel unrelenting mind,
A doom of endleſs pains!
The crimes that ſtain'd this living light,
Beneath the holy eye of Jove,
Meets in the regions drear of night,
The vengeance but delay'd above.
There the pale ſinner drear aghaſt,
Impartial, righteous, and ſevere,
Unaw'd by pow'r, unmov'd by pray'r,
Eternal juſtice dooms at laſt.
Far otherwiſe the ſouls whom virtue guides
Enjoy a calm repoſe of ſacred reſt,
Nor light, nor ſhade, their time divides,
With one eternal ſunſhine bleſt.
Emancipated from the cares of life,
No more they urge the mortal ſtrife;
No more with ſtill-revolving toil,
They vex a hard, ungrateful ſoil;
Nor plow the ſurges of the main,
Exchanging holy quiet for falſe deceitful gain.
But to theſe ſacred ſeats preferr'd,
With gods they live, as gods rever'd,
And tears are wip'd from every eye;
While baniſh'd from the happy reign,
The guilty ſouls in darkneſs lie,
And weary out the frightful miniſters of pain.

So heav'n decrees: The good and juſt,
Who, true to life's important truſt,
Have well ſuſtain'd the field;
Whoſe ſouls undaunted, undiſmay'd,
Nor flatt'ring pleaſure could perſuade,
Nor paſſions taught to yield;
Theſe through the mortal changes paſt,
Still liſt'ning to the heav'nly lore,
Find this ſublime reward at laſt,
The trial of obedience o'er.
Then burſting from the bonds of clay,
Triumphant tread the heav'n-pav'd road
That leads to Saturn's high abode,
And Jove himſelf directs the way.
There, where the bleſt reſide at eaſe,
Bland Zephyrs breathe the ſea-born breeze
O'er all the happy iſle:
Unnumber'd ſweets the air perfume,
'Tis all around one golden bloom,
All one celeſtial ſmile.
By living ſtreams fair trees aſcend,
Whoſe roots the humid waters lave;
The boughs with radiant fruitage bend,
Rich produce of the fruitful wave.
Thus ſporting in celeſtial bow'rs,
The ſons of the immortal morn,
Their heads and roſy hands adorn,
With garlands of unfading flow'rs.
There Rhadamanth, who great aſſeſſor reigns
To Rhæa's ſon, by ſtill unchanging right,
Awarding all: To vice, eternal chains;
To virtue opes the gates of light.
Rhæa! who high in heav'n's ſublime abodes
Sits thron'd, the mother of the gods.
Cadmus to this immortal choir
Was led; and Peleus' noble ſire!
And glorious ſon! ſince Thetis' love
Subdu'd with pray'r, the yielding mind of Jove.
Who Troy laid proſtrate on the plain,
His country's pillar, Hector, ſlain;
By whom unhappy Cygnus bled;
By whom the Ethiopian boy,
That ſprung from Neptune's godlike bed,
The aged Tithon's, and Aurora's higheſt joy.
What grand ideas crowd my brain!
What images! a lofty train
In beauteous order ſpring:
As the keen ſtore of feather'd fates
Within the braided quiver waits,
Impatient for the wing:
See, ſee they mount! The ſacred few
Endu'd with piercing flight,
Alone through darling fields purſue
Th' aërial regions bright.
This nature gives, her chiefeſt boaſt;
But when the bright ideas fly,
Far ſoaring from the vulgar eye,
To vulgar eyes are loſt.
Where nature ſows her genial ſeeds,
A lib'ral harveſt ſtraight ſucceeds,
Fair in the human ſoil;
While art, with hard laborious pains,
Creeps on unſeen, nor much attains,
By ſlow progreſſive toil.
Reſembling this, the feeble crow,
Amid the vulgar winged crowd,
Hides in the dark'ning copſe below,
Vain, ſtrutting, garrulous, and loud.

While genius mounts th' etherial height,
As the imperial bird of Jove
On founding pinions ſoars above,
And dares the majeſty of light.
Then fit an arrow to the tuneful ſtring,
O thou my Genius? warm with ſacred flame;
Fly ſwift, etherial ſhaft! and wing
The godlike Theron unto fame.
I ſolemn ſwear, and holy truth atteſt,
That ſole inſpires the tuneful breaſt,
That, never ſince th' immortal ſun
His radiant journey firſt begun,
To none the gods did e'er impart
A more exalted mind, or wide-diffuſive heart.
Fly, envy, hence, that durſt invade
Such glories, with injurious ſhade;
Still, with ſuperior luſtre bright,
His virtues ſhine, in number more
Than are the radiant fires of night, [ſhore.
Or ſands that ſpread along the ſea-ſurrounding

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE VI. ILIAD OF HOMER, TRANSLATED LITERALLY.

Beginning ver. 407. Δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος.

O DARING thou! to thy own ſtrength a prey,
Nor pity moves thee for thy infant ſon,
Nor miſerable me, a widow ſoon!
For, ruſhing on thy ſingle might, at once
The Greeks will overwhelm thee: Better far
I had been wrapt in earth, than live of thee
Forlorn, and deſolate; if thou muſt die,
What further comfort then for me remains,
What ſolace, but in tears? No father mine,
Nor mine no venerable mother's care.
Noble Achilles' hand my father ſlew,
And ſpread deſtruction through Cilicia's town,
Where many people dwelt, high-gated Thebes.
He ſlew Aetion, but deſpoil'd him not,
For inly in his mind he fear'd the gods;
But burnt his body with his poliſh'd arms,
And o'er him rear'd a mound: the mountain
The daughters fair of Egis-bearing Jove, [nymphs,
Planted with elms around the ſacred place.
Seven brothers flouriſh'd in my father's houſe;
All in one day deſcended to the ſhades,
All ſlain by great Achilles, ſwift of foot,
'Midſt their white ſheep, and heifers flexile-hoof'd,
My mother, woody Hypoplacia's queen,
Brought hither, number'd in the victor's ſpoils;
Till loos'd from bands, for gifts of mighty price,
By chaſe-delighting Dian's dart ſhe fell,
Smote in my father's houſe: But, Hector, thou,
Thou art my ſire, my hoary mother thou,
My brother thou, thou huſband of my youth!
Ah pity, Hector, then! and in this tow'r
With us remain, nor render by thy fall
Him a ſad orphan, me a widow'd wife.
Here at this fig-tree ſtation, where the town
Is eaſieſt of aſcent, and low the walls,
Here thrice the braveſt of the foes have try'd
To paſs; each Ajax, brave Idomeneus,
Th' Atridæ too, and Tydeus warlike ſon;
Whether ſome ſeer, in divination ſkill'd,
Prompted th' attempt, or their own valour dar'd
To execute a deed, their wiſdom plan'd.
To whom plume-nodding Hector thus reply'd:
Theſe, woman, are my care; but much I fear
The Trojan youth, and long-gown'd Trojan dames,
If, coward-like, I ſhun afar the fight:
Not ſo my courage bids; for I have learnt
Still to be brave, and foremoſt to defend
My father's mighty glories, and my own.
For well I know, and in my mind foreſee,
A day will come, when ſacred Ilion ſinks,
Old Priam periſhes, the people too
Of Priam aſpen-ſpear'd: Yet not ſo much
The woes the Trojans yet in after-times
Muſt undergo, not Hecuba herſelf,
Nor princely Priam, nor my brothers dear,
Who numerous and brave, have fall'n in duſt
Below the boaſting foe, diſtract my ſoul,
As thou: Then when ſome brazen-coated Greek,
In the ſad day of thy diſtreſs ſhall drag
Thee weeping; or in Argos, breathing ſad,
To ſome imperious miſtreſs handmaid, thou
Shalt weave the web, or fetch the water's weight
From Meſſeis or Hyperia's ſprings, againſt
Thy will, but hard neceſſity compells.
Then ſhall he ſay, who ſees thee ſunk in tears,
Lo! Hector's wife, who far the chief of all
The Trojan ſteed ſubduing race excell'd
Who fought at Ilion. Thus ſhall they ſay.
But thee new pangs ſhall ſeize; on thee ſhall come
Deſire of ſuch a huſband, to repel
The evil hour: but may I low beneath
The monumental earth be laid to reſt,
Nor thy ſoft ſorrows, nor the melting voice
Of thy captivity e'er reach my ear.
So ſaying, the illuſtrious Hector ſtretch'd
His hands to reach his child; the child averſe,
In the ſoft boſom of the fair zon'd nurſe
Weeping, fell back abhorrent, from his ſire
Of warlike aſpect: for he fear'd the ſhine
Of armour, and the horſe-hair horrid creſt
That nodded dreadful on the helmet's top.
The loving father ſmil'd, the mother ſmil'd;
Strait from his head th' illuſtrious Hector took
His helm, and plac'd it blazing on the ground;
Then fondled in his arms his much-lov'd ſon
He took; thus praying Jove, and all the gods.
Jove, and ye other gods, grant this my ſon,
Grant he may too become, as I am now,
The grace of Troy, the fame in martial ſtrength,
And rule his Ilion with a monarch's ſway;
That men may ſay when he returns from fight,
"This youth tranſcends his ſire:" Then may he
The bloody ſpoils aloft of hoſtile chiefs [bear
In battle ſlain, and joy his mother's heart.
He ſaid: and to his much-lov'd ſpouſe reſign'd
His child; ſhe, on her fragrant boſom lull'd
Smiling through tears, receiv'd him: at the ſight,
Compaſſion touch'd her huſband's heart; her cheek
With gentle blandiſhment he ſtroak'd, and ſpoke:
O beſt beloved! oh ſadden not thy heart
With grief beyond due bounds: I truſt, no hand
Shall ſend me down to ſhades obſcure, before
My day of doom decreed; for well I ween
No man of mortal men eſcapes from death,
Fearful or bold: whoe'er is born muſt die.
But thou returning to thy home, attend
The ſpindle and the loom, thy peaceful cares,

And call thy duteous maidens round to ſhare
Their taſks by thee aſſign'd; for war belongs
To men, and chief to me, of Ilion's ſons.
This ſaid, illuſtrious Hector ſeiz'd his helm,
And to her home return'd his much lov'd ſpouſe,
Oft looking back, and ſhedding tears profuſe.
Then ſudden at the lofty dome arriv'd,
With chambers fair adorn'd, where Hector dwelt,
The godlike Hector! There again ſhe wept!
In his own houſe the living Hector wept;
For now foreboding in their fears, no more
They hop'd to meet him with returning ſtep
From battle 'ſcap'd the rage and force of Greece.

FIRST SCENE OF THE PHILOCTETES OF SOPHOCLES.

[ULYSSES SPEAKS.]

SON of Achilles! brave Neoptolemus,
You tread the coaſt of ſea-ſurrounded Lemnos,
Where never mortal yet his dwelling rear'd.
Here, in obedience to the Grecian chiefs,
I erſt expos'd the ſon of noble Pæan,
Conſuming with his wounds, and waſting ſlow
In painful agonies; wild from deſpair,
He fill'd the camp with lamentations loud,
And execrations dire: No pure libation,
No holy ſacrifice could to the gods
Be offer'd up: ill-omen'd ſounds of woe
Profan'd the ſacred rites: But this no more—
Should he diſcover my return, 'twere vain
The plan my wakeful induſtry has wove,
Back to reſtore yet to the aid of Greece
This moſt important chief. 'Tis thine, brave youth,
To ripen into deed, what I propoſe.
Caſt round thy eyes, if thou by chance may'ſt find
The double rock, where from the winter's cold
He ſhrouds his limbs, or when the ſummer glows
Amid the cool, the zephyrs gentle breath
Lulls him to his repoſe; faſt on the left
Flows a freſh fountain; if the hero ſees
This living light, one of the attendant train
Speed with the hour to glad my liſt'ning ears,
If in that ſavage haunt he harbours yet,
Or in ſome other corner of this iſle;
Then farther I'll diſcloſe, what chief imports
Our preſent needs, and claims our common care.

THE EPISODE OF LAUSUS AND MEZENTIUS.

FROM THE X. BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

Beginning line 689. *Written in the year* 1719.

Now Jove inflames Mezentius great in arms,
His ardour rouſes, and his courage warms;
Fir'd by the god, to Turnus he ſucceeds;
Beneath his arm the Trojan battle bleeds;
The Tuſcan troops invade their common foe,
Alike in hate their kindling boſoms glow
Fierce to deſtroy, on him alone they pour
Darts following darts, a thick continu'd ſhow'r:
But he undaunted, all the ſtorm ſuſtains,
And ſcorns th' united fury of the plains;
As ſome huge rock high tow'ring 'midſt the waves,
Of ſeas and ſkies the mingling tumult braves,
On its eternal baſis fix'd is found,
Though tempeſts rage, and oceans foam around.
First by his arm unhappy Hebrus bled,
The iſſue of fam'd Dolicaon's bed;
Then Latagus ſubmits to fate, his way
Adverſe he took, the chief with furious ſway
Uprear'd a pond'rous rock, the ſhatter'd brain
Confus'd with blood and gore, o'erſpreads the plain.
At flying Palmus next his dart he threw,
The ſpeedy dart o'ertook him as he flew,
Full in the ham he feels the ſmarting wound,
Left by the victor grov'ling on the ground:
His arms ſurround his Lauſus' manly breaſt,
The waving plume adorns his ſhining creſt:
Evas and Mimas, both of Trojan ſeed,
By the ſame arm were mingled with the dead;
Mimas, companion of the youthful cares
Of Paris, and the equal of his years:
For, big with fancy'd flames, when Phrygia's queen
Brought forth the cauſe of woes, but ill foreſeen;
T'extend his blooming race, that ſelf-ſame night
The ſpouſe of Amycus, Theano bright,
That night ſo fatal to the peace of Troy,
Bleſt her lov'd huſband with a parent's joy:
But fate to diff'rent lands their deaths decreed,
This in his father's town was doom'd to bleed;
Unthinking Mimas, by Mezentius ſlain,
Now rolls his carcaſe o'er the Latian plain.
And as a tuſky boar, whom dogs invade,
Of Veſulus bred in the piny ſhade,
Or near Laurentia's lake, with foreſt maſt,
His feaſts obſcene ſupply'd in wild repaſt;
Rous'd from his ſavage haunt, a deep retreat,
A length of years his unmoleſted ſeat;
When once in toils enclos'd no flight appears,
Turns ſudden, foaming fierce, his briſtles rears;
All ſafe at diſtance ſtand, and none is found,
Whoſe valour dares inflict a nearer wound:
Dreadleſs meanwhile, to ev'ry ſide he turns,
His teeth he gnaſhes, and with rage he burns;
Th' united vengeance of the field derides,
A foreſt rattles as he ſhakes his ſides:
So fare the Tuſcan troops; with noiſy rage,
And ſhouts, in the mixt tumult they engage;
All from afar their miſſive weapons throw,
Fearful in equal arms to meet the foe.
Next, Grecian Acron ruſh'd into the plain,
Who came from Coritus's ancient reign:
Him thirſt of fame to warlike dangers led,
The joys untaſted of the bridal bed;
From far Mezentius ey'd him with delight,
In arms refulgent, as he mix'd in fight;
Full o'er his breaſt, in gold and purple knowſt,
The tokens of his love conſpicuous ſhone.
Then, as a lion thirſting after blood,
(For him perſuades the keen deſire of food,)
If, or a friſking goat he chance to view,
Or branching ſtag, that leads the ſtately crew;
Rejoices, gaping wide, he makes his way,
Furious, and clings incumbent on the prey,
That helpleſs pants beneath his horrid paws,
The blood o'erflowing, laves his greedy jaws:
So keen Mezentius ruſhes on each foe;
Unhappy Acron ſinks beneath his blow,
Mad in the pangs of death, he ſpurns the ground,
The blood diſtains the broken ſpear around:
Then fled Orodes ſhameful from the fight;
The victor ſcorn'd th' advantage of his flight;
But fir'd with rage thro' cleaving ranks he ran,
And face to face oppos'd, and man to man:

Not guileful from behind his ſpear to throw,
A wound unſeen, but ſtrikes an adverſe blow.
Then with his foot his dying foe he preſs'd,
Lean'd on his launce, and thus his friends addreſs'd:
Lo! where Orodes gaſps upon the ſand,
His death was due to this victorious hand,
Large portion of the war! Exulting cries
Aſcend amain, and ring along the ſkies.
To whom the vanquiſh'd with imperfect ſound,
All weak, and faint, and dying of the wound;
Nor long my ghoſt ſhall unreveng'd repine,
Nor long the triumph of my fall be thine;
Thee, equal fates, inſulting man, remain;
Thee, death yet waits, and this the fatal plain.
Him, as he roll'd in death, Mezentius ſpy'd,
He ſmil'd ſevere, and thus contemptuous cry'd:
Die thou the firſt; as he thinks fit, for me,
The fire of heav'n and earth, let Jove decree.
He ſaid: and pull'd the weapon from the wound;
The purple life ebb'd out upon the ground:
Death's clay-cold hand ſhut up the ſinking light,
And o'er his cloſing eyes drew the dark miſt of night.
By Cædicus' great arm Alcathous fell;
Sacrator ſent Hydaſpes down to hell:
Parthenius dies, by Rapo ſlain in fight;
And Orſes vaſt, of more than mortal might.
Next ſunk two warriors, Clonius the divine,
And Ericetes of Lycaon's line;
The iſſue of the god, their deaths renown'd,
Whoſe forked trident rules the deep profound.
His courſer unobedient to the rein,
Great Ericetes tumbled to the plain.
Prone as he lay, ſwift fled the thirſty dart,
And found the mortal paſſage to his heart.
Then lights the victor from his lofty ſteed,
And foot to foot engag'd made Clonius bleed.
Then Lycian Agis, boaſtful of his might,
Provok'd the braveſt foe to ſingle fight;
Him boldly Tuſcan Valerus aſſail'd,
And in the virtues of his ſire prevail'd.
By Salius' arm the ſwift Antronius bled;
Nealces javelin ſtruck the victor dead;
Nealces, ſkill'd the ſounding dart to throw,
And wing the treach'rous arrow to the foe.
Mars, raging god, and ſtern! the war confounds;
Equals the victor's ſhouts, and dying ſounds.
Encount'ring various on th' imbattl'd field,
Now fierce they ruſh, now fierce retreating, yield.
With equal rage, each adverſe battle glows,
Nor flight is known to theſe, nor known to thoſe.
Tyſiphone enjoys the direful ſight.
Pale, furious, fell! and ſtorms amidſt the fight.
The gods, from Jove's immortal dome ſurvey
Each army toiling, through the dreadful day;
With tender pity touch'd, lament the pain,
That human life is deſtin'd to ſuſtain.
On either ſide two deities are ſeen;
Jove's awful conſort, and ſoft beauty's queen:
The wife of Jove the conqu'ror's palm implores,
Soft beauty's queen her Trojans' loſs deplores.
Again, his jav'lin huge, Mezentius wields,
Again tumult'ous he invades the fields.
Large as Orion, when the giant ſtalks,
A bulk immenſe! through Nereus midmoſt walks;
Secure he cleaves his way; the billows braves,
His ſin'wy ſhoulders tow'r above the waves;
Bearing an aſh, increas'd in ſtrength with years,
That huge upon the mountain's height appears;
He ſtrides along, each ſtep the earth divides;
In clouds obſcure his lofty head reſides:
In ſtature huge, amidſt the war's alarms,
Such ſhone the tyrant in gigantic arms.
Him as exulting in the ranks he ſtood,
At diſtance ſeen, and rioting in blood,
Æneas haſtes to meet; in all his might
He ſtands collected, and awaits the fight:
Firſt meaſuring, as he ſtood in act to throw,
With nice ſurvey, the diſtance of his foe:
This arm, this ſpear, he cry'd, aſſert my might;
Theſe are my gods, and theſe aſſiſt in fight:
His armour from the boaſtful robber won,
Shall tow'r a trophy to my conq'ring ſon.
He ſaid; and flings the dart with dreadful force;
The dart drove on unerring from the courſe;
It reach'd the ſhield, the ſhield the blow repell'd:
Nor fell the jav'lin guiltleſs on the field;
But piercing 'twixt the ſide and bowels, tore
The ſam'd Anthores, and deep drank the gore:
He, in his luſty years, from Argos ſent,
With fam'd Alcides, on his labours went:
Tir'd with his toils, a length of woes o'erpaſt,
In the Evandrian realm he fix'd at laſt:
Call'd back again to war, where glory calls,
Unhappy, by a death unmeant, he falls:
To heav'n his mournful eyes, the dying throws:
In his laſt thoughts his native Argos roſe.
Straight then, his beaming lance the Trojan threw;
Swift hiſſing on the wind the weapon flew;
The plates of threefold braſs were forc'd to yield;
And three bull's hides that bound the ſolid ſhield:
Deep in his lower groin, an arm ſo ſtrong,
Drove the ſharp point, but brought not death along.
Then joyful as the Trojan hero ſpy'd
The ſpouting blood pour down his wounded ſide,
Like lightning, from his thigh his ſword he drew,
And furious on th' aſtoniſh'd warrior flew.
As Laufus ſaw, full ſore he heav'd the ſigh;
The ready tear flood trembling in his eye:
His father's danger touch'd the youthful chief:
With pious haſte he ran to his relief.
Nor ſhalt thou ſink unnoted to the tomb,
Unſung thy noble deed, and early doom:
If future times to ſuch a deed will give
Their faith, to future times thy name ſhall live.
Diſabled, trembling for a death ſo near,
The father ſlow-receding, drags the ſpear:
Juſt in that moment, as ſuſpended high
The flaming ſword ſhone adverſe to the ſky,
The daring youth ruſh'd in, and fronts the foe,
And from his father turns th' impending blow.
His friends, with joyful ſhouts, reply around;
Through all their echoes, all the hills reſound:
As wond'ring they beheld the wounded ſire,
Protected by the ſon, from fight retire.
A dark'ning flight of ſinging ſhafts annoy,
From ev'ry quarter pour'd, the Prince of Troy:
He ſtands againſt the fury of the field,
And rages, cover'd with his mighty ſhield.
And as when ſtormy winds encount'ring loud,
Burſt with rude violence the bellowing cloud,
Precipitate to earth, the tempeſt pours
The vexing hailſtones thick in ſounding ſhow'rs:
The delug'd plains then ev'ry plowman flies,
And ev'ry hind, and trav'ller ſhelter'd lies;
Or, when the rock high over-arch'd impends,
Or, when the river's ſhelving bank defends;

That, pow'rful o'er the ſtorm, when bright the ray
Shines forth, they each may exerciſe the day.
Loud ſounds the gather'd ſtorm o'er all the field
The cloud of war pours thund'ring on his ſhield.
Yet ſtill he try'd with friendly care to ſave
Th' unhappy youth, unfortunately brave.
Ah! whither doſt thou urge thy fatal courſe,
In daring deeds! unequal to thy force?
Too pious in thy love, thy love betrays;
Nor ſuch the vigour crowns thy youthful days.
Not thus advis'd the youth ſtill fronts the foe
Exulting, and provokes the ling'ring blow:
For now, his martial boſom all on fire,
The Trojan leader's tide of rage ſwell'd higher;
For now, the ſiſters view'd the fatal ſtrife,
And wound up the laſt threads of Laufus' life:
Deep plung'd the ſhining falchion in his breaſt,
Pierc'd his thin armour, and embroider'd veſt,
That, rich in ductile gold, his mother wove
With her own hands, the witneſs of her love.
His breaſt was fill'd with blood; then, ſad and ſlow
Through air reſolv'd, the ſpirit fled below:
As ghaſtly pale, the chief the dying ſpy'd,
His hands he ſtretch'd to heav'n, and pitying ſigh'd;
His ſire Anchiſes roſe an image dear
Sad in his ſoul, and forc'd the tender tear.
What praiſe, O youth! unhappy in thy fate,
What can Æneas yield to worth ſo great?
Worth, that diſtinguiſh'd in thy deed appears,
Ripe in thy youth, and early in thy years:
Thy arms, once pleaſing objects of thy care,
Inviolate from hoſtile ſpoil I ſpare;
Thy breathleſs body on thy friends beſtow,
To mitigate thy penſive ſpirit's woe,
If ought below the ſeparate ſoul can move,
Solicitous of what is done above;
(Yet in the grave, perhaps, from ev'ry care
Releas'd, nor knowledge, nor device is there;)
That, gather'd to thy ſires, thy friends may mourn
Thy hapleſs fall, and duſt to duſt return:
This be thy ſolace in the world below,
'Twas I the great Æneas ſtruck the blow.
He ſaid; and beck'ning, chides his friends delay;
And pious to aſſiſt, directs the way,
To rear him from the ground, with friendly care;
Diſhonour'd foul with blood, his comely hair.
The wretched father now, by Tyber ſhore
Waſh'd from his ſtreaming thigh, the crimſon gore:
Pain'd with his wound, and weary from the fight,
A tree's broad trunk ſupports his drooping weight:
A bough, his helmet beaming far, ſuſtains:
His heavier armour reſt along the plains.
Panting, and ſick, his body downward bends,
And to his breaſt his length of beard deſcends:
He leans his careful head upon his hand;
Around him wait a melancholy band:
Much of his Laufus aſks, and many ſent,
To warn him back, a father's kind intent:
How vainly ſent! for breathleſs from the field
They bear the youth, extended on his ſhield;
Loud wailing, mourn'd him ſlain in early bloom,
Mighty, and by a mighty wound o'ercome.
Far off the ſounds of woe the father hears;
He trembles in the foreſight of his fears:
With duſt the hoary honours of his head
Sad, he deforms, and cleaves into the dead.
Then both his hands to heav'n aloft he ſpread;
And thus, in fullneſs of his ſorrows, ſaid:
Could then this luſt of life ſo warp my mind,
That I could think of leaving thee behind
Whom I begot, unhappy in my ſtead
To meet the warrior, and for me to bleed?
Now fate ſevere has ſtruck too deep a blow,
Now firſt I feel a wretched exile's woe.
And is it thus I draw this wretched breath,
Sav'd by thy wound, and living by thy death?
I too, my ſon, with horrid guilt profan'd
Thy ſacred virtues, and their luſtre ſtain'd:
Outcaſt, abandon'd by the care of heav'n,
From empire, and paternal ſceptres driv'n,
My people's hatred, and inſulting ſcorn,
The merit of my crimes, I've juſtly borne:
To thouſand deaths this wicked ſoul could give,
Since now 'tis crime enough that I can live,
Can yet ſuſtain the light, and human race,
Wretch'd as I am:—but ſhort ſhall be the ſpace.
He ſaid; and as he ſaid, he rear'd from ground
His fainting limbs, yet ſtagg'ring from the wound:
But whole and undiminiſh'd ſtill remains
His ſtrength of ſoul, unbroke with toil and pains.
He calls his ſteed, ſucceſsful from each fight,
With whom he march'd, his glory and delight;
With words like theſe his conſcious ſteed addreſs'd,
That mourn'd, as with his maſter's ills oppreſs'd:
Rhœbus, we long have liv'd in arms combin'd,
(If long the frail poſſeſſions of mankind;)
This day thou ſhalt bring back, to crown our toils,
The Trojan hero's head, and glitt'ring ſpoils
Torn from the bloody man! with me ſhalt take
A dear revenge, for murder'd Laufus' ſake:
If ſtrength ſhall fail to ope the deſtin'd way,
Together fall, and preſs the Latian clay;
For, after me, I truſt thou wilt diſdain
A Trojan leader, and an alien rein.
He ſaid. The ſteed receives his wonted weight,
The tyrant arm'd, and furious for the fight:
His blazing helmet, formidably grac'd
With nodding horſe-hair bright'ning o'er the creſt:
With deathful jav'lins next he fills his hands;
And ſpurs his ſteed, and ſeeks the fighting bands;
Grief mix'd with madneſs, ſhame of former flight,
And love by rage inflam'd to deſp'rate height,
And conſcious knowledge of his valour wrought
Fierce in his breaſt, and boil'd in ev'ry thought.
He calls Æneas thrice: Æneas heard
The welcome ſound; and thus his pray'r preferr'd,
May Jove, ſupreme of gods, who rules on high!
And he, to whom 'tis giv'n to rule the ſky,
Far ſhooting king! inſpire thee to draw near
Swift to thy fate, and grant thee to my ſpear.
But he:—My Laufus raviſh'd from my ſight,
Me, with vain words, O! cruel, would'ſt affright;
With age, with watchings, and with labours worn,
Death is below my fear, and God I ſcorn!
I come reſolv'd to die; but, ere I go,
Receive this dart the preſent of a foe.
He ſaid: the jav'lin hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Another after, and another flies;
Thick, and inceſſant, as he rides the field;
Still all the ſtorm ſuſtains the golden ſhield,
Firm, as Æneas ſtood: thrice rode he round,
Urging his darts, the compaſs of the ground:
Thrice wheel'd Æneas; thrice his buckler bears
About, a brazen wood of riſing ſpears:
Preſs'd in unrighteous fight, with jeſt diſdain
To wrench to many darts, and wrench in vain,

Much pond'ring in his mind the chief revolv'd
Each riſing thought; at laſt he ſprings reſolv'd:
Full at the warrior ſteed, the hoſtile wood [blood.
He threw, that pierc'd his brain, and drank the
Stung with the pain, the ſteed up-rear'd on high
His ſounding hoofs, and laſh'd the yielding ſky:
Prone fell the warrior from his lofty height;
His ſhoulders broad receiv'd the courſer's weight.
From hoſt to hoſt the mingling ſhouts rebound,
Deep echoing all in fire the heav'ns reſound;
Unſheath'd his flaming blade, Æneas flies,
And thus addreſs'd the warrior as he lies:
Say, where is now Mezentius great, and bold,
That haughty ſpirit, fierce, and uncontroul'd?
To whom the Tuſcan, with recover'd breath,
As faint he view'd the ſkies, recall'd from death:
Doſt thou the ſtroke, inſulting man! delay?
Haſte! let thy vengeance take its deſtin'd way:
Death never can diſgrace the warrior's fame
Who dies in fight; nor conqueſt was my aim:
Slain ſavage! by thy hand in glorious ſtriſe,
Not ſo my Lauſus bargain'd for my life:
Depriv'd of him, ſole object of my love,
I ſeek to die;—for joy is none above.
Yet, piteous of my fate, this grace allow,
If pity to the vanquiſh'd foe be due,
Suffer my friends my gather'd bones to burn,
And decent lay me in the funeral urn:
Full well I know my people's hate, decreed
Againſt the living, will purſue the dead;
My breathleſs body from their fury ſave,
And grant my ſon the partner of my grave.
He ſaid, and ſtedfaſt ey'd the victor foe.
Then gave his breaſt undaunted to the blow.
The ruſhing blood diſtain'd his arms around;
The ſoul indignant ſought the ſhades profound.

KING LEAR'S SPEECH TO EDGAR,

TAKING A VIEW OF MAN FROM THE SIDE OF HIS MISERIES.

Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing itſelf; unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings; come unbutton here. SHAKSPEARE.

See where the ſolitary creature ſtands,
Such as he iſſued out of nature's hands;
No hopes he knows, no fears, no joys, no cares,
Nor pleaſure's poiſon, nor ambition's ſnares;
But ſhares, from ſelf-forg'd chains of life releaſt,
The foreſt kingdom with his fellow beaſt.
Yes, all we ſee of thee is nature's part;
Thou art the creature's ſelf;—the reſt is art.
For thee, the ſkilful worm of ſpecious hue,
No ſhining threads of ductile radiance drew;
For thee no ſun the rip'ning gem refin'd;
No bleeding innocence the fleece reſign'd:
The hand of luxury ne'er taught to pour
O'er thy faint limbs, the oil's refreſhing ſhow'r:
His bed the flinty rock; his drink, his food,
The running brook, and berries of the wood.
What have we added to this plain account?
What paſſions? what deſires? a huge amount!
Cloth'd, fed, warm'd, cool'd, each by his brother's toil,
We live upon the wide creation's ſpoil.
Quit, monarch, quit thy vain ſuperfluous pride;
Lay all thy foreign ornaments aſide:
Bid art no more its ſpurious gifts ſupply;
Be man, mere man; thirſt, hunger, grieve, and die.

TO A SWALLOW.

FROM ANACREON.

Malicious bird! what puniſhment,
Due to thy crimes, can love invent?
Or clip thy wings, or cut thy tongue,
And ſpoil thy flight, and future ſong:
That thus, unſeaſonable gueſt,
Thou dar'ſt diſturb a lover's reſt,
And tear the maid, profuſe of charms,
My fair Maria, from my arms.

TO A DOVE.

FROM ANACREON.

Say, beauteous dove, where doſt thou fly?
To what new quarter of the ſky
Doſt thou with ſilken plumes repair,
To ſcent with ſweets the ambient air?
Stay, gentle bird, nor thou refuſe
To bear along a lover's vows.
O tell the maid, of me belov'd,
O tell how conſtant I have prov'd;
How ſhe to me all nymphs excell'd,
The firſt my eyes with joy beheld;
And ſince ſhe treats me with diſdain,
The firſt my eyes beheld with pain.
Yet whether, to my wiſhes kind,
She hear my pray'r with gracious mind,
Or, unrelenting of her will,
Her hot diſpleaſure kindle ſtill,
I, in her beauty's chains bound faſt,
Shall view her with indiff'rence laſt.
Fly ſwift, my dove, and ſwift return
With anſwer back to thoſe that mourn:
O! in thy bill, bring ſoft and calm
A branch of ſilver-flow'ring palm.
But, why ſhould I thy flight delay?
Go fleet, my herald, ſpeed away,

THE XIX. ODE OF ANACREON.

Fair Niobe, old times ſurvey'd,
In Phrygian hills, a marble maid.
Chang'd Pandion! to the ſwallow's hue,
On ſwallow's wings thy daughter flew.
But I a looking-glaſs would be,
That thou might'ſt ſee thyſelf in me.
No; I would be a morning gown,
That ſo my dear might be put on.
But I a ſilver ſtream would flow,
To waſh thy ſkin, as pure as ſnow.
I would myſelf in ointment pour,
To bathe thee with the fragrant ſhow'r.
But I would be thy tucker made,
Thy lovely ſwelling boſom's ſhade.
I would, a diamond necklace, deck
The comely riſing of thy neck.
I would thy ſlender feet encloſe,
To tread on me transform'd to ſhoes.

THE XXI. ODE OF ANACREON.

FILL with Bacchus' bleſſings fraught,
Ye virgins, fill a mighty draught:
Long ſince dry'd up by heat, I faint,
I ſcarcely breathe, and feveriſh pant.
Ó! with theſe freſher flow'rs, renew
The fading garland, on my brow,
For, oh! my forehead's raging heat
Has rifled all their graces ſweet;
The rage of thirſt I yet can quell,
The rage of heat I can repell;
But, love, thy heat which burns my ſoul,
What draughts can quench? what ſhades can cool?

THE XXII. ODE OF ANACREON.

COME, ſit beneath this ſhade with me,
My lovely maid, how fair the tree!
Its tender branches wide prevail,
Obedient to each breathing gale;
Summer's loom induſtrious weaves,
In mazy veins the ſilken leaves,
Soft as the milky veins I view,
O'er thy fair breaſt meand'ring blue;
Hard by a fount with murm'ring noiſe
Runs a ſweet perſuaſive voice;
What lover, ſay, my lovely maid,
So fooliſh as to paſs this ſhade?

By various youths admir'd, by all approv'd,
By many ſought, by one ſincerely lov'd,
Chief of Edina's fair I flouriſh'd long,
Firſt in the dance, the viſit, and the ſong;
Beauty, good nature, in my form combin'd,
My body one adorn'd, and one my mind.
When youthful years, a foe to lonely nights,
Impells young hearts to Hymen's chaſte delights,
I view'd th' admiring train with equal eye,
True to each hope, and faithful to each ſigh:
The happy hours of admiration paſt,
The hand of nuptial love was giv'n at laſt;
Not to the faithful youth my charms inſpir'd
Nor thoſe who ſought my charms, nor who ad-
He not preferr'd for merit, wit, or ſenſe, [mir'd;
Not choſe, but ſuffer with indifference,
Who neither knew to love, or be belov'd,
Approv'd me not, and juſt not diſapprov'd,
Nor warmth pretended, nor affection ſhow'd;
Aſk'd, not implor'd; I yielded, not beſtow'd:
Without or hopes, or fears, I join'd his ſide,
His miſtreſs never, and but ſcarce his bride.
No joys at home, abroad was only ſhow;
I neither gain'd a friend, nor loſt a foe;
For, loſt alike to pleaſure, love, and fame,
My perſon he enjoys, and I his name.
Yet patient ſtill I lead my anxious life,
Pleas'd that I'm call'd my formal huſband's wife.

LOVE TURNED TO DESPAIR.

'TIS paſt! the pangs of love are paſt,
I love, I love no more;
Yet who would think I am at laſt
More wretched than before?
How bleſs'd, when firſt my heart was freed
From love's tormenting care,
If cold indiff'rence did ſucceed,
Inſtead of fierce deſpair?
But ah! how ill is he releas'd,
Though love a tyrant reigns,
When the ſucceſſor in his breaſt
Redoubles all his pains:
In vain attempts the woeful wight,
That would deſpair remove,
Its little finger has more weight,
Than all the loins of love:
Thus the poor wretch that left his dome,
With ſpirit foul accurſt,
Found ſev'n, returning late, at home
More dreadful than the firſt.
Well hop'd I once that conſtancy
Might ſoften rigour's frown,
Would from the chains of hate ſet free,
And pay my ranſom down:
But, ah! the judge is too ſevere,
I ſink beneath his ire;
The ſentence is gone forth, to bear
Deſpair's eternal fire.
The hopes of ſinners, in the day
Of grace, their fears abate;
But ev'ry hope flies far away,
When mercy ſhuts her gate:
The ſmalleſt alms could oft ſuffice
Love's hunger to aſſuage;
Deſpair, the worm that never dies,
Still gnaws with ceaſeleſs rage.

THE YOUNGEST GRACE.

A LOVE-ELEGY.

Addreſſed to a Lady who had juſt finiſhed her fifteenth Year.

His ſaltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
Munere——— VIRG. Æneid vi.

As Beauty's queen, in her aërial hall,
Sublimely ſeated on a golden throne,
Before her high tribunal ſummon'd all
Who or on earth, ſea, air, her empire own.
Firſt came her ſon, her pow'r, her darling boy,
Whoſe gentleſt breath can raiſe the fierceſt flame,
Oft working miſchief, though his end be joy,
And though devoid of ſight, yet ſure of aim.
With him, his youthful conſort, fad no more
Pſyche, infranchis'd from all mortal pain,
Who, ev'ry trial of obedience o'er,
Enjoys the bleſſings of the heav'nly reign.
Next, as it well beſeem'd, the tuneful nine,
Daughters of memory, and dear to Jove,
Who, as they liſt, the hearts of men incline
To wit, to muſic, poetry, or love.
She, who with milder breath inſpiring fills
Than ever zephyr knew, the heart-born ſigh,
Or elſe from nature's pregnant ſource diſtils
The tender drops that ſwell the love-ſick eye.
Or ſhe, who from her copious ſtore affords,
When love decrees, the faithful youth to bleſs,
The ſacred energy of melting words,
In the dear hour, and ſeaſon of ſucceſs.
Laſt in the train, two ſiſters fair appear'd, [ſweet;
Sorr'wing they ſeem'd, yet ſeem'd their ſorrow
Nor ever from the ground their eyes they rear'd,
Nor tripp'd, as they were wont, on ſnowy feet.
The Cyprian goddeſs caſt her eyes around,
And gaz'd o'er all, with ever new delight;

So bright an hoſt was no where to be found:
Her heart dilates, and glories in its might.
But when without their lov'd companion dear,
Two ſolitary graces hand in hand
Approach'd, the goddeſs inly 'gan to fear
What might befal the youngeſt of the band.
Ah! whither is retir'd my darling joy,
My youngeſt grace, the pride of all my reign,
Firſt in my care, and ever in my eye,
Why is ſhe now the lag of all my train?
Ah me! ſome danger threats my Cyprian ſtate,
Which, goddeſs as I am, I can't foreſee;
Some dire diſaſter labours, (ah my fate!)
To wreſt love's ſceptre from my ſon and me.
She wept: not more ſhe wept, when firſt her eyes
Saw low in duſt her Ilion's tow'ry pride;
Nor from her breaſt more frequent burſt the ſighs,
When her lov'd youth, her dear Adonis dy'd.
Yet, yet, ſhe cry'd, I will a monarch reign,
In my laſt deed my greatneſs ſhall be ſeen:
Ye loves, ye ſmiles, ye graces, all my train,
Attend your mother, and obey your queen.
Wiſdom's vain goddeſs weaves ſome treach'rous wile,
Or haughty Juno, heav'n's relentleſs dame:
Haſte! bend each bow, haſte! brighten ev'ry ſmile,
And launch from ev'ry eye the light'ning's flame.
Then had fell diſcord broke the golden chain
That does the harmony of all uphold,
And where theſe orbs in beauteous order reign,
Brought back the anarchy of Chaos old:
When Cupid keen unlocks his feather'd ſtore,
When Venus burns with more than mortal fire,
Mortals, immortals, all had fled before
The loves, the graces, and the ſmiles in ire:
In vain, t' avert the horrors of that hour,
Anxious for fate, and fearing for his ſky,
The ſire of gods and men had try'd his pow'r,
And hung his golden balances on high:
Had not the eldeſt grace, ſerene and mild,
Who wiſh'd this elemental war might ceaſe,
Sprung forward, with perſuaſive look, and ſmil'd
The furious mother of deſires to peace.
Ah whence this rage, vain child of empty fear!
With accent mild thus ſpoke the heav'nly maid:
What words, O ſov'reign of hearts! ſevere
Have paſs'd the roſes of thy lips unweigh'd?
Think not mankind forſake thy myſtic law:
Thy ſon, thy pride, thy own Cupido reigns;
Hard with reſpect, and ſeen with tender awe;
Mighty on thrones, and gentle on the plains.
Remember'ſt not how in the bleſt abodes
Of high Olympus, an ethereal gueſt,
Mix'd with the ſynod of th' aſſembled gods,
Thou ſhar'd'ſt the honours of th' ambroſial feaſt?
Celeſtial pleaſures reigning all around,
Such as the pow'rs who live at eaſe enjoy,
The ſmiling bowl with life immortal crown'd,
By roſy Hebe, and the Phrygian boy:
Hermes, ſly god, reſolv'd thy ſpleen to hit,
Thy ſpleen, but, of itſelf, too apt to move;
Prone to offend with oft-miſtaking wit,
That foe perverſe to nature and to love.
Much gloz'd he ſpiteful, how rebellious youth,
Loſt to thy fear, and recreant from thy name,
Falſe to the int'reſt of the heart, and truth
On foreign altars kindles impious flame.
Much gloz'd he tauntful, how to nobler aims
The youth awak'ning from each female wile,
No longer met in love's opprobrious flames,
Slaves to an eye, or vaſſals to a ſmile.
Now fifteen years the ſtill returning ſpring
With flow'rs the boſom of the earth has ſow'd,
As oft the groves heard Philomela ſing,
And trees have pay'd the fragrant gifts they ow'd,
Since our dear ſiſter left the heav'nly bow'rs:
So will'd the fates, and ſuch their high command,
She ſhould be born in high Edina's tow'rs,
To thee far dearer than all other lands.
There, clad in mortal form, ſhe lies conceal'd,
A veil more bright than mortal form e'er knew;
So fair was ne'er to dreaming bard reveal'd,
Nor ſweeter e'er the ſhad'wing pencil drew.
Where'er the beauteous heart-compeller moves,
She ſcatters wide perdition all around:
Bleſt with celeſtial form, and crown'd with loves,
No ſingle breaſt is refractory found.
Vain Pallas now th' unequal conflict ſhuns;
Vain are the terrors of her Gorgon ſhield:
Wit bends; but chief Apollo's yielding ſons:
To thy fair doves Juno's proud peacocks yield.
No rival pow'rs thy envy'd empire ſhare;
Revolted mortals crowd again thy ſhrine;
Dutcous to love, and ev'ry pleaſing care,
All hearts are hers, and all her heart is thine.
So mild a ſway the willing nations own;
By her thou triumph'ſt o'er this ſubject ball;
Whilſt men (the ſecret of the ſkies unknown)
The beauteous apparition Laura call.

TO MRS. A. R.

Now ſpring begins her ſmiling round,
Laviſh to paint th' enamell'd ground:
The birds exalt their cheerful voice,
And gay on ev'ry bough rejoice:
The lovely graces, hand in hand,
Knit in love's eternal band,
With dancing ſtep at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn;
Where'er the youthful ſiſters move,
They fire the ſoul to genial love.
Now by the river's painted ſide,
The ſwain delights his country bride,
While pleas'd ſhe hears his artleſs vows:
Above the feather'd ſongſter woes.
Soon will the rip'ned ſummer yield
Her various gifts to ev'ry field:
The fruitful trees, a beauteous ſhow,
With ruby-tinctur'd births ſhall glow:
Sweet ſmells, from beds of lilies borne,
Perfume the breezes of the morn:
The ſunny day, and dewy night,
To rural play my fair invite.
Soft on a bank of violets laid,
Cool ſhe enjoys the ev'ning ſhade;
The ſweets of ſummer feaſt her eye—
Yet ſoon ſoon will the ſummer fly.
Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' inſtructive ſhow.
Now young and blooming thou art ſeen,
Freſh on the ſtalk, for ever green;
Now does th' unfolded bud diſcloſe
Full blown to ſight the bluſhing roſe:

Yet, once the ſunny ſeaſon paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt.
Let not the flatt'rer hope perſuade;
Ah! muſt I ſay that it will fade?
For ſee the ſummer poſts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay.
Now winter, from the frozen north
Drives his ſtiff iron chariot forth;
His griſly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweda's ſilver flood conſtrains:
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare;
Behold, his footſteps dire are ſeen,
Confeſt on ev'ry with'ring green;
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee
A ſnowy wreath to clothe each tree:
Frequenting now the ſtream no more,
Thou fly'ſt diſpleas'd the frozen ſhore:
When thou ſhalt miſs the flow'rs that grew
But late to charm thy raviſh'd view:
Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this ſome other day?
Yet when in ſnow and dreary froſt
The pleaſure of the field is loſt,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant ſun,
In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not loſe, but change our joy.
Happy, abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair;
To turn the page of ſacred bards;
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
But when the lovely white and red,
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled;
When wrinkles dire, and age ſevere,
Make beauty fly we know not where;
The fair whom fates unkind diſarm,
Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?
Or is there left ſome pleaſing art
To keep ſecure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! might lovers ſay,
Beauty thy food does ſwift decay:
When once that ſhort-liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What art thy famine can prevent?
Lay virtues in with early care,
That love may live on wiſdom's fare.
Though ecſtacy with beauty flies,
Eſteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the fates decree
The gift of heav'n in giving thee:
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage,
Thy virtues ſhall delight his age.

TO H. H. IN THE ASSEMBLY.

While crown'd with radiant charms divine,
Unnumber'd beauties round thee ſhine;
When Erſkine leads her happy man,
And Johnſton ſhakes the flutt'ring fan;
When beauteous Pringle ſhines confeſt,
And gently heaves her ſwelling breaſt,
Her raptur'd partner ſtill at gaze,
Purſuing through each winding maze;
Say, youth, and canſt thou keep ſecure
Thy heart from conqu'ring beauty's pow'r?
Or, haſt thou not, how ſoon! betray'd
The too believing country maid?
Whoſe young and unexperienc'd years
From thee no evil purpoſe fears;
And, yielding to love's gentle ſway,
Knows not that lovers can betray.
How ſhall ſhe curſe deceiving men?
How ſhall ſhe e'er believe again?
For me, my happier lot decrees
The joys of love that conſtant pleaſe;
A warm, benign, and gentle flame,
That clearly burns, and ſtill the ſame;
Unlike theſe fires that fools betray,
That fiercely burn, but ſwift decay;
Which warring paſſions hourly raiſe,
A ſhort and momentary blaze.
My Hume, my beauteous Hume! conſtrains
My heart in voluntary chains:
Well pleas'd, for her my voice I raiſe;
For daily joys claim daily praiſe.
Can I forſake the fair, complete
In all that's ſoft, and all that's ſweet;
When heav'n has in her form combin'd
The ſcatter'd graces of her kind?
Has ſhe not all the charms that lie
In Gordon's bluſh, and Lockhart's eye;
The down of lovely Haya's hair,
Killochia's ſhape, or Cockburn's air?
Can time to love a period bring
Of charms, for ever in their ſpring?
'Tis death alone the lover frees,
Who loves ſo long as ſhe can pleaſe.

TO A GENTLEMAN GOING TO TRAVEL.

Trahit ſua quemque voluptas.

Well ſung of old, in everlaſting ſtrains,
Horace, ſweet lyriſt; while the Roman harp
He ſtrung by Tyber's yellow bank, to charm
Tuſcan Mecenes, thy well-judging ear;
How in life's journey, various wiſhes lead
Through diff'rent roads, to diff'rent ends, the race
Diverſe of human kind. The hero runs
Careleſs of reſt, of fultry Libyan heat
Patient, and Ruſſian cold, to win renown;
Mighty in arms, and warlike enterpriſe;
Vain efforts! the coquettiſh nymph ſtill flies
His ſwift purſuit, and jilts ambition's hope.
At home, this man with eaſe and plenty bleſs'd
The tow'ring dome delights; and gardens fair,
And fruitful fields, with ſylvan honours crown'd
Stretch'd out in wide extent; the gay machine
Dear to the female race, the gilded coach,
With liv'ry'd ſervants in retinue long,
Adorn'd with ſplendent robes, the pompous train
Of pageantry and pride. His neighbour ſits
Immur'd at home, a miſer dire! nor dares
To touch his ſtore, through dread of fancy'd want:
Induſtrious of gain, he treaſures up
Large heaps of wealth, to bleſs a ſpendthrift heir,
That waſtes in riot, lux'ry, and miſrule,
The purchaſe of his want; naught ſhall he reck
His father's pine, when laviſh he ordains
The feaſt in pillar'd hall, or ſunny bow'r,
With luſt-inflaming wine, and wicked mirth
Prolong'd to morning hour, and guilty deed.
Others again, the woods of Aſtery
Love to inhabit, or where down the mount
Sky-climbing Parnaſſ', her ſweet-ſounding wave
Caſtalia pours, with potent virtue's bleſs'd;

Pow'rful to charm the pear of furious wrath,
To cloſe the eye of anguiſh, or to ſtrike
The lifted dagger from deſpairing breaſt.
Such Addiſon; and ſuch, with laurel crown'd,
Immortal Congreve; ſuch the muſes' grace,
Mœonian Pope: nor do the nine refuſe
To rank with theſe, Fergulian nightingale
Untaught with wood-notes wild, ſweet Allan hight;
Whether on the flow'r-bluſhing bank of Tweed,
Or Clyde, or Tay's ſmouth-winding ſtream, his muſe
Chooſe to reſide; or o'er the ſnowy hills
Benlomon, or proud Mormount, all the day,
Clad in tartana, vary'd garb, ſhe roves,
To hear of kings' and heroes' godlike deeds:
Or, if delighted on the knee ſhe lies
Of lovely nymph, as happy lap-dog grac'd;
Intent to ſooth the Scottiſh damſel's ear,
Cochrane, or Hamilton; with pleaſing ſong
Of him who ſad beneath the wither'd branch
Sat of Traquair, complaining of his laſs;
Or the fond maid, that o'er the wat'ry brink
Wept ſleepleſs night and day; ſtill wafting o'er
Her flying love, from Aberdour's fair coaſt.
Others again, by party rage inflam'd,
Blindfolded zeal, and ſuperſtition dire,
Offspring of ignorance, and cloyſter-born,
With undiſtinguiſh'd violence, aſſault
Both good and bad.....
There is, who ſtudious of his ſhape and mien
On dreſs alone employs his care to pleaſe,
Aſpiring with his outward ſhow; who, vain
Of flaxen hair perfum'd, and Indian cane,
Embroider'd veſt, and ſtockings ſilver-clock'd,
Walks through th' admiring train of ladies bright;
Sole on himſelf intent; beſt liken'd to
The painted inſect, that in ſummer's heat
Flutters the gardens round, with gloſſy wing,
Diſtinct with eyes; him oft the tender Miſs,
Eſcap'd from *ſampler* and the boarding-ſchool,
Purſues with weary foot, from flow'r to flow'r,
Tulip, or lily bright, or ruby'd roſe;
And often in the hollow of her hand
Retains him captive, ſweet impriſonment.
But ah! how vain the joys the beau can boaſt;
A while he ſhines in tavern, viſit, dance,
Unrivall'd, clad in rich refulgent garb,
Lac'd or brocaded; till the merchant bold,
With meſſenger conſpiring, mortal dire!
Of merc'leſs heart, throw him in dungeon deep
Recluſe from ladies: what avails him then
The love of women? or the many balls
He made to pleaſe the fair? there muſt he lie
Remedileſs, if not by pity won
Fair Cytherea, ſea-begotten dame,
By ſpouſal gifts from ſooty Vulcan earn
Fallacious key; as erſt, by love o'ercome,
He forg'd celeſtial arms, to grace her ſon
Anchiſes-born; and in the borrow'd form
Of longing widow, or of maiden aunt,
(While ſly Cyllenius, with opiate charm
Of Ceres, the ſtill-watching Argus eyes
Of keeper drench in ſleep profound), releaſe
The captive knight from the enchanted dome.
Thus others chooſe, their choice affects not me;
For each his own delight, with ſecret force
Magnetic, as with links of love, conſtrains.
Behoves me then to ſay what bias rules
My inclinations, ſince deſire of fame
Provokes me not to win renown in arms,
Nor at Pieria's ſilver ſpring to ſlake
Th' inſatiate thirſt; to write on the coy nymph
Love-labour'd ſonnet; nor in well dreſs'd beau
To pleaſe the lovely ſex: For me at Keith's
Awaits a bowl, capacious for my cares;
There will I drown them all, no daring thought
Shall interrupt my mirth, while there I ſit
Surrounded with my friends; and envy not
The pomp of needleſs grandeur, inſolent.
Nor ſhall alone the bowl of punch delight,
Compounded fluid! rich with juicy ſpoil
Of fair Iberia's ſunny coaſt, combin'd
With the auxiliar aid of rack or rum,
Barbade, or Sumatra, or Goan-born;
The luſcious ſpirit of the cane, that in
Fermenting cups with native element
Of water mixt, pure limpid ſtream! unite
Their ſocial ſweets. For us, her ruddy ſoul
The Latian grape ſhall bleed; nor will thy hills
Far-flowing Rhine withhold their cluſt'ring vines.
Haſte then! to friendſhip ſacred let us pour
Th' exhilarating flood, while, as our hands
In union knit, we plight our mutual hearts
Cloſe as the loving pair, whom holy writ
Renowns to future times, great Jonathan,
And Jeſſe's ſon: Now this delights my ſoul.
There was a time we would not have refus'd
Macdougal's lowly roof, the land of ale;
Flowing with ale, as erſt is Canaan ſaid
To flow with honey: there we often met,
And quaff'd away our ſpleen, while fits of mirth
Frequent were heard: nor wanted am'rous ſong,
Nor jocund dance; loud as in Eden town,
Where the tir'd writer pens the live long day,
Summons and horning, or the ſpouſal band
Of Strephon, and of Cloe lovely laſs:
Spent with his toil when thirſty twilight falls,
He hies him gladſome, to the well-known place,
Bull-cellar; or, O Johnſtoun's, thine! where fond
Of drink, and knowledge, erſt philoſophers
Have met: or Cout's dark cymmerian cell,
Full many a fathom deep: from far he hears
The ſocial clamour through the dome refound;
He ſpeeds amain to join the jovial throng.
So we delighted once: The bowl meanwhile
Walk'd ceaſeleſs ſtill the round, to ſome fair name
Devoted; thine Maria toaſted chief,
Duty obſequious! and thy looks benign
Miſs'd not their due regard. Dundaſſea fair
Claim'd next the kindred lay; nor didſt thou paſs,
Conſtance, uncelebrated or unſung.
Hail, ſacred three! hail, ſiſter minds! may heav'n
Pour down uncommon bleſſings on your heads.
Thus did our younger years in pleaſing ſtream
Flow inoffenſive; friendſhip grac'd our days,
And dream of loving miſtreſs bleſs'd our night.
Now from theſe joys convey'd, (ſo fate ordains)
Thou wander'ſt into foreign realms, from this
Far, far ſejoin'd; no more with us to drain
The ample bowl; or, when in heav'n ſublime
The monthly virgin, from full gather'd globe,
Pours down her amber ſtreams of light, till wide
The ether flame, with choral ſymphony
Of voice, attemper'd to ſweet hautboy's breath,
Mixt with the violin's ſilver ſound, below
The window of ſome maid belov'd, ſhall ply
The nightly ſerenade: To other joys

Thou now muſt turn, when on the pleaſing ſhore
Of mild Heſperia, thou behold'ſt amaz'd,
The venerable urns of ancient chiefs,
Who ſtern in arms, and reſolute to dare
In freedom's cauſe, have dy'd, or glorious liv'd:
Camillus; Brutus, great from tyrant's blood;
Coriolanus, famous in exile;
Laurel'd Zamean Scipio, the ſcourge
Of Punic race; or liberty's laſt hope,
Self murder'd Cato; conſecrate to fame
They live for ever in the hearts of men,
Far better monument, than coſtly tomb
Of Egypt's kings; time with deſtructive hand,
Shall moulder into duſt, the pil'd-up ſtone,
With all its praiſes; ah! how vain is fame!
With virtue then immortaliſe thy life.
  But theſe, ſo potent nature's will decrees,
Delight not me, on other thoughts intent;
Not ſtudious at midnight lamp to pore
The medal, learned coin! where laurel wreathes
The ſacred head of kings, or beauty bright
Of kings ſweet paramour, the letter'd ſage
Or prudent ſenator, by eating time
Defac'd injurious; the faithleſs truſt
Of human greatneſs! Nor do I incline
To paſs the frith that parts from Gallia's reign
My native coaſt, ſolicitous to know
What other lands impart: all my delights
Are with my friends in merry hour, at Steel's
Aſſembled, while unreſpited the glaſs [name,
Swift circles round the board, charg'd with fair
Erſkine, or Pringle thine, until the ſun
That, ſetting, warn'd us to the friendly cups
Awake, and view our revels uncomplete.
But if the Heaven's diſpoſer of our fate,
Force me, unwilling, ſhift my native land;
O! in whatever ſoil my weary feet
Are doom'd to ſtray, O might I meet my friend!
Or, if the riſing ſun ſhall gild my ſteps
On fruitful fields of Ind, Bengala's ſhore,
Spice-bearing Tidor's iſle, or where at eve,
Near weſtern Califurn, beneath the main
He ſinks in gold; or on vine-ſoſt'ring hills
Of nearer Latium, nurſe of kings and gods.
O! might I view thee on the flow'ry verge
Of Tyber, ſtream renow'd in poets ſong;
Or in the Roman ſtreets, with curious eye
Studying the poliſh'd ſtone, or trophy'd arch,
Trajan, or Antonin; not long content
With toil unprofitable. Thee I'd lead
Well pleas'd to Horace tomb, dear laughing bard!
Where the Falernian vintage ſhould inſpire
Sweet thoughts of paſt delight; the goblet rough
With ſculptur'd gold roſy from Chios' iſle,
Should warm our hearts ſacred to Pringle's cheek
Still glowing, and to ſweet Humeia's lip,
To Drummond's eye, Maria's ſnowy breaſt
Soft-heaving, or to lovely Erſkine's ſmile;
While on the wounded glaſs the diamond's path,
Faithful, ſhall ſhow each fav'rite virgin's name;
Not without verſe and various emblem grac'd:
The Latian youth at merry revels met,
In fancy ſhall admire the Scottiſh maid
Bright as the ruddy virgin Roman-born;
Nor with their native dames refuſe to join
Impartial, their health belov'd: and would
The nine inſpire me equal to my choice,
In lays ſuch as the Roman ſwan might ſing,
Fair as Horatian Lydia ſhould my Hume
For ever flouriſh, or Næcra bright,
Of ſoft Tibullus' muſe the lovely theme.
Nor ſhould alone in melancholy ſtrains,
Of cruel nymph, and conſtant vows refus'd,
Gallus complain, when on the flinty rock,
Or wailing near earth-diving Arethuſe,
Sicilian ſtream, he made to woods his moan,
Deſpairing of his loves: Maria's ſcorn
Cloth'd in the ſtyle of Mantua, ſhould ſhine
As thine, Lycoris! theme of future ſong
Surviving as itſelf. Maria's ſcorn
For ever I endure: Ah! hard return
To warmth like mine: Nathleſs the mourning muſe
Muſt praiſe the maid ſtill beauteous in her eye,
Crown'd with each lovely grace, and warm in
  bloom;
Though ſullen to my ſuit, her ear be ſhut
Againſt my vows, ungracious to my love.
  But this as time directs; thy health demands
The preſent care, and joys within our pow'r;
Nor ſhall we not be mindful of thy love,
Met in our feſtivals of mirth: but when
Thou to thy native Albion ſhalt return,
From whate'er coaſt, or Ruſſia's northern bear,
Inclement ſky! or Italy the bleſt
Indulgent land, the muſe's beſt belov'd;
Over a wondrous bowl of flowing punch
We'll plight our hands a-new, at Don's, or Steel's—
Who bears the double keys, of plenty ſign;
Or at facetious Thom's, or Adamſon
Who rears alone (what needs ſhe more?) the vine,
Emblem of potent joys; her ſelf with looks
Suaſive to drink, fills up the brimming glaſs,
Well-pleas'd to ſee the ſprightly healths go round.
  Hail, and farewell! may Heav'n defend thee
And to thy natal ſhore and longing friends [ſafe;
Reſtore thee, when thy deſtin'd toils are o'er,
Poliſh'd with manners, and enrich'd with arts.

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

Say, thou with endleſs beauty crown'd,
Of all the youth that ſigh around,
Thy worſhippers, and anxious wait
From thy bright eyes their future fate;
Say, whom do moſt theſe eyes approve;
Whom does Montgomery chooſe to love?
  Not him who ſtrives to build a name,
From ruins of another's fame:
Who proud in ſelf-conceit throws down
His neighbour's wit, to raiſe his own.
Shou'd the vain man expect ſucceſs,
The fool of compliment and dreſs?
Thy eyes undazzled can behold,
The gaudy nothing deckt in gold.
Thy wiſe diſcernment ſoon diſcries,
Where folly lurks in wit's diſguiſe;
Trac'd through each ſhape in which 'tis ſeen,
Through the grave look, the ſolemn mien;
The proud man's front, the vain man's walk,
The foplin's dreſs, the coxcomb's talk.
A large eſtate, and little ſenſe,
To charms like thine have no pretence.
Shalt thou, O inſolent! prevail?
Heav'n never meant its goods for ſale:
Beauty the pearl of price, is giv'n,
Not bought, 'tis the free grace of heav'n.
  The happy youth with arts refin'd,
Simple of heart, of ſtedfaſt mind:
Whom thirſt of gain, could never draw
To treſpaſs friendſhip's ſacred law;

Whoſe ſoul the charms of ſenſe inſpire;
Who loves, where reaſon bids admire:
Cautious to ſhun, with wiſe diſdain,
The proud, the airy, and the vain.
Him whom theſe virtues ſhall adorn,
Thou, fair Montgomery, wilt not ſcorn:
Of all the gifts of heav'n poſſeſt,
To him thou yield'ſt thy willing breaſt;
For him th. bluſh, with modeſt grace,
Glows roſy, o'er thy blooming face:
For him thy panting boſom ſwells,
And on thy lips ſuch ſweetneſs dwells.
Crown'd with ſucceſs, the happy boy
Shall revel in exceſs of joy:
While in thy preſence, heav'n appears
In ſweets laid up for many years.
The beau and witling then ſhall fly,
The fop in ſecret corner ſigh;
Condemn'd to cry in love's deſpair,
Ah! why ſo wiſe who was ſo fair?
  Did thy example, beauteous maid,
The reſt of womankind perſuade;
Nor injur'd merit would complain,
That it may love, and love in vain:
Nor flatt'ry falſe, and impudence,
Uſurp the room of baſhful ſenſe;
No more at midnight ball appear,
To gain on beauty's liſt'ning ear.
Beauty would hear the vows of truth;
Nor love would ſpeak with folly's mouth.
  Yet ſome there are, the better few,
Wiſe thy example to purſue;
Who rich in ſtore of native charms,
Employ no artificial arms.
Such heav'nly Charlotte, form divine!
Love's univerſal kingdom's thine,
Anointed queen; all unconfin'd,
Thine is the homage of mankind:
Thy ſubjects, willing to obey,
Bleſs thy mild rule, and gentle ſway;
With loyal mind each zealous pays
His tribute duteous to thy praiſe.
Yet nought to greatneſs doſt thou owe;
Thy merit from thy ſelf does flow;
Alike our wonder and our theme,
In beauty as in place ſupreme.
Such thy fair ſiſter fram'd to pleaſe,
Of aſpect gay, and graceful eaſe.
Pure flows her wit, and unreſtrain'd;
By envy, and by hate unſtain'd:
Not as the ruſhing torrent pours,
Increas'd by ſnows, and wint'ry ſhow'rs;
Involving in its furious ſway,
The lab'ring hinds, a helpleſs prey;
Now wide o'erſpreads the watery ſcene,
And now decreas'd, no more is ſeen:
But as a conſtant river leads
Its winding ſtream through purple meads;
That through the bluſhing landſcape roll'd
Reflects the bord'ring flow'rs in gold;
And, borne along with gentle force,
Diſtributes wealth through all its courſe;
Nor does the faithful ſpring deny
The alimental juſt ſupply.
  Thou, Douglas too, in whom combine
A ſpirit and a noble line;
Engaging looks, that mild inſpire,
Fond delight, and young deſire;
All-winning ſweetneſs, void of pride,
Thou haſt no faults for art to hide.
Maria ſuch, whoſe op'ning bloom
Foreſhows the pregnant fruits to come.
O bleſt! for whom the ſeaſons' flight
Ripens that harveſt of delight;
To whom, the autumn ſhall reſign,
To preſs the rich luxuriant vine.
Unwounded who can thee eſpy,
Maid of the black and piercing eye!
Too raſhly bold, we take the field
Againſt thy ſhafts with wiſdom's ſhield:
Pierc'd helpleſs in our guarded ſide,
We fall the victims of our pride.
  Nor Erſkine leſs the ſong demands,
Not leaſt in beauty's blooming bands.
Erſkine, peculiar care of heav'n,
To whom the pow'r of ſound is giv'n;
Artiſt divine! to her belong
The heav'nly lay, and magic ſong:
How do we gaze with vaſt delight
Her fingers ſwift harmonious flight,
When o'er th' obedient keys they fly,
To waken ſleeping harmony?
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, the joy of all,
Soft the ſilver accents fall:
Whene'er ſhe looks, in ſtill amaze,
The eyes of all enamour'd gaze:
Each word ſteals gently on the ear;
'Tis heav'n to ſee, 'tis heav'n to hear.
  In everlaſting bluſhes ſeen,
Such Pringle ſhines of ſprightly mien:
To her the pow'r of love imparts,
Rich gift! the ſoft ſucceſsful arts,
That beſt the lover's fires provoke,
The lively ſtep, the mirthful joke,
The ſpeaking glance, the am'rous wile,
The ſportful laugh, the winning ſmile;
Her ſoul awak'ning ev'ry grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth ſtill to ſurvive,
All charms are there, and all alive.
  Fair is the lily, ſweet the roſe,
That in thy cheek, O Drummond! glows;
Pure is the ſnow's unſully'd white
That clothes thy boſom's ſwelling height.
Majeſtic looks her ſoul expreſs,
That awe us from deſir'd acceſs;
Till ſweetneſs ſoon rebuke the fear,
And bid the trembling youth draw near.
See, how ſublime ſhe does advance,
And ſeems already in the dance;
Exalted how ſhe moves along,
Ten thouſand thouſand graces ſtrong!
Such Marchmont's daughter, unreprov'd,
The maid by men of ſenſe belov'd;
Who knows with modeſty to ſcorn
The titles that may fools adorn:
She claims no merit from her blood,
Her greateſt honour to be good:
Heedleſs of pomp, with open heart
Well has ſhe choſe the better part.
Such Hamilla's looks divine,
Earth's wonder, Tinnegham, and thine!
Her ſoul all tenderneſs and love,
Gentle as the harmleſs dove:
Who artleſs charms without deſign,
She! of the modeſt look benign.
  Eliza young in beauty bright,
Though new to every ſoft delight,
Yet ſoon her conqueſts ſhall extend,
Soon ſhall the ſprightly maid aſcend

The rival of each kindred name,
And triumph to her mother's fame.
Full in the pleaſing liſt appears
Robertoun, in prime of years;
With ſkill ſhe does her ſmiles beſtow,
For Pallas bends her Cupid's bow:
Wiſely ſhe ſhuns to entertain
The deſigning, and the vain;
To theſe 'tis all forbidden ground,
Prudence, a cherub guards her round,
With flaming ſword fools to expel;
In Paradiſe fools muſt not dwell.
Strike again the golden lyre,
Let Hume the notes of joy inſpire;
O lovely Hume! repeat again
My lyre the ever-pleaſing ſtrain.
Dear to the muſe, the muſe approves
Each charm, the muſe the virgin loves:
The muſe preſerves in laſting lays,
The records of ſoft beauties praiſe;
In vain would triumph beauties eye,
Unſung theſe triumphs ſoon would die;
Fate overcomes the fair and ſtrong,
But has no pow'r o'er ſacred ſong;
Verſe the dying name can ſave,
And make it live beyond the grave.
Thus Hume ſhall unborn hearts engage,
Her ſmile ſhall warm another age;
Her race of mortal glory paſt,
Th' immortal fame ſhall ever laſt;
Laſt ſhall the look that won my heart,
The pleaſing look ſincere of art.
O! pow'rful of perſuaſive face,
Adorn'd and perfected in grace;
What joys await, joys in exceſs,
The youth whom thou decreeſt to bleſs;
Ordain'd thy yielding breaſt to move,
Thy breaſt yet innocent of love?
But who is ſhe, the gen'ral gaze
Of ſighing crowds, the world's amaze;
Who looks forth as the bluſhing morn
On mountains of the eaſt new born?
Is it not Cochrane fair? 'Tis ſhe
The youngeſt grace of graces three.
The eldeſt fell to death a prey,
Ah! ſnatch'd in early flow'r away;
The ſecond, manifold of charms,
Bleſſes a happy huſband's arms;
The third a blooming form remains;
O'er all the blameleſs victor reigns:
Where-e'er ſhe gracious deigns to move,
The public praiſe, the public love.
Superior theſe ſhall ſtill remain,
The lover's wiſh, the poet's ſtrain;
Their beauties ſhall all hearts engage,
Victorious over ſpite and age;
Like thee Montgomery ſhall they ſhine,
And charm the world with arts like thine.

PART OF THE XI. EPISTLE OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

When through the world fate led the deſtin'd way,
Tell me, my Mitchell, in the broad ſurvey,
What country pleas'd thy roving fancy moſt?
Say, waſt thou ſmit with Baia's ſunny coaſt?
Or wiſht thou rather weary to repoſe
In ſome cool vale where peaceful Arno flows?
Or in Ombroſa dream the lonely hour,
Where high arch'd hills th' Etrurian ſhades embow'r;
Where plenty pours her golden gifts in vain,
That dubious ſwell for Carlos or Lorrain?
Or charm'd thee more the happy viny plains,
And lofty tow'rs, where mighty Louis reigns?
Say, is it true what travellers report
Of glories ſhining in the Gallic court?
Or, do they all, though e'er ſo pompous, yield
To the thatch'd cottage in thy native field?
But hark, methinks I hear thee anxious ſay,
That thou at Paleſtine wouldſt chooſe to ſtay.
Yes, Paleſtine; I know the place full well,
Where holy dotards riot in each cell,
The hapleſs peaſant pines with want and ſorrow,
And all unpeopled as a *royal burrow*.
Yet there for ever would thy friend remain,
Rather than change once more the frantic ſcene,
And diſtant hear the rollings of the main;
Unenvy'd, calm, enjoy a peaceful lot,
My friends rememb'ring nor by them forgot.

THE CORYCIAN SWAIN.

FROM GEORG. IV. LINE CXVI.

But, were I not, before the fav'ring gale,
Making to port, and crowding all my ſail,
Perhaps I might the garden's glories ſing,
The double roſes of the Pæſtan ſpring;
How endive drinks the rill, and how are ſeen
Moiſt banks with celeri for ever green;
How, twiſted in the matted herbage, lies
The bellying cucumber's enormous ſize;
What flow'rs Narciſſus late, how nature weaves
The yielding texture of acanthus' leaves:
Of ivy pale, the culture next explore,
And whence the lover-myrtle courts the ſhore.
For I remember, where Galeſus yields
His humid moiſture to the yellow fields,
And high Oebalia's tow'rs o'erlook the plain,
I knew in youth an old Corycian ſwain;
A few and barren acres were his ſhare,
Left and abandon'd to the good man's care;
Nor theſe indulg'd the graſſy lawn, to feed
The fatt'ning bullock, nor the bounding ſteed,
Nor gave to cattle browze, nor food to kine,
Bacchus averſe refus'd the mantling vine.
What happy nature to his lands deny'd,
An honeſt, painful induſtry ſupply'd;
For, truſting pot-herbs to his buſhy ground,
For bees, fair candid lilies flouriſh'd round,
Vervain for health, for bread he poppies plants,
With theſe he ſatisfy'd all nature's wants;
And late returning home from wholeſome toil,
Enjoy'd the frugal bounty of the ſoil.
His mind was royal in a low eſtate,
And dignify'd the meanneſs of his fate.
He firſt in ſpring was ſeen to crop the roſe,
In autumn firſt t' unload the bending boughs;
For every bud the early year beſtow'd,
A redd'ning apple on the branches glow'd.
Ev'n in the midſt of winter's rigid reign,
When ſnow and froſt had whiten'd o'er the plain,
When cold had ſplit the rocks, and ſtript the woods,
And ſhackled up the mighty running floods,
He then, anticipating ſummer's hopes,
The tendrils of the ſoft acanthus crops;

His induſtry awak'd the lazy ſpring,
And haſten'd on the zephyr's loit'ring wing.
For this with pregnant bees he chief was known
T' abound: the balmy harveſt all his own.
Succeſſive ſwarms reward his faithful toil;
None preſs'd from richer combs the liquid ſpoil.
He crown'd his rural orchard's plain deſign,
With flow'ring lime-trees, and a wealth of pine.
He knew, in graceful order, to diſpoſe
Large-body'd elms, tranſplanted into rows.
Hard pear-trees flouriſh'd near his ruſtic dome,
And thorns already purple with the plumb;
Broad planes aroſe to form an ample bow'r,
Where mirth's gay ſons refreſh'd the ſultry hour.
But I this grateful ſubject muſt diſcard,
The pleaſing labour of ſome future bard.

THE RHONE AND THE ARAR.

Two rivers in fam'd Gallia's bounds are known,
The gentle Arar, and the rapid Rhone; [dream,
Through pleaſing banks, where love-ſick ſhepherds
Mild Arar ſoftly ſteals her ling'ring ſtream:
Her wave ſo ſtill, th' exploring eye deceives,
That ſees not if it comes, or if it leaves:
With ſilver graces ever dimpled o'er,
Reflects each flow'r, and ſmiles on ev'ry ſhore;
Each youth with joy th' inchanting ſcene ſurveys,
And thinks for him the amorous ſtream delays;
While the ſly nymph above unſeen to flow,
To her own purpoſe true, ſteals calm below.
More rapid rolls the Rhone, tumultuous flood,
All raging unwithheld, and unwithſtood;
In vain or fertile fields invite its ſtay,
In vain or roughеſt rocks oppoſe its way;
It bounds o'er all, and, inſolent of force,
Still hurries headling on, a downward courſe.
Sometimes, 'tis true, we ſnatch with painful ſight,
Acroſs the working foam a moment's light;
The momentary viſion ſnatch'd again,
The troubled river boils and froths amain.
To which of theſe, alas! ſhall I confide?
Say, ſhall I plunge in Rhone's impetuous tide,
And by the various eddies roll'd about,
Juſt as the whirlpools guide, ſuck'd in, caſt out!
Till through a thouſand giddy circles toſt,
In the broad ocean's boundleſs floods I'm loſt?
Or, tell me, friend,—leſs vent'rous, ſhall I lave
My glowing limbs in Arar's gentle wave?
In whoſe fair boſom beauteous proſpects riſe,
The earth in verdure, and in ſmiles the ſkies:
With thoughtleſs rapture ev'ry charm explore,
Heav'd by no breeze, or wafted to no ſhore:
'Till truſting cred'lous to the falſe ſerene,
I ſink to ruin in the pleaſing ſcene.

THE PARODY: BY MR. W******.

Two toaſts at ev'ry public place are ſeen,
Godlike Elizabeth and gentle Jean:
Mild Jeany ſmiles at ev'ry word you ſay,
Seems pleas'd herſelf, and ſends you pleas'd away.
Her face ſo wondrous fair, ſo ſoft her hands,
We're tempted oft to think—ſhe underſtands:
Each fop with joy the kind endeavour ſees,
And thinks for him the anxious care to pleaſe:
But the ſly nymph has motives of her own,
Her lips are open'd, and—her teeth are ſhown.
Beſs blunders out with ev'ry thing aloud,
And rattles unwithheld and unwithſtood:
In vain the ſighing ſwain implores a truce,
Nor can his wit one moment's pauſe produce;
She bounds o'er all, and conſcious of her force,
Still pours along the torrent of diſcourſe.
Sometimes, 'tis true, juſt as her breath ſhe draws,
With watchful eye we catch one moment's pauſe:
But when that inſtantaneous moment's o'er,
She rattles on inceſſant as before.
To which of theſe two wonders of the town,
Say, ſhall I truſt, to ſpend an afternoon?
If Betty's drawing-room ſhould be my choice,
Intoxicate with wit, ſtruck down with noiſe,
Pleas'd, and diſpleas'd, I quit the Bedlam ſcene,
And joyful hail my peace of mind again:
But if to gentle Jeany's I repair,
Regal'd on ſyllabub, and fed on air,
With ſtudy'd rapture yawning I commend,
Mov'd by no cauſe, directed to no end,
Till half aſleep, though flatter'd, not content,
I come away as joyleſs as I went.

SONG.

TO A LADY WHO RIDICULED THE AUTHOR'S LOVES.

A FEMALE friend adviſ'd a ſwain
Whoſe heart ſhe wiſh'd at eaſe,
Make love thy pleaſure, not thy pain,
Nor let it deeply ſeize.

Beauty, where vanities abound,
No ſerious paſſion claims:
Then, till a phœnix can be found,
Do not admit the flames.

But griev'd, ſhe finds all his replies
(Since prepoſſeſs'd when young)
Take all their hints from Silvia's eyes,
None from Ardelia's tongue.

Thus, Cupid, all their aim they miſs,
Who would unbend thy bow;
And each ſlight nymph a phœnix is,
If thou would'ſt have it ſo.

EPIGRAM

ON A LION ENRAGED AT SEEING A LAD IN THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

CALM and ſerene th' imperial lion lay,
Mildly indulging in the ſolar ray,
On vulgar mortals with indiff'rence gaz'd,
All unconcern'd, nor angry, nor amaz'd;
But when the Caledonian lad appear'd,
Sudden alarm'd, his manly mane he rear'd,
Prepar'd in fierce encounter to engage
The only object worthy of his rage.

MITHRIDATES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

After the manner of the French dramatic rhyme of RACINE.

XIPHARES. ARBATES.

Xiphares.

'TIS true, Arbates! what all tongues relate,
Rome triumphs, and my father yields to fate;

He whoſe wide empire ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The mighty Mithridates is no more.
Pompey, wide ſcatt'ring terror and affright,
Surpis'd his prudence in the ſhades of night;
Through all his camp a ſudden ruin ſpread,
And heap'd it round with mountains of the dead:
On broad Euphrates' bank the monarch lies——
His diadem is fall'n the victor's prize.
Thus he whom Aſia forty years beheld
Still riſing nobler from each well-fought field,
Who bold aveng'd, high-rais'd on valour's wings,
The common cauſe of empire and of kings,
Dies, and behind him leaves, by fortune croſt,
Two ſons, alas! in mutual diſcords loſt.

Arbates.

How, Prince! ſo ſoon does fell ambition move
To break the union of fraternal love?

Xiphares.

Far, far ſuch guilt be from Xiphares' breaſt,
Far ſuch ambition, which the good deteſt;
Nor glory ſhines ſo tempting in my eye,
Nor rate I empire at a price ſo high;
True to the kindred honours of my name,
I recognize a brother's juſter claim;
Nor further does my higheſt wiſh aſpire,
Than thoſe fair kingdoms left me by my ſire;
The reſt without regret I ſee become
His valour's purchaſe, or the gift of Rome.

Arbates.

The gift of Rome, ſay'ſt? can Pharnaces owe?—
Can Mithridates' ſon?——

Xiphares.

Arbates, know.
In vain Pharnaces veils himſelf in art,
Long ſince become all Roman at the heart;
Loſt to his father's glories and his own,
He longs to mount a tributary throne:
Whilſt I, more deſp'rate from my father's fate,
Nouriſh within my breaſt immortal hate.
But yet, not all the rage that hatred breeds,
Not all the jealouſies ambition feeds,
Not all the glories Pontus' realms can boaſt,
Not theſe divide our wretched boſoms moſt.

Arbates.

What nearer care Xiphares' fear alarms?

Xiphares.

Then hear aſtoniſh'd friend, Monimia's charms,
Whom late our father honour'd with his vows,
And now Pharnaces with bold zeal purſues.

Arbates.

Monimia!

Xiphares.

I love, nor longer will conceal
A flame which truth and honour bid reveal:
Nor duty further binds my tongue, ſince here
I now no rival but a brother fear:
Nor is this flame the paſſion of a day,
A ſudden blaze that haſtens to decay;
Long in my breaſt I pent the riſing groan,
Told it in ſecret to my heart alone:
O could I faithful to its rage, expreſs
Its firſt uneaſineſs, my laſt diſtreſs!
But loſe not now the moments to diſcloſe
The long long ſtory of my am'rous woes.——
Suffice it thee to know, that ere my ſire
Beheld this beauteous object of deſire,
I ſaw and felt the charmer in my heart,
And holy paſſion dignify'd the dart.
My father ſaw her too; nor ſought to move
With vows that ſhe and virtue could approve;
Haughty of ſov'reign rule, he hop'd to find
An eaſy conqueſt o'er a woman's mind:
But when he found in honour reſolute,
She ſcorn'd indignant his imperious ſuit,
'Twas then he ſent in Hymen's ſacred name
His diadem, the pledge of purer flame.
Judge then, my friend! what agonizing ſmart,
Tore up my ſenſes, and transfix'd my heart,
When firſt from fame the dreadful tale I heard,
The fair Monimia to his throne preferr'd,
And that Arbates with his beauteous prey
Shap'd for Nymphea's walls the deſtin'd way.
'Twas then the more to aggravate my doom,
My mother liſten'd to the arts of Rome:
Whether by her great zeal for me miſled,
Or ſtung with rage for her deſerted bed,
Betray'd to Pompey (impotent of mind)
The fort and treaſures to her charge conſign'd.
How dreadful did my mothers guilt appear!
Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd my ear,
No more I ſaw my rival in my ſire,
My duty triumph'd o'er my fond deſire;
Alone in the unhappy man ſurvey'd
The father injur'd, and the king betray'd:
My mother ſaw me, prodigal of breath,
In ev'ry field encounter ev'ry death;
Keen to redeem the honours of my name,
Repair her wrongs, and diſavow her ſhame.
Then the broad Euxine own'd my father's ſway,
I made the raging Helleſpont obey;
His happy veſſels flew without controul,
Wherever winds could waft, or oceans roll.
My filial duty had attempted more,
Ev'n hop'd his reſcue on Euphrates' ſhore;
Sudden I heard, amid the martial ſtrife,
A hoſtile arm had cut his thread of life.
'Twas then, I own, amid my various woes,
Monimia dear to my remembrance roſe:
I fear'd the furious king, the dire exceſs
Of am'rous rage, and jealous tenderneſs:
Hither I flew, ſome miſchief to prevent,
With all the ſpeed preſaging paſſion lent:
Nor leſs my fears ſiniſter omens drew,
When in theſe walls Pharnaces ſtruck my view.
Pharnaces, ſtill impetuous, haughty, bold,
Raſh in deſign, in action uncontroul'd,
Solicits the fair queen, again renews
His interrupted hopes, and former vows,
Confirms his father's death, and longs to move
Her gentle boſom to more equal love.
I own, indeed, whilſt Mithridates reign'd,
My love was by parental law reſtrain'd,
Rever'd ſubmiſſive his ſuperior pow'r,
Who claim'd my duty from my natal hour;
Enfranchis'd by his death, it ſcorns to yield
To any other's hopes ſo dear a field.
Either Monimia adverſe to my claim;
Rejects, ah heav'n forbid! my tender claim;
Or—but whatever danger's to be run,
'Tis by my death alone the prize is won.
'Tis thine to chooſe, which of the two to ſave,
Thy royal maſter's ſon, or Pompey's ſlave.
Proud of the Romans who eſpouſe his cauſe,
Pharnaces proudly thinks to dictate laws;
But let him know, that here that very hour
My father dy'd, I knew no rival pow'r.

The realms of Pontus own his ſov'reign ſway,
Him Colchos and its provinces obey,
And Colchos princes ever did maintain
The Boſphorus a part of their domain.

Arbates.

My lord, what pow'r I boaſt you juſtly claim,
My duty and affection are the ſame;
Arbates has but one plain point in view,
To honour and his royal maſter true:
Had Mithridates reign'd, nor force nor art
Had e'er ſeduc'd this faithful loyal heart;
Now by his death releas'd, my duteous care
His royal will declar'd, awaits his heir:
The ſelf-ſame zeal I to your ſuccour bring,
With which I ſerv'd your father and my king,
Had heav'n Pharnaces' impious purpoſe ſped,
I the firſt victim of his rage had bled;
Thoſe walls ſo long his entrance which withſtood,
Ere this had redden'd with my odious blood.
Go, to the blooming queen your ſuit approve,
And mould her gentle boſom to your love:
Affianc'd in my faith, diſmiſs your fear;
Either Arbates has no credit here,
Or elſe Pharnaces, by my arts o'ercome,
Elſewhere ſhall boaſt him of the aids of Rome.

EPITAPH

ON MR. BAILLIE OF JERVISWOOD.

The pious parents rais'd this hallow'd place,
A monument for them and for their race.
Deſcendants, be it your ſucceſſive cares,
That no degen'rate duſt e'er mix with theirs.

EPITAPH

ON MR. BASIL HAMILTON.

This verſe, O gentle Hamilton! be thine,
Each ſofter grace, below thy darling ſhrine.
Nature to thee, did her beſt gifts impart,
The mildeſt manners, and the warmeſt heart;
Honour erected in thy breaſt its throne,
And kind humanity was all thy own.

EPITAPH.

Does great and ſplendid villany allure?
Go ſearch in W———'s trial for a cure.
Bleſt with enough, wouldſt thou increaſe it ſtill?
Examine Ch——'s life, and R——d's will.
Would'ſt thou be happy? then theſe rules receive,
Read this verſe *gratis*, and thy ſoul ſhall live.
Learn from this man, who now lies five feet deep,
To drink when doubting, and when tempted ſleep:
This led him ſafe thro' life's tempeſtuous ſteerage,
Poor by no place, ignoble by no peerage;
An eaſy mind, by no entails devis'd;
An humble virtue, by no kings excis'd:
Stated no law caſe, and no critic quoted; [voted.
Spoke what he thought, and never ſwore nor
Courts he abhorr'd, their errors, their abuſes,
St. James, Verſailles; all, all, but Sancta Crucis *:
There where no ſtateſman buys, no biſhop ſells;
A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.

* *Holyroodhouſe.*

With kind Bargeny, faithful to his word, [lord
Whom heav'n made good and ſocial, though
The cities view'd of many-languag'd men,
Popes, pimps, kings, gameſters; and ſaw all was vain
Enjoy'd, what Hopetoun's groves could never yield
The philoſophic rapture of the field!
Nor aſk'd, nor fear'd. His life, and humble lays,
No critic's envy, and no flatt'rers praiſe.
Sure thoſe who know how hard to write and live,
Would judge with candour, pity and forgive.
Know'n but to few, as if he ne'er had been,
He ſtole through life unheeded and unſeen.
He often err'd, but broke no ſocial duty;
Unbrib'd by ſtateſmen, and unhurt by beauty.

PSALM LXV. IMITATED.

Thrice happy he! whom thy paternal love
Allows to tread the radiant courts above,
To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow,
Where bleſſings ſpring, and endleſs pleaſures flow:
Awful in majeſty, thy glories ſhine,
Thy mercy ſpeaks its author all divine.
Thy tender and amazing care is own'd,
Where-e'er old ocean walks his wavy round;
Thoſe that explore the terrors of the main,
Embroil'd with ſtorms in ſearch of paltry gain,
Where tides encounter with tumultuous roar,
Derive their ſafety from thy boundleſs pow'r:
Within their ſtated mounds thy nod contains
The lawleſs waves, where headlong tumult reigns;
At thy deſpotic call the rebels ceaſe,
Sink to a ſmiling calm,—and all is peace.
Thoſe that inhabit earth's remoteſt bound,
Trembling ſurvey thy terrors all around,
When kindling meteors redden in the air,
And ſhake thy judgments from their ſanguine hair;
At thy command fair bluſhes lead the day,
And orient pearls glow from each tender ſpray,
Night with her ſolemn gloom adores a God,
And ſpreads her ſable horrors at his nod,
Whole nature cheerful owns her Maker's voice,
Each creature ſmiles, and all his works rejoice.
Thy bounty ſtreams in ſoft deſcending ſhow'rs,
And wakens into bloom the drooping flow'rs;
Pregnant on high thy cloudy ciſterns move,
And pour their genial treaſures from above;
Earth ſmiles, array'd in all her youthful charms.
Her flow'ry infants ope their bluſhing arms,
And kindling life each vernal bloſſom warms.
Thus the glad year with circling mercies crown'd,
Enjoys thy goodneſs in an endleſs round.
Whene'er thou ſmil'ſt, freſh beauties paint the [earth
And flow'rs awaken'd vegetate to birth.
The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,
Where never ſpring adorn'd the ſterile ground,
At thy command a pompous dreſs aſſume,
Fair roſes glow, and op'ning lilies bloom:
Here verdant hills ariſe on ev'ry ſide,
And ſhoot their tops aloft with conſcious pride;
There lowing herds adorn the fertile ſoil,
And crown with fleecy wool the ſhepherd's toil:
While tender lambs their infant voices raiſe,
And ſweetly bleat th' Almighty Giver's praiſe.
Here loaded vallies ſmile with waving corn,
And golden proſpects ev'ry field adorn;
They ſhout for joy, and lowly bending ſing,
With ſweet harmonious notes, their gracious King.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

Containing

INSTITUTION OF THE GARTER,	ODES,
IMITATIONS OF SPENSER,	EPISTLES,
HYMN OF CLEANTHES,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Albion exult! Thy ſons a voice divine have heard,
The *Man of Thebes* hath in thy vales appear'd.
Hark! with freſh rage, and undiminiſh'd fire,
The ſweet enthuſiaſt ſmites the *Britiſh* lyre;
The ſounds that echo'd on *Alpheus'* ſtreams,
Reach the delighted ear of liſtening *Thames*:
Lo! ſwift acroſs the duſty plain
Great *Theron's* foaming courſers ſtrain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous ſong?

DR. WARTON'S ODE ON READING WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

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Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF G. WEST.

GILBERT WEST was the ſon of the Rev. Dr. Weſt, prebendary of Wincheſter, and was born in 1706. His father was of an ancient family, and eminent for his worth and learning. He ſuperintended the Oxford edition of "Pindar," in folio, with the Greek Scholia, 1697. Biſhop Burnet gave him the living of Hundred in Berkſhire; and, in the reign of Queen Anne, Lord Orford procured him a ſtall in the Cathedral of Wincheſter. At the acceſſion of King George, he was appointed one of his firſt Chaplains, and had a promiſe from his Majeſty of the firſt vacant Biſhopric, which he did not live to obtain. He died in 1718.

His mother, Maria Temple, was ſiſter to Sir Richard Temple, Bart. afterwards Lord Cobham, a woman of exemplary prudence, piety, and virtue, who loſt her right of inheritance to her brother's eſtate, by marrying a man without one; and her ſiſter, Heſther, married to Richard Grenville, Eſq. of Wotton in Buckinghamſhire, and her iſſue, received the honours and fortune he had to bequeath, with remainder to her ſiſter Chriſtian, married to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Bart. of Hagley in Worceſterſhire, and her iſſue. She married a ſecond huſband, Sir John Langham, Bart. of Cottesbroke in Northamptonſhire.

His mother, purpoſing to educate him for the church, ſoon after his father's death, ſent him to Eton ſchool, of which he became Captain, and went off to Oxford, and became a Student of Chriſt-Church.

His ſtudious and ſerious turn inclined him to embrace the clerical profeſſion; but he was ſeduced to a more airy mode of life, by obtaining a Cornetcy in his uncle's Regiment of Horſe.

He continued ſome time in the army; though it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that, as his uncle exempted him from country quarters, he never ſunk into a mere ſoldier, nor ever loſt the love, or neglected the purſuit of learning; and afterwards, finding himſelf more inclined to civil employment, he reſigned his commiſſion, and engaged in buſineſs, with other young gentlemen, trained by government for public ſervice, under Lord Townſhend, then Secretary of State, with whom he attended the King to Hanover.

Lord Townſhend ſhowed him particular marks of his regard; and Walpole teſtified the ſtrongeſt inclination to ſerve him; but Lord Cobham's oppoſition to the adminiſtration obſtructed his preferment; the miniſter acknowledging, that he muſt not expect to have his merit diſtinguiſhed by government, as any favours conferred on him would be imputed as done to his uncle.

Finding that he was to be ſacrificed, he took his leave of the ſecretary's office, and all views of advancing his fortune; his uncle diſſuading him from going to the Temple, where he had been entered, and ſtudying the law, which he propoſed to himſelf, as his laſt reſource.

His adherence to Lord Townſhend ended in nothing but a nomination, May 1729, to be Clerk Extraordinary of the Privy Council, procured of the Duke of Devonſhire, then Preſident of the Council, by one of his ſons, with whom he had contracted a friendſhip at ſchool, which produced no immediate profit; for it only placed him in a ſtate of expectation and right of ſucceſſion; and it was very long before a vacancy admitted him to profit.

Soon afterwards, he married a daughter of Mr. Bartlett, and ſettled himſelf in a ver ypleaſant houſe at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted himſelf to learning and to piety.

He was very often viſited by his couſin Lyttleton, and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debate, uſed at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary converſation. Lyttleton's epigram to him in 1744, contains a juſt character both of the maſter and of his habitation.

Fair nature's ſweet ſimplicity,
With elegance reſin'd,
Well in thy ſeat, my friend, I ſee,
But better in thy mind.
To both, from courts and all their ſtate,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

There is a walk at Wickham made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance, at Wickham, Lyttleton received that conviction which produced his "Diſſertation on the converſion of St. Paul." Hammond alſo came often from the buſy world to ſee him, and found at Wickham a temporary relief from the anxieties of love.

And you, O Weſt, with her, your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall cheer,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

Of his piety, the influence has probably been extended far by his *Obſervations on the Reſurrection of Chriſt*, publiſhed in 1747, for which the Univerſity of Oxford created him a Doctor of Laws, by diploma, March 30, 1748; and would doubtleſs have reached yet farther had he lived to complete what he had for ſome time meditated, the *Evidence of the Truth of the New Teſtament*.

Of his learning, the preſent collection exhibits evidence, in his verſion of *Pindar*, which would have been yet fuller if the *Diſſertation on the Olympic Games*, which accompanies it, had not been omitted. "I am now reviſing and preparing for the preſs," he writes Dr. Doddridge, March 14. 1748, "ſome papers which have lain by me many years; the tranſlations of ſome *Odes of Pindar*, and ſome other pieces, both in verſe and proſe, tranſlated from the Greek, to all which will be prefixed a *Diſſertation on the Olympic Games*, which yet wants ſomething of being finiſhed. 'Though I look upon theſe ſubjects as mere trifles in compariſon of the other,' [*Obſervations upon Celſus*] yet I am ſenſible they have a weight, indeed too great a weight in the opinion of the world.

Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In bona, laudatum ſemel, acceptumque benigne.

"Works of this kind ſometimes gain a man a reputation and authority which may ſerve him upon better and more uſeful ſubjects. You will not think I am either too vain or ſanguine in my expectations, when I tell you that theſe papers have paſſed their examination, and received the approbation of Mr. Lyttleton, the beſt critic, the beſt friend, and the beſt man in this world."

In 1749, he publiſhed his verſion of the *Odes of Pindar*, with a diſſertation on the Olympic Games, and notes critical and explanatory, in 4to.; which was praiſed in a recommendatory "Ode," by Dr. Warton, the preſent reſpectable maſter of Wincheſter ſchool.

The ſame year, he tranſlated from the Greek, the *Hymn of Cleanthes*, at the requeſt of Dr. Doddrige, to whom he writes, "I am weary of tranſlating; but would willingly put a force upon myſelf to oblige you."

In 1751, he wrote his Canto *on Education*, in the manner of Spenſer, which received the approbation of Dr. Doddridge. In return, he writes him, "I am glad my *Canto* pleaſed you; though, to tell you the truth, I expected no leſs. You are a lover of the author as well as of virtue and religion, and muſt therefore be diſpoſed to read it with a favourable, if not a partial eye."

This was followed, or preceded, by another poem in the ſame ſtanza, and a tranſlation of the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, from the Greek of Euripides, with critical remarks and hiſtorical explanations, and a verſion of a part of the *Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius*.

His income was not large, and his friends endeavoured, but without ſucceſs, to obtain an augmentation. It is reported that the education of the young prince was offered to him, but that he required "a more extenſive power of ſuperintendence than it was thought proper to allow him."

In 1752, he ſucceeded to one of the lucrative clerkſhips of the Privy Council; and when Pitt was made Paymaſter-General, he had it in his power to make him Treaſurer of Chelſea Hoſpital.

Soon after, he publiſhed his *Poems* and *Tranſlations*, which he affectionately inſcribed to his two illuſtrious friends, Pitt and Lyttleton.

He was now ſufficiently rich; but wealth came too late to be long enjoyed; nor could it ſave him from the calamities of life.

In 1755, he loſt his only ſon, in the 20th year of his age; an affliction which he felt very ſeverely.

The year after, a ſtroke of the palſy brought to the grave, in the emphatical language of Dr. Johnſon, "one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors." The expreſſion might be interpreted to the diſhonour of poetry; but, as it ought rather to be conſidered as a pointed ſentence, than a juſt cenſure, it would be improper to take notice of it. He died March 26, 1756, in the 50th year of his age.

His works, in proſe and verſe, containing the *Odes of Pindar*, *a Diſſertation on the Olympic Games*, *Gymnaſtic Exerciſes*, *a Dialogue from Lucian*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius*, *a Dialogue of Plato*, *a Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout*, *the Inſtitution of the Order of the Garter*, a dramatic poem, *and Original Poems on ſeveral occaſions*, were re-printed in 3 vols. 12mo. 1766. The *Odes of Pindar*, and the *Poems on ſeveral occaſions*, were printed in the collection of "The Engliſh Poets," 1779 and 1790. The anonymous tranſlation of the *Six Olympic Odes of Pindar*, omitted by Weſt, publiſhed in 1775, is incorporated with the tranſlation of Weſt in the preſent edition; and *The Inſtitution of the Order of the Garter*, omitted in the collection of "The Engliſh Poets," is now arranged with his *Original Poems*, and *Tranſlations from Apollonius Rhodius*. "The Swallows," an elegy, printed in the "Adventurer," and attributed by Hawkeſworth to Weſt, was the production of Jago, the "poet of the birds."

The works of Weſt bear ample teſtimony of his genius and learning; and his contemporaries are laviſh in praiſe of his piety, probity, and amiable benevolence.

Pope, the moſt celebrated of his poetical contemporaries, in teſtimony of his eſteem, left him 5 l. in his will, "to be laid out on a ring, or any other memorial," and 200 l. "after the deceaſe of Mrs. Blount." "Craſhaw," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "is now not the only maker of verſes to whom may be given the venerable names of *Poet and Saint*.

Of his private character, and domeſtic habits, the following account is given in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1783, from the MSS. of Mr. Jones, once Curate to Young at Welwyn, and afterwards Vicar of Hitchin, and well known by the active ſhare he took in the "Free and Candid Diſquiſitions." It will be no diſparagement to theſe particulars, to obſerve, that they have furniſhed ſome uſeful hints to Dr. Johnſon, in the improved edition of his "Lives of the Poets."

"Mr. Weſt was a perſon of great diſcernment, and of a very quick apprehenſion, and readily ſaw into men and things. He was lively and agreeable in converſation, and very much of a gentleman in all his behaviour.

"I have heard him ſay, that in his younger days he had gone over into the quarters of infidelity. His uncle, the late Lord Cobham, did all in his power to inſtill ſuch principles into his mind, and that of his couſin Lyttleton, when they paid their viſits to him. But the latter, he ſaid, happily ſtood his ground, and made little or no progreſs in theſe perverſe principles.

"When his *Treatiſe on the Reſurrection*, *&c.* was firſt advertiſed in the public papers, numbers of thoſe who had conceived an opinion of his continuing a ſtaunch unbeliever, ſent for it to his bookſeller, hoping to find their own diſbelief therein confirmed. But, finding themſelves diſappointed, ſome of them were pleaſed afterwards to rank him in the claſs even of Methodiſts, others ranked him among the Socinians. But his true character, to my certain knowledge, was a Chriſtian, a Scholar, and a Gentleman.

"His uncle (even after the publication of his *Treatiſe on the Reſurrection*) left him a legacy of 1000 l.

"He was very regular and exemplary in family religion; offered up prayers (thoſe of the public liturgy) every day, when well, at eleven in the morning; and then, when the weather was fair, rode out for his health. On Sundays, he went to church (not to that of his own pariſh, but to that of St. James's, Dr. Clarke's church), and at evening ordered his ſervants to come into the parlour, when

he read to them the late Dr. Clarke's ſermons, and then went to prayers. He read them always himſelf.

" One thing was ſomewhat ſingular; he always ſaid grace himſelf at his table, though a clergyman was preſent. He gave me his reaſons of his own accord, and I did not diſapprove them.

" He bore his laſt illneſs in a very exemplary manner, very patient, and entirely reſigned to the Divine Will.

" He had formed an excellent deſign of proving the authenticity of the New Teſtament, from many obſervations that had occurred to him from time to time, which he had begun to note down; and I remember he ſhowed me ſome valuable hints that had been communicated to him by Dr. Doddridge, particularly drawn from the conceſſions of *Celſus* and others, amongſt the more early oppoſers of Chriſtianity. He ſeemed to delight in that ſubject, and to be fully reſolved to purſue it if God ſhould give him opportunities. I have heard him expatiate upon it in converſation, with great clearneſs of judgment and ſtrength of argument. What became of his preparatory papers upon it, ſince his deceaſe, I know not; but have reaſon to believe, from what I have heard, that they were ſoon after deſtroyed, with many others, and perhaps all that he had left remaining upon any topics of theology. Let his memory be ever dear to me, and ſacred to the friends of Chriſtianity in all ſucceeding ages."

His poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, is candid and judicious, and may be generally allowed; but with ſome exceptions in favour of the *Choruſes* in *The Inſtitution of the Order of the Garter*, unjuſtly overlooked; and making due allowance for his injurious and degrading eſtimate of the merit of poetical imitation.

" Of his tranſlations, I have only compared the firſt *Olympic Ode* with the original, and found my expectation ſurpaſſed, both by its elegance and exactneſs. He does not confine himſelf to his author's train of ſtanzas; for he ſaw that the difference of the languages required a different mode of verſification. The firſt ſtrophe is eminently happy; in the ſecond he has a little ſtrayed from *Pindar's* meaning, who ſays, " If thou, my ſoul, wiſheſt to ſpeak of games, look not on the deſert ſky for a planet hotter than the ſun, nor ſhall we tell of nobler games than thoſe of *Olympia*." He is ſometimes too paraphraſtical. *Pindar* beſtows upon Hiero an epithet which, in one word, ſignifies *delighting in horſes*; a word, which, in the tranſlation, generates theſe lines:

Hiero's royal brows, whoſe care
'Tends the courſer's noble breed;
Pleas'd to nurſe the pregnant mare;
Pleas'd to train the youthful ſteed.

" *Pindar* ſays of Pelops, that " he came alone in the dark to the White Sea," and Weſt:

Near the billow-beaten ſide
Of the foam-beſilver'd main,
Darkling and alone he ſtood.

which, however, is leſs exuberant than the former paſſage.

" A work of this kind, muſt, in a minute examination, diſcover many imperfections; but Weſt's verſion, ſo far as I have conſidered it, appears to be the product of great labour and great abilities.

" His *Inſtitution of the Garter*, is written with ſufficient knowledge of the manners that prevailed in the age to which it is referred; and with great elegance of diction; but for want of a proceſs of events, neither knowledge nor elegance preſerve the reader from wearineſs.

" His *Imitations of Spenſer* are very ſucceſsfully performed, both with reſpect to the metre, the language, and the fiction; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the ſentiments and the artifice of the copy, the mind has two amuſements together. But ſuch compoſitions are not to be reckoned among the great atchievements of the intellect, becauſe their effect is local and temporary; they appeal not to reaſon or paſſion, but to memory, and preſuppoſe an accidental or artificial ſtate of mind. An imitation of Spenſer, is nothing to a reader, however acute, by whom Spenſer has never been peruſed. Works of this kind may deſerve praiſe, as proofs of great induſtry and great nicety of obſervation; but the higheſt praiſe, the praiſe of genius, they cannot claim. The nobleſt beauties of art are thoſe of which the effect is co-extended with rational nature, or at leaſt with the whole circle of poliſhed life; what is leſs than this can be only pretty, the play-thing of faſhion, and the amuſement of a day."

WEST'S POEMS.

To the Right Honourable
WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.
Pay-Maſter-General of his Majeſty's Forces,
One of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council;

And to the Honourable
SIR GEORGE LYTTLETON, BART.
One of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Treaſury;
THESE POEMS
Are inſcribed by the Author;
Who is deſirous that the Friendſhip,
With which they have for many Years honoured him,
And the ſincere Affection and high Eſteem,
Which he hath conceived for them,
From a long and intimate Knowledge
Of their Worth and Virtue,
May be known
Wherever the Publication of the enſuing Pieces
Shall make known the Name of
GILBERT WEST.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS, AND THE SETTING OUT OF THE ARGO.

FROM THE ARGONAUTICKS OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THEN too the jarring heroes to compoſe
Th' inchanting bard, Oeagrian Orpheus roſe,
And thus, attuning to the trembling ſtrings:
His ſoothing voice, of harmony he ſings.
In the beginning how heaven, earth, and ſea,
In one tumultuous chaos blended lay;
Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
And beauteous order from diſorder roſe:
How roll'd inceſſant o'er th' ethereal plain
Move in eternal dance the ſtarry train;
How the pale orb of night, and golden ſun,
Through months and years their radiant journeys run;
Whence roſe the mountains clad with waving woods,
The ruſhing rivers, and reſounding floods,
With all their nymphs; from what celeſtial ſeed
The various tribes of animals proceed.
Next how Ophion held his ancient reign,
With his fam'd conſort, daughter of the main:
On high Olympus' ſnowy head enthron'd,
The new-created world their empire own'd:
Till force ſuperior, and ſucceſsleſs war,
Diveſted of their crowns the regal pair;
On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
And with his conſort's glories Rhea grac'd.
Thence to old Ocean's watery kingdoms hurl'd
Thus they reſign'd the ſceptre of the world:
And Saturn rul'd the bleſs'd Titanian gods,
While infant Jove poſſeſs'd the dark abodes
Of Dicte's cave; his mind yet uninform'd
With heavenly wiſdom, and his hand unarm'd:
Forg'd by the Cyclops, earth's gigantic race,
Flam'd not as yet the lightning's ſcorching blaze,
Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms above,
The ſtrength and glory of almighty Jove.
This ſaid, the tuneful bard his lyre unſtrung,
And ceas'd th' inchanting muſic of his tongue.

But, with the ſound entranc'd, th' attentive ear
Thought him ſtill ſinging, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear.
In ſilent rapture every chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling ſtrains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with roſy wine,
And pay due honours to the power divine.
The pure libations on the fire they pour,
While riſing flames the myſtic tongues devour.
  Now ſable night aſcends her ſtarry throne,
And Argo's chiefs her drowſy influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd morning rear'd her head,
And look'd o'er Pelion's ſummits ting'd with red;
Light ſkimm'd the breezes o'er the watery plain,
And gently ſwell'd the fluctuating main.
Then Tiphys roſe, and, ſummon'd by his care,
Embark'd the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding ſhores
Hoarſe-ſounding Pagaſæan Neptune roars.
Impatient Argo the glad ſignal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke;
Her keel of ſacred oak divinely wrought
Itonian Pallas from Didona brought.
  On their allotted poſts now rang'd along
In ſeemly order ſate the princely throng:
Faſt by each chief his glittering armour flames;
The midmoſt ſtation bold Ancæus claims,
With great Alcides, whoſe enormous might
Arm'd with a maſſy club provokes the fight,
Now plac'd beſide him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-ſinking feels the demi-god.
  Their hauſers now they looſe, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the conſecrated wine.
Then from his native ſhores ſad Jaſon turns
His oft-reverted eye, and ſilent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphic fane,
Or where Iſmenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's altars round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the ſounding lyre,
The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in meaſure their harmonious feet:
Together ſo Theſſalia's princes ſweep
With well-tim'd oars the ſilver-curling deep.
While, raiſing high the Thracian harp, preſides
Melodious Orpheus and the movement guides.
On either ſide the daſhing ſurges broke,
And fierce remurmur'd to each mighty ſtroke;
Thick flaſh'd the brazen arms with ſtreaming light,
While the ſwift bark purſues her rapid flight,
And ever as the ſea-green tide ſhe cleaves,
Foams the long tract behind, and whitens all the waves:
So ſhines the path, acroſs ſome verdant plain
Trac'd by the footſteps of the village ſwain.
  Jove on that day from his celeſtial throne,
And all th' immortal powers of heaven look'd down,
The godlike chiefs and Argo to ſurvey
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-top'd ſummit ſtood
The nymphs, and fauns, and ſiſters of the wood,
With wonder viewing the tall pine below,
That ſhaded once the mountain's ſhaggy brow,
Now fram'd by Pallas o'er the ſounding ſea
Theſſalia's mighty heroes to convey.
But, lo! from Pelion's higheſt cliff deſcends,
And downward to the ſea his footſteps bends
The Centaur Chiron; on the beach he ſtood
And dipp'd his feetlocks in the hoary flood.
Then waving his broad hand, the bark he hales,
And ſpeeds with proſperous vows the parting ſails.
With him advanc'd his conſort to the ſhore;
The young Achilles in her arms ſhe bore:
Then, raiſing high in air the pleaſing load,
To his fond ſire the ſmiling infant ſhow'd.

THE STORY OF PHINEUS.

The following day Bithynia's coaſt they reach,
And fix their hauſers to the ſheltering beach.
There on the margin of the beating flood
The mournful manſions of ſad Phineus ſtood,
Agenor's ſon; whom heaven ordain'd to bear
The grievous burden of unequal'd care.
For taught by wiſe Apollo to deſcry
Th' unborn events of dark futurity,
Vain of his ſcience, the preſumptuous ſeer
Deign'd not Jove's awful ſecrets to revere;
But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
The ſacred purpoſe of th' omniſcient mind.
Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
But quench'd in endleſs ſhade his viſual rays.
Nor would the vengeful god permit him taſte
The cheerful bleſſings of the genial feaſt;
Though the large tribute of the nations round
Their prophet's board with wealth and plenty crown'd.
For, lo! deſcending ſudden from the ſky,
Round the pil'd banquet ſhrieking harpies flie,
Who with rapacious claws inceſſant tear
Forth from his famiſh'd lips th' untaſted fare.
Yet would ſome ſlender pittance oft remain,
What might ſuffice to keep up life and pain.
But then ſuch odours the foul ſcraps exhal'd,
That with the ſtench the lothing ſtomach fail'd,
Aloof the hungry gueſts and wondering ſtood,
While their ſick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.
  But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome ſound invades the prophet's ear.
Taught by th' inſpiring god that now was come
The long-wiſh'd period of heaven's vengeful doom,
That by theſe heroes deſtin'd aid reſtor'd,
Peace ſhould thenceforward bleſs his feaſtful board.
Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head,
Like ſome pale, lifeleſs, viſionary ſhade,
And leaning on his ſtaff with faultering ſteps,
Along the walls his way exploring creeps.
Diſeas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Trembled his tottering limbs as forth he paſs'd.
Shrunk was his form, aduſt with want and care,
And burſting through his hide the pointed bones appear.
But faint and breathleſs as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threſhold over-toil'd he ſate.
In dizzy furnes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And ſwims beneath his feet the ſolid ground.
No more their functions the frail ſenſes keep,
And ſpeechleſs ſinks the ſeer in death-like ſleep.
  This ſaw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow ſound,
With breath and utterance ſcarce recover'd broke,
And thus th' enlighten'd ſeer prophetic ſpoke:
  "Princes of Greece, attend; if ye be they
Whom o'er the main Theſſalia's pines convey,
And Jaſon leads to Colchos' magic land,
Such is your cruel tyrant's ſtern command.

Yes, ye be they; for yet my mental eye
Undimm'd paſt, preſent, future, can deſcry.
Thanks to thy ſon, Latona, who beſtows
This grace, this only ſolace of my woes.
By Jove, to whom the ſuppliant's cauſe belongs,
Who hates the mercileſs, who avenges wrongs,
By Phœbus, by Saturnia wife of Jove,
By all the bleſs'd immortal powers above,
Who lead you o'er the main with watchful care,
O help! O ſave from famine and deſpair
A wretch ill-fated, to affliction born,
Nor leave me here unpitied and forlorn.
For not theſe orbs alone depriv'd of ſight
Vindictive heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
But to extreme old age his cruel law
Dooms me th' unwaſting thread of life to draw.
Nor end my ſorrows here; a heavy chain
Of woes ſucceeds, and pain ſtill link'd to pain.
From ſecret haunts aërial, unexplor'd,
Flights of devouring harpies vex my board.
Swift, inſtantaneous, ſudden they deſcend,
And from my mouth the taſteful morſel rend.
Meanwhile my troubled ſoul, with woes oppreſs'd,
No means of aid, no comfort can ſuggeſt.
For when the feaſt I purpoſe to prepare,
They ſee that purpoſe, and prevent my care.
But cloy'd and glutted with the luſcious ſpoil
With noiſome ordure parting they defile
Whate'er remains, if ought perchance remain,
That none approaching may the ſtench ſuſtain,
Though his ſtrong heart were wrapt in plated mail,
The filthy fragments ſuch dire ſteams exhale:
Yet me fell hunger's all-ſubduing pain
Compells, reluctant, lothing, to remain;
Compells the deadly odours to endure,
And gorge the craving maw with food impure.
From theſe invaders (ſo hath fate decreed)
By Boreas' offspring ſhall my board be freed.
Nor on a ſtranger to your houſe and blood,
O ſons of Boreas, is your aid beſtow'd.
Phineas behold, Agenor's hapleſs ſon,
Once for prophetic ſkill and riches known;
Who, while I ſway'd the Thracian ſceptre, led
Your dower'd ſiſter to my ſpouſal bed."
Here Phineus ceas'd, each pitying hero groans,
But chief, O Boreas, thy relenting ſons
Feel kind compaſſion ſwelling in their ſouls,
While down their cheeks the generous torrent rolls.
Then Zetes near approaching, cloſely preſs'd
His hand, and thus the labouring ſeer addreſs'd:
"O moſt diſaſtrous of all human kind,
Whence ſprung the evils that o'erwhelm thy mind?
Haſt thou, intruſted with the book of fate,
By folly merited celeſtial hate?
Hence falls this indignation on thy head?
Fain would the ſons of Boreas grant thee aid;
Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
But awful dread their willing hands reſtrains.
To frighted mortals well thy ſufferings prove,
How fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
Then ſwear, or never ſhall this righteous ſword,
Though drawn for thy deliverance, aid afford;
Swear, that th' aſſiſtance which our arms ſhall lend,
Shall no immortal angry God offend." [wide
He ſpoke; when ſtraight tow'r'd heav'n diſcloſing
His frightleſs balls, the ſenior thus reply'd:
"My ſon, th' injuſtice of thy tongue reſtrain,
Nor let ſuch thoughts thy pious ſoul profane:
By Phœbus, heavenly Augur, who inſpires
My conſcious boſom with prophetic fires:
By this my wretched lot of woe and care,
Theſe eyes involv'd in dark'ning clouds, I ſwear,
By the fell demons of the realms below,
Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
From their reſentments not in death ſecure,
If falſely their dread godheads I adjure:
That your aſſiſting hands ſhall never move
Wrath or diſpleaſure in the powers above."
Then acquieſcing in the ſolemn prayer,
To aid the prophet Boreas' ſons prepare.
The ready youth a banquet ſpread, the laſt
That thoſe fell harpies were decreed to taſte:
Nigh ſtand the brothers, ardent to oppoſe
With glittering faulchions their invading foes.
But ſcarce the firſt ſweet morſel Phineus took,
When from the clouds with ſwift prevention broke
Swift as the lightning's glance, or ſtormy blaſt
Whoſe rapid fury lays the foreſt waſte,
Shrill clamouring for their prey the birds obſcene,
The watchful heroes ſhouting ruſh'd between;
But they with ſpeedieſt rage the cates devour'd,
And round intolerable odours pour'd;
Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
Upſpringing ſwift with threatning blades purſue
The feather'd chiefs. That day Saturnius ſteel'd
Their vigorous nerves with force untaught to yield;
And did not Jove their wearying ſtrength ſuſtain,
Their flitting pinions had they ſpread in vain:
For when to Phineus furious they repair,
Or quitting Phineus ſeek the fields of air,
The light wing'd monſters fleeter than the wind,
Leave the impetuous zephyrs far behind.
As when the hound experienc'd in the chaſe,
Through ſome wide foreſt o'er the ſcented graſs
A bounding hind or horned goat purſues,
And near his panting prey, and nearer views;
Eager he ſtretches the ſhort ſpace to gain,
And, ſnapping, grinds his gnaſhing fangs in vain;
So ever-near th' inſulting chiefs purſued:
The harpies ſo their catching hands elude.
But now far off in the Sicilian main,
By the wing'd brothers, ſons of Boreas, ſlain,
The race of harpies (though heav'n diſallow'd)
Had ſtain'd the Plotian iſles with ſacred blood;
Their ſore diſtreſs had Iris not ſurvey'd,
And darting from the ſkies the heroes ſtaid.
O ſons of Boreas, the dread laws above
Permit ye not to wound the dogs of Jove.
And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
Shall thoſe fell dogs approach Bithynia's ſhore.
This ſaid, adjuring the tremendous floods,
Moſt fear'd, moſt honour'd by th' immortal gods;
By the ſlow-dripping urn of Styx ſhe ſwore,
The prophets peaceful manſions evermore
From thoſe rapacious ſpoilers ſhould be free;
Such was the fatal ſiſter's fixt decree.
The goddeſs ſwore, the brothers ſtraight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way.
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian iſlands ſtyl'd by ancient fame.
Then part the harpies and Thaumantian maid,
In thouſand various mingling dies array'd.
Theſe to the grots retir'd and dark retreat
Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete.
While the gay goddeſs of the watery bow
Gain'd in a moment high Olympus' brow.

Meanwhile the princes in the cleanſing wave
With purifying rites the ſenior lave.
Next from the ſpoil, which on Bybricia's ſhore
From vanquiſh'd Amycus ſtern Pollux tore,
A victim they ſelect with pious care;
And ſooth the gods with ſacrifice and prayer.
Then in the palace each heroic gueſt
Partakes the pleaſures of the ſumptuous feaſt.
With them ſat Phineus, and refreſh'd his ſoul
With ſavory viands and the cheering bowl.
Unſatiated he feeds, and bates in ſtreams
Of ecſtaſy beyond the bliſs of dreams.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES *.

O UNDER various ſacred names ador'd!
Divinity ſupreme! all potent lord!
Author of nature! whoſe unbounded ſway
And legiſlative power all things obey!
Majeſtic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
The ſuppliant prayer, and tributary ſong:
To thee from all thy mortal offſpring due;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the ſoul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my ſtring,
And of thy wondrous power for ever ſing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
That round this earthly ſphere inceſſant move,
Through all this boundleſs world admit thy ſway,
And roll ſpontaneous where thou point'ſt the way.
Such is the awe impreſt on nature round
When through the void thy dreadful thunders ſound,
Thoſe flaming agents of thy matchleſs power:
Aſtoniſh'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.

Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reaſon which through all convey'd
Informs this general maſs, though reign'ſt ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, univerſal lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
Nor yon ethereal pole, the ſeat of gods,
Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine;
Strength, wiſdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by paſſion toſt,
And in the ſhoreleſs ſea of folly loſt.
But thou, what vice diſorders, canſt compoſe;
And profit by the malice of thy foes;
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As hence to model one harmonious whole;
One univerſal law of truth and right;
But wretched mortals ſhun the heavenly light;
And, though to bleſs directing ſtill their choice,
Hear not, or heed not, reaſon's ſacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to ſolid good.
Thence quitting virtue's lovely paths they rove,
As various objects various paſſions move. [war
Some through oppoſing crowds and threatning
Seek power's bright throne, and fame's triumphal car,
Some, bent on wealth, purſue with endleſs pain
Oppreſſive, ſordid, and diſhoneſt gain:
While others, to ſoft indolence reſign'd,
Drown in corporeal ſweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great Father, thunder-ruling god!
Who in thick darkneſs mak'ſt thy dread abode!
Thou, from whoſe bounty all good gifts deſcend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
The clouds of vice and folly, O controul;
And ſhed the beams of wiſdom on the ſoul!
Thoſe radiant beams, by whoſe all piercing flame
Thy juſtice rules this univerſal frame.
That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,
We may eſſay thy goodneſs to requite
With honorary ſongs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaſeleſs praiſe,
The proper taſk of man; and ſure to ſing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king,
Is bleſs ſupreme. Let gods with mortals join!
The ſubject may tranſport a breaſt divine.

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* *Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a ſtoick philoſopher, a diſciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philiſophical poems. This hymn was tranſlated at the requeſt of a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who was pleaſed to find ſuch juſt ſentiments of the Deity in a heathen, and ſo much poetry in a philoſopher.*

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF LUCIAN.

" Tollere nodoſam neſcit medicina podagram." OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS OF THE GOUT.
OCYPUS.
PHYSICIAN.
NURSE.
MESSENGER.
MOUNTEBANKS.
CHORUS.
SPIRITS.

SCENE LIES IN THEBES.

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

*Enter Ocypus * lame, and leaning on the nurſe.*

Ocyp. WHENCE, without wound, proceeds this horrid pain,
That robs me of th' aſſiſtance of my feet?
While, like a bow-ſtring by the forceful arm
Of ſome bold archer ſtrain'd, the cracking ſinews
Labour and ſtretch; and force me to complain,
That length of time but ſtrengthens the diſeaſe.

Nur. Raiſe thyſelf up, my ſon, nor bear ſo hard,
Leſt, helpleſs as thou art, with thee I fall.

Ocyp. Leſs weighty then, to humour thee, I'll lean,
And reſt upon my foot, and bear my pain.
For ſhame it is, that youth ſhould aſk the aid
Of ſuch a prating, old, decrepit wretch.

Nur. Forbear, vain boy, thy ſcoffing inſolence.
Nor vaunt too much thy youth; for well thou know'ſt,
In ſickneſs youth is impotent as age.
Be govern'd; for this arm ſhould I withdraw,
Thou fall'ſt, while my old feet unſhaken ſtand.

Ocyp. But if thou fall'ſt, through age thou fall'ſt, not ſickneſs:
Old age is weak, though prompt and willing ever—

* *Ocypus, the ſon of Podalirius and Aſtaſia, was eminent for his ſtrength and beauty, a great lover of hunting, and all gymnaſtick exerciſes. This young man, having been accuſtomed to inſult and deride whomſoever he ſaw grievouſly afflicted with the gout, telling them at the ſame time that their pains were nothing, brought upon himſelf the indignation of the goddeſs who preſides over that diſtemper, and was at laſt, by the violence of the diſeaſe, driven to a recantation. Lucian had compoſed an entire drama upon this ſubject; but as only the beginning of this piece remains, I have tranſlated it, and, with very little alteration in either, have made it a part of his other drama, whoſe ſubject is the triumph of the gout over phyſic.*

Nur. Leave arguing; and tell me by what chance
This pain hath got poſſeſſion of thy toe.

Ocyp. As in the courſe I exercis'd, awry
My ancle turn'd, and thence the pain enſued.

Nur. Why, as the fellow ſaid, who careleſs ſat
Clipping his griſly beard, then run again.

Ocyp. Or wreſtling might I not the hurt receive,
When lock'd together were our grappling limbs?

Nur. A truſty champion by my troth thou art,
If all thy fury light upon thyſelf.
But this is a mere circle of evaſions,
And I myſelf the like diſcourſe have held
In former times and try'd to varniſh o'er,
Ev'n to my deareſt friends, th' unpleaſing truth;
But now when every ſwelling member ſpeaks,
And burning colours torture thy whole body—

Enter PHYSICIAN.

Phy. O! where is Ocypus, illuſtrious youth?
For lame, I hear, are his victorious feet.
And therefore to aſſiſt him am I come.
But ſee! where careleſs on the couch diffus'd,
Supine he lies!—Heaven grant thee health, my ſon,
And to thy feet reſtore their wonted ſtrength.
Declare to me, O Ocypus, the cauſe
Of thy complaint: perhaps my powerful art
May for thy anguiſh find ſome quick relief.

Ocyp. Intolerable pain my foot conſumes.

Phy. Whence came it? how? what accident? explain.

Ocyp. Or in the ſtraining race, or haply while
My gymnick exerciſes I perform'd,
Some hurt from my companions I receiv'd.

Phy. Then where's the ſore and angry inflammation?
And why no fomentation on the part?

Ocyp. The woollen bandage I abhor.

Nur. Alas!
How baneful is the pride of handſome looks

Phy. What therefore muſt be done? ſhall I lay open

Thy tumid foot? But, Ocypus, be ſure
If once I ſeize upon it, I ſhall drain,
At many bleeding wounds, thy arteries.
Ocyp. Put all thy new devices now in practice,
So from this horrid pain my foot be freed.
Phy. Then lo! my ſteely inſtrument I draw,
This crooked, ſharp, blood-thirſting inſtrument.
Ocyp. Hey! ho!
Nur. Phyſician, what doſt thou intend?
Would'ſt thou with ſharp inciſions vex him more?
And, without knowing why, his foot endanger?
He hath abus'd thee with an idle tale.
For neither in the ſtraining race, nor while
His gymnic exerciſes he perform'd,
From his companions did he hurt receive.
Then liſten to my tale. Healthful he came,
And all unwounded home; and greedily
The evening feaſt devour'd, and drain'd the bowl;
Then falling on the couch ſecurely ſlept.
But at midnight awaking, loud he roar'd,
As ſmitten by ſome god: fear ſeiz'd us all.
And, Oh! he cried, whence came this dire miſchance?
Some torturing demon ſeizes on my foot.
Thus on his couch up-ſitting all night long
His foot in ſad ſolemnity he moan'd.
But when the cock's ſhrill ſounding trump proclaims
The dawning day, lamenting forth he comes,
And on my ſhoulder leans his feveriſh hand,
While his diſabled footſteps I upheld,
All that he told thee is a forg'd device
To veil the ſecret of his dire diſeaſe,
Which now in every limb begins to rack him,
Nor yet is able to extort the truth.
Ocyp. Old age is ever arm'd with mighty words;
Vaunting in ſpeech, but impotent in action.
He, who when ſick his nurſing friends deceives,
Like the ſtarv'd wretch that hungry maſtic * chews,
But cheats himſelf, and foſters his diſeaſe.
Phy. Thou cheateſt all; now that, now ſaying this,
Confeſſing pain, but not explaining what.
Ocyp. And how ſhall I explain it? I indeed
Know that I ſuffer pain; and that is all.
Phy. When pain, without apparent cauſe, invades
The ſwelling foot, a man may pleaſe himſelf
In hunting after this and that ſolution,
But can't miſtake the nature of his evil.
And now hear this, howe'er unpleaſing truth,
At length, with vengeance due, 'tis come upon thee.
Ocyp. It? what? alas! what terrible diſeaſe,
That needs ſuch preface to its horrid name?
Nur. The gout, O wretched Ocypus, whoſe pangs
And gnawing tortures thou didſt once deride.
Ocyp. But what, O ſkilful artiſt, what ſay'ſt thou?
Phy. Farewell, to ſerve thee I neglect myſelf.

* *Maſtic is a great ſtrengthener of the ſtomach, and conſequently promotes appetite; which to a man dying of hunger is ſo far from being a relief, that it rather increaſes his complaint: this I take to be the meaning of this paſſage.*

Ocyp. What accident or buſineſs calls thee hence?
Phy. Into a cureleſs evil thou art fall'n.
Ocyp. Muſt I then, ever lame, tormented ever,
Drag on a life of everlaſting woe?
Phy. Fear not: thou ſhalt not be for ever lame.
Ocyp. What worſe have I to fear?
Phy. On either leg
Her galling fetters will the goddeſs bind.
Ocyp. Alas! in t'other ſympathiſing foot
Methinks I feel a new unuſual pain.
Or am I motionleſs? Or wherefore dread I
To place theſe once ſo nimble feet on earth?
Seiz'd like a child with vain and ſudden fear:
Now by the gods, th' immortal gods, I beg,
If aught thy art ſuggeſt of aid or comfort,
Thy friendly help impart, and heal my pain,
Or ſurely I ſhall die: within I feel
The ſecret venom, and the thrilling arrow
That pierces through my feet, and tears my ſinews.
Phy. Not to amuſe thee with unmeaning words,
Like ſome of thoſe who call themſelves phyſicians,
But of the healing ſcience nothing know,
I'll briefly ſhow the ſtate of thy complaint:
An inſurmountable and ſtrong diſeaſe
Is fall'n upon thee: bonds more hard and ſtubborn
Than thoſe ſteel-temper'd ſhackles, which the hand
Of juſtice fixes on the bold offender:
A dreadful, undiſcover'd, ſecret ill,
Whoſe burden human nature ſcarce can bear.
Ocyp. Alas! oh! oh! what inward ſmart is this,
That penetrates my foot? oh! on thy arm
Support me, ere I fall, and lead me on
As the young ſatyrs reeling Bacchus lead.
[*falls on the couch.*
Phy. There leave him on the couch; refreſhing ſleep
His much-exhauſted ſpirits will recruit.
[*Exeunt Nurſe and Phyſician.*

OCYPUS *ſolus.*

Ocyp. O horrid name! deteſted by the gods!
Gout, rueful gout! of ſad Cocytus born!
Whom in the mirky caves of Tartarus
The fiend Megæra in her womb conceiv'd,
And nouriſh'd at her breaſt: Alecto too
With her fell milk the wayward infant fed.
But oh! what god brought thy diſaſtrous power
To taint this light, and haraſs human-kind?
If puniſhment condign purſue the dead,
For crimes committed in their days of nature,
What need was there in Pluto's dreary realms
With ſtreams forbidden Tantalus to vex?
To whirl Ixion on the giddy wheel?
And weary Siſyphus with fruitleſs toil?
It ſure had been ſufficient puniſhment
Had each offender the ſharp pains endur'd
That tear this meagre miſerable carcaſe:
While through th' obſtructed pores the ſtruggling vapour
And bitter diſtillation force their way.
Ev'n through the bowels runs the ſcalding plague,

And wastes the flesh with floods of eddying fire.
So rage the flames in Ætna's sulphureous womb.
So 'twixt Charybdis and vex'd Scylla rave
Th' imprison'd tides, and in wild whirlpools toss'd foaming surge.
Dash'd 'gainst the mouldering rocks the
O evil unexplor'd! how oft in vain
We fondly try to mitigate thy woes,
And find no comfort, by false hopes abus'd.
[*Sleeps.*

Scene changes, and discovers the Chorus, consisting of Gouty Men and Women, marching in Procession to the Temple of the Gout, with Music and Dancing.

CHORUS.

To tender Attis, beardless boy,
The howling Phrygian throng,
On Cybele's high mountain chant
Th' enthusiastic song.

On yellow Tmolus' flowery top
The Lydian youth around
For Comus mix the warbling voice
And flute's melodious sound.

With clashing arms, in frantic mood,
The mad Idæan train
Attemper to the Cretan dance
Their holy ritual strain.

To Mars, the furious God of war,
The swelling trumpets breathe,
Preluding to contentious strife,
To battle, blood, and death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive power!
We thy sad votaries,
In sighs and groans to thee perform
Our annual sacrifice:

When usher'd by the blushing hours
The genial spring appears;
And every flower-embroider'd vale
Its verdant mantle wears:

When zephyr on each pregnant tree
Calls forth the tender leaves;
And her sad nest the swallow builds
Beneath the friendly caves:

When in the grove, at midnight hour,
Disconsolate, alone,
For Itys lost th' Athenian bird
Renews her plaintive moan.

[*Exit Chorus.*

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

OCYPUS *solus.*

Ocyp. Come, O my comfort, my supporter, come,
My staff, my third best leg, O! now uphold
My tottering footsteps, and direct my way,
That lightly on the earth my foot may tread.
Wretch, from thy pallet raise thy heavy limbs,
And quit the cover'd closeness of the room.
Dispel the cloud, that weighs thy eyelids down,
In open day, and in the golden sun
On purer air thy enliven'd spirit feast,
For now my willing mind invites me forth;
But the weak flesh refuses to comply.
Be resolute, my soul; for well thou know'st,
The gouty wretch, that would, but cannot move,
Ought to be number'd with th' inactive dead.
Come on.

[*Exit* OCYPUS.

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Ocypus, who discovers the Chorus before a Temple offering Sacrifices to the Gout, with Music and Dancing. Dance.

Ocyp.—But who are they, whose hands with crutches fill'd,
Whose tossing heads with eldern garlands bound,
Seem in wild dance some feast to celebrate?
Do they to thee, Apollo, Pæans sing? [brows.
Then would the Delphic laurel shade their
Or chant they rather Bacchanalian hymns?
Then would their temples be with ivy wreath'd,
Whence are ye, strangers? speak: the truth declare.
Declare, O friends, what deity ye worship.

Chor. But who art thou, that mak'st us this demand? [ferr'd,
Thou too, as from thy crutch may be in-
And hobbling pace, thou art a votary
Of the invincible divinity.

Ocyp. I am; nor am unworthy of the name.

Chorus. When Cyprian Venus, queen of love,
In pearly dews fell from above,
Nereus amass'd her scatter'd frame,
And form'd the fair-proportion'd dame.

Fast by the fountains of the deep,
Where on their ooze the surges sleep,
On her broad bosom Tethys laid
The partner of Jove's regal bed.

Minerva, virgin bold and wise,
From the great Monarch of the skies,
Saturnian Jove, her birth receiv'd,
In his immortal brain conceiv'd.

But old Ophion, hoary god,
Our goddess first embrac'd;
First in his fond paternal arms
The mighty infant plac'd.

What time primeval Chaos ceas'd,
And night eternal fled;
Bright rose the morning, and the sun
His new-born radiance shed.

Then from the womb of fate sprung forth
The Gout's tremendous power,
Heaven with portentous thunders rung,
And hail'd her natal hour.

Clotho receiv'd and swath'd the babe,
Thence at the streaming breast
Of wealth by fostering Plutus fed,
Her awful force increas'd.

Ocyp. Say by what rites mysterious to her altar
Doth the dread power her votaries admit?

Cho. Nor * with the biting ſteel ourſelves we wound,
Or ſprinkle with our blood the hallow'd ground;
Nor are our necks with galling collars worn;
Or livid backs with ſounding ſcourges torn:
Nor at the altar, when the victim dies,
Gorge we the raw and bleeding ſacrifice:
But when the ſpring the riſing ſap impells.
And the young elm with genial moiſture ſwells.
When in the hedges on the budding ſpray
The blackbird modulates her various lay:
Then unperceiv'd ſhe drives her piercing dart,
And wounds the inmoſt ſenſe with ſecret ſmart;
The hip, the nervous thigh, the ankles ſwell,
The bending knee, and firm ſupporting heel:
The ſtrong-knit ſhoulder and the ſinewy arm,
And hand mechanic, feel th' inteſtine harm,
Through every joint the thrilling anguiſh pours,
And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours;
Till length of ſuffering the dire power appeaſe,
And the fierce torments at her bidding ceaſe.

Ocyp. Unweeting then her votary am I.
Thou, goddeſs, gentle and benign, approach!
And I, with theſe thy votaries, will begin
Thy ſacred, ſolemn, cuſtomary ſong.
[*Dance.*

Chorus. Thou air, be ſtill; thou ſky, ſerene;
Thy groans, thou gouty wretch, forbear:
Propt on her ſtaff, behold the queen
Deigns at our altars to appear!
[*The Goddeſs of the Gout deſcends or enters.*]
Hail! gentleſt of the heavenly powers!
Propitious on thy ſervants ſmile;
And grant in ſpring's fermenting hours
A quick deliverance from our toils.

Godd. Lives there on earth to whom I am unknown,
Unconquerable queen of mighty woes!
Whom nor the fuming cenſer can appeaſe,
Nor victim's blood on blazing altars pour'd.
Me not Apollo's ſelf with all his drugs,
High Heav'ns divine phyſician, can ſubdue;
Nor his learn'd ſon, wiſe Æſculapius.
Yet, ever ſince the race of man begun,
All have eſſay'd my fury to repel,
Racking th' invention of ſtill-baffled phyſic.
Some this receipt 'gainſt me, ſome that explore.
Plantane they bruiſe, the parſleys odorous herb,
The lenient lettuce, and the purſlain wild.
Theſe bitter horehound, and the watery plant
That on the verdant banks of rivers grows;
Thoſe nettles cruſh, and comfrey's viſcid root,
And pluck the lentils in the ſtanding pools.
Some parſnips, ſome the gloſſy leaf apply
That ſhades the downy peach, benumbing henbane,
The poppies ſoothing gum, th' emollient bulb,
Rind of the Punic apple, fleawort hot,
The coſtly frankincenſe, and ſearching root
Of potent hellebore, ſoft fenugreek
Temper'd with roſy wine, collamphacum,
Nitre and ſpawn of frogs, the cypreſs-cone,
And meal of bearded barley, and the leaf
Of colworts unprepar'd, and ointments made
Of pickled garus, and (O vain conceit!)
The dung of mountain-goats, and human ordure,
The flower of beans, and hot ſarcophagus.
The poiſonous ruddock *, ſome, and ſhrew-mouſe boil,
The weaſel ſome, the frog, the lizard green,
The fell hyæna, and the wily fox,
And branching ſtone-buck † bearded like a goat.
What kind of metals have ye left untry'd?
What juice? what weeping tree's medicinal tear?
What beaſts, what animals, have not beſtow'd
Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood, or marrow,
Or milk, or fat, or excrement, or urine?
The draught of four ingredients ſome compoſe,
Some eight, but more from ſeven expect relief.
Some from the purging hiera ſeek their cure,
On myſtic verſes vainly ſome depend;
The tricking Jew gulls other fools with charms;
While to the cooling fountains others fly,
And in the cryſtal current ſeek for health.
But to all theſe fell anguiſh I denounce,
To all who tempt me ever more ſevere.
But they who patiently my viſit take,
Nor ſeek to combat me with anodynes,
Still find me gentle and benevolent.
For in my rites whoe'er participates,
His tongue with eloquence I ſtrait endow,
And teach him with facetious wit to pleaſe,
A merry, gay, jocoſe companion boon:
Round whom the noiſy crowd inceſſant laugh,
As to the baths the crippled wretch is borne.
For that dire Ate, of whom Homer ſings,
That dreaded powerful deity am I:
Who on the heads of men inſulting tread,
And ſilent, ſoft, and unobſerv'd approach.
But as for me the acid drop deſcends,
The drop of anguiſh, I the Gout am call'd.
Now then, my votaries all, my orgies ſing,
And praiſe with hymns th' unconquerable goddeſs.

Chorus. Hear, ſtubborn virgin, fierce and ſtrong,
Impracticable maid!
O liſten to our holy ſong!
And grant thy ſervants aid!

Thy power, imperious dame, diſmays
The monarch of the dead,
And ſtrikes the ruler of the ſeas
And thundering Jove with dread.

Thee ſoft repoſing beds delight
And flannel's warm embrace,

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* *The Chorus here allude to ſeveral religious ceremonies performed by ſeveral Prieſts to their Gods. The Scripture mentions the Prieſts of Baal cutting and laſhing themſelves with knives, &c.*

* *A kind of red land-toad.*

† *A beaſt with ſhaggy hair and a beard like a goat, but otherwiſe like a ſtag.*

And bandag'd legs nor swift in flight,
Nor victors in the race.

Thy flames the tumid ankles feel,
The finger maim'd, the burning heel,
And toe that dreads the ground.
Thy pains unclos'd our eye-lids keep,
Or grant at best tumultuous sleep
And slumbers never sound.

Thy cramps our limbs distort,
Thy knots our joints invade:
Such is thy cruel sport!
Inexorable maid!

Enter Messenger, with two Mountebanks bound.

Mes. O! Mistress, opportunely art thou met.
Attend no vain or idle tale I bring,
But well supported by authentic facts.
As through the town (for so thou didst enjoin)
With slow and gentle pace I lately rang'd,
Searching if haply I might chance to find
A mortal bold enough to brave thy power;
There quiet all, and patient, I beheld,
Subdu'd, O goddess, by thy mighty arm.
All but these two presumptuous daring wretches,
Who to the gaping crowd with oaths deny'd
To pay due reverence to thy deity,
Boasting that they would banish thee from earth:
Wherefore with fetters strong their legs I bound,
And after five days march have brought them hither,
A weary march of twice five hundred feet.

Godd. Swift hast thou come, my winged messenger.
Say, from what regions, through what rugged paths,
Hast thou thy tedious longsome way pursued?
Explain, that I may comprehend thy speed?

Mes. Five stairs, whose weak and dislocated frame
Trembled beneath my tread, descending
First to the level pavement I arriv'd, [down,
That 'gainst my feet its jarring surface turn'd;
Which having with uneasy footsteps cross'd,
I enter'd next the rough and flinty street,
Whose pointed stones the gouty foot abhors:
Here meeting with a smooth, though slippery path,
I hurried on, but with backsliding haste,
The trodden slime my tottering ankle turn'd.
Thus as I journey'd, down on every side
The streaming sweat descended, and my legs
Faint and relax'd no longer firmly trod.
Thence lab'ring in each limb, and overtoil'd,
A broad, but dangerous way receiv'd me next:
For on each hand the whirling chariots flew,
And urg'd, and press'd, and drove me faster on;
But I with nimble action ply'd my feet,
And quick into an alley stept aside,
Till every rattling hasty wheel was pass'd.
For, as to thee, O goddess, I belong'd,
Thy votary, I ought not, could not, run.

Godd. Servant, thou hast not well perform'd in vain,
Nor shall thy prompt obedience want reward.
In recompence this pleasing boon receive,
Three years of light and gentler pains to bear.
But ye, most impious heaven-abandon'd villains, [dare
What and whence are ye, that so proudly
The lists to enter with the mighty Gout,
Whose power not Jove himself can overcome?
Speak, wretches—many a hero have I tam'd,
As all the wise and learn'd can testify.
Priam * was gouty, as old poets sing,
And by the gout the swift Achilles fell.
Bellerophon, and Thebes' unhappy lord,
The mighty Oedipus, my prowess own'd,
And, of maim'd Pelops' race, young Phlisthenes.
He too, who led to Troy his warrior bands,
The halting son of Pæas felt my dart,
And by my dart the † Lord of Ithaca,
Not by the poisonous trygon's bone expir'd.
Wherefore, ill-fated wretches, be assur'd,
Your wicked deeds shall meet their due reward.

1 *Mo.* Syrians we are, in fair Damascus born.
But urg'd by want, and hungry poverty,
O'er earth and sea like vagabonds we roam,
And with this ointment, which our father gave,
We comfort and relieve the sick and lame.

Godd. What is your ointment, say, and how prepar'd?

2 *Mo.* We dare not tell, to secrecy oblig'd
Both by the solemn oath of our profession,
And last injunctions of a dying father; [tue
Who charg'd us to conceal the powerful virOf this our medicine, whose strong efficacy,
O gout, can ev'n thy madding fires allay.

Godd. Ha! miserable wretches, say ye so?
Is there on earth a medicine, whose effect
My power is not sufficient to controul?
Come on, upon this issue let us join.
Let us experience now the prevalence
Of your strong medicine or my raging flames.
Hither, tormenting spirits, who preside
O'er my distracting sorrows, hither come.

Spirits descend.

Thou from the tender sole to every toe
Round all the foot the burning anguish spread.
Thou in the heel shalt settle from the thigh,
Thou on the knee shalt pour the bitter drop,
And each of you a finger shall torment.

Spir. Behold, O queen, thy orders are perform'd.
See! where the wretches maim'd and roaring lie,
Their limbs distorted with our fierce attack.

Godd. Now, friends, inform us of the truth; declare
If aught your boasted ointment now avail.
For if my forces it indeed subdue,
Far, to the dark recesses of the earth,

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* Priam was gouty, &c.] *Lucian had this circumstance from some secret histories that are not come down to us; or possibly there may be some conceit which we do not understand, since one cannot help thinking that he alludes to the lameness of Philoctetes, which he got by the fall of one of Hercules' arrows on his foot; and to the wound which Achilles received in his heel from Paris, which wound was the occasion of his death.*

† *Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, coming to Ithaca to see his father, was denied entrance by the servants; upon which a quarrel ensued, in which he unfortunately slew his father Ulysses with a spear or arrow, pointed with the bone of a trygon, a poisonous fish.*

The depths profound of Tartarus, I'll fly,
Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd, and unseen.

1 *Mo.* Behold the ointment is apply'd! but, oh!
The flames relent not. Oh! I faint, I die!
A secret poison all my leg consumes.
Not so pernicious is the bolt of Jove:
Nor rages so the wild tempestuous sea:
Nor more resistless is the lightning's blast.
Sure three-mouth'd Cerberus my sinews gnaws:
Or on my flesh some poisonous viper preys;
Or to my limbs th' envenom'd * mantle clings,
Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignant gore! [ledge
O queen, have mercy! freely we acknow-
That nor our ointment, nor aught else on
Thy unresisted fury can restrain, [earth
O mighty conqueress of human kind!

Ocyp. "I too, O potent goddess, grace implore.
"Once in the wanton pride of vigorous youth,
"Vain of my beauteous limbs and active strength,
"I mock'd thy dolors, and thy power defy'd.
"But now chastis'd by thy afflictive arm,
"And by thy nearer influence subdued,
"My impious vaunts, O goddess, I retract,
"Adore thy might, and deprecate thy wrath."

Gold. Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their woes.
See they repent them of the dire contention.
Now let the world confess my stubborn power,
Nor mov'd by pity, nor by drugs subdued.
Goddess and Spirits re-ascend.

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* *The mantle of the Centaur Nessus, who having proffered Hercules his service to carry his wife over the river Evenus, when he had her on the other side would have forced her. Whereupon Hercules shot him with an arrow. Nessus, seeing he must die, in revenge presents Deianira with his mantle stained with his own blood, telling her it was a charm for love. She believing this, when Hercules was sacrificing in Mount Oeta, sent him this mantle to put on; which he no sooner did, but the poison worked so strongly that he grew mad, and threw himself into the fire.*

Cho. In vain with mimic flames Salmoneus strove
To emulate the bolts of thundering Jove;
To deepest hell with scorching lightning driven, [heaven,
Too late he own'd the stronger power of

The satyr Marsyas blew his boastful reed,
And, Phœbus, strike, he cry'd, thy rival strings. [deed,
Stript of his skin, he mourns the impious
While round the bleeding trophy Pythius sings.

Robb'd of her children, in eternal woe,
In streams eternal while her sorrows flow,
Sad Niobe laments the fatal hour,
That urg'd her to provoke Latona's power.

Thee, Pallas, skill'd in every work divine,
Foolish Arachne at the loom defy'd;
Incessant thence she draws the filmy twine,
Memorial of her fond presumptuous pride.

Taught by the vengeance of the gods above,
Latona, Pallas, Pythian Phœbus, Jove,
To mortals be this sage instruction given,
"That man, though bold, is not a match for heaven." [*Dance.*

Cho. O awful Gout, whose universal sway
The trembling nations on the earth obey,
Our torments, gracious sovereign, O assuage!
Be short our pangs, be moderate thy rage!

Many, various, are the woes
That this scene of life compose.
Use with reconciling balm
Can our throbbing sorrows calm;
Can our sharpest pains beguile,
And bid gouty wretches smile.
Hence companions of my care,
Learn with patient hearts to bear,
To expect with souls unmov'd
Ills ye have already prov'd.
If severer woes invade,
Heaven will grant you strength and aid.
Who, impatient of his pain,
Bites, and gnaws, and shakes the chain,
Laughter he and scorn shall move,
Such is the decree of Jove.

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.

A CANTO.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Archimage tempts the Red-Croſs Knight
From love of Fairy land,
With ſhew of foreign pleaſures all,
The which he doth withſtand.

Wise was that Spartan Law-giver of old,
Who rais'd on Virtue's baſe his well-built ſtate,
Exiling from her walls barbaric gold,
With all the miſchiefs that upon it wait,
Corruption, luxury, and envious hate;
And the diſtinctions proud of rich and poor,
Which among brethren kindle foul debate,
And teach ambition that to fame would ſoar,
To the falſe lure of wealth her ſtooping wing to lower.

Yet would corruption ſoon have entrance found,
And all his boaſted ſchemes eftſoon decay'd,
Had not he caſt a pow'rful circle round,
Which to a diſtance the arch felon fray'd,
And ineffectual his foul engines made:
This was, to weet, that politic command,
Which from vain travel the young Spartan ſtay'd,
Ne ſuffer'd him forſake his native land,
To learn deceitful arts, and ſcience contraband.

Yet had the ancient world her courts and ſchools;
Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd;
Great rabbins deeply read in wiſdom's rules,
And all the arts that cultivate the mind,
Embelliſh life, and poliſh human-kind.
Such, Aſia, birth-place of proud monarchy,
Such, elder Egypt, in thy kingdoms ſhin'd,
Myſterious Egypt, the rank nurſery
Of ſuperſtitions fond, and learned vanity.

But what accompliſhments, what arts polite,
Did the young Spartan want his deeds to grace,
Whoſe manly virtues, and heroic ſpright,
Check'd by no thought impure, no falſehood baſe,
With natural dignity might well outface
The glare of manners falſe, and mimic pride?
And wherefore ſhould they range from place to place,
Who to their country's love ſo firm were ty'd,
All homely as ſhe was, that for her oft they dy'd?

And * ſooth it is (with reverence may ye hear,
And honour due to paſſion ſo refin'd)
The ſtrong affection which true patriots bear
To their dear country zealous is and blind,
And fond as is the love of womankind,
So that they may not her defects eſpy,
Ne other * paragone may ever find,
But gazing on her with an awful eye
And ſuperſtitious zeal, her learn to deify.

And, like as is the faith unſound, untrue,
Of him who wandering aye from fair to fair,
Conceiveth from each object paſſion new,
Or from his heart quite drives the troublous care;
So with the patriot-lover doth it fare,
Who through the world delighting aye to rove,
His country changeth with each change of air,
Or weening the delights of all to prove,
On none, or all alike, beſtows his vagrant love.

† Als doth corruption in a diſtant ſoil,
With double force ‡ aſſay the youthful heart,
Expos'd ſuſpectleſs to the traitor's wile,
Expos'd unwarn'd to pleaſure's poiſon'd dart,
Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,
Where each one lies, impoſes, and betrays,
Without a friend due counſel to impart,
Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,
Without the check of ſhame, or ſpur of public praiſe.

§ Forthy, falſe Archimago, traytor vile,
Who burnt 'gainſt Fairy-land with ceaſeleſs ire,
'Gan caſt with foreign pleaſures to beguile
Her faithful knight, and quench the heavenly fire
That did his virtuous boſom aye inſpire
With zeal unfeign'd for her ſervice true,
And ſend him forth in chivalrous attire,
Arm'd at all points adventures to purſue,
And wreak upon her foes his vowed vengeance due.

So as he journeyed upon the way,
Him ſoon the ſly enchaunter ‖ over-hent,
Clad like a fairy knight in armour gay,
With painted ſhield, and ſpear right forward bent,
In knightly ¶ guiſe and ſhew of ** hardiment,
That aye prepared was for bloody fight.

---

* *Truth.*

* *Rival, or one to compare with her.*
† *Moreover, beſides.*
§ *Therefore.*
¶ *Faſhion.*
‡ *Aſſault.*
‖ *Overtook.*
** *Courage.*

Whereat the * Elfin knight with ſpeeches gent
Him firſt ſaluted, who, well as he might,
Him fair ſalutes again, as † ſeemeth courteous knight.

Then 'gan he ‡ purpoſe frame of valiant deeds
Atchiev'd by foreign knights of § proweſs great,
And mighty fame, which emulation breeds
In virtuous breaſt and kindleth martial heat;
Of arts and ſciences for warrior ‖ meet,
And knight that would in feats of arms excel,
Or him, who ¶ liefer chooſing calm retreat,
With peace and gentle virtue aye would dwell,
Who have their triumphs, like as hath Bellona fell.

Theſe as he ſaid, beſeemed knight to know,
And all be they in Fairy-lond ytaught,
Where every art and all fair virtues grow;
Yet various climes with various fruits are fraught,
And ſuch in one hath full perfection ** raught
The which no ſkill may in another rear.
So gloz'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought
To a huge rock that clomb ſo high in air,
That from it he †† uneath the murmuring ſurge mote hear.

Thence the ſalt wave beyond in proſpect wide
A ſpacious plain the falſe enchaunter ſhow'd,
With goodly caſtles deck'd on every ſide,
And ſilver ſtreams, that down the champain flow'd,
And waſh'd the vineyards that beſide them ſtood,
And groves of myrtle; als the lamp of day
His orient beams diſplay'd withouten cloud,
Which lightly on the gliſtening waters play,
And tinge the caſtles, woods, and hills, with purple ray.

So fair a landſcape charm'd the wondering knight;
And eke the breath of morning freſh and ſweet
Inſpir'd his jocund ſpirit with delight,
And eaſe of heart for ſoft perſuaſion meet.
Then him the traitor baſe 'gan fair entreat,
And from the rock as downward they deſcend,
Of that bleſt lond his praiſes 'gan repeat,
Till he him moved hath with him to ‡‡ wend;
So to the billowy ſhore their haſty march they bend.

There in a painted bark all trim and gay,
Whoſe ſails full glad embrac'd the wanton wind.
There ſat a ſtranger §§ wight in quaint array,
That ſeem'd of various garbs ‖‖ attone combin'd,
Of Europe, Afric, eaſt and weſtern Inde.
Als round about him many creatures ſtood,
Of ſeveral nations and of divers kind,
Apes, ſerpents, birds with human ſpeech endow'd,
And monſters of the land, and wonders of the flood.

He was to weet a mighty traveller,
Who curioſity thereafter ¶¶ hight
And well he knew each coaſt and harbour fair,
And every nation's latitude and ſite,
And how to ſteer the wandering bark aright.
So to him ſtrait the falſe encounter bore,
And with him likewiſe brought the red-croſs knight.
Then fairly him beſought to waft them o'er;
Swift flew the dauncing bark, and reach'd the adverſe ſhore.

There when they landed were, them ran to greet
A bevy bright of damſels gent and gay,
Who with ſoft ſmiles and ſalutation ſweet,
And courteous violence would force them ſtay,
And reſt them in their bower not far away;
Their bower that moſt luxurioufly was * dight
With all the dainties of air, earth, and ſea,
All that mote pleaſe the taſte and charm the ſight,
The pleaſure of the board, and charm of beauty bright.

Als might he therein hear a mingled ſound
Of feaſt and ſong and laughing jollity,
That in the noiſe was all diſtinction drown'd
Of graver ſenſe, or muſic's harmony.
Yet were there ſome in that blithe company
That aptly could diſcourſe of virtuous lore,
Of manners, wiſdom, and ſound policy;
Yet † nould they often ope their ſacred ſtore,
Ne might their voice be heard mid riot and uproar.

Thereto the joys of idleneſs and love,
And luxury, that beſots the nobleſt mind,
And cuſtom prevalent at diſtance drove
All ſenſe and reliſh of a higher kind,
Whereby the ſoul to virtue is refin'd.
Inſtead whereof the arts of ſlavery
Were taught, of ſlavery perverſe and blind,
That vainly boaſts her native liberty,
Yet wears the chains of pride, of luſt, and glutony.

Of which the red-croſs knight right well aware,
Would in no wiſe agree with them to go,
Albeit with courtly glee their leader fair,
‡ Hight Politeſſa him did kindly woo.
But all was falſe pretence and hollow ſhow,
Falſe as the flowers which to their breaſts they ty'd,
Or thoſe which ſeemed in their cheeks to glow,
For both were falſe, and not by nature dy'd,
Falſe rivals of the ſpring, and beauty's roſy pride.

Then from behind them ſtraightway 'gan advaunce
An uncouth ſtripling quaintly habited,
As for ſome revel maſk, or antic daunce,
All chequer'd o'er with yellow, blue, and red;
Als in a vizor black he ſhrouds his head,
The which he toſſed to and fro amain,
And § eft his lathy falchion brandiſhed,
As if he meant fierce battle to ‖ darrain,
And like a wanton ape eft ſkipp'd he on the plain,

And eft about him ſkip'd a gaudy throng
Of youthful gallants, frolic, trim, and gay,
Chanting in careleſs notes their amorous ſong,
Match'd with like careleſs gueſts, like amorous play.
Als were they gorgeous, dreſs'd in rich array,

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* *Fairy.* † *Beſeemeth.*
‡ *Diſcourſe, or argument.* § *Might, valour.*
‖ *Proper, fit.* ¶ *Rather.*
** *Reach'd.* †† *Hardly.*
‡‡ *To go.* §§ *Man or woman.*
‖‖ *Together.* ¶¶ *Was called.*

* *Adorned, ſet forth.* † *Would not.*
‡ *Called.* § *Often.* ‖ *Attempt.*

And well accepted of that female train,
Whose hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye,
Each prone'r'd love receive without disdain,
And part without regret from each late favour'd swain.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce
To join their hands upon the flowery plain;
The whiles with amorous leer and eyes askaunce
Each damsel fires with love her glowing swain;
Till, all impatient of the tickling pain,
In sudden laughter forth at once they break,
And ending so their daunce, each tender twain
To shady bowers forthwith themselves betake,
Deep hid in myrtle groves, beside a silver lake.

Thereat the red-cross knight was much enmov'd,
And 'gan his heart with indignation swell,
To view in forms so made to be belov'd,
Ne faith, ne truth, ne heavenly virtue dwell;
But lust instead, and falsehood, child of hell;
And glutton sloth, and love of gay attire:
And sooth to say, them well could parallel
Their lusty * paramours in vain desire;
Well fitted to each dame was every gallant squire.

Yet when their sovereign calls them forth to arms,
Their sovereign, whose † behests they most revere,
Right wisely can they menage war's alarms,
And wield with valour great the martial spear,
So that their name is dreaded far and near.
Oh! that for liberty they so did fight!
Then need not fairy-land their prowess fear,
Ne give in charge to her adventurous knight
Their friendship to beware, and sense-deluding sleight.

But not for liberty they wagen war,
But solely to † aggrate their mighty lord,
For whom their deareft blood they nillen § spare,
When so him lifteth draw the conquering sword;
So is that idol vain of them ador'd,
Who ne with might beyond his meaneft thrall
Endued, ne with superior wisdom stor'd,
Sees at his feet prostrated millions fall,
And with religious dread obey his princely call.

Thereto so high and stately was his port,
That all the petty kings him sore envy'd,
And would him imitate in any sort,
With all the mimic pageantry of pride,
And worship'd be like him, and deify'd,
Of courtly sycophants and ‖ caitifs vile,
Who to those services themselves apply'd,
And in that school of servitude erewhile
Had learn'd to bow, and grin, and flatter, and beguile.

For to that seminary of fashions vain
The rich and noble from all parts repair,
Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train,
And, courteous haviour gent and debonair,
They cast to imitate such semblaunce fair;
And, deeming meanly of their native lond,
Their own rough virtues they disdain to wear,
And back returning drest by foreign hond,
Ne other matter care, ne other understond.

* *Lovers.* † *Commands.* ‡ *Please.*
§ *Will not.* ‖ *Scoundrels.*

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who sore was grievd
To see the knight reject those damsels gay,
Wherewith he thought him sure to have deceiv'd,
Was minded to that court him to convey,
And daze his eyen with majesty's bright ray:
So to a stately castle he him brought,
Which in the midst of a great garden lay,
And wisely was by cunning crafteſmen wrought,
And with all riches deck'd surpassing human thought.

There underneath a sumptuous canopy,
That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,
Sate the swoln form of royal * surquedry,
And deem'd itself † allgates some creature rare,
While its own haughty state it mote compare
With the base countenance of the vassal fry,
That seem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue, nor ear;
Ne any sense, ne any faculty,
That did not to his throne owe servile ministry.

Yet wist he not that half that homage low
Was at a wizard's shrine in private pay'd,
The which conducted all that goodly show,
And as he list th' imperial puppet play'd,
By secret springs and wheels right wisely made,
That he the subtle wires mote not ‡ avize,
But deem in sooth that all he did or said,
From his own motion and free grace did rise,
And that he justly hight immortal, great, and wise.

And eke to each of that same gilded train,
That meekly round that lordly throne did stand,
Was by that wizard ty'd a magic chain,
Whereby their actions all he mote command,
And rule with hidden influence the land.
Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,
And those same magic chains within his hand
Did seem to place, albeit by the end
He held them fast, that none them from his gripe mote rend.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,
Deep read in all the arts of policy,
And from experience grown so crafty sage,
That none his secret counsels mote descry,
Ne search the mines of his deep subtlety.
Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cherish'd;
And traffic did promote, and industry,
Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,
And the proud lords in ease and plenty wallowed.

Thence all the gorgeous splendour of the court,
§ Sith the sole business of the rich and great,
Was to that hope-built temple to resort,
And round their earthly god in glory wait,
Who, with their pride to swell his royal state,
Did pour large sums of gold on every one,
Brought him by harpies fell, him to aggrate,
And torn from peasants vile, beneath the throne,
Who lay deep sunk in earth, and inwardly did groan.

Behold, says Archimage, the envy'd height
Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd!

* *Pride.* † *By all means, omnino.*
‡ *Discover, perceive.* § *Since.*

Behold yon ſun of power, whoſe glorious light,
O'er this rejoicing land out-beaming wide,
Calls up thoſe princely flowers on every ſide;
Which like the painted daughters of the plain
Ne toil, ne ſpin, ne ſtain their ſilken pride
With care, or ſorrow, ſith withouten pain,
Them in eternal joy thoſe heavenly beams maintain.

Them morn and evening joy eternal greets,
And for them thouſands and ten thouſands * moil,
Gathering from land and ocean honied ſweets
For them who in ſoft indolence the while
And ſlumbering peace enjoy the luſcious ſpoil;
And as they view around the careful bees
† Foreſpent with labour and inceſſant toil,
With the ſweet contraſt learn themſelves to pleaſe,
And heighten by compare the luxury of eaſe.

Ungenerous man, quoth then the fairy knight,
That can rejoice to ſee another's woe!
And thou, unworthy of that glory bright,
Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely brow,
That doth on ſloth and gluttony beſtow
The hard-earn'd fruits of induſtry and pain,
And to the dogs the labourer's morſel throw,
Unmindful of the hand that ſow'd the grain,
The poor earth-trodden root of all thy greatneſs vain.

O foul abuſe of ſacred majeſty,
That boaſteth her fair ſelf from heaven y-ſprong!
Where are the marks of thy divinity?
Truth, mercy, juſtice ſteady, bold and ſtrong,
To aid the meek, and curb oppreſſive wrong?
Where is the care and love of public good,
That to the people's father doth belong?
Where the vice-gerent of that bounteous God,
Who bids diſpenſe to all, what he for all beſtow'd?

Dwell'ſt thou not rather, like the prince of hell,
In Pandimonium full of ugly fiends?
Diſſimulation, diſcord, malice fell,
Reckleſs ambition, that right onward ‡ wends,
Though his wild march o'erthrow both fame and friends,
And virtue and his country; crooked guile,
Obliquely creeping to his treacherous ends,
And flattery, curs'd aſſaſſin, who the while
He holds the murderous knife, can fawn, and kiſs, and ſmile.

Then 'gan he ſtrait unvail the mirror bright,
The which fair § Una gave him heretofore,
Ere he as yet, with ‖ Paynim foe to fight,
For foreign land had left his native ſhore.
This in his careful breaſt he always bore,
And on it oft would caſt his wary eye;
For it by magic framed was of yore,
So that no falſehood mote it well abye,
But it was plainly ſeen, or fearfully did fly.

This on that gay aſſembly did he turn,
And ſaw confounded quite the gaudy ſcene;

* *Work hard.* † *Quite ſpent.*
‡ *Goes.*
§ *Una in Spenſer repreſents Truth. See B.* I. *Fairy Queen.*
‖ *Heathen, the uſual enemy of Knight-errants in Spenſer.*

Saw the cloſe fire that inward * did burn,
And waſte the throbbing heart with ſecret teen;
Saw baſe dependence in the haughty mien
Of lords and princes; ſaw the magic chain
That each did wear, but deem'd he wore unſeen,
That whiles with countenaunce glad he hid his pain,
And homage did require from each poor lowly ſwain.

And though to that old mage they louted down,
Yet did they dearly wiſh for his decay:
Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne
Of his great lord his totterring ſteps did ſtay,
And oft behind him ſkulk'd for great diſmay;
Als ſhook the throne, when ſo the villain crew,
That underneath oppreſs'd and groveling lay,
Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,
And loudly for redreſs and liberty did ſue.

There mote he likewiſe ſee a ribbald train
Of dancers, broiderers, ſlaves of luxury,
Who caſt o'er all thoſe lords and ladies vain
A veil of ſemblaunce fair, and richeſt dye,
That none their inward baſeneſs mote deſcry.
But nought was hidden from that mirrour bright,
Which when falſe Archimago 'gan eſpy,
He feared for himſelf, and warn'd the knight
From ſo deteſted place to maken ſpeedy flight.

So on he paſſed, till he comen hath
To a ſmall river, that full flow did glide,
As it uneath mote find its watry path
For ſtones and rubbiſh, that did choak its tide,
So lay the mouldering piles on every ſide,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her ancient greatneſs ſtill be ſeen,
Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

For the rich ſpoil of all the continents,
The boaſt of art and nature there was brought,
Corinthian braſs, Egyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic ſculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artiſts taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And ſet before the eye of ſober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.
All theſe and many more that may not here be told.

There in the middeſt of a ruin'd pile,
That ſeem'd a theatre of circuit vaſt,
Where thouſands might be ſeated, he erewhile
Diſcover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;
Seem'd a huge heap of ſtone together caſt
In nice diſorder and wild ſymmetry,
Urns, broken freezes, ſtatues half defac'd,
And pedeſtals with antique imagery
Emboſs'd, and pillars huge of coſtly porphyry.

Aloft on this ſtrange baſis was † ypight
With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye ſmiling with ſelf-bred delight,
In careleſs pride reclin'd a lady fair,

* *Pain, anguiſh.*
† *Placed.*

—oft mus[t] lent her idle ear;
The whic[h] with pleasure so did her enthral,
That for aught e[lse] she had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
Or gentle love, sole king of pleasures natural.

Als by her side, in richest robes array'd,
An eunuch sate, of visage pale and dead,
Unseemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him she courted oft and honoured,
And oft would by her place in princely * sted,
Though from the dregs of earth he springen were,
And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,
And oft, to sooth her vain and foolish ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty † Kesars bear.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,
For she was vain of her great ancestry,
But vainer still of that prodigious store
Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treasury.
These she to strangers oftentimes would show,
With grave demean and solemn vanity,
Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

Vertù she was ‡ yclept, and held her court
With outward shows of pomp and majesty,
To which natheless few others did resort,
But men of base and vulgar industry.
Or such perdy as of them cozen'd he,
Mimes, fidlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
Painters and builders, sons of masonry,
Who well could measure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

But other skill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
As corresponding with their purpose least;
And herein be they copied of the rest,
Who aye pretending love of science fair,
And generous purpose to adorn the breast
With liberal arts, to Vertu's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away * do bear.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat
The studious sons of learning have forbore:
Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet
Her venerable reliques to adore,
And load their bosom with the sacred store,
Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.
But § sithence she declin'd from wisdom's lore,
They left her to display her pompous toys
To virtuosi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

Forthy to her a numerous train doth ‖ 'long
Of ushers in her court well practised,
Who aye about the monied stranger throng,
Offering, with shows of courteous ¶ bountihed,
Him through the rich apartments all to lead,
And show him all the wonders of her state,
Whose names and price they wisely can * areed,
And tell of coins of old and modern date,
And pictures false and true right well discriminate.

Als are they named after him, whose tongue
Shook the dictator in his curule chair,
And thundering through the Roman senate, rung
His bold Phillippicks in Antonius' ear;
Which when the fairy heard, he sigh'd full dear,
And, casting round his quick discerning eye,
At every † deal he dropt a manly tear,
As he the stately buildings mote descry,
Baths, theatres, and fanes, in mouldering fragments lie.

And, oh! imperial city! then he said,
How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine throne!
Whereon, like Jove on high Olympus' head,
Thou sittedst erst unequal'd and alone, [known:
And madest through the world thy greatness
While from the western isles, to Indus' shore,
From seven-mouth'd Nilus, to the frozen Don,
Thy dradded bolts the strong pounc'd eagle bore,
And taught the nations round thy fasces to adore,

And doth among thy reliques nought remain,
No little portion of that haughty spright,
Which made thee whilom scorn soft pleasure's chain,
And in free virtue place thy chief delight,
Whereby through ages shone thy glory bright?
And is there nought remaining to confound
Those who, regardless of thy woeful plight,
With idle wonder view thy ruins round,
And without thought survey thy memorable wound?

Arise, thou genuine Cicero, and declare
That all these mighty ruins scatter'd wide
The sepulchres of Roman virtue were,
And trophies vast of luxury and pride,
Those fell diseases whereof Rome erst dy'd.
And do you then with vile mechanic thought
Your course, ye sons of fairy, hither guide,
That ye those gay refinements may be taught,
Which liberty's fair lond to shame and thraldom brought?

Let Rome those vassal arts now meanly boast,
Which to her vanquish'd thralls she erst resign'd;
Ye who enjoy that freedom she has lost,
That great prerogative of human-kind,
Close to your hearts the precious jewel bind,
And learn the rich possession to maintain,
Learn virtue, justice, constancy of mind,
Not to be mov'd by fear or pleasure's train;
Be these your arts, ye brave; these only are humane.

As he thus spake, th' enchaunter half asham'd
Wist not what fitting answer to devise,

---

* *Seat or place.*
† *Emperors.*
‡ *Called or named.*
§ *Since.*
‖ *Belong.*
¶ *Good-nature or civility.*

* *Relate or declare. These under sort of antiquaries, who go about with strangers to show them the antiquities, &c. of Rome, are called Ciceroni.*
† *At every turn, every now and then.*

Als was his caitive heart well nigh inflam'd,
By that fame knight ſo virtuous, brave, and wiſe,
That long he doubts him farther to entiſe.

But he was harden'd and ren orſeleſs grow
Through practice old of vill'ny and vice;
So to his former wiles he tu is him ſoon,
As in another place hereafter ſhall be ſhown.

EDUCATION. A POEM.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE AND MANNER OF SPENSER'S FAERY QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM, WIDOW OF SIR JOHN LANGHAM, BARONET.

"Ut rum ſtudium verè liberale eſt, quod liberum facit. Hoc ſapientiæ ſtudium eſt, ſublime, forte,
"magnanimum: cætera puſilla et puerilia ſunt.—Plus ſcire velle quàm ſit ſatis intemperantiæ genus
"eſt. Quid, quòd iſta liberalium artium conſectatio moleſtos, verboſos, intempeſtivos, ſibi placentes
"facit, et ideo non dicentes neceſſaria, quia ſupervacua didicerunt." SEN. EP. 88.

O GOODLY diſcipline! from heaven yſprong!
Parent of ſcience, queen of arts refin'd!
To whom the graces, and the nine belong:
O! bid thoſe graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind!
O bid the muſes, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erſt humaniz'd mankind,
Inſpect, direct, and moralize the ſtrain,
That doth eſſay to teach thy treaſures how to gain!

And thou, whoſe pious and maternal care,
The ſubſtitute of heavenly Providence,
With tendereſt love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly ſtrength and ſenſe;
With mildeſt awe, and virtuous influence,
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the ſmooth walks of truth and innocence;
Where happineſs heart-felt, contentment ſweet,
Philoſophy divine, aye hold their bleſt retreat.

Thou, moſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd!
Accept this verſe, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if, by each tye endear'd,
Of nature, gratitude, and friendſhip true,
The whiles this moral theſis I purſue,
And trace the plan of goodly * nurture o'er,
I bring thy modeſt virtues into view;
And proudly boaſt that from thy precious ſtore,
Which erſt enrich'd my heart, I drew this ſacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus ſhall I beſt repay
The valued gifts, thy careful love beſtow'd;
If, imitating thee, well as I may,
I labour to diffuſe th' important good,
Till this great truth by all be underſtood,
"That all the pious duties which we owe,
"Our parents, friends, our country, and our God;
"The ſeeds of every virtue here below,
"From diſcipline alone, and early culture, grow."

* *Nurture, Education.*

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The knight, as to * Pædia's houe
He his young ſon conveys,
Is ſtaid by Cuſtom; with him fights,
And his vain pride diſdays.

A GENTLE knight there was, whoſe noble deeds
O'er fairy land by fame were blazon'd round:
For warlike enterpriſe, and ſage † areeds
Among the chief alike was he renown'd;
Whence with the marks of higheſt honours crown'd
By Gloriana, in domeſtic peace,
That port, to which the wiſe are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the toſſing ſeas
Of buſtling buſy life, for calm ſequeſter'd eaſe.

There in domeſtic virtue rich and great,
As erſt in public, 'mid his wide domain,
Long in primæval patriarchal ſtate,
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
Of wedded faith ylink'd, a matron ſage
Aye dwelt; ſweet partner of his joy and pain,
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliſs, his ſorrows to aſſuage.

From this fair union, not of ſordid gain,
But merit ſimilar and mutual love,
True ſource of lineal virtue, ſprung a train
Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
Which round the temple of Olympic Jove,
Begirt with youthful bloom the ‡ parent tree,
The ſacred olive; whence old Elis wove

* *Pædia is a Greek word, ſignifying education.*

† *Areeds, counſels.*

‡ Parent tree, the ſacred olive.] *This tree grew in the Altis, or ſacred grove of Olympic Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was eſteemed ſacred, and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.*

Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The * guerdons of old strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
Those generous scyons: they with watchful care
Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young shoots to rear:
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a † palmer sage instructed were,
Who from deep thought and studious search erewhile
Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human soil.

For by celestial wisdom whilom led
Through all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the ‡ sted
To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd;
And how sensation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darksome grotte,
Where, variously disjointed or combin'd,
As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,
Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pensive thought.

‖ Alse through the fields of science had he stray'd
With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
Through each learn'd school, each philosophic shade,
Where truth and virtue erst were deem'd to lie;
If haply the fair vagrants he § mote spy,
Or hear the music of their charming lore:
But all unable there to satisfy
His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
The sacred writ of faith; to learn, believe, adore.

Thence foe profess'd of falsehood and deceit,
Those sly artificers of tyranny,
¶ Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to knowledge, liberty,
Mankind he led, to civil policy,
And mild religion's charitable law;
That, fram'd by mercy and benignity
The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

** Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride;
But, stooping from his height, would even deign
The feeble steps of infancy to guide.
Eternal glory him therefore betide,
Let every generous youth his praise proclaim;
Who, wandering through the world's rude forest wide,
By him hath been y-taught his course to frame
To virtue's sweet abodes, and heaven-inspiring fame!

For this the fairy knight with anxious thought,
And fond paternal care, his counsel pray'd;
And him of gentlest courtesy besought
His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid:
The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
Through devious paths to that secure retreat;
Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
'Mid flowery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that same virtuous palmer them to guide;
Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
Y-mounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he slow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle squire * ensues,
With his young lord aye marching side by side.
His counsellour and guard, in goodly † thews,
Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain:
Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes out-stretch'd a spacious plain,
That fruitful show'd, and apt for every grain,
For pastures, vines, and flowers; while nature fair
Sweet-smiling all around with countenance ‡ fain
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the soil
Aye wont in happy season to repay
With tenfold usury the peasant's toil.
But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
The sheep shorne down with barren ‖ brakes o'er-grown
The whiles the merry peasants sport and play.
All as the public evil were unknown,
Or every public care from every breast was flown.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
And so deform'd; with wonder and delight
At man's neglect, and nature's bounty rare,
In studious thought a while the fairy knight
Bent on that goodly § lond his eager sight:
Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
What towns and castles there-in were ¶ empight;
For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,
As to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming eye.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
To a wide stream, that with tumultous roar
Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame.
Black was the wave and fordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore.
Thereto along th' unlovely margin stood
A birchen grove, that waving from the shore,
Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
Not distant far a forked mountain rose;
In outward form presenting to the sight
That fam'd Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows
The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose;
Listening to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,
Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring flows,
But this to that compar'd more justly seem
Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

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* *Guerdons, rewards.*

† *Palmer, pilgrim. The person here signified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.*

‡ *Sted, place, station.* ‖ *Alse, also, further.*

§ *Mote, might.* ¶ *Aye, ever.* ** *Ne, nor.*

* *Ensues, follows.* † *Thews, manners.*

‡ *Fain, earnest, eager.* ‖ *Brakes, briars.*

§ *Lond, land.* ¶ *Empight, placed.*

For this nor founded deep, nor ſpredden wide,
Nor high up-rais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art through tedious years applied,
From various parts compil'd with ſtudious pain,
Was * erſt up-thrown; if ſó it mote attain,
Like that poetic mountain, to be † hight
The noble ſeat of learning's goodly train.
Thereto, the more to captivate the ſight,
It like a garden fair moſt curiouſly was ‡ dight.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
By meaſure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
With ſymmetry ſo regular diſpos'd,
That plot to plot ſtill anſwer'd, ſhade to ſhade;
Each correſpondent twain alike array'd
With like embelliſhments of plants and flowers,
Of ſtatues, vaſes, ſpouting founts, that play'd
Through ſhells of Tritons their aſcending ſhowers,
And labyrinths involv'd, and trelice-woven-bowers.

There likewiſe mote be ſeen on every ſide
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And ſhapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently ſhorne, and with prepoſterous ſkill
To various beaſts and birds of ſundry quill ſize;
Transform'd, and human ſhapes of monſtrous
Huge as that giant-race, who, hill on hill prize,
High-heaping, fought with impious vain ‖ em-
Deſpite of thundering Jove, to ſcale the ſteepy ſkies.

Alſe other wonders of the ſportive ſhears
Fair nature miſ-adorning there were found:
Globes, ſpiral columns, pyramids and piers
With ſprouting urns and budding ſtatues crown'd;
And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artiſts trac'd;
And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd faſt blaſt.
§ All were their bellying ſails out-ſpread to every

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terraſſes on terraſſes up-thrown;
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
And viſto's broad, the velvet ſlopes adown
The ever-verdant trees of Daphne ſhone.
But, aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
They ſhrunk and languiſh'd in a foreign mold,
By changeful ſummers ſtarv'd, and pinch'd by winter's cold.

Amid this verdant grove with ſolemn ſtate,
On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
In mimic majeſty nine virgins ſate,
In features various as unlike in mind:
Alſe boaſted they themſelves of heavenly kind,
And to the ſweet Parnaſſian nymphs allied;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they twin'd,
And matching with high names their apiſh pride,
O'er every learned ſchool aye claim'd they to preſide.

In antique garbs (for modern they diſdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artiſts ¶ whilom made,

* *Erſt, formerly.* † *Hight, called, named.*
‡ *Dight, dreſt.* ‖ *Emprize, enterpriſe, attempt.*
§ *All, uſed frequently by the old Engliſh Poets for although.*
¶ *Whilom, formerly.*

Of various woofs, and variouſly diſtain'd;
With tints of every hue, were they arrai'd;
And here and there ambitiouſly diſplay'd
A purple ſhred of ſome rich robe, prepar'd
Erſt by the muſes o'er the Aonian maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan bard;
Which o'er each motley veſt with uncouth ſplendor glar'd.

And well their outward veſture did expreſs
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting wiſdom's antiquated dreſs,
And uſages by time caſt far behind.
Thence, to the charms of younger ſcience blind,
The cuſtoms, laws, the learning, arts and phraſe
Of their own countries they with ſcorn declin'd;
Ne ſacred truth herſelf would they embrace,
Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

Thus ever backward caſting their ſurvey;
To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn;
Of elder Athens, which in proſpect lay turn
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain would they
Their buſy ſearch, and o'er the rubbiſh mourn.
Then, gathering up with ſuperſtitious care
Each little ſcrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This Ennius, Varro: This the Stagirite did wear.

Yet, under names of venerable ſound,
While o'er the world they ſtretch'd their awful rod;
Through all the provinces of learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wiſe and good.
Alſe from each region to their * drad abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taſte
The ſtreams of ſcience; which united flow'd
Adown the mount, from nine rich ſources caſt;
And to the vale below in one rude torrent paſs'd.

O'er every ſource, protectreſs of the ſtream,
One of thoſe virgin ſiſters did preſide;
Who, dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of ſcholaſtic pride
Deſpotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
Vain love of praiſe, with adulation join'd,
And diſingenuous ſcorn, and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on every ſide,
In circuit vaſt a verdant valley ſpread;
Acroſs whoſe uniform flat boſom glide
Ten thouſand ſtreams, in winding mazes led,
By various ſluices from one common head;
A turbid maſs of waters, vaſt, profound,
Hight of philology the lake; and fed
By that rude torrent, which with roaring ſound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level round.

And every where this ſpacious valley o'er,
Faſt by each ſtream was ſeen a numerous throng
Of beardleſs ſtriplings to the birch-crown'd ſhore,
By nurſes, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along:
Who, helpleſs, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender ſide
Of their fond mothers, and by † faitours ſtrong,

* *Drod, dreadful.* † *Faitour, doer, from faire, to do, and fait; deed, commonly uſed by Spenſer in a bad ſenſe.*

By [illegible]r made insolent, and hard by pride,
Were driven with furious rage, and lash'd into the tide.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
And, casting round their oft-reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;
But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
While close behind, assuming the disguise
Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness, [press.
With secret scourges, arm'd, those griesly sattours

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
When the young sun with flowery Maia rides:
With innocent dismay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides:
The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
Their * seely fear; at length impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides;
And, all regardless of their piteous moan,
Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.

Thus urg'd by mastering fear and dolorous † teen
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
Right piteous was the spectacle, I ween,
Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
And labouring to attain the distant shore,
Where holding forth the gown of manhood stood
The syren liberty, and ever-more
Solicited their hearts with her inchanting lore.

Irksome and long the passage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks on which the raving tide
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd [abide
Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill
With head up-lifted o'er the waves to ride.
Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-past
The middle stream (for they in vain have try'd)
Again return'd ‡ astounded and aghast;
Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some of a rugged, more enduring frame,
Their toilsome course with patient pain pursued;
And, though with many a bruise and ‖ muchel blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued,
Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdued
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,
But in life's practic § lear unskill'd and rude,
Forth in that forked hill they silent pac'd;
Where hic in studious shades their fruitless hours they waste.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred, [strain'd,
Though with the crowd to pass the flood con-
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
Save with the sprinkling of the watery spray,
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

A few, alas, how few! by heaven's high will
With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
* Albe sore † mated by the tempests shrill,
That bellow'd fierce and rise the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along
Cut briskly through the waves; and, forces new
Gathering from toil, and ardour from the throng
Of rival youths, outstript the labouring crew,
And to the true ‡ Parnasse and heaven-throng'd glory flew.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore
Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and ‖ singults sore
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
Of all the various speeches that § while-ere
On Shinar's wide-spread champain did astound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,
But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
Empierced deep with sympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the signs of drad impress'd,
And fill'd his eyes with tears, which sore distress'd
Up to his sire he rais'd in mournful wise;
Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad surmise;
Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united sound
Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
And shook the groves, the floods, and solid ground:
The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
"Arrest, Sir Knight, it cried, thy fond career,
"Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
"That aweful majesty which all revere!
"In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations hear!"

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain
Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gait,
And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate
Shone the bright ensign of imperial state;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none;
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft'times over both erect his throne,
While senates, priests, and kings his ¶ sov'ran sceptre own.

Custom he height; and aye in every land
Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
O'er all he holds; and to his high command
Constrains even stubborn nature to obey;
Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay
To govern in her right: and with a pace
So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
That she unwares is caught in his embrace,
And though deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul disgrace.

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* *Seely, simple.* † *Teen, pain, grief.*
‡ *Astounded, astonished.* ‖ *Muchel, much.*
§ *Lear, learning.*

* *Albe, although.* † *Mated, amazed, scared.*
‡ *Parnasse, Parnassus.* ‖ *Singults, sighs.*
§ *While-ere, formerly.* ¶ *Sovran, for sovereign.*

For nurturing, even from their tendereſt age,
The docile ſons of men withouten pain,
By diſciplines and rules to every ſtage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Inſenſibly to wear and hug his chain.
Alſe his beheſts or gentle or ſevere,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily perſuade them to revere,
As inſtitutions ſage, and venerable lear.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of thoſe ſiſters nine,
Who, there enthron'd, with many a copious rill
Feed the full ſtreams, that through the valley ſhine,
He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
* Like thoſe, which Sparta's hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's ſhrine,
He doth conſtrain his vaſſals to adore [lore.
Perforce their ſacred names, and learn their ſacred

And to the fairy knight now drawing near,
With voice terrific and imperious mien,
(All was he wont leſs dreadful to appear,
When known and practis'd then at diſtance ſeen)
And kingly ſtretching forth his ſceptre ſheen,
Him he commandeth, upon threaten'd pain
Of his diſpleaſure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpoſe to refrain, [train.
And all due honours pay to learning's reverend

So ſaying, and foreſtalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little car'd to juſtify
His princely will, long us'd to boundleſs ſway,
Upon the fairy youth with great diſmay
In every quaking limb convuls'd, he lay'd:
And proudly ſtalking o'er the verdant † lay,
Him to thoſe ſcientific ſtreams convey'd,
With many his young compeers therein to be ‡ embay'd.

The knight his tender ſon's diſtreſsful ‖ ſtour
Perceiving, ſwift to his aſſiſtance flew:
Ne vainly ſtay'd to deprecate that power,
Which from ſubmiſſion aye more haughty grew.
For that proud giant's force he wiſely knew,
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
With raſh preſumption; and with courage true,
Rather than ſtep from virtue's paths aſide,
Oft had he ſingly ſcorn'd his all-diſmaying pride.

And now, diſdaining parle, his courſer hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful ſpear;
Wherewith the giant he ſo rudely ſmot,
That him perforce conſtrain'd to § wend arrear.
Who, much abaſh'd at ſuch rebuke ſevere,
Yet his accuſtom'd pride recovering ſoon,
Forth-with his maſſy ſceptre 'gan uprear;

* *The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with conſtancy and courage, were accuſtomed to cauſe them to be ſcourged very ſeverely. And I myſelf (ſays Plutarch, in his life of Lycurgus) have ſeen ſeveral of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diana, ſurnamed Orthia.*

† *Lay, mead.* ‡ *Embay'd, bathed, dipt.*
‖ *Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.*
§ *Wend arrear, move backwards.*

For other warlike weapon he had n-
Ne other him behov'd to que[ll] his boldeſt * foe.

With that enormous mace the fairy knight
So ſore he † bet, that all his armour ‡ bray'd,
To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
Of ſo tempeſtuous ſtrokes; but he was ſtay'd,
And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
The ſudden changes of the doubtful fray;
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard aſſay:
So lightly from his ſteed he lept upon the lay.

Then ſwiftly drawing forth his § trenchant blade,
High o'er his head he held his fenceful ſhield;
And warily forecaſting to evade
The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
With reſtleſs ſteps eye traverſing the field.
And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
Through rage defenceleſs, mote advantage yield,
With his ſharp ſword ſo oft he did him ‖ gride,
That his gold-ſandal'd feet in crimſon floods were dy'd.

His baſer parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmoſt reach were ¶ pight
The forts of life: ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and aboliſh quite
A power ſo puiſſant by his ſingle might
Did he preſume to hope: himſelf alone
From lawleſs force to free, in bloody fight
He ſtood; content to bow to cuſtom's throne,
So reaſon mote not bluſh his ſovran rule to own.

So well he warded, and ſo fiercely preſs'd
His foe, that weary vex'd he of the fray;
Yet ** nould he algates lower his haughty creſt;
But maſking in contempt his ſore diſmay,
Diſdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly caſting on the warlike †† fay
A ſmile of ſcorn and pity, through the air
'Gan blow his ſhrilling horn; the blaſt was heard afar.

Eftſoons aſtoniſh'd at th' alarming ſound
The ſignal of diſtreſs and hoſtile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters ro[und]
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous [throng]
Of every ſex and order, old and young;
The vaſſals of great cuſtom's wide doma[in]
Who to his lore inur'd by uſage long,
His every ſummons heard with pleaſure fa[in]
And felt his every wound with ſympathetic [pain].

They, when their bleeding king they [be]hold,
And ſaw an armed knight him ſtanding near,
Attended by that palmer ſage and bold; [ere
Whoſe venturous ſearch of devious truth while-
Spread through the realms of learning horror drear,
Y-ſeized were at firſt with terro[r] great;
And in their boding hearts began to fear,

* *Fone, foes.* † *Bet, beat.*
‡ *Bray'd, reſounded.* § *Trenchant, cutting.*
‖ *Gride, cut, hack.* ¶ *Pight, placed.*
** *Nould he algates, would not by any means.*
†† *Fay, fairy.*

Diſſ[illegible]on factious, controverſial hate.
And innovations ſtrange in cuſtom's peaceful ſtate.

But when they ſaw the knight his fauchion ſheathe,
And climbing to his ſteed march thence away,
With all hoſtile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer ſpirit, and with aſpect gay
Soon chac'd the gathering clouds of black affray.
Alſe their great monarch, cheared with the view
Of myriads, who confeſs his ſovereign ſway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew;
And on his bugle clear a ſtrain of triumph blew.

There-at the multitude, that ſtood around,
Sent up at once a univerſal roar
Of boiſterous joy: the ſudden-burſting ſound,
Like the exploſion of a warlike ſtore
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted * welkin tore.
Then turning towards the knight, with ſcoffings
Heart-piercing inſults, and revilings ſore, [lewd,
Loud burſts of laughter vain, and hiſſes rude,
As through the throng he paſs'd, his parting ſteps purſued.

Alſe from that forked hill the boaſted ſeat
Of ſtudious peace and mild philoſophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Muſtering their rage; eke baleful infamy,
Rous'd from her den of baſe obſcurity
By thoſe ſame maidens nine, began to ſound
Her brazen trump of blackening obloquy:
While ſatire, with dark clouds encompaſt round,
Sharp, ſecret arrows ſhot, and aim'd his back to wound.

But the brave fairy knight, no whit diſmay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain;
With curious eye obſerving, as he ſtray'd
Through the wide provinces of cuſtom's reign,
What mote afresh admoniſh him remain
Faſt by his virtuous purpoſe; all around
So many objects mov'd his juſt diſdain;
Him ſeem'd that nothing ſerious, nothing ſound,
In city, village, bower, or caſtle, mote be found.

In village, city, caſtle, bower, and hall,
Each ſex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle ſport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
Ne ſuffer'd ought diſturb their merry glee;
Ne ſenſe of private loſs, ne public woes,
Reſtraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Inteſtine deſolation, foreign foes,
Nor heaven's tempeſtuous threats, nor earth's convulſive throes.

But chiefly they whom heaven's diſpoſing hand
Had ſeated high on fortune's upper ſtage;
And plac'd within their call the ſacred band
That waits on nurture and inſtruction ſage,
If happy their wiſe † heſts mote them engage
To climb through knowledge to more noble praiſe;
And as they mount, enlighten every age
With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays;
Which from the awful heights of grandeur brighter blaze.

They, O perverſe and baſe ingratitude!
Deſpiſing the great ends of providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low ſervices of brutal ſenſe
Abus'd the means of pleaſures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence; [mind,
And, fettering on her throne th' immortal
The guidance of her realm to paſſions wild reſign'd.

Hence thoughtleſs, ſhameleſs, reckleſs, ſpiritleſs,
Nought worthy of their kind did they eſſay;
But or benumb'd with palſied Idleneſs
In merely living loiter'd life away.
Or, by falſe taſte of pleaſure led aſtray,
For-ever wandering in the ſenſual bowers
Of feveriſh debauch, and luſtful play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
And with untimely blaſts diſeas'd their vernal hours.

Ev'n they to whom kind nature did accord
A frame more delicate, and purer mind, [board
Though the foul brothel and the wine-ſtain'd
Of beaſtly Comus, loathing they declind,
Yet their ſoft hearts to idle joys reſign'd;
Like painted inſects through the ſummer-air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
And taſting every flower and bloſſom fair,
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

For choice them needed none, who only ſought
With vain amuſements to beguile the day;
And wherefore ſhould they take or care or thought,
Whom nature prompts, and fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd, ſo taught the leaders of mankind;
Th' unreaſoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind, [find.
Ran forth by different ways the bliſsful boon to

Nor tedious was the ſearch; for every where,
As nigh great cuſtom's royal towers the knight
Paſs'd through th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of feſtival delight
Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin revels, by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended; and again with dewy night,
In cover'd theatres, or leafy bowers, [powers.
Offering her evening-vows to pleaſure's joyous

And ever on the way mote he eſpy
Men, women, children, a promiſcuous throng
Of rich, poor, wiſe and ſimple, low and high,
By land, by water, paſſing aye along
With mummers, antics, muſic, dance, and ſong,
To pleaſure's numerous temples, that beſide
The gliſtening ſtreams, or tufted groves among,
To every idle foot ſtood open wide,
And every gay deſire with various joys ſupplied.

For there each earth with diverſe charms to move,
The ſly inchantreſs ſummoned all her train:
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudful gain,
Who, when blind fortune throws, directs the die,
And Phœbus tuning his ſoft Lydian ſtrain

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* *Welkin, ſky.*
† *Heſts, behеſts, precepts, commands.*

To wanton motions, and the lover's ſigh,
And thought-beguiling ſhew, and maſking revelry.

Unmeet aſſociates theſe for noble youth,
Who to true honour meaneth to aſpire;
And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire.
The which avizing well, the cautious ſire
From that ſoft ſyren land of Pleaſaunce vain,
With timely haſte was minded to retire,
* Or ere the ſweet contagion mote attain [ſtain.
His ſon's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious

So turning from that beaten road aſide, [pac'd,
Through many a devious path at length he
As that experienc'd palmer did him guide,
Till to a mountain hoare they came at laſt;
Whoſe high-rais'd brows with ſylvan honours
Majeſtically frown'd upon the plain, [grac'd,
And over all an awful horrour caſt.
Seem'd as thoſe villas gay it did diſdain, [train.
Which ſpangled all the vale like Flora's painted

The hill aſcended ſtrait, ere-while they came
To a tall grove, whoſe thick-embowering ſhade,
Impervious to the ſun's meridian flame,
Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made;
Like to that ſober light, which, diſarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
Through windows dim with holy acts pour-
tray'd,
Along ſome cloiſter'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abſtracting the rapt thought from vain earth-
muſing themes.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
Of cluſtering oaks a ſylvan colonnade,
Aye liſtening to the native melody
Of birds ſweet-echoing through the lonely ſhade,
On to the centre of the grove they ſtray'd;
Which, in a ſpacious circle opening round,
Within its ſheltering arms ſecurely laid,
Diſclos'd to ſudden view a vale profound,
With nature's artleſs ſmiles and tranquil beauties
crown'd.

There, on the baſis of an ancient pile, [wood,
Whoſe croſs-ſurmounted ſpire o'erlook'd the
A venerable matron they e'erwhile
Diſcover'd have, beſide a murmuring flood
Reclining in right ſad and penſive mood.
Retir'd within her own abſtracted breaſt,
She ſeem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood;
The which her changing chear by turns expreſt,
Now glowing with diſdain, with grief now
* over-keſt.

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
When-as the knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew;
To weet what bitter bale did her aſtound,
And whence th' occaſion of her anguiſh grew.
For that right noble matron well he knew;
And many perils huge, and labours ſore,
Had for her ſake endur'd; her vaſſal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honour to reſpect, and reverence her lore.

O deareſt drad! he cried, fair iſland queen!
Mother of heroes! empreſs of the main!

What means that ſtormy brow of troub[illegible]teen?
* Sith heaven-born Peace, with all her ſmiling train
Of ſciences and arts, adorn thy reign
With wealth and knowledge, ſplendour and re-
nown? [plain!
Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every
How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
While liberty ſecures and heightens every boon!

Awaken'd from her trance of penſive woe
By theſe fair flattering words, ſhe rais'd her head;
And, bending on the knight her frowning brow,
Mock'ſt thou my ſorrows, fairy ſon? ſhe ſaid.
Or is thy judgment by thy heart miſled
To deem that certain which thy hopes ſuggeſt?
To deem them full of life and * luſtihead,
Whoſe cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dreſt,
And with joy's careleſs mien, and dimpled ſmiles
impreſt?

Thy unſuſpecting heart how nobly good
I know, how ſanguine in thy country's cauſe!
And mark'd thy virtue, ſingly how it ſtood
Th' aſſaults of mighty cuſtom, which o'erawes
The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
From reaſon's lore th' ambitious and the vain
By the ſweet lure of popular applauſe,
Againſt their bitter knowledge to maintain
The lawleſs throne of vice, or folly's childiſh
reign.

How vaſt his influence, how wide his ſway!
Thyſelf ere-while by proof didſt underſtand:
And ſaw'ſt, as through his realms thou took'ſt
thy way,
How vice and folly had o'erſpread the land.
And canſt thou then, O fairy ſon, demand
The reaſon of my woe? or hope to eaſe
The throbbings of my heart with ſpeeches bland,
And words more apt my ſorrows to increaſe,
The once dear names of wealth, and liberty, and
peace?

Peace, wealth, and liberty, that nobleſt boon,
Are bleſſings, only to the wiſe and good.
To weak and vicious minds their worth un-
known,
And thence abus'd but ſerve to furniſh food
For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
With high-ſpic'd luxury; whence ſtrife, debate,
Ambition, envy, faction's viperous brood,
Contempt of order, manners profligate
The ſymptoms of a foul, diſeas'd, and bloated ſtate.

Ev'n wit and genius, with their learned train
Of arts and muſes, though from heaven above
Deſcended, when their talents they profane
To varniſh folly, kindle wanton love,
And aid eccentric ſceptic pride to rove
Beyond celeſtial truth's attractive ſphere,
This moral ſyſtem's central ſun, aye prove
To their fond votaries a curſe ſevere,
And only make mankind more obſtinately err.

And ſtand my ſons herein from cenſure clear?
Have they conſidered well, and underſtood,
The uſe and import of thoſe bleſſings dear,
Which the great Lord of nature hath beſtow'd

---

* *Or ere, before.*
† *Over-keſt, for over-caſt.*

* *Sith, ſince.*
† *Luſtihead, ſtrong health, vigour.*

As [illegible] rove as to reward the good? [ſeas
Where are theſe torrents then, theſe billowy
Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
The fell Leviathan, licentious plays, [preys?
And upon ſhipwreck'd faith and ſinking virtue

To you, ye noble, opulent and great!
With friendly voice I call, and honeſt zeal!
Upon your vital influences wait
The health and ſickneſs of the commonweal;
The maladies you cauſe, yourſelves muſt heal.
In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
Will truth and reaſon make their juſt appeal;
In vain will ſacred wiſdom cry aloud; [blood.
And juſtice drench in vain her vengeful ſword in

With you muſt reformation firſt take place:
You are the head, the intellectual mind
Of this vaſt body politic whoſe baſe,
And vulgar limbs, to drudgery conſign'd,
All the rich ſtores of ſcience have reſign'd
To you, that by the craftſman's various toil,
The ſea-worn mariner, and ſweating hind,
In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
You, for yourſelves and them, may dreſs the mental ſoil.

Bethink you then, my children, of the truſt
In you repos'd: ne let your heaven-born mind
Conſume in pleaſure, or unactive ruſt;
But nobly rouſe you to the taſk aſſign'd,
The godlike taſk to teach and mend mankind:
Learn, that ye may inſtruct: to virtue lead
Yourſelves the way: the herd will crowd behind,
And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
"Example is a leſſon, that all men can read."

But if (to all or moſt I do not ſpeak)
In vain and ſenſual habits now grown old,
The ſtrong Circæan charm you cannot break,
Nor re-aſſume at will your native * mould,
Yet envy not the ſtate you could not hold;
And take compaſſion on the riſing age:
In them redeem your errours manifold;
And, by due diſcipline and nurture ſage,
In virtue's lore betimes your docile ſons engage.

You chiefly, who like me in ſecret mourn
The prevalence of cuſtom lewd and vain;
And you, who, though, by the rude torrent
Unwillingly along, you yield with pain [borne
To his beheſts, an act what you diſdain,
Yet nouriſh in your hearts the generous love
Of piety and truth, no more reſtrain
The manly zeal; but all your ſinews move
The preſent to reclaim, the future race improve!

Eftſoons by your joint efforts ſhall be quell'd
Yon haughty giant, who ſo proudly ſways
A ſceptre by repute alone upheld;
Who, where he cannot dictate ſtrait obeys.
Accuſtom'd to conform his flattering phraſe
To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
Your party he will join, your maxims praiſe,
And, drawing after all his menial fry,
Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

Ne for the atchievement of this great emprize
The want of means or counſel may ye dread.

From my Twin-daughter's fruitful wombs ſhall
A race of letter'd ſages, deeply read [riſe
In learning's various writ: by whom yled
Through each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
Where antique wiſdom whilom wont to tread,
With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

Yourſelves with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
Of what, in ancient days of good or great
Hiſtorians, bards, philoſophers, have taught;
Join'd with whatever elſe of modern date
Maturer judgment, ſearch more accurate,
Diſcover'd have of nature, man, and God,
May by new laws reform the time-worn ſtate
Of cell-bred diſcipline, and ſmoothe the road
That leads through learning's vale to wiſdom's bright abode.

By you invited to her ſecret bowers,
Then ſhall Pædîa reaſcend her throne,
With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers;
While from their forked mount deſcending
Yon ſupercilious pedant train ſhall own [down
Her empire paramount, ere-long by her
Ytaught a leſſon in their ſchools unknown,
"To learning's richeſt treaſures to prefer
"The knowledge of the world, and man's great buſineſs there."

On this prime ſcience, as the final end
Of all her diſcipline ond nurturing care,
Her eye Pædîa fixing aye ſhall bend
Her every thought and effort to prepare
Her tender pupils for the various war,
Which vice and folly ſhall upon them wage,
As on the perilous march of life they fare
With prudent lore fore-arming every age
'Gainſt pleaſure's treacherous joys, and pain's embattled rage.

Then ſhall my youthful ſons, to wiſdom led
By fair example and ingenuous praiſe,
With willing feet the paths of duty tread;
Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
Conducted by religion's ſacred rays;
Whoſe ſoul-invigorating influence
Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
Of ſordid ſelfiſhneſs and brutal ſenſe, [volence,
And ſwell th' ennobled heart with bleſs'd bene-

Then alſo ſhall this emblematic pile,
By magic whilom fram'd to ſympathize
With all the fortunes of this changeful iſle,
Still, as my ſons in fame and virtue riſe, [ſkies
Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding
Its radiant croſs uplift; the while, to grace
The multiplying niches, freſh ſupplies
Of worthies ſhall ſucceed, with equal pace
Aye following their ſires in virtue's glorious race.

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
She roſe majeſtic from her lowly ſtead;
While from her vivid eyes a ſparkling flame,
Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erſpread
That monumental pile; and as her head
To every front ſhe turn'd, diſcovered round
The venerable front of heroes dead;

* *Mould, ſhape, form.*

Who, for their various merit erſt renown'd,
In this bright fane of glory ſhrines of honour found.

On theſe that royal dame her raviſh'd eyes
Would often feaſt, and ever as ſhe ſpy'd
Forth from the ground the lengthening ſtructure riſe
With new-plac'd ſtatues deck'd on every ſide,
Her parent-breaſt would ſwell with generous pride.
And now with her in that ſequeſter'd plain,
The knight awhile conſtraining to abide,
She to the fairy youth with pleaſure fain
Thoſe ſculptur'd chiefs did ſhew, and their great lives explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

Written in Lord Weſtmoreland's hermitage.

Ne gay attire, ne marble-hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
Beſtow'd with pyes of perigord;
Ne power, ne ſuch like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes grant to Father Francis;
Let me ne more myſelf deceive;
Ne more regret the toys I leave;
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
Corruption's and ambition's train;
But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
'Gainſt them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
But ſuch aye welcome to my cell,
And oft, not always with me dwell;
Then caſt, ſweet ſaint, a circle round,
And bleſs from fools this holy ground;
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton old, and homely youth;
The gravely dull, and pertly gay;
Oh baniſh theſe, and, by my fay,
Right well I ween that in this age,
Mine houſe ſhall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

Beneath theſe moſs-grown roots, this ruſtic cell,
Truth, liberty, content, ſequeſter'd dwell;
Say, you who dare our hermitage diſdain,
What drawing-room can boaſt ſo fair a train?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

Sweet bird, that ſing'ſt on yonder ſpray,
Purſue unharm'd thy ſylvan lay;
While I beneath this breezy ſhade,
In peace repoſe my careleſs head;
And joining thy enraptur'd ſong,
Inſtruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmleſs breaſt
In ſolitude itſelf is bleſt.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE

BELONGING TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM, IN KENT.

(*An imitation of Auſonius*, "Ad Villam.")

Not wrapt in ſmoky London's ſulphurous clouds
And not far diſtant, ſtands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repoſe brings on the ſpleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleaſures cloy;
Swift as my changing wiſh, I change the ſcene;
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER; A DRAMATIC POEM.

——Lectos ex omnibus Oris
Evehis; & meritum, non quæ cunabula quæris,
Et qualis, non unde fatus: ſub teſte benigno
Vivitur; egregios invitant præmia mores, CLAUD.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD the Third, King of England, &c.
PHILIPPA, Queen of England, &c.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales.
JOHN, * King of France, &c.
SPIRITS, { Genius of England. / Bards. / Druids.
Heralds, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,

Windſor Park, with a Proſpect of the Caſtle.

Flouriſh of aërial muſic at a diſtance, after which the following verſes are ſung in the air by Spirits, *while the* Genius *of* England *deſcends.*

Firſt Spirit.

HITHER, all ye heav'nly pow'rs,
From your empyreal bow'rs;
From the fields for ever gay,
From the ſtar-pav'd milky way,
From the moon's relucent horn,
From the ſtar that wakes the morn;
From the bow, whoſe mingling dyes
Sweetly cheer the frowning ſkies;
From the ſilver cloud that fails
Shadowy o'er the darken'd vales;
From th' Elyſium's of the ſky,
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

Chorus of Spirits.

Fly, and through the limpid air
Guard in pomp the ſliding car,
Which to his terreſtrial throne
Wafts Britannia's genius down.

Second Spirit.

Hither, all ye heav'nly pow'rs!
From your empyreal bow'rs!
Chiefly ye, whoſe brows divine
Crown'd with ſtarry circlets ſhine;
Who in various labours try'd,
Once Britannia's ſtrength and pride,
Now in everlaſting reſt
Share the glories of the bleſt!
Peers and nobles of the ſky,
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

Chorus of Spirits.

Fly, and through the limpid air
Guard in pomp the ſliding car,
Which to his terreſtrial throne
Wafts Britannia's genius down.

* *The Order of the Garter was inſtituted on St. George's day, the 23d of April* 1350. *King John came into England in* 1357. *I have taken the advantage of the licence uſually allowed to poets, of departing a little from chronology; and having poſtponed for a few years the inſtitution of this order, for the ſake of rendering that ſolemnity more auguſt, by introducing King John of France, who, though a priſoner, was treated both by Edward and his ſon the Prince of Wales with all the regard due to the quality and virtue of ſo great a prince. To alleviate his captivity, Edward entertained him and the other French priſoners with diverſions of various kinds: among which a tournament he held at Windſor on the 23d of April, to ſolemnize the feaſt of St. George, the patron of the Order of the Garter, held the chief place; and was, as Rapin tells us, the moſt ſumptuous and magnificent that had ever been ſeen in England. The duke of Brabant, with ſeveral other ſovereign princes, and an infinite number of knights of all nations were preſent, and ſplendidly entertained.*

Third Spirit.

Hither too, ye tuneful throng,
Maſters of inchanting ſong,
Sacred bards! whoſe rapt'rous ſtrains
Sooth the toiling heroe's pains,
Sooth the patriot's gen'rous cares;
Sweetly through their raviſh'd ears
Whiſp'ring to th' immortal mind
Heav'nly viſions, hopes refin'd;
Hopes of endleſs peace and fame,
Safe from envy's blaſting flame,
Pure, ſincere, in thoſe abodes,
Where to throngs of liſt'ning gods,
Hymning bards, to virtues' praiſe,
Tune their never-dying lays.
Sweet encomiaſts of the ſky,
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

Chorus of Spirits.

Fly, and charm the limpid air,
While the ſoftly-ſliding car,
To his ſea-encircled throne
Wafts Britannia's genius down.

Chorus of Bards *deſcends, dreſs'd in long flowing ſky-colour'd robes ſpangled with ſtars, with garlands of oaken boughs upon their heads, and golden harps in their hands, made like the* Welch, *or old* Britiſh *harp. Before they appear, they ſing the chorus, and afterwards, as they deſcend, the following ſongs; at the laſt ſtanza of which, the chariot of the* Genius *appears, and deſcends gradually all the while that and the grand chorus is ſinging.*

Chorus of Bards.

Gentle ſpirit, we obey;
Thus along th' ethereal way,
We attend our monarch's car;
Thus we charm the ſilent air.

SONG.

Firſt Bard.

Ye ſouthern gales, that ever fly
In frolic April's vernal train,
Who, as ye ſkim along the ſky,
Dip your light pinions in the main,
Then ſhake them fraught with genial ſhow'rs,
O'er blooming Flora's primroſe bow'rs:

Now ceaſe a while your wanton ſport,
Now drive each threat'ning cloud away;
Then to the flow'ry vale reſort,
And hither all its ſweets convey;
And ever as ye dance along,
With ſofteſt murmurs aid our ſong.

SONG.

Second Bard.

But lo! fair Windſor's tow'rs appear,
And hills with ſpreading oaks imbrown'd!
Hark! hark! the voice of joy I hear,
Sung by a thouſand echoes round;
And now I view a glitt'ring train,
In triumph march o'er yonder plain.

Grand Chorus of Spirits and Bards.

Hail mighty nation! ever fam'd in war!
Lo! heav'n deſcends thy feſtivals to ſhare;
To view thoſe heroes, whoſe immortal pra
Celeſtial bards ſhall ſing in living lays.

At the concluſion of this chorus, the Genius *alights from his chariot, the front of which reſembling the head of a man of war, is adorned with a carved lion, holding before his breaſt the arms of* England, *as they were borne by* Edward. *Behind, on a raiſed ſeat, ſits the* Genius, *leaning upon an anchor of ſilver, and bearing in his right hand the* vindicta, *or wand of enfranchiſement, and in his left a roll of parchment, upon which is written, in large letters of gold,* MAGNA CHARTA. *On his head is a* corona roſtrata, *or naval crown; and his robe, of a ſea-green colour, is embroidered with* cornucopia's *and golden tridents.*

Genius.

Diſdain not, ye bleſt denizens of air,
To breathe this groſſer atmoſphere a while,
Your ſervice I ſhall need; mean time reſort
To yon imperial palace, and in air
Draw up your ſquadrons in a radiant orb,
Suſpended o'er thoſe lofty battlements,
Like the bright halo that inveſts the moon,
Or Saturn's lucid ring: thence ſhed benign
Your choiceſt influence on the noble train,
There on this ſolemn day aſſembled round
The throne of Britiſh Edward: I awhile
Muſt here await th' approach of other ſpirits,
Sage Druids, Britain's old philoſophers;
Fetch'd by my ſummons from the weſtern iſles,
That, ſcatter'd o'er the rough Hibernian flood,
Seem like huge fragments by the wild wave torn
From ſtormy Scotland, and the Cambrian ſhore.
There, from the world retir'd, in ſacred ſhades,
Chiefly where Breint and Meinai waſh'd the oaks
Of ancient Mona, their academies
And ſchools of ſage and moral diſcipline
They held; and to the neighb'ring Britons round,
From their rever'd tribunals, holy mounts,
Diſpens'd at once their oracles and laws.
'Till fierce Paulinus, and his Ron[illegible] bands,
Them and their gods defying, drove them thence
To ſeek for ſhelter in Hibernian ſhades.
Yet ſtill enamour'd of their ancient haunts,
Unſeen of mortal eyes, they hover round
Their ruin'd altars, conſecrated hills,
Once girt with ſpreading oaks, myſterious rows
Of rude enormous obeliſks, that riſe
Orb within orb, ſtupendous monuments
Of artleſs architecture, ſuch as now
Oft times amaze the wand'ring traveller,
By the pale moon diſcern'd on Sarum's plain.
But hence, aerial ſpirits: lo, they come!

Here the Spirits *and* Bards, *together with the chariot of the* Genius, *aſcend, and at the ſame time the* Druids *enter cloth'd in dark-colour'd coarſe ſtuff gowns which before hang no lower than the knee, but behind almoſt touch the ground. The ſleeves of theſe gowns reach down below the elbow, and from behind comes up a ſort of hood or coul, which hangs looſe about the head and fore-head. From the left ſhoulder hangs in a ſtring a kind of pouch, or ſcrip, and reſts on the right hip. In their right hands they hold a ſtaff, and in their left an oaken branch. Their beards are very large and long, reaching below their waiſts. Their legs are naked, and their feet ſhod with ſandals, which*

are fastened by thongs wound about the foot and the small of the leg *.

ENTER DRUIDS.

Chief Druid.

Inform us, happy ſpirit, protecting pow'r
Of this our ancient country, wherefore now
From our ſequeſter'd vallies, penſive groves
And dark receſſes, thou haſt ſummon'd us
To wait thy orders on this flow'ry hill?

Genius.

A great event, ſage Druids, that no leſs
Imports than this your ancient country's fame,
From contemplation, and your ſilent ſhades,
Calls you to meet me on this flow'ry hill.
Know, in yon caſtle, whoſe proud battlements
Sit like a regal crown upon the brow
Of this high-climbing lawn, doth Edward hold
This day his ſolemn ſeſſion, to receive
The pleas of all th' aſpiring candidates,
Who, ſummon'd by the † herald's public voice,
To Windſor, as to Fame's bright temple, haſte
From every ſhore; the noble, wiſe, and brave,
Knights, ſenators, and ſtateſmen, lords and kings;
Ambitious each to gain the ſplendid prize,
By Edward promis'd to tranſcendent worth.
For who of mortals is ſo great and high
In the career of virtue to contend?
Of theſe, ſelecting the moſt glorious names,
Doth England's monarch purpoſe to compoſe
A princely brotherhood, himſelf the chief,
And worthy ſovereign of th' illuſtrious band;
A band of heroes liſted in the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, and celeſtial truth,
Under the name and holy patronage
Of Cappadocian George, Britannia's ſaint.
Such is the plan by gen'rous Edward form'd;
A plan of glory, that beyond the reach
Of his own conqu'ring arms, ſhall propagate
The ſovereignty of Britain, and erect
Her monarchs into judges of mankind.
But from this day's deciſions, from the choice
Of his firſt colleagues, ſhall ſucceeding times
Of Edward judge, and on his fame pronounce.
For dignities and titles, when miſplac'd
Upon the vicious, the corrupt and vile,
Like princely virgins to low peaſants match'd,
Deſcend from their nobility, and ſoil'd
By baſe alliance, not their pride alone
And native ſplendor loſe, but ſhame retort
Ev'n on the ſacred throne, from whence they ſprung.
So may the luſtre of this order bright
This eldeſt child of chivalry be ſtain'd,
If at her firſt eſpouſals her great ſire,
Caught by the ſpecious outſides that deceive
And captivate the world, admit the ſuit
Of vain pretenders void of real worth;
Light empty bubbles, by the wanton gale
Of fortune ſwell'd, and only form'd to dance
And glitter in the ſun-ſhine of a court.
Begin we then with Edward; firſt let him
At his own high tribunal undergo
The rigid inquiſition——I for this
Have left my lucid ſtar-encircled throne:
For this, immortal ſages, have requir'd
Your wiſe and prudent miniſtry, well ſkill'd
In various ſcience and the human heart.
Search Edward's to the bottom: ſound the depths
And ſhallows of his ſoul; if he poſſeſs
That firſt of regal talents, to diſcern
With quick-ey'd penetration, through the veil
Of art, each character's intrinſic worth,
And all the labyrinths of the human mind.
Nor bluſh for this good end yourſelves to wear
Fallacious forms to plead the cauſe of falſe
But ſpecious merit: at his throne appear
In borrow'd ſhapes, and there with artful guile,
When the ſhrill trumpet cites the candidates,
Urge your pretenſions: all the pow'r employ
Of wit and eloquence: Edward, I truſt,
The trial ſhall abide; which ſhall but tend
To manifeſt, that not from arrogance,
But conſcious virtue, hath he thus aſſum'd
Above all other kings, to be the judge
And great rewarder of heroic deeds.
Nor wholly unaſſiſted will I leave
My royal charge, but with bleſt influence clear
His intellectual eye from the dim miſts
It happly hath contracted from a long
Unebbing current of felicity,
Unhop'd, unequall'd triumphs from the view
Of captive monarchs, and the glitt'ring throng,
Who at his ſummons from all climates come,
To take, as from their ſovereign, honours new.
When heav'n tries mortals in unuſual ways,
'Tis fit it ſhould afford unuſual aid.
Now, ſages, to yon ſpreading oaks retire,
There wait my ſummons; and meantime adviſe
How beſt to execute the taſk enjoin'd.

Ex. Gen. *and* Druids.

The SCENE *changes to a large room in the caſtle* (St. George's Hall) *at the upper end of which is a royal canopy with the figure of* St. George, *and the motto of the Garter,* HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE, *beneath it, embroider'd in gold. Under this canopy appears ſeated on an elevation of two or three ſteps, King* Edward, *in the habit of the Order of the Garter, with a ſceptre in his right hand, and a globe in his left. On his left hand is ſeated Queen* Philippa, *with a crown upon her head, and dreſs'd in a royal mantle of crimſon velvet, powder'd with embroider'd garters, and an enamel'd * garter bound like a bracelet upon her left arm. By her ſtand a great number of ladies very richly dreſs'd. On* Edward's *right hand is ſeated King* John, *in the imperial robes of* France; *and on the ſame ſide, but a ſtep lower, ſits* Edward *the Black Prince, in the robes belonging to the Prince of* Wales. *Next to Queen* Philippa *are ſeated the reſt of* Edward's *children; and next to the Black Prince, on*

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* *See a cut of the chief Druid in Rowland's Mona Antiqua reſtaurata, taken from a ſtatue, p.* 65.

† *Edward having communicated his intention of inſtituting the Order of the Garter to the great council of his realm, and having received their approbation, diſpatched his heralds to ſeveral parts of Europe, to invite all that were eminent for military virtue, &c. to be preſent at its inſtitution. And his queen Philippa, on her part, aſſembled a train of* 300 *of the faireſt ladies to grace the ſolemnity, and add to its magnificence.*

* *That ladies of the Knights of the Garter wore the enſign of the order upon their left arms, may be ſeen in Aſhmole's Hiſtory of the Garter.*

the other ſide, ſtand the French priſoners, and a great number of lords, &c. richly dreſſed.

On the floor, at ſome diſtance, ſtands Garter king at arms in the habit of his office, holding in his hand a garter, with the grand collar of the order. Near him ſtand other heralds, uſhers, attendants, &c.

Flouriſh of trumpets, kettle-drums, &c. After which, Edward, riſing up from his throne, addreſſes himſelf to the aſſembly.

Edward.

That hither from your diſtant reſidence,
By ſolemn invitation, noble gueſts,
I have entreated your illuſtrious train,
Miſconſtrue not to levity and pride,
Or oſtentatious vain magnificence,
Unworthy the grave majeſty of kings,
Unworthy your attention, my renown.
This bright aſſemblage of the wiſe, the brave,
The noble, the magnificent, the fair,
The ornaments of Europe, have I ſought
To grace the pomp of virtue, to adorn
With nobleſt off'rings her unſpotted ſhrine,
Attracting thus to her divine commands
The awful veneration of mankind,
This was the cauſe, great princes, this the call,
The voice of virtue, not of England's king,
That with reſpectful zeal ye heard and follow'd:
From Burgundy's rich vineyards, from the meads
Of Hainault and Brabant, the rocky wave
Of Danube, from Germania's warlike tow'rs,
Imperial mother of an hundred ſtates;
From Spain, long exercis'd by Mooriſh arms,
From Italy's fair princedoms, and the walls
Of ſea-waſh'd Venice, Adria's haughty ſpouſe.
With me then, all ye virtuous, by what ſtyle
Recorded in the regiſters of fame,
Knights, ſenators, or ſoldiers, ermin'd lords,
Or ſceptr'd princes; from whatever clime
Ye come, ennobled by heroic acts,
With me unite the ſplendor of your names
To dignify th' erection of a new
And noble order, which to heav'n's high praiſe,
And to heav'ns champion Cappadocian George,
On this his holy feſtival I mean
To found, a recompence for worthieſt deeds.
Thus as the orient ſun, ador'd of old
By proſtrate Perſia, ow'd his deity
Leſs to that genial and benignant heat
That cheriſhes and warms the ſeeds of life, [gold,
Than to thoſe gorgeous beams, that deck with
And crimſon the gay portals of the morn;
So ſhall this riſing order owe its fame
And brighteſt luſtre to the ſplendid train
Of lords and purpled princes, who are met
This day to uſher and adorn its birth.
Nor deem that to allure heroic minds,
My private int'reſts partially to ſerve,
To liſt the valiant in ambition's cauſe,
And form a league of conqueſt, I have laid
In ſubtle policy this great deſign:
* ASHAM'D BE HE WHO WITH MALIGNANT EYE
SO READS MY PURPOSE: and be he accurs'd
Whoe'er in after-times ſhall ſo pervert
This ſacred inſtitution. To the world
I here conſign it, to the good and great
Of every age and clime, and them alone.
Now ſound the trumpet; bid the candidates
With confidence appear, and urge their claims.

Flouriſh of trumpets, &c. which is anſwered by another trumpet from without; then enter a grandee of Spain, magnificently attir'd in the Spaniſh habit, holding in his hand the pedigree of his family, and preceded by heralds, &c. bearing atchievements, banners, coats of armour, helmets, gauntlets, ſpurs, &c.

Spaniard.

Illuſtrious monarch! emp'ror of the iſles!
My name is Guzman—from thoſe heroes ſprung,
Who with Pelagio 'mid th' Aſturian rocks
Againſt th' invaſion of unnumber'd Moors,
Maintain'd the fame and empire of the Goths,
And founded at Oviedo once again
The Spaniſh monarchy and cath'lic faith,

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* *Edward being engaged in a war with France, for the obtaining that crown, in order to draw into England great multitudes of foreigners, with whom he might negotiate, either for their perſonal ſervice, or aids of troops to aſſiſt him in that undertaking, ordered, during the truce that then ſubſiſted between the two crowns, publication to be made of a great tournament, to be held at Windſor; an expedient, ſays Rapin, which could not fail of ſucceſs, becauſe it was entirely agreeable to the taſte of that age. Accordingly, many perſons of diſtinction came over, to all of whom he gave an honourable reception, careſſing them in ſuch a manner that they could never ſufficiently admire his politeneſs, magnificence, and liberality. To render theſe entertainments the more ſolemn, and to free himſelf alſo from the ceremonies, to which the difference of rank and condition would have ſubjected him, he cauſed a circular hall of boards to be run up at Windſor, 200 feet diameter. There it was that he feaſted with the knights at one table, which was called the Round Table, in memory of the great Arthur, who, as it is pretended, inſtituted an order of knighthood by that name. Next year he cauſed a more ſolid building to be erected, that he might continue yearly the ſame diverſions. During that time he treated with theſe ſeveral lords about the aids wherewith each could furniſh him, in proportion to his forces. His rival king Philip could not ſee without jealouſy, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Flemings, and Frenchmen themſelves flock to England to aſſiſt at theſe tournaments. He ſuſpected ſome hidden deſign in theſe entertainments, and to break Edward's meaſures, cauſed the like to be publiſhed in his dominions; which meeting with ſucceſs, proved a countermine to Edward's main deſign, ſo that he did not long continue to keep up his round table. From thence, however, it is generally agreed, he took the firſt hint of inſtituting the Order of the Garter. But as his purpoſe in erecting this order was very different from that which had induced him to revive Arthur's round table, as he had in this no private views, no ambitious ſcheme of engaging ſuch as ſhould be admitted into this fraternity to aſſiſt him in his wars, he thought proper, in order to obviate the like jealouſies and ſuſpicion as had alarmed King Philip, to ſignify by his motto the purity of his intentions, and to retort ſhame upon all thoſe who ſhould put any malignant conſtruction upon his deſign in inſtituting this order. This therefore I take to be the true meaning and import of the famous motto,* HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE. *The not underſtanding the purport of which, gave riſe, in all probability, to that vulgar ſtory of the Counteſs of Saliſbury's garter, rejected by all the beſt writers.*

Tranſporting from the mountain's dreary womb
To glitt'ring temples her moſt holy altars.
Thence on the bordering Moor their valiant ſons
Waging inceſſant war, ere long regain'd
Their ancient realms of Leon, Arragon,
And rich Caſtalia: in which great exploits
My brave progenitors, by valour, zeal,
And loyalty diſtinguiſh'd, from their kings
Gain'd thoſe high honours, princely ſignories,
And proud prerogatives, which have extoll'd
The name of Guzman to ſuch envy'd grandeur,
That ſcarce above it tow'rs the regal throne.
  Theſe honours undiminiſh'd, undefil'd,
To me deliver'd down, might well content
A vulgar mind; but ſpirits highly born
Are full of gen'rous and aſpiring thoughts;
And uſe the vantage ground of rank and pow'r
But to aſcend ſtill higher. Thus I come
Thy Garter to ſolicit; pleas'd, great prince,
With thee to be enroll'd thy brother knight,
And fearing no repulſe. Nobility,
As neareſt in her orbit, firſt receives
The beams of majeſty; alone can bear
The fullneſs of that glory, which o'erpow'rs
Inferior natures. Virtue's ſelf would bluſh,
Did ſhe at once approach too near the throne,
But the young eagle borne amid the blaze
Of glancing lightnings, with undazzled eye
Soars to the courts of heav'n, and perches bold
On the bright ſcepere of imperial Jove.
  The greateſt king is he, who is the king
Of greateſt ſubjects. Seek'ſt thou to advance
The glory of thy order? To thyſelf
Aſſociate thoſe, whoſe high-exalted names
For ages paſt from envy's ſelves have forc'd
Habitual veneration, never paid
To new and upſtart merit. Such am I,
Whoſe pure and gen'rous blood deſcending down
From nobleſt fountains, in its courſe enrich'd
By glorious mixture with each royal ſtream
That fair Iberia boaſts, might ev'n pretend
To thy alliance, Edward. View this ſcroll,
The faithful blazon of my ancient line,
A line of potentates whoſe every ſon
Deſerv'd to wear the Garter I demand.
In me their repreſentative, the heir
Of all their honours, ſon of their renown;
Do thou reward their virtues: in their names
I claim, and on hereditary right,
The right of monarchs, Edward, reſt my plea.

Edward.

  The high deſert of thy renown'd forefathers
Well haſt thou ſhown; but haſt thou therefore
Thyſelf deſerving to be call'd their ſon? [prov'd
To thee their proſp'rous virtues have indeed
Tranſmitted lineal rank, and titles proud,
By them more hardly gain'd; for which thou ſtand'ſt
To cuſtom and th' indulgence of thy country
Indebted, Guzman, in a large account;
Which thou muſt firſt diſcharge by noble deeds,
Ere thou canſt ſtyle thoſe dignities thine own.
This if thou haſt not paid, why doſt thou ſeek,
Like thriftleſs prodigals, to ſwell the debt,
And overwhelm thyſelf with obligations?
  Virtue is honour, and the nobleſt titles
Are but the public ſtamps ſet on the ore
To aſcertain its value to mankind.
It were a kind of treaſon to my crown,
To mark baſe metal with the royal impreſs,
And put off lazy pride in virtue's name.
  Wouldſt thou attain my Garter? Seek it there
Where thy heroic anceſtors acquir'd
Their glorious honours, in th' embattl'd field
Among the ſquadrons of the warlike Moors:
Or in the council of thy king, by truth
And wiſdom equal to th' important truſt.
Be what thy fathers were, and then return
To aſk the pledge of merit from my hand,
And be the fit companion of a king. [*Exit* Spaniard.

Flouriſh of trumpets, &c. which, as before, is anſwered by another trumpet from without; then enter an uſurer and ſenator of Genoa *(at that time the bank of* Europe*) dreſſed in his ſenatorial gown of black velvet, profuſely, but awkwardly adorned with jewels, pearls, and diamond necklaces, pendents, bracelets, rings, ſuch as he may be ſuppoſed to have received as pawns, and to wear rather as marks of his great riches, than as ornaments of his dreſs. He is attended by a large train of people of every profeſſion, appearing to be his debtors, by their abject and timid countenances, at the head of whom, and next to the uſurer, marches a ſcrivener, bearing a large bundle of bonds, mortgages, &c.*

Genoeſe.

  From Genoa the opulent, the bank
And treaſury of the world, moſt puiſſant king,
Invited by thy heralds, am I come
To claim the honour by thy promiſe due,
Due by thy juſtice to ſuperior worth;
Due then to me, great Edward, who poſſeſs
That object of the toils, the cares, the vows
Of all mankind, that comprehenſive good,
Source of all pow'r and grandeur, boundleſs wealth.
  Behold yon glitt'ring train, whoſe ſumptuous pride,
Bright with the treaſures of each precious mine,
Inveſts with glory thy imperial throne:
Whence is their dignity? The ray auguſt,
That awes and dazzles the reſpectful crowd,
Proceeds it from nobility, from virtue,
Their wiſdom, or their valour, or their fame?
Comes it not rather from the beaming ore?
The diamond's ſtar-like radiance? Wealth, O king,
Wealth is the ſun that decks the gorgeous ſcene;
That cheriſhes, adorns, and calls to view
Theſe princely flowers of honour, virtue, fame,
Which in the ſhades of poverty were loſt.
  Whatever men deſire or venerate,
On wealth attends; ev'n empire's ſelf is bought.
Nor could the mighty Julius have attain'd
By wiſdom or by valour ſov'reign pow'r,
Had not the gold of vanquiſh'd Gaul ſubdu'd
The liberties of Rome. On wretched want,
Contempt and narrow-ſoul'd dependence wait.
Ev'n kings, of neceſſary wealth depriv'd,
In powerleſs indigence loſe all reſpect,
All homage from their ſubjects: while the rich,
Like gods ador'd, o'er every neck extend
Their potent ſceptres, and in golden chains
Fierce faction and rebellious freedom bind.
  The glory, ſtrength, importance of a realm,
Is meaſur'd by its riches: Venice thus,
Thus Genoa's petty ſtate out-balances,
In Europe's ſcale, the boundleſs wilds that clothe
With tributary furs the Ruſſian Czar,

With like pre-eminence exalted ſhines
In every land above the proudeſt names,
The bleſt poſſeſſor of all-worſhipp'd gold.
My birth or rank I boaſt not here, though born
A ſenator of Genoa. The deſert,
On which I found my claim, is all my own;
To have adorn'd and dignify'd the ſtate
Of my declining houſe with greater wealth
Than e'er my thriftleſs anceſtors poſſeſs'd;
Whoſe richeſt acquiſitions were but ſprigs
Of barren laurel, or the flaunting rags
Of ſome torn enſign, to their needy ſon
A worthleſs heritage. Yet not to ſwell
My narrow fortunes would my ſoul deſcend
To the baſe methods of ignoble trade,
And vulgar mercantile purſuit of gain.
Mine were the noble arts of raiſing gold
From gold, of nurſing and improving wealth
By gainful uſe; arts practis'd heretofore
By ſenators and ſages of old Rome,
Illuſtrious Craſſus, and wiſe Seneca.
Thus have I grac'd the ſplendour of my name
With ſuitable poſſeſſions; thus I hold
In firm ſubjection to my will the poor
Of every rank and order, ſoldier, prieſt,
The vent'rous merchant, and the ſumptuous lord,
Who in a lower vaſſalage to me,
Than to thy ſcepire, Edward, bow their heads,
Pledging their lands and liberties for gold.
Hence am I bold to ſtand before thy throne
A candidate for glory's higheſt prize:
And let me add, that policy alone
Should teach thy prudence to approve my claim;
Should teach thee in thy ſubjects to excite,
By honours on ſuperior wealth beſtow'd,
An uſeful emulation to be rich:
Which once inſpir'd, thy Albion ſhall become
The firſt of nations, thou the firſt of kings.

Edward.

Hadſt thou by op'ning to thy native land
The golden veins of commerce, by employing
The uſeful hands of induſtry in works
Of national advantage, by uniting
Remoteſt regions in the friendly bands
And honeſt intercourſe of mutual trade;
Hadſt thou by theſe humane and generous arts,
Which thy miſtaken pride ſo much diſdains,
Enrich'd at once thy country and thyſelf,
Then not unworthy hadſt thou been to wear
The brighteſt marks of honour; but thy wealth,
The baſe-born child of fordid uſury,
That foe to commerce, nurſe of idleneſs,
Stains and degrades thee from thy noble birth;
Nor in the uſurer can I diſcern
The ſenator of Genoa.——To enlarge
The mind with gen'rous ſentiments, to raiſe
Its aims by virtuous emulation, here
I ſit; but not to gild with honour's beams
That ſelfiſh paſſion which congeals the heart,
And ſtops the ſtreams of ſweet benevolence,
Mean avarice, the vice of narroweſt ſouls,
Incapable of glory.——Wealth, thou ſay'ſt,
Can buy ev'n empire, and to Julius gave
Dominion o'er his country.——Fatal gift,
And ruinous to both! But what to Rome,
What to that Cæſar's ſucceſſors avail'd
The boundleſs treaſures of the ravag'd world,
When they had loſt their virtue? Did not ſoon
The valiant ſons of poverty, the Goths,—
The Huns and Vandals, from their barren hills
And rugged woods deſcending, to their ſteel
Subject the Roman gold? Yet I deny not
The pow'r and uſe of riches; to the wiſe
And good, in public or in private life,
They are the means of virtue, and beſt ſerve
The nobleſt purpoſes; but in the uſe,
Not in the bare poſſeſſion, lies the merit.
Show me thy merit then, thy bounteous acts,
Public munificence, or private alms,
The hungry, and the naked, and the ſick,
Suſtain'd and cheriſh'd by thy ſaving hand;
Plead this, and I allow thy worthy claim,
For this is virtue, and deſerves reward. [*Ex.* Gen.

Flouriſh of trumpets, &c. which is anſwered by a ſymphony of flutes, violins, &c. playing a light amorous air; then appears a Neapolitan *courtier, a favourite of queen* Joan, *who then reign'd at* Naples, *and whoſe Court was the moſt debauched and diſſolute of that age. He comes in with a gay and affected geſture, and is dreſs'd in looſe ſilken robes, rich, but finical and effeminate; on his hair, which is curled and ſpread all over his ſhoulders down to the middle of his back, he wears a chaplet of roſes, and is attended by a train of beautiful boys, habited like Cupids, and muſicians, who, as he marches towards the throne, continue playing their ſoft and wanton airs.*

Neapolitan.

Not on my wealth, nor on my noble blood,
Shall I preſume to claim thy royal gift,
Auſpicious prince, but on the ſkill to give
That ſplendor to nobility and wealth,
That elegance of taſte, from which alone
Their value they derive; of this to judge,
This to direct, I boaſt, fit arbiter
Of all refin'd delights.—But chief to kings
My happy talents I devote; on them
My genius waits with duteous care, and waſts
The golden cup of pleaſure to their lips,
Like Ganymede before the throne of Jove.
And who indeed would wiſh to be a god
Only to thunder, and to hear the pray'rs
Of clam'rous ſuitors? 'Tis the nectar'd feaſt,
The dance of graces, and the wanton charms
Of Venus, ſporting with the ſmiles and loves,
That make the court of heav'n a bleſt abode.
Far happier were the meaneſt peaſant's lot,
Who ſleeps or ſings in careleſs eaſe beneath
The ſun-burnt hay-cock, or the flow'ry thorn,
Than to be plac'd on high in anxious pride,
The purple drudge and ſlave of tireſome ſtate,
If to ſuperior pow'r ſuperior means
Of joy were not annex'd, and larger ſcope
For every wiſh the laviſh heart can form:
If the ſoft hand of pleaſure did not wreathe
Around the royal diadem, whoſe weight
Oppreſſive loads the monarch's aching brow,
Her faireſt growth of ever-blooming flow'rs.
On thee, victorious prince, propitious fortune
Hath pour'd her richeſt gifts, renown and wealth,
And greatneſs equal to thy mighty mind;
One only bliſs is wanting to thy court,
Voluptuous elegance, the lovely child
Of eaſe and opulence; that never comes,
But like a bird of ſummer to attend
The brighteſt ſun-ſhine of a glorious ſtate.

To her, and her alone belongs the taſk,
By learned delicacy to remove
What yet remains in this thy ancient realm
Of Gothic barbariſm, the ruſt of war,
And valiant ignorance.——Her artful hand
Thy rugged Britons ſhall refine, and teach
More courtly manners to their ſovereign's will
Politely pliant; do but thou command
Thy willing ſervant, with thy favours grac'd,
From fair Joanna's ever-ſmiling court,
Under whoſe happy influence I was train'd,
From poliſh'd Naples, her delightful ſeat,
The blooming goddeſs to tranſport, with all
Her train of joys, and fix them here beneath
Thy great protection.—But perhaps thou fear'ſt
The voice of cenſure, and the grave reproof
Of moralizing dullneſs: idle fear!
The vulgar herd, indeed, religious craft
And policy of ſtate have well confin'd
With wiſe ſeverity to rigid laws:
Elſe would that headſtrong beaſt, the multitude,
Forget obedience, and its rider's voice
Diſdain. But ſhall the rider put a curb
In his own mouth? The laws that kings have made,
Shall they reſtrain the makers? Edward, no!
For thee indulgent juſtice ſhall relax
Her harſh decrees, and piety ſhall wait
To give her rev'rend ſanction to thy will.
'Tis thine to rove at large through nature's field,
Crop every flow'r, and taſte of every fruit;
By ſweet variety provoking ſtill
The languid appetite to new deſires.
Nor uſeleſs to thy pleaſures, happy prince,
Shall be my faithful ſervice; nicer joys,
Joys of a quicker, more exalted taſte,
Than ever ripen'd in this northern clime,
The growth of ſofter regions, ſhall my hand
By ſkilful culture in thy Britain raiſe.
To them, whoſe groſs and dull capacities
Are fit to bear the burthens of the ſtate,
The lab'ring mules, that through the mire of forms
Draw the ſlow car of government along,
Gladly the taſk of buſ'neſs I reſign.
Be mine the brighter province, to direct
Thy pleaſures, Edward, miniſter ſupreme
Of all thy ſofter hours: to ſerve the king
Be theirs the glory, let me ſerve the man.
But, ſhould thy ſterner genius, only pleas'd
With arms and royalty's important cares,
The duties of a king, my gentle arts
Too lightly prize, and thence reject my ſuit:
Permit at leaſt, that to Philippa's ear,
Divine Philippa, thine and beauty's queen,
And her attendant graces, I may plead
The cauſe of bliſs, a cauſe ſo much their own:
They will approve my claim, to whom the cares,
The labours of my life, my head, my heart
Are all devoted——Let me from their hands
Receive the Garter, and be call'd their knight.

Philippa.

Permit me, gracious Edward, to reply
To this irreverent flatt'rer, who preſumes
Before a matron and a queen to plead
The cauſe of vice, and impudently hopes
To find in her a ſautreſs of his ſuit.
But know, pernicious ſophiſter, my heart [rank
Hath learn'd from Edward's love, and this high
Which I partake with him, a noble pride,
That ill can brook the too familiar eye
And ſaucy tongue of riot and debauch;
In whoſe unmanner'd light ſociety,
Nor majeſty, nor virtue can maintain
That dignity which is their proper guard.
Thy vile refinements, and luxurious arts,
Miſcall'd politeneſs, I deteſt; and feel,
In the ſoft duties of a virtuous love,
Such pure, ſerene delight, as far tranſcends
What thou ſty'ſt pleaſure, the delirious joy
Of an intoxicated feveriſh brain.
Behold my royal lord, the firſt and beſt
Of kings, the love and wonder of mankind!
Behold my children, worthy their great ſire,
The gen'ral theme of praiſe and benediction;
Theſe are my pleaſures; can thy ſkill beſtow
Superior bliſs? Ah no, the vain attempt
Would only bring diſguſt, remorſe, and ſhame.

Edward.

That I have lov'd, Philippa, and eſteem'd thee
More for thy virtues than thoſe females charms,
Which this vile flatterer deems ſingly worth
His panegyric, be thy happineſs
And glory, as it is thy Edward's pride.
With the like ſpirit have I alſo woo'd
And wedded ſov'reign power: nor weakly caught
With outward pomp, or ſeeking to myſelf
A privilege to riot uncontroul'd
In ſenſual pleaſures, and behind the throne
To laugh ſecurely at reſtraint and law.
No: I embrac'd her as the child of heav'n,
Dowr'd with the ample means of doing good;
From whoſe eſpouſals I might hope to raiſe
An offspring, worth th' ambition of a king,
Immortal glory! to a gen'rous mind
As far ſurpaſſing all the wanton toys,
Which he calls pleaſure, as thy faithful love
(The ſweet o'erflowing of heart-felt delight)
Excels, Philippa, the laſcivious ſmile
Of common proſtitutes, careſs'd and loath'd.
Hence from my ſight with thy deteſted arts,
Baſe miniſter of luxury, the bane
Of every flouriſhing and happy ſtate:
Preſume no more within my court to ſing
Thy Syren-ſong, nor ſoften into ſlaves
And cowards my brave ſubjects.——I diſdain
That elegance, which ſuch as thou can teach.
Virtue alone is elegant, alone
Polite; vice muſt be ſordid and deform'd,
Though to adorn her every art contend.
And rather would I ſee my Britons roam
Untutor'd ſavages among the woods,
As once they did, in naked innocence,
Than poliſh'd like the vile degenerate race
Of modern Italy's corrupted ſons.

Exit Neap.

Trumpet ſounds, and is anſwered from without by another trumpet, which ſounds a march, accompanied by kettle-drums, and other warlike inſtruments: then enters, preceded by ſoldiers playing upon fifes, and others bearing tatter'd enſigns, ſtandards and trophies, a leader of mercenary bands, completely arm'd from head to foot, and carrying in his right hand a baton *or truncheon. On each ſide of him march his 'ſquires, one bearing his ſpear, the other his ſhield. Behind him, at ſome*

attendants, comes a train of officers and soldiers maimed, and their faces all seem'd with scars.

Soldier.

Nor riches, nor nobility of birth,
Nor the soft arts of base effem'nate ease,
Which justly thou rejectest, valiant prince,
But thy own darling attribute I boast,
Undaunted courage, try'd in many a field,
In every clime, and under every banner,
That for these forty summers have been wav'd
O'er Europe's plains, by Ister, Rhine and Po,
Hungarian and Bohemian, Flemish, French,
Venetian, Spanish, Guelph and Gibbeline:
Whence in just confidence secure I come
This military honour to demand,
Due to my toils and service, to my wounds,
My laurels, and that generous love of glory,
Which without any call, or public cause,
Or private animosity, alone [sword.
Rais'd my strong arm, and drew my dreadful
Wherever Mars his crimson flag display'd,
That was my country; thither swift I bore
My ready valour, and the dauntless band
Of various nations, under my command,
Prepar'd to sell their blood, their limbs, their lives.
Nor where the right, nor where the justest cause,
Deign'd we to ask——those intricate debates
We left to lazy penmen in the shade
Of coward ease; while our impetuous fire
Still bore us forward, ardent to pursue
Through danger's roughest paths the steps to fame.
On such a spirit should thy favour smile.
But let me wonder, Edward, that so long
Thy ear the vain pretensions could endure
Of men unknown to war, attendants meet
Of some luxurious Asiatic court,
Or female distaff-reign; but suiting ill
The presence of a monarch great in arms.
Hadst thou to those inglorious sons of peace
Thy martial order giv'n, the warrior-saint
Had blush'd to see his image so profan'd,
Which on my manly breast, indented o'er
With many a noble scar, will fitly shine.
But wherefore stand I thus harranguing here,
Unskilful as I am in smooth discourse,
The coward's argument? On force alone
I rest my title: let the glorious prize
Be hung on high amid the lifted field,
And let me there dispute it; there my lance
Shall plead my cause far better than my tongue,
If any dare deny my rightful claim.

Edward.

Not for the brave alone have I ordain'd
This institution, but for all desert,
All public virtue, wisdom, all that serves,
Improves, defends, or dignifies a state:
Though first indeed to valour, as the guard
Of all the rest, when in the public cause,
With justice and benevolence employ'd.
But thou, base mercenary, canst thou dare
The glorious name of valour to usurp,
Who know'st no public cause, no sense of right,
Nor pity, nor affection, nor remorse?
Who under any chief, in any quarrel,
Canst stain with gore thy prostituted arms?
Call it not love of glory; that is built
On acts for the deliv'rance of mankind;
On gen'rous principles, and noble scorn
Of sordid int'rest: call it cruel pride,
And savageness of nature, that delights
To conquer, and oppress, afflict, insult;
Or call it love of plunder, that can draw,
Unauthoris'd, uninjur'd, unprovok'd,
The sword of war; that bravo-like can lift
For hire the venal hand to perpetrate
Assassinations, murders, massacres.
But thou hast serv'd with courage; be it so.
Thou hast thy pay, and with it thy reward:
Pretend no farther, nor compare thy deeds,
Dishonour'd by the mean desire of gain,
With his, who for his country and his king
Resigns his ease, his fortune, or his life.
Those battles thou hast fought, those forty years
Of blood and horror, which thy vaunting tongue
So high hath sounded, are indeed thy crimes,
Flagitious crimes; for which th' impartial bar
Of reason would condemn thee, as the foe
Of human nature, did not custom screen
By her unjust esteem thy guilty head.
But hope not honour or employment here.
Unsafe and wretched is that monarch's state
Who weakly trusts to mercenary bands,
The guard or of his person, or his realm;
Unfaithful, insolent, rapacious, base
He soon shall prove them, and become himself
Their slave, to hold his kingdom at their will.
For this within my Britain have I sought
To raise a martial spirit, and ordain'd
These new incitements, honours, and rewards,
To virtuous chivalry, that never king
Who wears hereafter my imperial crown,
May need to stoop to the precarious aid
Of venal foreign swords; but in the hearts
Of his brave subjects find a stronger guard,
Prepar'd with zeal unbought, and English valour,
His rights to vindicate, and save their own.

Exit Soldier.

Trumpet sounds, to which another from without replies: Then enters an Italian *politician, habited like a* Venetian *nobleman, who advancing with a solemn and important air towards the throne, makes a low reverence to king* Edward, *and proceeds.*

Politician.

Well has thy sovereign wisdom, royal judge,
The suit refus'd of these pretenders vain,
And, by rejecting them, emboldened me.
For valour, and nobility, and wealth,
Though by their proud possessors, vaunted high,
Are but subordinate, the slaves and tools,
Not the companions, and the counsellors
Of godlike monarchy; whose awful throne
By darksome clouds envelop'd, far beyond
The ken of vulgar eyes, supported stands
On that deep-rooted prop, the craft of state,
Mysterious policy.——Who best hath learn'd
Her wily lessons, best deserves to share
The honours, counsels, and the hearts of kings.
By him instructed, ev'n the meanest prince
Shall rise to envy'd greatness, shall advance
His dreaded pow'r above restraint and fear,
And all the rules that in fantastic chains
Inferior minds confine. Thus Milan's dukes,
Thus Padua's lords above their country's laws.

Have rais'd their heads, and trampled to the duſt
The pride of freedom that eſſays in vain
Their high ſuperior genius to controul.
These were my maſters, mighty prince; beneath
Their rule, and in their councils was I form'd
To know the falſe corrupted heart of man,
His every weakneſs, every vice, and thence
To tempt or break his paſſions to the yoke;
To ſcorn the public as an empty name,
And on the helpleſs multitude impoſe
The adamantine bonds of fraud and force.
Thus was I train'd, thus fitted to conduct
The fate of proudeſt empires; thus I come
To claim thy Garter, Edward, the juſt meed
Of worth pre-eminent, and in return
My ſervices to offer, which no doubt
Thy wiſdom gladly will accept: for who
So fit to ſerve the majeſty of kings,
As he, who ſlighting every meaner tie,
Friends, parents, country, to advance their pow'r
Devotes his toil, experience, fortune, fame,
Nor other favour courts, nor refuge hopes
But in their high ptotection? Led by me,
Thou, royal Edward, ſhalt attain that height,
That glorious ſummit of imperial power,
Which not thy mighty anceſtors have reach'd;
Where in a freer air, a more enlarg'd
Horizon, bounded only by thy will,
Thou ſhalt exalted ſit, and view beneath,
In humbler diſtances and ſafer bounds,
Thoſe ſubjects, who preſumptuous now approach
Too near, and with rude hands profane thy throne.
Nor let weak ſcruples check thy manly ſoul
In the bright taſk of glory; know, great prince,
A king's divinity is ſov'reign pow'r,
The only god, before whoſe ſhrine the wiſe
Their incenſe offer; whence inſpir'd they draw
Divine ambition, and heroic ſcorn
Of vulgar prejudices, vulgar fears.
Virtue's the people's idol, and by them
Rewarded well with popular applauſe,
That idle breath, the gift and prize of fools.
'Tis thine to govern, not to court mankind,
Nor on their ſmiles precarious to depend,
But nobly force them to depend on thine.
O ſacred ſir, can virtue give thee this,
This bright ſupremacy? Truſt not her boaſts,
Her idle pageantry of barren praiſe:
Reject her ſaucy claims, importunate,
And ſelf-ſupported; nor admit her train,
Proud independency, and pubile zeal,
Thoſe factious demagogues, the foes of kings.

Edward.

Are virtue then, and love of public good,
The foes of monarchy? and are deceit,
Injuſtice and oppreſſion, qualities
Becoming and expedient in a king?
Then know I not to govern; but have nurs'd
For twice theſe fifteen years ev'n in my heart,
A pois'nous viper; nay unking'd myſelf,
By yielding to reſtrain my ſov'reign pow'r
With laws and charters of enfranchiſement,
Not due, it ſeems, from monarchs to their ſlaves.
But know, vile counſellor of infamy,
That I diſdain thy politics, thoſe falſe
And ſhallow politics, by which my ſire,
Weak judging Edward, was betray'd to ſhame
And foul deſtruction, while to ſuch as thee
His ear and heart incautious he reſign'd,
And was indeed their ſlave, not England's king.
By maxims different far have I ſuſtain'd
The ſtrength and ſplendor of my regal ſtate,
On the broad baſis of true wiſdom fix'd
With ſolid firmneſs. By encouraging
The gen'rous love of virtue and of fame,
That ſource of valour, pledge of victory.
By granting to my ſubjects, what indeed
Is their inherent right, ſecurity,
The cheerful father of content and peace,
Of induſtry and opulence, which fills
With ſmiling multitudes the land, and pays
In willing ſubſidies that prince's care,
Who lays up treaſure in his people's hearts,
By holding with a firm impartial hand
The ſteady ſcale of juſtice; not alone
Betwixt my ſubjects in their private rights,
But in the gen'ral, more important cauſe
Betwixt the crown and them, the diff'rent claims
Of freedom and of juſt prerogative;
Tranſgreſſing not myſelf my boundleſs pow'r,
Nor ſuff'ring others to tranſgreſs thoſe laws,
That in their golden chain together bind,
For common good, the whole united ſtate.
But more than all, by guarding from contempt,
Or impious violation, that ſupreme
Protectreſs of all government and law,
Religion; in whoſe train for ever wait
Obedience, order, juſtice, mercy, love,
A guard of angels plac'd around the throne.
Her ſacred counſels have I ſtill rever'd,
Her high commands enforc'd, her pow'r implor'd,
O'er all my ſubject nations to call down
From heav'nly wiſdom, her eternal ſire,
A fix'd ſecure felicity, beyond
The force of human prudence to attain.
These are my arts of government, thoſe arts
By which my Britiſh crown I have advanc'd
Above th' imperial diadem, above
The pride of Afric's, or of Aſia's thrones.
I would not tell thee this, but that thou ſeem'ſt
A ſtranger to my fame, as to my realm,
And to the real greatneſs of a king,
Whoſe ſacred dignity, by thee traduc'd,
Much it behoves a king to vindicate;
Not by rejecting only with diſdain
Thy arrogant pretenſions, but in thee
Diſhonouring and branding with reproach
Thy tenets alſo, the pernicious lore
Of tyrants and uſurpers, which thy tongue,
Blaſpheming juſtice, government, and law,
Hath in a land of freedom dar'd to vent.
Hence! from my kingdom with thy quickeſt ſpeed,
Leſt the revenge of an inſulted king
With ſudden ruin intercept thy flight.

Exit Politician.

King John.

Permit me, Edward, to thy royal voice
To add my ſuffrage alſo, and with thee
Proteſt againſt this coward policy,
That meanly ſkulks behind opprobrious fraud,
And low unprincely artifice; I feel
A virtue in my heart, a gen'rous pride,
That tells me kings were cloth'd with majeſty,
Encircled with authority, rever'd,
And almoſt deify'd, to teach them thence
That goodneſs and the ſaving attributes

Of heav'n become their office, juſtice chief,
And truth, the virtue of heroic minds,
Which were it baniſh'd from all other breaſts,
Should dwell for ever in the hearts of kings.

Aërial muſic, *upon which re-enter the five* Druids *who perſonated the* Grandee, *&c. in their original characters and habits of* Druids, *the chief of whom advancing towards the throne, addreſſes himſelf to king* Edward.

Chief Druid.

Behold in us, great king, the ancient prieſts
And judges of this land, the Druids old:
Who late in borrow'd characters have ſtood
Before thy ſage tribunal, to prefer
The claims of valour, wealth, nobility,
And thoſe ſoft ſpecious flatt'rers, who beneath
The roſy wreath of pleaſure and of love
Conceal the ſickly and diſguſtful brow
Of riot and debauch, and often win
From weak unmanly princes the rich prize
To virtue due and wiſdom, not to theſe
The cankers of a ſtate; but leaſt of all
Due to that traitor of his king and country,
Who lab'ring to build up the regal throne
Beyond its due proportion, and the ſtrength
Of thoſe foundations which the laws have laid,
O'erwhelms the people, and at once o'erturns
His royal maſter, places him at beſt
On an uneaſy tott'ring pinnacle,
The mark of execration and reproach.
  Theſe claims haſt thou rejected; like a king
Diſcerning in mankind, and knowing well
The value of his favours: like a king
Deſerving the high office of the judge
And arbiter of Europe: like a king
Equal to his great fame, and worth the care
Of thoſe immortal ſpirits, who this day
Have quitted their celeſtial reſidence,
To view and to approve thy glorious deeds.
  But, Edward, be not thou amaz'd to find
That thoſe who lately for thy favour ſu'd,
Were not the perſonages they aſſum'd.
O king! thou art beſet with counterfeits
The very oppoſite to us, who ſeem
Far better than they are. For flattery,
Cameleon-like, accommodates with care
To the court-hue his changeful countenance.
And when a prince is brave, magnanimous,
And high in ſpirit, then ambition wears
A face of dignity, and nothing breathes
But lofty enterpriſes, conqueſt, pow'r,
And ſchemes of glory to the ſov'reign ear,
Pretending love and care for his renown
With more than dutcous zeal.—Of theſe beware!
For as the Theban queen, in fables old,
Was, by the ſpecious guile of fraudful Jove,
In her Amphitryon's form to guilt betray'd,
So by theſe counterfeits are kings ſeduc'd,
Ev'n in the moſt belov'd ſuſpectleſs ſhapes,
To take a traitor to their royal arms.
But thou ſhalt know them, Edward, by their works.
And of this truth be moſt aſſur'd, that he,
Who in his private commerce with mankind
Is mean, diſhoneſt, intereſted, falſe,
Can ne'er be true to thee; nor can he love
His prince, who feels not for his country's good.
  Thus warn'd we leave thee, mighty prince: be firm,
Be conſtant in the paths of fair renown.
Think it thy duty to revere thyſelf
The ſacred laws of chivalry, the wiſe
Injunctions by thy order laid on all
The garter'd knights; ſo ſhall thy fame remain
The great example of all future kings.
Farewell! for lo! the genius of thy realm
With all his pomp attended, comes to ſhare,
And grace the glories of this ſignal day.
Theſe clouds of fragrance, that far-beaming blaze
Of heav'nly brightneſs, his approach declare.

Druids *vaniſh.*

Floſhes of light, and ſymphony of aërial muſic. Genius of England deſcends in his chariot attended by ſpirits and bards; then alighting, he advances towards the throne, and addreſſes himſelf to Edward.

Genius.

From the gay realms of cloudleſs day I come,
Where in the glitter of unnumber'd worlds,
That like to iſles of various magnitudes
Float in the ocean of unbounded ſpace;
On my inviſible aërial throne
I ſit, attended with a radiant band
Of ſpirits immortal, whoſe pure eſſences,
While clad in human ſhapes on earth they dwelt,
Through the dull clay of groſs mortality
Diſclos'd their heav'nly vigour, and burſt forth
In godlike virtues and heroic deeds,
Their Albion gracing with as fair a growth
Of fame, as e'er enrich'd imperial Rome.
Thence ripe for heav'n and immortality,
To me, the genius of this happy iſle,
They fly, and claim the meed of their deſert,
Celeſtial crowns, and ever-living praiſe
Recorded in the ſongs of heav'nly bards,
That round my throne their hymns of triumph ſing,
Attuning to the ſweet harmonious ſpheres,
Their undiſcording lyres and voice divine.
  Nor thus remov'd to heav'n, and thus employ'd
In careleſs raptures, wont they to forget
Their native country, and the public weal,
To which on earth their labours and their lives
They once devoted; but purſuing ſtill
The bent and habit of their ſouls, with me
They watch the Britiſh empire, ſtill intent
To check alternately th' encroaching waves
Of regal pow'r and popular liberty:
I, chief attentive near the royal throne,
Take up my watchful ſtation, to infuſe
My ſage and mod'rate counſels in thoſe ears,
Which wiſdom hath prepar'd and purify'd
To reliſh honeſt, though unpleaſing truth.
  Thus am I always, though inviſible,
Attendant, Edward, on thy glorious deeds.
But on this ſolemn day have I vouchſaf'd
To manifeſt my preſence; to declare,
Not in thoſe whiſpers which have often ſpoke
Peace to thy conſcious heart, but audibly
And evident to all, th' aſſent of heav'n
To the great buſineſs which hath gather'd here
This troop of princes from all nations round.
Hence all may know that virtue hath a train
More bright than earthly empire can command:
Know, that thoſe actions which are great and good,
Receive a nobler ſanction from the free
And univerſal voice of all mankind,
Which is the voice of heav'n, than from the higheſt,
The moſt illuſtrious act of regal pow'r.
  This nobler ſanction, Edward, in the name

Not of this age alone, but lateſt time,
Here do I ſolemnly annex to each
Of thy great acts, but chief to this moſt wiſe,
Moſt virtuous inſtitution, which extends
Wide as thy fame, beyond thy empire's bound,
A prize of virtue publiſh'd to mankind.
Ye regiſters of heav'n, record the deed.

Bards.

Now tune, ye bards, the Britiſh lyre;
Now wake the vocal ſtring; [ſpire,
While heav'n and earth in Edward's praiſe con-
Join to the gen'ral voice your ſacred choir,
And on your ſoaring wing,
From time and envy waft his glorious name,
And place it in the ſhrine of incorruptive fame.
Begin: the liſt'ning echoes round
Shall catch with joy the long-forgotten ſound,
And warbling through each grove the Britiſh
ſtrain [reign.
To Windſor's ſmiling nymphs, recal their Arthur's

Ye nymphs of Windſor's bow'ry woods,
Ye pow'rs who haunt yon gliſt'ning floods,
That with reluctant fond delay
Around yon flow'ry valley ſtray;
Say, from your minds hath time eras'd
The pleaſing images of glory paſs'd?

Review ye now thoſe ſcenes no more?
When nobly ſtain'd with Saxon gore,
From Badon's long-contended plain
Great Arthur with his martial train
To Windſor's choſen ſhades repair'd,
And with his knights the feſtive banquet ſhar'd.

Then firſt exulting Thames beheld
The triumphs of the liſted field;
Beheld along his level meads
Careering knights, encount'ring ſteeds,
Heroic games, whoſe toils inſpire
The thirſt of praiſe, and kindle martial fire.

Fair peace in war's bright mail array'd,
With ſmiles the glorious liſts ſurvey'd;
So ſhould the brave (ſhe cry'd) prepare
Their hearts and ſinewy arms for war:
Such combats break not my repoſe,
Such ſons beſt guard my rights from daring foes.

Then too in feaſtful hall or bow'r,
Attendant on the genial hour,
The Britiſh harp ſweet lyriſt ſtrung,
And Albion's generous victors ſung:
While valiant Arthur's copious fame
Inceſſant fed the bright poetic flame.

But mortals erring in exceſs,
O'erwhelm the virtue they careſs.
Thus Arthur his great ſtory mourn'd,
By too fond praiſe to fable turn'd:
Mourn'd the companions of his toils,
Mock'd with falſe glory and fantaſtic ſpoils.

'Till through the dark romantic tale,
Through ſuperſtition's magic veil,
Sage Edward piercing view'd, and own'd
The chief with genuine luſtre crown'd:
View'd the great model, and reſtor'd
The long-loſt honours of his martial board.

Hail Britiſh prince! theſe faithful lays,
Eternal records of heroic worth,
Shall reaſſert thy ancient praiſe,
And from the cloud of fiction call thee forth,
In glory's ſphere thy orbit to reclaim, [fame.
And at great Edward's beam relume thy darken'd

But ſee in heav'nly panoply array'd, [gold,
Whoſe ſtreaming radiants ſkirts the clouds with
I view Pendragon burſt the veiling ſhade,
And all his blazing magnitude unfold!
O'er yon broad tow'r he takes his airy ſtand,
And pointing, Edward, towards the royal throne,
To his fam'd knights around, a laurell'd band,
Shows on thy knee the bright ſky-tinctur'd zone.

Virtue, he cries, (th' ethereal ſound
Thy groſs material organ cannot hear)
Virtue on earth by Britiſh Edward crown'd.
Her rev'rend throne once more ſhall rear.

To her own ſelf-applauding breaſt
Forc'd for reward no longer to retreat,
She ſees her awful charms by kings careſs'd,
Sees honour woo her for his mate.

Honour, her heav'n-elected ſpouſe,
From her embrace by lawleſs pow'r withheld,
Now at yon altar plights his holy vows,
Vows by aſſenting Edward ſeal'd.

And now the fair angelic bride
Gath'ring her noble train from every land,
To her late wedded lord with decent pride
Preſents the venerable band.

The great proceſſion Edward leads;
I ſee yon hallow'd dome with heroes throng'd:
Inceſſant ſtill the white-plum'd pomp proceeds,
Through time's eternal courſe prolong'd.

And you, dear partners of my fame,
Your ancient honours now again ſhall boaſt;
This noble order ſhall retrieve our name.
In viſionary fables loſt.

This from our martial board deriv'd,
Theſe for our brethren let us proudly own,
More pleas'd to view our deeds by thee reviv'd,
Than griev'd, great king, to be outdone.

Chorus.

Hail Britiſh prince! theſe faithful lays
Shall reaſſert thy ancient praiſe.
Nor thee, O Windſor, ſhall I paſs unſung,
Manſions of princes, and fit haunt of gods,
Who frequent ſhall deſert their bright abodes,
To view thy ſacred walls with trophies hung:
Thy walls by Britiſh Arthur firſt renown'd,
The early ſeat of chivalry and fame;
By Edward now with deathleſs honours crown'd,
Illuſtrious by his birth, his Garter, and his name.

Genius.

Conferring juſt rewards, moſt worthy prince,
Is the firſt attribute of ſov'reign pow'r,
And that which beſt diſtinguiſhes a king:
For puniſhment, and all the nice awards
Of civil juſtice, by the laws are fix'd,
And kings but execute what they decree.
While in rewarding merit, uncontroul'd,
Unguided, unaſſiſted is the hand
Of majeſty; the prince himſelf alone
There judges, and his wiſdom is the law.
Well does thy court, great king, with every worth,
And every virtue fill'd, this wiſdom ſhow

In thee tranſcendent: well haſt thou approv'd
Its force in this great trial, which my pow'r
Commanded, in no common ways to prove
Thy royal mind.—But that a father's name
May not reſtrain thy juſtice in the choice
Of the firſt knights-companions of St. George,
Myſelf here take upon me to preſent
A candidate, whom, were not he thy ſon,
Thou wouldſt thyſelf ſelect from all mankind.
His modeſty compels me to declare
That candidate is Edward, prince of Wales.

Prince Edward.

Inhabitant of heav'n! I not preſume
To deprecate or queſtion that high will,
To which it beſt becomes me to ſubmit.
But, gentle ſpirit, be propitious to me;
And thou, my gracious liege, if I requeſt
That this illuſtrious monarch, whoſe deſert
Is equal to the grandeur of his crown,
May ſtand before me in this liſt of fame.

King John.

O generous youth! in vain thy goodneſs ſtrives
To raiſe thy captive thus above his fortune,
The king that is not free, is not a king;
Nor can thy bounteous favour reconcile
Honour and bondage.——To thy conqu'ring ſon
Do thou, great Edward, give this noble mark
Of proſp'rous virtue; ill becomes it me,
To wear at once thy Garter and thy chains.
Though, by my former dignity I ſwear,
That were I reinſtated in my throne,
The throne of Capet and of Charlemagne,
Thus to be join'd in fellowſhip with thee,
Would be the firſt ambition of my ſoul;
A ray of glory I would ſue to gain,
And prize it equal with my diadem.

Genius.

Wiſely thou haſt determin'd, worthy prince,
For thine and Edward's honour, and haſt fix'd
Its proper value on his royal gift,
Which as the meed of merit, may become
The proudeſt monarchs, by this Garter mark'd
For ſomething more than monarchs, virtuous men.
This be the glory of thy order, Edward.
And * never ſhall it want the greateſt names
Of all ſucceeding times to grace its annals.
France, Sweden, Poland, Germany, and Spain,
Each realm of Europe's wide-extended bounds,
Shall count among thy knights its mightieſt lords,
And ſee, in emulation of thy fame,
New royal founders of like orders riſe:
Proceed then, mighty king, and ſet the world
The precedent of glory; thou begin
The radiant liſt of ſov'reigns, while thy ſon,
Like a young bride, that on her nuptial morn
Leads on with modeſt pride the virgin-choir,
Herſelf the brighteſt, heads the ſhining band
Of knights-companions, nobly ſeconding
His father's glorious deeds with equal fame.

Edward.

The teſtimony of heav'n to thee, my ſon,
Thus glorioufly accorded, renders vain
All farther trial.——To my people's voice,
By this their tutelary pow'r declar'd,
With pleaſure I conſent, directing ſtill
By theirs my choice, my judgment, my deſires.
Approach then, my belov'd, my noble ſon,
Strength of my crown, and honour of my realm;
In whom my heart more joys, and glories more,
Than in the higheſt pride of ſov'reign pow'r.
* Thus I admit thee, Edward prince of Wales,
Firſt founder of the order of St. George;
In evidence whereof, about thy knee
I bind this myſtic Garter; to denote
The bond of honour that together ties
The brethren of St. George in friendly league,
United to maintain the cauſe of truth
And juſtice only——† "May propitious heav'n
"Grant thou may'ſt henceforth wear it to his praiſe,
"The exaltation of this noble order,
"And thy own glory."——With like reverence,
My ſon, receive and wear this golden chain,
"Grac'd with the image of B[illegible]annia's ſaint,
"Heav'n's valiant ſoldier, Cappadocian George;
"In imitation of whoſe glorious deeds,
"May'ſt thou triumphant in each ſtate of life,
"Or proſperous or adverſe, ſtill ſubdue
"Thy ſpiritual and carnal enemies;
"That not on earth alone thou may'ſt obtain
"The guerdon of thy valour, endleſs praiſe,
"But with the virtuous and the brave above,
"In ſolemn triumph, wear celeſtial palms,
"To crown thy final nobleſt victory."

Embraces Pr. Edw.

Prince Edward.

Accept, my ſovereign liege, my grateful thanks,
That thou haſt thus vouchſaf'd to place thy ſon
Firſt next thyſelf upon the roll of fame,
As he indeed is firſt in filial love,
And emulation of thy royal virtues.
And may thy benediction, gracious lord,
May thy paternal vows be heard in heav'n!
That he, whom thou haſt liſted in the cauſe
Of truth and virtue, never may forget
His vow'd engagements, nor defraud thy hopes,
By ſoiling with diſhonourable deeds
The luſtre of that order, which thy name
Should teach him to reſpect and to adorn.

O D E.

STROPHE I. BARDS.

Celeſtial maid!
Bright ſpark of that ethereal flame,
Whoſe vivid ſpirit through all nature ſpread,
Suſtains and actuates this boundleſs frame!
O by whatever ſtyle to mortals known,
Virtue, benevolence, or public zeal,
Divine aſſeſſor of the regal throne,
Divine protectreſs of the commonweal,

---

* *Beſides the great perſons of our own nation, that have been admitted of this order, the Engliſh reader may be glad to be informed, that in the annals of the Garter are found the names of Charles V. emperor of Germany; of Francis I. and Henry IV. kings of France; and of Guſtavus Adolphus king of Sweden.*

* *The Prince of Wales advances to his father, and kneels; while the king, taking the Garter from the herald, buckles it round his left leg.*

† *The ſenſe, and almoſt the words in the verſes of this ſpeech, mark'd thus " are taken from the admonition read to the knights, at the time of their receiving the garter and the ribbon or collar of the order. Vide Aſhmole's hiſtory of the order of the Garter.*

O in our hearts thy energy infuſe!
Be thou our muſe,
Celeſtial maid,
And, as of old, impart thy heav'nly aid
To thoſe, who warm'd by thy benignant fire,
To public merit and their country's good
Devoted ever their recording lyre,
Wont along Deva's ſacred flood,
Or, beneath Mona's oak retir'd,
To warble forth their patriot lays,
And nouriſh with immortal praiſe
The bright heroic flames by thee inſpir'd.

ANTISTROPHE I.

I feel, I feel
Thy ſoul-invigorating heat;
My bounding veins diſtend with fervant zeal,
And to Britannia's fame reſponſive beat.——
Hail Albion, native country! but how chang'd
Thy once grim aſpect, how adorn'd and gay
Thy howling foreſts! where together rang'd
The naked hunter and his ſavage prey:
Where amid black inhoſpitable woods
The ſedge-grown floods
All cheerleſs ſtray'd.
Nor in their lonely wand'ring courſe ſurvey'd,
Or tow'r, or caſtle, heav'n-aſcending fane,
Or lowly village, reſidence of peace
And joyous induſtry, or furrow'd plain,
Or lowing herd, or ſilver fleece
That whitens now each verdant vale;
While laden with their precious ſtore
For trading barks to every ſhore,
Swift heralds of Britannia's glory, ſail.

EPODE I.

Theſe are thy ſhining works: this ſmiling face
Of beauteous nature thus in regal ſtate,
Deck'd by each handmaid art, each poliſh'd grace,
That on fair liberty and order wait.
This pomp, theſe riches, this repoſe,
To thee imperial Britain owes.
To thee, great ſubſtitute of heav'n,
To whom the charge of earthly realms was giv'n;
Their ſocial ſyſtems by wiſe nature's plan
To form and rule by her eternal laws;
To teach the ſelfiſh ſoul of wayward man
To ſeek the public good, and aid the common cauſe.
So didſt thou move the mighty heart
Of Alfred, founder of the Britiſh ſtate:
So to Matilda's ſcepter'd ſon,
To him whoſe virtue and renown
Firſt made the name of Edward great,
Thy ample ſpirit ſo didſt thou impart:
Protecting thus in every age,
From greedy power and factious rage,
The law of freedom, which to Britain's ſhore
From Saxon Elva's many-headed flood,
The valiant ſons of Odin with them bore,
Their national, ador'd, inſeparable good.

STROPHE II.

* On yonder plain,
Along whoſe willow-fringed ſide
The ſilver-footed Naiads, ſportive train,
Down the ſmooth Thames amid the cygnets glide,
I ſaw, when at thy reconciling word,
Injuſtice, anarchy, inteſtine jar,
Deſpotic inſolence, the waſting ſword,
And all the brazen throats of civil war,
Were huſh'd in peace; from his imperious throne
Hurl'd furious down,
Abaſh'd, diſmay'd,
Like a chas'd lion to the ſavage ſhade
Of his own foreſts, fell oppreſſion fled,
With vengeance brooding inhis ſullen breaſt.
Then juſtice fearleſs rear'd her decent head,
Heal'd every grief, each wrong redreſs'd;
While round her valiant ſquadrons ſtood,
And bade her awful tongue demand,
From vanquiſh'd John's reluctant hand,
The deed of freedom purchas'd with their blood.

ANTISTROPHE II.

O vain ſurmiſe!
To deem the grandeur of a crown
Conſiſts in lawleſs pow'r! to deem them wiſe
Who change ſecurity and fair renown,
For deteſtation, ſhame, diſtruſt, and fear!
Who, ſhut for ever from the bliſsful bow'rs
With horror and remorſe at diſtance hear
The muſic that inchants th' immortal pow'rs,
The heavenly muſic of well-purchas'd praiſe,
Seraphic lays
The ſweet reward
On heroes, patriots, righteous kings conferr'd.
For ſuch alone the heav'n-taught poets ſing.
Tune ye for Edward, then, the mortal ſtrain,
His name ſhall well become your golden ſtring,
Begirt with this ethereal train,
Seems he not rank'd among the gods?
Then let him reap the glorious meed
Due to each great heroic deed,
And taſte the pleaſures of the bleſt abodes.

EPODE II.

Hail, happy prince! on whom kind fate beſtows
Sublimer joys, and glory brighter far [grows
Than Creſſy's palm, and every wreath that
In all the blood-ſtain'd field of proſp'rous war;
Joys that might charm an heavenly breaſt,
To make dependent millions bleſt,
A dying nation to reſtore,
And ſave fall'n liberty with kingly pow'r;
To quench the torch of diſcord and debate,
Relume the languid ſpark of public zeal,
Repair the breaches of a ſhatter'd ſtate,
And glorioufly complete the plan of England's weal:
Complete the noble Gothic pile,
That on the rock of juſtice rear'd ſhall ſtand,
In ſymmetry, and ſtrength, and fame,
A rival of that boaſted frame
Which virtue rais'd on Tiber's ſtrand.
This, Edward, guardian, father of our iſle,
This godlike taſk, to few aſſign'd,
Exalts thee above human-kind,
And from the realms of everlaſting day
Calls down celeſtial bards thy praiſe to ſing;
Calls this bright troop of ſpirits to ſurvey
Thee, the great miracle of earth, a Patriot-King.

Genius.

Now reaſcend your ſkies, immortal ſpirits!
Th' important act, that drew you down to earth
Is finiſh'd. Spare we now their mortal ſenſe,
That cannot long endure th' unſhrouded beam
Of higher natures. Well hath Edward laid,
Under your happy auſpices, the baſe
Of his great order: let him undiſturb'd,

* *Runnymead near Stains, where the Grand Charter was ſigned by king John.*

But not unaided by the heav'nly powers,
Complete th' illuſtrious work, which future kings,
Struck with the beauty of the noble plan,
Shall emulouſly labour to maintain.
And may thy ſpirit, Edward, be their guide!
In every breaſt infuſe thy virtuous flame,
And teach them to reſpect their country's fame.

Genius *and* Spirits *reaſcend to a loud ſymphony of muſic.*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Containing

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,
ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL,
EPISTLE TO SIR THOMAS HANMER,
DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Sweet Bard! belov'd by every Muſe in vain,
With powers whoſe fineneſs wrought their own decay:
Ah! wherefore, thoughtleſs, didſt thou yield the rein
To fancy's will, and chaſe her meteor ray:
Ah! why forgot thy own Hyblæan ſtrain!
" Peace rules the breaſt, where reaſon rules the day."

LANGHORNE'S VISIONS OF FANCY.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chicheſter in Suſſex, on the 25th of December, 1721. His father was a hatter, of good reputation, and an Alderman of that city.

He received his early education in his native place. In 1733, he was admitted a ſcholar of Wincheſter College, where he continued ſeven years, under the care of Dr. Burton, and had for his ſchoolfellow, Dr. Warton, the preſent reſpectable maſter of that ſeminary. He was diſtinguiſhed for his proficiency in claſſical learning, and his turn for elegant compoſition; but it was obſerved, that his Engliſh exerciſes were better than his Latin. His firſt poetical production, was the following epigram *To Miſs Aurelia C——r, on her weeping at her Siſter's Wedding*, publiſhed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," a repoſitory in which ſeveral eminent men have begun their literary career.

Ceaſe, fair Aurelia, ceaſe to mourn,
Lament not Hannah's happy ſtate;
You may be happy in your turn,
And ſeize the treaſure you regret.

With love united, Hymen ſtands,
And ſoftly whiſpers to your charms,
"Meet but your lover in my bands,
"You'll find your ſiſter in his arms."

In 1740, he ſtood firſt in the liſt of the ſcholars to be received in ſucceſſion at New College, Oxford; but unhappily there was no vacancy. This appears to have been the original misfortune of his life. In the hope that a vacancy might ſoon happen, he became a Commoner of Queen's College, probably with a ſcanty maintenance. During his reſidence at Queen's, he was at once diſtinguiſhed for genius and indolence; his exerciſes, when he could be prevailed upon to write, bearing the viſible characteriſtics of both. No vacancy happening in New College, he was recommended by his tutor to the ſociety of Magdalen, where he was choſen a Demy, in July 1741. The uncommon abilities and learning which he diſplayed upon this occaſion principally contributed to his election.

He continued at Magdalen College till he had taken his Bachelor's degree; and poetry being his principal purſuit, he wrote, about this time, his *Epiſtle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakſpeare's Works*, and his *Oriental Eclogues*, which were publiſhed in 1742, under the title of *Perſian Eclogues*. Notwithſtanding their merit, they were not attended with any great ſucceſs.

During his reſidence at Magdalen College, it happened one afternoon, at a tea viſit, when ſeveral intelligent friends were aſſembled at his rooms, Hampton, the tranſlator of "Polybius," as remarkable at that time for his haughtineſs as for his learning, came in, and being determined to quarrel, kicked the tea-table and all its contents to the other ſide of the room. Collins, though of a warm temper, was ſo confounded at the unexpected downfal, and ſo aſtoniſhed at the unmerited inſult, that he took no notice of the aggreſſor; but, getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the ſlices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly,

Invenias etiam diſjecta membra poetæ.

As he brought with him to the univerſity a high opinion of his ſchool acquiſitions, and a ſovereign contempt for all academic ſtudies and diſcipline, he never looked with any complacency on his ſituation, but was always complaining of the dulneſs of a college life.

Weary of the confinement and uniformity of an academical life, and fondly imagining that his ſuperior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, and make his fortune, in 1744, he ſuddenly left the univerſity, and came to London, a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. To acquaint himſelf with life, he commenced a man of

the town, became an aſſiduous frequenter of the theatres, and ſpent his time in all the diſſipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other places of public reſort. In this pleaſurable way of life, he was ſoon overtaken by poverty, from which he endeavoured to eſcape, by planning ſchemes for elaborate publications. He deſigned a variety of works; but his great fault was irreſolution; or the frequent calls of neceſſity broke his ſchemes, and ſuffered him to purſue no ſettled purpoſe.

" A man doubtful of his dinner," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " or trembling at a creditor, is not much diſpoſed to abſtracted meditation, or remote inquiries. He publiſhed propoſals for a *Hiſtory of the Revival of Learning*. I have heard him ſpeak with great kindneſs of Leo X., and with keen reſentment of his taſteleſs ſucceſſor. But probably not a page of the hiſtory was ever written. He planned ſeveral tragedies; but he only planned them."

He was not, however, wholly idle; for, in 1746, he publiſhed his *Odes, Deſcriptive and Allegorical*, the ſucceſs of which was even inferior to that of the *Oriental Eclogues*.

Millar the bookſeller purchaſed the copy at a very handſome price (for thoſe times); but the ſale was not ſufficient to pay the expence of printing. Juſtly offended at the bad taſte of the public, as ſoon as it was in his power to do juſtice to his own delicacy, he returned Millar the copy-money, indemnified him for the loſs he had ſuſtained, and conſigned the remainder of the impreſſion to the flames.

It is not ſurpriſing that his *Odes* were not popular at their firſt appearance. Allegorical and abſtract poetry was above the taſte of the times, and will ever be above the taſte of the bulk of readers. It is in the lower walks, " the plain and practical paths of the muſes only," ſays his biographer and commentator, Langhorne, " that the generality of men can be entertained. The higher efforts of imagination are above their capacity."

About this time Dr. Johnſon fell into his company. " His appearance," ſays he, " was decent and manly, his knowledge conſiderable, his views extenſive, his converſation elegant. By degrees I gained his confidence, and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff that was prowling in the ſtreet. On this occaſion, recourſe was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a tranſlation of " Ariſtotle's Poetics," which he engaged to write, with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to eſcape into the country. He ſhowed me the guineas ſafe in his hand."

In 1748, he wrote an *Ode on the Death of Thomſon*, and, about the ſame time, the beautiful *Dirge* in Shakſpeare's " Cymbeline."

In 1749, he wrote *An Ode on the Popular Superſtition of the Highlands, conſidered as the ſubject of Poetry*, addreſſed to Mr. John Home, the author of " Douglas," which, Dr. Johnſon ſays, he ſhowed, in his laſt illneſs, to Dr. Warton and his brother, who thought it ſuperior to his other works; but no ſearch has yet found the manuſcript.

It happened, however, that Dr. Carlyle, miniſter of Invereſk, had the firſt rude draught of the *Ode*, in the hand-writing of Collins, but in a mutilated form, which he communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, who inſerted it in the firſt volume of their " Tranſactions," 1788.

" 'The manuſcript," ſays Dr. Carlyle, in his letter to Alexander Fraſer Tytler, Eſq. which accompanies the communication, " fell into my hands, among the papers of a friend of mine and Mr. John Home's, who died as long ago as the year 1754. Soon after, I found the poem; I ſhowed it to Mr. Home, who told me that it had been addreſſed to him, by Mr. Collins, on his leaving London in the year 1749; that it was haſtily compoſed, and incorrect; but that he would one day find leiſure to look it over with care. Mr. Collins and Mr. Home had been made acquainted by Mr. John Barrow (the *cordial youth* mentioned in the firſt ſtanza), who had been for ſome time at the Univerſity of Edinburgh; had been a volunteer along with Mr. Home in the year 1746; had been taken priſoner with him at the battle of Falkirk; and had eſcaped together with him and five or ſix other gentlemen from the caſtle of Down. Mr. Barrow reſided, in 1749, at Wincheſter, where Mr. Collins and Mr. Home were, for a week or two, together on a viſit. Mr. Barrow was pay-maſter in America, in the war that commenced in 1756; and died in that country."

" I thought no more of the poem till a few years ago; when, on reading Dr. Johnſon's life of Collins, I conjectured that it might be the very copy of verſes which he mentions, which he ſays was much praiſed by ſome of his friends, and for the loſs of which he expreſſes regret. I ſought,

for it among my papers; and perceiving that a ſtanza and a half were wanting, I made the moſt diligent ſearch I could for them, but in vain. Whether or not this great chaſm was in the poem when it came into my hands, is more than I can remember at this diſtance of time."

To give a continued context, Mr. Fraſer Tytler prevailed on Mr. Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," to ſupply the fifth ſtanza and half of the ſixth. In a few places, ſome words, either omitted or grown illegible, were added by Dr. Carlyle, and marked with inverted commas.

It is to be regretted, that the copy ſhown to Dr. Warton and his brother, which had probably received the laſt touches of a maſter's hand, is not ſomewhere extant; yet, that ſo much has been ſaved, the public is much obliged to Dr. Carlyle.

Soon after the appearance of this curious and valuable fragment in the "Edinburgh Tranſactions," a *perfect* copy, ſaid to have been found in "the drawers of a bureau," was printed at London, in 4to. by Bell the bookſeller, with a dedication to the Wartons; but the *evidence* of its authenticity was withheld from the public. The lines that ſupply the chaſm in the fifth and half of the ſixth ſtanza, introduce the execution of Charles I. the rebellion in 1745, the battles of Preſton-pans, Falkirk, and Culloden; but the ſtyle does not ſeem to be in the manner of Collins. This copy has been received into the edition of the "Engliſh Poets," 1790; and reprinted, with the ſupplementary verſes from the Edinburgh edition, in the preſent collection.

His misfortunes had already made a deep impreſſion on his mind, but he found ſome conſolation in changing the ſcene, and viſiting his uncle, Lieutenant Colonel Martin, who was then with the Britiſh army in Flanders. His uncle died, ſoon after his arrival, and left him about 2000 l.; a ſum which he could ſcarcely think exhauſtible, and which he did not live to exhauſt. The money he obtained from the booksellers, on the credit of tranſlating "Ariſtotle's Poetics," was then repaid, and the tranſlation neglected. But this acceſſion of fortune came too late to be of any eſſential ſervice to him. He had been ſo long haraſſed by anxiety, diſſipation, and diſtreſs, that he fell into a nervous diſorder, accompanied with an unconquerable depreſſion of ſpirits, which at length reduced the fineſt underſtanding to the moſt deplorable dulneſs. His diſorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleneſs, a deficiency rather of vital than intellectual powers. What he ſpoke wanted neither judgment nor ſpirit; but a few minutes exhauſted him, ſo that he was forced to reſt upon his couch, till a ſhort ceſſation reſtored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel ſoon after his uncle's death, and with the uſual weakneſs of men ſo diſeaſed, eagerly ſnatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and ſeduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthenſome to himſelf. He was for ſome time confined in a houſe of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his ſiſter in Chicheſter; where death came to his relief, in 1756, in the 35th year of his age.

Such was the end of Collins, a man of an elevated genius and extenſive learning, who was loſt to the world in the prime of life, without availing himſelf of fine abilities, which, properly improved, might have raiſed him to eminence in any profeſſion, and have rendered him a bleſſing to his friends, and an ornament to his country.

An account of his perſon, and ſome of his more remarkable particularities, was communicated to the public, by an intelligent writer, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1781.

"Collins I was intimately acquainted with, from the time that he came to reſide at Oxford. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little houſe with a Miſs Bundy, at the corner of King's Square Court, Soho, now a warehouſe, for a long time together. How he got down to Oxford I do not know; but I myſelf ſaw him under Merton wall in a very affecting ſituation, ſtruggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the pariſh of St. Clement, in which was a houſe that took in ſuch unhappy objects.

"He was of a moderate ſtature, of a light and clear complexion, with grey eyes, ſo very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room, and often raiſing within him apprehenſions of blindneſs. He was paſſionately fond of muſic, good-natured, and affable, warm in his friendſhips, and viſionary in his purſuits, and, as long as I knew him, temperate in his eating and drinking."

His character was written by Dr. Johnſon, " while it was yet diſtinctly impreſſed upon his memory;" and printed in the twelfth volume of " The Poetical Calendar," 1764.

" Collins was a man of extenſive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted, not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spaniſh languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction and ſubjects of fancy; and, by indulging ſome peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with thoſe flights of imagination which paſs the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a paſſive acquieſcence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monſters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repoſe by the water-falls of Elyſian gardens.

" This was, however, the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildneſs, and the novelty of extravagance were always deſired by him, but were not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly loſt, if his efforts ſometimes cauſed harſhneſs and obſcurity, they ſometimes produced, in his happier moments, ſublimity and ſplendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery; and perhaps, while he was intent upon deſcription, he did not ſufficiently cultivate ſentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurniſhed with knowledge, either of books or life, but ſomewhat obſtructed in its progreſs, by deviation in queſt of miſtaken beauties.

" His morals were pure, and his opinions pious. In a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of diſſipation, it cannot be expected that any character ſhould be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almoſt deſtroyed, and long aſſociation with ſolicitous companions, will at laſt relax the ſtrictneſs of truth, and abate the fervour of ſincerity. That this man, wiſe and virtuous as he was, paſſed always unentangled through the ſnares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be ſaid, that at leaſt he preſerved the ſource of action unpolluted; that his principles were never ſhaken; that his diſtinctions of right and wrong were never confounded; and that his faults had nothing of malignity or deſign, but proceeded from ſome unexpected preſſure, or caſual temptation.

" The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and ſadneſs. He languiſhed ſome years under that depreſſion of mind which enchains the faculties without deſtroying them, and leaves reaſon the knowledge of right without the power of purſuing it. Theſe clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to diſperſe, by travel, and paſſed into France; but found himſelf conſtrained to yield to his malady, and returned.

" After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a viſit at Iſlington, where he was waiting for his ſiſter, whom he had directed to meet him. There was then nothing of diſorder diſcernible in his mind by any but himſelf; but he had withdrawn from ſtudy, and travelled with no other book than an Engliſh Teſtament, ſuch as children carry to the ſchool. When his friend took it into his hand to ſee what companion a man of letters had choſen, " I have but one book," ſaid Collins, " but that is the beſt."

Of this portrait, the features are certainly very ſtrong, but the character does not appear ſufficiently explicit. Of the genius of Collins, in particular, the picture is very imperfect; but the veil which is drawn over the unhappy circumſtances of his life, is drawn by the hand of humanity.

His *Oriental Eclogues, written for the Entertainment of the Ladies of Tauris*, were reprinted, in 4to. 1757. His *Poetical Works, with Memoirs of the Author, and Obſervations on his Genius and Writings*, were publiſhed by Langhorne, in 8vo. 1764. An Eſſay on his *Oriental Eclogues*, appeared in a poſthumous volume of " Critical Eſſays," by Scott, in 1785. The " Obſervations" of Langhorne have been received into the edition of the " Engliſh Poets," 1790, and retained in the preſent collection.

Collins has written but little; and by thoſe with whom the bulk of an author's performances is the criterion for eſtimating his merit, he will be deemed a minor poet. There are, however, volumes of verſes of no mean character, which contain leſs genuine poetry than the few pages which he produced.

Of his *Oriental Eclogues*, according to Dr. Johnſon, he ſpoke with diſapprobation to Dr. Warton and his brother, in his laſt illneſs, as not ſufficiently expreſſive of Aſiatic manners, and called them his *Iriſh Eclogues*. It is very probable, when his judgment was improved by experience, he-

might diſcover, and be hurt by their faults, among which may poſſibly be found ſome few inſtances of inconſiſtence or abſurdity. But the idea of manners ſeems miſtakenly ſubſtituted for the idea of language. He has ſeldom violated the great outline of eaſtern cuſtoms; and his ſubjects did not often lead him to a deſcription of minute particulars. His diction, as Langhorne has juſtly remarked, is not the diction of the eaſt; it is moſtly ſimple, and often elegant, but not flowery or metaphorical. But he ſeems rather miſtaken, when he obſerves, that Collins was one of the few Poets who have ſailed to *Delphi* without touching at *Cythera*. Collins poſſeſſed a mind that could not be inſenſible to the amorous impreſſions. Of this, the warmth of expreſſion with which he treats the paſſion of love, in the *Eclogues*, may be thought a ſufficient indication. His compoſitions diſcover much of the tender, though nothing of the licentious. The *Eclogues*, with ſome marks of puerility, have nothing to fear from a compariſon with any of their predeceſſors. They have all the requiſites of good poetry; deſcription, incident, ſentiment, and moral. They have ſimplicity of thought, and melody of language.

His *Odes, deſcriptive and allegorical*, rank among the firſt lyric performances in the Engliſh language. They diſplay a luxuriance of imagination, a wild ſublimity of fancy, and a felicity of expreſſion ſo extraordinary, that it might be ſuppoſed to be ſuggeſted by ſome ſuperior power, rather than to be the effect of human judgment or capacity. They entitle Collins to an indiſputable pre-eminence above all his competitors in that province of poetry, except Dryden and Gray.

Of his firſt ode, the meaſure is happily choſen to expreſs that tenderneſs and pathos which muſt be inſeparable from an *Ode to Pity*.

Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

The *dewy light* is a ſtroke which the happieſt imagination alone could execute.

On a ſubject of tenderneſs, Collins could not poſſibly omit to mention his countryman, Otway, who was indeed "the Prieſt of Pity;" like him ingenious, and like him unhappy.

Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute!
There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed,
On gentleſt Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was ſhown.
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes, unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own!

The *Ode to Fear* is ſo nervous, ſo expreſſive, and ſo pictureſque throughout, that it may challenge the whole compaſs of allegorical poetry.

Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near!
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye;
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly!
For lo! what monſters in thy train appear.

The abbreviation of the meaſure in the two firſt lines is moſt happily adapted to the ſuddenneſs of the motion excited. *Danger*, who is introduced in the train of *Fear*, is ſo characteriſtically deſcribed, that there is no looking upon the picture without horror.

Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep.

It is not in the power of human invention to produce an image of greater force and propriety than that which is exhibited in the two laſt lines, when *Danger* is repreſented as ſleeping on the looſely hanging rock of a precipice. The dreadful beings that attend him are deſcribed with equal ſtrength of imagination. The effects of *Fear* on the Grecian theatre, and the ſuperſtition of St. Mark's Eve

are introduced with great poetical propriety. Of the *Ode to Simplicity*, it would be ſuperfluous to point out the beauties; they are ſo obvious that no eye can overlook them. The alluſion to ſcenes of ancient enthuſiaſm and poetry are happily deſigned, and beautifully expreſſed.

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings flow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear.

Simplicity is eſſentially neceſſary to the perfection of every poetical work; and Collins has exemplified by all his performances, but particularly by his *Oriental Eclogues*, the truth of the following ſtanza.

Though taſte, though genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

His *Ode on the Poetical Character* is ſo extremely wild and extravagant, that it ſeems to have been written wholly during the tyranny of imagination. It is entirely abſtracted, and, in ſome parts it may be thought blameably obſcure; but there are ſome, however, whoſe congenial ſpirits may keep pace with him in his moſt eccentric flights; and, from ſome of his caſual ſtrokes, may catch thoſe ſublime ideas which, like him, they have experienced, but have never been able to expreſs. Some to whom Fancy

The ceſt of ampleſt power *has* given,
To *whom* the god-like gift aſſigns,
To gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.

The *Ode written in the Year* 1746, will be more generally pleaſing, as it is equally beautiful and ſimple. The ſtrophe in the *Ode to Mercy*, affords the fineſt ſubject for a picture that imagination can form.

O thou, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and aweful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!

There is ſomething perfectly claſſical in Collins's manner, both with reſpect to his imagery and his compoſition; and Horace's rule of *ut Pictura Poeſis* was never better obſerved than in this inſtance. The ſame ſtyle of painting, though ſomewhat bolder, characteriſes the *Ode to Liberty*.

Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife! &c.

The ruin of the liberties and of the ſtate of Rome is deſcribed in a moſt pictureſque and pathetic manner.

No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race,
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

The ancient tradition, that there was formerly a temple of liberty in Britain, awakes at once the enthuſiaſm and the patriotiſm of Collins; and he dwells with rapture on the thought.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle;
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing goddeſs ſtood, &c.

In the *Paſſions, an Ode for Muſic*, the emotions of the ſoul are deſcribed, and the movements of the verſe adapted to them with equal happineſs. "Other pieces of the ſame nature," ſays Langhorne, "have derived their greateſt reputation from the perfection of the muſic that accompanied them; but in this we have the whole ſoul and power of poetry: expreſſion that, even without the aid of muſic, ſtrikes to the heart, and imagery of power enough to tranſport the attention without the forceful alliance of correſponding ſounds. Upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in aſſerting, that this is the fineſt ode in the Engliſh language."

His *Ode to Evening*, is an admirable effort of fancy, expreſſion, and verſification. It is written in unrhyming metre, a meaſure in which, according to Dr. Warton, he had a deſign of writing many more odes. It ſeems to be an agreed point, that lyric poetry cannot exiſt without rhyme, in our language. In this meaſure, however, Milton wrote his tranſlation of "The Fifth Ode of Horace;" and there are extant, other odes in our language, of the trueſt taſte, written in rhyming metre, particularly ſome trochaics of Glover, which are not inharmonious, and ſome lyric pieces of Dr. Sayers, an elegant living poet, whoſe genius, like that of Collins, is above the common taſte. But it may be doubted, whether there is ſufficient preciſion and elegance in the Engliſh language for metre without rhyme.

Of the *Ode on the popular Superſtition of the Highlands of Scotland*, a ſuperficial reading will not diſcover its real beauties. It is the ſacred charm of ſimplicity that pervades the whole. The deſign is gracefully introduced. The firſt ſtanza ſhows at once the ſentiments of his heart for his friends, and his taſte for poetical ſubjects. The tales of the *Fairies*, and the legends of the *Runic Bards*, are recommended to the poet, as they enlarge his province, and give energy to the "heart-commanding ſtrain. Gray was of the ſame opinion. The *Songs of the Bards*, in commemoration of ſome departed chieftain, are finely introduced. The *Second Sight* of the Highlanders is well deſcribed. Of Mr. Mackenzie's ſupplement, it is ſufficient praiſe, that it cannot eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from the context. The attributes of the fiend, who directs the *Ignis fatuus* to miſlead the wandering traveller, are delineated with the claſſical pencil of Collins. The eighth ſtanza pathetically deſcribes the diſtreſſed family of one who has been loſt in the ſens, or in the ſea:

For him in vain his anxious wife ſhall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way, &c.

The wife's dream, in which ſhe ſees her huſband's ghoſt, is both natural and tender. The *Spirit of the Waters*, is a fiction that powerfully impreſſes the imagination. The deſcription of *St. Kilda* is in a ſtyle of beautiful ſimplicity. Having exhibited the ſuperſtitions of Scotland, of which he ſhows a perfect knowledge, he recommends theſe themes, which, "in elder time, filled the hiſtoric page." He cites the example of *Shakſpeare*, and of *Taſſo*, and pays a tribute of applauſe to his tranſlator, *Fairfax*:

How have I ſat, where pip'd the penſive wind,
To hear his harp, by Britiſh *Fairfax* ſtrung.
Prevailing poet! whoſe undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he ſung!

In the laſt ſtanza, he gives a picture of Scotland, with its friths and lakes, of which, as was natural, he grows enamoured, and longs to travel into that country, as *Jonſon* had done before him, on a viſit to a poet:

Then will I dreſs once more the faded bower
Where *Jonſon* ſat in *Drummond's* ſocial ſhade, &c.

The reading of this beautiful ode leaves on the mind a tender ſorrow for the drooping hand that left its work unfiniſhed.

The *Ode to Peace*, the *Dirge in Cymbeline*, *Manners, an Ode*, the *Odes on the Death of Thomſon and Sir Charles Roſs*, are highly poetical, and have all their brighter paſſages, which are particularly marked out by Langhorne. The *Epiſtle to Sir Thomas Hanmer*, has ſome vigorous, and ſome happy lines; though it is the leaſt intereſting of his performances. The portraits from Shakſpeare, are happily ſelected, and forcibly delineated; and the lines with which they are introduced, may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have attracted the notice of Mr. Boydell, and excited the emulation of the Britiſh artiſts of the preſent day.

O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!

To the eſtimate of the genius and writings of Collins, given by Dr. Johnſon in the "Poetical Calendar," he made the following ſevere and injurious addition, in his "Lives of the Poets."

"The diction of Collins was often harſh, unſkilfully laboured, and injudiciouſly ſelected. He affected the obſolete, when it was not worth revival, and he puts his words out of the common order, ſeeming to think, with ſome later candidates for fame, that not to write proſe is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of ſlow motion, clogged and impeded with cluſters of conſonants. As men are often eſteemed who cannot be loved, ſo the poetry of Collins may ſometimes extort praiſe when it gives little pleaſure."

A very different opinion of his poetical excellence is maintained by critics of undoubted reputation.

Mr. Warton, the learned hiſtorian of Engliſh poetry, ſpeaking of Collins, calls him his lamented friend, "whoſe odes will be remembered while any taſte for true poetry remains."

"The genius of Collins," ſays Dr. Knox in his elegant "Eſſays," "ſeems, in ſome meaſure, to have reſembled that of Tickell. Dignity, ſolemnity, and pathos, are the ſtriking features of his compoſitions. None but a true poet could have written his ſong over *Fidele* in *Shakſpeare's Cymbeline*."

Mr. Potter, the ingenious tranſlator of "Æſchylus" and "Euripides," treating of the ode, aſſerts, that Collins was the firſt of our poets who reached its excellence. "His mind was impreſſed with a tender melancholy, but without any mixture of that ſullen gloom which deadens its powers; it led him to the ſofteſt ſympathy, that moſt refined feeling of the human heart. His faculties were vigorous, and his genius truly ſublime; his ſtyle is cloſe and ſtrong, and his numbers in general harmonious. He was well acquainted with Æſchylus and Euripides, and drew deep from their fountains. His thoughts had a romantic caſt, and his imagination a certain wild grandeur which ſometimes perhaps approaches to the borders of extravagance; but this led him to deſcriptions and allegories wonderfully poetical. Such, for inſtance, is the antiſtrophe in his *Ode to Liberty*, and the firſt part of his *Ode to Fear*. Æſchylus himſelf has not a bolder conception, and the grandeur of thought is as greatly expreſſed. Dr. Johnſon ſpeaks of this great poet with a tenderneſs that reflects honour on himſelf: He allows him ſometimes to have ſublimity and ſplendour; but, in the coldneſs of criticiſm, expreſſes ſome diſapprobation of his allegorical imagery, and is unjuſt to his harmony."

With theſe ingenious critics, the preſent writer is happy to agree, in giving Collins a much higher rank as a poet than Dr. Johnſon has allowed him; but, while he condemns, with Mr. Potter, the exceſs to which Dr. Johnſon's ſtrictures are carried, he acknowledges that they are not, in every reſpect, deſtitute of foundation. Collins is occaſionally, though not frequently, harſh in his numbers; his perſonifications appear, in a few inſtances, to be multiplied beyond juſt cauſe; and he is ſometimes blameably obſcure. But when every poſſible deduction is made from his merit, he will ſtill ſtand entitled to a very large proportion of praiſe; and his *Ode on the Paſſions* muſt ever be joined with the "St. Cecilia" of Dryden, and the "Bard" of Gray, as among the boldeſt and brighteſt efforts of the lyric muſe.

THE WORKS OF COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOUGE I.

SELIM; OR THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene, *a Valley near Bagdat.* Time, *the Morning.*

YE Perſian maids attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days,
Not all are bleſt whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
'Tis virtue make the bliſs, where'er we dwell.
Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away:
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young,
Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
Bleſt were the days, when wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.
O haſte, fair maids! ye virtues come away,
Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train ſweet modeſty appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd-girls ſhall own thee for their queen,
With thee be chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift faulcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew,
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding meekneſs with her downcaſt eyes,
And friendly pity full of tender ſighs;
And love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.
Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains the virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bliſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR THE CAMEL DRIVER.

Scene, *the Deſert.* Time, *Mid-day.*

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
"Sad was th' hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?

Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign,
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my
" way!"

Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my
" way!"

O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my
" way!"

At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my
" way!"

O, hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe drops her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
" Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
" Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
" No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like
" me."

O, let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

Scene, *a Foreſt.* Time, *the Evening.*

In Georgia's land, where Teflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:
* Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;
All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chaſe away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove:
Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain and the foreſt rung.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

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* *That theſe flowers are found in very great abundance in ſome of the provinces of Perſia, ſee the modern hiſtory of Mr. Salmon.*

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The ſimple ſhepherd-girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewel'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

Scene, *a Mountain in Circaſſia.* Time, *Midnight.*

In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance through the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran;
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

Secander.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight through all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

Agib.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!
Still as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

Secander.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſooth his mind,
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

Agib.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove,
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd:
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

Secander.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

Agib.

Ye Georgian ſwains, that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.
He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
Th' affrighted ſhepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man aſſign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When firſt diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,

Receive my humble rite:
Long. Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide,
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild * Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And echo 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed,
On gentleſt Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was ſhown;
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride deſign:
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth complete
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat,
In all who view the ſhrine.

There picture's toil ſhall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And ſighing prompt her tender hand,
With each diſaſtrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of paſſion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

ODE TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhown;
Who ſeeſt appall'd, th' unreal ſcene,
While fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While vengeance in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of ſorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

* *A river in Suſſex.*

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full muſe addreſt her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous queen †
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inſpir'd each mournful line,
Though gentle pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy rape and murder dwell?
Or in ſome hollow ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought!
Dark power, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakſpeare's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O thou, by nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In fancy, lovelieſt child,
Thy babe, and pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,

* *Æſchylus.* † *Jocaſta.*

And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings flow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whoſe enamell'd ſide,
When holy freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O ſiſter meek of truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flowers that ſweeteſt breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreathe,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none eſteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Though taſte, though genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His loveliеſt Elfin queen has bleſt)
One, only one unrivall'd fair *,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At ſolemn tourney hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,

With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given,
To few the godlike gift aſſigns,
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins,
And gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends ſay,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented ſky, this laughing earth,
And dreſt with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthuſiaſt woo'd,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound,
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, the rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born?
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the ſainted growing woof:
But near it ſate ecſtatic wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made;
All the ſhadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flowers.
Where is the bard, whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?
High on ſome cliff, to heav'n up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain---Such bliſs to one alone,
Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

* *Florimel. See Spenſer, Leg.* 4.

ODE.

Written in the year 1746.

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

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to ground:
See Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roſeate bower,
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare our monarch's throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt,
At wiſdom's ſhrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!

O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided power,
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race,
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, ev'n wheree'er the leaſt appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around,
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found;
They ſaw, by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
How wondrous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul;
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they, whom Science lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade!
See ſmall Marino joins the theme,
Though leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem;
Strike, louder ſtrike th' ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe, whoſe merchants ſons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth and pleaſure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyry rouz'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With thoſe * to whom thy ſtork is dear:
Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'ſt the ſtrains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
Hail, nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the meaſure vaſt of thought,
The works, the wizard time has wrought!

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* *The Dutch, amongſt whom there are very ſevere penalties for thoſe that are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almoſt all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are ſaid to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that if the whole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinct, they ſhould loſe their liberties.*

The Gaul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand *,
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
Till all the banded weſt at once 'gain riſe,
A wide wild ſtorm ev'n Nature's ſelf confounding,
Withering her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſurpriſe.
This pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhouldering billows borne.
And ſee, like gems, her laughing train,
The little iſles on every ſide,
Mona†, once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide,
And Wight who checks the weſtering tide,
For thee conſenting heav'n has each beſtow'd,
A fair attendant on her ſovereign pride:
To thee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd,
For thou haſt made her vales thy lov'd, thy laſt abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green naval of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul enforcing Goddeſs, ſtood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet:
Though now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane,
Or Roman's ſelf o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heav'n left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern ſong to tell.
Yet ſtill, if truth thoſe beams infuſe,
Which guide at once, and charm the muſe,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd ſky:
Amidſt the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model ſtill remains.

There happier than in iſlands bleſt,
Or bowers by ſpring or Hebe dreſt,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's ſtory,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their conſorted Druids ſing
Their triumphs to th' immortal ſtring.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it ſeems to riſe!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majeſtic, through the mix'd deſign;
The ſecret builder knew to chooſe,
Each ſphere found gem of richeſt hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer ſuns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the patriots ſight
May ever hang with freſh delight,
And, grav'd with ſome prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmoſt altar ſtand!
Now ſoothe her, to her bliſsful train
Blithe Concord's ſocial form to gain:
Concord, whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
Ev'n Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep:
Before whoſe breathing boſom's balm,
Rage drops his ſteel, and ſtorms grow calm;
Her let our ſires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd ſhore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding ſound,
The nations ſhout to her around,
O, how ſupremely art thou bleſt,
Thou, lady, thou ſhalt rule the weſt!

ODE TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY.

Written May 1745.

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

The thoughts which muſing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

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

O'er him, whoſe doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms ſhall ſit at eve,

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* *This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavoured to ſupport the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite coaſts. I do not remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.*

† *There is a tradition in the Iſle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the ſhore, and opened her paſſion to him, but was received with a coldneſs, occaſioned by his horror and ſurpriſe at her appearance. This, however, was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment to her, ſhe puniſhed the whole iſland, by covering it with a miſt, ſo that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or were on a ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.*

And bend the penſive head;
And, fall'n to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

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

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

But, lo! where, ſunk in deep deſpair,
Her garments torn, her boſom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted treſſes madly ſpread,
To every ſod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyleſs eyes.

Ne'er ſhall we leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph burſting round
Proclaim her reign reſtor'd:
Till William ſeek the ſad retreat,
And, bleeding at her ſacred feet,
Preſent the fated ſword.

If, weak to ſoothe ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy conſtant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſee'ſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near:

Wheree'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The muſe ſhall ſtill with ſocial grief,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales;

O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers ſtealing through thy darkening vale
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While Spring ſhall pour his ſhowers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ſtorms ariſe!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His fallen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O Peace thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O riſe, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh lion, goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,
By warlike honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken deſign'd;
The dim-diſcover'd tracts of mind;

Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My ſilent ſearch in vain requir'd!
No more my ſail that deep explores,
No more I ſearch thoſe magic ſhores,
What regions part the world of ſoul,
Or whence thy ſtreams, opinion, roll:
If e'er I round ſuch fairy field,
Some power impart the ſpear and ſhield,
At which the wizard paſſions fly,
By which the giant follies die!
  Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where ſcience, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By reaſon, pride, and fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with doubt in Plato's ſhade!
  Youth of the quick uncheated ſight,
Thy walks, obſervance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'ſt that ampler range,
Where life's wide proſpects round thee change,
And, with her mingled ſons ally'd,
Throw'ſt the prattling page aſide:
To me in converſe ſweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where ſcience ſure is found,
From nature as ſhe lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view!
Till meddling art's officious lore
Reverſe the leſſons taught before,
Alluring from a ſafer rule,
To dream in her inchanted ſchool;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.
  Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk,
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk,
Behold, before her muſing eyes,
The countleſs manners round her riſe;
While, ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs:
With theſe the white-rob'd maid combine,
And thoſe the laughing ſatyrs join!
But who is he whom now ſhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the paſſions nurs'd; I greet
The comic ſock that binds thy feet!
O humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone:
Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide!
  By old Miletus * who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong:
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades:
By him †, whoſe knight's diſtinguiſh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame;
Whoſe tales ev'n now, with echoes ſweet,
Caſtilia's Mooriſh hills repeat:

Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's ſhore,
Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her ſire betray'd:
  O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind,
The ſports and I this hour agree
You rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Firſt Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
  Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
  Ev'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
  In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
  And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
  Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
  'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
  What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd Pleaſure,
  And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
  And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
  And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
  A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope inchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
  Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
  And, with a withering look,
  The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.

---

* *Alluding to the Mileſian tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.*

† *Crevantes.*

‡ *Monſieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year* 1745.

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though ſometimes, each dreary pauſe be-
Dejected Pity at his ſide [tween,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from his head.
Thy numbers, jealouſy, to nought were fix'd
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd, [Hate.
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound; [ſtole,
Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue!
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd ſiſters, and their chaſte-ey'd
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen. [queen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.
Laſt came Joy's eccſtatic trial,
He, with viney crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.
O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd in all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording ſiſter's page—
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of ſound—
O, bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

WHILE, born to bring the muſe's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuſe her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
What ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell:
With conſcious awe ſhe hears the critic's fame,
And bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakſpeare's name.
Hard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
Unknown by ſcience, and by years obſcur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
A fixt deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not, with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear,
When wintery winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
Preſerv'd through time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curſe that mark'd the * Theban's reign,
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The comic ſiſters keep their native eaſe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd!
But every muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ſtrain;
Ilyſſus' laurels, though tranſfer'd with toil, [ſoil
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly
As arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs dulneſs roſe; [ſors.
Goths, prieſts, or Vandals,—all were learning's
Till † Julius firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Coſmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade:
Then, deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provençal paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung.
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung
The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.
But heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length,
Of Tuſcan fancy, and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakſpeare to her fame be born!

---

* *The Oedipus of Sophocles.*
† *Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo.*

Yet, ah! ſo bright her morcing's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the weſtern iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonſon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in art.
Of ſofter mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind,
Each melting ſigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wiſhes, and the virgin's fear.
His * every ſtrain the ſmiles and graces own;
But ſtronger Shakſpeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.
† With gradual ſteps, and ſlow, exacter France
Saw art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew.
Till late Corneille, with ‡ Lucan's ſpirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome, and he inſpir'd:
And claſſic judgment gain'd to ſweet Racine
The temperate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.
But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread,
And wreaths leſs artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every ſcene could give
Th' hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurpriſe,
Majeſtic forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd conqueſt waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
Scarce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
Yet ſhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time ſhall come when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed
In life's laſt hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear,
Blunt the weak ſword, and break th' oppreſſive ſpear.
Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and vallies ſmile,
And ſpring diffuſive decks th' inchanted iſle.
O, more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!

There every thought the poets warmth may raiſe
Their native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!
Methinks ev'n now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdued the modeſt lights decay
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
---And ſee, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend,
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But † who is he, whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not war's infatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midſt the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous critic, as thy hard inſpires,
The ſiſter arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires:
Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring;
Thoſe Sibyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to nature, own thy forming hand.
So ſpread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone:
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters caſt on every ſhore:
When rais'd by fate, ſome former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, ſuppoſed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew;

---

* *Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed by Mr. Dryden.*

† *About the time of Shakſpeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Jonſon excepted.*

‡ *The favourite author of the elder Corneille.*

* *See the tragedy of Julius Cæſar.*

† *Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyſſey.*

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake thy ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chaſe on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till pity's ſelf be dead.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
To deck its poet's ſylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whiſpering reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love through life the ſoothing ſhade.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And, while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

And oft as eaſe and health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening † ſpire,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

But thou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity ſhed,
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimmering near?
With him, ſweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy deſert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

And ſee, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads ‡ aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom!

---

* *The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.*

† *Mr. Thomſon was buried in Richmond church.*

‡ *Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſome time before his death.*

Their hinds and ſhepherd girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

VERSES WRITTEN ON A PAPER,

WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF BRIDE-CAKE.

Ye curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,
By ſearch profane ſhall find this hollow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the ſacred prize,
Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's ſake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the ſhepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the ſilent hour,
The ſecret preſent of a matchleſs maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond requeſt,
Each nice ingredient choſe with happieſt art;
Fears, ſighs, and wiſhes of th' enamour'd breaſt,
And pains that pleaſe, are mixt in every part.

With roſy hand the ſpicy fruit ſhe brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's iſle;
And temper'd ſweet with theſe the melting thought,
The kiſs ambroſial, and the yielding ſmile.

Ambiguous looks, that ſcorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint conſent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath ſworn, while theſe remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful hope, ſo oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy ſongs ſhall ſooth his penſive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendſhip's gentle ſide,
And fond of ſoul, thou hop'ſt an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much entreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet peace, who long hath ſhunn'd my plaintive day,
Conſents at length to bring me ſhort delight,
Thy careleſs ſteps may ſcare her doves away,
And grief with raven note uſurp the night.

O D E:

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

Conſidered as the ſubject of Poetry.

Inſcribed to Mr. John Home.

Home, thou return'ſt from Thames, whoſe Naiads long
Have ſeen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid thoſe ſoft friends, whoſe hearts ſome future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic ſong *.

---

* *How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!*

Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth *
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'ſt by Lavant's ſide;
Together let us wiſh him laſting truth,
And joy untainted with his deſtin'd bride.
Go! nor regardleſs, while theſe numbers boaſt
My ſhort-liv'd bliſs, forget my ſocial name;
But think, far off, how, on the ſouthern coaſt,
I met thy friendſhip with an equal flame!
Freſh to that ſoil thou turn'ſt, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his ſong demand:
To thee thy copious ſubjects ne'er ſhall fail;
Thou need'ſt but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There, muſt thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis fancy's land to which thou ſett'ſt thy feet;
Where ſtill, 'tis ſaid, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken ſhade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim laſs, that ſkims the milky ſtore
To the ſwart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
By night they ſip it round the cottage door,
While airy minſtrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by ſad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-ſhot arrows fly,
When the ſick ewe her ſummer food foregoes,
Or, ſtretch'd on earth, the heart-ſmit heifers lie,
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd ſwain: [gleſt;
Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts ne-
Let thy ſweet muſe the rural faith ſuſtain;
Theſe are the themes of ſimple, ſure effect,
That add new conqueſts to her boundleſs reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding ſtrain.

Ev'n yet preſerv'd, how often may'ſt thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his liſtening ſon,
Strange lays, whoſe power had charm'd a Spenſer's ear.
At every pauſe, before thy mind poſſeſt,
Old Runic bards ſhall ſeem to riſe around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd veſt,
Their matted hair with boughs fantaſtic crown'd:
Whether thou bid'ſt the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns ſome chieftain brave,
When every ſhrieking maid her boſom beat,
And ſtrew'd with choiceſt herbs his ſcented grave;
Or whether, ſitting in the ſhepherd's ſhiel †,
Thou hear'ſt ſome ſounding tale of wars alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and ſteel,
The ſturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny ſwarms, [arms.
And hoſtile brothers met, to prove each other's

'Tis thine to ſing, how, framing hideous ſpells,
In Sky's lone iſle, the gifted wizzard-ſeer,
Lodg'd in the wintery cave with fate's fell ſpear,
Or in the depth of Uiſt's dark foreſt dwells:
How they, whoſe ſight ſuch dreary dreams engroſs,
With their own viſion oft aſtoniſh'd droop,
When, o'er the wat'ry ſtrath, or quaggy moſs,
They ſee the gliding ghoſts unbodied troop.
Or, if in ſports, or on the feſtive green,
Their deſtin'd glance ſome fated youth deſcry,
Who now, perhaps, in luſty vigour ſeen,
And roſy health, ſhall ſoon lamented die.
For them the viewleſs forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
They know what ſpirit brews the ſtormful day,
And heartleſs, oft like moody madneſs, ſtare
To ſee the phantom train their ſecret work prepare.

To monarchs dear *, ſome hundred miles aſtray,
Oft have they ſeen fate give the fatal blow!
The ſeer, in Sky, ſhriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headleſs Charles warm on the ſcaffold lay!
As Boreas threw his young Aurora † forth,
In the firſt year of the firſt George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell rebellion ſlain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preſton's fight,
Saw at ſad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!

---

* *A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.*

† *A ſummer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm ſeaſon, when the paſture is fine.*

* *The Vth ſtanza, and the half of the VIth, in Dr. Carlyle's copy, printed in the firſt volume of the "Tranſactions," of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, being deficient, have been ſupplied by Mr. Mackenzie; whoſe lines are here annexed, for the purpoſe of compariſon, and to do juſtice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling.*

" *Or on ſome bellying rock that ſhades the deep,*
" *They view the lurid ſigns that croſs the ſky,*
" *Where in the weſt, the brooding tempeſts lie;*
" *And hear the firſt, faint ruſtling pennons ſweep.*
" *Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark*
" *The broad, unbroken billows heave and ſwell,*
" *In horrid muſings rapt, they ſit to mark*
" *The lab'ring moon; or liſt the nightly yell*
" *Of that dread ſpirit, whoſe gigantic form*
" *The ſeer's entranced eye can well ſurvey,*
" *Thro' the dim air who guides the driving ſtorm,*
" *And points the wretched bark its deſtin'd prey.*
" *Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,*
" *O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waſte,*
" *Draws inſtant down whate'er devoted thing*
" *The falling breeze within its reach hath*
" *plac'd—*
" *The diſtant ſeamen hears, and flies with trem-*
" *bling haſte.*
" *Or, if on land the fiend exerts his ſway,*
" *Silent he broods o'er quickſand, bog or fen,*
" *Far from the ſheltering roof and haunts of men,*
" *When witched darkneſs ſhuts the eye of day,*
" *And ſhrouds each ſtar that wont to cheer the*
night;
" *Or, if the driſted ſnow perplex the way,*
" *With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,*
" *And leads him floundering on and quite aſtray.*"

† *By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the firſt appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at leaſt, it is moſt highly probable from this peculiar circumſtance, that no ancient writer whatever, has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.*

They rav'd! divining, thro' their ſecond fight *.
Pale, red Culloden, where theſe hopes were drown'd!
Illuſtrious William †! Britain's guardian name!
One William ſav'd us from a tyrant's ſtroke;
He, for a ſceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, ſlavery's chain haſt broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to freedom's yoke!

Theſe, too, thou'lt ſing! for well thy magic muſe
Can to the topmoſt heaven of grandeur ſoar;
Or ſtoop to wail the ſwain that is no more!
Ah, homely ſwains! your homeward ſteps ne'er looſe;
Let not dank Will ‡ miſlead you to the heath:
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marſhy, willow brake!
What though far off, from ſome dark dell eſpied,
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excurſive ſight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your ſteps aſide,
Nor truſt the guidance of that faithleſs light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unruſtling reed,
At thoſe mirk hours the wily monſter lies,
And liſtens oft to hear the paſſing ſteed,
And frequent round him rolls his ſullen eyes,
If chance his ſavage wrath may ſome weak wretch ſurpriſe.

Ah, luckleſs ſwain, o'er all unbleſt, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and ſmoking hamlet, then!
To that ſad ſpot where hums the ſedgy weed:
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But inſtant, furious, raiſe the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd bank, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wiſh'd eſcape,
To ſome dim hill that ſeems upriſing near,
To his faint eye, the grim and griſly ſhape,
In all its terorrs clad, ſhall wild appear.
Meantime the watery ſurge ſhall round him riſe,
Pour'd ſudden forth from every ſwelling ſource!
What now remains but tears and hopeleſs ſighs?
His fear-ſhook limbs have loſt their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathleſs corſe!

For him in vain his anxious wife ſhall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes ſhall linger at th' uncloſing gate!
Ah, ne'er ſhall he return! Alone, if night,
Her travel'd limbs in broken ſlumbers ſteep!
With drooping willows dreſt, his mournful ſprite
Shall viſit ſad, perchance, her ſilent ſleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moiſt and watery hand,
Shall fondly ſeem to preſs her ſhuddering cheek,
And with his blue-ſwoln face before her ſtand,
And, ſhivering cold, theſe piteous accents ſpeak:

" Purſue, dear wife, thy daily toils, purſue,
" At dawn or duſk, induſtrious as before;
" Nor e'er of me one helpleſs thought renew,
" While I lie weltering on the oſier'd ſhore,
" Drown'd by the Kelpie's * wrath, nor e'er ſhall aid thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range; with varied ſkill
Thy muſe may, like thoſe feathery tribes which ſpring
From their rude rocks, extend her ſkirting wing
Round the moiſt marge of each cold Hebrid iſle,
To that hoar pile † which ſtill its ruins ſhows;
In whoſe ſmall vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whoſe bones the delver with his ſpade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither ‡, where beneath the ſhow'ry weſt,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they reſt,
No ſlaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight ſolemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs ſtalk with ſovereign power,
In pageant robes; and, wreath'd with ſheeny gold
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whoſe bleak rocks, which brave the waſting tides,
Fair nature's daughter, virtue, yet abides.
Go! juſt, as they, their blameleſs manners trace!
Then to my ear tranſmit ſome gentle ſong,
Of thoſe whoſe lives are yet ſincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their proſpect but the wintery main.
With ſparing temperance at the needful time,
They drain the ſcented ſpring; or, hunger-preſt
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs deſpoil the ſolan's ‖ neſt.
Thus, bleſt in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd, and happy with that frugal fare
Which taſteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their ſhallow ſoil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

Nor need'ſt thou bluſh that ſuch falſe themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer ſtores poſſeſt;
For not alone they touch the village breaſt,
But fill'd in elder time, th' hiſtoric page.
There, Shakſpeare's ſelf, with every garland crown'd,
Flew to thoſe fairy climes his fancy ſheen,
In muſing hour; his wayward ſiſters found,
And with their terrors dreſt the magic ſcene.
From them he ſung, when, 'mid his bold deſign,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghaſt!

---

* *Second ſight is the term that is uſed for the divination of the Highlanders.*

† *The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.*

‡ *A fiery meteor, called by various names, ſuch as Will with the Wiſp, Jack with the Lanthorn, &c. It hovers in the air over marſhy and fenny places.*

* *The water fiend.*

† *One of the Hebrides is called the iſle of Pigmies; where it is reported, that ſeveral miniature bones of the human ſpecies have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.*

‡ *Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near ſixty of the ancient Scottiſh, Iriſh, and Norwegian kings are interred.*

‖ *An aquatic bird like a gooſe, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly ſubſiſt.*

The ſhadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant paſt.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, ſimply told,
Could once ſo well my anſwering boſom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful ſounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearſe;
To ſuch adapt thy lyre, and ſuit thy powerful verſe.

In ſcenes like theſe, which, daring to depart
From ſober truth, are ſtill to nature true,
And call forth freſh delight to fancy's view,
Th' heroic muſe employ'd her Taſſo's art!
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's ſtroke,
Its guſhing blood the gaping cypreſs pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents ſpoke,
And the wild blaſt upheav'd the vaniſh'd ſword!
How have I ſat, when pip'd the penſive wind,
To hear his harp by Britiſh Fairfax ſtrung!
Prevailing poet! whoſe undoubting mind,
Believ'd the magic wonders which he ſung!
Hence, at each ſound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life ſtarts here!
Hence his warm lay with ſofteſt ſweetneſs flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, ſtrong and clear,
And fills th' impaſſion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear!

All hail, ye ſcenes that o'er my ſoul prevail!
Ye ſplendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by ſmooth Annan * fill'd, or paſt'ral Tay †,
Or Don's ‡ romantic ſprings, at diſtance hail!
The time ſhall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens ‖, o'erhung with ſpreading broom;
Or o'er your ſtretching heaths, by fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dreſs once more the faded bower,
Where Jonſon §ſat in Drummond's claſſic ſhade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!

Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains *, attend!---
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I loſe, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preſerve my abſent friend!

SONG.

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

Young Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets moan:
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a ſtone.

His ſhroud, which death's cold damps deſtroy,
Of ſnow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to ſee ſo ſweet a boy
In earth forever laid.

Pale panſies o'er his corpſe were plac'd,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Beſtrew'd the boy like him to waſte,
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whoſe tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd ſo well:
Ah me! how many a true-love ſhower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe---but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried,
Within his grave ſhe dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd-one died.

---

the Scotch poet Drummond, at his ſeat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

* *Barrow, it ſeems, was at the Edinburgh univerſity, which is in the county of Lothian.*

* † ‡ *Three rivers in Scotland.*

‖ *Vallies.*

§ *Ben Jonſon paid a viſit on foot, in* 1619, *to*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

The genius of the paſtoral, as well as of every other reſpectable ſpecies of poetry, had its origin in the Eaſt, and from thence was tranſplanted by the muſes of Greece; but whether from the continent of the Leſſer Aſia, or from Egypt, which, about the era of the Grecian paſtoral, was the hoſpitable nurſe of letters, it is not eaſy to determine. From the ſubjects, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the hiſtory of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it ſhould ſtill remain a doubt through what channel the paſtoral travelled weſtward, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In thoſe ages, which, guided by ſacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the moſt authentic hiſtorians, that the chiefs of the people employed themſelves in rural exerciſes, and that aſtronomers and legiſlators were at the ſame time ſhepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the hiſtory of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean ſhepherd.

From theſe circumſtances it is evident not only that ſuch ſhepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the paſtoral kind; would take its ſubjects from thoſe

ſcenes of rural ſimplicity in which they were converſant, and, as it was the offſpring of harmony and nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the moſt ancient poems treat of agriculture, aſtronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural ſyſtems.

What conſtitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Paſtoral, is love and the colloquial or dramatic form of compoſition peculiar to the latter: this form of compoſition is ſometimes diſpenſed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought ſufficient to diſtinguiſh the paſtoral. The tender paſſion, however, ſeems to be eſſential to this ſpecies of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from thoſe pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in thoſe eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whoſe only purport is a trial of ſkill between contending ſhepherds, love has its uſual ſhare, and the praiſes of their reſpective miſtreſſes are the general ſubjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that ſcarce any oriental compoſitions of this kind have ſurvived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many ſuch have been extant, poſſibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity periſhed in the aſhes of the Alexandrian library.

Thoſe ingenious Greeks whom we call the parents of paſtoral poetry were, probably, no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter ſources, and kindled their poetical fires at thoſe then unextinguiſhed lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himſelf of thoſe magnificent images and deſcriptions ſo frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Teſtament; and why may not Theocritus, Moſchus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eaſtern writers, whoſe names have periſhed with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit ſuch a ſuppoſition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could ſuggeſt with regard to Homer, that they deſtroyed the ſources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their ſupporters to death.

As the Septuagint-tranſlation of the Old Teſtament was performed at the requeſt, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed ſome of his paſtoral imagery from the poetical paſſages of thoſe books.—I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expreſſions of the prophet Iſaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νυν ια μεν φορεοισι βατοι, φορεοισι δ' ακανθαι.
Ἁ δε καλα ναρκισσος επ' αρκευθοισι κομᾶται·
Παντα δ' εναλλα γενοιτο, και ἁ ωιτυς οχνας ενειακαι
——————και τως κυνας ὡλαφος ἑλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narciſſus dreſs his hair,
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer ſhall drag the trembling hound.

The cauſe, indeed, of theſe phænomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth, of an important perſon: but the marks of imitation are nevertheleſs obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the ſacred writers, the celebrated epithalamium of Solomon, ſo much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have eſcaped his notice. His epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find him there. The very opening of the poem is in the ſpirit of the Hebrew ſong:

Ουτω δε ωρωΐζα καταδραθες, ω φιλε γαμβρε;

The colour of imitation is ſtill ſtronger in the following paſſage:

Ἁως αν ελλοισα καλον διεφαινε ωροσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ὰτε, λευκον εαρ χειμενος ανεντος·
Ὡδε και ἁ χρυσεα Ἑλενα διεφαινετ' εν ἡμιν,
Πειρε, μεγαλη. ὰτ' ανεδραμεν ογμος αρουρα,
Η καπῳ κυπαριϲϲος, η ἁρματι Θεϲϲαλος ἱππος

This deſcription of Helen is infinitely above the ſtyle and figure of the Sicilian paſtoral—"She is "like the riſing of the golden morning, when the "night departeth, and when the winter is over "and gone. She reſembleth the cypreſs in the "garden, the horſe in the chariots of Theſſaly." Theſe figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the ſame Idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage paſtoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has ſurvived the ruins of time; a happineſs for which it is, probably, more indebted to its ſacred character than to its intrinſic merit. Not that it is by any means deſtitute of poetical excellence: like all the eaſtern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, alluſions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characteriſes its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In conſequence of theſe peculiarities, ſo ill adapted to the frigid genius of the North, Mr. Collins could make but little uſe of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the ſubject is of a ſimilar nature, he has choſen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin paſtoral.

The ſcenery and ſubjects then of the following eclogues alone are oriental; the ſtyle and colour-

ing are purely European; and, for this reaſon, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the original, from a merchant who traded to the Eaſt, is omitted, as being now altogether ſuperfluous.

With regard to the merit of theſe eclogues, it may juſtly be aſſerted, that in ſimplicity of deſcription and expreſſion, in delicacy and ſoftneſs of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderneſs, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the paſtoral kind in the Engliſh language.

ECLOGUE I.

THIS eclogue, which is entitled Selim, or the Shepherd's Moral, as there is nothing dramatic in the ſubject, may be thought the leaſt entertaining of the four: but it is by no means the leaſt valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent ſhepherd delivers to his fellow-ſwains and the virgins, their companions, are ſuch as would infallibly promote the happineſs of the paſtoral life.

In imperſonating the private *virtues*, the poet has obſerved great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the moſt perfect judgment, when he repreſents them as the daughters of truth and wiſdom.

The characteriſtics of modeſty and chaſtity are extremely happy and *peintureſque*:

" Come thou, *whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear*,
To lead the train, ſweet modeſty appear;
With thee be chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe, ſuſpicious maid;
Cold is her breaſt, *like flowers that drink the dew*.
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view."

The two ſimiles borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expreſſive. There is, notwithſtanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to chaſtity as to modeſty; and from this inſtance, as well as from a thouſand more, we may ſee the neceſſity of diſtinguiſhing, in characteriſtic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants both thoſe eſſential *criteria* of the paſtoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former ſtill remains an intereſt in it, and that too very material, as it profeſſedly conſults the virtue and happineſs of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

——that muſt lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

ALL the advantages that any ſpecies of poetry can derive from the novelty of the ſubject and ſcenery, this eclogue poſſeſſes. The rout of a camel-driver is a ſcene that ſcarce could exiſt in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant treſſes he could have no idea.—Theſe are very happily and minutely painted by our deſcriptive poet. What ſublime ſimplicity of expreſſion! what nervous plainneſs in the opening of the poem!

" In ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole ſcene before us at once, as it were by inchantment, and in this ſingle couplet we feel all the effect that ariſes from the terrible wildneſs of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verſes that deſcribe ſo minutely the camel-driver's little proviſions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehenſions of diſtreſs:

" Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſuage,
" When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage!"

It is difficult to ſay whether his apoſtrophe to the " mute companions of his toils," is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderneſs and humanity of the ſentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injuſtice, if he concludes it to be deſtitute of ſenſibility:

" Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around."

Yet in theſe beautiful lines there is a ſlight error, which writers of the greateſt genius very frequently fall into.—It will be needleſs to obſerve to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and ſixth verſes there is a verbal pleoniſm where the poet ſpeaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an overſight of the ſame kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet ſays

" ——Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds——"

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taſte it is nevertheleſs diſguſtful; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard againſt it.

Mr. Collins ſpeaks like a true poet, as well in ſentiment as expreſſion, when, with regard to the thirſt of wealth, he ſays,

" Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Thy think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?"

But however juſt theſe ſentiments may appear to thoſe who have not revolted from nature and ſimplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-ſtreet, or Cheapſide, he would not have been complimented with the underſtanding of the bellman.—A ſtriking proof, that our own particular ideas of happineſs regulate our opinions concerning the ſenſe and wiſdom of others!

It is impoſſible to take leave of this moſt beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration ſo juſtly due to the following nervous lines:

"What if the lion in his rage I meet!——
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."

This, amongſt many other paſſages to be met with in the writings of Collins, ſhows that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in deſcription, notwithſtanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expreſſed, than the image in the laſt couplet.

That deception, ſometimes uſed in rhetoric and poetry, which preſents us with an object or ſentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greateſt advantage:

"Farewell the youth, whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt arise——
Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettineſs, than a real or natural beauty.

ECLOGUE III.

THAT innocent and native ſimplicity of manners, which, in the firſt eclogue, was allowed to conſtitute the happineſs of love, is here beautifully deſcribed in its effects. The ſultan of Perſia marries a Georgian ſhepherdeſs, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can beſtow. The moſt natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are thoſe where the fair ſultana refers with ſo much pleaſure to her paſtoral amuſements, and thoſe ſcenes of happy innocence in which ſhe paſſed her early years; particularly when, upon her firſt departure,

"Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable ſimplicity reminds one of that paſſage, where Proſerpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loſs of the flowers ſhe has been gathering.

"Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis:
Tantaque ſimplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virginium movit jactura dolorem."

ECLOGUE IV.

THE beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the ſcene of this pathetic eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its ſavage neighbours, when Mr. Collins ſo affectedly deſcribed its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miſeries of mankind; and it is with the utmoſt tenderneſs and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circaſſia's ruin, while he realizes the ſcene, and brings the preſent drama before us. Of every circumſtance that could poſſibly contribute to the tender effect this paſtoral was deſigned to produce, the poet has availed himſelf with the utmoſt art and addreſs. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the diſtreſſes of Circaſſia, by repreſenting it as the ſcene of the happieſt love.

"In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind."

To give the circumſtances of the dialogue a more affecting ſolemnity, he makes the time midnight, and deſcribes the two ſhepherds in the very act of flight from the deſtruction that ſwept over their country:

"Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:"

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which ſtrikes us more forcibly, the more we conſider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the ſhepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had paſſed. This is certainly painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or deſtitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But, as the cloſeſt purſuit of nature is the ſureſt way to excellence in general, and to ſublimity in particular, in poetical deſcription, ſo we find that this ſimple ſuggeſtion of the ſhepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is a grandeur and variety in the landſkip he deſcribes:

"And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd!
And, laſt, this lofty mountain's weary ſide!"

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expreſſing a ſlow and difficult movement by adding to the uſual number of pauſes in a verſe. This is obſervable in the line that deſcribes the aſcent of the mountain.

And laſt ‖ this lofty mountain's ‖ weary ſide ‖.

Here we find the number of pauſes, or muſical

, which, in an heroic verſe, is commonly two, increaſed to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous ſweetneſs of expreſſion in the following deſcriptive lines is almoſt inimitably beautiful:

"Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale."

Nevertheleſs in this delightful landſkip there is an obvious fault: there is no diſtinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly: they are both flowery, and conſequently undiverſified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgment, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within ſo ſhort a compaſs; an overſight which thoſe who are accuſtomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other ſpecies of compoſition, know to be very poſſible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expreſſed, than the ſhepherd's apprehenſions for his fair country-women, expoſed to the ravages of the invaders.

"In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair:
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief ſhall ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend."

There is certainly ſome very powerful charm in the liquid melody of ſounds. The editor of theſe poems could never read or hear the following verſe repeated, without a degree of pleaſure otherwiſe entirely unaccountable:

"Their eyes' *blue languiſh*, and their *golden hair*."

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the ſame kind of anxious pleaſure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muſe. Poſſeſſed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings of tenderneſs and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthuſiaſm, which gives to imagination its ſtrongeſt colouring, he was at once, capable of ſoothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the paſſions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxuriancy of his deſcription.

In conſequence of theſe powers, but, more particularly, in conſideration of the laſt, he choſe ſuch ſubjects for his lyric eſſays as were moſt favourable for the indulgence of deſcription and allegory; where he could exerciſe his powers in moral and perſonal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already new known, and deſcribed by a determinate number of characteriſtics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the ſociety of imperſonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and ſuch were the advantages he derived from the deſcriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It ſeems to have been the whole induſtry of our author (and it is, at the ſame time, almoſt all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boaſt) to promote the influence of the ſocial virtues, by painting them in the faireſt and happieſt lights.

"Melior fieri tuendo,"

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it ſeems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it ſhould appear to ſome readers that he has been more induſtrious to cultivate deſcription than ſentiment; it may be obſerved, that his deſcriptions themſelves are ſentimental, and anſwer the whole end of that ſpecies of writing, by embelliſhing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the fineſt moral leſſons to the mind.

Horace ſpeaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the ſenſes, it is conveyed. The impreſſions left on the imagination may poſſibly be thought leſs durable than the depoſits of memory, but it may very well admit of a queſtion, whether a concluſion of reaſon, or an impreſſion of imagination, will ſooneſt make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is moſt likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, muſt be allowed, that thoſe works approach the neareſt to perfection which unite theſe powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and ſtriking deſcription, the latter by a brief, but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus, while

the heart is influenced through the operation of the paſſions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwiſe have been tranſient, is ſecured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treaſures up in a ſhort aphoriſm the moral ſcene.

This is a good reaſon, and this, perhaps, is the only reaſon that can be given, why our dramatic performances ſhould generally end with a chain of couplets. In theſe the moral of the whole piece is uſually conveyed; and that aſſiſtance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cauſe of it, gives it uſefulneſs and propriety even there.

After theſe apologies for the *deſcriptive* turn of the following odes, ſomething remains to be ſaid on the origin and uſe of *allegory* in poetical compoſition.

By this we are not to underſtand the trope in the ſchools, which is defined "aliud verbis, aliud "ſenſu oſtendere," and of which Quintilian ſays, "uſus eſt, ut triſtia dicamus melioribus verbis, "aut bonæ rei quædam contrariis ſignificemus, "&c." It is not the verbal, but the ſentimental allegory, not allegorical expreſſion (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in queſtion.

When we endeavour to trace this ſpecies of figurative ſentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itſelf. It is generally agreed that the moſt ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the moſt ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the firſt literary productions were poetical, we ſhall have little or no difficulty in diſcovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the tranſition from hieroglyphical to literal expreſſion, it is not to be wondered if the cuſtom of expreſſing ideas by perſonal images, which had ſo long prevailed, ſhould ſtill retain its influence on the mind, though the uſe of letters had rendered the practical application of it ſuperfluous. Thoſe who had been accuſtomed to expreſs ſtrength by the image of an elephant, ſwiftneſs by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no ſcruple of ſubſtituting, in letters, the ſymbols for the ideas they had been uſed to repreſent.

Here we plainly ſee the origin of *allegorical expreſſion*, that it aroſe from the *aſhes* of hieroglyphics; and if to the ſame cauſe we ſhould refer that figurative boldneſs of ſtyle and imagery which diſtinguiſh the oriental writings, we ſhall, perhaps, conclude more juſtly than if we ſhould impute it to the ſuperior grandeur of eaſtern genius.

From the ſame ſource with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *ſentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or ſymbolical expreſſion of the ſeveral agents in an action, or the different objects in a ſcene.

The latter moſt peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this ſpecies of allegory we include the imperſonation of paſſions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which, principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

With reſpect to the utility of this figurat writing, the ſame arguments that have been vanced in favour of deſcriptive poetry, will he weight likewiſe here. It is, indeed, from imp ſonation, or, as it is commonly termed, pe ſcation, that poetical deſcription borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the ſcenery of material objects would be dull, without the introduction of fictitious life.

Theſe obſervations will be moſt effectuallly illuſtrated by the ſublime and beautiful odes that occaſioned them; in thoſe it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by paſſing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

"By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!"

The propriety of invoking pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender paſſions, and, therefore, could not but ſtand in the higheſt eſteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's ſenſibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton profeſſedly did, and probably for the ſame reaſon; but we do not find that he has copied him ſo cloſely as the laſt mentioned poet has ſometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samſon-Agoniſtes, which is an evident imitation of the following paſſage in the Phœniſſe.

Ηʃʊ προπαροιθε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλὼ ποδὶ
Οφθαλμος ει συ, ναυβαταισιν ασφον ὡς
Δευρ' εις το λευρον πεδιον ιχνος τιθεισ' εμον,
Προβαινε.———— Act III. Sc. I.

The "eyes of dewy light" is one of the happieſt ſtrokes of imagination, and may be ranked among thoſe expreſſions which

"—give us back the image of the mind."
"Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd with pity's lute."
"There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head."

Suſſex, in which county the Arun is a ſmall river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both theſe, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are diſtinguiſhed. There was a ſimilitude in their genius and their ſufferings. There was a reſemblance in the misfortunes and in the diſſipation of their lives; and the circumſtances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of pity the hiſtory of human misfortunes, and of drawing

ſcenes from the tragic muſe, is very happy, d in every reſpect worthy the imagination of llins.

ODE TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himſelf to dramatic poetry, ſeems here, with the ſame view, to have addreſſed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence ſhe had given to the genius of Shakſpeare:

" Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O fear, will dwell with thee!"

In the conſtruction of this nervous ode, the author has ſhown equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more ſtriking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the meaſure in the fifth and ſixth verſes, when he feels the ſtrong influence of the power he invokes:

" Ah, fear, ah, frantic fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near."

The editor of theſe poems has met with nothing in the ſame ſpecies of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal, in all reſpects, to the following deſcription of danger:

" Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep."

It is impoſſible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two laſt verſes without theſe emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it; for there is too much originality in all the circumſtances, to ſuppoſe that the author had in his eye that deſcription of the penal ſituation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

" —— Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem ſcopulo"

The archetype of the Engliſh poet's idea was in nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewiſe, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, diſplayed in the following lines:

" And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While vengeance in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of ſorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthuſiaſm, which cheriſhes the ſeeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only ſoil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A paſſion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, ſeduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriouſly fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthuſiaſm bore no very diſtant reſemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the ſame attachments.

" Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true."
" On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

There is an old traditionary ſuperſtition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all ſuch perſons as ſhall die within the enſuing year, make their ſolemn entry into the churches of their reſpective pariſhes, as St. Patrick ſwam over the channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

The meaſure of the ancient ballad ſeems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the ſubject; and it has, indeed, an air of ſimplicity not altogether unaffecting:

" By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear.
By her whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings flow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd ſtore, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the ſweetneſs and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the fineſt and the happieſt effect: yet, poſſibly, it will bear a queſtion, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to ſimplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language, at leaſt, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it muſt be owned that they juſtly copied nature and the paſſions, and ſo far, certainly, they were entitled to the palm of true ſimplicity: the following moſt beautiful ſpeech of Polynices, will be a monument of this ſo long as poetry ſhall laſt.

———πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομην
Χρονιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Γυμνασια θ' οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης θ' ὑδωρ.
Ων κ δικαιως απελαθεις, ξενην πολιν
Ναιω, δι' οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυρροων.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγους αλγος) αυ σε δερκομαι,
Καρα ξυρηκες, και πτιλους μελαγχιμους
Εχουσαν. Eurip. Phœniſſ. ver. 369.

" But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of ſimplicity among the Romans with the reign of Auguſtus; and indeed, it did not continue much longer, moſt of the compoſitions, after that date, giving into falſe and artificial ornament.

" No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceleſs numbers mean."

In theſe lines the writings of the Provençal poets are principally alluded to, in which, ſimplicity is generally ſacrificed to the rhapſodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul eſte profani!

THIS ode is ſo infinitely abſtracted and replete with high enthuſiaſm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the beauty of it, or of reliſhing its beauties. There is a ſtyle of ſentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the ſubject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the ſame account that abſtracted poetry will never have many admirers.

The authors of ſuch poems muſt be content with the approbation of thoſe heaven-favoured geniuſes, who, by a ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high myſteries of inſpired fancy, and to purſue the loftieſt flights of enthuſiaſtic imagination. Nevertheleſs, the praiſe of the diſtinguiſhed few is certainly preferable to the applauſe of the undiſcerning million; for all praiſe is valuable in proportion to the judgment of thoſe who confer it.

As the ſubject of this ode is uncommon, ſo are the ſtyle and expreſſion highly metaphorical and abſtracted; thus the ſun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the ſhadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are ſtruck with the propriety of this mode of expreſſion here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that ſubſiſts between language and ſentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the creation of the Ceſtus of fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and ſublime: and the obſervation that, the dangerous paſſions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the ſtricteſt philoſophical truth; for poetical fancy can exiſt only in minds that are perfectly ſerene, and in ſome meaſure abſtracted from the influences of ſenſe.

The ſcene of Milton's "inſpiring hour" is perfectly in character, and deſcribed with all thoſe wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was ſo enthuſiaſtically fond:

" I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven, its native ſtrains could hear."

ODE TO MERCY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

THE ode written in 1746, and the ode to mercy, ſeem to have been written on the ſame occaſion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of thoſe heroes who fell in defence of their country, the latter to excite ſentiments of compaſſion in favour of thoſe unhappy and deluded wretches who became a ſacrifice to public juſtice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the ſcene and figures deſcribed in the ſtrophe of the Ode to Mercy are exquiſitely ſtriking, and would afford a painter one of the fineſt ſubjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient ſtates of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever exiſted, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

" Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue."

There is ſomething extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly ſuperior to that deſcription Jocaſta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βοσρυχων τε κυανοχαιτων χαιτας
Πλεκαμεον.———

" What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus ſtill remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who ſlew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby reſtored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here moſt nervouſly deſcribed in one line:

" With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell.

The thought ſeems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the ſtructure of the verſe is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet conſiders the influence it has retained, or ſtill retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of loſing its liberty under thoſe patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Piſa, juſtly ſo called in reſpect to its long impatience and regret under the ſame yoke; and the *ſmall* Marino, which, however unreſpectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at leaſt, this diſtinction to boaſt, that it has preſerved its liberty longer than any other ſtate, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its preſent mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron ſaint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deſerves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only ſaint that ever contributed to the eſtabliſhment of freedom.

" Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate."

In theſe lines the poet alludes to thoſe ravages in the ſtate of Genoa, occaſioned by the unhappy diviſions of the Guelphs and Gibelines

" —— When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in these verſes, ſee Voltaire's Epiſtle to the King of Pruſſia.

" Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!

The Flemings were ſo dreadfully oppreſſed by this ſanguinary general of Philip the Second, that they offered their ſovereignty to Elizabeth; but, happily for her ſubjects, ſhe had policy and magnanmity enough to refuſe it. Deformeaux, in his Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoire d'Eſpagne, thus deſcribes the ſufferings of the Flemings: " Le " Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands " au déſeſpoir. Après avoir inondé les echafauts " du ſang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il " faiſoit conſtruire des citadelles en divers endroits, " et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribute onéreux " qui avoit été longtems en uſage parmi les " Eſpagnols." Agreg. Chron. Tom. IV.

" ———Mona,
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Iſle of Angleſey, anciently ſo famous for its Druids; but ſometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Iſle of Man. Both theſe iſles ſtill retain much of the genius of ſuperſtition, and are now the only places where there is the leaſt chance of finding a fairy.

ODE TO A LADY,

On the Death of Colonel Charles Roſs, in the Action of Fontenoy. Written May, 1745.

The Iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, ſeems as well calculated for tender and plaintive ſubjects, as for thoſe where ſtrength or rapidity is required.---This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the ſtrain in the ſame ſtanza; for ſorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needleſs to obſerve that this ode is replete with harmony, ſpirit, and pathos; and there, ſurely, appears no reaſon why the ſeventh and eighth ſtanzas ſhould be omitted in that copy printed in Dodſley's collection of poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

The blank ode has for ſome time ſolicited admiſſion into the Engliſh poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, ſeem to have been vain, at leaſt its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a queſtion, then, whether there is not ſomething in the nature of blank verſe leſs adapted to the lyric than to the heroic meaſure, ſince, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to diſcover this, we are to conſider the different modes of theſe different ſpecies of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in theſe circumſtances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cauſe why blank verſe has been ſucceſsful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it preſented itſelf only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by cuſtom; but where it was obliged to aſſume the different ſhapes of the lyric muſe, it ſeemed ſtill a ſtranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curioſity than pleaſure, and entertained without that eaſe, or ſatisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce.—Moreover, the heroic blank verſe obtained a ſanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greateſt poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the nobleſt poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applauſe which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the verſification ſoon found its imitators, and became more generally ſucceſsful than even in thoſe countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verſe had met with no ſuch advantages; for Mr. Collins, whoſe genius and judgment in harmony might have given it ſo powerful an effect, hath left us but one ſpecimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his meaſure he ſeems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the neareſt reſemblance to that mixt kind of the aſclepiad and pherecratic verſe; and that reſemblance in ſome degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of thoſe great maſters of antiquity, whoſe works had no need of this whimſicle jingle of ſounds.

From the following paſſage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his ſubject and his verſification ſuitable to each other on this occaſion, and that, when he addreſſed himſelf to the ſober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aſide the foppery of rhyme;

" Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the verſification of this ode, the imagery and enthuſiaſm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteriſtic of his genius. In one place we diſcover his paſſion for viſionary beings:

" For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His pale circlet at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car."

In another we behold his ſtrong bias to melancholy:

" Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams."

en appears his taſte for what is wildly grand

and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by ſtorms from enjoying his evening walk, he wiſhes for a ſituation,

" That from the mountain's ſides,
Views wild and ſwelling floods;

And, through the whole, his invariable attachment to the expreſſion of painting:

" ——and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil."

It might be a ſufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to obſerve, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom nature has given the moſt perfect principles of taſte. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it: a circumſtance by no means unfavourable to the cauſe of lyric blank verſe; for ſurely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the maſculine genius may diſpenſe with them

THE MANNERS, AN ODE.

From the ſubject and ſentiments of this ode, it ſeems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the Univerſity; when, weary with the purſuit of academical ſtudies, he no longer confined himſelf to the ſearch of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the ſcholar of humanity, to ſtudy nature in her works, and man in ſociety.

The following farewell to ſcience exhibits a very juſt as well as ſtriking picture: for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platoniſm and Pyrrhoniſm are allied:

" Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science; prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Come like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!"

When the mind goes in purſuit of viſionary ſyſtems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity to think abſtractedly, to reaſon and refine, the more it will be expoſed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty.—From an enthuſiaſtic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to perſiſt in ſome favourite doctrine, or to adhere to ſome adopted ſyſtem; but when that enthuſiaſm, which is founded on the vivacity of the paſſions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it ſupported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the unhoſpitable ſhore of doubt.---A ſtriking proof of the neceſſity of ſome moral rule of wiſdom and virtue, and ſome ſyſtem of happineſs eſtabliſhed by unerring knowledge, and unlimited power.

In the poet's addreſs to humour in this ode, there is one image of ſingular beauty and propriety. The ornament in the hair of wit are of ſuch a nature, and diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, as to be perfectly ſymbolical and characteriſtic:

" Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide."

Nothing could be more expreſſive of wit, which conſiſts in a happy colliſion of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the diſpoſition of the jewels.

" O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Briton's favour'd iſle alone."

The author could only mean to apply this to the time when he wrote, ſince other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himſelf acknowledges afterwards.

" By old Miletus, &c.
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids, &c.

The Mileſian and Tuſcan romances were by no means diſtinguiſhed for humour; but as they were the models of that ſpecies of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reaſon only mentioned here.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

If the muſic which was compoſed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itſelf, it muſt have been the moſt excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and muſic have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the ſame nature have derived their greateſt reputation from the perfection of the muſic that accompanied them, having in themſelves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole ſoul and power of poetry---Expreſſion that, even without the aid of muſic, ſtrikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to tranſport the attention, without the forceful alliance of correſponding ſounds! what, then, muſt have been the effects of theſe united!

It is very obſervable that though the meaſure is the ſame, in which the muſical efforts of fear, anger, and deſpair, are deſcribed, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is ſtrongly expreſſed: thus particularly of Deſpair:

" With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair---
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild."

He muſt be a very unſkilful compoſer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from theſe lines!

The picture of hope that follows this is beautiful almoſt beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleaſure and fancy have appropriated to her.

Relegat, qui ſemel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure!
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every
cloſe, [golden hair."
And Hope inchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her

In what an exalted light does the above ſtanza place this great maſter of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied ſweetneſs of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expreſſion! how characteriſtically does Hope prolong her ſtrain, repeat her ſoothing cloſes, call upon her aſſociate Echo for the ſame purpoſes, and diſplay every pleaſing grace peculiar to her!

" And Hope inchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her
golden hair."

Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui ſemel percurrit, relegat.

The deſcriptions of joy, jealouſy, and revenge, are excellent; though not equally ſo. Thoſe of melancholy and cheerfulneſs are ſuperior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in aſſerting that this is the fineſt ode in the Engliſh language.

AN EPISTLE

TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

THIS poem was written by our author at the univerſity, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakſpeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not ſo much merit as the reſt of his poems, it has ſtill more than the ſubject deſerves. The verſification is eaſy and genteel, and the alluſions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very juſtly drawn in this epiſtle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

MR. COLLINS had *ſkill to complain.* Of that mournful melody, and thoſe tender images, which are the diſtinguiſhing excellencies of ſuch pieces as bewail departed friendſhip, or beauty, he was an almoſt unequalled maſter. He knew perfectly to exhibit ſuch circumſtances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great ſenſibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addreſſed himſelf to the feelings of others.

To read ſuch lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without correſponding emotions of pity, is ſurely impoſſible:

" The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,
Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till Pity's ſelf be dead."

The Ode on the death of Thomſon ſeems to have been written in an excurſion to Richmond by water. The rural ſcenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whoſe merit lay in deſcriptions of the ſame kind; and the appellations of " Druid," and " meek Nature's child," are happily characteriſtic. For the better underſtanding of this ode, it is neceſſary to remember, that Mr. Thomſon lies buried in the church of Richmond.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DYER.

Containing

THE FLEECE,
RUINS OF ROME,
GRONGAR HILL,
COUNTRY WALK,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The care of ſheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I ſing———

THE FLEECE, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF DYER.

JOHN DYER was born in 1700, the ſecond ſon of Robert Dyer, Eſq. of Aberglaſney in Carmarthenſhire, a ſolicitor of great capacity and note.

He received his early education in the country, and finiſhed his ſtudies at Weſtminſter School, under the care of Dr. Freind, from whence he was called away to be inſtructed in his father's pro-

His father died ſoon after; and taking no delight in the ſtudy of the law, but having always amuſed himſelf with drawing, he reſolved to turn painter, and became pupil to Mr. Richardſon of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, an artiſt then of high reputation, but better known by his writings than by his pictures.

He afterwards became an itinerant painter, and wandered about South Wales and the parts adjacent; but mingled poetry with painting, and printed *Grongar Hill*, which was originally written as an *Irregular Ode*, in a "Miſcellany Volume of Poems," collected and publiſhed by Savage, in 1726, in which it appears in that form, very incorrect, and with the initial lines as follows:

Fancy, nymph that loves to lie
  On the lonely eminence,
Darting notice through the eye,
  Forming thought and feaſting ſenſe.
Thou that muſt lend imagination wings,
And ſtamp diſtinction on all worldly things;
  Come, and with thy various hues,
  Paint and adorn thy ſiſter muſe.

Like other painters, he afterwards travelled into Italy for improvement; and at Rome, formed the plan of his poem, called *The Ruins of Rome*, which he finiſhed ſoon after his return, in 1740.

At his return, ill health, and love of ſtudy, ſolitude, and reflection, determined him to the church. He, therefore, entered into orders; and married, about the ſame time, Miſs Enſor, ſiſter of Mr. Strong Enſor, of Warwickſhire.

Of his eccleſiaſtical proviſion, and ſome other particulars of his perſonal hiſtory, he has himſelf given an account, in a letter to William Duncombe, Eſq. dated Coningſby, Nov. 24. 1756, publiſhed in the ſecond volume of "Letters by ſeveral eminent Perſons deceaſed," by the Rev. John Duncombe. "Lord Chancellor [Hardwick] has been favourable to me. This living [Coningſby, Lincolnſhire] is 120 l. *per annum*. The other, called Kirkby, is 110 l.; but my preferments came in this courſe: Calthorp in Leiceſterſhire (80 l. a-year), was given me by one Mr. Harper, in 1741. That I quitted in 1751, for a ſmall living of 73 l. called Belchford, ten miles from hence, and given me by Lord Chancellor, through Mr. Wray's [Daniel Wray, Eſq. one of the deputy tellers of the Exchequer, a friend to virtue and the muſes] intereſt. Sir John Heathcote gave me this, and lately procured me Kirkby of Lord Chancellor, without my ſolicitation. I was glad of this, on account of its nearneſs to me; though I think myſelf a loſer by the exchange, through the expences of the ſeal, diſpenſations, journeys, &c. and the charge of an old houſe, half of which I am going to pull down."

More of myſelf, which your good natured curioſity draws from me, is this: After having been an itinerant painter in my native country (S. Wales), and in Herefordſhire, Worceſterſhire, &c. &c. I married and ſettled in Leiceſterſhire. My wife's name was Enſor, whoſe grandmother was a Shakſpeare, deſcended from a brother of everybody's Shakſpeare. We have four children living; three are girls; the youngeſt a boy, ſix years old. I had ſome brothers; have but one left; he is a clergyman, lives at Marybone, and has ſuch a houſefull of children as puts me in mind of a noted ſtatue at Rome of the river Nile, on the arms, legs, and body of which are crawling or climbing, ten or a dozen little boys and girls."

About this time, he finiſhed the *Fleece*, his greateſt poetical work, in the compoſition of which, as he himſelf informs us, he received ſome aſſiſtance from Akenſide.

" Your humble ſervant," he writes Mr. Duncombe, " is become a deaf, and dull, and languid creature; who, however, in this poor change of conſtitution, being a little recompenſed with the critic's phlegm, has made ſhift, by many blottings and corrections, and ſome helps from his kind friend Dr. Akenſide, to give a ſort of finiſhing to the *Fleece*, which is juſt ſent up to Mr. Dodſley; but as people are ſo taken up with politics, and have ſo little inclination to read any thing but ſatire and newſpapers, I am in doubt whether this is a proper time for publiſhing it."

He publiſhed the *Fleece*, in 1757, and congratulated himſelf upon it as his nobleſt work; but it was coldly received upon its firſt appearance, and has not hitherto obtained ſo much notice as it deſerves.

Dodſley the bookſeller was one day mentioning it to a critical viſitor with more expectation of ſucceſs than the other could eaſily admit. In the converſation, the author's age was aſked; and being repreſented as advanced in life, " He will," ſaid the critic, " be buried in woollen."

He did not indeed long ſurvive that publication, nor long enjoy the increaſe of his preferments. He died in 1758, in the 58th year of his age.

His *Grongar Hill*, and *Ruins of Rome*, have been frequently reprinted in the poetical miſcellanies; and, together with the *Fleece*, *Country Walk*, and a few ſhorter pieces, were collected in the 53d volume of the " Works of the Engliſh Poets," 1779. Scott left behind him an eſſay on *Grongar Hill* and another on the *Ruins of Rome*, which were publiſhed among his " Critical Eſſays," by Mr. Hoole, in 1785.

The character of Dyer was very amiable and reſpectable. He was beloved by his friends, for the gentleneſs and ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition. He was reſpected by the world, as a man of ſuperior endowments. With Hill and Savage he lived in habits of familiar intimacy; and joined in the poetical praiſes of a lady celebrated in their verſes by the name of *Clio*, afterwards Mrs. Sanſom. Savage has an " Epiſtle to Dyer, occaſioned by ſeeing his picture of the celebrated *Clio*," and another " in Anſwer to his from the Country." He was diſtinguiſhed by the friendſhip of Akenſide, and carried on a correſpondence with Mr. Duncombe, the friend of Hughes, and other men of letters and taſte.

As a poet, Dyer ranks with Denham, Garth, Pope, and Thomſon, his predeceſſors in deſcriptive poetry. He had peculiar and powerful talents for that ſpecies of compoſition, inferior only perhaps to the talents of Thomſon. Some of his deſcriptions, however, ſufficiently evince that he had ſtudied manners and paſſions, as well as the external beauties of nature, and could have excelled in compoſitions of higher dignity and utility, that lay open the internal conſtitution of man, and that imitate characters and ſentiments. It is no diminution of his genius, that he preferred that ſpecies of poetry which has given immortality to Lucretius, Virgil, and Thomſon. Of Engliſh poets, none have excelled Dyer, in one of the greateſt and moſt pleaſing arts of deſcriptive poetry, the diſpoſition of every object ſo as it may give occaſion for ſome obſervation on human life. This oblique inſtruction is the diſtinguiſhing excellence of " Coopers Hill." This is the great charm of the incomparable " Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard."

Of Dyer's compoſitions, his *Grongar Hill* has obtained the greateſt notice. It is a deſcriptive poem of very conſiderable merit, ſpirited and pleaſing. Few poetical pieces have repreſented an extenſive and beautiful proſpect in ſo agreeable a manner. But it is not without its imperfections; there is a redundancy of thought in ſome inſtances, and a careleſſneſs of language in others. The verſification is an irregular mixture of iambic and trochaic lines; a circumſtance rather diſpleaſing to a nice ear. Conſidered as a landſcape, painted with words inſtead of colours, it is pronounced by Mr. Gilpin, in his " Obſervations on the River Wye," defective in the execution, as wanting contraſt of foreground and diſtance. It is juſtly obſerved, that the objects immediately beneath his eye, and thoſe more remote, are marked with equal ſtrength and diſtinctneſs; the trees cloſe at hand are diſtinguiſhed by their *ſhapes* and *hues*, and the caſtle afar off, by *ivy* creeping on its walls. Where the deſcriber is ſuppoſed to ſtand, the former muſt be viſible, the latter could not; and therefore ſhould not have been mentioned. Dyer was a painter, and knew the effect of contraſt and the rules of perſpective; but his powers cannot be fairly eſtimated by his performance. His poem

ſeems deſignedly without plan; it is deſultory and diffuſe, ſketching at random a number of unconnected objects. His hill's extenſive view would probably have afforded ſeveral complete landſcapes; but it is not clear that he aimed at producing any. *Grongar Hill*, had Dyer written nothing elſe, would have obtained for him the name of a poet, yet it is the ſmalleſt proof of his abilities. The *Ruins of Rome*, and the *Fleece*, however neglected by ſuperficial readers, or degraded by injudicious critics, juſtly entitle him to the higheſt praiſe.

The *Ruins of Rome* has for its ſubject the remains of the firſt city in the univerſe, whoſe hiſtory could not fail to intereſt, and whoſe moral muſt inſtruct; a ſubject affording pictures of paſt and preſent magnificence, narration of the riſe and fall of empire, applauſe of liberty and virtue, and cenſure of tyranny and vice. The poem conſiſts principally in deſcription of progreſs and proſpect; and ſo abounds with pleaſing imagery, that the taſk of ſelection is perplexing. The view of his proſpect is ſuppoſed to employ the duration of a natural day. It begins when the riſing ſun

> Flames on the ruins in the purer air,
> Towering aloft———

And concludes with the grand natural appearance of the ſun ſetting between two towers:

> Cool evening comes; the ſetting ſun diſplays
> His viſible great round between two towers,
> As through two ſhady cliffs———

The idea of progreſſion, given by his ſpecification of the places paſſed through, is very forcible, and the epithets beſtowed on thoſe places are ſtrongly diſcriminative of their peculiarities; the *woody bounds* of Gallia, the *cloud-piercing* Alps, the *viny vale* of Arno, and the *forlorn waſte* of the Campagna. The introduction of the *pilgrim* hearing the noiſe of the falling rivers, is a beautiful circumſtance and affects us much more forcibly than a ſimple aſſertion that they often fell.

Dr. Johnſon, whoſe parſimony of praiſe to his contemporaries, eſpecially to Dyer, is but too conſpicuous, obſerves, that "ſome paſſages in this poem are conceived with the mind of a poet;" and contents himſelf with quoting this paſſage, the merit of which had been previouſly applauded by Hervey. The paſſage in which he exults in the recollection of the former reſpectable ſtate of poets, demands, in every reſpect, unabated approbation. The modern neglect, of which many poets, and none more than himſelf, have had occaſion to complain, is expreſſed with feeling and energy:

> But now—another age, alas! is ours—
> Yet will the muſe a little longer ſoar,
> Unleſs the clouds of care weigh down her wings,
> Since nature's ſtores are ſhut with cruel hand,
> And each aggrieves his brother; ſince in vain
> The thirſty pilgrim at the fountain aſks
> The overflowing wave.—Enough—the plaint diſdain—

The remaining part of the poem is of the ſame general character; and relates, in a ſpirited narrative, the riſe, meridian, decline, and fall of the Roman empire. The concluſion deſcribes, in the moſt animated manner, the irruptions of the Goths and Vandals, with their conſequences; and reflects, with equal dignity and pathos, on the ineſtimable advantages of political liberty, and on the fatal effects of national luxury.

No ſubject can be more intereſting to a Britiſh reader than

> The care of ſheep, the labours of the loom;

or of more univerſal concern, than the

> ———arts of trade,

which Dyer has made the argument of his *Fleece*. Accordingly, it is addreſſed to "the good, of all degrees, of all ſects," but eſpecially to the king, whom, in the emphatic language of Homer, he ſtyles the *People's Shepherd*. The manner in which it is executed diſcovers no leſs judgment than fancy; for, though few material rules relating to ſheep or the woollen manufactures are omitted, they are all poetically and gracefully delivered. The diction is artfully varied; the two firſt books have a

mixture of the paſtoral; the third is rural, but elegant; the laſt is daring and ſublime. He has no intereſting narratives, ſuch as the ſtory of "Orpheus and Eurydice" in the fourth Georgic, and thoſe of "Amelia" and "Lavinia" in the "Seaſons;" but it abounds in affecting digreſſions and pathetic ſtrokes, particularly in exhortations to benevolence:

In flowery ſpring-time, when the new dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakneſs, by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him, and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet,
O guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that ruſh around his life.—
In this ſoft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in ſport.

In the ſame benevolent ſtrain are his recommendation of county work-houſes (B. III.); his cenſure of thoſe who refuſe an aſylum to perſecuted foreigners; his wiſh for a general naturalization act (ib.); his reflections on the ſlave trade (B. IV.); his cenſure of the diſputes between the Engliſh and French Eaſt India Companies (ib); his method for preventing the exportation of combed wool, and his apology for treating that ſubject (B. II.); and his recommendation of benevolence to the brute creation (ib.). His topographical deſcriptions deſerve particular commendation; and in river-painting, his merit is ſuperlative. His *Sheep-ſhearing*, and the *Feaſt on the Banks of the Severn*, are pieces of exquiſite painting. His truly poetical deſcription of *long wool in the fleece*, and of the *various kinds of looms*, ſhows that genius can almoſt ennoble any ſubject, however mean or inconſiderable.

Of his ſhorter poems, *The Country Walk* is moſt conſpicuous for picturеſque imagery and intereſting ſentiment. The *Epiſtle to a Friend in Town* (probably Savage) is ſprightly, familiar, and eaſy, in an uncommon degree. The *Epiſtle to Savage* is vigorouſly written; and the *Epiſtle to Hill*, though much inferior to it, is not deficient in ſpirit and elegance.

His character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, cannot be generally allowed, without adopting his well-known prejudices againſt blank verſe.

"Dyer is not a poet of bulk or dignity ſufficient to require an elaborate criticiſm. *Grongar Hill* is the happieſt of his productions; it is not indeed very accurately written; but the ſcenes which it diſplays are ſo pleaſing, the images which they raiſe ſo welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer ſo conſonant to the general ſenſe or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again.

"The idea of the *Ruins of Rome* ſtrikes more, but pleaſes leſs; and the title raiſes greater expectation than the performance gratifies. Some paſſages, however, are conceived with the mind of a poet; as, when in the neighbourhood of delapidating edifices, he ſays:

——————The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the voice of time, diſparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-daſh'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

"Of the *Fleece*, which never became popular, and is now univerſally neglected, I can ſay little that is likely to recall it to attention. The wool-comber and the poet appear to me ſuch diſcordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to *couple the ſerpent with the fowl*. When Dyer, whoſe mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmoſt in intereſting his readers in our native commodity, by interſperſing rural imagery and incidental digreſſions, by clothing ſmall images in great words, and by all the writer's art of deluſion, the meanneſs naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture, ſink him under inſuperable oppreſſion; and the diſguſt which blank verſe, encumbering and encumbered, ſuperadds to an unpleaſing ſubject, ſoon repels the reader, however willing to be pleaſed.

"Let me, however, honeſtly report whatever may counterbalance this weight of cenſure. I have been told, that Akenſide, who, upon a poetical queſtion, has a right to be heard, ſaid, "that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taſte by the rule of Dyer's *Fleece*; for if that were ill received, he ſhould not think it any longer reaſonable to expect fame from excellence."

DYER'S POEMS.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come, with all thy various dues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter muſe;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells,
Sweetly muſing, quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt muſes made,
So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open ſcene,
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly towering in the ſkies!
Rufhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad-ſpread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an awful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the poiſonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's-day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wandering thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the ſhady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee:
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For, while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air,
And miſers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

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

JANUS VITALUS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the ſhady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt
I ſing inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in ſtone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruſcan hills,
To Latium's wide Champain, forlorn and waſte,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my muſe,
Yet once again, and ſoar a loftier flight;
Lo the reſiſtleſs theme, imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a ſilent heap, her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obſcur'd in duſt;
Ev'n yet majeſtical the ſolemn ſcene
Elates the ſoul, while now the riſing ſun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vaſt circumference;
Rent palaces, cruſh'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.
Deep lies in duſt the Theban obeliſk
Immenſe along the waſte; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, ſubtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as the immenſe Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's ſhore
Out-ſtretch'd, unwieldy, his iſland length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globoſe and huge,
Gray-mouldering temples ſwell, and wide o'ercaſt
The ſolitary landſkape, hills and woods,
And boundleſs wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardleſs they
Of hourly peril, though the cliſted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the voice of time, diſparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-daſh'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon;
While murmurs ſooth each awful interval
Of ever-falling waters; ſhrouded Nile *,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates; they with drooping locks,
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their ſtreams.
Yet here, adventurous in the ſacred ſearch
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modeſt, from all climes reſort.
Grateful ſociety! with theſe I raiſe
The toilſome ſtep up the proud Palatin,
Through ſpiry cypreſs groves, and towering pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
On numerous arches rear'd; and frequent ſtopp'd,
The ſunk ground ſtartles me with dreadful chaſm,
Breathing forth darkneſs from the vaſt profound
Of iſles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor theſe the nether works; all theſe beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd ſewers, maſſy, [illegible],
As the Sibylline grot beſide the dead
Lake of Avernus; ſuch the ſewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows daſh their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now inceſſant time has roll'd around

* *Fountains at Rome adorned with the ſtatues of thoſe rivers.*

A thouſand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thouſand ſince, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and daſh and ſwell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's loweſt wave.
Hence over airy plains, by cryſtal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapſe,
Among the fleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jaſper, pleas'd I move along,
And vaſes boſs'd, and huge inſcriptive ſtones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkneſs; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mouldering ſhrines, with old decay
Ruſtic and green, and wide-embowering ſhades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers.
A ſolemn wilderneſs! with error ſweet,
I wind the lingering ſtep, where-e'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er ſculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guiſe, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monſtrous ſhapes! prepoſterous gods,
Of fear and ignorance, by the ſculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worſhipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worſhip at their breathleſs mouths *
In varied appellations: men to theſe
(From deep to depth in darkening error fall'n)
At length aſcrib'd th' inapplicable name.
How doth it pleaſe and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Hiſtoric urns and breathing ſtatues riſe,
And ſpeaking buſts! Sweet Scipio, Marius ſtern,
Pompey ſuperb, the ſpirit-ſtirring form
Of Cæſar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundleſs fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcaſt, he ſoars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus ſee,
Deſponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and ſad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; unprais'd,
His out-ſtretch'd arm he waves, in act to ſpeak
Before the ſilent maſters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
The pious brothers; jealous Alba ſtands
In fearful expectation of the ſtrife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in ſilent tears;
In ſorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er, they ſoon unſheath the flaſhing ſword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother claſps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; ſo inſpir'd
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi ſpoke:
So roſe the Roman ſtate. Me now, of theſe
Deep-muſing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to ſerve my country, diſtant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor ſhall the duſt
Of theſe fall'n piles with ſhow of ſad decay
Avert the good re[illegible], mean argument,
The fate alone of matter—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteouſly diſtinct *
The numerous porticos and domes upſwell,
With obeliſks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: ſo fair a ſcene
Sees not the derviſe from the ſpiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the muſe's ſtream,
Lucid Ilyſſus weeps her ſilent ſchools,
And groves, unviſited by bard or ſage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, ſupreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whoſe capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the ſeats aſcend
Round above round, ſlow-widening to the verge
A circuit vaſt and high; nor leſs had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule ſhe will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-ruſh'd
Before th' innumerable ſhouting crowd
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tygers, wolves and elephants,
And deſperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converſe with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breaſt, and ſteal th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of ſore diſtreſs
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon ſteepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd †
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cerulean ruſt.
The fane was Jove's, its ſpacious golden roof,
O'er thick-ſurrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round ſun aſcends; and tower'd aloft,
Suſtain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Aſtarte lur'd
Too proſp'rous Iſrael from his living ſtrength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majeſtic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb, projected ſtands
The many-pillar'd portal: nobleſt work
Of human ſkill: here, curious architect,
If thou eſſay'ſt, ambitious, to ſurpaſs
Palladius, Angelus, or Britiſh Jones,
On theſe fair walls extend the certain ſcale,
And turn th' inſtructive compaſs: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing ſculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows ſuſtain: fair Corinth firſt
Boaſted their order, which Calimachus
(Reclining ſtudious on Aſopus' banks
Beneath an urn of ſome lamented nymph)

* *Several ſtatues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of ſaints.*

* *From the Palatine hill one ſees moſt of the remarkable antiquities.*

† *The Capitol.*

Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obelisk from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
And there the temple, where the summon'd state *
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;
And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke
The neck of virtue! Lo the wretch, abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O liberty,
Parent of happiness, celestial born;
When the first man became a living soul,
His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless'd mankind; while yet among her sons,
Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Inestimable good! who giv'st us truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest truth,
Array'd in every charm: whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-inchanting Greece,
Whose numerous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine those piles † undeck'd, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth where tender charity
Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
Thine too those musically-falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever; while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,

* *The Temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.*

† *The public granaries.*

Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.
Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome *
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the steed or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or wrestling cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from every gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of fame:
Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war;
So many pomps; so many wondering realms:
Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even state, to distant seas around,
They stretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of peace,
Built by that prince, who to the trust of pow'r †
Was honest, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding isles remain; the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd entomb'd
By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
The Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the the Cestian pyramid divides ‡
The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solid antiquarian turns,
And thence in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls §,
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.
These and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,

* *Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.*

† *Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.*

‡ *The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.*

§ *The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.*

From whoſe low baſe the ſculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough ſteep,
Its hero to the ſkies: and his dark tow'r *,
Whoſe execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome †;
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's ſtreet,
Where now the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erſt
There pip'd the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep,
When th' humble roof Anchiſes ſon explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing king,
Amid the thickets: ſo revolves the ſcene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From duſt again to duſt. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the mighty) the ſame ſtory tell;
And as its baſe, from whence the ſerpent glides
Down the green deſert ſtreet, yon hoary monk
Laments the ſame, the viſion as he views,
The ſolitary, ſilent, ſolemn ſcene,
Where Caeſars, heroes, peaſants, hermits lie,
Blendid in duſt together; where the ſlave
Reſts from his labours; where th' inſulting proud
Reſigns his power; the miſer drops his hoard;
Where human folly ſleeps.—There is a mood,
(I ſing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the ſoul, and points her to the ſkies;
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age deſcends with ſorrow to the grave,
'Tis ſweetly-ſoothing ſympathy to pain,
A gently-wakening call to health and eaſe.
How muſical! when all-devouring time,
Here ſitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempeſts ſweep the various lyre,
How ſweet thy diapaſon, melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the ſetting ſun diſplays
His viſible great round between yon towers,
As through two ſhadow cliffs; away, my muſe,
Though yet the proſpect pleaſes, ever new
In vaſt variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd ſculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and ſtate
With Rome's auguſt remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miſs we not th' innumerable theſts,
Yet ſtill profuſe of graces teems the waſte.
Suffice it now th' Eſquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and ſeek the ſacred reſts
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little ſun-gilt heap,
Groteſque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple cluſters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleaſing fancy ſooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celeſtial ſong, or ſocial walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Auguſtus! who ſo well inſpir'd
Could'ſt throw thy pomps and royalties aſide,
Attentive to the wiſe, the great of ſoul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auſpicious to the muſes! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or ſecret ſhade,
Or open mountain, or whatever ſcene
The poet choſe, to tune th' ennobling rhyme
Melodious; ev'n the rugged ſons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the poets name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the muſe a little longer ſoar,
Unleſs the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's ſtores are ſhut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; ſince in vain
The thirſty pilgrim at the fountain aſks [dain—
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint diſ-
See'ſt thou yon fane? ev'n now inceſſant time*
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the duſt;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the ſmall rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſwains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Preſſing the teat within a monſter's graſp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her ſtretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs;
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell ſavage fed
Your ſacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conqueſts, glories, of th' Auſonian ſtate,
Wrap'd in their ſecret ſeeds. Each kindred ſoul,
Robuſt and ſtout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots ariſe,
Green twigs of oſier weave the ſlender walls,
Green ruſhes ſpread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruſcan Tiber views
Her ſpreading ſcenes enameling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering ſwains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majeſtic train.
Her ſpeedy growth alarm'd the ſtates around,
Jealous; yet, ſoon by wondrous virtue won,
They ſink into her boſom. From the plough
Roſe her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no houſehold ſtate,
The public only ſwell'd the generous breaſt.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes ſung?
Dentatus' ſcars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius ſav'd the capitol? the choice
Of ſteady Regulus? As yet they ſtood,
Simple of life; as yet ſeducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and ſhame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flowery vallies? They, content,
Feaſted at nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their eaſy taſte; and only ſought
To know their duties; that their only ſtrife,
Their generous ſtrife, and greatly to perform.
They through all ſhapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickeſt death
To ſnatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thraſymene, nor Cannæs bloody field,

* *Nero's.*
† *The Palatine library.*

* *The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatine.*

Their dauntleſs courage; ſtorming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic ſhores; till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious ſpoils: alas, proſperity!
Ah, baneful ſtate! yet ebb'd not all their ſtrength
In ſoft luxurious pleaſures; proud deſire
Of boundleſs ſway, and feveriſh thirſt of gold,
Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her ruſty ſhield; nor could avail
The ſword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd Britiſh chief,
Which ſeven brave years beneath the doubtleſs wing
Of victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd till fame was ſilent to their foes.
And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud ſecurity: the creſted helm,
The plated greave and corſelet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the ſpear and ſounding ſhield,
But on the glittering trophy to the wind.
Diſſolv'd in eaſe and ſoft delights they lie,
Till every ſun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with ſtrength
Maſculine, nor in luſtineſs of heart
Laughs at the winter ſtorm, and ſummer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flowery bowers they ſeek
(As ether prompts, as the ſick ſenſe approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the ſoft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous ſtone,
Pile in the roſeat air with fond expence:
Through ſilver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on ſilver beds cryſtalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs with wanton hand,
Sheds roſes, odours, ſheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of voluptuouſneſs, cry out aloud
Neceſſity, and ſeek the ſplendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboſs'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of ſeeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rareſt acquiſition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high teſtaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incenſe ſum'd
To ſlake Patrician thirſt; for theſe their rights
In the vile ſtreets they proſtitute to ſale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs.
But who has moſt by fraud or force amaſs'd
Who moſt can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the ſtate; and lo!
Didius, vile uſurer, though the crowd he mounts *;
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his graſp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware! [free,
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant ſtate,
And with licentious pleaſures fed the rout,
The thoughtleſs many; to the wanton ſound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the ſhade
Sung Cæſar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæſar! Lo, a god, a god!
He cleaves the yielding ſkies! Cæſar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd purſues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; taſtes, diſlikes, and flings
To dogs and ſycophants. A god, a god!
The flowery ſhades and ſhrine obſcene return.
But ſee along the north the tempeſts ſwell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their ſnows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Ruſh as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the feſtive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the ſtorm in clouds of duſt.
Vain end of human ſtrength, of human ſkill,
Conqueſt, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And eaſe, and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth the bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave
How doſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while beyond thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Aſher lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boaſting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

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* *Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.*

THE FLEECE: A POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

" Poſt majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris ſecunda ratio eſt, quæ prima ſit, ſi ad utilitatis magnitudinem
" referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibuſque noſtris liberaliora
" præbit velamina."
COLUMELLA.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedicatory addreſs. Of paſtures in general, fit for ſheep: for fine-wool'd ſheep: for long-wool'd ſheep. Defects of paſtures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moiſture of the Engliſh climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of Engliſh ſheep: the two common ſorts of rams deſcribed. Different kinds of foreign ſheep. The ſeveral ſorts of food. The diſtempers ariſing from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by inſtinct to their proper food and phyſic. Of the ſhepherd's ſcrip, and its furniture. Care of ſheep in tupping-time. Of the caſtration of lambs, and the folding of ſheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and ſeaſons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and ſecurity of the Engliſh ſhepherd above thoſe in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with reſpect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of ſheep-ſheering. Song on that occaſion. Cuſtom in Wales of ſprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-ſhearing feaſt and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE care of ſheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I ſing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye ſwains, and princely merchants, aid the verſe.
And ye, high-truſted guardians of our iſle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge aſſigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all ſects, be preſent to my ſong.
So may diſtreſs, and wretchedneſs, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of reſtleſs Gaul
From our ſtrong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly thou,
The people's ſhepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous ſwains of every vale,
With well-permitted power, and watchful eye,
On each gay field to ſhed beneficence,
Celeſtial office! Thou protect the ſong.
On ſpacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With graſs and thyme o'erſpread, and clover wild,
Where ſmiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
The faireſt flocks rejoice! they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul; nor with hoarſe cough
Diſturb the muſic of the paſtoral pipe;
But, crowding to the note, with ſilence ſoft
The cloſe-woven carpet graze; where nature blends
Flowrets and herbage of minuteſt ſize,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are healths gay walks to ſhepherd and to ſheep.
All arid ſoils, with ſand, or chalky flint,
Or ſhells deluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle ſtone,
Be thy regard; and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper ariſe;
Or the tall growth of gloſſy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the duſt;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.
Such are the downs of Banſtead, edg'd with woods,
And towery villas; ſuch Dorceſtrian fields,
Whoſe flocks innumerous whiten all the land:
Such thoſe ſlow-climbing wilds, that lead the ſtep
Inſenſibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and ſuch the clover'd lawns,
And ſunny mounts of beauteous Normanton*,
Health's cheerful haunt, and the ſelected walk
Of Heathcote's leiſure: ſuch the ſpacious plain
Of Sarum, ſpread like Ocean's boundleſs round,
Where ſolitary Stonehenge, gray with moſs,
Ruin of ages, nods: ſuch too the leas
And ruddy tilth, which ſpiry Roſs beholds,
From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemſter's brooky track, and airy Croft†;
And ſuch Herleian Eyewood's‡ ſwelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling ſea:
And Shobden‖, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria§; ſees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleaſant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the ſides
O treacherous Falernum¶; or that hill

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* *A ſeat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandſhire.*
† *A ſeat of Sir Archer Croft.*
‡ *Of the Earl of Oxford.*
‖ *A ſeat of Lord Bateman.*
§ *Siluria, the part of England which lies weſt of the Severn, viz. Herefordſhire, Monmouthſhire, &c.*
¶ *Treacherous Falernum, becauſe part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.*

Veſuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus roſe,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.
  But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Liceſtrian fleeces, what the ſinewy arm
Combs through the ſpiky ſteel in lengthen'd flakes
Rich ſaponaceous loam, that ſlowly drinks
The blackening ſhower, and fattens with the draugh
Or marl with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one conſiſtence, one complexion, ſpread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To looſe the creeping waters from their ſprings,
Tainting the paſturage: and let thy fields
In ſlopes deſcend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and haſten to the brooks.
  Yet ſome defect in all on earth appears;
All ſeek for help, all preſs for ſocial aid.
Too cold the graſſy mantle of the marl;
In ſtormy winters long and dreary nights,
For cumbent ſheep; from broken ſlumber oft
They riſe benumb'd, and vainly ſhift the couch;
Their waſted ſides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the ſhepherd ſwain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet diſtance from the upland ridge,
To ſink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent ſand, with lime and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a paſſage to the foe.
Plough not ſuch paſtures: deep in ſpungy graſs
The oldeſt carpet is the warmeſt lair,
And ſoundeſt; in new herbage coughs are heard.
  Nor love too frequent ſhelter: ſuch as decks
The vale of Severn, nature's garden wide,
By the blue ſteeps of diſtant Malvern * wall'd
Solemnly vaſt. The trees of various ſhade,
Scene behind ſcene, with fair deluſive pomp
Enrich the proſpect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly bramble, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiſs
Dimetians †, who, along their moſſy dales,
Conſume, like graſhopers, the ſummer hour;
While round them ſtubborn thorns and furze in-
creaſe,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful ſwain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and ſpread
Their duſt ſaline upon the deepening graſs:
And oft with labour-ſtrengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench acroſs his verdant ſlopes,
To intercept the ſmall meandering rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that ſour
The ſhaded graſs, that weaken thorn-ſet mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd:
Only a ſlender tuft of uſeful aſh,
And mingled beech and elm, ſecurely tall,
The little ſmiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little ſmiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his roſy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honeſt wife,
With good brown cake and bacon ſlice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.
  Nor only ſoil, there alſo muſt be found
Felicity of clime, and aſpect bland,

Where gentle ſheep may nouriſh locks of price.
In vain the ſilken fleece on windy brows,
And northern ſlopes of cloud-dividing hills
Is ſought, though ſoft Iberia ſpreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biſcaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choiceſt fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they ſhun
Libya's hot plains: what taſte have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow duſt of gold? no more
Food to the flock, than to the miſer wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and ſtarves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the ſhining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Baſely from Albion, by th' enſnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which, with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thouſands ſteals.
  How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond deſire! Thoſe ſlow-deſcending ſhowers,
Thoſe hovering fogs, that bathe our growing
vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads ſhed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and ſing.
  Hail, noble Albion; where no golden mines,
No ſoft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whoſe ſtern Cerulean brows
White-winged ſnow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with ſolemn majeſty:
Rich queen of miſts and vapours! Theſe thy ſons
With their cool arms compreſs; and twiſt their
For deeds of excellence and high renown. [nerves
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills,
Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, roſe.
  See the ſun gleams; the living paſtures riſe,
After the nurture of the fallen ſhower,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike ſteeds, ſuch herds of kine,
So ſleek, ſo vaſt; ſuch ſpacious flocks of ſheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradiſe adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy ſons would know
Their happineſs. To theſe thy naval ſtreams,
Thy frequent towns ſuperb of buſy trade,
And ports magnific add, and ſtately ſhips,
Innumerous. But whither ſtrays my muſe?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the ſtrand
Arriv'd of bright Auguſta: wild he roves,
From deck to deck, through groves immenſe of
maſts; [Ind;
'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either
Through wharfs, and ſquares, and palaces, and
In ſweet ſurpriſe; unable yet to fix [domes,
His raptur'd mind, or ſcan in order'd courſe
Each object ſingly; with diſcoveries new
His native country ſtudious to enrich.
  Ye ſhepherds, if your labours hope ſucceſs,
Be firſt your purpoſe to procure a breed,
To ſoil and clime adapted. Every ſoil
And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
The Great Inviſible, and each to all,
Through earth, and ſea, and air, harmonious ſuits.

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* *Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worceſter.*
† *Dimetia, Caermarthenſhire in South Wales.*

Tempeſtuous regions, Darwent's * naked peaks,
Snowdon † and blue Plynlymmon †, and the wide
Aërial ſides of Cader-yddris † huge;
Theſe are beſtow'd on goat-horn'd ſheep, of fleece
Hairy and coarſe, of long and nimble ſhank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
Alternate, to collect, with due diſpatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly ſcatter'd meal.
But hills of milder air that thinly riſe
O'er dewy dales, a fairer ſpecies boaſt,
Of ſhorter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotſwold downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd through the ſandy ſoil
Of elmy Roſs ‡, or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glaſſy ſea;
Regard this ſort, and hence thy ſire of lambs
Select: his tawny fleece in ringlets curls;
Long ſwings his ſlender tail; his front is fenc'd
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like thoſe fair ſcrolls
That grac'd the columns of th' Ionic dome.
Yet ſhould thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton paſtures, or Tripontian fields §,
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long courſe of duſty Watling-ſtreet;
That larger ſort, of head defenceleſs, ſeek,
Whoſe fleece is deep and clammy, cloſe and plain:
The ram ſhort-limb'd, whoſe form compact de-
One level line along his ſpacious back; [ſcribes
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, ſtretch'd head,
Noſtrils dilated, breaſt and ſhoulders broad,
And ſpacious haunches, and a lofty dock.
Thus to their kindred ſoil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bleſs thy ſkilful care,
That copies nature: who, in every change,
In each variety, with wiſdom's works,
And powers diverſify'd of air and ſoil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Egyptus water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's ſand, in climes alike,
With different ſtores ſupply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear;
Small are the Ruſſian herds, and harſh their fleece;
Of light eſteem Germanic, far remote
From ſoft-ſea-breezes, open winters mild,
And ſummers bath'd in dew: on Syrian ſheep
The coſtly burden only loads their tails:
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
Adorn; but ſleek of ſlix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and ſhepherdleſs, they bound along
The ſands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boaſt of trees and ſhrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
Nûtmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
Is graſs or herbage ſoft, that ever blooms
In temperate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her ſtreams.
Of graſſes are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of ſummer ſhowers,
And ſwell too haſtily the tender plains:
Then ſnatch away thy ſheep; beware the rot;
And with deterſive bay-ſalt rub their mouths;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind diſtreſs, on tedded hay;
Or to the mariſh guide their eaſy ſteps,
If near thy tufted croſts the broad ſea ſpreads.
Sagacious care forecaſts: when ſtrong diſeaſe
Breaks in and ſtains the purple ſtreams of health,
Hard is the ſtrife of art: the coughing peſt
From their green paſture ſweeps whole flocks
away.
That dire diſtemper ſometimes may the ſwain,
Though late, diſcern; when on the lifted lid,
Or viſual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
The ſwelling liver then her putrid ſtore
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy ſkill exert,
Nor ſuffer weak deſpair to fold thy arms;
Again deterſive ſalt apply, or ſhed
The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.
In cold ſtiff ſoils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by ſhepherds term'd the halt:
Thoſe let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain; and pour into their cloven feet
Corroſive drugs, deep-ſearching arſenic,
Dry allum, verdigriſe, or vitriol keen.
But if the doubtful miſchief ſcarce appears,
'Twill ſerve to ſhift them to a dryer turf,
And ſalt again: th' utility of ſalt
Teach thy ſlow ſwains: redundant humours cold
Are the diſeaſes of the bleating kind.
Th' infectious ſcab, ariſing from extremes
Of want or ſurfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or ſodden ſtave-acre, or oil
Diſperſive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whoſe benevolence
Explor'd its pow'rs, and eaſy medicine thence
Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal bleſſings on his head.
Sheep alſo pleuriſies and dropſies know,
Driv'n oft from nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aſide with haughty hand,
Whom ſacred inſtinct would ſecurely lead.
But thou, more humble ſwain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croſt, from mead to arid field;
Noting the fickle ſeaſons of the ſky.
Rain-fated paſtures let them ſhun and ſeek
Changes of herbage and ſalubrious flowers.
By their all-perfect Maſter inly taught,
They beſt their food and phyſic can diſcern;
For he, Supreme Exiſtence, ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green obſerve
With what a regular conſent they crop,
At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unſavory crow-flower; whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
And with her ſalutary rules intruſts,
Benevolent Mackenzie *, ſay the cauſe.
This truth howe'er ſhines bright to human ſenſe;
Each ſtrong affection of th' unconſcious brute,

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* *Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyſhire.*
† *Snowdon, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.*
‡ *A town in Herefordſhire.*
§ *Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby, in Warwickſhire, and Lutterworth, in Leiceſterſhire.*

* *Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worceſter, now of Drumſheugh, near Edinburgh.*

Each bent, each paſſion of the ſmalleſt mite,
Is wiſely given; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reaſon (bluſh, vain man!)
And turn the wheels of nature's vaſt machine.
  See that thy ſcrip have ſtore of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy ſheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy ſtragglers to return:
So may'ſt thou aid who lag along, or ſteal
Aſide into the furrows or the ſhades,
Silent to droop; or, who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their ſores and looſen'd wool.
But rather theſe, the feeble of thy flock,
Baniſh before th' autumnal months: ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.
  Beware the ſeaſon of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent ſpirit pours;
Ev'n ſheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
With jealous eye ſurveys the ſpacious field;
All rivals keep aloof, or deſperate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irreſiſtible, they daſh
Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale reſounds;
The flock amaz'd ſtands ſafe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls:
As fell of old, before that engine's ſway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the duſt.
  Wiſe cuſtom, at the fifth or ſixth return,
Or ere they 'ave paſt the twelfth of orient morn,
Caſtrates the lambkins; neceſſary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy ſharp hand has griev'd,
In thoſe rough months, that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius haſtens; ſoon their wounds he heals,
And leads them ſkipping to the flowers of May;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary, houſeleſs, common fields,
Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flocks to feed thy land:
Nor in too narrow bounds the priſoners crowd:
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking paſture; wait till all
The cryſtal dews, impearl'd upon the graſs,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure ſky.
  In teizing fly-time, dank, or froſty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their ſoft ſkins, between the parted locks;
Thus the Brigantes*; 'tis not idle pains:
Nor is that ſkill deſpis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere ſummer heats of filth and tagged wool.
Coolneſs and cleanlineſs to health conduce.
  To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to ſoil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy ſheep,
Hurdles to weave, and cheerly ſhelters raiſe,
Thy vacant hours require: and ever learn
Quick ether's motion: oft the ſcene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance; theſe the moon will tell,
Each bird and beaſt, and theſe thy fleecy tribe:
When high the ſapphire cope, ſupine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed:

* *The inhabitants of Yorkſhire.*

Slight not the warning; ſoon the tempeſt rolls,
Scattering them wide, cloſe ruſhing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken ſwains: forbear
Such nights to fold; ſuch nights be theirs to ſhift
On ridge or hillock; or in homeſteads ſoft
Or ſofter cotes detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harſh winter drowns
The noiſy dikes, and ſtarves the ruſhy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to ſandy hamlets warm:
There let them ſojourn, till gay Procne ſkims
The thickening verdure, and the riſing flowers.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
Accuſtom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or ſome warm umbrage; leſt in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling ſnows deſcend, they run
Diſpers'd to ditches, where the ſwelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the ſhepherd ſwains
Iſſue with axe and ſpade, and all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waſte;
And ſome, perchance, in the deep delve upraiſe,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With ſtill continu'd feeble pulſe of life; [gnaw'd.
The glebe, their fleece, their fleſh, by hunger
  Ah gentle ſhepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel diſtreſs, the moſt aſſail'd,
Feeble, defenceleſs: lenient be thy care:
But ſpread around thy tendereſt diligence
In flowery ſpring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tottering with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O, guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that ruſh around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the ſkies to ſnatch him from the plain;
Obſerve the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the ſly fox the careleſs minute waits;
Nor truſt thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor ſky:
Thy boſom to a thouſand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her alſo turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakeſt, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating ſtill with tepid milk:
In this ſoft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in ſport:
Nor yield him to himſelf ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daiſy flowers.
Nor yet forget him: life has riſing ills:
Various as ether is the paſtoral care;
Through ſlow experience, by a patient breaſt,
The whole long leſſon gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention: ſuch as Nuceus* ſings
To the full vale near Soare's† enamour'd brook,
While all is ſilence: ſweet Hincklean ſwain!

* *Mr. Joſeph Nutt, an eminent apothecary at Hinckley.*

† *Soare a river in Leiceſterſhire.*

Whom rude obſcurity ſeverely claſps:
The muſe, howe'er, will deck thy ſimple cell
With purple violets and primroſe flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful leſſons to repay.
Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread ſores cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat:
The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly neſt,
Preſs to the tortur'd ſkin, and fleſh, and bone,
In littleneſs and number dreadful foes.
Long rains in miry winter cauſe the halt;
Rainy luxuriant ſummers rot your flock;
And all exceſs, ev'n of ſalubrious food,
As ſure deſtroys, as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.
With grateful heart, ye Britiſh ſwains, enjoy
Your gentle ſeaſons and indulgent clime.
Lo, in the ſprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irreſiſtible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy froſts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
And burrows deep beneath the ſnowy world;
A drear abode, from roſe-diffuſing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the ſqualid light
Of fœtid oil inflam'd, ſea-monſter's ſpume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three ſlow gloomy months, with various ills
Sullen he ſtruggles; ſuch the love of life!
His lank and ſcanty herds around him preſs,
As, hunger-ſtung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fiſh, or inward bark of trees,
Their common ſuſtenance. While ye, O ſwains,
Ye, happy at your eaſe, behold your ſheep
Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with buſy mouths
They ſcoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only, at morning hour, to interpoſe
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle ſtraw,
The watery juices of the boſſy root
Abſorbing: or from noxious air to ſcreen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copſe-wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak aſcends among the whiſtling winds.
Or, if your ſheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to houſe them dry on fern or ſtraw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
Of ſavage tears the air, where careleſs night
In balmy ſleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror ſtrides: their ſtubborn rocks are rent;
Their mountains ſink; their yawning caverns flame;
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian towers,
And Herculanean, and what riotous ſtood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong ſolitary hills infectious lies.
See the ſwift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And ſpread their plains with deſolation wide:
Yet your mild homeſteads ever-blooming ſmile
Among embracing woods; and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
In airy azure ringlets, to the ſky.

Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic ſwains,
And Tarentine, with ſkins to clothe your ſheep;
Expenſive toil; howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But thoſe expenſive toils are now no more,
Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of ſheep may now, nor ſound of pipe,
Sooth the ſad plains of once ſweet Arcady,
The ſhepherd's kingdom: dreary ſolitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the ſhaggy vale
Of Athens, which in ſolemn ſilence ſheds
Her venerable ruins to the duſt.
The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in queſt of food;
And ſhift their little home's uncertain ſcene
With frequent farewell: ſtrangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No ſweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor ſweeter liquid lapſe
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirſt,
Daily they journey to the diſtant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep ſunk by toil immenſe,
Toil of the patriarchs, with ſublime intent
Themſelves and long poſterity to ſerve.
There, at the public hour of ſultry noon,
They ſhare the beverage, when to watering come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whoſe various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is abſent none,
Fair nymph or ſhepherd, each inſpiring each
To wit, and ſong, and dance, and active feats;
In the ſame ruſtic ſcene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachel's boſom, when a rock's vaſt weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his ſtrength removed,
And to her circling ſheep refreſhment gave.
Such are the perils, ſuch the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But ſpeed thy flight, my muſe;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneaſy lie.
Now, jolly ſwains, the harveſt of your cares
Prepare to reap, and ſeek the ſounding caves
Of high Brigantium *, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's ſtrong ſons, with nervous arm, around
The ſteady anvil, and the glaring maſs,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the ſteel; from their rough hands receive
The ſharpen'd inſtrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder ſpreads
Her ſilver flowers; if humble daiſies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant graſs,
Gay ſhearing-time approaches. Firſt, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the ſtruggler ſinks,
With his white flakes, that gliſten through the tide;
The ſturdy ruſtic in the middle wave,
Awaits to ſeize him riſing; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid ſtream,

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* *The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkſhire, where the ſhepherds ſhears and all edge-tools are made.*

While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then reſigns him to the funny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he ſhakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Leſt touch of buſy fly-blows wound their ſkin:
Thy peaceful ſubjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cheriſh and be gentle, while ye ſtrip
The downy veſture from their tender ſides.
Preſs not too cloſe; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But ſpeedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy ſwarm and ſcorching heat;
And careful houſe them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their ſtores tumultuous: through the gloom [loud,
Then thunder oft with ponderous wheels rolls
And breaks the cryſtal urns of heaven: adown
Falls ſtreaming rain. Sometimes among the ſteeps
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Faſt tumbling brooks on brooks enormous ſwell,
And ſudden overwhelm their vaniſh'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked ſheep,
Bleating, in vain, are borne, and ſtraw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At ſhearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural feſtivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbuor all is joy
And luſty merriment: while on the graſs
The mingled youth in gaudy circles ſport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering, they bound along with laughing air,
To the ſhrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow ſound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, ſoftly mixt
With every murmur of the ſliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Muſic of paradiſe! which ſtill is heard,
When the heart liſtens; ſtill the views appear
Of the firſt happy garden, when content
To nature's flowery ſcenes directs the ſight.
Yet we abandon thoſe Elyſian walks,
Then idly for the loſt delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whoſe deſperate ſails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they ſee the leſſening ſhores retire,
And ſigh a farewell to the ſinking hills.
Could I recal thoſe notes, which once the muſe
Heard at a ſhearing, near the woody ſides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin*! Yet the carols ſweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable ſwain,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd of the flowery vale.
" This is no vulgar ſcene: no palace roof
" Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
" Their poliſh'd pillars, as theſe aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
" Thus have expanded wide their ſheltering arms,
" Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet content,
" Ye gentle ſhepherds, pillow us at night."
" Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are ſhort,
" Riſing and falling with the cheerful day,"
Colin reply'd; " and pleaſing wearineſs
" Soon our unaching heads to ſleep inclines.
" Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
" The cries of ſorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
" And the diſeaſes of intemperate wealth.
" Alas, that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!
" May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
" May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-white lambs,
" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp, which ſinks behind the hills,
" And ſtreams around variety of lights,
" Recal them erring: this is Damon's wiſh.
" Huge Breaden's* ſtony ſummit once I climb'd
" After a kidling: Damon, what a ſcene!
" What various views unnumber'd ſpread beneath! [rent floods;
" Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and tor-
" And here and there, between the ſpiry rocks,
" The broad flat ſea. Far nobler proſpects theſe,
" Than gardens black with ſmoke in duſty towns,
" Where ſtenchy vapours often blot the ſun:
" Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowd
" Each greedy wretch for tardy-riſing wealth,
" Which comes too late; that courts the taſte in vain,
" Or nauſeates with diſtempers. Yes, ye rich,
" Still, ſtill be rich, if thus ye faſhion life;
" And piping, careleſs, ſilly ſhepherds we,
" We ſilly ſhepherds, all intent to feed
" Our ſnowy flocks, and wind the fleeky fleece."
" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts
" Well of the faithful ſhepherd, rank'd alike
" With king and prieſt: they alſo ſhepherds are;
" For ſo th' All-ſeeing ſtyles them, to remind
" Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
" But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple eve
" Stretches her ſhadows: all ye nymphs and ſwains
" Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
" Sabrina, guardian of the cryſtal flood, [clear
" Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight
" Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our ſleeping folds;
" Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,
" Where precious minerals dart their purple-gleams,
" Among her ſiſters ſhe reclines; the lov'd
" Vaga†, profuſe of graces, Ryddol† rough,
" Blithe Yſtwith†, and Clevedoc† ſwift of foot;
" And mingles various ſeeds of flowers and herbs,
" In the divided torrent, ere they burſt
" Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.
" Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
" Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's poiſonous leaf."

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* *A high hill in Shropſhire.*

* *A hill on the borders of Montgomeryſhire.*

† *Vaga, Ryddol, Yſtwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the ſprings of which riſe in the ſides of Plynlymmon.*

He ſaid: with light fantaſtic toe, the nymphs
Thither aſſembled, thither every ſwain;
And o'er the dimpled ſtream a thouſand flowers,
Pale lilies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.
Such cuſtom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet ſhe fled
The ſearch of Guendolen, her ſtepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly cheer,
Spread on a moſſy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till ceaſe the rites: and now the moſſy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Diſpers'd in copious meaſure; early fruits,
And thoſe of frugal ſtore, in huſk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And caſt about their gibes; and ſome apace
Whiſtle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, ſheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majeſtic wave of Severn ſlowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood
And trading bark with low contracted ſail
Linger among the reeds and copſy banks
To liſten; and to view the joyous ſcene.

† *Dolvoryn, a ruinous caſtle in Montgomeryſhire, on the banks of the Severn.*

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulneſs to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diverſity of wool in the fleece: ſkill in the aſſorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uſes of each ſort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lighteſt in common-fields: inconveniences of common-fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet paſtures: yet all paſtures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not eſteemed for wool. Countries eſteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition and its conſequences. Countries afterwards eſteemed for wool. The decay of arts and ſciences in the barbarous ages; their revival, firſt at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the preſent times. Wool the beſt of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our iſland, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this ſubject. Biſhop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Neceſſity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the proſperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

Now, of the ſever'd lock, begin the ſong,
With various numbers, through the ſimple theme
To win attention: this, ye ſhepherd ſwains,
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
Ceaſe not with ſkilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd muſe, above the graſſy vale,
And hills, and wood, ſhall, ſinging, ſoar aloft;
And he, whom learning, wiſdom, candor, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his ſire,
Royſton approve, and patroniſe the ſtrain.
Through all the brute creation, none, as ſheep,
To lordly man ſuch ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous ſtreams:
For him their downy veſtures they reſign;
For him they ſpread the feaſt: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameleſs fellow-creatures. Let diſeaſe,
Let waſted hunger, by deſtroying live;
And the permiſſion uſe with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond:
And gluttons ever murder when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the ſanguinary tribe are all;
All are not ſavage. Come, ye gentle ſwains,
Like Brama's healthy ſons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure ſtream and garden fruits ſuſtain,
Ye are the ſons of nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye ſhear, relieve.
Come, gentle ſwains, the bright unſully'd locks
Collect: alternate ſongs ſhall ſooth your cares,
And warbling muſic break from every ſpray.
Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round: nor alien flake nor pitch enfold:
Stain not your ſtores with baſe deſire to add
Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic thoſe
Minute and light, of ſandy Urchinfield *,
Leſſen, with ſubtle artifice, the fleece:
Equal the fraud. Nor interpoſe delay,
Leſt buſy ether through the open wool
Debilitating paſs, and every film
Ruffle and ſully with the valley's duſt.
Guard too from moiſture and the fretting moth
Pernicious: ſhe, in gloomy ſhade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in looſe locks of fells ſhe moſt delights,
And feeble fleeces of diſtemper'd ſheep,
Whither ſhe haſtens, by the morbid ſcent

* *The country about Roſs in Herefordſhire.*

Allur'd; as the ſwift eagle to the fields
Of ſlaughtering war or carnage: ſuch apart
Keep for their proper uſe. Our anceſtors
Selected ſuch, for hoſpitable beds
To reſt the ſtranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chaſe of wolves return'd.
When many-colour'd evening ſinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and oppoſite
Riſes, full-orb'd, the ſilver harveſt-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His ſcatter'd ſheaves collecting; then expect
The artiſts, bent on ſpeed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverſe every plain,
And every dale, where farm or cottage ſmokes:
Reject them not; and let the ſeaſon's price
Win thy ſoft treaſures: let the bulky wain
Through duſty roads run nodding; or the bark,
That ſilently adown the cerule ſtream
Glides with white ſails, diſpenſe the downy freight
To copſy villages on either ſide,
And ſpiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like ſtrong Briareus, with his hundred hands.
In the ſame fleece diverſity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious ſkill to ſort the ſeveral kinds.
But in this ſubtle ſcience none exceed
Th' induſtrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their ſpacious domes
With boundleſs hoſpitality receive
Each nation's outcaſts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
And unrejected age; ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual ſpeed,
They ſever lock from lock, and long, and ſhort,
And ſoft, and rigid, pile in ſeveral heaps.
This the duſk hatter aſks; another ſhines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hoſier ſeeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy ſtuffs;
But often it deceives the artiſt's care,
Breaking unuſeful in the ſteely comb:
For this long ſpungy wool no more increaſe
Receives, while winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of autumn ſtops: and what though ſpring
Succeeds with roſy finger, and ſpins on
The texture? yet in vain ſhe ſtrives to link
The ſilver twine to that of autumn's hand.
Be then the ſwain adviſ'd to ſhield his flocks
From winter's deadening froſts and whelming ſnows:
Let the loud tempeſt rattle on the roof,
While they, ſecure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And ſwell their fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloth'd Apulian *, by ſoft warmth improv'd:
Or let them inward heat and vigour find,
By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.
Beſides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.
But lighteſt wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields: encloſe, encloſe, ye ſwains;

* *The ſhepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, uſed to clothe their ſheep with ſkins, to preſerve and improve their fleeces.*

Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch
Noxious to wool, muſt ſtain your motley flock,
To mark your property! The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint; beſides, in fields
Promiſcuous held, all culture languiſhes;
The glebe, exhauſted, thin ſupply receives;
Dull waters reſt upon the ruſhy flats
And barren furrows: none the riſing grove
Their plants for late poſterity, nor hedge
To ſhield the flock, nor copſe for cheering fire;
And, in the diſtant village, every hearth
Devours the graſſy ſward, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increaſing beggary, and nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer eaſier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he ſteals; or when,
With looſen'd tether of his horſe or cow,
The milky ſtalk of the tall green ear'd corn,
The year's ſlow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he deſtroys.
There are, who over-rate our ſpungy ſtores,
Who deem that nature grants no clime, but ours
To ſpread upon its fields the dews of heaven,
And feed the ſilky fleece; that card, nor comb,
The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er ſubdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unleſs a third from Britain ſwell the heap.
Illuſion all; though of our ſun and air
Not trivial is the virtue: nor their fruit,
Upon our ſnowy flocks, of ſmall eſteem:
The grain of brighteſt tincture none ſo well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins muſt to this
Bear witneſs, and the coſtlieſt of their looms.
And though, with hue of crocus or of roſe,
No power of ſubtle food, or air, or ſoil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vaſe,
Therefore from herbage of old-paſtur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl,
Where grow the whiteſt locks, collect thy ſtores.
Thoſe fields regard not, through whoſe recent turf
The miry ſoil appears: not ev'n the ſtreams
Of Yare, or ſilver Stroud, can purify [winds,
Their frequent ſully'd fleece; nor what rough
Keen-biting on tempeſtuous hills, inbrown.
Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees
Warm ſhelter'd, may deſpiſe the rage of ſtorms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to ſmile,
And leave in dykes their ſoon-forgotten tears.
Labour and art will every aim atchieve
Of noble boſoms. Bedford Level *, erſt
A dreary pathleſs waſte, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, ſmiling with her lure of ſummer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-ſtruggling, to ingulf;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Ruſſel, aroſe, who drain'd the ruſhy fen, [bloom,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, ſilver-winding ſtreams;

* *In Cambridgeſhire.*

Godlike beneficence; from chaos drear
To raiſe the garden and the ſhady grove!
But ſee Iernè's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeaſurable tract. The traveller
Slow treries his mazy ſtep on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: ev'n ſuch perfidious wilds,
By labour won, have yielded to the comb,
The faireſt length of wool. See deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
Gives nature value, multiplies her ſtores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis art and toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to ſhine,
The pear and taſteful apple; decks with flowers
And foodful pulſe the fields, that often riſe,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot toil
With patient art, effect? There was a time,
When other regions were the ſwains delight,
And ſhepherdleſs Britannia's ruſhy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,
But of rude baſkets, homely ruſtic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient culture, and, o'er ſinking woods,
High Cotſwold ſhow'd her ſummits. Urchinfield,
And Lemſter's crofts, beneath the pheaſant's brake,
Long lay unnotted. Toil new paſture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er leſſening vineyards ſpreads the growing turf.
In eldeſt times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleeting ſheepfolds met, for pureſt wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were moſt renown'd;
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky ſides!
Twice with the murex' crimſon hue they ting'd
The ſhining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence aroſe the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next buſy Colchis, bleſs'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid ſtream
Of Phaſis boaſted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Theſſalian ram enrich'd her plains.
This, riſing Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jaſon an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the muſes' haunts,
He rous'd the brave, to re-demand the fleece.
Attend, ye Britiſh ſwains, the ancient ſong.
From every region of Ægea's ſhore
The brave aſſembled; thoſe illuſtrious twins,
Caſtor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in ſpeed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' ſandy ſhore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And ſoon, the laurel cord, and the huge ſtone
Up-lifting to the deck unmoor'd the bark;
Whoſe keel, of wond'rous length, the ſkilful hand
Of Argus faſhion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty maſt
Up-rais'd, and ſails full-ſwelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now firſt, now they learn'd
Their bolder ſteerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden ſtars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the ſphere celeſtial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy iſles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, riſe,
And Haloneſos: ſoon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her miſts, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Caſt out the cabled ſtone upon the ſtrand.
Next to the Myſian ſhore they ſhape their courſe,
But with too eager haſte: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chance detains; he ſprings upon the ſhore,
And, rifting from the root, a tapering pine,
Renews his ſtroke. Between the threat'ning towers
Of Helleſpont they ply the rugged ſurge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal; then ſmooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glaſſy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Boſphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the ſharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods
Cleave their bold paſſage: nathleſs by the craggs
And torrents ſorely ſhatter'd: as the ſtrong
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net behind.
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes
Thus, through the wide waves, their ſlow way they force,
To Thynia's hoſpitable iſle. The brave
Paſs many perils, and to fame by ſuch
Experience riſe. Refreſh'd, again they ſpeed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd ſtreams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Aſparus and Glaucus, rolling ſwift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-ſought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phaſis. Foremoſt on the ſtrand
Jaſon advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and ſtately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury; around,
In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-ſounding ſquares and ſtreets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of ſhepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of king diſtinguiſh'd, 'gan to ſlight
The ſhepherd's trade, and turn to ſong and dance:
Ev'n Hydrûs ceas'd to watch; Medea's ſongs
Of joy, and roſy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic ſweetneſs lull'd his cares aſleep,
Till the bold heroes graſp'd the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, ſurrounded ſoon
By Neptune's friendly waves: ſecure they ſpeed
O'er the known ſeas, by every guiding cape,
With proſperous return. The myrtle ſhores,
And glaſſy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful ſtops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.
Thus Phaſis loſt his pride: his ſlighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and paſtures mourn'd;
The trade-ſhip left his ſtreams; the merchant ſhunn'd
His deſart borders; each ingenious art,

Trade, liberty, and affluence, all retir'd,
And left to want and ſervitude their ſeats:
Vile ſucceſſors! and gloomy ignorance
Following like dreary night, whoſe ſable hand
Hangs on the purple ſkirts of flying day.
  Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Theſſalian, bore eſteem;
And thoſe in Grecian colonies diſpers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Ionia's coaſt,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galeſus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through ſolitary vallies ſeeks the ſea.
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps [aloft
High-crown'd, whoſe woods and ſnowy peaks
Shield her low plains from the rough northern [blaſt.
Thoſe too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bleſs'd of higheſt taſte,
What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whoſe wide looms unroll'd
The fineſt webs? where ſcarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late improv'd Britannia gave renown.
  Low the revolving courſe of mighty time,
Who loftineſs abaſes, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majeſty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her ſplendid ſtreets,
The ſnowy veſt of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmeſt litter'd cotes,
Or ſunny meadows cloth'd with coſtly care?
All in the ſolitude of ruin loſt,
War's horrid carnage, vain ambition's duſt.
  Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame
In gloomy deſolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, firſt of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waſte emerg'd:
In Adria's gulf her clotted locks ſhe lav'd,
And roſe another Venus: each ſoft joy,
Each aid of life, her buſy wit reſtor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely arts,
And all the graces. Reſtituted trade
To every virtue lent his helping ſtores,
And cheer'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the cheerful lawn.
  The gloſſy fleeces now of prime eſteem
Soft Aſia boaſts, where lovely Caſſimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills, [lakes,
Spreads her delicious ſtores; woods, rocks, caves,
Hills, lawns, and winding ſtreams; a region term'd
The paradiſe of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbor ſtretch'd immenſe,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worſhipp'd prince, whoſe luſt is law:
Remote dominions; nor to ancient fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, ſagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their diſtant climes adventurous trade.
  Add too the ſilky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas ſpreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary ſhoulders bend.
  Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Caſtile, and mild Segovian glades.
  And beauteous Albion, ſince great Edgar chas'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of ſilky luſtre; chief, Silvia, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd ſtream; from ſheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
Gay Epſom's too, and Banſtead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's iſle, that ſhelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders: or Salopian ſtores,
Thoſe which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotſwold alſo 'mong the ſhepherd ſwains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet: He *, whoſe ruſtic muſe,
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing diſplay'd,
And ſung the boſky bourns of Alfred's ſhires,
Has favour'd Cotſwold with luxuriant praiſe.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leiceſtra's marly plains, for length
Of whiteſt locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar; envy of the neighbouring realms?
But why recount our graſſy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With boſy turnip, and luxuriant cole,
Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed.
  Ingenious trade! to clothe the naked world,
Her ſoft materials, not from ſheeep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and ſtones,
Collects ſagacious: in Eubœa's iſle
A wondrous rock † is found, of which are woven
Veſts incombuſtible: Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm mariſh yields the fiſſile cane;
Soft Perſia, ſilk; Balaſor's ſhady hills
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, graſs;
And every ſultry clime the ſnowy down
Of cotton, burſting from its ſtubborn ſhell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With gloſſy hair of Tibet's ſhagged goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind: the beaver's ſlix
Gives kindlieſt warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood ſlow riſes through the veins.
Still ſhall o'er all prevail the ſhepherd's ſtores,
For numerous uſes known: none yield ſuch warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, ſo long endure:
So pliant to the loom, ſo various, none. [bear,
  Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they
In fervid climes: nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Reſplendent ſwells, enormous in its growth:
As the ſleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad reſigns it for the hatter's uſe.
  Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's ‡ glades,
And Canſes' ‡, echo to the pipes and flocks [ſands,
Of foreign ſwains. While time ſhakes down his
And works continual change, be none ſecure:
Quicken your labours, brace your ſlackening nerves,
Ye Britons; nor ſleep careleſs on the lap
Of bounteous nature; ſhe is elſewhere kind.
See Miſſiſippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the ſhepherds: ſee the ſheep ‖
Of fertile Arica §, like camels form'd;

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* *Drayton.* † *The Aſbeſtos.*
‡ *Provinces in Louiſiana, on the weſtern ſide of the Miſſiſippi.*
‖ *Theſe ſheep are called Guanapos.*
§ *A province of Peru.*

Which bear huge burdens to the ſea-beat ſhore,
And ſhine with fleeces ſoft as feathery down.
Coarſe Bothnic locks are not devoid of uſe;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Labouring at the wet ſhrouds, or ſtubborn helm,
While the loud billows daſh the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's veſtures wear;
Nor what, from fleece Ratæan *, mimic flowers
Of rich Damaſcus: many a texture bright
Of that material in prætorium † woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.
If any wool peculiar to our iſle
Is given by nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The ſoft, the ſnow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This golden fleece to guard, with ſtricteſt watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering avarice,
Who, like a ſpectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When nature wide around him lies ſupine
And ſilent, in the tangles ſoft involv'd
Of death-like ſleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.
Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honeſt toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune ‡ or Coker ‖ wind their ſtreams,
Be found ſufficient? far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury ariſe.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain ſides
With copious fleeces of Ierne ſhine,
And gulfy Caledonia, wiſely bent
On wealthy fiſheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the ſiſter realms, amid their ſeas,
Like the three graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bleſs remoteſt climes---to this lov'd end,
Awake, benevolence; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whoſe paſſions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repaſt alone,
Who claim all nature's ſtores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profuſion; whoſe vile hands would graſp
The peaſant's ſcantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the ſepulchre of ſelf entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot uſe.
Know, for ſuperior ends th' Almighty power
(The power, whoſe tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar; wiſdom, wit, and ſtrength;
Wiſdom, and wit, and ſtrength, in ſweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counſel, to protect,
And twiſt the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation ſtrong;
Builds tow'ry cities, ſatiates every want,
And makes the ſeas profound, and foreſts wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high buſineſs of the public good.
For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honeſt heart,
And cheerful diligence: like the uſeful bee,
To gather for the hive not ſweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may ſooth diſtreſs, and raiſe the fall'n,
In life's rough race: O be it as my wiſh!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.
For this, I wake the weary hours of reſt;
With this deſire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the ſhepherd's hut I ſeek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure ſimplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to ſheep:
Or turn the compaſs o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's ſtream,
Cold Hudſon's cloudy ſtreights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean foſſe,
And China's long canals; thoſe noble works,
Thoſe high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, ſedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my ſacred charge;
But alſo mindful, thus deviſing good,
At vacant ſeaſons, oft; when evening mild
Purples the vallies, and the ſhepherd counts
His flocks, returning to the quiet fold,
With dumb complacence: for religion, this,
To give our every comfort to diſtreſs,
And follow virtue with an humble mind;
This pure religion. Thus, in elder time,
The reverend Blaſius wore his leiſure hours,
And ſlumbers, broken oft: till, fill'd at length
With inſpiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian ſtoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and ſpiky comb,
Show'd how the fleece might ſtretch to greater length.
And caſt a gloſſier whiteneſs. Wheels went around;
Matrons and maids with ſongs reliev'd their toils;
And every loom receiv'd the ſofter yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blaſius, did not bleſs
Thy teaching hand? Thy boſom, like the morn,
Opening its wealth? What nation did not ſeek,
Of thy new model'd wool, the curious webs!
Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly feſtals: through their ſtreets
The pomp, with tuneful ſounds, and order juſt,
Denoting labour's happy progreſs, moves,
Proceſſion ſlow and ſolemn: firſt the rout;
Then ſervient youth, and magiſterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His ſway, and office, in the common weal;
And to the board of ſmiling plenty's ſtores
Aſſemble; where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; with free hand,
Toil only taſtes the feaſts, by nerveleſs eaſe
Unreliſh'd. Various mirth and ſong reſound;
And oft they interpoſe improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that ſometimes ariſe;
'Till night weighs down the ſenſe, or morning's dawn
Rouſes to labour, man to labour born. [hand,
Then the ſleek brightening lock, from hand to
Renews its circling courſe: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;

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* *The fleeces of Leiceſterſhire.* † *Coventry.*
‡ *A river in Cumberland.*
‖ *A river in Lancaſhire.*

And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.
For it ſuffices not, in flowery vales,
Only to tend the flock, and ſhear ſoft wool;
Gums muſt be ſtor'd of Guinea's arid coaſt;
Mexican woods, and India's brightening ſalts;
Fruits, herbage, ſulphurs, minerals, to ſtain
The fleece prepar'd, with oil imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum waves
Intenerate. With curious eye obſerve,
In what variety the tribe of ſalts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abſterſive or reſtringent; how
Steel caſts the ſable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid ſpirit'ous, the ſcalet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mixt, or chang'd
By mediums colourleſs; why is the fume
Of ſulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious elſe: why no materials yield
Singly their colours, thoſe except that ſhine
With topaz, ſapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though nature's face is cloth'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the fleece,
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.
To find effects, while cauſes lie conceal'd,
Reaſon uncertain tries: howe'er, kind chance
Oft with equivalent diſcovery pays
Its wandering efforts; thus the German ſage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
Seeking the ſecret ſource of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimſon ſtore.
Tyrian Melcartus thus (the firſt who brought
Tin's uſeful ore from Albion's diſtant iſle,
And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant ſheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex ſtrike a purple ſtain,
The purple ſtain on fleecy woofs he ſpread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to riſing Tyre.
Our vallies yield not, or but ſparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here or purple woad,
By which our naked anceſtors obſcur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with myſtic forms,
Like Egypt's obeliſks. The powerful ſun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone,
Trade to the good phyſician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the prieſt diſplays, in juſt diſcourſe,
Him, the all-wiſe Creator, and declares
His preſence, power, and goodneſs, unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To cenſure trade,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To ſeeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; paſſions ſwift
Forerunning reaſon; ſtrong contrarious bents,
The ſteps of men diſperſing wide abroad
O'er realms and ſeas. There, in the ſolemn ſcene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The cleareſt ſenſe of Deity receive,
Who view the wideſt proſpect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade through various climes:
Who ſee the ſignatures of boundleſs love,
Nor leſs the judgments of Almighty power,
To warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'ſcapes
From human juſtice: who, aſtoniſh'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempeſtuous fires;
The duſt of Carthage; deſert ſhores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd ſummit, crown'd of old
With ſtately towers; whoſe merchants, from their iſles,
And radiant thrones, aſſembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their ſhaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damaſcus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirſty for the double tint,
And flowering ſhuttle. While th' admiring world
Crowded her ſtreets; ah! then the hand of pride
Sow'd imperceptible his poiſonous weed,
Which crept deſtructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of ſome tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the duſt they ſunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the ſtormy deep:
Only the ſolitary rock remains,
Her ancient ſcite; a monument to thoſe,
Who toil and wealth exchange for ſloth and pride,

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTOIN. Recommendation of labour. The ſeveral methods of ſpinning. Deſcription of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill deſcribed, and the progreſs of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill conſequences of idleneſs. Country-workhouſes propoſed; with a deſcription of one. Good effects of induſtry exemplified in the proſpect of Burſtal and Leeds: and the cloth-market there deſcribed. Preference of the labours of the loom to other manufactures, illuſtrated by ſome compariſons. Hiſtory of the art of weaving; its removal from the Netherlands,

and ſettlement in ſeveral parts of England. Cenſure of thoſe who would reject the perſecuted and the ſtranger. Our trade and proſperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapeſtry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapeſtries of Bleinheim deſcribed. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their induſtry, the ſureſt ſource of it. Hence a wiſh, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the ſeats of our manufactures: other countries leſs happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more eaſily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Deſcription of the Thames, and the port of London.

Proceed, Arcadian muſe; reſume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diſus'd, though ſweet the tone,
And to the ſongs of nature's choriſters
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
However pleaſing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is diſcord. Yet too oft
Has falſe diſſembling vice to amorous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedleſs youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder ſound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and ſheepfolds were the muſes' haunts.
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, ſhalt theſe rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote, whoſe benevolence
Viſits our vallies; where the paſture ſpreads,
And where the bramble; and would juſtly act
True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good;
Good to themſelves, and in themſelves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil:
Beaſt, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at reſt,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Faſhion'd, improv'd, by labour. This of old,
Wiſe ſtates obſerving, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their cheftians from the ſpade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleeting ſheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence ſtrength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What ſimple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toils that make them wealth; that makes the fleece
(Yet uſeleſs, riſing in unſhapen heaps);
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A veſture uſefully ſuccinct and warm,
Or trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The ſcatter'd miſts reveal the duſky hills;
Gray dawn appears; the golden morn aſcends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming ſpires; ariſe, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the ſpiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in ſoft flakes, and ſwell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the ſoft material: with light ſtep
Whether ye turn around the ſpacious wheel,
Or, patient ſitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand aſſiſt
To guide and ſtretch the gently-leſſening thread:
Even, unknotted twine, will praiſe your ſkill.
A different ſpinning every different web
Aſks from your glowing fingers: ſome require
The more compact, and ſome the looſer wreath
The laſt for ſoftneſs, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: ſcarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.
There are, to ſpeed their labour, who prefer
Wheels double-ſpol'd, which yield to either hand
A ſeveral line: and many, yet adhere
To th' ancient diſtaff, at the boſom fix'd,
Caſting the whirling ſpindle as they walk:
At home, or in the ſheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method ſtill
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian * towns:
It yields their airy ſtuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of ſpinning, when th' Egyptian prince
A golden diſtaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too-beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diverſion of the fair
Led to ingenious uſe. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a ſpiral engine † form'd,
Which, on an hundred ſpoles, an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapſe of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; eaſy-tended work,
That copiouſly ſupplies the greedy loom.
Nor hence, ye nymphs, let anger cloud your brows:
The more is wrought, the more is ſtill requir'd;
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted ſong, proceed;
Fear not ſurcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the ſtrife of trade,
Theſe curious inſtruments of ſpeed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exerciſe, as fountains ſure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
Nor, ſhould the careful ſtate, ſeverely kind,
In every province, to the houſe of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
Yours, with the public good, ſhall ever riſe,
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs
The bleating ſheep and ſhepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the gliſtening fleece,
And th' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choiceſt of his ſonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.
The amorous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,

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* *The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.*
† *Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.*

Now on the buſy ſtage ſee him ſtep forth,
With beating breaſt: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich induſtry. Firſt, he beſpeaks a loom:
From ſome thick wood the carpenter ſelects
A ſlender oak, or beech of gloſſy trunk,
Or ſaplin aſh: he ſhapes the ſturdy beam,
The poſts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The ſmith, with iron-ſcrews, and plated hoops,
Confirms the ſtrong machine, and gives the bolt
That ſtrains the roll. To theſe the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow ſhuttle add.
Various profeſſions in the work unite:
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of ſubtle ſkill;
Howe'er, in vulgar uſe around the globe
Frequent obſerv'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
Toſs'd over ocean to remoteſt ſhores,
Hears on remoteſt ſhores the murmuring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd field,
The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the diſcipline
Of ſtrong-yok'd ſteers. What needful art is new?
Next, the induſtrious youth employs his care
To ſtore ſoft yarn; and now he ſtrains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or highway-ſide,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
And ſits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready ſhuttles glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and ſhut altern:
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Againſt the web is driven the noiſy frame,
That o'er the level ruſhes, like a ſurge,
Which, often daſhing on the ſandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, acroſs the lines oft opening, glides
The thready ſhuttle, while the web apace
Encreaſes, as the light of eaſtern ſkies,
Spread by the roſy fingers of the morn;
And all the fair expanſe with beauty glows.
Or, if the broader mantle be the taſk,
He chooſes ſome companion to his toil.
From ſide to ſide, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converſe, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind.
What need we name the ſeveral kinds of looms?
Thoſe delicate, to whoſe fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whoſe various numbers guide
The artiſt's hand: he, unſeen, flowers, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
Or that, whoſe numerous needles, glittering bright,
Weave the warm hoſe to cover tender limbs:
Modern invention: modern is the want.
Next, from the ſlacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near ſome clear-gliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noiſy fulling-mill receiv'd;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, riſing and deſcending, learn
To imitate the induſtry of man.
Oft the wet web is ſteep'd, and often rais'd,
Faſt-dripping, to the river's graſſy bank;
And ſinewy arms of men, with full-ſtrain'd ſtrength,
Wring out the latent water: then, uphung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid ſun
Its level ſurface, reeking, it expands;
Still brightening in each rigid diſcipline,
And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's ſhears,
And burler's thiſtle, ſkim the ſurface ſheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Seaſon to ſeaſon. So the huſbandman
Purſues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The ſeed is ſown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe ſubdues;
The ſickle labours, and the ſlow team ſtrains;
Till grateful harveſt-home rewards his toils.
Th' ingenious artiſt, learn'd in drugs, beſtows
The laſt improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The ſnowy web is ſteep'd, with grain of weld,
Fuſtic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictiſh woad,
Of ſtain tenacious, deep as ſummer ſkies,
Like thoſe that canopy the bowers of Stowe
After ſoft rains, when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.
From yon broad vaſe behold the ſaffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from theſe the azure riſe;
This glows with crimſon; that the auburn holds;
Theſe ſhall the prince with purple robes adorn;
And thoſe the warrior mark, and thoſe the prieſt.
Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues ariſe.
That ſtain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
Diſſolving water's, and calcining ſun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
With utmoſt caution to prepare the woof,
To ſeek the beſt-adapted dyes, and ſalts,
And pureſt gums! ſince your whole ſkill conſiſts
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.
But what the powers, which lock them in the web;
Whether incruſting ſalts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we loſt our old repute?
And who inquires the cauſe, why Gallia's ſons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not Britons; graſp in every art
The foremoſt name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's ſtand,
The haughty Turk deſpiſe their proffer'd bales.
Now ſee, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gathering every web;
Induſtrious, every web too few. Alas!
Succeſſleſs oft their induſtry, when ceaſe
The loom and ſhuttle in the troubled ſtreets;
Their motion ſtopt by wild intemperance,
Toil's ſcoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To ſcorn their taſk-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude ſteps; while miſery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.
O when, through every province, ſhall be rais'd
Houſes of labour, ſeats of kind conſtraint,
For thoſe, who now delight in fruitleſs ſports,
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,

Which honeſt wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who ſeek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For ſuſtenance unearn'd: who ſtroll abroad
From houſe to houſe, with miſchievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppreſs'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through ſtorms, and rains, and bitterneſs of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happineſs: the long-wiſh'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigour ſhall detain [trade,
Your ſtep-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the ſons of
Where'er their cultivated hamlets ſmile,
Erect the manſion *: here ſoft fleeces ſhine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here ſhroud you from the thunder of the ſtorm;
No rain ſhall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each ſickneſs the phyſician waits,
And prieſt entreats to give your maker praiſe.
Behold, in Calder's † vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the ſhrubby hills,
A ſpacious dome for this fair purpoſe riſe.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image ſtands. By gentle ſteps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we ſlowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with ſilent joy,
The ſprightly ſcene; where many a buſy hand,
Where ſpoles, cards, wheels, and looms with motion quick,
And ever-murmuring ſound, th' unwonted ſenſe
Wrap in ſurpriſe. To ſee them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the ſpreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can beſtow. Nor leſs they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their uſeful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal ſcale
Some deal abroad the well-aſſorted fleece;
Theſe card the ſhort, thoſe comb the longer flake;
Others the harſh and clotted lock receive,
Yet ſever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper uſe. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the eaſy work of winding yarn
On ſwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks;
Such joy ariſes in the mind employ'd.
Another ſcene diſplays the more robuſt,
Raſping or grinding tough Braſilian woods,
And what Campeachy's diſputable ſhore
Copious affords to tinge the thirſty web;
And the Caribbee iſles, whoſe dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb. We next are ſhown
A circular machine ‡, of new deſign,
In conic ſhape: it draws and ſpins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needleſs hands.
A wheel inviſible, beneath the floor,
To every member of th' harmonious frame
Gives neceſſary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he ſays,
Is ſmoothly lapp'd around thoſe cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright ſpindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful manſion (if we ſeek
Still more to view the gifts which honeſt toil
Diſtributes) take we now our eaſtward courſe,
To the rich fields of Burſtal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, ſmile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of buſy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incenſe of thankſgiving: all is joy;
And trade and buſineſs guide the living ſcene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the ſlow-ſailing barges, pile the pack
On the low tinkling train of ſlow-pac'd ſteeds.
As when a ſunny day invites abroad
The ſedulous ants, they iſſue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haſte
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and ſucceed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious ſtore of corn:
The grazier's ſleeky kine obſtruct the roads:
The neat-dreſs'd houſewives, for the feſtal board
Crown'd with full baſkets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The ſtroke of ax and hammer; ſcaffolds riſe,
And growing edifices; heaps of ſtone,
Beneath the chiſſel, beauteous ſhapes aſſume
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,
New ſtreets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And ſacred domes of worſhip. Induſtry,
Which dignifies the artiſt, lifts the ſwain,
And the ſtraw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work preſides. Such was the ſcene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
Firſt view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increaſing walls of buſy Mancheſter,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whoſe reddening fields
Riſe and enlarge their ſuburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whiſpering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the ſight extend.
Straight, ere the ſounding bell the ſignal ſtrikes,
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The ſpeedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, ſuperior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.
Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance: deep the oak
Muſt ſink in ſtubborn earth its roots obſcure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the ſkies:
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Diſcloſes wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the duſky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid ſtreams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue,
And tedious proceſs of its painful works,
The luſty ſicken, and the feeble die.

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* *This alludes to the workhouſes at Briſtol, Birmingham, &c.*

† *A river in Yorkſhire, which runs below Halifax, and paſſes by Wakefield.*

‡ *A moſt curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at preſent contrived to ſpin cotton; but it may be made to ſpin fine carded wool.*

But cheerful are the labours of the loom,
By health and eaſe accompanied: they bring
Superior treaſures ſpeedier to the ſtate,
Than thoſe of deep Peruvian mines, where ſlaves
(Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale palſy's baneful cup. Our happy ſwains
Behold ariſing, in their fattening flocks,
A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boaſt,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whoſe ignobler care
Nurſes the ſilk-worm; or of India's ſons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' ſtream.
Nor do their toils and products furniſh more,
Than gauds and dreſſes, of fantaſtic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give clothing to neceſſity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempeſt beats around.
No, ye ſoft ſons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor aſks your nerveleſs arm
To caſt the ſtrong-flung ſhuttle, or the ſpear.
Can ye defend your country from the ſtorm
Of ſtrong invaſion? Can ye want endure,
In the beſieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten veſſel ſteer,
Climb the tall maſt, direct the ſtubborn helm,
Mid wild diſcordant waves, with ſteady courſe?
Can ye lead out, to diſtant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious perſecution driven,
And arm their breaſts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful power of tyrants? Theſe are deeds
To which their hardy labours well prepare
The ſinewy arm of Albion's ſons. Purſue,
Ye ſons of Albion, with a yielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the ſounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale;
The loom, that long-renown'd, wide envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; ſhe from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenicé, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe,
The golden-footed ſciences their path
Mark, like the ſun, enkindling life and joy;
And follow'd cloſe by ignorance and pride,
Lead day and night o'er realms. Our day aroſe
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile valleys of the Scheld.
With ſpeedy wing, and ſcatter'd courſe, they fled,
Like a community of bees, diſturb'd
By ſome relentleſs ſwain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza, to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wiſe Ægypt erſt
To troubled Nilus, whoſe nutricious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an induſtrious train
Croſs'd the ſmooth channel of our ſmiling ſeas;
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of ſpacious Medway: ſome on gentle Yare,
And fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their
ſeats
Pleaſant Norvicum, and Colceſtria's towers:
Some to the Darent ſped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, choſe
Antona's chalky plains, and ſtretch'd their tents
Down to Clauſentum, and that bay ſupine
Beneath the ſhade of Vecta's cliffy iſle.
Soon o'er the hoſpitable realm they ſpread,
With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd:
Not undelighted with Vigornia's ſpires,
Nor thoſe, by Vaga's ſtream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor leſs pleas'd
With Salop's various ſcenes; and that ſoft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurſe of the ruſtic bard, who now reſounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whoſe anceſtors
Were fugitives from ſuperſtition's rage,
And erſt, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
Nodding, ſtill on their gloomy brows project
Lancaſtria's arms, emboſs'd in mouldering ſtone.
Thus, then, on Albion's coaſt, the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, ſang
Grateful thankſgiving. Yet, at times, they ſhift
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
Reſtraint, or ſouthern Luxury, diſturbs
Their induſtry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inſpirited, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erſt, and wealth immenſe,
Gave Brabant's ſwarming habitants, what time
We were their ſhepherds only; from which ſtate,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathleſs ſome,
Among our old and ſtubborn ſwains miſdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd thoſe,
Whoſe virtues taught the varletry of towns
To uſeful toil to turn the pilfering hand.
And ſtill, when bigotry's black clouds ariſe,
(For oft they ſudden riſe in papal realms),
They, from their iſle, as from ſome ark ſecure,
Careleſs, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of ſuperſtition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling ſtorm,
Which fierce purſues the ſufferers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, ſhall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by diſtreſſes oft
(Diſtreſſes for the ſake of truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
Where-ever they inhabit: this, our iſle
Has oft experienc'd; witneſs all ye realms
Of either hemiſphere, where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is ſtampt on every bale;
Each gloſſy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives th' impreſſion; every airy woof,
Cheyney, and bayſe, and ſorge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countleſs liſt
Of woollen webs; and every work of ſteel;
And that cryſtalline metal, blown or fus'd,
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of moſſy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has given the fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the ſilk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety:
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-ſhading trail for Agra's * nymphs;

* *There is woven at Manchester, for the Eaſt-*

Or ſolemn curtains, whoſe long gloomy folds
Surround the ſoft pavilions of the rich.
They too the many-colour'd arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy ſhapes
Of ſportive fancy: ſuch as oft appear
In old Moſaic pavements, when the plough
Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
Or that, o'erſhaded erſt by Woodſtock's bower,
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whoſe ſtately rooms
Riſe glowing tapeſtries, that lure the eye
With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenbergh exults,
Behind ſurrounding hills of ramparts ſteep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous paſs
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another ſcene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here, the reſcued ſtates
Crowding beneath his ſhield: there, Ramillies'
Important battle: next, the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burſt, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A ſhade obſcures the reſt—Ah, then, what power
Invidious from the lifted ſickle ſnatch'd
The harveſt of the plain? So lively glows
The fair deluſion, that our paſſions riſe
In the beholding, and the glories ſhare
Of viſionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,
While ſhe eſſay'd, with rage of holy war,
To deſolate their fields: but old the ſkill:
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd;
Tyre alſo, wealthy ſeat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' hiſtoric web.
Far-diſtant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials: the Chineſe
Their porcelain, Japan its varniſh boaſts.
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a ſhare of wealth acquires.
But chief by numbers of induſtrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raiſe
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
There will be traffic's ſeat; there will ſhe build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy ſwains,
With hoſpitality inflame your breaſt,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your iſle,
Each clime, each ſea, the ſpacious orb of each,
Shall join their various ſtores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterpriſing, or to teach
The ſtream a naval courſe, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or ſtretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coaſt
Should we ſubmit our limits, while each wind
Aſſiſts the ſtream and ſail, and the wide main
Woos us in every port? See Belgium build,
Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd power;
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fiſhy regions. Thus our iſle,

Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
But whither, by the viſions of the theme
Smit with ſublime delight, but whither ſtrays
The raptur'd muſe, forgetful of her taſk?
No common pleaſure warms the generous mind,
When it beholds the labours of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are diſpers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a ſlender path, how ſedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they ſpeed their way
To public roads, to Foſſe, or Watling-ſtreet,
Or Armine, ancient works: and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the ſea,
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne, and Tees, [Hull,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing
And Swale, and Aire, whoſe cryſtal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, ſwift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the ſober pace
Of cautious Eld, meandering to the deep;
Through Dart, and ſullen Exe, whoſe murmuring wave
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The ſerge and kerſie to their blanching ſtreams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
And Uſk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending ſcene,
Wild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain ſnows.
The northern Cambrians, an induſtrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pigmean ſteeds,
Of ſize exceeding not Leiceſtrian ſheep,
Yet ſtrong and ſprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's ſtreets, beneath whoſe lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And ſpreads the ſwelling ſheet. For no-where far
From ſome tranſparent river's naval courſe
Ariſe, and fall, our various hills and vales,
No-where far diſtant from the maſted wharf,
We need not vex the ſtrong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the ſable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' towers, to th' Erythræan gulf:
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whoſe will imperious forc'd an hundred ſtreams,
Through many a foreſt, many a ſpacious wild,
To ſtretch their ſcanty trains from ſea to ſea,
That ſome unprofitable ſkiff might float
Acroſs irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.
Far eaſier pains may ſwell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the iſle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone diſparted, woo to join
Majeſtic Thamis. With their ſilver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the ſprings
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs; and thoſe, who o'er the grots preſide,
Whoſe ſtores bituminous, with ſparkling fires,
In ſummer's tedious abſence, cheer the ſwains,
Long ſitting at the loom; and thoſe beſides,
Who crown, with yellow ſheaves, the farmer's hopes,

Indies, a very thin ſtuff, of thread and cotton; which is cooler than the manufactures of that country where the material is only cotton.

And all the genii of commercial toil:
These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And glossy web, to every port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thousand floods, the burden'd barks,
With white sails glistening, through the gloomy woods
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world: the strand around
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets!
Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Our manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburgh. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Africa. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious, through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen mannfactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates: hence the passage through Hudson's-Bay impracticable. Inquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
A floating forest: every sail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
Steady; with eye intent upon the steel,
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot steers:
While gaily o'er the waves the mountain prows
Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return; while some explore
Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart,
The bold creation of that Kesar's power,
Illustrious Peter, whose magnific toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon sinks away the green and level beach
Of Rumney marish and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost:
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer; and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundless magnitude, around them swells;
O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heaven's azure vault
Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the cape
Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' adventurous sails disperse;
These to Iberia; others to the coast
Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharsis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester;
Light airy clothing for their vacant swains,
And visionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Powerful incentive: or Hesperian fruits,
Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.
Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules *, find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Resign their ruins: Tiber's boasted flood,
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow dust,
While Neptune scarce perceives its murmuring rill:

* *The streights of Gibraltar.*

Such are th' effects, when virtue ſlacks her hand;
Wild nature back returns: along theſe ſhores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting ſlender ſtores, the ſun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taſte
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile ſtrand,
Bereft of human diſcipline, has loſt
Its ancient luſtre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts,
That in thoſe glittering ſeas with ſplendor roſe,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar ſite,
Remains in proſperous ſtate; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, ſacred ever to the muſe.
To theſe reſort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of ſofteſt wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, diſpenſe; yet ſee, with vain regret,
Their ſtores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or ſought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd ſtrand alluring; the great ſkill
Of Gaul, and greater induſtry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah— 'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he, who pours into the ſhops of trade
That impious poiſon: it is he, who gains
The ſacred ſeat of parliament, by means
That vitiate and emaſculate the mind;
By ſloth, by lewd intemperance, and a ſcene
Of riot, worſe than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chineſe,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.
Meantime (while thoſe, who dare be juſt op-
The various powers of many-headed vice) [poſe
Ye delegates of trade, by patience riſe
O'er difficulties: in this ſultry clime
Note what is found of uſe: the ſlix of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By ſkilful labour, riſe to high eſteem.
Nor what the peaſant, near ſome lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander flow,
Renown'd in ſtory, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vaſe,
Statue, and buſt, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time
Reſtore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot ſages, Walſinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-laſting ſtone preſerve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they ſeem—or in a varied dreſs
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights;
Change then your ſearches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabean frankincenſe
Rare is collected now: few altars ſmoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's buſy fleets regardleſs paſs her coaſt:
Nor frequent are the freights of ſnow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the miſtreſs of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd ſtreets
With gloomy coul, majeſtical no more.
See the dark ſpirit of tyrannic power.
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval ſtreams,
And the Mœotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hoſtile battlement: in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: inſolent of rule, he ſpreads
Thraldom and deſolation o'er his realms.
Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce diſcovers: the Livonian gulf
Receives her ſails, and leads them to the port
Of riſing Peterſburgh, whoſe ſplendid ſtreets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Coſſac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds reſort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoid,
Rough with the ſtings of froſt, from his dark caves
Aſcends, and thither haſtes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward ſtep; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's ſtreams;
And borderers of the Caſpian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
With proudeſt affluence the Colchian ſtate.
Many have been the ways to thoſe renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis; to the port of wealthy Tyre;
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderneſs,
Who down the long Euphrates ſent her ſails;
And ſacred Salem, when her numerous fleets,
From Ezion-geber, paſs'd th' Arabian gulf.
But later times, more fortunate, have found,
O'er ocean's open wave, a ſurer courſe,
Sailing the weſtern coaſt of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
And iſlands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now, of commerce, made the ſcene immenſe,
Which daring ſhips frequent, aſſociated,
Like doves, or ſwallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, ſolitary ſeen.
Some, with more open courſe, to Indus ſteer;
Some coaſt from port to port, with various men
And manners converſant; of th' angry ſurge,
That thunders loud, and ſpreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardleſs, or the monſters of the deep, [foam,
Porpoiſe, or grampus, or the ravenous ſhark,
That chaſe their keels; or threatening rock, o'er-
head,
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckleſs, they furl their ſails, and bartering, take
Soft flakes of wool; for in ſoft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound,
The ſhores of Sus inhoſpitale riſe,
And high Bojador; Zara too diſplays
Unfruitful deſerts; Gambia's wave inifles
An ouzy coaſt, and peſtilential ills
Diffuſes wide; behind are burning ſands,
Adverſe to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.
On Guinea's ſultry ſand, the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is beſtow'd
For clear tranſparent gums, and ductile wax,
And ſnow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barbarous coaſt, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the ſale of wretched ſlaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long ſervitude; ſevere exchange! [death
Theſe till our fertile colonies, which yield
The ſugar-cane, and the tobacco-leaf,

And various new productions, that invite
Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs.
But let the man, whose rough tempestuous hours
In this adventurous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind:
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.
Hot Guinea too gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts, rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid: howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous: their sable tribes,
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread,
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders: whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast
Is seldom visited; and the rough shore
Of Caffres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
Their aged parents: what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where social trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding sails,
From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
Of prosperous voyage, steer: rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind:
There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.
See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whose hills
Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth
Remains and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, though unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide; unless their speed be stop'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While every zephyr sleeps: then the shrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their course, till this bright scene
Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-swelling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round; so great the power of trade.
Persia few ports; more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies; oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloth'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,
He seeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent saltpetre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconscious of the union, act.
Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts the shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivia's, as a swarm
Of bees in summer, on a poplar's trunk,
Clustering innumerable: these behind
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's gray peaks, from whose volcanos rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Daring in air aloft; around whose feet
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,
In various prospect; Ceylon also deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
Of Cor'mandel, where traffic grieves to see
Discord and avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts:
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wise defence,
Against ambition's wide-destroying pride,

Madraſs erected, and Saint David's fort,
And thoſe which riſe on Ganges' twenty ſtreams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The ſhining bales our factors deal abroad,
And ſee the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd: cotton's tranſparent webs,
Aloes, and caſſia, ſalutiferous drugs,
Alum, and lacque, and clouded tortoiſeſhell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For theſe, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our draperies are diſpers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Caſſimere, and Atoc, on the ſtream
Of old Hydaſpes, Porus' hardy realm;
And late diſcover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compreſs'd and wrought
To threadleſs drapery, which, in conic forms,
Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.
The keels which voyage through Molucca's ſtraits,
Amid a cloud of ſpicy odours ſail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whoſe woods
Yield fiery pepper that deſtroys the moth
In woolly veſtures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the feſtal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to thoſe narrow bounds confin'd;
While gracious nature, with unſparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.
Near thoſe delicious iſles the beauteous coaſt
Of China rears its ſummits. Know ye not,
Ye ſons of trade, that ever-flowery ſhore,
Thoſe azure hills, thoſe woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall gloſſy towers of porcelane,
And pillar'd pagods ſhine; rejoic'd they ſee
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.
Upon the ſtrand they heap their gloſſy bales,
And works of Birmingham in braſs or ſteel,
And flint, and ponderous lead from deep cells
Fit ballaſt in the fury of the ſtorm,
That tears the ſhrouds, and bends the ſtubborn maſt:
Theſe, for the artiſts of the fleece, procure
Various materials; and, for affluent life,
The flavour'd thea and gloſſy painted vaſe;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temperance us'd, delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the ſtrongeſt thread
Of the green ſilkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, ſecure
In conſtant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
Of rich fertility; where, thick as ſtars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and ſhady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering ſeas,
Riſe floating villages; no wonder; when,
In every province, firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable ſtreams,
Ever, with eaſe, conduct the works of toil
To ſure and ſpeedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and thoſe of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruſſic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's numerous regions, waſte and wild,
Journey immenſe! which, to th' attentive ear,
The muſe, in faithful notes, ſhall brief deſcribe.
From the proud mart of Peterſburg, ere-while
The watery ſeat of deſolation wide,
Iſſue theſe trading caravans, and urge,
Through dazzling ſnows, their dreary trackleſs road;
By compaſs ſteering oft, from week to week,
From month to month; whole ſeaſons view their toils.
Neva they paſs, and Keſina's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract,
In its fall ſtopt, and bound with bars of ice.
Cloſe on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual froſt; and on the right
The Caſpian-lake, and ever-flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are deſtin'd to the ſword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcaſes, or under foot vales,
Thick ſtrown; while, in their rough bewilder'd
The blooming roſe its fragrance breathes in vain,
And ſilver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.
Sometimes o'er level ways, on eaſy ſleds,
The generous horſe conveys the ſons of trade;
And ever and anon the docile dog;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes; now ſlow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown deſcend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whoſe hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the riſing moon, through watery miſts:
Tobol, th' abode of thoſe unfortunate
Exiles of angry ſtate, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl, and prince,
Soldier, and ſtateſman, and uncreſted chief,
On the dark level of adverſity,
Converſe familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirſt, and nakedneſs,
Their little public ſmiles, and the bright ſparks
Of trade are kindled: trade ariſes oft;
And virtue, from adverſity and want:
Be witneſs, Carthage; witneſs, ancient Tyre;
And thou, Batavia, daughter of diſtreſs.
This, with his hands, which erſt the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattoc drives:
All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
Our fleecy veſtures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refreſh'd, proceeds the caravan
Through lively-ſpreading cultures, paſtures green,
And yellow tillages in opening woods:
Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathleſs road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplext;
Land of the lazy Oſtiacs, thin diſpers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miſerable tribe,
Void of commercial comforts: who, nor corn,
Nor pulſe, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure; nor ſpade, nor ſcythe, nor ſhare,
Nor ſocial aid: beneath their thorny bed
The ſerpent hiſſes, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And paſs by ſpacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whoſe ſnow-nodding craggs
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous ſtreams

Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jeniſea, ſwift,
Which ruſh upon the northern pole, up-heave
Its frozen ſeas, and lift their hills of ice.
These rugged paths and ſavage landſcapes paſs'd,
A new ſcene ſtrikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what ſeems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work; that matchleſs work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earlieſt times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are ſeen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vaſt extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire; towers and ports,
Three times a thouſand, lift thereon their brows
At equal ſpaces, and in proſpect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.
At length the gloomy paſſage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whoſe opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering ſpires
The deſtin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's diſtant realm, the utmoſt bound
Of the flat floor of ſtedfaſt earth; for ſo
Fabled antiquity, ere peaceful trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.
Now to the other hemiſphere, my muſe,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the firſt of the harmonious nine
From high Parnaſſus, the unwearied toils
Of induſtry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful ſong.
Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
When he diſcern'd, above the foamy ſurge,
A riſing coaſt for future colonies,
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labour: thither, from the wrongs
Of lawleſs rule, the free-born ſpirit flies;
Thither affliction, thither poverty,
And arts and ſciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' aſylum of mankind!
But joy ſuperior far his boſom warms,
Who views thoſe ſhores in every culture dreſs'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various ſtates, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themſelves, and for thoſe tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new deſires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And ſpread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.
Ye, who the ſhuttle caſt along the loom,
The ſilk-worm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor ſlight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods ariſe
Of mulberries, and in whoſe water'd fields
Up-ſprings the verdant blade of thirſty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?
Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overſhades ſome cryſtal river, ſpreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a ſpacious realm, rewards
The fleecy ſhuttle: to her growing marts,
The Iroqueſe, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taſte.
Bluſh, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land;
And ye, voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
Seek eaſy habitations, void of care:
The ſons of nature, with aſtoniſhment,
And deteſtation, mark your evil deeds;
And view, no longer awed, your nerveleſs arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.
See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Maſſachuſet, happy in thoſe arts
That join the politics of trade and war,
Bearing the palm in either: they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fiſh amid the parching winds:
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth,
And frieze of Cambria, worn by thoſe who ſeek,
Through gulfs and dales of Hudſon's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they ſeek in vain,
While winter's froſty rigor checks approach,
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travel'd ſons of commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the ſun's annual courſe, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile ſhore, and Gallic realms,
By the ſame zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, ſupine, behold
Their plains and hillocks bluſh with cluſtering vines.
Muſt it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty labour drain their guſty lakes,
Enlarge the brightening ſky, and, peopling, warm
The opening vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather ſhall we burſt ſtrong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuſe? Are not her iſles
Numerous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar ſciences, and other forms
Of trade, and uſeful products, to exchange
For woolly veſtures? 'Tis a tedious courſe
By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Thoſe ſea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's iſle
The ſtandard of Britannia ſhall ariſe.
Proud Buenos-Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hoſtile eye,
The labouring veſſel; neither may we truſt
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry ſtorms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas
Perils and conflicts inexpreſſible
Anſon, with ſteady undeſpairing breaſt,
Endured, when o'er the various globe he chas'd
His country's foes. Faſt-gathering tempeſts roſe'd

huge ocean, and involved him all around.
Whirlwind, and ſnow and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Deſcending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyſs;
And now the ſtars, upon the loftieſt point
Toſs'd of the ſky-mix'd ſurges. Oft the burſt
Of loudeſt thunder, with the daſh of ſeas,
Tore the wild-flying ſails and tumbling maſts;
While flames, thick-flaſhing in the gloom, re-
veal'd
Ruins of decks and ſhrouds, and ſights of death.
Yet on he far'd with fortitude his cheer,
Gaining, at intervals, ſlow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inacceſſible
Wreck-threatening Staten-lands o'erhanging ſhore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Poſture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd,
On Oſſa, and on Oſſa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.
At length, through every tempeſt, as ſome
Which from a poplar falls into a loud [branch,
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet re-aſcends, and glides, on lake or ſtream.
Smooth through the vallies; ſo his way he won
To the ſerene Pacific, flood immenſe,
And rear'd his lofty maſts, and ſpread his ſails.
Then Paita's walls, in waſting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occaſion gave
To ſhow humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe ſecure to pride
And violence: although the far-ſtretch'd coaſt
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cauſe; though fell diſeaſe,
Un'bating labor, tedious time, conſpir'd,
And heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide ſea, which ſpreads o'er half the
Deny'd all hoſpitable lane or port; [world,
Where, ſeaſons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyſs, whereon
To drop the faſtening anchor; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, ſubdu'd by toil extreme;
Though ſolitary left in Tinian's ſeas,
Where never was before the dreaded ſound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!
Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the ſway
Ordain'd for common happineſs. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whoſe fertile earth
By ocean's briny waves are circumſcrib'd,
The armed hoſt, and murdering ſword of war,
And conqueſt o'er her neighbours? She ne'er
Her ſolemn compacts, in the luſt of rule: [breaks
Studious of arts and trade, ſhe ne'er diſturbs
The holy peace of ſtates. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and ſpread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her ſkilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye ſwains;
Increaſing commerce ſhall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup which luxury on careleſs wealth,
Pernicious gift, beſtows; a day will come,
When through new channels ſailing, we ſhall
The Californian coaſt, and all the realms [clothe
That ſtretch from Anian's ſtreights to proud
Japan;
And the green iſles, which on the left ariſe
Upon the glaſſy brine, whoſe various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the ſailor's chart:
Then every variation ſhall be told
Of the magnetic ſteel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedleſs veſſel from her courſe.
That portion too of land, a tract immenſe,
Beneath th' Antarctic ſpread, ſhall then be known,
And new plantations on its coaſt ariſe.
Then rigid winter's ice no more ſhall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the ſoft fleece ſhall everywhere be cloth'd.
Th' exulting muſe ſhall then in vigour freſh,
Her flight renew. Meanwhile, with weary wing,
O'er ocean's wave returning, ſhe explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight, [ariſe
The ſhepherd's haunts, where the firſt ſprings
Of Britain's happy trade, now ſpreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific ſeas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

The morning 's fair, the luſty ſun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the ſkies,
Sweetly ſing to ſee him riſe.
I am reſolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to ſtray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I ſee
A beautiful variety
Of ſtrutting cocks, advancing ſtout,
And flirting empty chaff about.
Hens, ducks, and geeſe, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food;
While ruſtics thraſh the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does nature ſhow?
Auguſta, wipe thy duſty brow:
A landſkip wide ſalutes my ſight,
Of ſhady vales, and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of ſilver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thouſand flaming flowers glow;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honey-ſuckles ſmelling ſweet:
Now o'er the daiſy meads I ſtray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly ſhining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding ſmoothly by;
Which ſhows with what an eaſy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleaſure after pain,
Sleeping, I ſee a wearied ſwain,
While his full ſcrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food ſupply:
Happy ſwain, ſure happier far.
Than lofty kings and princes are!

Enjoy ſweet ſleep, which ſhuns the crown,
With all its eaſy beds of down.
The ſun now ſhows his noon-tide blaze,
And ſheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the ſhade that groves beſtow;
And on green moſs I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is ſilent, but ſome flood
That ſweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the ſprays,
And charm ev'n ſilence with her lays.
O powerful Silence, how you reign
In the poet's buſy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coaſt is clear,
They riſe before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.
Some wildly to Parnaſſus wing,
And view the fair Caſtalian ſpring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful muſes dwell;
But now and then a ſlaviſh hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleaſing paths of joy,
Others the bliſsful ſcene deſtroy;
In thorny tracks of ſorrow ſtray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But ſtay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So ſmooth! ſo ſweet! ſo deep! ſo clear!
No, 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo ſtays behind.
Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they ſee
The ſneaking tribe of flattery.
But, ſtriking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When ruſhing from yon ruſtling ſpray,
It made them vaniſh all away.
I rouſe me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The ſun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whiſper through the trees:
And, as I leave the ſylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's ſmoky neſt I ſee,
Leaning on an aged tree:
Whoſe willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden ſway below.
Through ſpreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage ſweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his ſpade,
And diggs up cabbage in the ſhade:
His tatter'd rags are ſable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying ſap deſcends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.
Up * Gronger hill I labour now,
And catch at laſt his buſhy brow.
Oh, how freſh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.

Where am I, nature? I deſcry
Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.
See, below, the pleaſant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the ſun-beams ſhine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods, where echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terras walks,
Her wilderneſſes, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and ſhining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble ſeat,
For ever pleaſant, private, neat.
See yonder hill, upriſing ſteep,
Above the river flow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant foreſt hid;
On whoſe high top there riſes great,
The mighty remnant of a ſeat,
An old green tower, whoſe batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.
Look upon that flowery plain,
How the ſheep ſurround their ſwain,
How they crowd to hear his ſtrain!
All careleſs with his legs acroſs,
Leaning on a bank of moſs,
He ſpends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
And there behold a bloomy mead,
A ſilver ſtream, a willow ſhade,
Beneath the ſhade of fiſher ſtand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
In bluſhes the deſcending ſun
Kiſſes the ſtreams, while ſlow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or duſky clouds to interpoſe.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund ſhepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which ſend up ſmoke in curling ſpires!
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To † Abergaſney I deſcend.
But, oh! how bleſs'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and ſolitary ſtray.

THE INQUIRY.

Ye poor little ſheep, ah! well may ye ſtray,
While ſad is your ſhepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my love,
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-a-day, No—Ye are ſtray'd, and half dead;
Ye ſaw not my love, or ye all had been fed.

---

*A hill in South Wales.

* *The name of a ſeat belonging to the Author's brother.*

Oh, ſun, did you ſee her?—ah! ſurely you did?
Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is
ſhe hid?
Ye tall, whiſtling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you ſee her a-roving in wood or in brake?
Or bathing her fair limbs in ſome ſilent lake?
Ye mountains that look on the vigorous eaſt,
And the north, and the ſouth, and the weariſome
weſt,
Pray tell where ſhe hides her, you ſurely do know,
And let not her lover pine after her ſo.
Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the ſky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide
diſplay'd,
And dart in my eyes at each whiſpering ſhade:
I'd ſearch every tuft in my diligent tour,
I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,
Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myſelf quiet, and happy again.

AN EPISTLE TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

Delightful partner of my heart,
Maſter of the loveliеſt art!
How ſweet our ſenſes you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng believe!
Here flows the Po!—The Minis there,
Winding about with ſedgy hair!
And there the Tyber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood:
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Grannic's bloody banks;
Who bravely die, or baſely run
From Philip's all-ſubduing ſon!
And there the wounded Porus brought
(The braveſt man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntleſs viſage, as he lies
In death's moſt painful agonies.
To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy myſteries impart.
As yet I but in verſe can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you ſhow,
Seeming nature's living glow!
The beauteous ſhapes of objects near!
Or diſtant ones confus'd in air!
The golden eve, the bluſhing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleaſing views of checquer'd glades!
And rivers winding through the ſhades!
And ſunny hills!—and pleaſant plains!
And groups of merry nymphs and ſwains!
Or ſome old building, hid with graſs,
Rearing ſad its ruin'd face;
Whoſe columns, frizes, ſtatues, lie,
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or ſwift adown a mountain talk:
A foaming cataract's ſounding fall;
Whoſe loud roaring ſtuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller!
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level ſhining ſea!
Or ſurges rough, that froth, and roar,
And, angry, daſh the ſounding ſhore!
And veſſels toſt! and billows high!
And lightning flaſhing from the ſky!
Or that which gives me moſt delight,
The fair idea (ſeeming fight!)
Of warrior fierce, with ſhining blade!
Or orator, with arms diſplay'd!
Tully's engaging air and mien,
Declaiming againſt Catiline.
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.
Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aſide,
Lifting Antæus high in air!
Who, in his gripe, expires there!
Or Siſyphus, with toil and ſweat,
And muſcles ſtrain'd, ſtriving to get
Up a ſteep hill a ponderous ſtone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous down,
Or beauteous Helen's eaſy air,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
Theſe you can do!---I but advance
In a florid ignorance;
And ſay to you who better know,
You ſhould deſign them ſo and ſo.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON.

Tell me, wondrous friend, where were you
When Gideon was your lofty ſong!
Where did the heavenly ſpirit bear you,
When your fair ſoul reflected ſtrong
Gideon's actions, as they ſhin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind?
Say, have you trod Arabia's ſpicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beſide Euphrates' ſtream,
Or lonely ſung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heavenly Gideon was your ſacred theme?
Or have you many ages given
To cloſe retirement and to books!
And held a long diſcourſe with Heaven,
And notic'd nature in her various looks!
Full of inſpiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye!
Like a pleas'd traveller that lingers ſweet
On ſome fair and lofty plain
Where the ſun does brightly ſhine,
And glorious proſpects all around him lie!
On Gideon's pages beautifully ſhine,
Surpriſing pictures riſing to my ſight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding ſhade and light,
And all the grace of ſomething more divine!
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I ſee a youth divinely fair,
" Penſive he leans his head on his left hand;
" His ſmiling eye ſheds ſweetneſs mix'd with awe,
" His right hand, with a milk-white wand, ſome
" figure ſeems to draw!
" A nameleſs grace is ſcatter'd through his air,
" And o'er his ſhoulders looſely flows his amber-
" colour'd hair!"
Above, with burning bluſh the morning glows,

The waking world all fair before him lies;
" Slow from the plain the melting dews,
" To kiſs the ſun-beams, climbing, riſe," &c.
Methinks the grove of Baal I ſee,
In terras'd ſtages mount up high,
And wave its ſable beauties in the ſky,
" From ſtage to ſtage, broad ſteps of half-hid ſtone,
" With curling moſs and blady graſs o'ergrown,
" Lead awful——
Down in a dungeon deep,
" Where through thick walls, oblique, the broken light
" From narrow loop-holes quivers to the ſight,
" With ſwift and furious ſtride,
" Cloſe-folded arms, and ſhort and ſudden ſtarts,
" The fretful prince, in dumb and ſullen pride,
" Revolves eſcape——
Here in red colours glowing bold
A warlike figure ſtrikes my eye!
The dreadful ſudden fight his foes behold
Confounded ſo, they loſe the power to fly;
" Backening they gaze at diſtance on his face,
" Admire his poſture, and confeſs his grace;
" His right hand graſps his planted ſpear, &c."
Alas! my muſe, thro' much good-will, you err:
And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a ſcatter'd few there were,
While every word's a beauty in his ſong!
[*Thoſe lines in this Poem marked thus " are taken out of the Poem called Gideon.*]

TO MR. SAVAGE,

SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinſically great.
Shame on the dull, who think the ſoul looks leſs,
Becauſe the body wants a glittering dreſs.
It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wiſe admire!
That which looks rich to the groſs vulgar eyes,
Is the fop's tinſel, which the grave deſpiſe.
Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they gaze,
The coxcomb's ne'er diſcover'd in the blaze!
As few the vices of the wealthy ſee,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
Earl Rivers!---In that name how would'ſt thou ſhine?
Thy verſe, how ſweet! thy fancy, how divine!
Critics, and bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou has nought to pleaſe the vulgar eye,
No title haſt, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt ſmall praiſe, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if, though few, they any faults can ſee,
How meanly bitter will cold cenſure be!
But, ſince we all, the wiſeſt of us, err,
Sure, 'tis the greateſt fault to be ſevere.
A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the miſty millions of mankind,
Who proudly ſtoop to aid an injur'd cauſe,
And o'er the ſneer of coxcombs force applauſe,
Who, with felt pleaſure, ſee fair virtue riſe,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
Or mark her labouring in the modeſt breaſt,
And honour her the more, the more depreſt.
Thee, Savage, theſe (the juſtly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire!
Thee, ſlow to cenſure, earneſt to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN *.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay buſy town
Forgot ſuch a man as John Dyer?
Or heedleſs deſpiſe they, or pity the clown,
Whoſe boſom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter---content in the ſhades---
(Contented?---why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green ſteep, ye caſcades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage ariſes, or miſery needs
The ſwift, the intrepid avenger;
Till ſacred religion or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
We heap up in ſin and in ſorrow!
Immenſe is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have
Smooth-ſhaded, and quiet, and even;
While gently the body deſcends to the grave,
And the ſpirit ariſes to heaven.

TO MR. DYER. BY CLIO †.

I'VE done thy merit and my friendſhip wrong,
In holding back my gratitude ſo long;
The ſoul is ſure to equal tranſport rais'd,
That juſtly praiſes, or is juſtly prais'd:
The generous only can this pleaſure know
Who taſte the godlike virtue---to beſtow!
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend;
And feel the very praiſes which I ſend.
Nor jealouſy nor female envy find,
Though all the muſes are to Dyer kind.
Sing on, nor let your modeſt fears retard,
Whoſe verſe and pencil join, to force reward:
Your claim demands the bays, in double wreath,
Your poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.
I wiſh to praiſe you, but your beauties wrong:
No theme looks green, in Clio's artleſs ſong:
But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful ſoul will flouriſh there.
My humbler lot was in low diſtance laid;
I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
For houſehold cares, and empty trifles meant,
The name does immortality prevent.
Yet let me ſtretch, beyond my ſex, my mind,
And, riſing, leave the fluttering train behind;
Nor art, nor learning, wiſh'd aſſiſtance lends,
But nature, love, and muſic, are my friends.

---

* *Among the Poems of Savage, there is one to Dyer, in anſwer to his from the country.*

† *Among the Poems of Savage, is an Epiſtle, occaſioned by Mr. Dyer's Picture of this Lady.*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Containing

ELEGIES,
ODES,
SONGS,

BALLADS,
LEVITIES,
MORAL PIECES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——— Nor, SHENSTONE, thou
Shalt paſs without thy meed, thou ſon of peace!
Who knew'ſt, perchance, to harmonize thy ſhades,
Still ſofter than thy ſong; yet was that ſong
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To paſtoral plaint, or tale of ſlighted love.

MASON'S ENGLISH GARDEN, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:
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Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF SHENSTONE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE was the eldeſt ſon of Thomas Shenſtone, Eſq. of the Leaſowes, in the pariſh of Hales-Owen, Shropſhire, where he was born, Nov. 18. 1714. His grandfather lived at Ylley in that pariſh, and occupied his own farm. He afterwards purchaſed the Leaſowes. His eldeſt ſon Joſeph had Ylley; and he ſettled, whith his ſon Thomas, at the Leaſowes, which they jointly managed as a grazing farm. Thomas, though uneducated, ſeems to have been a very ſenſible man, and of liberal ſentiments. He married Ann Penn, eldeſt of the three daughter of William Penn, Eſq. of Harborough, in the neighbouring pariſh of Hagley, in Worceſterſhire. By the death of her brother, ſhe became co-heireſs of that eſtate, the moiety of which made Shenſtone's fortune about 300 l. a-year.

He learned to read of an old dame, whom he has celebrated in *The Schoolmiſtreſs*; and ſoon received ſuch delight from books, that he expected, when any perſon went to market, a new book ſhould be brought him, which, when it came, was carried to bed, and laid by him. It is ſaid, that when his requeſt had been neglected, his mother wrapped up a piece of wood of the ſame form, and pacified him for the night.

As he grew older, he went for a while to the grammar-ſchool in Hales-Owen; and was placed afterwards with the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, an eminent ſchoolmaſter at Solihull, near Birmingham, where he formed an acquaintance with Jago, "the poet of the birds," with whom he correſponded, on the moſt friendly terms, during life.

He received a good claſſical education under Mr. Crumpton, who inſtructed moſt of the gentlemen's, and ſome noblemen's ſons in that neighbourhood, in the rudiments of claſſical learning; and ſeems to have given his pupils a more early taſte for the Engliſh claſſics than was commonly done in grammar-ſchools at that time.

At ten years old, he was deprived of his father; and, in Auguſt 1726, of his grandfather; and was, with his brother Joſeph, left to the care of his mother, who managed the eſtate.

His brother was bred an atorney at Bridgnorth, but never practiſed; and died, unmarried, at the Leaſowes, in 1751.

In 1732, he was entered a Commoner at Fembroke College, Oxford, where he employed himſelf in the ſtudy of the mathematics, logic, natural and moral philoſophy, and the other ſciences uſually taught in the Univerſity; and amuſed himſelf occaſionally with Engliſh poetry.

About the time when he went to Oxford, the death of his mother devolved his affairs to the care of the Rev. Thomas Dolman of Bromc, in Staffordſhire, who married Mary Penn, his mother's ſiſter, whoſe attention he always mentioned with gratitude.

He made but few acquaintance in the Univerſity. A degree of baſhfulneſs, from his confined education, joined with a conſcioufneſs of his own real abilities, made him not inclined to make advances to ſtrangers; and the ſingularity of his appearance rather prejudiced ſome people againſt him.

According to the taſte which then prevailed, every ſtudent, as ſoon as he was entered at the Univerſity, cut off his hair, without any regard to his complexion, and put on a wig of any colour that his fancy ſuggeſted. This faſhion, no conſideration could at that time have induced Shenſtone to comply with. He thought, juſtly enough, that every one ſhould, in ſome degree, conſult his particular ſhape and complexion in adjuſting his dreſs; and that no faſhion ought to ſanctify what was ungraceful, abſurd, or really deformed. He wore his hair almoſt in the graceful manner, which has ſince generally prevailed; but as his perſon was rather large for ſo young a man, and his hair coarſe, it often expoſed him to the ill-natured remarks of people of inferior underſtanding.

The College of which he was a member has long been eminent for Engliſh poetry and elegant literature, and was at that time diſtinguiſhed by the names of Dr. Adams, Dr. Johnſon, Blackſtone, Mr. Hawkins, afterwards poetry-profeſſor, Anthony Whiſtler, Eſq. of Whitchurch, Oxfordſhire, author of the "Shuttlecock," and ſeveral ingenious poems in "Dodſley's Collection," Mr. Robert Binnel, author of ſome learned notes in "Grainger's Tibullus," and Mr. Richard Graves, the preſent rector of Claverton in Somerſetſhire, author of "The Spiritual Quixote," "Euphroſyne," "Columella," "Peter of Pontefract," and other ingenious performances.

Mr. Whiſtler, Mr. Graves, and Mr. Binnel, were his moſt intimate friends, together with his ſchoolfellow Jago, of Univerſity College; whom he could only viſit in private, as he wore a ſervitor's gown.

They uſed to meet almoſt every evening at each other's chambers, where, according to Mr. Graves, "they read plays and poetry, Spectators or Tatlers, and other works of eaſy digeſtion, and ſipped Florence wine."

His firſt poetical production worth mentioning, was a little mock heroic poem, called *The Diamond*, written when he was about nineteen, in imitation of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," which was followed by another poem, called *The Snuff-box*, equally liable to the objection of being a ſervile imitation; and therefore they have not been collected in his works.

As his fortune was a very ſufficient foundation for a genteel profeſſion, he intended to have taken his degrees, and to have proceeded on the ſtudy of phyſic; but being now of age, and coming into the poſſeſſion of his eſtate at the Leaſowes, and alſo to a moiety of the eſtate at Harborough, which fell to him by the unexpected death of his uncle; as his houſe at the Leaſowes was inhabited by a tenant, inſtead of boarding there, or in the neighbourhood, he rather prematurely began to keep houſe at Harborough, which he found furniſhed to his hands, and, in its primitive ſtate, having been inhabited by the family of the Penns for many generations.

It was ſituated, according to his own deſcription, (Elegy XV.) by the ſide of a large pond, ſhaded by venerable oaks and elms, and rendered more ſolemn by a colony of rooks, who ſeemed to have been co-eval with the worthy family that gave them protection.

In this retirement, which ſuited the natural melancholy of his temper, being his own maſter, and feeling himſelf much at his eaſe, he prolonged his ſtay beyond what the buſineſs of the College regularly admitted. And having once neglected to return to the Univerſity at the proper ſeaſon, he deferred it from time to time, till at length he felt a reluctance to returning at all; ſo that although he kept his name in the College books ten years, and changed his Commoner's gown for that of a Civilian, after the fourth year, he had now no thoughts of proceeding to any degree, and ſeldom reſided in College any more.

In 1735, he was introduced to Mr. Graves of Mickleton in Glouceſterſhire, who had lately come with his ſiſter to reſide in the country. In this viſit he ſeems to have felt the firſt ſymptoms of the tender paſſion. The beauty and merit of Miſs Graves inſenſibly captivated his affections, and produced that melancholy langour which took entire poſſeſſion of his heart for ſome years, and vented itſelf in plaintive love-ſongs and "elegies of woe."

At Mickleton alſo he ſeems to have conceived, from the improvements of Mr. Graves, the firſt idea of laying out in the modern taſte, and embelliſhing his farm of the Leaſowes, which made him generally known and admired in the world, though it contributed nothing to the advancement of his fortune.

In 1737, he printed, without his name, a ſmall volume of juvenile verſes, with the following title: *Poems upon various Occaſions, written for the Entertainment of the Author, and printed for the Amuſement of a few Friends prejudiced in his favour. Contentus paucis lectoribus.* Hor. Oxford, Leonard Litchfield, 1737. 12mo. As he got no money, he got but little fame by this publication, it being only circulated among his friends and acquaintance.

In 1740, he made his firſt viſit to London, where he became acquainted with Dodſley, who printed, the ſame year, his *Judgment of Hercules*, which he addreſſed to his neighbour Mr. Lyttleton, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, with whom he became acquainted in 1736, and whoſe intereſt he warmly ſupported in a conteſted election for Worceſterſhire, in 1740. This was next year followed by the *Schoolmiſtreſs*, in the ſtyle of Spenſer, which was written before the *Judgment of Hercules*, and is juſtly eſteemed the moſt pleaſing of his performances.

About this time he was engaged in a poetical conteſt with ſome writers in the "Gentleman's Magazine," againſt enigmas, in which he called in the aſſiſtance of Mr. Whiſtler, Mr. Graves, and one or two more of his friends.

From about the year 1740 to 1746, he wandered about to acquaint himſelf with life, and was ſometimes at London, and ſometimes at Bath, Cheltenham, or other places of public reſort; but, from that period, made few excurſions at any diſtance from home.

His uncle, Dolman, to whoſe care he was indebted for his eaſe and leiſure, died in 1745; and the care of his own fortune now fell upon him.

He lived for ſome time at the Leaſowes, with his tenant Mr. John Shenſtone, who was diſtantly related; but finding that imperfect poſſeſſion inconvenient, he took the whole eſtate into his own hands, more to the improvement of its beauty than the increaſe of its produce.

He had already, on his firſt coming to board with his tenant, cut a ſtraight walk through his wood, terminated by a ſmall building of rough ſtone; and, in the corner of a field, he had ſcooped out a ſort of cave, and called it a hermitage; and, a few years after, had built an elegant little ſummer-houſe in the water, under a group of beeches; but hitherto he had no conception of diſpoſing his environs in any conſiſtent plan, and giving it its preſent beautiful and pictureſque appearance.

From this time he began to point his proſpects, to diverſify his ſurface, to enlarge his walks, and to wind his waters, which he did with ſuch judgment and ſuch fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the ſkilful; a place to be viſited by travellers, and copied by deſigners.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "to plant a walk in *undulating curves*, and to place a beech at every turn where there is any object to catch the eye," and the like, "demands *no great powers of mind*;" and that ſuch performances are rather the *ſport* than the *buſineſs* of human reaſon." The laſt obſervation is juſt; but the planning of pleaſure grounds, in the perfection to which it has lately been brought into England, is entitled to a place of conſiderable rank among the *liberal arts*, and ſeems to require as *great powers of mind* as thoſe which we admire in the deſcriptive poems of Thomſon, or in the noble landſcapes of Salvator Roſa, or the Pouſſins. Mr. Wheatley's ingenious treatiſe on "Gardening," and Maſon's excellent poem on the ſubject, have given us higher ideas of this ſcience.

The embelliſhing his farm, however, was by no means the *buſineſs*, but only the *amuſement* of his leiſure hours, in retirement. He may, perhaps, be juſtly blamed, conſidering his ſlender patrimony, for not purſuing, as he at firſt intended, ſome lucrative and uſeful profeſſion; but as he choſe to reſign their emoluments for the charms of eaſe and independence, he had a right to employ thoſe in ſo innocent and ſo elegant a relaxation.

How little indeed he conſulted his real happineſs in adopting this inactivity, in preference to a more buſy plan of life, is but too evident from ſome of his letters to his moſt intimate friends; in one of which he expreſsly declares his conviction, "that the moſt *buſy* man in the world is much happier than the moſt *idle* one."

His viſits to the Lyttleton family, the Earls of Stamford and Plymouth, Lord Foley, and Lord Ward, Lady Luxborough, and his other neighbours and relations, and the little alterations and improvements which he was continually making about his farm, amuſed him agreeably enough in the ſummer; but in the winter he was generally left a prey to ſolitude, indolence, and low ſpirits. "His whole philoſophy," ſays Gray in his "Letters," "conſiſted in living againſt *his will*, in a retirement which his taſte had adorned, but which he *only enjoyed* when people of note came to ſee and commend it."

He has partly obviated this ſevere cenſure in a letter to Mr. B——. "Though I firſt embelliſhed my farm with an eye to the ſatisfaction I ſhould receive from its beauty, I am now greatly dependent on the friends it brings me for the principal enjoyment it affords. I am *pleaſed* to find *them* pleaſed, and enjoy its beauties by reflection. And thus the durable part of my pleaſure appears to be of the *ſocial* kind."

"After a certain time of life," ſays his friend Mr. Graves, in the "Recollection of ſome Particulars in his Life," publiſhed 1788, "I do not think any conſideration would have bribed him to live away from the Leaſowes."

"Lyttleton," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "was his neighbour and his rival, whoſe empire, ſpacious and opulent, looked with diſdain on the *petty* ſtate that *appeared behind it*. For a while the inhabitants

of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himſelf admired; but when, by degrees, the Leaſowes forced themſelves into notice, they took care to defeat the curioſity which they could not ſuppreſs, by conducting their viſitants perverſely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenſtone would heavily complain."

This charge againſt the Lyttleton family, has been denied, with ſome degree of warmth, by Mr. Potter, and ſince by Mr. Graves. The latter ſays, "The truth of the caſe, I believe, was, that the Lyttleton family went ſo frequently with their company to the Leaſowes, that they were unwilling to break in upon Mr. Shenſtone's retirement on every occaſion, and therefore often went to the principal points of view without waiting for any one to conduct them regularly through the whole walks. Of this, Mr. Shenſtone would ſometimes peeviſhly complain; though I am perſuaded he never really ſuſpected any ill-natured intention in his worthy and much-valued neighbours."

"The pleaſure of Shenſtone," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raiſed his indignation more than to aſk if there was any fiſhes in his water." It is not ſurpriſing that the queſtion ſhould raiſe his indignation, as it certainly betrayed an inattention to the beauties of his place.

"His houſe was mean," he adds, "and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a ſhower through the broken roof; but could ſpare no money for its reparation. In time, his expences brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat, and the linnet's ſong; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He ſpent his eſtate in adorning it; and his death was probably heightened by his anxieties."

Mr. Graves, however, aſſerts, that his houſe was not ſo mean, or ſo much neglected as Dr. Johnſon's intelligence ſeems to imply; and expreſſes his belief, that the facetious intimation of his groves being haunted by duns, is a groundleſs ſurmiſe.

"The ſame genius was diſcovered in improving, that, in ſome meaſure, appeared in whatever he undertook. He often made his operators remove partitions, the conſequence of which, according to their maxims, would prove the downfal of the whole edifice. He gave his hall ſome air of magnificence, by ſinking the floor, and giving it an altitude of ten feet inſtead of ſeven. By his own good taſte, and his mechanical ſkill, he acquired two tolerably elegant rooms, from a mere farm-houſe of diminutive demenſions.

"Mr. Shenſtone," he adds, "was too much reſpected in the neighbourhood to be treated with rudeneſs; and though his works (frugally as they were managed) added to his manner of living, muſt neceſſarily have made him exceed his income, and of courſe, he might ſometimes be diſtreſſed for money, yet he had too much ſpirit to expoſe himſelf to inſults for trifling ſums, and guarded againſt any great diſtreſs by anticipating a few hundreds, which his eſtate could very well bear, as appeared by what remained to his executors after the payment of his debts, and his legacies to his friends, and annuities of 30 l. a-year to one ſervant, and of 6 l. to another; for his will was dictated with equal juſtice and generoſity."

Before he was entirely ſettled, and had taken the Leaſowes into his own hands, he wrote the *Schoolmiſtreſs* and the *Judgment of Hercules*, and ſome pieces of a more trivial kind. "He had always," ſays Mr. Graves, "admired Rowe's ſong of the *Deſpairing Shepherd*, ſaid to have been written on Mr. Addiſon and the Counteſs of Warwick. And I believe, on parting from Miſs Graves, on ſome occaſion, he firſt ſketched out his *Paſtoral Ballad*, in that ſtyle which I ſaw two or three years before he went to Cheltenham in the ſummer of 1743. But meeting there, and becoming very intimate with Miſs C———, who is ſtill living, [1788] he became ſo far enamoured as to feel himſelf unhappy on leaving Cheltenham and the object of his paſſion. On this, he enlarged and divided it into the four diſtinct parts, *Abſence*, *Hope*, *Solicitude*, and *Diſappointment*.

"Whether Mr. Shenſtone was really ſo deeply in love as he here deſcribes himſelf, may perhaps be queſtioned; for, as Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, "A ſmall foundation of any paſſion will ſerve us, not only to act it well, but even to work ourſelves into it beyond our own reach." At leaſt, if it were true, as Dr. Johnſon aſſerts, that "he might have obtained the lady to whom his *Paſtoral Ballad* was addreſſed," it muſt have been a mere poetical flight to talk as he does of her cruelty and infidelity;

She ſmil'd,—and I could not but love;
She was faithleſs,—and I am undone.

" I hardly can believe, as her ſiſter was married to a baronet of conſiderable fortune, that Miſs C———, in her bloom, would have condeſcended to marry a man, however deſerving, of ſo ſmall a fortune as Mr. Shenſtone. And though, from his acquired habits and taſte of life, he could not have been happy with a woman of *inferior education*, yet, as he was ſenſible his income was not ſufficient to ſupport a lady of Miſs C———'s deſcription, he never aſpired to that happineſs; as he ſays, in a letter on this occaſion, " marriage was not once the ſubject of our converſation, nor even love; as I can add from the beſt authority:

———— nec conjugis unquam
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni." VIRG.

After his ſettlement at the Leaſowes, though the embelliſhment of his farm engaged his thoughts, he occaſionally wrote moſt of his elegies, " partly," ſays he, " to divert my preſent *impatience*, and partly, as it will be a *picture* of moſt that paſſes in my own mind, a portrait which *friends* may value."

His firſt *Elegy* (the fourth in the collection), called *Ophelia's Urn*, inſcribed to Mr. Graves, alludes to a real urn which he had erected in the church at Mickleton, with this inſcription:

Utreciæ Smith;
Puellæ ſimplici, innocuæ, eleganti;
R. G.
Unà actæ memor pueritiæ
Mœrens poſuit.
M.DCC.XLIV.

Utrecia Smith was the daughter of a clergyman, who, from the books with which her father ſupplied her, had formed to herſelf a good taſte of polite literature, and wrote well in proſe, and ſometimes in verſe. A connection of four or five years with a very ingenious clergyman, which, for prudential reaſons, he thought proper to break off, proved in its conſequence fatal to this extraordinary young woman; and ſhe died ſoon after, greatly lamented by Shenſtone, and many more ingenious young people who had been acquainted with her at her native place.

The *Seventh Elegy* was written about the end of 1743, after his return from Cheltenham. In his way thither he had miſſed his road, and wandered till ten o'clock at night on the Cotſwould hills. He lays the ſcene on Orwell's banks, as Wolſey was born at Ipſwich in Suffolk.

The laſt *Elegy* on *Jeſſey*, which has been ſuppoſed to relate to an unfortunate and criminal amour of his own, was known by his friends to have been ſuggeſted by the ſtory of Miſs Godfrey in Richardſon's " Pamelia."

One of his lateſt performances was his *Ode on rural Elegance*, inſcribed to the Ducheſs of Somerſet (Counteſs of Hertford), a lady diſtinguiſhed for her exalted piety, as well as every other accompliſhment. It was ſent to the Ducheſs at Percy Lodge, by Lady Luxborough; with which, and with her Ladyſhip's account of the Leaſowes, and of Shenſtone's character, ſhe profeſſed herſelf highly pleaſed.

Lady Luxborough was ſiſter to Bolingbroke, an accompliſhed lady; wrote elegantly, in French and Engliſh, in verſe and proſe. Living unhappily with her lord, ſhe retired to Barrels, an old ſeat in Warwickſhire, which ſhe had fitted up in an elegant ſtyle, and made her environs a perfect Arcadia. Shenſtone, Somervile, and the neighbouring clergy, wrote paſtoral ballads and ſonnets in praiſe of Lady Luxborough and her Arcadia. She died in 1756. Her " Letters" to Shenſtone, which commenced in 1739, and continued to the year of her death, were publiſhed in 1775, by Mr. John Hodgetts of Hagley, his executor.

About the year 1750, he had reſolution enough to take a journey of near 70 miles acroſs the country, to viſit his friend Mr. Whiſtler, at Whitchurch in Oxfordſhire; which, unfortunately, occaſioned a temporary coolneſs and interuption of intercourſe between them.

Mr. Whiſtler lived in an elegant ſtyle, and was viſited by all the genteel families in the neighbourhood. With manly ſenſe, and a fine genius, he had a delicacy of taſte and ſoftneſs of manners, bordering on effeminacy. He laid a ſtreſs on trivial circumſtances in his domeſtic economy, which

Shenſtone affected to deſpiſe. This diſpoſed him one evening to ridicule Mr. Whiſtler's great ſolicitude in preparing for an entertainment in his houſe. Inſtead of dreſſing for the company, he continued lolling at his eaſe, and diſputing rather perverſely on the folly and abſurdity of laying a ſtreſs upon ſuch trifles. The diſpute ran high; and, although he ſuppreſſed his choler that evening, yet he curtailed his viſit two or three days, and took a cool leave next morning.

Mr. Whiſtler died in 1754; and it appears, from a letter on his death, that Shenſtone ſtill retained the ſame warmth of affection for his old friend.

"Poor Mr. Whiſtler! how do all our little diſputes appear to us now! yet we may with comfort reflect that they were not of a kind that affected the *vitals* of our friendſhip; we fondly loved and eſteemed each other—of neceſſity, *tales animas* oportuit *eſſe concordes*, &c. Not a ſingle embelliſhment have I given to my place ſince he was laſt here; but I have had his approbation and amuſement in my eye."

He paid ſo great a deference to the taſte of Mr. Whiſtler, that he ſeldom wrote a letter to him without the utmoſt care and attention, which made him ſo much lament the deſtroying that correſpondence after his death.

From this time, he went but ſeldom from home, and grew daily more indolent and ſedentary; but he was always alert and attentive to the claims of friendſhip and benevolence.

As far as his influence extended, he patronized Miſs Wheatley, Mr. Woodhouſe, and Mr. Giles, and corrected and improved their poetical compoſitions. He promoted the publication of Livie's elegant edition of Horace; aſſiſted Mr. Hull in writing his tragedy of "Henry II. or the Fall of Roſamond;" and ſuggeſted to Dr. Percy, the preſent reſpectable biſhop of Dromore, the ſcheme of publiſhing his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry;" and, as he gratefully acknowledges, greatly aſſiſted him in that work.

As the diſproportion of his fortune to the exigencies of his ſtation was generally known among his friends, ſome of them, in the latter part of his life, and he himſelf believed, among others, the preſent Lord Loughborough applied to Lord Bute to procure him a penſion. Such bounty could not have been ever more properly beſtowed; but that it was ever aſked of the king is not certain. He was made to believe that the patent was actually made out, when his death rendered unneceſſary any farther concern of his friends for his future eaſe and tranquillity in this world.

He had been on a viſit to his friend Lord Stamford at Enville, from whence he did not return till Sunday while the people were at church. It was a very cold day; and he was ſoon after ſeized with a fever of the putrid kind, which terminated fatally. He died about five on Friday morning, February 11. 1763; and was buried near his brother, under a plain flat ſtone in the church-yard of Hales-Owen. Afterwards, his friend Mr. Graves erected a neat urn to his memory, in Hales-Owen church, with an inſcription, the laſt line of which has an immediate reference to the place of his interment. An urn was alſo erected to his memory at Hagley, by his friend Lyttleton; and ſeats were inſcribed to him by Mr. Knight at Wooverly in Worceſterſhire, and by the Marquis de Girardin at Ermenonville, "the Leaſowes of France."

His *Works, in Verſe and Proſe, moſt of which were never before printed*, were collected and publiſhed, in 2 vols. 8vo. 1764, with an "Account of his Life," and a "Deſcription of the Leaſowes," by his friend Dodſley. A third volume, containing his *Letters*, was publiſhed in 1769. A poetical deſcription of the Leaſowes is printed in "Woodhouſe's Poems," and in "Giles's Miſcellanies." It has been improved by a plain elegant houſe, built in 1776, by Edward Horne, Eſq. the preſent poſſeſſor, who has inſcribed a ſeat near one of the caſcades,

To William Shenſtone, Eſq.
Whoſe genius firſt diſcovered,
Whoſe amiable manners recommended,
Whoſe writings adorned
The beauties of this villa,
(Before neglected and unknown)
This ſeat, with its concomitant ſtream,
Is dedicated by
E. H.
1776.

The character of Shenſtone has been drawn with ſufficient accuracy by Dodſley and Mr. Graves. He ſeems to have had all the virtues and all the imperfections that attend a generous, eaſy, indolent diſpoſition. To the eſſential duties and principles of revealed religion he was ſincerely attached. Nothing could be more amiable than his ſocial, or more unexceptionable than his moral character. He was the warmeſt and moſt affectionate friend, and never an inveterate enemy. In company with ſtrangers, he felt an awkward reſtraint; where he was free, his converſation was ſenſible and ſprightly. He ſometimes indulged himſelf in ſtrokes of humour; but the tender and pathetic were more congenial to the natural melancholy of his temper. He was fond of pictures, ſtatues, medals, and every article of vertu, without being a virtuoſo, or enthuſiaſtically attached to them. In muſic and painting he had conſiderable taſte and ſkill. He was fond of trinkets, ſuch as rings, ſnuff-boxes, &c; and ſtudied and drew ſketches for them, from which the Birmingham people improved their toys. In his perſon, he was larger than the middle ſize, but rather of a robuſt than an elegant form. He had a dull heavy look, unleſs when his features were animated by any ſprightly ſentiment, which rendered them extremely pleaſing. He was remarkable for wearing his gray hair in a particular manner. His favourite dreſs was a plain blue coat, and a ſcarlet waiſtcoat, with a broad gold lace, which he ſeldom changed either winter or ſummer.

As a poet, his merit is ſufficiently aſcertained; ſimplicity, delicacy, and tenderneſs, characterize his compoſitions more than ſtrength and fire. Many of the feebler pieces, that abate our reverence for his genius, were the ebullitions of an active imagination abounding in leiſure, and, for want of ſome uſeful employment, amuſing itſelf with trifles. The ſelection was made by Dodſley, who has printed more than he ſhould have done. Yet, under theſe diſadvantages, his writings in the elegiac and paſtoral ſtyle, juſtly entitle him to a high place among our Engliſh claſſics.

His proſe eſſays, though many of them unfiniſhed, diſcover much juſtneſs of thought and expreſſion, and a conſiderable knowledge of the characters of men. His eſſays *on Publications*, and *on allowing Merit in others*, ſhow his critical knowledge of books, and their authors. *The Impromptu*, and one or two more humorous eſſays, are in the ſtyle of Addiſon. His unconnected thoughts *on Gardening*, and *on Men and Manners*, diſcover, in general, his profound penetration and exquiſite taſte on almoſt every ſubject. Many of them have been adopted by men of more learning, but leſs genius, in finiſhed treatiſes. Dr. Enfield has made ſome uſe of them in his "Speaker," and Mr. Pratt has formed his "Shenſtone-Green" upon one of his ſpeculations.

Shenſtone is chiefly admired as an elegiac and paſtoral writer. In his elegiac capacity, he ſeems to have formed himſelf principally on the tender, the eaſy, and ſweetly plaintive Hammond; whom, if he has not equalled in ſome departments of beauty, he has excelled in others. Hammond is generally more eaſy in his expreſſion, more natural and paſſionate; but he is frequently leſs elegant; and, from too cloſe a claſſical imitation, infinitely leſs original than Shenſtone; who may, in ſome meaſure, claim the merit of originality in extending this ſpecies of poetry to ſo great a variety of ſubjects. Moſt of his elegies convey ſome moral inſtruction; and the expreſſion and the imagery are generally tender and poetical. The fourth, the ſeventh, the tenth, eleventh, ſixteenth, and twenty-ſixth, deſerve particular commendation.

In the ſeventh elegy, the introduction, the awful appearance of the viſion, the contraſt between the dangerous heights of ambition and the ſecurity of an humble ſtation, and above all, the ſudden diſappearance of Wolſey's ſhadow (diſconcerted by the force of truth) is admirably expreſſed:

> The troubled viſion caſt a mournful glance;
> And, ſighing, vaniſh'd in the ſhades of night.

In the ſixteenth elegy, he exhibits the ſtrongeſt conflict between love and pride that can poſſibly be imagined, in the perſon of a lady whoſe affections had been fixed on an inferior object, in conſequence of which, her reaſon became the victim of her haughtineſs.

The twenty-ſixth elegy, which deſcribes the melancholy event of a licentious amour, is, both with regard to the ſubject and the manner of execution, one of the moſt affecting poems in our language.

His *Paſtoral Ballad* has been univerſally admired, as excellent in its kind; a ſpecies of poetry, in which, from his real ſituation in life, a genius like Shenſtone's could not but excel. Akenſide pre-

ferred it to every thing of the kind, either ancient or modern. And the rank which it ſtill preſerves among young people of the beſt taſte, is a ſufficient proof of its merit. Dr. Johnſon, who had an averſion to paſtorals in general, only "regrets that it is paſtoral," and "ſickens at the mention of the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *ſheep*, and the *kids*." But the ideas of rural innocence and ſimplicity are ſo congenial to the human mind, in its uncorrupted ſtate, that, in ſpite of ridicule, they will always pleaſe the generality of mankind.

Of his lyric pieces, the *Ode on Rural Elegance*, *Ode to Memory*, *Verſes written towards the cloſe of the Year* 1748, *the Princeſs Elizabeth*, *the Sky-Lark*, *Nancy of the Vale*, and *Jemmy Dawſon*, deſerve the higheſt praiſe. The firſt is an *irregular* ode; but the ſubject, which was then new, is treated in an agreeable manner, and illuſtrated with many pleaſing inſtances, particularly with that of the amiable lady to whom it is inſcribed, who had embelliſhed Percy-Lodge with great taſte, and had there reconciled *Art* and *Nature*, who are repreſented as having been long at variance. It concludes with an elegant apoſtrophe to the inhabitants of the groves to amuſe, but not diſturb the noble recluſe in her ſolitude.

The *Schoolmiſtreſs*, Dr. Johnſon pronounces "the moſt pleaſing of his performances." Warburton (who read every thing), was of the ſame opinion; and with them the critics and the general readers of poetry agree. Though partly a burleſque poem, it abounds with pictureſque ſtrokes, and ſerious inſtruction. Of his *Judgment of Hercules*, the general opinion is juſtly favourable.

From the contempt which Dr. Johnſon has thrown on his *Moral Pieces* in blank verſe, he might have excepted the poem *on Economy*, addreſſed to young poets. "I would have ventured," ſays Mr. Graves, "to pronounce it not inferior to Philips's "Splendid Shilling," if Mr. Shenſtone had lived to correct his own manuſcripts, and to prune off ſome few excreſcences and luxuriances of youth when this poem was partly written, though not brought to its preſent ſtate till he began to experience the futility of that youthful rant, "that economy was beneath the care of a rational creature."

Shenſtone enjoyed an intimacy with ſome of the moſt eminent of his poetical contemporaries, and carried on an occaſional correſpondence with perſons diſtinguiſhed for their learning, taſte, and good ſenſe. Thomſon, Lyttleton, Somervile, Jago, Dodſley, Spence, &c. bear ample teſtimony to his genius and abilities.

Mr. Wheatley, in his ingenious and elaborate treatiſe "on Gardening," has paid a juſt tribute to Shenſtone, both as a man of taſte and as a poet.

"An alluſion to the ideas of paſtoral poetry evidently enters into the deſign of the Leaſowes, where they appear ſo lovely as to endear the memory of their author, and juſtify the reputation of Mr. Shenſtone, who inhabited, made, and celebrated the place. It is a perfect picture of his mind, ſimple, elegant, and amiable, and will always ſuggeſt a doubt whether the ſpot inſpired his verſe, or whether, in the ſcenes which he formed, he only realiſed the paſtoral images which abound in his ſongs."

Gray's opinion of Shenſtone, is very unfavourable to his character, both as a writer and a man of ſenſe. "There is Mr. Shenſtone, who truſts to nature and ſimple ſentiment, why does he do no better? he goes hopping along his own gravel walks, and never deviates from the beaten path for fear of being loſt." This remark, which was made on his pieces in the two laſt volumes of Dodſley's "Collection," implies ſome opinion of Shenſtone's poetical merit, or why ſhould Gray expect him to do better? It is alſo a compliment to his diſcretion, in not launching forth beyond his depth, but confining himſelf to ſubjects which he found proportioned to his ſtrength. His *Ode to Memory*, and his *Paſtoral Ballad*, are not, however, ſuch performances in their kind as make Shenſtone an object of compaſſion.

What Gray thought of him from the peruſal of his *Letters* is more ſevere, as he makes him guilty of a reſtleſs ambition and a ridiculous vanity. "I have read an octavo volume of Shenſtone's letters. Poor man! he was always wiſhing for money, for fame, and other deſtinctions; and his whole philoſophy conſiſted in living againſt his will in retirement, and in a place which his taſte had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to ſee and commend it; his correſpondence is about nothing elſe but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verſes too." Some of his letters are, no doubt, very trivial; but

his perſonal character appears in them in the ſame amiable light as in his poetical compoſitions; they contain the "hiſtory of his mind for the laſt 24 years of his life."

His letters on the death of his brother are the genuine effuſions of a feeling heart, pierced with the moſt poignant grief and affliction. His account of the people of rank who came to ſee his place, he wrote only to two of his moſt intimate friends, Jago and Mr. Graves, among the ordinary occurrences of his life.

His character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, cannot be generally allowed, without making conſiderable exceptions in favour of the *comprehenſiveneſs* of his mind, the *activity* of his curioſity, and the *variety* of his knowledge. The concluding criticiſm is unreaſonably ſevere. Had his mind been better ſtored with knowledge, he certainly would have been great; with his preſent ſtore, he is univerſally allowed to be *agreeable*.

"His poems conſiſt of *elegies*, *odes*, and *ballads*, *humorous ſallies*, and *moral pieces*.

"His conception of an elegy he has in his *Preface* very judiciouſly and diſcriminately explained. It is, according to his account, the effuſion of a contemplative mind, ſometimes plaintive, and always ſerious, and therefore ſuperior to the glitter of ſlight ornaments. His compoſitions ſuit not ill to this deſcription. His topics of praiſe are the domeſtic virtues, and his thoughts are pure and ſimple; but, wanting combination, they want variety. The peace of ſolitude, the innocence of inactivity, and the unenvied ſecurity of an humble ſtation can fill but a few pages. That of which the eſſence is uniformity, will be ſoon deſcribed. His elegies have therefore too much reſemblance of each other.

"The lines are ſometimes ſuch as elegy requires, ſmooth and eaſy; but to this praiſe his claim is not conſtant; his diction is often harſh, improper, and affected, his words ill coined or ill choſen, and his phraſe unſkilfully inverted.

"The *Lyric Poems* are almoſt all of the light and airy kind, ſuch as trip lightly and nimbly along, without the load of any weighty meaning. From theſe, however, *Rural Elegance* has ſome right to be excepted. I once heard it praiſed by a very learned lady; and, though the lines are irregular, and the thoughts diffuſed with too much verboſity, yet it cannot be denied to contain both philoſophical argument and poetical ſpirit.

"Of the reſt, I cannot think any excellent; the *Sky-Lark* pleaſes me beſt, which has, however, more of the epigram than of the ode.

"But the four parts of the *Paſtoral Ballad* demands particular notice. I cannot but regret that it is paſtoral; an intelligent critic, acquainted with the ſcenes of real life, ſickens at the mention of the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *ſheep*, and the *kids*, which it is not neceſſary to bring forward to notice; for the poet's art is ſelection, and he ought to ſhow the beauties without the groſſneſs of a country life.

"In the firſt part are two paſſages, to which, if any mind denies its ſympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature:

I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before, &c.

"In the ſecond, this paſſage has its prettineſs, though it is not equal to the former:

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed, &c.

"In the third, he mentions the common places of amorous poetry with ſome addreſs:

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow, &c.

"In the fourth, I find nothing better than this natural ſtrain of *Hope*:

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes? &c.

"His *Levities* are, by their title, exempted from the ſeverities of criticiſm; yet it may be remarked, in a few words, that his humour is ſometimes groſs, and ſeldom ſprightly.

" Of his *Moral Poems*, the firſt is the *Choice of Hercules*, from Xenophon. The numbers are ſmooth, the diction elegant, and the thoughts juſt; but ſomething of vigour is ſtill to be wiſhed, which it might have had by brevity and compreſſion. His *Fate of Delicacy* has an air of gaiety, but not a very pointed or general moral. His blank verſes, thoſe that can read them, may probably find to be like the blank verſes of his neighbours. *Love* and *Honour* is derived from the old ballad, " Did you not hear of a Spaniſh Lady?" I wiſh it well enough to wiſh it were in rhyme.

" The *Schoolmiſtreſs*, of which I know not what claim it has to ſtand among the moral works, is ſurely the moſt pleaſing of Shenſtone's performances. The adoption of a particular ſtyle, in light and ſhort compoſitions, contribute much to the increaſe of pleaſure; we are entertained at once with two imitations, of nature in the ſentiments, of the original author in the ſtyle; and between them the mind is kept in perpetual employment.

" The general recommendation of Shenſtone, is eaſineſs and ſimplicity; his general defect, is want of comprehenſion and variety. Had his mind been better ſtored with knowledge, whether he could have been great I know not; he could certainly have been agreeable."

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

" Tantùm inter denſas, umbroſa cacumina, fagos,
" Aſſiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, ſolus,
" Montibus et ſylvis ſtudio jactabat inani!" VIRG.

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

It is obſervable, that diſcourſes *prefixed* to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate ſuch tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greateſt advantage. The fabric is very commonly raiſed in the *firſt place*, and the meaſures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjuſted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the ſtructure of *elegiac* poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own *opinions* with that *denomination*. He would only intimate the great variety of *ſubjects*, and the different *ſtyles* in which the writers of elegy *have* hitherto indulged themſelves, and endeavour to ſhield the following ones by the latitude of *their* example.

If we conſider the etymology * of the *word*, the epithet which † Horace gives it, or the confeſſion which ‡ Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may *conclude* thus much, however, that *elegy*, in its true and genuine acceptation, *includes* a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon *this* as its peculiar characteriſtic, and ſo long as *this* is thoroughly ſuſtained, admits of a variety of ſubjects; which, by its manner of treating them, it renders them its own. It throws its melancholy *ſtole* over pretty different objects; which, like the dreſſes at a funeral proceſſion, gives them all a kind of ſolemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that elegies were written at *firſt* upon the death of *intimate friends* and *near relations; celebrated beauties*, or *favourite miſtreſſes; beneficent governors* and *illuſtrious men:* one may add perhaps, of all thoſe, who are placed by Virgil in the laurel-grove of his Elyſium. (See Hurd's Diſſertation on Horace's Epiſtle.)

" Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo."

After theſe ſubjects were ſufficiently exhauſted, and the ſeverity of fate diſplayed in the moſt affecting inſtances, the poets ſought occaſion to vary their complaints; and the next tender ſpecies of ſorrow that preſented itſelf, was the grief of *abſent* or *neglected* lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with *this* they were not contented. They had obtained a ſmall corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory. They ſung its ſpoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of *elegy* to their pleaſantries as well as lamentations; till at laſt, through their abundant fondneſs for the *myrtle*, they forgot that the *cypreſs* was *their* peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original deſign of elegy; and it ſhould ſeem, that any kind of ſubjects, treated in ſuch a manner as to diffuſe a pleaſing melancholy, might far better deſerve *the name*, than the facetious mirth and libertine feſtivity of the ſucceſsful votaries of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may *ſeem* perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper

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* ε-λεγειν, *a particulam dolendi.*

† " *Miſerabiles elegos.*" HOR.

‡ " *Heu nimis ex* vero *nunc tibi nomen erit.*" OVID. de Morte Tibulli.

* *Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan.*" OVID.

to examine into the *uſe* and *end* of elegy. The moſt important end of *all* poetry is to encourage virtue. *Epic* and *tragedy* chiefly recommend the *public* virtues; *elegy* is of a ſpecies which illuſtrates and endears the *private*. There is a truly virtuous pleaſure connected with many penſive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by preſenting ſuitable ideas, has diſcovered ſweets in *melancholy* which we could not find in *mirth*; and has led us with ſucceſs to the duſty *urn*, when we could draw no pleaſure from the ſparkling bowl; as paſtoral conveys an idea of ſimplicity and innocence, it is in particular the taſk and merit of elegy to ſhow the innocence and ſimplicity of rural life to advantage: and that, in a way diſtinct from *paſtoral*, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to ſurpaſs his tenant both in *dignity* and *underſtanding*. It ſhould alſo tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of *humility*, *diſintereſtedneſs*, *ſimplicity*, and *innocence*: but then there is a *degree* of elegance and refinement, no way inconſiſtent with theſe *rural* virtues; and that raiſes *elegy* above that *merum rus*, that *unpoliſhed* ruſticity, which has given our *paſtoral* writers their higheſt reputation.

Wealth and ſplendour will never want their proper weight: the danger is, leſt they ſhould too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other ſcale, that magnifies the ſweets of liberty and independence, that *endears* the honeſt *delights* of love and friendſhip, that *celebrates* the *glory* of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amuſement of letters, and inſenſibly prepares the mind for that humanity it *inculcates*, *ſuch* a kind of poetry may chance to pleaſe; and if it pleaſe, ſhould ſeem to be of ſervice.

As to the *ſtyle* of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It ſhould imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dreſs be more agreeable, it ſhould be ſimple and diffuſe, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A verſification therefore is deſirable, which, by indulging a free and unconſtrained expreſſion, may admit of that ſimplicity which elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, ſeems well enough adapted to this ſpecies of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occaſions, its inconveniencies appear to loſe their weight *in ſhorter* elegies: and its advantages ſeem to *acquire* an *additional* importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies *not long* ſince *publiſhed*; the product of a gentleman * of the moſt exact taſte, and whoſe untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can ſhed.

It is not impoſſible that ſome may think this metre too lax and proſaic: others, that even a more diſſolute variety of numbers may have ſuperior advantages. And, in favour of theſe laſt, might be produced the example of Milton in his Lycidas, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his verſification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, muſt prove *too much*; ſince the writers I have in view ſeem capable enough of recommending any metre they ſhall chooſe; though it muſt be owned alſo, that the choice *they* make of any, is at the ſame time the ſtrongeſt preſumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to *compromiſe* the diſpute. There is no one kind of metre that is diſtinguiſhed by rhymes, but is liable to ſome objection or other. Heroic verſe, where every ſecond line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the *ſenſe* ſhould in ſome meaſure alſo terminate) is apt to render the expreſſion either ſcanty or conſtrained. And this is ſometimes obſervable in the writings of a poet lately deceaſed; though I believe no one ever threw ſo much ſenſe together with ſo much *caſe* into a couplet as Mr. Pope. But, as an air of *conſtraint* too often accompanies this metre, it ſeems by no means proper for a writer of *elegy*.

The *previous* rhyme in Milton's Lycidas is very frequently placed at ſuch a diſtance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the ſentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this ſeems to be the greateſt objection to *that* kind of verſification. But then the peculiar *eaſe* and *variety* it admits of, are no doubt ſufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of *length*.

The chief objection to which *ſtanza* of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the ſenſe too *regularly*, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be leſs diſcernible in ſmaller compoſitions, as I ſuppoſe it *is*, I flatter myſelf, that the advantages I have before mentioned reſulting from alternate rhyme (with which ſtanza is, I think, connected) may, at leaſt in *ſhorter* elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I ſhall ſay but little of the different *kinds* of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occaſions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is ſoftened to an *exceſs*. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and deſign, and being addreſſed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderneſs and perſpicuity. Elegies, that are formed upon promiſcuous incidents, and addreſſed to the world in general, inculcate ſome ſort of moral, and admit a different degree of reaſoning, thought, and ardour.

The author of the following elegies entered on his ſubjects *occaſionally*, as particular incidents in life *ſuggeſted*, or diſpoſitions of mind *recommended* them to his choice. If he deſcribes a rural landſcape, or unfolds the train of ſentiments it inſpired, he fairly drew his picture from the ſpot; and felt very ſenſibly the affection he communicates. If he ſpeaks of his humble ſhed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the ſcene; who having (whether through choice or neceſſity, is not material) retired betimes to country-ſolitudes, and ſought his happineſs in rural employments,

* *Mr. Hammond.*

has a right to conſider himſelf as a real ſhepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are *his own*, and the embelliſhment of his *farm* his ſole amuſement. As the ſentiments therefore were inſpired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance: diffuſing at leaſt ſome *part* of that amuſement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the compoſition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconſiſtency in the moral tenor of the ſeveral elegies; and the ſubſequent ones may ſometimes ſeem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will ſcarce impute this to overſight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor ſpeculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and conſequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more ſtriking repreſentation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the uſe of Engliſh or modern alluſions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an *entire* ignorance, or to the *leaſt* diſeſteem, of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient *plan* and *method* in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondneſs for his native country, he has made uſe of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the beſt model he could find: with what ſucceſs, beyond his own amuſement, muſt be left to judges leſs partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.---If any of thoſe ſhould be ſo candid, as to approve the variety of ſubjects he has choſen, and the tenderneſs of ſentiment he has endeavoured to impreſs, he begs the *metre* alſo may not be too ſuddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker meaſure, may perhaps conſider *this* as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually loſe its force, if this meaſure ſhould be allowed to ſuit the nature of elegy.

If it ſhould happen to be conſidered as an object with *others*, that there is too much of a moral caſt diffuſed through the whole; it is replied, that he *endeavoured* to animate the poetry ſo far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to *riſk excluding* the faſhionable reader: at the ſame time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the *bloſſom* of a *fruit-tree*. Poetry is indeed like that ſpecies of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and bloſſoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the *former*, however it may be embelliſhed by the flowers which ſurround it.

ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occaſion to expatiate in praiſe of ſimplicity.

TO A FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native ſkies,
I bade Auguſta's venal ſons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees I ſee my ſmoke ariſe;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius, which ſecures my reſt,
Preſerve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the ſordid breaſt;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unſincere!

Far from theſe paths, ye faithleſs friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hoſtile name!
Hence! the faint verſe that flows not from the heart,
But mourns, in labour'd ſtrains, the price of fame!

O lov'd ſimplicity, be thine the prize!
Aſſiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm, who, guiltleſs of diſguiſe,
Contemns the power, the dull reſource to feign!

Still may the mourner, laviſh of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my ſcorn!
Still may the bard diſſembling doubts and fears,
For praiſe, for flattery ſighing, ſigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-ſick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could Aonia's hill diſcloſe
So fair a fountain, or ſo lov'd a ſtream.

Ye loveleſs bards! intent with artleſs pains
To form a ſigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow ſincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful ſoul
Love's gentle tyrant ſeats his awful throne,
Write from thy boſom—let not art controul
The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleaſing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil, or our pen deſign'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and ſhape, and face!
"Such the ſoft image of our youthful mind!

Soft whilſt we ſleep beneath the rural bowers,
The loves and graces ſteal unſeen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flowers,
We wake to wintery ſcenes of chill decay!

Curſe the ſad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praiſe the ſoft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud ſcorn of every vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou haſt worn the day,
Near fount or ſtream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to ſtray,
The faithful muſe ſhall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY II.

On poſthumous reputation.

TO A FRIEND.

O GRIEF of griefs! that envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praiſe;
O fooliſh muſes! that with zeal inſpire
To deck the cold inſenſate ſhrine with bays!

When the free ſpirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the ſkies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will ſhe hear the diſtant voice of fame?
Or, hearing, fancy ſweetneſs in the ſound?

Perhaps ev'n genius pours a ſlighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n friendſhip ſheds a fruitleſs tear;
Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their ſighs;
Though near his tomb, Sabæan odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the ſkies?

No, ſhould his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleaſures, and diſpell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair proſpect of ſurviving praiſe
Can every ſenſe of preſent joys excel:
For this, great Hadrian choſe laborious days;
Through this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raiſe,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to ſpread the ſacred baſe,
To plan a work, through lateſt ages fair!

Is it with ſmall tranſport, as with curious eye
You trace the ſtory of each Attic ſage,
To think your blooming praiſe ſhall time defy?
Shall waft like odours through the pleaſing page?

To mark the day, when through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying ſtyle refines?
And readers call their loſt attention home,
Led by that index where true genius ſhines?

Ah let not Britons doubt their ſocial aim,
Whoſe ardent boſom catch this ancient fire!
Cold intereſt melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours but with life expire!

ELEGY III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the ſcanty tear ſupplies;
Whilſt heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puiſſant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume diſtinguiſh Alcon's bier;
The faithful muſe with votive ſong attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the ſly penurious art;
That odious art which fortune's favourites know;
Form'd to beſtow, he felt the warmeſt heart,
But envious fate forbade him to beſtow.

He little knew to ward the ſecret wound;
He little knew that mortals could enſnare;
Virtue he knew; the nobleſt joy he found,
To ſing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he ſkill'd to guide his wandering ſheep;
And unforeſeen diſaſter thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loſs the ſwain would weep;
And, for his friend, his very crook was ſold.

Ye ſons of wealth! protect the muſe's train!
From winds protect them, and with food ſupply;
Ah! helpleſs they, to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wintery ſky!

He lov'd a nymph: amidſt his ſlender ſtore,
He dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky ſhore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding ſtream!

His nymph was fair! the ſweeteſt bud that blows
Revives leſs lovely from the recent ſhower;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the roſe;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the ſweeteſt flower!

He lov'd the muſe; ſhe taught him to complain;
He ſaw his timorous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the muſe; although ſhe taught in vain;
He lov'd the muſe, for ſhe was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wiſh'd for wealth, for much he wiſh'd to give
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain;
Piteous of woes, and hopeleſs to relieve,
The penſive proſpect ſadden'd all his ſtrain.

I ſaw him faint! I ſaw him ſink to reſt!
Like one ordain'd to ſwell the vulgar throng;
As though the virtues had not warm'd his breaſt,
As though the muſes not inſpir'd his tongue.

I ſaw his bier ignobly croſs the plain;
Saw peaſant hands the pious rite ſupply:
The generous ruſtics mourn'd the friendly ſwain,
But power and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons where?
Would ye the purple ſhould your limbs adorn,
Go waſh the conſcious blemiſh with a tear.

ELEGY IV.

Ophelia's Urn.

TO MR. GRAVES.

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's duſky ſhade,
Near ſome lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fears ſurvey'd!
What ſhrouded ſpectres ſuperſtition ſeen!

But ſecure ſhall pour your ſad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but fear's officious hand can paint,
What none, but ſuperſtition's eye, ſurvey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall ſee your ſtep to theſe ſad ſcenes return:
Conſtant, as cryſtal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd ſhall preſume to ſtray
Where ſleep the relics of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught uniovely bend its devious way,
Where ſoft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muſe, as with unceaſing ſighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May ſee light groups of pleaſing viſions riſe;
And phantoms glide, but of celeſtial kind.

There fame, her clarion pendant at her ſide,
Shall ſeek forgiveneſs of Ophelia's ſhade;
"Why has ſuch worth, without diſtinction, dy'd
"Why, like the deſert's lily, bloom'd to fade?'

Then young ſimplicity, averſe to feign,
Shall unmoleſted breathe her ſofteſt ſigh:
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull freſh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb:
And beauty chide the Fates' ſevere command,
That ſhow'd the frailty of ſo fair a bloom!

And fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taſte explain;
For mournful fable all her hues forego,
And aſk ſweet ſolace of the muſe in vain!

Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
Too much the ſacred Nine their loſs deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your beſt, your brighteſt favourite is no more.

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendſhip.

TO MELISSA HIS FRIEND.

FROM love, from angry love's inclement reign
I paſs a while to friendſhip's equal ſkies;
Thou, generous maid, reliev'ſt my partial pain,
And cheer'ſt the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Meliſſa, thou deſerv'ſt my care:
How can my will and reaſon diſagree?
How can my paſſion live beneath deſpair!
How can my boſom ſigh for aught but thee?

Ah dear Meliſſa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My ſoul has yet ſurviv'd its drearieſt time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of love!
Love is a pleaſing, but a various clime!

So ſmiles immortal Maro's favourite ſhore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd!
When ſtrait Veſuvio's horrid cauldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blaſts the regions round.

Oh bliſsful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When Maro to theſe fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurſt domains!
When Pliny, 'mid ſulphureous clouds, expir'd!

So ſmiles the ſurface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
When ſoon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And ſky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
Ev'n hope ſubſide amid the billows toſt;
Hope, ſtill emergent, ſtill contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted ſmile is loſt.

ELEGY VI.

TO A LADY ON THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The ſcience of the feather'd choirs explore:
Hear linnets argue, larks deſcant of love,
And blame the gloom of ſolitude no more.

My doubt ſubſides—'tis no Italian ſong,
Nor ſenſeleſs ditty, cheers the vernal tree:
Ah! who, that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that muſic may with ſenſe agree?

And come, my muſe! that lov'ſt the ſylvan ſhade;
Evolve the mazes, and the miſt diſpel:
Tranſlate the ſong; convince my doubting maid,
No ſolemn derviſe can explain ſo well.—

Penſive beneath the twilight ſhades I ſate,
The ſlave of hopeleſs vows, and cold diſdain!
When Philomel addreſs'd his mournful mate,
And thus I conſtrued the melliſluent ſtrain.

"Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
At every note a lover ſheds his tear;
Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears thy ſong;
Nor doubt to gain applauſe, when lovers hear.

He the ſad ſource of our complaining knows;
A foe to Tereus, and to lawleſs love!
He mourns the ſtory of our ancient woes;
Ah could our muſic his complaints remove!

Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerleſs maid:
And ſee pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted ſky,
A train of lovers court the chequer'd ſhade;
Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Erewhile no ſhepherd to theſe woods retir'd;
No lover bleſt the glow-worm's pallid ray:
But ill-ſtar'd birds, that liſtening not admir'd,
Or liſtening envy'd our ſuperior lay.

Cheer'd by the ſun, the vaſſals of his power,
Let ſuch by day unite their jarring ſtrains;
But let us chooſe the calm, the ſilent hour,
Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He deſcribes his viſion to an acquaintance.

"Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c.
VIRG.

ON diſtant heaths, beneath autumnal ſkies,
Penſive I ſaw the circling ſhades deſcend;

Weary and faint I heard the ſtorm ariſe,
While the ſun vaniſh'd, like a faithleſs friend.

No kind companion led my ſteps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful ſlumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleaſing ſound;
The village cur 'twere tranſport then to hear;
In dreadful ſilence all was huſh'd around,
While the rude ſtorm alone diſtreſs'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I ſtray'd,
Where towering Wolſey breath'd his native air;
A ſudden luſtre chas'd the flitting ſhade,
The ſounding winds were huſh'd, and all was fair.

Inſtant a grateful form appear'd confeſt;
White were his locks, with awful ſcarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian ſeem'd his veſt,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger, he ſaid, amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, loneſome, whither would'ſt thou ſtray?
Does wealth or power thy weary ſtep conſtrain?
Reveal thy wiſh, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of power;
Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
To ſtand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the towering ardour ſhare;
Nor meanly roſe, to bleſs myſelf alone:
I ſnatch'd the ſhepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholeſome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the ſuppliant peer I ſaw;
I ſaw proud empires my deciſion wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My ſmile was tranſport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! ſaid I, nor power I ſeek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame theſe toils endure;
A ſimple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And, from his friend's condolence, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whoſe abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;
Yet for his ſake I leave my diſtant home,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I ſcorn the wintery wind;
The ſpring, to ſhade me, robes her faireſt tree;
And if a friend my graſs-grown threſhold find,
O how my lonely cot reſounds with glee!

Yet, though averſe to gold in heaps amaſs'd,
I wiſh to bleſs, I languiſh to beſtow;
And though no friend to fame's obſtreperous blaſt,
Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with ſervile tone to deign addreſs;
Too mean to think that honours are my due:
Yet, ſhould ſome patron yield my ſtores to bleſs,
I ſure ſhould deem my boundleſs thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,
Shot'ſt blazing forth; diſdaining dull degrees;
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aſpire,
Muſt I not paſs more rugged paths than theſe?

Muſt I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praiſe him I ſcorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious envy bar the road?
Or falſehood's treacherous foot beſet the way?

Say, ſhould I paſs through favour's crowded gate,
Muſt not fair truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilſt I approach the glittering ſcenes of ſtate,
My beſt companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the ſhades by freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid ſway of fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
To ſpurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unſhaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend

Oh! if theſe ills the price of power advance,
Check not my ſpeed where ſocial joys invite!
The troubled viſion caſt a mournful glance,
And ſighing vaniſh'd in the ſhades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

He deſcribes his early love of poetry, and its conſequences.

TO MR. GRAVES, 1745.

Written after the death of Mr. Pope.

Ah me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd ſpell retards their late increaſe?
Such leſſening fleeces muſt the ſwain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe eſſays to pleaſe?

I ſaw my friends in evening circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them ſay my vocal reed was ſweet:
Ah fool! to credit what I heard them ſay!

Ill fated bard! that ſeeks his ſkill to ſhow,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful ſtep, has more to fear.

Nor could my Graves miſtake the critic's laws,
Till pious friendſhip mark'd the pleaſing way:
Welcome ſuch error! ever bleſt the cauſe!
Ev'n though it led me boundleſs leagues aſtray!

Could'ſt thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
On liſtening Cherwell's oſier banks reclin'd?
While, foe to fortune, unſeduc'd by fame,
I ſooth'd the bias of a careleſs mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met?
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?
How ſhall the muſe thoſe vacant hours forget?
Or deem that bliſs by ſolid cares repaid?

Thou know'ſt how tranſport thrills the tender breaſt,
Where love and fancy fix their opening reign;
How nature ſhines in livelier colours dreſt,
To bleſs their union, and to grace their train.

Erſt when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their paſſion crown'd
Unuſual flowers enrich'd the painted green;
And ſwift ſpontaneous roſes bluſh'd around.

Now ſadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bower,
The drooping muſes take their caſual way;
And where they ſtop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the ſprightly roſe?
The cowſlips golden cup no more I ſee:
Dark and diſcolour'd every flower that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage control;
Huſh'd be my grief ere every ſmile be fled,
Ere the deep ſwelling ſigh ſubvert the ſoul!

If near ſome trophy ſpring a ſtripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage riſe;
But ſoon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the proſtrate ruin lies.

ELEGY IX.

He deſcribes his diſintereſtedneſs to a friend.

I NE'ER muſt tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
The pomp of India muſt I ne'er diſplay;
Nor boaſt the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor, with Italian ſounds, deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my cryſtal beverage flows;
My grateful ſheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damaſk roſe,
And, from my grove, I hear the throſtle ſing.

My fellow ſwains! avert your dazzled eyes:
In vain allur'd by glittering ſpoils they rove.
The fates ne'er meant them for the ſhepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your ſinews brace;
They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains,
And ſhades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! poliſh'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To ſing ſoft carrols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales aſſign'd!

Would'ſt thou, my Strephon, love's delighted ſlave!
Though ſure the wreaths of chivalry to ſhare,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear?

I'll ſare my peace, but every idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts ſincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant ſtamp of kings.

O my ſoul weeps, my breaſt with anguiſh bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant power of gain!
Diſdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I riſe ſuperior, and the rich diſdain.

Or from the ſtream, ſlow wandering down the glade,
Penſive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miſer weds, I cry, the captive maid,
"And ſome fond lover ſickens at the ſound."

Not Somerville, the muſe's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient ſky,
So ſhun'd a ſoul diſtain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breaſt, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendſhips, ev'n his ſelf reſigns;
Perverts the ſacred inſtinct of his ſoul,
And to a ducat's dirty ſphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taſte, with ſcience bleſt,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Reſtore thy dear idea to my breaſt,
The rich depoſit ſhall the ſhrine ſecure.

Let others toil to gain the ſordid ore,
The charms of independence let us ſing;
Bleſt with thy friendſhip, can I wiſh for more?
I'll ſpurn the boaſted wealth of Lydia's king.

ELEGY X.

To Fortune; ſuggeſting his motive for repining at her diſpenſations.

Ask not the cauſe, why this rebellious tongue
Loads with freſh curſes thy deteſted ſway!
Aſk not, thus branded in my ſofteſt ſong,
Why ſtands the flatter'd name, which all obey?

'Tis not, that in my ſhed I lurk forlorn,
Nor ſee my roof on Parian columns riſe;
That, on this breaſt, no mimic ſtar is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than thoſe that light the ſkies.

'Tis not, that on the turf ſupinely laid,
I ſing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the loneſome ſhade,
My finger ſtiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy ſtern command,
When many an embryo dome is loſt in air;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear.

"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
"Nor let yon riſing column more aſpire;
"Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold
"Thy fortunes mouldering and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
"He planted, ſcornful of my ſage commands;
"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye;
"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the ſmall ſtream that pours its murmuring tide
O'er ſome rough rock that would its wealth diſplay,
Diſplays it aught but penury and pride?
Ah! conſtrue wiſely what ſuch murmurs ſay.

"How would ſome flood, with ampler treaſures bleſt,
Diſdainful view the ſcantling drops diſtil!
How muſt *Velino ſhake his reedy creſt!
How every cygnet mock the boaſtive rill!

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* *A river in Italy.*

Fortune, I yield! and ſee, I give the ſign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
Collects the ſquare, the level, and the line,
And, with retorted eye, forſakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the ſhadeleſs plains;
Can unrepining leave the riſing wall:
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
" And my warm hopes, in full purſuit, recall.

Deſcend, ye ſtorms! deſtroy my riſing pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting ſway;
Contented I, although the gazer ſmile
To ſee it ſcarce ſurvive a winter's day.

Let ſome dull dotard baſk in thy gay ſhrine,
As in the ſun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltleſs of envy, why ſhould I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's prefer'd?

Let him exult, with boundleſs wealth ſupply'd;
Mine and the ſwain's reluctant homage ſhare;
But ah! his tawdry ſhepherdeſs's pride,
Gods! muſt my Delia, muſt my Delia bear?

Muſt Delia's ſoftneſs, elegance, and eaſe,
Submit to Marian's dreſs? to Marian's gold?
Muſt Marian's robe from diſtant India pleaſe?
The ſimple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

" Yet ſure on Delia ſeems the ruſſet fair;
" Ye glittering daughters of diſguiſe, adieu!"
So talk the wiſe, who judge of ſhape and air,
But will the rural thane decide ſo true?

Ah! what is native worth eſteem'd of clowns!
'Tis thy falſe glare, O fortune! thine they ſee:
'Tis for my Delia's ſake I dread thy frowns,
And my laſt gaſp ſhall curſes breathe on thee.

ELEGY XI.

He complains how ſoon the pleaſing novelty of life is over.

TO MR. JAGO.

Ah mé, my friend! it will not, will not laſt!
This fairy-ſcene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
The charm diſſolves; th' aerial muſic's paſt;
The banquet ceaſes, and the viſion flies.

Where are the ſplendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the ſpacious dome?
Vaniſh'd the coſtly pearls, the crimſon plumes,
And we, delightleſs, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the ſage's wiſdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our ſteps aſtray?
Ere reaſon learns by ſtudy'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd paſſions, ſelf-ſubdued, obey.

Scarce has the ſun ſeven annual courſes roll'd,
Scarce ſhown the whole that fortune can ſupply;
Since, not the miſer ſo careſs'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to ſigh.

On the world's ſtage I wiſh'd ſome ſprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taſte, and—oh my fooliſh heart,
Subſtantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living ſtone:
" Though gold, though ſplendor, heaven and fate
" deny.
" Yet might I call one Titian ſtroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whoſe lovely ſpoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trim'd my lamp, conſum'd the midnight oil—
But ſoon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the prayer,
To grace my native ſcenes, my rural home;
To ſee my trees expreſs my planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raiſe my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear deluſion's o'er!
A ſtagnant breezeleſs air becalms my ſoul:
A fond aſpiring candidate no more,
I ſcorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! inchanting ſtate, profuſely bleſt!
Bliſs ev'n obtruſive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health careſt;
Careleſs of favour, yet ſecure to find.

Then glows the breaſt, as opening roſes fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honeſt as light, tranſparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to ſubtile age aſſign'd,
Not ſcience ſhall extort that dear delight,
Which gay deluſion gave the tender mind.

Adieu ſoft raptures, tranſports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with deſpair,
Why, why ſo ſoon her fleeting ſteps purſue!

Tedious again to curſe the drizling day!
Again to trace the wintery tracks of ſnow!
Or, ſooth'd by vernal airs, again ſurvey,
The ſelf-ſame hawthorns bud, and cowſlips blow!

O life! how ſoon of every bliſs forlorn!
What ſtart falſe joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey; that cheers your youthful morn,
Then ſinks untimely, and defrauds the chaſe.

ELEGY XII.

His recantation.

No more the muſe obtrudes her thin diſguiſe!
No more with awkward fallacy complains,
How every fervour from my boſom flies,
And reaſon in her loneſome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more ſhe paints the breaſt from paſſion free;
I feel, I feel one loitering wiſh ſurvive—
Ah, need I, Florio, name that wiſh to thee!

The ſtar of Venus uſhers in the day,
The firſt, the loveliеſt of the train that ſhine!
The ſtar of Venus lends her brighteſt ray,
When other ſtars their friendly beams reſign.

Still in my breaſt one ſoft deſire remains,
Pure as that ſtar, from guilt, from intereſt free,
Has gentle Delia trip'd acroſs the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wiſh to thee?

While cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays;
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers;
And lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee!

ELEGY XIII.

To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.

Health to my friend, and many a cheerful day
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish relume,
Ere wintery doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Would'st thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend!

Yes, we have met---thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern fate his ebon wand display;
And paint the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was---if friends so soon must part,
"To let suspicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.

TO LORD TEMPLE.

While others, lost to friendship, lost to love,
Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,
And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An awkward stranger, if we waft it-o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor, for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,
Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art,
That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'Tis long since freedom fled th' Hesperian clime;
Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd shore;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine,
To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid;
Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant * perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The muse no more by flowery Ladon roves,
She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
Ah! hapless realms that war's oppression feel!
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty power decay'd!

No crescent here displays its banefal horns;
No turban'd host the vice of truth reproves;
Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media, boast thy flowery stores;
Thy thousand hues by chemic suns refin'd;
'Tis not the dress or mien thy soul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While Grenville's breast † could virtue's stores afford,
What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight? [sure,

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* *The cinnamon.*

† *Written a few years after the time of Capt Grenville's death, which happened in* 1747. *The earldom of Temple was not created till* 1749.

The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its luſtre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville, thee with calmeſt courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native ſhore!
Thee by the virtues arm'd, the graces taught,
When ſhall we ceaſe to boaſt, or to deplore?

Preſumptuous war, which could thy life deſtroy,
What ſhall it now in recompence decree?
While friends that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguiſh; feel the loſs of thee!

Bid me no more a ſervile realm compare,
No more the muſe of partial praiſe arraign;
Britannia ſees no foreign breaſt ſo fair,
And, if ſhe glory, glories not in vain.

ELEGY XV.

*In the memory of a private family * in Worceſterſhire.*

FROM a lone tower with reverend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender ſigh;
Still, as the village caught the waving ſound,
A ſwelling tear diſtream'd from every eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breaſt of old,
When the dull curfew ſpoke their freedom fled;
For, ſighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind ſupport is dead!

'Twas good Palemon---near a ſhaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous roſe;
The flocking rooks, by inſtinct's native rule,
This peaceful ſcene, for their aſylum, choſe.

A few ſmall ſpires to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the ſhades emerging, ſtruck the view;
'Twas here his youth reſpir'd its earlieſt air:
'Twas here his age breath'd out its laſt adieu.

One favour'd ſon engag'd his tendereſt care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
In his young breaſt the virtues ſprung ſo fair,
Such charms diſplay'd, ſuch ſweets diffus'd around.

But whilſt gay tranſport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poiſon'd ſky;
Blaſts the fair crop---the fire is drown'd in tears,
And, ſcarce ſurviving, ſees his Cynthio die!

O'er the pale corſe we ſaw him geetly bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief---"My thread, he cry'd,
is ſpun!
If heaven had meant I ſhould my life extend,
Heaven had preſerv'd my life's ſupport, my ſon.

Snatch'd in thy prime! alas, the ſtroke were mild,
Had my frail form obey'd the fate's decree!
Bleſt were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
Heaven ſo pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five ſleepleſs nights he ſtem'd this tide of woes;
Five irkſome ſuns he ſaw, through tears forlorn!
On his pale corſe the ſixth ſad morning roſe;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

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* *The Penns of Harborough.*

'Twas on thoſe downs, by Roman hoſts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers; ruſtic, unrefin'd:
Freedom's plain ſons, in martial cares employ'd!
They ting'd their bodies, but unmaſk'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
O milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimſon had forſook the place,
And freedom fondly lov'd the choſen ſeat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breaſt,
To ſwell with empty ſounds a ſpotleſs name;
If foſtering ſkies, the ſun, the ſhower were bleſt,
Their bounty ſpread; their fields extent the ſame.

Thoſe fields, profuſe of raiment, food and fire,
They ſcorn'd to leſſen, careleſs to extend;
Bade luxury to laviſh courts aſpire,
And avarice to city-breaſts deſcend.

None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dower;
To fire with vicious hopes a modeſt heir:
The ſire, in place of titles, wealth or power,
Aſſign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

They ſpoke of fortune, as ſome doubtful dame,
That ſway'd the natives of a diſtant ſphere;
From lucre's vagrant ſons had learnt her fame,
But never wiſh'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free ſpirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the moſt that innocence can give,
Thoſe wholeſome ſweets that border virtue's way;
Thoſe cooling fruits that we may taſte and live.

Their board no ſtrange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own ſtreams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the ſcaly glutton to the ſhore,
The ſole deceit their artleſs boſom knew!

Sincere themſelves, ah too ſecure to find
The common boſom, like their own, ſincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poiſon bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their ſuppliant buſts implore the reader's prayer:
Ah gentle ſouls! enjoy your bliſful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For ſure, to bliſsful realms the ſouls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, cenſur'd, ſtrove;
The friends of ſcience! muſic, all their own;
Muſic the voice of virtue and of love!

The journeying peaſant through the ſecret ſhade,
Heard their ſoft lyres engage his liſtening ear;
And haply deem'd ſome courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd---but might with tranſport hear.

For theſe the ſounds that chaſe unholy ſtrife!
Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch releaſe!
Raiſe him to ſpurn the radiant ills of life:
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewell, pure ſpirits! vain the praiſe we give,
The praiſe you ſought from lips angelic flows;
Farewell! the virtues which deſerve to live,
Deſerve an ampler bliſs than life beſtows.

Last of his race, Palemon, now no more
The modeſt merit of his line diſplay'd;
Then pious Hugh, Vigornia's mitre wore---
Soft ſleep the duſt of each deſerving ſhade!

ELEGY XVI.

He ſuggeſts the advantages of birth to a perſon of merit, and the folly of a ſupercilioufneſs that is built upon that ſole foundation.

When genius grac'd with lineal ſplendor glows,
When title ſhines with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like ſome fair almond's flowery pomp it ſhows;
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to ſoften ſplendor's ray;
Endure the ſwain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekneſs join'd its temperate beam diſplay;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the ſandal'd ſwain, the ſhepherd's boy;
He ſighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulſe of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wiſhes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathleſs vales we fly;
Ambition there the bowery haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam ſtill lovely through the checquer'd ſhades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s eyes illume the deſert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I muſt love.

Nor unregarded ſighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods reſpect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the ſcornful mind,
And vengeance, too ſevere! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair;
The look of ſorrow, lovely ſtill ſhe bore;
Looſe flow'd the ſoft redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flowery wreath ſhe wore.

Oft ſtooping as ſhe ſtray'd, ſhe cull'd the pride
Of every plain; ſhe pillag'd every grove!
The fading chaplet daily ſhe ſupply'd,
And ſtill her hand ſome various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy ſhap'd her wild attire; [ſtray'd;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic
Seem'd with her air her accent to conſpire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus ſhe ſaid:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapleſs maid,
Sprung from the ſcepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I aſk thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice ſhall whiſper kinder things.

The world is frantic---fly the race profane---
Nor I, nor you, ſhall its compaſſion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, ſhepherd! haſt thou ſeen my love?

My love is young---but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair, and ſo is mine;
An air divine diſcloſes whence he ſprung;
He is my love, who boaſts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my reſt,
Ianthe liſtens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods deſcended, fires her breaſt;
A brilliant crown diſtinguiſhes his brow.

What, ſhall I ſtain the glories of my race?
More clear, more lovely bright than Heſper's beam?
The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debaſe?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid ſtream?

See through theſe veins the Sapphire current ſhine!
'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
Can baſe plebeian forms contend with mine?
Diſplay the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter ſtrove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he ſtrove;
He frown'd---I ſmiling view'd the faint eſſay;
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
How amorous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair:
How through the race the generous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earlieſt Saturn, ſprung
Our ſacred race; through demigods, convey'd;
And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
My godlike boy, muſt wed their duteous maid.

Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
My ſire's dread fury murmurs through the ſky;
And ſhould I yield---his inſtant rage appears;
He darts th' uplifted vengeance, and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
Have you not ſeen more horrid lightnings glare!
'Twas then a vulgar love enſnar'd my ſoul:
'Twas then--- I hardly ſcap'd the fatal ſnare.

'Twas then a peaſant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I liſten'd to his vulgar ſtrain;---
Yet ſuch his beauty---would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and bliſsful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why waſtes my vernal bloom,
In fruitleſs ſearches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilſome path reſume,
And I ſhall die---before I find my love.

When laſt I ſlept, methought my raviſh'd eye,
On diſtant heaths his radiant form ſurvey'd;
Though night's thick clouds encompaſs'd all the ſky, [ſhade.
The gems that bound his brow, diſpell'd the

O how this boſom kindled at the ſight!
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleaſing chaſe!
Till, on a ſudden, theſe with-held their light---
All, all things envy the ſublime embrace,

But now no more---behind the diſtant grove,
Wanders my deſtin'd youth, and chides my ſtay:
See, ſee, he graſps the fleel---forbear, my love---
Ianthe comes; thy princeſs haſtes away."

Scornful ſhe ſpoke, and heedleſs of reply
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain;
The piteous victim of an angry ſky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud diſdain!

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the ſuggeſtions of ſpleen.

AN ELEGY TO THE WINDS.

" Æole, namque tibi divûm pater atque hominum
" Et mulcere dedit mentes, & tollere vento." [rex

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my prayer!
A while thy fury check, thy ſtorm confine!
No trivial blaſt impells the paſſive air;
But brews a tempeſt in a breaſt like mine.

What bands of black ideas ſpread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poiſon taint the cryſtal ſprings!
With noiſome vapour blaſt the verdant ſhade!

I know their leader, ſpleen; and dread the ſway
Of rigid Eurus, his deteſted ſire;
Through one my bloſſoms and my fruits decay;
Through one my pleaſures and my hopes expire.

Like ſome pale ſtripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
I ſtand aghaſt; and, chill'd with fear, ſurvey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful ſtream!

Where, by remorſe impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the ſad preſage of coming years,
And ſorrowing dwells on pleaſures now no more!

Again with patrons and with friends ſhe roves;
But friends and patrons never to return!
She ſees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
But ſees them, weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She viſits, Iſis! thy forſaken ſtream,
Oh ill forſaken for Bœotian air!
She deems no flood reflect ſo bright a beam,
No reed ſo verdant, and no flowers ſo fair.

She dreams beneath thy ſacred ſhades were peace,
Thy bays might ev'n the civil ſtorm repel;
Reviews thy ſocial bliſs, thy learned eaſe,
And with no cheerful accent cries, farewell!

Farewell, with whom to theſe retreats I ſtray'd!
By youthful ſports, by youthful toils ally'd!
Joyous we ſojourn'd in thy circling ſhade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progreſs of my rival's vow;
Sees every muſe a partial ear incline;
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuſe of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flatterring mirror, form'd to pleaſe,
Now blaſt my hope, now vindicate deſpair;
Bids my fond verſe the love-ſick parley ceaſe;
Accuſe my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend ſome pathleſs vale,
Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!
Alas! there echo will repeat the tale---
Where ſhall I find the ſilent ſcenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckleſs fate alone;
Forbid to pleaſe, yet fated to admire;
Away my friends! my ſorrows are my own!
Why ſhould I breathe around my fond deſire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
Near ſome ſad ruin's ghaſtly ſhade to dwell!
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mouldering refuſe, build my cell!

Genius of Rome! thy proſtrate pomp diſplay!
Trace every diſmal proof of fortune's power;
Let me the wreck of theatres ſurvey,
Or penſive ſit beneath ſome nodding tower.

Or where ſome duct, by rolling ſeaſons worn,
Convey'd pure ſtreams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in ſilence let me mourn;
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Towers, arches, fanes, in wild confuſion ſtrewn;
Let baniſh'd Marius, lowering by thy ſide,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the ſtorms! forbear!
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
And ſcarce a pleaſing twilight ſoothes my care,
Ere one vaſt death like darkneſs ſhocks my ſoul.

Forbear thy rage---on no perennial baſe
Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile;
My pains are fled---my joy reſumes its place,
Should the ſky brighten, or Meliſſa ſmile.

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the ſong of Colin, a diſcerning ſhepherd; lamenting the ſtate of the woollen manufactory.

" Ergo omni ſtudio glaciem ventoſque nivales,
" Quo minus eſt illis curæ mortalis egeſtas,
" Avertes: victumque feres." VIRG.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,
A * tuneful ſhepherd charm'd the liſtening wave;
And ſunny Cotſol fondly lov'd the ſtrain;
Yet not a garland crowns the ſhepherd's grave!

Oh! loſt Ophelia! ſmoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his muſic with my flames agree!
To taſte the beauties of his melting lay,
To taſte and fancy it was dear to thee.

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I ſteal the muſk-roſe from the ſcented brake,
I ſtrew my cowſlips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's ſake.

Shivering beneath a leafleſs thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour ſeiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his faultering notes decay,
The more prophetic truth ſublim'd the ſong.

" Adieu my flocks, he ſaid! my wonted care,
By ſunny mountain, or by verdant ſhore!
May ſome more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your Colin's crook no more!

And you, ye ſhepherds! lead my gentle ſheep;
To breezy hills, or leafy ſhelters lead;

* *Mr. Somerville.*

But if the ſky with ſhowers inceſſant weep,
  Avoid the putrid moiſture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumed the purpled heath,
  Long loitering there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
  The fruitleſs gift of an officious friend!

Ah! what avails the timorous lambs to guard,
  Though nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
If foreign ſloth obtain the rich reward,
  If Gallia's craft the ponderous fleece purloin.

Was it for this, by conſtant vigils worn,
  I met the terrors of an early grave;
For this I led them from the pointed thorn?
  For this I bath'd them in the lucid wave?

Ah heedleſs Albion! too benignly prone
  Thy blood to laviſh, and thy wealth reſign!
Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,
  But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From the fair natives of this peerleſs hill
  Thou gav'ſt the ſheep that browze Iberian plains:
Their plaintive cries the faithleſs region fill,
  Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they ſtray;
  Far from their dams their native guardians far!
Where the ſoft ſhepherd, all the livelong day,
  Chaunts his proud miſtreſs to his hoarſe guittar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece deſpiſe;
  Unmov'd they hear the pining ſhepherd's moan:
In ſilky folds each nervous limb diſguiſe,
  Allur'd by every treaſure, but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky ſteep,
  Anxious, to ſee the wintery tempeſt drive;
Preſerve, ſaid I, preſerve your fleece, my ſheep!
  Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.

Ere long ſhe came: ah! woe is me, ſhe came!
  Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like theſe they give their ſpotleſs fame,
  Reſign their bloom, their innocence reſign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
  Give the rich growth of Britiſh hills to fame?
And let her charms, and her example, own
  That virtue's dreſs, and beauty's are the ſame.

Will no fam'd chief ſupport this generous maid?
  Once more the patriot's arduous path reſume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
  Speak future glory to the Britiſh loom?

What power unſeen my raviſh'd fancy fires?
  I pierce the dreary ſhade of future days;
Sure 'tis the genius of the land inſpires,
  To breathe my lateſt breath in ***'s praiſe.

O might my breath for ***'s praiſe ſuffice,
  How gently ſhould my dying limbs repoſe!
O might his future glory bleſs mine eyes,
  My raviſh'd eyes! how calmly would they cloſe!

*** was born to ſpread the general joy;
  By virtue wrapt, by party uncontroul'd;
Britons for Britain ſhall the crook employ;
  Britons for Britain's glory ſhear the fold."

ELEGY XIX.

Written in Spring 1743.

Again the labouring hind inverts the ſoil;
  Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave:
Another ſpring renews the ſoldier's toil,
  And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the ſoft lyre diſplay'd my wonted loves,
  The penſive pleaſure and the tender pain,
The fordid Alpheus hurry'd through my groves;
  Yet ſtop'd to vent the dictates of diſdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
  He blam'd the graces of my favourite bower;
My breaſt, unfully'd by the luſt of gold;
  My time, unlaviſh'd in purſuit of power.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate;
  Abjure theſe ſcenes from venal paſſions free;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
  War, endleſs war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
  I dreſt an altar to Thalia's name:
Here, as I crown'd the verdant ſhrine with flowers,
  Soft on my labours ſtole the ſmiling dame.

Damon, ſhe cry'd, if pleas'd with honeſt praiſe,
  Thou court ſucceſs by virtue or by ſong,
Fly the falſe dictates of the venal race;
  Fly the groſs accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre ſhall thy zeal betray;
  Swerve not thy foot with fortune's votaries more
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeleſs day—
  The winning phantom urg'd me, and I ſwore.

Forth from the ruſtic altar ſwift I ſtray'd,
  "Aid my firm purpoſe, ye celeſtial powers!
Aid me to quell the fordid breaſt, I ſaid;" [towers *
  And threw my javelin tow'rds their hoſtile

Think not regretful I ſurvey the deed;
  Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, ſtill obſervant, to the grove I ſpeed,
  The ſhrine embelliſh, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentleſs foe,
  Such generous hate the Punic champion † bore;
Thy lake, O Thraſimene! beheld it glow,
  And Cannæ's walls, and Trebia's crimſon ſhore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
  Fair ſhine his arms in hiſtory enroll'd;
Whilſt humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
  His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punic pride its final eve ſurvey'd;
  Its hoſts exhauſted, and its fleets on fire:
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
  And ſaw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depreſs'd the yielding ſcale,
  Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He ſaw th' unutterable grief prevail;
  He ſaw their tears, and in his fury ſmil'd.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the ſmiles of eaſe,
  Or this firm breaſt diſclaims a patriot's pain;

---

* *A Roman ceremony in declaring war.*
† *Hannibal.*

Here if my viſta point the mouldering pile,
Where hood and cowl devotion's aſpect wore,
I trace the tottering reliques with a ſmile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd if the glowing landſcape wave with corn;
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, riſe;
Pleas'd if mine eye, o'er thouſand vallies borne,
Diſcern the Cambria hills ſupport the ſkies.

And ſee Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful ſight
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such Caer-caradoc! thy ſtupendous height,
Whoſe ample ſhade obſcures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyleſs regions! where, by ſcience fir'd,
Some prying ſage his lonely ſtep may bend;
There, by the love of novel plaints inſpir'd,
Invidious view the clambering goats aſcend.

Yet for thoſe mountains, clad with laſting ſnow,
The freeborn Briton left his greeneſt mead,
Receding ſullen from his mightier foe,
For here he ſaw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Suſtain'd her drooping ſons, repell'd her foes,
Above all Perſian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majeſtic monument aroſe.

Progreſſive ages caroll'd forth his fame;
Sires, to his praiſe, attun'd their children's tongue;
The hoary druid fed the generous flame,
While in ſuch ſtrains the reverend vizard ſung.

"Go forth, my ſons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty reſign'd?
Go forth, my ſons! for what is inſtant death
To ſouls ſecure perennial joys to find?

For ſcenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, bleſt with boundleſs freedom, reign,
With miſletoe's myſterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your myſtic ſongs;
Your ſolemn woods reſound their martial fire;
To you, my ſons, the ritual nice belongs,
If in the cauſe you vanquiſh or expire.

Hark! from the ſacred oak that crowns the groves,
What awful voice my raptur'd boſom warms;
This is the favour'd moment heaven approves,
Sound the ſhrill trump; this inſtant, ſound to arms."

Theirs was the ſcience of a martial race,
To ſhape the lance, or decorate the ſhield;
Ev'n the fair virgin ſtain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for ſome cheek where guilty bluſhes glow,
For ſome falſe Florimel's impure diſguiſe,
The lifted youth, nor war's loud ſignal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if ſoft concord lull'd their fears to ſleep,
Inert and ſilent ſlept the manly car;
But ruſh'd horrific o'er the fearful ſteep,
If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the ſleek courtier, indolent, and vain,
Thron'd in the ſplendid carriage glides ſupine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign ſtain,
Or at a favourite's board his faith reſign.

Leave them, O luxury! this happy ſoil!
Chaſe her, Britannia, to ſome hoſtile ſhore!
Or * fleece the baneful peſt with annual ſpoil,
And let thy virtuous offſpring weep no more!

ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year ——, when the rights of ſepulture were ſo frequently violated.

Say, gentle ſleep, that lov'ſt the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician, ſay,
Whence my late viſion thus endures the light;
Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day?

The ſilent moon had ſcal'd the vaulted ſkies,
And anxious care reſign'd my limbs to reſt;
A ſudden luſtre ſtruck my wondering eyes,
And Silvia ſtood before my couch confeſt.

Ah! not the nymph ſo blooming and ſo gay,
That led the dance beneath the feſtive ſha
But ſhe that, in the morning of her day,
Entomb'd beneath the graſs-green ſod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance caſt;
No more her breaſt inſpir'd the lover's flame,
No more her cheek the Pæſtan roſe ſurpaſt;
Yet ſeem'd her lip's etherial ſmile the ſame.

Nor ſuch her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor ſuch her voice as charm'd the liſtening crowd;
Nor ſuch her dreſs as heighten'd every grace:
Alas! all vaniſh'd for the mournful ſhroud!

Yet ſeem'd her lip's ethereal charm the ſame;
That dear diſtinction every doubt remov'd;
Periſh the lover, whoſe imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon, ſhe ſaid, mine hour allotted flies;
Oh! do not waſte it with a fruitleſs tear!
Though griev'd to ſee thy Silvia's pale diſguiſe,
Suſpend thy ſorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy muſe with virtuous fame be bleſt!
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
So may thy bones in ſacred ſilence reſt,
Faſt by the relics of ſome happier maid!

Thou know'ſt, how lingering on a diſtant ſhore
Diſeaſe invidious nipt my flowery prime;
And oh! what pangs my tender boſom tore,
To think I ne'er muſt view my native clime!

No friend was near to raiſe my drooping head;
No dear companion wept to ſee me die;
Lodge me within my native ſoil, I ſaid;
There my fond parents honour'd reliques lie.

Though now debarr'd of each domeſtic tear;
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
There many a friend ſhall grace my woful bier,
And many a ſigh ſhall riſe, and tear ſhall flow.

I ſpoke, nor fate forbore his trembling ſpoil;
Some vernal mourner lent his careleſs aid;
And ſoon they bore me to my native ſoil,
Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

---

* *Alludes to a tax upon Luxury.*

I ſmile, but from a ſoul eſtrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with diſdain!

But were it cordial, this deteſted ſmile,
Seems it leſs timely than the grief ye ſhow?
O ſons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The ſordid ſource of your indecent woe!

Why weep ye now! ye ſaw with tearleſs eye
When your fleet periſh'd on the Punic wave;
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy ſigh,
When Tyre's imperial ſtate commenc'd a ſlave?

'Tis paſt—O Carthage! vanquiſh'd! honour'd ſhade!
Go, the mean ſorrows of thy ſons deplore;
Has freedom ſhar'd the vow to fortune paid,
She ne'er, like fortune, had forſook thy ſhore!

He ceas'd—abaſh'd the conſcious audience hear;
Their pallid cheeks a crimſon bluſh unfold;
Yet o'er that virtuous bluſh diſtreams a tear,
And falling moiſtens their abandon'd gold.

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the diſtreſs of others; and his ſubjection to Delia with the miſerable ſervitude of an African ſlave.

Why droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn,
Why ſinks my ſoul beneath this wintery ſky?
What penſive crowds, by ceaſeleſs labours worn,
What myriads, wiſh to be as bleſt as I!

What though my roofs devoid of pomp ariſe,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his deſtin'd way?
Nor coſtly art my flowery dales diſguiſe,
Where only ſimple friendſhip deigns to ſtray?

See the wild ſons of Lapland's chill domain,
That ſcoop their couch beneath the drifted ſnows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the ſharp eaſt for ever, ever blows!

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a ſlave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The ſigh ſhe cauſes well becomes the brave,
The pang ſhe cauſes, 'tis ey'n bliſs to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan ſhores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant ſmile his dying peace reſtores; [wound.
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendſhip, heals his

Let vacant bards diſplay their boaſted woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief diſplay?
No let the muſe his piercing pangs diſcloſe,
Who bleeds and weeps his ſum of life away.

On the wild beach in mournful guiſe he ſtood,
Ere the ſhrill boatſwain gave the hated ſign;
He dropt a tear unſeen into the flood;
He ſtole one ſecret moment, to repine.

Yet the muſe liſten'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as nature could inſpire:
To me the muſe his tender plea convey'd,
But ſmooth'd, and ſuited to the ſounding lyre.

"Why am I raviſh'd from my native ſtrand?
What ſavage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infeſt this teeming land,
And more than ſea-born monſters plough the main?

Here the dire locuſts horrid ſwarms prevail;
Here the blue aſps with livid poiſon ſwell;
Here the dry dipſa with his ſinuous mail;
Can we not here ſecure from envy dwell?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chaſe,
When the ſtern panther ſought his midnight prey,
What fate reſerv'd me for this Chriſtian race?
A race more poliſh'd, more ſevere than they!

Ye prouling wolves, purſue my lateſt cries!
Thou hungry tiger, leave thy reeking den!
Ye ſandy waſtes, in rapid eddies riſe!
O tear me from the whips and ſcorns of men!

Yet in their face ſuperior beauty glows;
Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of bliſsful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,
But ſtain'd with blood, and crimſon'd o'er with crimes,
Say, ſhall they merit what they paint ſo fair?

No, careleſs, hopeleſs of thoſe fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our ſorrows gay,
They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
And feign theſe diſtant regions to repay.

For them our tuſky elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
Where rove the brutal nations wild deſires?
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is ſold!

Yet ſhores there are, bleſt ſhores for us remain,
And favour'd iſles with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flowerets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze ſhall med'cine every wound.

There the ſtern tyrant that embitters life
Shall, vainly ſuppliant, ſpread his aſking hand;
There ſhall we view the billows raging ſtrife,
Aid the kind breaſt, and waft his boat to land.

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

Thus Damon ſung—What though unknown to praiſe
Umbrageous coverts hide my muſe and me;
Or 'mid the rural ſhepherds, flow my days,
Amid the rural ſhepherds, I am free.

To view ſleek vaſſals crowd a ſtately hall,
Say, ſhould I grow myſelf a ſolemn ſlave!
To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time my devious path I bend,
Through fringy woodland, or ſmooth-ſhaven lawn;
Or penſile grove, or airy cliff aſcend,
And hail the ſcene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
Nor fattening olive clothe the fields I rove,
Sequeſter'd ſhades, and gurgling founts are mine.
And every ſilvan grott the muſes love.

'Twas then the youths, from every plain and grove,
Adorn'd with mournful verſe thy Silvia's bier;
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And ſtrew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas! the tender ſcene diſplay?
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
Ah no! 'twas Damon firſt attun'd his lay,
And ſure no ſonnet was ſo dear as thine.

Thus was I boſom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghoſt no longer wept its doom;
When ſavage robbers every ſanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corſe, from hoſtile realms convey'd,
Loſe the cheap portion of my native ſands;
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

Say, would thy breaſt no death-like torture feel,
To ſee my limbs the felon's gripe obey;
To ſee them gaſh'd beneath the daring ſteel?
To crowds a ſpectre, and to dogs a prey?

If Pæan's ſons theſe horrid rites require,
If health's fair ſcience be by theſe refin'd,
Let guilty convicts, for their uſe, expire;
And let their breathleſs corſe avail mankind.

Yet hard it ſeems, when guilt's laſt fine is paid,
To ſee the victim's corſe deny'd repoſe!
Now, more ſevere! the poor offenceleſs maid
Dreads the dire courage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?
Nature, inſtinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And ſacred be their aſhes, and their fame:

Ariſe, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
Ev'n now the villain ſnuffs his wonted prey;
See! ſee! I lead thee to yon' ſacred walls—
Oh! fly to chaſe theſe human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections ſuggeſted by his ſituation.

Born near the ſcene for Kenelm's fate renown'd
I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raiſe my lay, and bid the rocks reſound
The ſavage force of empire, and of love.

Faſt by the centre of yon' various wild,
Where ſpreading oaks embower a Gothic fane;
Kendria's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There nature urg'd her tendereſt pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid could every care employ;
Then with aſſiduous fondneſs cropt the flowers,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy?

But ſoon the boſom's pleaſing calm is flown;
Love fires her breaſt; the ſultry paſſions riſe;
A favour'd lover ſeeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah! how juſt were fate,
Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How ſweet to revel on the couch of ſtate!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See, garniſh'd for the chaſe, the fraudful maid
To theſe lone hills directs his devious way;

The youth all prone the ſiſter guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth! himſelf the deſtin'd prey.

But now, nor ſhaggy hill, nor pathleſs plain,
Forms the lone refuge of the ſylvan game;
Since Lyttleton has crown'd the ſweet domain
With ſofter pleaſures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong ſteed
Immortal bards, a poliſh'd race, retire;
And where hoarſe ſcream'd the ſtrepent horn ſucceed
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomſon loitering near ſome limpid well,
For Britian's friend the verdant wreath prepare,
Or, ſtudious of revolving ſeaſons, tell,
How peerleſs Lucia made all ſeaſons fair!

See ******* from civic garlands fly,
And in theſe groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon' ſummit, with a guardian's eye,
Obſerve how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope, ah never muſt that towering mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return?
What art! what friendſhips! oh! what fame reſign'd!
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breaſt can rage or hate retain,
And theſe glad ſtreams and ſmiling lawns behold?
Where is the breaſt can hear the woodland ſtrain,
And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Through theſe ſoft ſhades delighted let me ſtray,
While o'er my head forgotten ſuns deſcend!
Through theſe dear valleys bend my caſual way,
Till ſetting life a total ſhade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muſe how much I owe mine humbler fate:
Or ſhrink to find, how much ambition dares,
To ſhine in anguiſhi and to grieve in ſtate!

Canſt thou, O ſun! that ſpotleſs throne diſcloſe,
Where her bold arm has left no ſanguine ſtain
Where, ſhow me where, the lineal ſceptre glows
Pure, as the ſimple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, diſtruſt, and fear,
In kindred boſoms ſolve the ſocial tie;
There not the parent ſmile is half ſincere;
Not void of art the conſort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wiſh, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd, and no boſoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one fordid aim,
And ev'n the beardleſs lip aſſays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murderous round;
The glance, that more than rural blame inſtills;
Whiſpers, that ting'd with friendſhip doubly wound;
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Careſſing brothers part but to revile;
There all men ſmile, and prudence warns the wiſe,
To dread the fatal ſtroke of all that ſmile.

There all her rivals! ſiſter, ſon, and ſire,
With horrid purpoſe hug deſtructive arms;
There ſoft-ey'd maids in murderous plots conſpire,
And ſcorn the gentler miſchief of their charms.

Let ſervile minds one endleſs watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard reſign;
But lay me, fate! on flowery banks ſecure,
Though my whole ſoul be, like my limbs, ſupine.

Yes, may my tongue diſdain a vaſſal's care;
My lyre reſound no proſtituted lay;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of freedom, than the crown of bay.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wiſh it not o'er golden ſands to flow;
Cheer'd by the verdure of my ſpiral wood,
I ſcorn the quarry, where no ſhrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the ſhepherd's peace purſue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no ſecret wound;
He ſings his Delia, and if ſhe be true,
His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occaſion, from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to ſuggeſt the imperfect pleaſures of a ſolitary life.

When beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the riſing ſigh.

Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind,
The cauſe of love, the cauſe of juſtice own?
Matchleſs thy charms, and was no life reſign'd
To ſee them ſparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might ſuch brows the regal gem reſign;
Thy radiant mien might ſcorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O ſhame of Britons! in one ſullen tower
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguiſh every roſe devour; [fell.
They ſprung, they ſhone, they faded, and they

Through one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Succeſſive ſuns a languid radiance threw;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how faſt her waning beauty flew.

This, age might bear; then fated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what ſplendour can ſupply;
Fond youth inceſſant mourns, if rigid walls
Reſtrain its liſtening ear, its curious eye.

Believe me, ****, the pretence is vain!
This boaſted calm that ſmooths our early days,
For never yet could youthful mind reſtrain
Th' alternate pant for pleaſure and for praiſe.

Ev'n me, by ſhady oak, or limpid ſpring,
Ev'n me, the ſcenes of poliſh'd life allure;
Some genius whiſpers, "Life is on the wing,
And hard his lot that languiſhes obſcure.

What though the ſniper mind admire no more—
The ſhining cincture, and the broider'd fold,
Can pierce like lightning through the figur'd ore,
And melt to droſs the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy ſcorn;
The futile preſents of capricious power!
But wit, but worth, the public ſphere adorn,
And who but envies then the ſocial hour?

Can virtue, careleſs of her pupil's meed,
Forget how **** ſuſtains the ſhepherd's cauſe?
Content in ſhades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the ſounding pæan of applauſe?

For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
See Grenville quit the muſe's favourite eaſe;
And ſhall not ſwains admire his noble zeal?
Admiring praiſe, admiring ſtrive to pleaſe?

Life, ſays the ſage, affords no bliſs ſincere;
And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew:
But ah! where Grenville charms the liſtening ear,
'Tis hard to think the cheerleſs maxim true.

The groves may ſmile; the rivers gently glide;
Soft through the vale reſound the lonely lay.
Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taſte preſide;
But can they pleaſe, when Lyttelton's away?

Pure as the ſwain's the breaſt of *** glows,
Ah! were the ſhepherd's phraſe, like his, refin'd!
But, how improv'd the generous dictate flows
Through the clear medium of a poliſh'd mind!

Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
Her inmoſt wiſh in ***'s periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move, [ſphere!
Attendant orbs, where Lonſdale gilds the

While rural faith, and every poliſh'd art,
Each friendly charm, in *** conſpire,
From public ſcenes all penſive muſt you part;
All joyleſs to the greeneſt fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or ſtream,
Like ſome lone halcyon, ſocial pleaſure ſhun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright proceſſion of the ſun.

Then cover'd by thy ripen'd ſhades, reſume
The ſilent walk; no more by paſſion toſt:
Then ſeek thy ruſtic haunts; the dreary gloom,
Where every art, that colours life, is loſt."—

In vain! the liſtening muſe attends in vain!
Reſtraints in hoſtile bands her motions wait—
Yet will I grieve, and ſadden all my ſtrain,
When injur'd beauty mourns the muſe's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

To Delia, with ſome flowers; complaining how much his benevolence ſuffers on account of his humble fortune.

Whate'er could ſculpture's curious art employ
Whate'er the laviſh hand of wealth can ſhower,
Theſe would I give—and every gift enjoy,
That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the power.

Bleſt were my lot to feed the ſocial fires!
To learn the latent wiſhes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taſte admires,
And, for my tranſport, on his ſmile depend!

Bleſt too is he, whoſe evening ramble ſtrays,
Where droop the ſons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at ſmall expence, their fondeſt prayer!

And oh the joy! to ſhun the conſcious light,
To ſpare the modeſt bluſh; to give unſeen!
Like ſhowers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the ſmiling vales with green.

But happieſt they, who drooping realms relieve!
Whoſe virtue in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whoſe ſad fate a thouſand ſhepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief ſincere.

To call loſt worth from its oppreſſive ſhade;
To fix its equal ſphere and ſee it ſhine;
To hear it grateful own the generous aid;
This, this is tranſport—but muſt ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliſs; nor I refuſe
To range where daiſies open, rivers roll;
While proſe or ſong the languid hours amuſe,
And ſooth the fond impatience of my ſoul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jaſmine bowers,
And urge with trivial cares the loitering year;
A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
Then, unlamented, preſs an early bier!

Of thoſe lov'd flowers the lifeleſs corſe may ſhare;
Some hireling hand a fading wreath beſtow:
The reſt will breath as ſweet, will glow as fair,
As when their maſter ſmil'd to ſee them glow.

The ſequent morn ſhall wake the ſylvan quire;
The kid again ſhall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will ſmile, will wear her beſt attire;
O! let not gentle Delia ſmile ſo ſoon!

While the rude hearſe conveys me ſlow away,
And careleſs eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmoſt worth o'erpay;
And, ſoftly ſighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia! cheer'd by thy ſuperior praiſe,
I bleſs the ſilent path the fates decree;
Pleas'd, from the liſt of my inglorious days,
To raiſe the moments crown'd with bliſs and thee

ELEGY XXVI.

Deſcribing the ſorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

Why mourns my friend! why weeps his downcaſt eye!
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to ſhine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that ſwelling ſigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Bleſt in thy ſong, and bleſt in every grace
That wins the friend, or that inchants the fair?

Damon, ſaid he, thy partial praiſe reſtrain;
Not Damon's friendſhip can my peace reſtore;
Alas! his very praiſe awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded boſom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to ſome lowly cell;
Then had my boſom 'ſcap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid theſe vernal ſweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliſs admir'd;
In fortune's train the ſyren flattery ſmil'd,
And raſhly hallow'd all her queen inſpir'd.

Of folly ſtudious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chaſe till Jeſſy was my prey.

Poor artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove;
I bade my words the wonted ſoftneſs wear,
And ſeiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the reſt?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Aſſur'd that virtue, by misfortune preſt,
Feels not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame;
Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, ſcorn'd of virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet deſponding Jeſſy lay.

"Henry, ſhe ſaid, by thy dear form ſubdued,
See the ſad relics of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this riſing ſob renew'd:
I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame;
For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame.

The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain,
The ſportive lambs, increaſe my penſive moan;
All ſeem to chaſe me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I ſtray,
Where bloom the jaſmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
For we are ſpotleſs, Jeſſy; we are pure.

Ye flowers that well reproach a nymph ſo frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale
Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

Thus for your ſake I ſhun each human eye;
I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languiſh, but I dread to die,
Leſt my ſad fate ſhould nouriſh pangs for you.

Raiſe me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore;

There only, baniſh'd from the ſcene I love,
My weeping virtue ſhall relapſe no more.

Be but my friend; I aſk no dearer name;
Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chaſe my ſhame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to ſhare.

Force not my tongue to aſk its ſcanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jeſſy to the vulgar crew;
Not ſuch the parent's board at which I fed!
Not ſuch the precepts from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil;
Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native ſoil."

She ſpoke—nor was I born of ſavage race;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
And vow'd to waſte her life in pray'rs for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
I ſaw her breaſt with every paſſion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard boſom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
My Jeſſy—floats upon the watery plain!

And ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and inſtruct the gay,
From Jeſſy floating on her watery bier!

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

AN ODE TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Written 1750.

WHILE orient ſkies reſtore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the ſprightly ſcenes of morn,
Will aught the muſe inſpire!
Oh! Peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the ſacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the moſſy down
Some panting, timorous hare purſue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does ſhe ſmooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude conſtraint reſound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched ſwain your ſport ſurvey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He ſees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curſes loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye ſwains, conclude
That nature ſmiles for you alone;
Your bounded ſouls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the ſelfiſh boaſt diſown:
Yours be the produce of the ſoil:
O may it ſtill reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceleſs train
Of clinging infants aſk ſupport in vain?

But though the various harveſt gild your plains,
Does the mere landſcape feaſt your eye?
Or the warm hope of diſtant gains
Far other cauſe of glee ſupply?
Is not the red-ſtreak's future juice
The ſource of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuſe,
Purpling a whole horizon round?

Athirſt ye praiſe the limpid ſtream, 'tis true:
But though, the pebbled ſhores among,
It mimic no unpleaſing ſong,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye ſee the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the ſpring her flowery robe reſume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a ſmile.
O let a rural conſcious muſe,
For well ſhe knows, your froward ſenſe accuſe:
Forth to the ſolemn oak you bring the ſquare,
And ſpan the maſſy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye ſtray
To waſte with us a ſummer's day.
Exclude the taſte of every ſwain,
Nor our untutor'd ſenſe diſdain:
'Tis nature only gives excluſive right
To reliſh her ſupreme delight;
She, where ſhe pleaſes kind or coy,
Who furniſhes the ſcene and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auſpicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hair-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For ſuch the rivers daſh the foaming tides,
The mountain ſwells the dale ſubſides;
Ev'n thriftleſs furze detains their wandering ſight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what ſuſpicious fearful care
The ſordid wretch ſecures his claim,
If haply ſome luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What ſcruples leſt ſome future birth
Should litigate a ſpan of earth!

Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for
profe,
The towering muſe endures not to diſcloſe;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehenſive and more free,
Her laviſh charter, taſte, appropriates all we ſee.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the ſolemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial ſort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the ſea:
Each laughing muſe derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria ſcorns the mock embrace,
To ſome lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle ſhores in dower.
His breaſt to admiration prone
Enjoys the ſmile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppreſſive laws,
When Somerſet avoids the great;
When, cloy'd with merited applauſe,
She ſeeks the rural calm retreat;
Does ſhe not praiſe each moſſy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could ſhe not more delighted hear
Yon throſtle chaunt the riſing year?
Could ſhe not ſpurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primroſe of the plains?
Does ſhe not ſweets in each fair valley find,
Loſt to the ſons of power, unknown to half mankind?

Ah, can ſhe covet there to ſee
The ſplendid ſlaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That ſlight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded ſpires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philoſophic ſtep retires:
While ſtudious of the moral theme,
She, to ſome ſmooth ſequeſter'd ſtream
Likens the ſwain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to ſurvey,
How cool, ſerene, and clear, the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who ſlight the ſweetly penſive mind!
On whoſe fair birth the graces mild,
And every muſe prophetic ſmil'd,
Not that the poet's boaſted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet ſwell;
Or, on the muſic of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted ſweets of praiſe remove,
Yet ſhall ſuch boſoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart: [prove
Yet theſe the ſpirits, form'd to judge and
All nature's charms immenſe, and heavens unbounded love.

And oh! the tranſport, moſt ally'd to ſong,
In ſome fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch ſoft hints from nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the ſloping hill,
Or ſmooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careleſs groups of roſes bloom;
Or let ſome ſhelter'd lake ſerene
Reflect flowers, woods and ſpires, and brighten all the ſcene.

O ſweet diſpoſal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy! [bower,
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd
And every gentle breaſt partakes the joy!
While charity at eve ſurveys the ſwain,
Enabled by theſe toils to cheer
A train of helpleſs infants dear,
Speed whiſtling home acroſs the plain;
See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
For half her graceleſs deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand theſe pleaſures with the name
Of ſoft, unſocial toils, of indolence and ſhame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful uſe alone; [dwell,
There while the ſeeds of future bloſſoms
'Tis colour'd for the ſight, perfum'd to pleaſe the ſmell.
Why knows the nightingale to ſing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why ſhines with paint the linnet's wing?
For ſuſtenance alone? For uſe?
For preſervation? Every ſphere
Shall bid fair pleaſure's rightful claim appear.
And ſure there ſeem, of human kind,
Some born to ſhun the ſolemn ſtrife;
Some for amuſive taſks deſign'd,
To ſooth the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding roſe,
New founts of bliſs diſcloſe,
Call forth refreſhing ſhades, and decorate repoſe.

From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit by the glare of rank and place,
To courts the ſons of fancy flew;
There long had art ordain'd a rival ſeat;
There had ſhe laviſh'd all her care
To form a ſcene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To ſhare her proud controul;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of nature's power,
Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flower;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each ruſtic limb anew,
And warp'd the very ſoul.
A while her magic ſtrikes the novel eye,
A while the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we ſeem to fly
On purple pinions through a purer ſky,

Where all is wondrous, all is bright:
Now landed on ſome ſpangled ſhore
A while each dazzled maniac roves
By ſapphire lakes, through emerald groves.
Paternal acres pleaſe no more;
Adieu the ſimple, the ſincere delight—
Th' habitual ſcene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the ſoil,
And drink the cup of thirſt, and eat the bread of toil.

But ſoon the pageant fades away!
'Tis nature only bears perpetual ſway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with ſplendour's irkſome beams.
Fancy again demands the ſight
Of native groves and wonted ſtreams,
Pants for the ſcenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where truth maintains her court, and baniſhes diſ-guiſe.

Then hither oft, ye ſenators, retire,
With nature here high converſe hold;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford ſhall with ſcorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the Britiſh oak's majeſtic ſhade,
Shall ſee fair truth, immortal maid,
Friendſhip in artleſs guiſe array'd,
Honour and moral beauty ſhine divine.
With more attractive charms, with radiance more

Yes, here alone did higheſt heaven ordain
The laſting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy ſeeks to ſhare
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever ſhould remain!

Her impulſe nothing may reſtrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, towers,
'Midſt all the city's artful trim,
To rear ſome breathleſs vapid flowers
Or ſhrubs fuliginouſly grim:
From rooms of ſilken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far diſtant grove,
Where, ſmit with undiſſembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her abſent love,
Borne to the duſty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and ſooth ſome vapour'd fair.

But how muſt faithleſs art prevail,
Should all who taſte our joy ſincere,
To virtue, truth, or ſcience dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no, from theſe the public ſphere requires
Examples for its giddy bands:
From theſe impartial heaven demands
To ſpread the flame itſelf inſpires;
To ſift opinion's mingled maſs,
Impreſs a nation's taſte, and bid the ſterling paſs.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whoſe graceful deeds have exemplary ſhone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By ſolemn grot, or ſhady ſpring,
To join their pleaſing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliſs without alloy,
They only that deſerve, enjoy.
What tho' nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
Nor Naiad near their fountain rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental ſight,
A train of ſmiling virtues bright
Shall there the wiſe retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

And though by faithleſs friends alarm'd,
Art have with nature wag'd preſumptuous war;
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united ſhine,
No longer ſhall their counſels jar,
'Tis her to mediate the peace;
Near Percy-lodge, with awe-ſtruck mien,
The rebel ſeeks her awful queen,
And havoc and contention ceaſe.
I ſee the rival powers combine,
And aid each other's fair deſign;
Nature exalt the mound where art ſhall build;
Art ſhape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.

Begin, ye ſongſters of the grove!
O warble forth your nobleſt lay;
Where Somerſet vouchſafe to rove,
Ye leverets, freely ſport and play,
—Peace to the ſtrepent horn!
Let no harſh diſſonance diſturb the morn,
No ſounds inelegant and rude
Her ſacred ſolitudes profane;
Unleſs her candour not exclude
The lowly ſhepherd's votive ſtrain,
Who tunes his reed amidſt his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averſe, that Somerſet ſhould hear.

ODE TO MEMORY. 1748.

O MEMORY! celeſtial maid!
Who glean'ſt the flowerets cropt by time;
And, ſuffering not a leaf to fade,
Preſerv'ſt the bloſſoms of our prime;
Bring, bring thoſe moments to my mind
When life was new, and Leſbia kind.
And bring that garland to my ſight,
With which my favour'd crook ſhe bound;
And bring that wreath of roſes bright
Which then my feſtive temples crown'd;
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things ſhe deign'd to ſay.

And ſketch with care the muſe's bower,
Where Iſis rolls her ſilver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That ſhines on Cherwell's verdant ſide;
If ſo thou may'ſt thoſe hours prolong,
When poliſh'd Lycon join'd my ſong.

The ſong it 'vails not to recite—
But ſure, to ſooth our youthful dreams,
Thoſe banks and ſtreams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other ſtreams;

Or, by thy ſoftening pencil ſhown,
Aſſume thy beauties not their own?

And paint that ſweetly vacant ſcene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My ſpirits light, my ſoul ſerene,
I breath'd in verſe one cordial vow:
That nothing ſhould my ſoul inſpire,
But friendſhip warm, and love entire.

Dull to the ſenſe of new delight,
On thee the drooping muſe attends;
As ſome fond lover, robb'd of ſight,
On thy expreſſive power depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that ſhines.

But let me chaſe thoſe vows away
Which at ambition's ſhrine I made;
Nor ever let thy ſkill diſplay
Thoſe anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breaſt that ſeaſon raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I beſtrode;
When, pleas'd in many a ſportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whiſtle that I blew.

Then will I muſe, and penſive ſay,
Why did not theſe enjoyments laſt;
How ſweetly waſted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waſte!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleaſure yield us pain.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH:

A ballad alluding to a ſtory recorded of her, when ſhe was priſoner at Woodſtock, 1554.

Will you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and ſway.

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others ſlighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
Stranger to the art of malice,
Who would ever courts purſue?

Malice never taught to treaſure,
Cenſure never taught to bear:
Love is all the ſhepherd's pleaſure;
Love is all the damſel's care.

How can they of humble ſtation
Vainly blame the powers above?
Or accuſe the diſpenſation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Power nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of heaven!
Only pureſt on the plain!

Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
As on Sundays, does the lover
With his noſegay on his breaſt.

Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion;
But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail
Cowſlips all around her ſpringing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

Ruſtics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY.

Somewhat too ſolicitous about her manner of expreſſion.

Survey, my fair! that lucid ſtream,
Adown the ſmiling valley ſtray;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy ſhining hair
In looſe diſhevell'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one ſingle grace beſtow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmoſt ſkill
Inſtruct one flower to pleaſe us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks diſcloſe;
And oh may Laura, ere ſhe try,
With freſh vermilion paint the roſe.

Hark how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every ſtudy'd grace excel;
Let art conſtrain the rambling note,
And will ſhe, Laura, pleaſe ſo well?

Oh ever keep thy native eaſe,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to pleaſe,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY OF THE VALE. A BALLAD.

" Nerine Gallatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
" Candidior cygnis! hederâ formoſior albâ!"

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing ray:
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artleſs bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſt the ſcene, he bleſt the hour,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

" Let fops with fickle falſehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden every grove;

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair Etham's dale!
And every bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams
And every ſhining glance diſplay'd
The Naiad of the ſtreams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That floats on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, ſprung,
And glittering near its ſide.

Freſh as the bordering flowers, her bloom:
Her eye, all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found;
And ſhadowing rock and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet;
Or fortune to her ſecret-cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline:
" Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I thoſe charms forego;
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

ODE TO INDOLENCE. 1750.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Perſiſts my wearied ſoul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, ſtrives to bring
Or pleaſure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From paradiſe's honour'd groves,
Careleſs fatigues his little frame;
Nor finds the reſting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural moſſy bed
My limbs with careleſs eaſe reclin'd;
Ah, gentle ſloth! indulgent ſpread
The ſame ſoft bandage o'er my mind.

For why ſhould lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly proſpect cloy?
Lend me, ſoft ſloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'ſt thou yon calm and ſilent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempeſtuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank ſhall riſe,
Where oft thy votary ſhall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the ſkies,
And ſickening verdure fades around.

Ye buſy race, ye factious train,
That haunt ambition's guilty ſhrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puiſſant queen! be kind:
If e'er I ſhar'd thy balmy power;
If e'er I ſway'd my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bower;

Diſſolve in ſleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing ſigh remove;
And only let me wake to ſhare,
The ſweets of friendſhip and of love.

ODE TO HEALTH. 1730.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why doſt thou ſhun my peaceful bower,
Where I had hope to ſhare thy power,
And bleſs thy laſting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether muſe or grace,
With tempting ſmile, frequent the place:
I ſigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy ſtay;
Thou yet might'ſt act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'ſt raiſe this languid heart;
Why ſpeed ſo ſwift away?

Thou ſcorn'ſt the city-air;
I breathe freſh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet haſt not thou my wiſhes crown'd,
O falſe! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with pureſt hand I raiſe
A rural altar to thy praiſe,
Thou wilt not deign to ſave.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boaſted name, and titles fair,
Why ſcorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'ſt the ſportſman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noiſe,
To drown the muſe's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes,
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, 'midſt his unremitting ſnows,
The poor Laponian's boſom glows;
And ſhares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When, though I ſcorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor ſaid a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bleſt than I?
When the glad ſchool-boy's taſk was done,
And forth, with jocund ſprite, I run
To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What ſince have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loſs repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor leſſen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could ſink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my ſtars include;
What other breaſts convert to pain,
My towering mind ſhall ſoon diſdain,
Should ſcorn---Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And bleſt with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my ſoul ſhould dwell;

Temperance ſhould guard the doors;
From room to room ſhould memory ſtray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleaſing ſtores---

There let them reſt unknown,
The types of many a pleaſing ſcene:
But to preſerve them bright or clean,
Is thine fair queen! alone.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY *,

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY. 1738.

Ah! what is ſcience, what is art,
Or what the pleaſure theſe impart?

Ye trophies, which the learn'd purſue
Through endleſs fruitleſs toils adieu!

What can the tedious tomes beſtow,
To ſooth the miſeries they ſhow?
What, like the bliſs for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the ſimpleſt hind,
How rare that object which ſupplies
A charm for too diſcerning eyes!

The poliſh'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper ſenſe of pain:
As each invading blaſt devours
The richeſt fruits, the faireſt flowers.

Sages, with irkſome waſte of time,
The ſteep aſcent of knowledge climb;
Then from the towering heights they ſcale,
Behold contentment range---the vale.

Yet why, Aſteria, tell us why
We ſcorn the crowd, when you are nigh;
Why then does reaſon ſeem ſo fair,
Why learning, then, deſerve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your ſhelves behold,
While you ſo fair a proof unfold
What force the brighteſt genius draws
From poliſh'd wiſdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What ſtrange perfection bids us own
That bliſs with toilſome ſcience dwells,
And happieſt he, who moſt excells?

UPON A VISIT TO THE SAME, IN WINTER. 1748.

On fair Aſteria's bliſsful plains,
Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we paſs the winter's day;
And charm the dull-ey'd ſpleen away!

No linnet, from the leafleſs bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Aſteria's tongue,
Nor wiſh the linnet's vernal ſong.

No flowers emit their tranſient rays:
Yet ſure Aſteria's wit diſplays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty ſhines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd ſtreams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams:
Aſteria's preſence wakes the lyre:
And well ſupplies poetic fire.

The fields have loſt their lovely dye;
No cheerful azure decks the ſky;
Yet ſtill we bleſs the low'ring day;
Aſteria ſmiles---and all is gay.

Hence let the muſe no more preſume,
To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
Accuſe his loitering hours no more;
But ah! their envious haſte deplore!

For ſoon, from wit and friendſhip's reign,
The ſocial hearth, the ſprightly vein,

* *Lady Luxborough.*

I go---to meet the coming year,
On ſavage plains, and deſerts drear!

I go---to feed on pleaſures flown,
Nor find the ſpring my loſs atone!
But 'mid the flowery ſweets of May
With pride recall this winter's day.

AN IRREGULAR ODE AFTER SICKNESS.
1749.

" ---Melius, cum venerit ipſa, canemus."

Too long a ſtranger to repoſe,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I roſe,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with panſies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The ſun's forgotten beams:
O ſun! how pleaſing were thy rays,
Reflected from the poliſh'd face
Of yon refulgent ſtreams!

Rais'd by the ſcene, my feeble tongue
Eſſay'd again the ſweets of ſong:
And thus, in feeble ſtrains and ſlow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

" Come, gentle air! my languid limbs reſtore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian ſhore:
For ſure, I heard the tender ſighs,
I ſeem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapleſs youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfiniſh'd love:
To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the ſight of theſe ethereal ſkies;
Debarr'd the luſtre of their Delia's eyes;
And baniſh'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jas'mine's breath divine;
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor ſpare the ſweet-leaft eglantine.
And may'ſt thou ſhun the rugged ſtorm
Till health her wonted charms explain,
With rural pleaſure in her train,
To greet me in her faireſt form.
While from this lofty mount I view
The ſons of earth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains beneath me ſtray,
And ſeek with erring ſtep contentment's obvious way.

Come, gentle air! and thou, celeſtial muſe,
Thy genial flame infuſe;
Enough to lend a penſive boſom aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy ſhade;
Enough to rear ſuch ruſtic lays
As foes may ſlight, but partial friends will praiſe."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers;
Such as the bee, with chemic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or ſcents Sabea's blooming vales.

But ah! the nymphs that heal the penſive mind,
By preſcripts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan
Oh, how ſhould they relieve?---the muſes all were flown.

By flowery plain, or woodland ſhades,
I fondly ſought the charming maids;
By woodland ſhades, or flowery plain,
I ſought them, faithleſs maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendſhip lead,
To viſit Luxborough's honour'd bower.

Ah fooliſh man! to ſeek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near leſs verdant ſhades;
Scarce have my footſteps preſs'd the favour'd ground,
When ſounds ethereal ſtrike my ear;
At once celeſtial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The muſes here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careleſs mien,
The ſportive graces trip the green.

But whilſt I wander'd e'er a ſcene ſo fair,
Too well at one ſurvey I trace,
How every muſe, and every grace,
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a ſtone enrich'd with lively ſtain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal ſtore,
Falls not a plume on India's diſtant plain,
Glows not a ſhell on Adria's rocky ſhore,
But, torn methought from native lands or ſeas,
From their arrangement, gain freſh power to pleaſe.

And ſome had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeck'd with every ſhrub that blows;
And ſome entwin'd the willing ſprays,
To ſhield th' illuſtrious dame's repoſe:
Others had grac'd the ſprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or, 'mid the decorated ſpace,
Aſſign'd the laurell'd buſt a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of ſhow.
And now from every taſk withdrawn,
They met and friſk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! woe is me, ſaid I;
And * * *'s hilly circuit heard my cry,
Have I for this, with labour ſtrove,
And laviſh'd all my little ſtore
To fence for you my ſhady grove,
And ſcollop every winding ſhore;
And fringe with every purple roſe,
The ſapphire ſtream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unſeen my votive ſhades,
When pale diſeaſe, and torturing pain,
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a reſtleſs couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted taſks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To ſwell the ſong, or plan the ſhade;

By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while ſhe marks the ſage command,
More lovely ſcenes her ſkill ſhall raiſe,
Her lyre reſound with nobler lays
Than ever you inſpir'd.
Thus I may rage and grief diſplay;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a grace or muſe return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME COLOURED PATTERNS OF FLOWERS.

October 7, 1736.

MADAM,

THOUGH rude the draughts, though artleſs ſeem the lines,
From one unſkill'd in verſe, or in deſigns;
Oft has good-nature been the fool's defence,
And honeſt meaning gilded want of ſenſe.
Fear not, though flowers and beauty grace my lay,
To praiſe one fair, another ſhall decay.
No lily, bright with painted foliage, here,
Shall only languiſh, when Selinda's near:
A fate revers'd no ſmiling roſe ſhall know,
Nor with reflected luſtre doubly glow.
Praiſes which languiſh when apply'd to you,
Where flattering ſchemes ſeem obviouſly true.
Yet ſure your ſex is near to flowers ally'd,
Alike in ſoftneſs, and alike in pride:
Foes to retreat, and ever fond to ſhine,
Both ruſh to danger, and the ſhades decline;
Expos'd, the ſhort-liv'd pageants of a day,
To painted flies or glittering fops a prey:
Chang'd with each wind, nor one ſhort day the ſame,
Each clouded ſky affects their tender frame.
In glaring Chloe's man-like taſte and mien,
Are the groſs ſplendours of the tulip ſeen:
Diſtant they ſtrike, inelegantly gay,
To the near view no pleaſing charms diſplay.
To form the nymph, a vulgar wit muſt join,
As coarſer foils will moſt the flower refine.
Ophelia's beauties let the jas'mine paint,
Too faintly ſoft, too nicely elegant.
Around with ſeeming ſanctity endued,
The paſſion-flower may beſt expreſs the prude.
Like the gay roſe, too rigid Silvia ſhines,
While, like its guardian thorn, her virtue joins—
Happy the nymph! from all their failures free,
Happy the nymph! in whom their charms agree.
Faint theſe productions, till you bid diſcloſe,
The pink new ſplendours, and freſh tints the roſe:
And yet condemn not trivial draughts like theſe,
Form'd to improve, and make ev'n trifles pleaſe.
A power like yours minuter beauties warms,
And yet can blaſt the moſt aſpiring charms:
Thus, at the rays whence other objects ſhine,
The taper ſickens, and its flames decline.
When by your art the purple violet lives,
And the pale lily ſprightlier charms receives:
Garters to me ſhall glow inferior far,
And with leſs pleaſing luſtre ſhine the ſtar.
Let ſerious trifiers, fond of wealth or fame,
On toils like theſe beſtow too ſoft a name;
Each gentler art with wiſe indifference view,
And ſcorn one trifle, millions to purſue:
More artful I, their ſpecious ſchemes deride:
Fond to pleaſe you, by you in theſe employ'd;
A nobler taſk, or more ſublime deſire,
Ambition ne'er could form, nor pride inſpire:
The ſweets of tranquil life and rural eaſe
Amuſe ſecurely, nor leſs juſtly pleaſe.
Where gentle pleaſure ſhows her milder power,
Or blooms in fruit, or ſparkles in the flower;
Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme;
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the ſtream;
Dawns, with each happier ſtroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, ſmiling lives;
Is heard, when Silvia ſtrikes the warbling ſtrings,
Selinda ſpeaks, or Philomela ſings:
Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
The evening ramble, and the noon-day glade:
Some viſionary fair ſhe cheats our view,
Then only vigorous, when ſhe ſeems like you.
Yet nature ſome for ſprightlier joys deſign'd,
For brighter ſcenes, with nicer care, refin'd.
When the gay jewel radiant ſtreams ſupplies,
And vivid brilliants meet your brighter eyes;
When dreſs and pomp around the fancy play,
By fortune's dazzling beauties borne away;
When theatres for you the ſcenes forego,
And the box bows, obſequiouſly low:
How dull the plan which indolence has drawn,
The moſſy grotto, or the flowery lawn!
Though roſeate ſcents in every wind exhale,
And ſylvan warblers charm in every pale.
Of theſe be hers the choice whom all approve;
And whom but thoſe who envy, all muſt love:
By nature modell'd, by experience taught,
To know and pity every female fault:
Pleas'd ev'n to hear her ſex's virtues ſhown,
And blind to none's perfections but her own:
Whilſt, humble fair! of theſe too few ſhe knows,
Yet owns too many for the world's repoſe:
From wit's wild petulance ſerenely free,
Yet bleſt in all that nature can decree.
Not like a fire, which, whilſt it burns, alarms;
A modeſt flame, that gently ſhines and warms:
Whoſe mind, in every light, can charms diſplay,
With wiſdom ſerious, and with humour gay;
Juſt as her eyes in each bright poſture warm,
And fiercely ſtrike, or languiſhingly charm:
Such are your honours—mention'd to your coaſt,
Thoſe leaſt can hear them, who deſerve them moſt:
Yet ah! forgive—the leſs inventive muſe,
If e'er ſhe ſing, a copious theme muſt chooſe.

Written in a Flower Book of my own colouring, deſigned for Lady Plymouth. 1753-4.

"Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ." HOR.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treaſures here,
The pride of all the blooming year;
And let me, thence, a garland frame,
To crown this fair, this peerleſs dame!
But ah! ſince envious winter lowers,
And Hewell meads reſign their flowers,
Let art and friendſhip joint eſſay
Diffuſe their flowerets in her way.

Not nature can herſelf prepare
A worthy wreath for Leſbia's hair,
Whoſe temper, like her forehead, ſmooth,
Whoſe thoughts and accents form'd to ſooth,
Whoſe pleaſing mien, and make refin'd,
Whoſe artleſs breaſt, and poliſh'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deſerv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'Twas in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, ſpent with toil,
Had ſought refreſhment from the ſhade;
And ſtretch'd him on the moſſy ſoil.

A vagrant muſe drew nigh, and found
The ſubtle traitor faſt aſleep;
And is it thine to ſnore profound,
She ſaid, yet leave the world to weep?

But huſh—from this auſpicious hour,
The world, I ween, may reſt in peace;
And, robb'd of darts, and ſtript of power,
Thy peeviſh petulance decreaſe.

Sleep on, poor child! whilſt I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Caſtalion fount ſhe ſaw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill judging maid!
Shall cauſe you ſoon to curſe the day
You dar'd the ſhafts of love invade;
And gave his arms redoubled ſway.

For in a ſtream ſo wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid ſearches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive ſpoils be found?

Too ſoon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the muſe's myſtic ſpring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;
And taught at once to love and ſing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to ſwell the lyre;
And echo aſks no ſweeter ſong.

ODE. WRITTEN 1739.

"Urit ſpes animi credula mutui." HOR.

'Twas not by beauty's aid alone,
That love uſurp'd his airy throne,
His boaſted power diſplay'd;
'Tis kindneſs that ſecures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty firſt convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the roſe's hue
Have all its ſweets combin'd;
Yet vain the bluſh, and faint the fire,
'Till lips at once, and eyes conſpire
To prove the charmer kind—

Though wit might gild the tempting ſnare,
With ſofteſt accent, ſweeteſt air,
By envy's ſelf admir'd;
If Leſbia's wit betray'd her ſcorn,
In vain might every grace adorn
What every muſe inſpir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He ſcorn'd the pangs of wild deſire,
Which love-ſick ſwains endure:
Reſolv'd to brave the keeneſt dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart;
And ſmiles—muſt ever cure.

But ah! how falſe theſe maxims prove,
How frail ſecurity from love,
Experience hourly ſhows!
Love can imagin'd ſmiles ſupply,
On every charming lip and eye
Eternal ſweets beſtows.

In vain we truſt the fair-one's eyes;
In vain the ſage explores the ſkies,
To learn from ſtars his fate:
Till, led by fancy wide aſtray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wiſe—too late.

As partial to their words we prove;
Then boldly join the liſts of love,
With towering hopes ſupply'd:
See heroes, taught by doubtful ſhrines,
Miſtook their deity's deſigns;
Then took the field—and dy'd.

THE DYING KID.

"Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
"Prima fugit——" VIRG.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid muſt die;
From cryſtal ſpring, and flowery mead,
Muſt, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in ſportive circles round
She ſaw him wheel, and friſk, and bound;
From rock to rock purſue his way;
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She ſaw him climb my ruſtic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And ſeem all raviſh'd at the ſight.

She tells, with what delight he ſtood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then ſkipp'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager ſpeed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And ſtedfaſt ear, devour'd the ſound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deſerves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid muſt die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wiſe,
How ſoon this blameleſs era flies?
While violence and craft ſucceed;
Unfair deſign, and ruthleſs deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah ſoon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more thoſe bowers might Strephon ſee,
Where firſt he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more thoſe beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward paſſion ſoon would tear
His boſom, now ſo void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but inſipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life ſo ſhort a date;
And I will join thy tendereſt ſighs,
To think that youth ſo ſwiftly flies!

SONGS,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1737 AND 1742.

SONG I.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were ſmall, my flocks were few;
While faultering accents ſpoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove ſincere.

Of crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant ſheep that left my fold:
Of theſe ſhe heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How, if ſhe deign my love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for dreſs;
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear;
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love's ſincere.

SONG II.

THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I paſs'd the day!
Was ever ſcene ſo deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers ſo gay?

How ſweetly ſmil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landſcape round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I ſpeed to meet my dear,
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And check my fond career.

No more, ſince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee:
That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG III.

Ye gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every Britiſh mind;
Be ſure ye ſooth their amorous flames,
Be ſure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting ſighs away:
To mourn the night's oppreſſive gloom
And faintly bleſs the riſing day.

And cruel 'twere, a free-born ſwain,
A Britiſh youth, ſhould vainly moan;
Who, ſcornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed ſpear, nor links of ſteel,
Could e'er thoſe gallant minds ſubdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleaſure feel,
And boaſt the fetters wrought by you.

SONG IV.

THE SKY-LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her the ſounds that ſooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau
And all his flaunting race with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

SONG V.

"Ah! ego non aliter triſtes evincere morbos
"Optarem, quam te ſic quoque velle putem."

On every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial ſpring in vain!
A ſickly languor veils mine eyes,
And ſaft my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
That ſmile on others, ſmile on me;
Mine eyes from death ſhall court repoſe,
Nor ſhed a tear before they cloſe.

What bleſs to me can ſeaſons bring?
Or what the needleſs pride of ſpring?
The cypreſs bough, that ſuits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine ſo freſh and fair
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural ſtore ſome pleaſure yield;
So white a flock, ſo green a field!

My friends, that each in kindneſs vie,
Might well expect one parting ſigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon inſincere?

But ere I aſk once more to view
Yon ſetting ſun his race renew,
Inform me, ſwains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG VI.

THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.

Yes; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and ſhape and air:
But ſtill, to perfect every grace,
She wants---the ſmile upon her face.

The crown majeſtic Juno wore;
And Cynthia's brow the creſcent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But ſmile's diſtinguiſh'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of ſmiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentleſt doves:
And from her zone, the nymph may find,
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then ſmile, my fair; and all whoſe aim
Aſpires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living ſtone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG VII. 1744.

The lovely Delia ſmiles again;
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can ſhe forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day:
A while we ſee the tempeſt lower;
Anon the radiant heaven ſurvey,
And quite forget the flitting ſhower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burniſh'd by the tranſient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils ſpread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The ſprightly birds, that droop'd no leſs
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note expreſs
The joy I feel---when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742.

When bright Roxana treads the green,
In all the pride of dreſs and mien;
Averſe to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty ſtrikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roſes die.

But when, diſclaiming art, the fair
Aſſumes a ſoft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
The ſcene improves, where'er ſhe goes,
More ſweetly ſmile the pink and roſe.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy ſhepherd inſincere;
Pity a wild illuſive flame,
That varies objects ſtill the ſame;
And let their very changes prove
The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG IX. 1743.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

'Tis ſaid that under diſtant ſkies,
Nor you the fact deny;
What firſt attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a roſe,
That ſhares the morning's ray,
May to the waking ſwain diſcloſe
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant power,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
Where blooms the ſovereign flower.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmoſt bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artleſs linnet ſings.

The ſwain ſurveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns, upon her friendly aid,
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flower,
To tempt a votary's prayer!
How would his humble homage tower
Should he behold my fair!

Yes---might the pagan's waking eyes,
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his laſting choice,
Nor dare, nor wiſh to change.

SONG X. 1743.

The fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from theſe fountains bear my dear;
A little ſpace is given; in vain;
She robs my ſight, and ſhuns the plain.

A little ſpace, for me to prove
My boundleſs flame, my endleſs love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that ſpace devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eaſtern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aſide.

The chief that knows of ſuccours nigh,
And ſees his mangled legions die,
Caſts not a more impatient glance,
To ſee the loitering aids advance,

Not more, the ſchool-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To ſee ſome friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's laſt embrace—

She comes---but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair encloſe!
Oh! better hadſt thou ſhunn'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unſeen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my ſighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

SONG XI. 1744.

Perhaps it is not love, ſaid I,
That melts my ſoul when Flavia's nigh;
Where wit and ſenſe like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her poliſh'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wiſh the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love---averſe to bear
The ſervile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts diſpel---it is not love---

Oh! when did wit ſo brightly ſhine
In any form leſs fair than thine?
It is—it is love's ſubtle fire,
And under friendſhip lurks deſire.

SONG XII. 1744.

O'er deſert plains, and ruſhy meers,
And wither'd heaths, I rove;
Where tree, nor ſpire, nor cot appears,
I paſs to meet my love.

But though my path were damaſk'd o'er
With beauties e'er ſo fine;
My buſy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone---on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace pleaſe mine eye:
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, ſhould eaſtern kings advance;
Could I the pageant ſee:
Splendour might catch one ſcornful glance,
Nor ſteal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII.

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

By the ſide of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whiſper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the rill;
I vow'd to the muſes my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the ſmiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I ſung,
And Delia's lov'd name ſcarce eſcap'd from my tongue;
But if once a ſmooth accent delighted my ear,
I ſhould wiſh, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With faireſt ideas my boſom I ſtor'd,
Alluſive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with ſtudy my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impreſſion ſhe made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I purſue,
I ſtill muſt my Delia's dear image renew:
The graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the muſes are all in alliance with love.

SONG XIV.

THE ROSE-BUD.

See, Daphne, ſee, Florelio cry'd,
And learn the ſad effects of pride;
Yon ſhelter'd roſe, how ſafe conceal'd!
How quickly blaſted, when reveal'd!

The ſun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale ſucceeds from eaſtern ſkies,
And all its bluſhing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to ſhine
Where fame's tranſporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more ſecure.

The breath of ſome neglected maid
Shall make you ſigh you left the ſhade;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the roſe, an eaſtern wind.

The nymph reply'd---You firſt, my ſwain,
Confine your ſonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike diſarms,
You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's ſkill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
Or what the roſe's bluſh, unſeen?

SONG XV.

WINTER. 1746.

No more, ye warbling birds, rejoice:
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
Echo alone preſerves her voice,
And ſhe---repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-ſick limbs I lay,
To ſhun the ruſhing wind,
Its buſy murmurs ſeem to ſay,
"She never will be kind!"

The Naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
In icy chains repine;
And each in ſullen ſilence mourns
Her freedom loſt, like mine!

Soon will the ſun's returning rays
The cheerleſs froſt controul;
When will relenting Delia chaſe
The winter of my ſoul?

SONG XVI.

DAPHNE'S VISIT.

Ye birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay ſalute my love:
My Daphne with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footſteps riſe:
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes;
That ſhe your opening charms may ſee:
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! bruſh each fragrant flower,
And ſhed its odours round my bower:
Or never more, O gentle wind,
Shall I, from thee, refreſhment find.

Ye ſtreams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſooth my fair!
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my deſpair.

And thou, my grot! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds,
May Daphne praiſe thy peaceful gloom!
Or thou ſhalt prove her Damon's tomb.

SONG XVII.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Not yet is thought ſo tedious grown,
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee through yonder ſilent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove;
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The ſole confuſion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inſpire:
I ſcorn the madneſs you approve,
And value reaſon next to love.

SONG XVIII.

When bright Ophelia treads the green,
In all the pride of dreſs and mien:
Averſe to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day;
Methinks to my inchanted eye,
The lilies droop, the roſes die.

But when, diſdaining art, the fair
Aſſumes a ſoft, engaging air:
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay:
The ſcene improves where'er ſhe goes,
More ſweetly ſmiles the pink and roſe.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon inſincere.

Pity my wild deluſive flame:
For though the flowers are ſtill the ſame,
To me they languiſh, or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love.

SONG XIX.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Yes, theſe are the ſcenes where with Iris I ſtray'd,
But ſhort was her ſway for ſo lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyſter ſhe run;
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion muſt prove
So fatal to beauty, ſo killing to love!

Yes, theſe are the meadows, the ſhrubs, and the plains;
Once the ſcene of my pleaſures, the ſcene of my pains;
How many ſoft moments I ſpent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be ſtill though, my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the ſeaſon of love is no more.

With her how I ſtray'd amid fountains and bowers,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flowers!
Then breathleſs with ardour my fair one purſued,
And to think with what kindneſs my garland ſhe view'd! o'er:
But be ſtill, my fond heart! this emotion give
Fain wouldſt thou forget thou muſt love her no more.

A PARODY.

When firſt, Philander, firſt I came
Where Avon rolls his winding ſtream,
The nymphs---how briſk! the ſwains---how gay!
To ſee Aſteria, queen of May!
The parſons round, her praiſes ſung!
The ſteeples, with her praiſes rung!---
I thought---no ſight, that e'er was ſeen,
Could match the ſight of Barel's-green!---

But now, ſince old Eugenio dy'd---
The chief of poets, and the pride---
Now, meaner bards in vain aſpire
To raiſe their voice, to tune their lyre!
Their lovely ſeaſon, now, is o'er!
Thy notes, Florelio, pleaſe no more!
No more Aſteria's ſmiles are ſeen!---
Adieu!---the ſweets of Barel's-green!

THE HALCYON.

Why o'er the verdant banks of Ooze
Does yonder halcyon ſpeed ſo faſt?
'Tis all becauſe ſhe would not loſe
Her favourite calm that will not laſt.

The ſun with azure paints the ſkies,
The ſtream reflects each flowery ſpray:
And frugal of her time ſhe flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in ſome rocky cell remain;
To ſeek for pleaſure, well ſhe knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Deſcend, ſhe cries, thou hated ſhower,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,

For I have choſe a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my Silvia, ſure will own
Life's azure ſeaſons ſwiftly roll:
And when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but ſhocks the ſoul.

Could Damon but deſerve thy charms,
And thou art Damon's only theme;
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon ſkims the ſtream.

O D E.

So dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That ſeaſons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when every muſe,
When every grace benignant ſmil'd,
With all a parent's breaſt could chooſe
To bleſs her lov'd, her only child:
'Tis thine, ſo richly grac'd to prove
More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time.
Together mus'd in ſearch of truth,
O'er learned ſage, or bard ſublime;
And well thy cultur'd breaſt I know,
What wonderous treaſure it can ſhow.

Come then, reſume thy charming lyre,
And ſing ſome patriot's worth ſublime,
Whilſt I in fields of ſoft deſire
Conſume my fair and fruitleſs prime;
Whoſe reed aſpires but to diſplay
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily ſooth thy ſtudious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And fame ſits liſtening for thy lays
To ſwell her trump with Lucio's praiſe.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the ſportſman from her neſt,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly ſhows her tortur'd breaſt:
O let him, conſcious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to ſpare.

A PASTORAL ODE,

TO THE HON. SIR RICHARD LYTTLETON.

The morn diſpens'd a dubious light
A ſullen miſt had ſtol'n from ſight
Each pleaſing vale and hill;
When Damon left his humble bowers,
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or check his wandering rill.

Though ſchool'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The ſwain beneath each lowering ſky,
Would oft his fate bemoan;
That he in ſylvan ſhades, forlorn!
Muſt waſte his cheerleſs ev'n and morn.
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obſtreperous noiſe,
Yet to the whiſpers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe:
The pleaſures he through choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depreſs'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beſide,
Where coots in ruſhy dingles hide,
And moorcocks ſhun the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undiſmay'd,
Remarks the ſwain's familiar ſhade,
And ſcorn to quit their prey.

But ſee the radiant ſun once more
The brightening face of heaven reſtore
And raiſe the doubtful dawn;
And, more to gild his rural ſphere,
At once the brighteſt train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the ſhepherd's frame,
To think * Bridgewater's honour'd name
Should grace his ruſtic cell;
That ſhe, on all whoſe motions wait
Diſtinction, titles, rank, and ſtate,
Should rove where ſhepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour ſway'd, by taſte refin'd,
Will nought but vice diſdain;
Nor will the breaſt where fancy glows
Deem every flower a weed that blows
Amid the deſart plain.

Beſeems it ſuch, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:
At moſt ſuch garlands from the field,
As cowſlips, pinks, and panſies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet ſtrive, ye ſhepherds, ſtrive to find,
And weave the faireſt of the kind,
The prime of all the ſpring;
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring,

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conſcious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien;
How did the ſprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the ſong,
'Mid hazel copſes green;

Lo, Dartmouth on thoſe banks reclin'd,
While buſy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder ſhed,
As through inchantment, ſhine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could every nymph deſcend to ſtray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?

* *The Ducheſs, married to Sir R. Lyttleton.*

Elſe, by the blooming features fair
The faultleſs make, the matchleſs air,
'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would ſome tuberoſe delight,
That ſtruck the pilgrim's wondering ſight
'Mid lonely defarts drear;
All as at eve, the ſovereign flower
Diſpenſes round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Muſt I ambition's charms deride,
Her ſubtle force diſown;
No more of fawns or fairies dream,
While fancy, near each cryſtal ſtream,
Shall paint theſe forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathleſs mead,
I deem'd that ſplendour ne'er ſhould lead
My dazzled eyes aſtray;
But who, alas! will dare contend,
If beauty aid, or merit blend
Its more illuſtrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive ſwain!
Since Guernſey ſaw without diſdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The * partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praiſe,
Had ſtol'n through life unſeen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
To ſmile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to diſcloſe
How fair that courteſey which flows
From ſocial warmth ſincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since Pollio ſought this lonely ſhade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The nobleſt breaſt that virtue fires,
The graces love, the muſe inſpires,
Might pant for Pollio's praiſe.

Say, Thomſon, here was known to reſt,
For him yon vernal ſeat I dreſt,
Ah, never to return!
In place of wit and melting ſtrains,
And ſocial mirth, it now remains
To weep beſide his urn.

Come then, my Lælius, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy ſhore
With roſes and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuſe,
That envy'd his impartial muſe
To ſing your early praiſe.

While Philo, to whoſe favour'd ſight,
Antiquity with full delight,
Her inmoſt wealth diſplays;
Beneath yon ruins moulder'd wall
Shall muſe, and with his friend recal!
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too ſhall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the ſtream ſo lovely clear,
That ſhone the reeds among;

Yet clearneſs could it not diſcloſe,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's poliſh'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whoſe fervent periods roll
Reſiſtleſs! through the kindling ſoul
Of ſenates, councils, kings!
Though form'd for courts, vouchſaf'd to rove
Inglorious, through the ſhepherd's grove,
And ope his baſhful ſprings.

But what can courts diſcover more,
Than theſe rude haunts have ſeen before,
Each fount and ſhady tree?
Have not theſe trees and fountains ſeen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerleſs Ayleſbury?

And Grenville, ſhe whoſe radiant eyes
Have mark'd by ſlow gradation riſe
The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd theſe unembelliſh'd woods,
And ſmil'd to ſee the babbling floods
Through ſelf-worn mazes flow.

Say, Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the penſive ſhade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the ſprightlineſs of youth,
By cool reflection ſway'd?

Brave, yet humane, ſhall Smith appear,
Ye ſailors, though his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other ſpheres to charm,
The ſhepherds' breaſts though mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton! my honour'd gueſt,
Could I deſcribe thy generous breaſt,
Thy firm, yet poliſh'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conſpires with fame;
The ſong ſhould pleaſe mankind.

VERSES

Written towards the cloſe of the year 1748.

TO WILLIAM LYTTLETON, ESQ.

How blithly paſs'd the ſummer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To viſit Damon's bower!

But now, with ſilent ſtep, I range
Along ſome lonely ſhore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne
In queſt of joy they ſteer;
Whilſt I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O penſive autumn! how I grieve
Thy ſorrowing face to ſee!
When languid ſuns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying ſcene ſurvey!
Haſte, winter, haſte; uſurp the ſky;
Complete my bower's decay.

* *They were ſchoolfellows.*

Ill can I bear the motely caſt
  Yon ſickening leaves retain;
That ſpeak at once of pleaſure paſt,
  And bode approaching pain.

At home unbleſt, I gaze around,
  My diſtant ſcenes require;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
  Are hamlet, hill, and ſpire.

Though Thomſon, ſweet deſcriptive bard!
  Inſpiring autumn ſung;
Yet how ſhould we the months regard,
  That ſtopt his flowing tongue?

Ah luckleſs months, of all the reſt,
  To whoſe hard ſhare it fell!
For ſure he was the gentleſt breaſt
  That ever ſung ſo well.

And ſee, the ſwallows now diſown
  The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
  To glad ſome happier ſhore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
  The ſportſman's frantic deed;
While hounds and horns and yells unite
  To drown the muſe's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown,
  Ye ſkies no longer blue!
Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
  To bear theſe frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unſullied green?
  The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where ſweet friendſhip's cordial mien,
  That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine diſcloſe her dyes,
  And boaſt her purple ſtore;
Not all the vineyard's rich ſupplies
  Can ſooth our ſorrows more.

He! he is gone, whoſe moral ſtrain
  Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whoſe ſocial vein
  Surpaſs'd the pow'r of wine.

Faſt by the ſtreams he deign'd to praiſe
  In yon ſequeſter'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raiſe;
  To him, and friendly love.

Yes, there, my friend! forlorn and ſad,
  I 'grave your Thomſon's name;
And there, his lyre; which fate forbade
  To ſound your growing fame.

There ſhall my plaintive ſong recount
  Dark themes of hopeleſs woe;
And faſter than the dropping fount,
  I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in ſpite of autumn green,
  Shall ſhade the hallow'd ground;
And ſpring will there again be ſeen,
  To call forth flowers around.

But no kind ſons will bid me ſhare,
  Once more, his ſocial hour;
Ah ſpring! thou never canſt repair
  This loſs, to Damon's bower.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, WHEN YOUNG.

Shall love alone for ever claim
An univerſal right to fame,
  An undiſputed ſway?
Or has not muſic equal charms,
To fill the breaſt with ſtrange alarms,
  And make the world obey?

The Thracian bard, as poets tell,
Could mitigate the powers of hell;
  Ev'n Pluto's nicer ear:
His arts, no more than love's, we find
To deities or men confin'd,
  Drew brutes in crowds to hear.

Whatever favourite paſſion reign'd,
The poet ſtill his right maintain'd
  O'er all that rang'd the plain:
The fiercer tyrants could aſſuage,
Or fire the timorous into rage,
  Whene'er he chang'd the ſtrain.

In milder lays the bard began;
Soft notes through every finger ran,
  And echoing charm'd the place:
See! fawning lions gaze around,
And, taught to quit their ſavage ſound,
  Aſſume a gentler grace.

When Cymon view'd the fair one's charms,
Her ruby lips, and ſnowy arms,
  And told her beauties o'er:
When love reform'd his awkward tone,
And made each clowniſh geſture known,
  It ſhow'd but equal power.

The bard now tries a ſprightlier ſound,
When all the feather'd race around
  Perceiv'd the varied ſtrains;
The ſoaring lark the note purſues;
The timorous dove around him coos,
  And Philomel complains.

An equal power of love I've ſeen,
Incite the deer to ſcour the green,
  And chaſe his barking foe.
Sometimes has love, with greater might,
To challenge—nay—ſometimes—to fight
  Provok'd th' enamour'd beau.

When Silvia treads the ſmiling plain,
How glows the heart of every ſwain,
  By pleaſing tumults toſt!
When Handel's ſolemn accents roll,
Each breaſt is fir'd, each raptur'd ſoul
  In ſweet confuſion loſt.

If ſhe her melting glances dart,
Or he his dying airs impart,
  Our ſpirits ſink away.
Enough, enough! dear nymph, give o'er;
And thou, great artiſt! urge no more
  Thy unreſiſted ſway.

Thus love or ſound affects the mind:
But when their various powers are join'd,
  Fly, daring mortal, fly!
For when Selinda's charms appear,
And I her tuneful accents hear—
  I burn, I faint, I die!

COMPARISON.

'Tis by compariſon we know
On every object to beſtow
  Its proper ſhare of praiſe:
Did each alike perfection bear,
What beauty, though divinely fair,
  Could admiration raiſe?

Amidſt the lucid bands of night,
See! Heſperus, ſerenely bright,
  Adorns the diſtant ſkies:
But languiſhes amidſt the blaze
Of ſprightly Sol's meridian rays,—
  Or Silvia's brighter eyes.

Whene'er the nightingale complains,
I like the melancholy ſtrains,
  And praiſe the tuneful bird:
But vainly might ſhe ſtrain her throat,
Vainly exalt each ſwelling note,
  Should Silvia's voice be heard.

When, on the violet's purple bed,
Supine I reſt my weary head,
  The fragrant pillow charms:
Yet ſoon ſuch languid bliſs I'd fly,
Would Silvia but the loſs ſupply,
  And take me to her arms.

The alabaſter's wonderous white,
The marble's poliſh ſtrikes my ſight,
  When Silvia is not ſeen:
But ah! how faint that white is grown,
How rough appears the poliſh'd ſtone,
  Compar'd with Silvia's mien!

The roſe, that o'er the Cyprian plains,
With flowers enamell'd, blooming reigns,
  With undiſputed power,
Plac'd near her cheek's celeſtial red,
(Its purple loſt, its luſtre fled,)
  Delights the ſenſe no more.

ODE TO CYNTHIA,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now in the cowſlip's dewy cell
  The fairies make their bed,
They hover round the cryſtal well,
  The turf in circles tread.

The lovely linnet now her ſong
  Tunes ſweeteſt in the wood;
The twittering ſwallow ſkims along
  The azure liquid flood.

The morning breeze wafts Flora's kiſs
  In fragrance to the ſenſe;
The happy ſhepherd feels the bliſs,
  And ſhe takes no offence.

But not the linnet's ſweeteſt ſong
  That ever fill'd the wood;
Or twittering ſwallow that along
  The azure liquid flood

Skims ſwiftly, harbinger of ſpring,
  Or morning's ſweeteſt breath,
Or Flora's kiſs, to me can bring
  A remedy for death.

For death—what do I ſay? Yes, death
  Muſt ſurely end my days,
If cruel Cynthia ſlights my faith,
  And will not hear my lays.

No more with feſtive garlands bound,
  I at the wake ſhall be;
No more my feet ſhall preſs the ground
  In dance with wonted glee;

No more my little flock I'll keep,
  To ſome dark cave I'll fly;
I've nothing now to do but weep,
  To mourn my fate, and ſigh.

Ah! Cynthia, thy Damon's cries
  Are heard at dead of night;
But they, alas! are doom'd to riſe
  Like ſmoke upon the ſight.

They riſe in vain, ah me! in vain
  Are ſcatter'd in the wind;
Cynthia does not know the pain
  That rankles in my mind

If ſleep perhaps my eye-lids cloſe,
  'Tis but to dream of you;
A while I ceaſe to feel my woes,
  Nay, think I'm happy too.

I think I preſs with kiſſes pure,
  Your lovely roſy lips;
And you're my bride, I think I'm ſure,
  Till gold the mountain tips.

When wak'd, aghaſt I look around,
  And find my charmer flown;
Then bleeds afreſh my galling wound,
  While I am left alone.

Take pity then, O gentleſt maid!
  On thy poor Damon's heart:
Remember what I've often ſaid,
  'Tis you can cure my ſmart.

JEMMY DAWSON. A BALLAD.

Written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.

Come liſten to my mournful tale,
  Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
  Nor need you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerleſs maid,
  Do thou a penſive ear incline;
For thou canſt weep at every woe;
  And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawſon was a gallant boy,
  A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
  And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, ſhe lov'd him dear,
  Of gentle blood the damſel came;
And faultleſs was her beauteous form,
  And ſpotleſs was her virgin fame.

But curſe on party's hateful ſtrife,
  That led the favour'd youth aſtray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
  O had he never ſeen that day!

Their colours and their ſaſh he wore,
And in the fatal dreſs was found;
And now he muſt that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keeneſt wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's ſentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine ſnows
So pale, or yet ſo chill appear.

With faultering voice, ſhe weeping ſaid,
Oh Dawſon, monarch of my heart;
Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a pray'r for thee,
My orizons ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

But though he ſhould be dragg'd in ſcorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He ſhall not want one conſtant friend
To ſhare the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The ſledge mov'd ſlowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him prepar'd to view
The terrible beheſts of law;
And the laſt ſcene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and ſtedfaſt eye ſhe ſaw.

Diſtorted was that blooming face,
Which ſhe had fondly lov'd ſo long;
And ſtifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praiſe had ſweetly ſung.

And ſever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breaſt,
On which her love-ſick head repos'd:

And raviſh'd was that conſtant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal ſtill to her.

Amid thoſe unrelenting flames,
She bore this conſtant heart to ſee;
But when 'twas moulder'd into duſt,
Yet, yet, ſhe cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can ſhow
The pure and laſting love I bore;
Accept, O heav'n! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The diſmal ſcene was o'er and paſt,
The lover's mournful hearſe retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, ſighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though juſtice ever muſt prevail,
The tear my Kitty ſheds is due:
For ſeldom ſhall ſhe hear a tale
So ſad, ſo tender, yet ſo true.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PART'S. 1743.

"Arbuſta humileſque myricæ." VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain;
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown.
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart:
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace, wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;

Not a beech's more beautiful green,
  But a ſweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
  More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
  But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
  To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
  But I haſted and planted it there.
O how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
  With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
  To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
  What ſtrains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
  From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
  Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
  As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
  She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe aver'd,
  Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
  Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
  How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
  And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
  So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
  Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
  Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
  Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
  Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
  If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
  And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
  And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
  And the face of the vallies as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
  But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my paſſion reprove?
  Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhow you the charms of my love,
  She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
  With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
  She is every way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
  Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
  That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
  Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
  —But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
  Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
  Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
  And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware
  Of a magic there is in the ſound!
'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow
  'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
" How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
  And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
  With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
  Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
  And pillages every ſweet;
Then ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
  He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
" O Phyllis, he whiſpers, more fair,
  More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flower
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
  What is eglantine after a ſhower?
Then the lily no longer is white;
  Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with deſpight,
  And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
  And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
  Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
  So Phyllis the trophy deſpiſe:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
  So they ſhine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
  Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
  Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
  And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do but to ſtray;
  I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
  She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
  She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
  Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
  By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inſpire;
  It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
  Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
  Yet, that witneſs the woes I endure;
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
  What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
  Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
  How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
  What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
  The glance that undid my repoſe.
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
  The flower, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
  The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
  Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhown to the ſight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
  As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
  To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chaſe;
  I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound through the grove
  With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
  Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

LEVITIES; OR PIECES OF HUMOUR.

* ON MISS M——S'S DANCING, 1743.

Of all that gives politeneſs birth,
  Of all that claims to pleaſe,
In motion, manners, or in mirth,
  The ſureſt ſource is eaſe.

With ſilent ſtep, and graceful air,
  See gentle Sylvia move;
Whilſt heedleſs gazers, unaware,
  Reſign their ſoul to love.

Accompliſh'd maid! my trivial rhyme
  Muſt do thy graces wrong;
Who doſt not only dance *in time*,
  But ſteal, like *time*, along.

* IMPROMPTU TO MISS UTRECIA SMITH,

ON HER NOT DANCING, 1743.

Whilſt round in wild rotations hurl'd,
  Theſe glittering forms I view,
Methinks the buſy reſtleſs world
  Is pictur'd in a few.

So may the buſy world advance,
  Since thus the fates decree:
It ſtill may have its buſy dance,
  Whilſt I retire with thee.

FLIRT AND PHILL;

A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.

A WIT, by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
  To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profeſs'd an equal love;
Yet hop'd by different means to move
  Her judgment or her ſenſes.

Young ſprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the beſt minutes to be ſeen;
  Went—when his glaſs adviſ'd him:
While meagre Phill of books inquir'd;
A wight, for wit and parts admir'd;
  And witty ladies priz'd him.

Sylvia had wit, had ſpirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
  Suſpended held the ſcales:
Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its ſhare,
Let none the preference declare,
  But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF AN AGREEABLE LADY,

BURIED IN MARRIAGE TO A PERSON UNDESERVING HER.

'TWAS always held, and ever will,
  By ſage mankind, diſcreeter,
T' anticipate a leſſer ill,
  Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diſeaſes, pain,
  And languiſhing conditions;
Who don't the leſſer ills ſuſtain
  Of phyſic and—phyſicians?

Rather than loſe his whole eſtate,
  He that but little wiſe is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
  To taxes and exciſes.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
  For loſt ſhips not requitting:
This bears our noble king, to ſhun
  The loſs of blood—in fighting!

With numerous ills, in ſingle life,
  The bachelor's attended:
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
  And much the caſe is mended!

Poor Gratia in her twentieth year,
  Foreſeeing future woe,
Choſe to attend a monkey here,
  Before an ape below.

COLEMIRA; A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

"Nec tantum Veneris, quantum ſtudioſa culinæ."

NIGHT's ſable clouds had half the globe o'erſpread,
And ſilence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed:
When love, which gentle ſleep can ne'er inſpire,
Had ſeated Damon by the kitchen fire.

* *Not printed in any former edition of his works.*

Penſive he lay, extended on the ground;
The little lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compaſſionate his caſe,
And pur around, and gently lick his face:

To all his plaints the ſleeping curs reply,
And with hoarſe ſnorings imitate a ſigh.
Such gloomy ſcenes with lovers' minds agree,
And ſolitude to them is beſt ſociety.

Could I (he cry'd) expreſs, how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands, and well-waſh'd face;
Thou wouldſt, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love; or waſh thy face no more.

Ah! who can ſee, and ſeeing not admire,
When'er ſhe ſets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outſhine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots ſhe brings.

But ſure no chamber-damſel can compare,
When in meridian luſtre ſhines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the ſweat diſtills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently deſire,
To view thoſe roſy fingers ſtrike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I ſee them thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I ſhould not envy George his queen,
Though ſhe in royal grandeur deck'd be ſeen:
Whilſt rags, juſt ſever'd from my fair one's gown,
In ruſſet pomp and greaſy pride hang down.

Ah! now it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell;
Would that but ſing, "I like thee paſſing well!"

When from the hearth ſhe bade the pointers go,
How ſoft! how eaſy did her accents flow!
"Get out, ſhe cry'd, when ſtrangers come to ſup,
"One ne'er can raiſe thoſe ſnoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, ſhe kick'd each lazy brute,
Alas! I envy'd even that ſalute;
'Twas ſure miſplac'd—Shock ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If ſhe the myſtic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O may'ſt thou ne'er by Eolus be ſeen,
For he would ſure demand thee for his queen.

But ſhould the flame this rougher aid refuſe,
And only gentler med'cines be of uſe; [ſtrife,
With full-blown cheeks ſhe ends the doubtful
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts as theſe exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breaſt a fiercer flame inſpire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er;
And ſwell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips, no more!

With all her haughty looks the time I've ſeen,
When this proud damſel has more humble been,
When with nice airs ſhe hoiſt the pan-cake round,
And dropp'd it, hapleſs fair! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace! what winning tricks!
The artful charmer rubs the candleſticks!
So bright ſhe makes the candleſticks ſhe handles,
Oft I have ſaid—there were no need of candles.

But thou my fair! who never wouldſt approve,
Or hear the tender ſtory of my love;
Or mind, how burns my raging breaſt—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breaſt of mutton.

Thus ſaid, and wept the ſad deſponding ſwain,
Revealing to the ſable walls his pain:
But nymphs are free with thoſe they ſhould deny;
To thoſe, they love, more exquiſitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raiſe their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid ſtreams ariſe,
And ſmoke in azure folds evaporate and dies.

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD, 1737.

'Twas in a land of learning,
The muſes favourite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college ſtudy,
Where books were in great plenty;
This rat would devour
More ſenſe in an hour,
Than I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin leſs refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taſte,
All other rats ſurpaſs'd;
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfaſt, half the morning,
He conſtantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For evening ſong,
His dinner ſcarce was ended!

He ſpar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And would make no more
Of king Arthur's *, by the ſcore
Than all the world beſide does.

In books of geo-graphy,
He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a ſea
Was to him a diſh of tea:
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if ſome mawkiſh potion
Might chance to over-doſe him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic—to compoſe him—

A trap in haſte and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't;
And, ſuch was the gin,
Where a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheeſe, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact I'll not belye it—
Since none—I'll tell you that—
Whether ſcholar or rat
Mind books, when he has other diet.

* *By Blackmore.*

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why ſhould I ſing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the ſlight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd them away together:

Both trap and bait were vaniſh'd,
Through a fracture in the flooring;
Which, though ſo trim
It now may ſeem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then anſwer this, ye ſages!
Nor deem a man to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did ſeize on
The trap, leſs claim to reaſon,
Than many a ſkull among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England 's topſy-turvy,
Is clear from theſe miſhaps, Sir;
Since traps we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin * take our traps, Sir.

Let ſophs, by rats infeſted,
Then truſt in cats to catch 'em;
Leſt they grow as learn'd as we,
In our ſtudies; where, d' ye ſee,
No mortal fits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir:
And grant that the one
May quell the Spaniſh Don,
And the other deſtroy our rats, Sir.

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

So rude and tuneleſs are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian ſwain that ſings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

ON MR. C——. OF KIDDERMINSTER'S POETRY.

Thy verſes, friend, are Kidderminſter † ſtuff,
And I muſt own you've meaſur'd out enough.

TO THE VIRTUOSOS.

Hail, curious wights! to whom ſo fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem thoſe grubs beyond compare,
Which common ſenſe deſpiſes.

Whether o'er hill, moraſs, or mound,
You make your ſportſman ſallies;
Or that your prey in gardens found
Is urg'd through walks and alleys.

Yet, in the fury of the chaſe,
No ſlope could e'er retard you;

Bleſt if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wings reward you.

Fierce as Camilla o'er the plain
Purſued the glittering ſtranger;
Still ey'd the purple's pleaſing ſtain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you diſpenſe the favourite meat
To nature's filmy people;
Know what conſerves they chooſe to eat,
And what liqueurs to tipple.

And if her brood of inſects dies,
You ſage aſſiſtance lend her;
Can ſtoop to pimp for amorous flies,
And help them to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregant hours;
And when the birth's at hand,
Exerting your obſtetric power,
Prevent a mothleſs land.

Yet oh! howe'er your towering view
Above groſs objects riſes,
Whate'er refinements you purſue,
Hear, what a friend adviſes:

A friend, who, weigh'd with yours, muſt prize
Domitian's idle paſſion;
That wrought the death of teazing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To ſlight dame nature's faireſt form
And ſigh for nature's vermin.

And ſpeak with ſome reſpect of beaux,
Nor more as triflers treat 'em:
'Tis better learn to ſave one's clothes,
Than cheriſh moths, that eat 'em.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

"Aliuſque et idem."

When Tom to Cambridge firſt was ſent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His reſolution flag;
He cheriſhes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the houſe,
And ſoon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags, give place!
Full bottoms come inſtead!
Good Lord! to ſee the various ways
Of dreſſing—a calf's head?

THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE.

A COMMON CASE.

"Suade, nam certum eſt."

Says Richard to Thomas (and ſeem'd half afraid)
"I am thinking to marry thy miſtreſs's maid;

---

* *Written at the time of the Spaniſh depredations.*
† *Famous for a coarſe woollen manufacture.*

Now, becauſe Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
I will do't if thou bidſt me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jeſt on't; 'tis no jeſt to me;
For 'faith I'm in earneſt, ſo pr'ythee be free,
I have no fault to find with the girl ſince I knew her,
But I'd have thy advice, ere I tie myſelf to her."

Said Thomas to Richard, "To ſpeak my opinion,
There is not ſuch a bitch in King George's dominion,
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'ſt her as I do,
Thou would chooſe out a whipping-poſt, firſt to be ty'd to.

She's peeviſh, ſhe's thieviſh, ſhe's ugly, ſhe's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a ſlut, and a ſcold."
Next day Richard haſten'd to church and was wed,
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had ſaid.

A BALLAD.

"Trahit ſua quemque voluptas."

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young ſquire,
To bring down a wife whom the ſwains might admire;
But, in ſpite of whatever the mortal could ſay,
The goddeſs objected the length of the way!

To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the ſtag's horns in an old country-hall;
To have neither China nor India to ſee!
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not ſhe!

To forſake the dear play-houſe, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his loneſome abode,
O heavens! ſhe ſhould faint ſhe would die on the road;

To forego the gay faſhions and geſtures of France,
And leave dear Auguſte in the midſt of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;
And ſhe wonder'd how folks had the face to deſire it.

She might yield to reſign the ſweet fingers of Ruckholt,
Where the citizen-matron ſeduces her cuckold;
But Ranelagh ſoon would her footſteps recal,
And the muſic, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.

To be ſure ſhe could breathe no where elſe but in town,
Thus ſhe talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honeſt Harry deſpair'd to ſucceed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed

SLENDER'S GHOST. *Vide Shakſpeare.*

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At duſk of eve me thought I ſpy'd
Poor Slender's ghoſt that whimpering cried,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who ſpoil the lily, rob the roſe,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Why ſhould ſuch labour'd ſtrains
Your formal muſe engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breaſt or pierc'd my heart,
But ſigh'd, O ſweet Anne Page!

And you! whoſe love-ſick minds
No med'cine can aſſuage!
Accuſe the leeche's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore;
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

And ye whoſe ſouls are held,
Like linnets in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend and imitate my ſtrains?
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

And you who boaſt or grieve,
What horrid wars we wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do, when I ſigh,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of ſhepherd or of ſage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way
Expreſſes all you have to ſay,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

THE INVIDIOUS. MART.

O FORTUNE! if my prayer of old
Was ne'er ſolicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'ſt allow
My ſuppliant wiſh, that aſks it now.
Yet think not, goddeſs! I require it
For the ſame end your clowns deſire it.
In a well-made effectual ſtring,
Fain would I ſee Lividio ſwing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But ſuch a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddeſs! ſtore of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himſelf.

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

"Servum ſi potes, Ole, non habere,
"Et regem potes, Ole, non habere." MART.

I ASK'D a friend amidſt the throng,
Whoſe coach it was that trail'd along:
"The gilded coach there—dont ye mind?
That with the footmen ſtuck behind."
O Sir! ſays he, what! han't you ſeen it?
'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance Damon!—"True;
But faith his equipage is new."
"Bleſs me, ſaid I, where can it end;
What madneſs has poſſeſs'd my friend?
Four powder'd ſlaves, and thoſe the talleſt,
Their ſtomachs doubtleſs not the ſmalleſt!

Can Damon's revenue maintain
In lace and food, ſo large a train?
I know his land—each inch of ground—
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole eſtate can bear
To keep his lad and one-horſe chair,
I own 'tis paſt my comprehenſion."
Yes, Sir, but Damon has a penſion—
Thus does falſe ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flickering knaves,
He grows himſelf the worſt of ſlaves.

HINT FROM VOITURE.

Let Sol his annual journeys run,
And when the radiant taſk is done,
Confeſs, through all the globe, 'twould poſe him,
To match the charms that Celia ſhows him.

And ſhould he boaſt he once had ſeen
As juſt a form, as bright a mien,
Yet muſt it ſtill for ever poſe him,
To match—what Celia never ſhows him.

INSCRIPTION,

TO THE MEMORY OF A. L. ESQUIRE;

To the memory
Of A. L. Eſquire,
Juſtice of the peace for this county;
Who in the whole courſe of his pilgrimage
Through a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithſtanding the ſcoffs of ill-diſpoſed perſons,
And wits of the age,
That ridiculed his behaviour,
Or cenſured his breeding;
Following the dictates of nature,
Deſiring to eaſe the afflicted,
Eager to ſet the priſoners at liberty,
Without having for his end
The noiſe, or report ſuch things generally cauſe in the world,
(As he was ſeen to perform them of none)
But the ſole relief and happineſs
Of the party in diſtreſs;
Himſelf reſting eaſy,
When he could render that ſo;
Not griping or pinching himſelf,
To hoard up ſuperfluities;
Not coveting to keep in his poſſeſſion
What gives more diſquietude, than pleaſure;
But charitably diffuſing it
To all round about him:
Making the moſt ſorrowful countenance
To ſmile
In his preſence;
Always beſtowing more than he was aſked,
Always imparting before he was deſired;
Not proceeding in this manner
Upon every trivial ſuggeſtion,
But the moſt mature and ſolemn deliberation;
With an incredible preſence and undauntedneſs of mind;
With an inimitable gravity and economy of face;
Bidding loud defiance
To politeneſs and the faſhion,
Dared let a f—t.

TO A FRIEND.

Have you ne'er ſeen, my gentle ſquire,
The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a ſpade;
Why don't ye play?—the girls afraid—
Play ſomething—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to paſs the time away—
Phoo—how ſhe ſtands—biting her nails—
As though ſhe play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, haggling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
It's not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and miſs'd her aim,
And Ned ne'er ſtudying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wondrous true,
That verſe is but a game at loo.
While many a bard, that ſhows ſo clearly
He writes for his amuſement merely,
Is known to ſtudy, fret, and toil;
And play for nothing all the while:
Or praiſe at moſt; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er ſignify'd a farthing more:
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He ſees your flying pen obtain it.

Through fragrant ſcenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves:
Where with ſtrange heats his boſom glows,
And myſtic flames the God beſtows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verſes—to defy the ſcorners,
In ſhit-houſes and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid ſchemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When ſhe had left it wholly to her.

Well now, who wins? why ſtill the ſame—
For Sal has loſt another game.

"I've done; (ſhe mutter'd) I was ſaying,
It did not argufy my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot chooſe,
But think or not think—ſome muſt loſe.
I may have won a game or ſo—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a babby then—
Give me an ace of trumps and ſee,
Our Ned will beat me with a three.
'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll ſuffer for it, when he's marry'd."

Thus Sal with tears in either eye;
While victor Ned ſat tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your ſucceſs,
And bent to write and ſtudy leſs,
Sate down, and ſcribbled in a trice,
Juſt what you ſee—and you deſpiſe.

You, who can frame a tuneful ſong,
And hum it as you ride along;

And trotting on the king's high-way.
Snatch from the hedge a ſprig of bay;
Accept this verſe howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in proſe.

What is this wreath, ſo green! ſo fair!
Which many wiſh, and few muſt wear?
Which ſome men's indolence can gain,
And ſome men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what muſt Sal or poet ſue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verſe, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through ſkill, ſecures the game.

THE POET AND THE DUN. 1741.

" Theſe are meſſengers
" That feelingly perſuade me what I am." *Shakeſ.*

Comes a dun in the morning and raps at my door— [more—
" I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and
I'm ſorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—
But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer." [ways."
My friend have but patience—" Ay theſe are your
I have got but one ſhilling to ſerve me two days—
But Sir—pr'ythee take it, and tell your attorney,
If I han't paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my paſſion,
And calmly conſider,—conſider, vexation!
What whore that muſt paint, and muſt put on falſe locks,
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!
What beggar's wife's nephew, now ſtarv'd, and now beaten,
Who, wanting to eat, fears himſelf ſhall be eaten!
What porter, what turnſpite, can deem his caſe hard! [bard!
Or what dun boaſt of patience that thinks of a
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,
Turn ſhoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and reſpect, and good living, and pelf,
And dun ſome poor dog of a poet myſelf.
One's credit, however, of courſe will grow better;
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

" Dear Sir! I received your obliging epiſtle,
Your fame is ſecure—bid the critics go whiſtle.
I read over with wonder the poem you ſent me;
And I muſt ſpeak your praiſes, no ſoul ſhall prevent me.
The audience, believe me, cry'd out every line
Was ſtrong, was affecting, was juſt, was divine;
All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,
And to hide ſuch a genius was—far from your duty.
I foreſee that the court will be hugely delighted:
Sir Richard, for much a leſs genius, was knighted.
Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye; [ye."
I could ſay much more, but you're modeſt, I ſpare
Quite ſir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper,
And waſte that, and health, and my time, and my taper;
I ſcribble till morn, when, with wrath no ſmall ſtore,
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.
" Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make ſuch a pother,
Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in manſions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundleſs power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falſehood's ſpecious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chooſe my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my ſordid ore,
Which lacqueys elſe might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in ſtore;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life'd dull round,
Where'er his ſtages may have been,
May ſigh to think he ſtill has found
The warmeſt welcome at an inn.

A SIMILE.

What village has but ſometime ſeen,
The clumſy ſhape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and ſhagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclept a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you ſee;
Who, with her plaſtic tongue alone,
Produc'd a viſage—like her own—
And thus they hint, in myſtic faſhion,
The powerful force of education *—
Perhaps yon crowd of ſwains is viewing
E'en now, the ſtrange exploits of Bruin;
Who plays his antics, roars aloud;
The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an awkward lad,
Whoſe birth has made a pariſh glad,
Forbid, for fear of ſenſe, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home;
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In ſenſe the ſame, in ſtature higher,
He ſhines, ere long, a rural ſquire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and ſwears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly ſtares;
His tenants of ſuperior ſenſe
Carouze, and laugh, at his expence;
And deem the paſtime I'm relating,
To be as pleaſant, as bear-baiting.

THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

" Sir, will you pleaſe to walk before?"
—No, pray Sir—you are next the door.

---

* *Of a fond matron's education.*

—" Upon mine honour, I'll not ſtir—"
Sir, I'm at home, conſider, Sir,—
" Excuſe me, Sir, I'll not go firſt."
Well, if I muſt be rude, I muſt—
But yet I wiſh I could evade it—
'Tis ſtrangely clowniſh, be perſuaded—
Go forward, cits! go forward, ſquires!
Nor ſcruple each, what each admires.
Life ſquares not, friends, with your proceeding;
It flies, while you diſplay your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or ſome old dancing-maſter teaches.
O for ſome rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at leaſt, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly puſh you both down ſtairs!
But death's at hand—let me adviſe ye,
Go forward, friends! or he'll ſurpriſe ye.
Beſides, how inſincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forſwear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?
Such is my theme, which means to prove,
That though we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is moſt in faſhion,
Precedence is our ruling paſſion.
When college-ſtudents take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endleſs fees,
What moves that ſcientific body,
But the firſt cutting at a gawdy?
And whence ſuch ſhoals, in bare conditions,
That ſtarve and languiſh as phyſicians,
Content to trudge the ſtreets, and ſtare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in Charlot's chamber (ſee
Moliere's " Medicin malgre lui")
The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before th' apothecary.
Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that ſhines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.
O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain nor jealous!
The ſofteſt breaſt, the mildeſt mien!
Would you not feel ſome little ſpleen,
Nor bite your lip nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
Firſt ſerv'd—though in a diſh of coffee?
Plac'd firſt, although, when you are found,
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd firſt, though not with half the fame,
That waits my charming Celia's name?
Hard fortune! barely to inſpire
Our fix'd eſteem, and fond deſire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The ſource of univerſal love!
Yet be content, obſerving this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice:
And worth, howe'er you have purſued it,
Has now no power—but to exclude it.
You'll find your general reputation
A kind of ſupplemental ſtation.
Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to riſe a peer;
So, to ſupply it, wrote for fame:
And well the wit ſecur'd his aim.

A common patriot has a drift,
Not quite ſo innocent as Swift:
In Britain's cauſe he rants, he labours;
" He's honeſt, faith"——have patience, neighbours,
For patriots may ſometimes deceive,
May beg their friends' reluctant leave,
To ſerve them in a higher ſphere;
And drop their virtue, to get there.—
As Lucian tells us, in his faſhion
How ſouls put off each earthly paſſion,
Ere on Elyſium's flowery ſtrand
Old Charon ſuffer'd them to land;
So ere we meet a court's careſſes,
No doubt our ſouls muſt change their dreſſes:
And ſouls there be, who, bound that way,
Attire themſelves ten times a day.
If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And ſaints alike and ſinners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along;
For which ſuch ſervile toils are ſeen,
Who's happier than a king!— a queen.
Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female paſſion:
Women, and beaux, beyond all meaſure
Are charm'd with rank's ecſtatic pleaſure.
Sir, if your drift I rightly ſcan,
You'd hint a beau was not a man:
Say, women then are fond of places;
I wave all diſputable caſes.
A man perhaps would ſomething linger,
Were his lov'd rank to coſt—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
He might deliberate once or twice on't;
Perhaps aſk Gataker's advice on't,
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchaſe it with gold.
But women wiſh precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's ſupreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And ſtrongly animates their age.
Perhaps they would not fell out-right,
Or main a limb—that was in ſight;
Yet on worſe terms they ſometimes chooſe it;
Nor ev'n in puniſhments refuſe it.
Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience, and your ear,
An argument ſhall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beſide my title ſays, a tale.
Where Avon rolls her winding ſtream,
Avon, the muſes' favourite theme!
Avon, that fills the farmers' purſes,
And decks with flowers both farms and verſes,
She viſits many a fertile vale—
Such was the ſcene of this my tale.
For 'tis in Eveſham's vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.
The ſoil with annual plenty bleſt
Was by young Corydon poſſeſt.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As moſt material to my ſtory:
For ſtrength and vigour too, he had them,
And 'twere not much amiſs, to add them.
Thrice happy lout! whoſe wide domain
Now green with graſs, now gilt with grain,

In ruſſet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with ſheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulſe's bloom,
Might well with bright alluſion ſtore me;
—But happier bards have been before me!
Amongſt the various year's increaſe,
The ſtripling own'd a field of peaſe;
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by ſome female neighbours.
Each morn diſcover'd to his ſight,
The ſhameful havock of the night:
Traces of this they left behind them,
But no inſtructions where to find them.
The devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have ſeen the devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has ſaid it,
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us;
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
But then old Noll was one in ten,
And ſought him more than other men.
Our ſhepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He roſe one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambuſh lay:
When lo, a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years.
Smiling, amidſt the peaſe, the ſinners
Sate down to cull their future dinners;
And, caring little who might own them,
Made free as though themſelves had ſown them.
'Tis worth a ſage's obſervation
How love can make a jeſt of paſſion.
Anger had forc'd the ſwain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now baniſh'd anger out of door;
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a ſmile:
And knowing well 'twas all grimace.
To threaten with a ſmiling face,
He in few words expreſs'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.
The amorous youth, for their offence,
Demanded inſtant recompence:
That recompence from each, which ſhame
Forbids a baſhful muſe to name.
Yet, more this ſentence to diſcover,
'Twas what Bet ** grants her lover,
When he, to make the ſtrumpet willing,
Has ſpent his fortune—to a ſhilling.
Each ſtood a while, as 'twere ſuſpended,
And loth to do, what—each intended.
At length, with ſoft pathetic ſighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies
'Tis vain to ſtrive—juſtice, I know,
And our ill ſtars, will have it ſo—
But let my tears your wrath aſſuage,
And ſhow ſome deference for age!
I from a diſtant village came,
Am old, God knows, and ſomething lame;
And if we yield, as yield we muſt,
Diſpatch my crazy body firſt.
Our ſhepherd, like the Phrygian ſwain,
When circled round on Ida's plain
With goddeſſes he ſtood ſuſpended,
And Pallas's grave ſpeech was ended,
Own'd what ſhe aſk'd might be his duty;
But paid the compliment to beauty.

ODE

To be performed by Dr. Brettle, and a Chorus of Hales-Owen Citizens.

The Inſtrumental Part, a Viol d' Amour.

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

Awake! I ſay, awake good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come let's be merry; ſtir the ripple;
How can you ſleep,
Whilſt I do play? how can you ſleep, &c.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great muſician!
On drowſy ſouls ſome pity take!
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy ſtrains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this ſtrain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of ſkill, and judgment deep!
Zoonters they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
No, here is one, and he's aſleep.

DUETTE.

Dr.—How could they go *Soft muſic.*
Whilſt I do play?
Sal.—How could they go! *Warlike muſic.*
How ſhould they ſtay?

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

When Celia, love's eternal foe,
To rich old Gomez firſt was marry'd;
And angry Cupid came to know,
His ſhafts had err'd, his bow miſcarry'd;

He ſigh'd, he wept, he hung his head,
On the cold ground, full ſad, he laid him;
When Plutus, there by fortune led,
In this deſponding plight ſurvey'd him.

And ſure, he cry'd, you'll own at laſt
Your boaſted power by mine exceeded:
Say, wretched boy, now all is paſt,
How little ſhe your efforts heeded.

If with ſucceſs you would aſſail,
Gild, youngſter, doubly gild your arrows:
Little the feather'd ſhafts avail,
Though wing'd from Mamma's doves and ſparrows.

What though each reed, each arrow grew,
Where Venus bath'd herſelf; depend on't,
'Twere more for uſe, for beauty too,
A diamond ſparkled at the end on't.

Peace, Plutus, peace!—the boy reply'd;
Were not my arts by your's infeſted,
I could each other power deride,
And rule this circle, unmoleſted,

See yonder pair! no worldly views
In Chloe's generous breaſt reſided:
Love bade her the ſpruce valet chooſe,
And ſhe by potent love was guided.

For this! ſhe quits her golden dreams,
In her gilt coach no more ſhe ranges:
And her rich crimſon, bright with gems,
For cheeks impearl'd with tears, ſhe changes.

Though ſordid Celia own'd your power,
Think not ſo monſtrous my diſgrace is:
You gain'd this nymph—that very hour
I gain'd a ſcore in different places.

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.

Well, Ladies—ſo much for the tragic ſtyle—
And now the cuſtom is to make you ſmile.
To make us ſmile!—methinks I hear you ſay—
Why, who can help it, at ſo ſtrange a play?
The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultleſs conduct of his virtuous dame!
My ſtars!—what gentle belle would think it treaſon, [ſon?
When thus provok'd, to give the brute ſome rea-
Out of my houſe!—this night, forſooth depart?
A modern wife had ſaid—"With all my heart—
But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!
Order your coach—conduct me ſafe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."
Such is the language of each modiſh fair;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modeſty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth:
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces, [places,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor ſtar'd at public
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domeſtic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happineſs abroad;
They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
Thoſe times are paſt—yet ſure they merit praiſe,
For marriage triumph'd in thoſe golden days:
By chaſte decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondneſs what they won, maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring thoſe days again,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtleſs men;
Make beauty's luſtre amiable as bright,
And give the ſoul, as well as ſenſe, delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantaſtic age,
That ſcorns the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage.
Let truth and tenderneſs your breaſts adorn,
The marriage chain with tranſport ſhall be worn;
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compoſe the jars of ſtrife,
And pour the balm that ſweetens human life.

MORAL PIECES.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

While blooming ſpring deſcends from genial ſkies,
By whoſe mild influence inſtant wonders riſe;
From whoſe ſoft breath Elyſian beauties flow;
The ſweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
Will Lyttleton the rural landſcape range,
Leave noiſy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early ſcenes,
And learn a moral from the riſing greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
The weed, aſpiring, emulates the flower:
The drooping flower, its fairer charms diſplay'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their generous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invaſive foe's deſigns,
The lively luſtre of theſe ſcenes declines!
'Tis thus the ſpring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival ſeeds of ſtrife.
Then paſſion riots, reaſon then contends;
And, on the conqueſt, every bliſs depends:
Life from the nice deciſion takes its hue:
And bleſt thoſe judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs ſhall every bliſs attend:
The world their favourite, and the world their friend. [ray,
There are, who, blind to thought's fatiguing
As fortune gives examples, urge their way:
Nor virtues foes, though they her paths decline,
And ſcarce her friends, though with her friends they join,
In her's or vice's caſual road advance
Thoughtleſs, the ſinners or the ſaints of chance!
Yet ſome more nobly ſcorn the vulgar voice;
With judgment fix, with zeal purſue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reaſon born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While paſſions lawleſs tides, at their command,
Glide through more uſeful tracts, and bleſs the land.
Happieſt of theſe is he whoſe matchleſs mind,
By learning ſtrengthen'd, and by taſte refin'd,
In virtue's cauſe eſſay'd its earlieſt powers;
Choſe virtue's paths, and ſtrew'd her paths with flowers.
The firſt alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:
The fitteſt to adorn each art ſhe brings:
Lov'd, by that prince whom every virtue fires:
Prais'd by that bard whom every muſe inſpires:
Bleſt in the tuneful art, the ſocial flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits fame:
'Twas youth's perplexing ſtage his doubts inſpir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
Reſign'd to thought, with lingering ſteps he ſtray'd;
Bleſt with a mind to taſte ſincerer joys:
Arm'd with a heart each falſe one to deſpiſe.

Anxious he ſtray'd, with wavering thoughts poſſeſt,
Alternate paſſions ſtruggling ſhar'd his breaſt;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd:
Anxious, if fame an equal bliſs ſecur'd;
Or ſilent eaſe with ſofter charms allur'd.
The ſylvan choir, whoſe numbers ſweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flowers that blow'd;
The ſilver flood that in meanders led
His glittering ſtreams along th' enliven'd mead;
The ſoothing breeze, and all thoſe beauties join'd,
Which, whilſt they pleaſe, effeminate the mind,
In vain! while diſtant on a ſummit rais'd,
Th' imperial towers of fame attractive blaz'd.
While thus he trac'd through fancy's puzzling maze
The ſeparate ſweets of pleaſure and of praiſe;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new luſtre gain'd upon the ſhade.
At once, before his wondering eyes were ſeen
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.
Various their charms; and in their dreſs and face,
Each ſeem'd to vie with ſome peculiar grace.
This, whoſe attire leſs clogg'd with art appear'd,
The ſimple ſweets of innocence endear'd.
Her ſprightly bloom, her quick ſagacious eye,
Show'd native merit, mix'd with modeſty.
Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
Severely ſweet and innocently gay.
Such the chaſte image of the martial maid,
In artleſs folds of virgin white array'd!
She let no borrow'd roſe her cheeks adorn,
Her bluſhing cheeks, that ſham'd the purple morn.
Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,
Or ſtudy'd geſtures, or well-practis'd ſmiles.
She ſcorn'd the toys which render beauty leſs:
She proy'd th' engaging chaſtity of dreſs;
And while ſhe choſe in native charms to ſhine,
Ev'n thus ſhe ſeem'd, nay more than ſeem'd, divine.
One modeſt emerald claſp'd the robe ſhe wore,
And, in her hand, th' imperial ſword ſhe bore.
Sublime her height, majeſtic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The ſhrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant ground,
Seem'd, where ſhe trod, with riſing luſtre crown'd.
Still her approach with ſtronger influence warm'd;
She pleas'd, while diſtant; but, when near, ſhe charm'd.
So ſtrikes the gazer's eye, the ſilver gleam
That glittering quivers o'er a diſtant ſtream:
But from its banks we ſee new beauties riſe,
And, in its cryſtal boſom, trace the ſkies.
With other charms the rival viſion glow'd;
And from her dreſs her tinſel beauties flow'd.
A fluttering robe her pamper'd ſhape conceal'd,
And ſeem'd to ſhade the charms it beſt reveal'd.
Its form contriv'd her faulty ſize to grace;
Its hue, to give freſh luſtre to her face.
Her plaited hair diſguis'd with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring luſtre ſhar'd;
The gaudy topaz lent its gay ſupplies,
And every gem that ſtrikes leſs curious eyes;
Expos'd her breaſt with foreign ſweets perfum'd;
And, round her brow, a roſeate garland bloom'd.
Soft ſmiling, bluſhing lips conceal'd her wiles;
Yet, ah! the bluſhes artful as the ſmiles.
Oft-gazing on her ſhade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the ſubſtance well deſerv'd her care:
Her thoughts, to other charms malignly blind,
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd:
And if on others eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior ſhe refines her mien;
Or when, to bleſs her Delian favourite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms.
Much like her pupil, Egypt's ſportive dame,
Her dreſs expreſſive, and her air the ſame,
When her gay bark o'er ſilver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd ſtreamers wav'd in gold.
Such ſhone the viſion; nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawleſs love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conſpir'd.
Lifeleſs her gait, and ſlow, with ſeeming pain,
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;
Yet made ſome faint efforts, and firſt approach'd the ſwain.
So glaring draughts, with taudry luſtre bright,
Spring to the view, and ruſh upon the ſight:
More ſlowly charms a Raphael's chaſter air,
Waits the calm ſearch, and pays the ſearcher's care.
Wrapp'd in a pleas'd ſuſpenſe, the youth ſurvey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid:
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inſpir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleaſure ran,
When ſhe, who firſt approach'd him, firſt began.
"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering eyes;
'Tis here the lovely vale of pleaſure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life reſign;
Each ſweet which nature can diffuſe is mine;
For me the nymph diverſifies her power,
Springs in a tree, or bloſſoms in a flower;
To pleaſe my ear, ſhe tunes the linnet's ſtrains;
To pleaſe my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch, in moſſy beds ſhe grows;
To gratify my ſmell, perfumes the roſe;
Reveals the fair, the fertile ſcene you ſee,
And ſwells the vegetable world, for me.
Let the gull'd fool the toils of war purſue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
Where chance from courage claims the boaſted prize:
Where, though ſhe give, your country oft denies.
Induſtrious thou ſhalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his ſoft campaign.
His darts alone ſhalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only ſuffer, to enjoy the cure.
Yield but to me---a choir of nymphs ſhall riſe,
And fire thy breaſt, and bleſs thy raviſh'd eyes.
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer roſe ſhall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear;
Where fondly thou thy favour'd head ſhalt reſt,
Soft as the down that ſwells the cygnet's neſt!
While Philomel in each ſoft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with melliſluous ſtrains:
Whilſt, with each accent, ſweeteſt odours flow;
And ſpicy gums round every boſom glow.

Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in ſuch luxury of ſweets expire.
At ſloth let war's victorious ſons exclaim;
In vain! for pleaſure is my real name;
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
No, ſeek thou roſes to adorn thy own:
For well each opening ſcene, that claims my care,
Suits and deſerves the beauteous crown I wear.
Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy ſoul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter ſtill on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,
And, guarding, gives its cluſtering ſweets to me.
For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam
Darts through the paſſive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cauſe conſenting gods employ'd,
Nor ſlight thoſe gods, their bleſſings unenjoy'd!
For thee the poplar ſhall its amber drain;
For thee, in clouded beauty, ſpring the cane;
Some coſtly tribute every clime ſhall pay;
Some charming treaſure every wind convey;
Each object round ſome pleaſing ſcene ſhall yield;
Art built thy dome, while nature decks thy field;
Of Corinth's order ſhall the ſtructure riſe;
The ſpiring turrets glitter through the ſkies;
Thy coſtly robe ſhall glow with Tyrian rays;
Thy vaſe ſhall ſparkle, and thy car ſhall blaze;
Yet thou, whatever pomp the ſun diſplay,
Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.
When melting flutes, and ſweetly-ſounding lyres
Wake the gay loves, and cite the young deſires;
Or, in th' Ionian dance, ſome favourite maid
Improves the flame her ſparkling eyes convey'd;
Think, canſt thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
To feed on virtue's viſionary charms;
Or ſlight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen ſage?
To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap diſgrace?
O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd lovelieſt charmer pleads with me.
She, whoſe ſoft ſmile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whoſe endearments years, like moments, flew:
For whoſe endearments millions ſeem'd too few;
She, ſhe implores; ſhe bids thee ſeize the prime,
And tread with her the flowery tract of time;
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life beſtow
On ſome cold lover, or inſulting foe.
Think, if againſt that tongue thou canſt rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reaſon ſeem'd to dwell;
What ſtrong perſuaſion arms her ſofter ſighs!
What full conviction ſparkles in her eyes!
See nature ſmiles, and birds ſalute the ſhade,
Where breathing jaſmine ſcreens the ſleeping maid:
And ſuch her charms, as to the vain may prove,
Ambition ſeeks more humble joys than love!
There buſy toil ſhall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor ſciences perplex thy labouring brain:
Or none, but what with equal ſweets invite;
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praiſe a pendant, or to grace a ring;
To fix the dreſs that ſuits each varying mien;
To ſhow where beſt the cluſtering gems are ſeen;
To ſigh ſoft ſtrains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the ſweet effects of love!
Nor fear to find a coy diſdainful muſe;
Nor think the ſiſters will their aid refuſe.
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or ſilent ſhades,
Soft ſcenes of leiſure! ſuit th' harmonious maids;
And all the wiſe, and all the grave decree
Some of that ſacred train ally'd to me.
But if more ſpecious eaſe thy wiſhes claim,
And thy breaſt glow with faint deſire of fame,
Some ſofter ſcience ſhall thy thoughts amuſe,
And learning's name a ſolemn ſound diffuſe:
To thee all nature's curious ſtores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an inſect's wing;
The plant, which nature, leſs diffuſely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd:
The ſhell ſhe ſcatters with more careleſs air,
And, in her frolics, ſeems ſupremely rare:
The worth that dazzles in the tulip's ſtains,
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.
Sleep's downy god, averſe to war's alarms,
Shall o'er thy head diffuſe his ſofteſt charms;
Ere anxious thought thy dear repoſe aſſail,
Or care, my moſt deſtructive foe, prevail.
The watery nymphs ſhall tune the vocal vales,
And gentle zephyrs harmoniſe their gales,
For thy repoſe, inform, with rival joy,
Their ſtreams to murmur, and their winds to ſigh.
Thus ſhalt thou ſpend the ſweetly-flowing day,
Till loſt in bliſs thou breath'ſt thy ſoul away:
Till ſhe t' Elyſian bowers of joy repair,
Nor find my charming ſcenes exceeded there."
She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
One tender hand her drooping head ſuſtains;
One points, expreſſive, to the flowery plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll,
Deep in his breaſt, to melt his manly ſoul:
As when Favonius joins the ſolar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the froſt decays.
Soon, to his breaſt, the ſoft harangue convey'd
Reſolves too partial to the ſpecious maid.
He ſigh'd, he gaz'd, ſo ſweetly ſmil'd the dame;
Yet, ſighing, gazing, ſeem'd to ſcorn his flame,
And, oft as virtue caught his wandering eye,
A crimſon bluſh condemn'd the riſing ſigh.
'Twas ſuch the lingering Trojan's ſhame betray'd,
When Maia's ſon the frown of Jove diſplay'd:
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,
For the ſoft reign of Dido, and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conſpires;
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!
Some hovering doubts his anxious boſom mov'd,
And virtue, zealous fair! thoſe doubts improv'd.
"Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by ſuch fantaſtic ſcenes betray'd.
Though in my path the rugged thorn be ſeen,
And the dry turf diſcloſe a fainter green;
Though no gay roſe or flowery product ſhine,
The barren ſurface ſtill conceals the mine.
Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
In virtue's path, ſuperior ſweets beſtows—
Yet ſhould thoſe boaſted ſpecious toys allure,
Whence could fond ſloth the flattering gifts procure?

The various wealth that tempts thy fond deſire,
'Tis I alone, her greateſt foe, acquire.
I from cold ocean rob the treaſur'd ſtore;
I through each region, latent gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged brilliant firſt reveal'd,
By numerous ſtrata deep in earth conceal'd;
'Tis I the ſurface yet refine, and ſhow
The modeſt gem's intrinſic charms to glow.
Nor ſwells the grape, nor ſpires its feeble tree
Without the firm ſupports of induſtry.
But grant we ſloth the ſcene herſelf has drawn,
The mo[illegible]y grotto, and the flowery lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal ſweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona ſlight the plains around,
And chooſe, for faireſt fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bleſs the fertile vale ſhould virtue ceaſe,
Nor moſſy [illegible]ots, nor flowery lawns could pleaſe;
Nor [illegible]ona's luſcious gifts avail,
The ſound harmonious, or the ſpicy gale.
Seeſt thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp ariſe,
Whoſe rugged cliffs deform th' encircling ſkies?
Thoſe fields, whence Phœbus all their moiſture drains,
And, too profuſely fond, diſrobes the plains?
When I vouchſafe to tread the barren ſoil,
Thoſe rocks ſeem lovely, and thoſe deſerts ſmile.
The form thou view'ſt, to every ſcene with eaſe
Transfers its charms, and every ſcene can pleaſe.
When I have on thoſe pathleſs wilds appear'd;
And the lone wanderer with my preſence cheer'd;
Thoſe cliffs the exile has with pleaſure view'd,
And call'd that deſert bliſsful ſolitude!
Nor I alone to ſuch extend my care:
Fair-blooming health ſurveys her altars there.
Brown exerciſe will lead thee where ſhe reigns,
And with reflected luſtre gild the plains.
With her, in flower of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reſide.
One ready offering ſuits each neighbouring ſhrine;
And all obey their laws, who practiſe mine.
But health averſe from ſloth's ſmooth region flies;
And, in her abſence, pleaſure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repoſe,
Smile where ſhe ſmiles, and ſicken when ſhe goes.
A galaxy of powers! whoſe forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.
Nor will ſoft ſleep to ſloth's requeſt incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
Vain is the ſparkling bowl, the warbling ſtrain,
Th' incentive ſong, the labour'd viand vain!
Where ſhe relentleſs reigns without controul,
And checks each gay excurſion of the ſoul:
Unmov'd, though beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and ſpread the ſofteſt arms:
Till joyleſs indolence ſuggeſts deſires;
Or drugs are ſought to furniſh languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliſs, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats apply'd to thirſty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debaſe the ſands.
But let fair health her cheering ſmiles impart,
How ſweet is nature, how ſuperfluous art!
'Tis ſhe the fountain's ready draught commends,
And ſmooths the flinty couch which fortune lends.
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay boſom with unuſual fires,
And, while no check th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine ſweets of love.
His faireſt proſpect riſing trophies frame;
His ſweeteſt muſic is the voice of fame;
Pleaſures to ſloth unknown! ſhe never found
How fair the proſpect, or how ſweet the ſound.
See fame's gay ſtructure from yon ſummit charms,
And fires the manly breaſt to arts or arms;
Nor dread the ſteep aſcent, by which you riſe
From grovelling vales to towers which reach the ſkies.
Love, fame, eſteem, 'tis labour muſt acquire;
The ſmiling offspring of a rigid ſire!
To fix the friend, your ſervice muſt be ſhown;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may ſtring for you their lyre,
That books may praiſe, or coins record your name,
Such, ſuch rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the fame column which diſplays to view
The conqueror's name, diſplays the conqueſt too.
'Twas ſlow experience, tedious miſtreſs! taught
All that e'er nobly ſpoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas ſhe the patriot, ſhe the bard refin'd,
In arts that ſerve, protect, or pleaſe mankind.
Not the vain viſions of inactive ſchools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whoſe generous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to ſerve his friends.
On active worth the laurel war beſtows:
Peace rears her olive for induſtrious brows:
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind ſupplies:
Nor heaven, its ſhowers without a ſacrifice.
See far below ſuch grovelling ſcenes of ſhame,
As lull to reſt Ignavia's ſlumbering dame.
Her friends, from all the toils of fame ſecure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cauſe engage
A youth enervate, and a painful age;
A ſickly ſapleſs maſs, if reaſon flies;
And, if ſhe linger, impotently wiſe!
A thoughtleſs train, who, pamper'd, ſleek, and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away;
From life's freſh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they leaſt can bear.
When to the mind, diſeas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection ſhall the mind ſupply?
When, with loſt health, what ſhould the loſs allay,
Peace, peace is loſt: a comfortleſs decay! [flies,
But to my friends, when youth, when pleaſure
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Through death's dark viſta flowery tracts are ſeen,
Elyſian plants, and groves for ever green.
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they caſt,
Theirs is the preſent who can praiſe the paſt.
Life has its bliſs for theſe, when paſt its bloom,
As wither'd roſes yield a late perfume.
Serene, and ſafe from paſſion's ſtormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age!
Of the rude voyage leſs depriv'd than eas'd;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diſeas'd.

For health on age, 'tis temperance muſt beſtow;
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incenſe bounteous Jove requires,
Has ſweets for him who feeds the ſacred fires.—
  Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes;
Deſirous ſtill, ſtill impotent to riſe.
Oft, when reſolv'd to gain thoſe bliſsful towers,
The penſive queen the dire aſcent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some ſylvan muſic, or ſome ſcented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm ſhe ſpies,
And all the ſhort-liv'd reſolution dies.
Thus ſome fond inſect's faultering pinions wave,
Claſp'd in its favourite ſweets a laſting ſlave:
And thus in vain theſe charming viſions pleaſe
The wretch of glory, and the ſlave of eaſe:
Doom'd ever in ignoble ſtate to pine,
Boaſt her own ſcenes, and languiſh after mine.
  But ſhun her ſnares: nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy ſhame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;
Let manhood crown what infancy inſpir'd.
Let generous toils with health reward thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eterniſe thy praiſe.
The bold exploits that charms th' atteſting age,
To lateſt times ſhall generous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle ſhall thy ſhrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
Till time ſhall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raiſe a temple where it found a tomb.
  Then in their feaſts thy name ſhall Grecians join;
Shall pour the ſparkling juice to Jove's and thine.
Thine, us'd in war, ſhall raiſe their native fire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inſpire.
Dulneſs perhaps, through want of ſight, may blame,
And ſpleen, with odious induſtry, defame;
And that, the honours given, with wonder view,
And this, in ſecret ſadneſs, own them due:
Contempt and envy were by fate deſign'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none, but who deſerve, can bear;
While envy's wounds the ſmiles of fame repair.
For know, the generous thine exploits ſhall fire,
Thine every friend it ſuits thee to require,
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their ſeats I ſhow,
Lov'd by the good their images below."
  Ceaſe, lovely maid, fair daughter of the ſkies!
My guide! my queen! th' ecſtatic youth replies.
In thee I trace a form deſign'd for ſway;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.
And, by thy bright immortal friends I ſwear,
Thy fair idea ſhall no toils impair.
Lead me! O lead me where whole hoſts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppoſe!
Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppreſſive hand,
And cruſh the fetters of an injur'd land:
To ſee the monſter's noxious life reſign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monſters of mankind!
Nature ſhall ſmile to view the vanquiſh'd brood,
And none, but envy, riot unſubdued,
In cloiſter'd ſtate let ſelfiſh ſages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!
And boaſt their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far leſs the friends of virtue, than the fools:
Yet ſuch in vain thy favouring ſmiles pretend;
For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well-ſpent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to deſtroy;
When, ſtrongly lur'd by fame's contiguous ſhrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of fame!
  He ceas'd his vows, and, with diſdainful air,
He turn'd to blaſt the late exulting fair.
But vaniſh'd, fled to ſome more friendly ſhore,
The conſcious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:
Convinc'd, her ſpurious charms of dreſs and face
Claim'd a quick conqueſt, or a ſure diſgrace.
Fantaſtic power! whoſe tranſient charms allur'd,
While error's miſt the reaſoning mind obſcur'd:
Not ſuch the victreſs, virtue's conſtant queen,
Endur'd the teſt of truth, and dar'd be ſeen.
Her brightening form and features ſeem'd to own,
'Twas all her wiſh, her intereſt, to be known:
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.
  Thus reigns the moon, with furtive ſplendour crown'd,
While glooms oppreſs us, and thick ſhades ſurround.
But let the ſource of light its beams diſplay,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the ſickening ſplendour fades away.

THE PROGRESS OF TASTE:

OR,

THE FATE OF DELICACY.

A poem on the temper and ſtudies of the Author; and how great a misfortune it is, for a man of ſmall eſtate to have much taſte.

PART I.

Perhaps ſome cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my penſive lay:
"The ſhip is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean ſail:
For happineſs our courſe we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet, ah! the ſcenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms diſpers'd in air,
Still dancing near diſorder'd eyes;
And weakeſt his, who beſt deſcries!
Yet let me not my birrth-right barter,
(For wiſhing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wiſh what's wanted,
Though few e'er found their wiſhes granted;
Extenſive field; where poets pride them
In ſinging all that is deny'd them.)
  For humble eaſe, ye powers! I pray;
That plain warm ſuit for ev'ry day!
And pleaſure, and brocade, beſtow;
To ſtaunt it—once a month, or ſo.
The firſt for conſtant wear we want;
The firſt, ye powers! for ever grant;
But conſtant wear the laſt beſpatters,
And turns the tiſſue into tatters,

Where'er my vagrant courſe I bend,
Let me ſecure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public ſcenes, requeſt
A friend of wit and taſte, well dreſs'd:
And, if I muſt not hope ſuch favour,
A friend of wit and taſte, however.
Alas! that wiſdom ever ſhuns
To congregate her ſcatter'd ſons;
Whoſe nervous forces well combin'd
Would win the field, and ſway mankind.
The fool will ſqueeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in ſight;
The note he ſtrikes, the plume he ſhows,
Attract whole flights of ſops and beaux;
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the ſight; careſs, and own him;
But ill-ſtarr'd ſenſe, nor gay nor loud,
Steals ſoft on tip-toe, through the crowd:
Conveys his meagre form between;
And ſlides, like pervious air, unſeen:
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere ev'n a crime to be:
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to ſtray,
And win acquaintance in their way.
In company, ſo mean his air,
You ſcarce are conſcious he is there:
Till from ſome nook, like ſharpen'd ſteel,
Occurs his face's thin profile.
Still ſeeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd, to fly.
Yet, while reluctant, he diſplays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd
His tawdry ſtock of painted paſte.
Diſus'd to ſpeak, he tries his ſkill;
Speaks coldly, and ſucceeds but ill;
His penſive manner, dulneſs deem'd
His modeſty, reſerve eſteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.
And thoſe who, mutually known,
In friendſhip's faireſt liſt had ſhone,
Leſs prone, than pebbles, to unite,
Retire to ſhades from public ſight;
Grow ſavage, quit their ſocial nature;
And ſtarve, to ſtudy mutual ſatire.
But friends, and favourites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, ſeas between them:
Meet once a year, then part, and then
Retiring, wiſh to meet again.
Sick of the thought, let me provide,
Some human form to grace my ſide;
At hand, where'er I ſhape my courſe;
An uſeful, pliant, ſtalking horſe!
No geſture free from ſome grimace;
No ſeam, without its ſhare of lace;
But, mark'd with gold or ſilver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I adviſe,
And ſtockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What though Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting, but his mind:
Before, a ſolitaire; behind,
A twiſted ribbon, like the track
Which nature gives an aſs's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 'twere
His wiſdom's ſlender wealth to ſhare!
And, whilſt in flocks our fancies ſtray,
To wiſh the poor man's lamb away.
This form attracting every eye,
I ſtroll all unreguarded by:
This wards the jokes of every kind,
As an umbrella ſun or wind;
Or, like a ſponge, abſorbs the ſallies,
And peſtilential fumes of malice;
Or, like a ſplendid ſhield, is fit
To ſcreen the templar's random wit;
Or what ſome gentler cit lets fall,
As wool-packs quaſh the leaden ball.
Alluſions theſe of weaker force,
And apter ſtill the ſtalking horſe!
O let me wander all unſeen,
Beneath the ſanction of his mien!
As lilies ſoft, as roſes fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!
With ſteady eye and pace remark
The ſpeckled flock that haunts the park *;
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies flocking there to feed:
And, as my ſatire burſts amain,
See, feather'd foppery ſtrew the plain.
But when I ſeek my rural grove,
And ſhare the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My ſweet ſequeſter'd paths profane.
Oft may ſome poliſh'd virtuous friend,
To the ſoft-winding vales deſcend;
And love with me inglorious things,
And ſcorn with me the pomp of kings.
And check me, when my boſom burns
For ſtatues, paintings, coins, and urns.
For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wiſh might now be mine—
But all diſpers'd! the wiſh, the prayer,
Are driven to mix with common air.

PART II.

How happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic ſchemes were not!
Ere yet he ſent his weakly eyes,
To plan frail caſtles in the ſkies;
Forſaking pleaſures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, ſtill flitting from one.
Ah happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had taſte ne'er touch'd thy tranquil ſhore!
Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd
The couples jingled at his ſide;
And Damon ſwore he would not barter
The ſportſman's girdle for a garter!
Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found eaſy Damon in their power;
Pure ſocial nature all his guide,
"Damon had not a grain of pride."
He wiſh'd not to elude the ſnares
Which knavery plans, and craft prepares;
But rather wealth to crown their wiles;
And win their univerſal ſmiles:
For who are cheerful, who at eaſe,
But they who cheat us as they pleaſe?

* *St. James's.*

He wink'd at many a groſs deſign,
The new-fallen calf might countermine:
Thus every fool allow'd his merit;
" Yes! Damon had a generous ſpirit!"
A coxcomb's jeſt, however vile,
Was ſure, at leaſt, of Damon's ſmile:
That coxcomb ne'er denied him ſenſe;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modeſtly away,
Damon could ſhine as much as they.
When wine and folly came in ſeaſon,
Damon ne'er ſtrove to ſave his reaſon;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar:
A ſpy upon a hoſtile ſhore!
'Twas this his company endear'd:
Mirth never came till he appear'd:
His lodgings---every drawer could ſhow them;
The ſlave was kick'd, who did not know them.
Thus Damon, ſtudious of his eaſe,
And pleaſing all, whom mirth could pleaſe;
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To ſhow a ſofter word than folly.
Since wiſdom's gorgon-ſhield was known
To ſtare the gazer into ſtone;
He choſe to truſt in folly's charm,
To keep his breaſt alive and warm.
At length grave learning's ſober train
Remark'd the trifler with diſdain;
The ſons of taſte contemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze;
While they to nobler heights aſpir'd,
And grew belov'd, eſteem'd, admir'd.
Hence with our youth, not void of ſpirit,
His old companions loſt their merit:
And every kind well-natur'd ſot
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
Where every yawning gueſt agrees,
The willing creature ſtrives to pleaſe:
But temper never could amuſe;
It barely led us to excuſe;
'Twas true, converſing they averr'd,
All they had ſeen, or felt or heard:
Talents of weight! for wights like theſe,
The law might chooſe for witneſſes:
But ſure th' atteſting dry narration
Ill ſuits a judge of converſation.
* What were their freedoms? mere excuſes
To vent ill-manners, blows, and bruiſes.
Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
At form, at form, inceſſant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cauſe, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed them,
So ſure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage! but a loaded gun;
Machine the wiſe would wiſh to ſhun;
Its guard unſafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.
In ſhort, diſguſted out of meaſure,
Through much contempt, and ſlender pleaſure,
His ſenſe of dignity returns;
His native pride his boſom burns;
He ſeeks reſpect---but how to gain it?
Wit, ſocial mirth, could ne'er obtain it:

And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
Diſcards and diſſipates reſpect.
The man who bravely bows, enjoys it;
But ſhaking hands, at once, deſtroys it.
Precarious plant, which, freſh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!
Come then, reſerve! yet from thy train
Baniſh contempt, and curſt diſdain.
Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art,
To act the decent diſtant part:
To huſband well my complaiſance,
Nor let ev'n wit too far advance;
But chooſe calm reaſon for my theme,
In theſe her royal realms ſupreme;
And o'er her charms, with caution ſhown,
Be ſtill a graceful umbrage thrown;
And each abrupter period crown'd,
With nods, and winks, and ſmiles profound,
Till, reſcued from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I riſe with head elate, to ſhare
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Reſpect is won by grave pretence
And ſilence, ſurer ev'n than ſenſe---
'Tis hence the ſacred grandeur ſprings
Of Eaſtern---and of other kings,
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While virtue's diſtant as Peru?
The ſheathleſs ſword the guard diſplays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays:
The ſtately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Leſs ſcreens the body, than controuls,
And wards contempt from royal ſouls.
The crowns they wear but check the eye,
Before it fondly pierce too nigh;
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the ſurface of---the void.
O! 'tis the ſtateſman's craft profound
To ſcatter his amuſements round!
To tempt us from the conſcious breaſt,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their neſt.
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.
The lordly log, diſpatch'd of yore,
That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a diſtance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's aſſiſtance:
Nay---had addreſſes from his nation,
In praiſe of log-adminiſtration.

PART III.

The buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that general ſtare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear!
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement ſent its invitation.
Romantic ſcenes of pendent hills,
And verdant vales, and falling rills,
And moſſy banks, the fields adorn,
Where Damon, ſimple ſwain, was born.
The Dryads rear'd a ſhady grove;
Where ſuch as think, and ſuch as love,
May ſafely ſigh their ſummer's day:
Or muſe their ſilent hours away.

* *Boiſterous mirth.*

The Oreads lik'd the climate well;
And taught the level plain to ſwell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works deſcry.
The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their ſtreams to pleaſe the view,
And bade them wind, as ſerpents do:
And having ſhown them where to ſtray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.
Theſe Fancy, all-ſagacious maid,
Had at their ſeveral taſks ſurvey'd:
She ſaw and ſmil'd; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with deſcriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when ſhe all its charms had ſhown,
Preſcribe improvements of her own.
"See yonder hill, ſo green, ſo round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raiſe a dome to Venus there:
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal ſurvey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay.
'Twas ſuch a ſhade, and ſuch a nook,
In ſuch a vale, near ſuch a brook;
From ſuch a rocky fragment ſpringing;
That fam'd Apollo choſe, to ſing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.
How charming there to muſe and warble
Beneath his buſt of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vaſt deſire.
Then, near it, ſcoop the vaulted cell
Where muſic's * charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender paſſion,
And make thee many an aſſignation.
Deep in the grove's obſcure retreat
Be plac'd Minerva's ſacred ſeat;
There let her awful turrets riſe,
(For wiſdom flies from vulgar eyes:)
There her calm dictates ſhalt thou hear
Diſtinctly ſtrike thy liſtening ear:
And who would ſhun the pleaſing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?"
In ſhort, ſo charm'd each wild ſuggeſtion,
Its truth was little call'd in queſtion:
And Damon dreamt he ſaw the fawns,
And nymphs, diſtinctly, ſkim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Loſt in the circling ſhades again.
With leer oblique their lover viewing---
And Cupid---panting---and purſuing---
Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,
Be thou my goddeſs! thou my guide!
For thy bright viſions I deſpiſe
What foes may think, or friends adviſe.
The feign'd concern, when folks ſurvey
Expence, time, ſtudy, caſt away;
The real ſpleen, with which they ſee:
I pleaſe myſelf, and follow thee.
Thus glow'd his breaſt by fancy warm'd:
And thus the fairy landſcape charm'd.

But moſt he hop'd his conſtant care;
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wandering late through yonder glade,
He thus the ſoft deſign betray'd.
"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays ſalute my love!
My Delia with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!
Ye flowers! which early ſpring ſupplies,
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes!
That ſhe your opening charms may ſee;
Or what were elſe your charms to me?
Kind zephyr! bruſh each fragrant flower,
And ſhed its odours round my bower;
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall I, in thee, refreſhment find.
Ye ſtreams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſooth my fair;
Or, oh, 'twill deepen my deſpair!
Be ſure, ye willows! you be ſeen
Array'd in livelieſt robes of green;
Or I will tear your ſlighted boughs,
And let them fade around my brows.
And thou my grot! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds!
May ſhe admire thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou ſhalt prove her lover's tomb."
And now the lofty domes were rear'd;
Loud laugh'd the 'ſquares, the rabble ſtar'd.
"See, neighbours, what our Damon's doing!
I think ſome folks are fond of ruin!
I ſaw his ſheep at random ſtray—
But he has thrown his crook away---
And builds ſuch huts, as in foul weather,
Are fit for ſheep nor ſhepherd neither."
Whence came the ſober ſwain miſled?
Why, Phœbus put it in his head.
Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
And Phœbus coins bright tons of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be ſo vain on't,
I think he'll never touch a grain on't.
And if, from Phœbus, and his muſe,
Mere earthly lazineſs enſues;
'Tis plain, for aught that I can ſay,
The devil inſpires, as well as they.
So they---while fools of groſſer kind,
Leſs weeting what our bard deſign'd,
Impute his ſchemes to real evil;
That in theſe haunts he met the devil.
He own'd, though their advice was vain,
It ſuited wights who trod the plain:
For dulneſs---though he might abhor it—
In them he made allowance for it.
Nor wonder'd, if, beholding mottos,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
Folks, little dreaming of the muſes,
Were plagu'd to gueſs their proper uſes.
But did the muſes haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counſels ſhare?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the ſtructures ſhone complete;
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair gueſts alone were wanting;

* *The Muſes.*

Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confeſſion)
Came poverty and took poſſeſſion.

PART IV.

Why droops my Damon, whilſt he roves
Through ornamented meads and groves!
Near columns, obeliſks, and ſpires,
Which every critic eye admires?
'Tis poverty, deteſted maid,
Sole tenant of their ample ſhade!
'Tis ſhe, that robs him of his eaſe;
And bids their very charms diſpleaſe.
But now, by fancy long controll'd,
And with the ſuns of taſte enroll'd,
He deem'd it ſhameful to commence
Firſt miniſter to common ſenſe:
Far more elated, to purſue
The loweſt taſk of dear vertù.
And now behold his lofty ſoul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on ſome elaborate flower;
And, like a bee, the ſweets devour!
Now, of a roſe enamour'd, prove
The wild ſolicitudes of love!
Now, in a lilly's cup enſhrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!
As in theſe toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day;
Conducting ſun, and ſhade, and ſhower,
As moſt might glad the new-born flower,
So fate ordain'd before his eye---
Starts up the long-ſought butterfly!
While, fluttering round, her plumes unfold
Celeſtial crimſon, dropt with gold.
Adieu, ye bands of flowrets fair!
The living beauty claims his care,
For this he ſtrips---nor bolt, nor chain,
Could Damon's warm purſuit reſtrain.
See him o'er hill, morais, or mound,
Where'er the ſpeckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal purſue;
And totter towards the prey in view.
Nor rock, nor ſtream, his ſteps retard,
Intent upon the bleſt reward!
One vaſſal fly repays the chaſe!
A wing, a film, reward the race!
Rewards him, though diſeaſe attend,
And in a fatal forfeit end.
So fierce Camilla ſkimm'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleaſing ſtain,
She ey'd intent the glittering ſtranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear, nor danger;
Till deep within her panting heart,
Malicious fate impell'd the dart!
How ſtudious he what favourite food
Regales dame nature's tiny brood?
What junkets fat the filmy people!
And what liqueurs they chooſe to tipple!
Behold him, at ſome criſe, preſcribe,
And raiſe with drugs the ſickening tribe!
Or haply, when their ſpirits fan'ter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.
When nature's brood of inſects dies,
See how he pimps for amorous flies!
See him the timely ſuccour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender!
Or ſee him guard their pregnant hour;
Exert his ſoft obſtetric power:
And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land!
* O Wilks! what poet's loftieſt lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praiſe?
Immortal ſage! by fate decreed
To guard the moth's illuſtrious breed;
Till fluttering ſwarms on ſwarms ariſe,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!
And muſt we praiſe this taſte for toys?
Admire it then in girls and boys.
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Reſign your moths---the ſeaſon's o'er.
'Tis time more ſocial joys to prove;
'Twere now your nobler taſk---to love.
Let * * * *'s eyes more deeply warm;
Nor, ſlighting nature's faireſt form,
The bias of your ſouls determine
Towards the mean love of nature's vermin.
But, ah! how wondrous few have known,
To give each ſtage of life its own!
'Tis the pretexta's utmoſt bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To pleaſe the child; whoſe glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes:
And few, but with regret, aſſume
The plain-wrought labours of the loom,
Ah! let not me my fancy ſteer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Not ev'n in learning's long delays
Conſume my faireſt, fruitleſs days:
Like him, who ſhould in armour ſpend
The ſums that armour ſhould defend.
A while, in pleaſure's myrtle bower,
We ſhare her ſmiles, and bleſs her power:
But find at laſt, we vainly ſtrive
To fix the worſt conquette alive.
O you! that with aſſiduous flame
Have long purſued the faithleſs dame;
Forſake her ſoft abodes a while,
And dare her frown, and ſlight her ſmile.
Nor ſcorn, whatever wits may ſay,
The foot-path road, the king's high-way.
No more the ſcrupulous charmer teaze,
But ſeek the roofs of honeſt eaſe;
The rival fair, no more purſued,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her every art eſſay,
To win you to her ſlighted ſway;
And grant your ſcorn a glance more fair
Than e'er ſhe gave your fondeſt prayer.
But would you happineſs purſue?
Partake both eaſe, and pleaſure too?
Would you, through all your days, diſpenſe
The joys of reaſon, and of ſenſe?
Or give to life the moſt you can,
Let ſocial virtue ſhape the plan.
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleaſing ſweets ſucceed?
Or, like the ſweets of wild deſire,
Did ſocial pleaſures ever tire?

---

* *Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expenſive propoſals.*

Yet 'midſt the group be ſome preferr'd,
Be ſome abhorr'd---for Damon err'd:
And ſuch there are---of fair addreſs---
As 'twere unſocial to careſs.
O learn by reaſon's equal rule
To ſhun the praiſe of knave, or fool!
Then, though you deem it better ſtill
To gain ſome ruſtic 'ſquare's good will;
And ſouls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a ſmile;
Yet reaſon holds it for a crime,
The trivial breaſt ſhould ſhare thy time:
And virtue, with reluctant eyes.
Beholds this human ſacrifice!
Through deep reſerve, and air erect,
Miſtaken Damon won reſpect;
But could the ſpecial homage paſs,
With any creature, but an aſs?
If conſcious, they who fear'd the ſkin,
Would ſcorn the ſluggiſh brute within.
What awe-ſtruck ſlaves the towers encloſe,
Where Perſian monarchs eat and doze!
What proſtrate reverence all agree,
To pay a prince they never ſee!
Mere vaſſals of a royal throne!
The ſophi's virtues muſt be ſhown,
To make the reverence his own.
As for Thalia---wouldſt thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?---take her,
She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy duteous hours befriend;
Will ſwell thy joys, will ſhare thy pain;
With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
Will ſmooth thy pillow, pleat thy bowers;
And bind thy aching head with flowers.
But be this previous maxim known,
If thou canſt feed on love alone:
If, bleſt with her thou canſt ſuſtain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain:
If ſo---then rifle all her graces---
And fruitful be your fond embraces.
Too ſoon, by caitiff-ſpleen inſpir'd,
Sage Damon to his groves retir'd:
The path diſclaim'd by ſober reaſon;
Retirement claims a later ſeaſon;
Ere active youth and warm deſires
Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.
With the warm boſom, ill agree,
Or limpid ſtream, or ſhady tree.
Love lurks within the roſy bower,
And claims the ſpeculative hour;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulſe too fiercely beat!
Ev'n ſocial friendſhip duns his ear,
And cites him to the public ſphere,
Does he reſiſt their genuine force?
His temper takes ſome froward courſe;
Till paſſion, miſdirected ſighs
For weeds, or ſhells, or grubs, or flies!
Far happieſt he, whoſe early days
Spent in the ſocial paths of praiſe,
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund, the memory draws
The laſting meed of ſelf-applauſe.
Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people their ſequeſter'd ſhade.
Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fauns,
That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.
If, where his devious ramble ſtrays,
He virtue's radiant form ſurveys;
She ſeems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown ſevere*;
To ſhow him her remote abode;
To point the rocky arduous road:
But from each flower, his fields allow,
She twines a garland for his brow.

ECONOMY,

A RHAPSODY, ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POETS.

" Inſanis; omnes gelidis quæcunque lacernis
" Sunt tibi, Naſones Virgilioſque vides." MART.

PART I.

To you, ye bards! whoſe laviſh breaſts requires
This monitory lay, the ſtrains belong;
Nor think ſome miſer vents his ſapient ſaw,
Or ſome dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profuſion, ſings; while friendly zeal,
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inſpires the meaneſt of the muſes' train!
Like you I loath the grovelling progeny,
Whoſe wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on power's tyrannic throne:
To lord it there in gorgeous uſeleſſneſs,
And ſpurn ſucceſsleſs worth that pines below!
See the rich churl, amid the ſocial ſons
Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins
In the free jeſt delighted! ſeems to ſhow
A meliorated heart! he laughs! he ſings!
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems ſet a gape the board,
Like Demea, in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of ſoul,
Till Micio wonders: or, in Shakſpeare's line,
Obſtreperous ſilence; drowning Shallow's voice,
And ſtartling Falſtaff, and his mad compeers.
He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To ſmooth his careful brow! to let his purſe
Ope to a ſixpence diameter!
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleaſaunce, and deſerve regard.
True, we are dainty good ſociety,
But what art thou? alas! conſider well,
Thou bane of ſocial pleaſure, know thyſelf.
Thy fell approach, like ſome invaſive damp
Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Deſtroy the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
Its flamens boaſt to guard: we know not how,
But at thy ſight the fading flame aſſumes
A ghaſtly blue, and in a ſtench expires.
True, thou ſeem'ſt chang'd; all fainted, all enfeebled,
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honeſt, and of gentle kind,
But all is falſe! an intermitting ſigh
Condemns each hour, each moment given to ſmiles,
And deems thoſe only loſt, thou doſt not loſe.
Ev'n for a demi groat, this open'd ſoul,

* *Alluding to---the allegory in Cebes's tablet.*

This boon companion, this elaſtic breaſt
Revibrates quick; and ſends the tuneful tongue
To laviſh muſic on the rugged walls
Of ſome dark dungeon. Hence, thou caitiff, fly!
Touch not my glaſs, nor drain my ſacred bowl,
Mouſter, ingrate! beneath one common ſky
Why ſhouldſt thou breathe? beneath one common roof
Thou ne'er ſhalt harbour; nor my little boat
Receive a ſoul with crimes to preſs it down.
Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,
And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be converſation. Not a face that ſmiles
Admit thy preſence! not a ſoul that glows
With ſocial purport, bid or ev'n or morn
Inveſt thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy ſure-heirs ſtand tittering round thy bed,
And, uſhering in their favourites, burſt thy locks,
And fill their lamps with gold; till want and care
With joy depart, and cry, "We aſk no more."
Ah never never may th' harmonious mind
Endure the worldly! poets, ever void
Of guile, diſtruſtleſs, ſcorn the treaſur'd gold,
And ſpurn the miſer, ſpurn his deity.
Balanc'd with friendſhip, in the poet's eye
The rival ſcale of intereſt kicks the beam,
Than lightning ſwifter. From his cavern'd ſtore
The ſordid ſoul, with ſelf-applauſe, remarks
The kind propenſity; remarks and ſmiles,
And hies with impious haſte to ſpread the ſnare.
Him we deride, and in our comic ſcenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn.
We loath with juſtice; but alas the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold;
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!
But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whoſe heart
Is cruſted o'er with droſs, whoſe callous mind
Is ſenſeleſs as his gold, the ſlighted muſe
Intenſely loaths. 'Tis ſure no equal taſk
To pardon him, who laviſhes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or ſpaniel, all
But human merit; who with gold eſſays
All, but the nobleſt pleaſure, to remove
The want of genius, and its ſmiles enjoy.
But you, ye titled youths! whoſe nobler zeal
Would burniſh o'er your coronets with fame;
Who liſten pleas'd when poet tunes his lay;
Permit him not to diſtant ſolitudes,
To pine, to languiſh out the fleeting hours
Of active youth! then virtue pants for praiſe
That ſeaſon unadorn'd, the careleſs bard
Quits your worn threſhold, and like honeſt Gay
Contemns the niggard boon ye time ſo ill.
Your favours then, like trophies given the tomb,
Th' infranchis'd ſpirit ſoaring not perceives,
Or ſcorns perceiv'd; and execrates the ſmile
Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treacherous hopes
And ſervile cares a prey, expire in vain!—
Two lawleſs powers, engag'd by mutual hate
In endleſs war, beneath their flags enroll
The vaſſal world. This avarice is nam'd,
That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends
Aſſign them ſofter names; uſurpers both;
That ſhare by dint of arms the legal throne
Of juſt economy; yet both betray'd
By fraudful miniſters. The niggard chief,
Liſtening to want, all faithleſs, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train,
His conduct models by the needleſs fears
The ſlave inſpires; while luxury, a chief
Of ampleſt faith, to plenty's rule reſigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flattering ſounds.
Engroſs his ear; 'tis plenty's ſmiling form
Moves ſtill before his eyes. Diſcretion ſtrives,
But ſtrives in vain, to baniſh from the throne
The perjur'd minion. He, ſecure of truſt,
With latent malice to the hoſtile camp [veys
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth con-
Ye towering minds! ye ſublimated ſouls!
Who, careleſs of your fortunes, ſeal and ſign,
Set, ſet, contract, acquit, with eaſier mien
Than ſops take ſnuff! whoſe economic care
Your green-ſilk purſe engroſſes! eaſy, pleas'd,
To ſee gold ſparkle through the ſubtle folds;
Lovely, as when th' Heſperian fruitage ſmil'd
Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harveſts! harveſts all the year!
Who ſcatter wealth, as though the radiant crop
Glitter'd on every bough; and every bough
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd
Were by a ſplendid ſucceſſor ſupply'd
Inſtant, ſpontaneous! liſten to my lays.
For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phraſe
Have long decreed, that quit with greateſt eaſe
The treaſur'd gold. Of words indeed profuſe,
Of gold tenacious, their torpeſcent ſoul
Clenches their coin, and what electral fire
Shall ſolve the frofty gripe, and bid it flow?
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence
Of health! of treaſure! ſtimulates the ſoul:
Theſe, with officious care, and fatal art,
Improve the vinous flavour; theſe the ſmile
Of Cloe ſoften; theſe the glare of dreſs
Illume; the glittering chariot gild anew,
And add ſtrange wiſdom to the furs of power.
Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
That he, who thinks of pureſt gold with ſcorn,
Should with unfated appetite demand,
And vainly court the pleaſure it procures!
When fancy's vivid ſpark impels the ſoul
To ſcorn quotidian ſcenes, to ſpurn the bliſs
Of vulgar minds, what noſtrum ſhall compoſe
Its fatal tenſion? in what lonely vale
Of balmy medicine's various field, aſpires
The bleſt refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgaſm uncontroll'd!
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
Requires; to eat, to drink, to ſleep, to fill
A cheſt with gold, the ſprightly breaſt demands
Inceſſant rapture; life, a tedious load
Deny'd its continuity of joy.
But whence obtain? philoſophy requires
No laviſh coſt; to crown its utmoſt prayer
Suffice the root-built cell, the ſimple fleece,
The juicy viand, and the cryſtal ſtream.
Ev'n mild ſtupidity rewards her train
With cheap contentment, Taſte alone requires
Entire profuſion! Days, and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic fancy! calls aloud
For coſtly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement! ſeas of bliſs!
Seas without ſhore! infinity of ſweets!
And yet, unleſs ſage reaſon join her hand

In pleaſure's purchaſe, pleaſure is unſure:
And yet, unleſs economy's content
Legitimate expence, ſome graceleſs mark,
Some ſymptom ill-conceal'd, ſhall, ſoon or late,
Burſt like a pimple from the vicious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's diſeaſe,
Amidſt the bloom of ſhow. The ſcanty ſtream
Slow-loitering in its channel, ſeems to vie
With Vaga's depth; but ſhould the ſedgy power
Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
O'er the rough rock, how muſt his fellow ſtreams
Deride the tinklings of the boaſtive rill!
I not aſpire to mark the dubious path
That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
But, ere ſelf-flattery ſooth the vivid breaſt
With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
Reflect how few, who charm'd the liſtening ear
Of ſatrap or of king, her ſmiles enjoy'd!
Conſider well, what meagre alms repay'd
The great Mæonian, ſire of tuneful ſong,
And prototype of all that ſoar'd ſublime,
And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd
The modeſt bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
To ſwell with tears his Mulla's parent ſtream,
And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,
"To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone."
Why ſhould I tell of Cowley's penſive muſe
Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
Which of your boaſted race might hope reward
Like loyal Butler, when the liberal Charles,
The judge of wit, perus'd the ſprightly page,
Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
The poet's paraſite; but learn alone
To ſpare the ſcanty boon the fates decree.
Poet and rich! tis ſoleciſm extreme!
'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
In every nerve and fibre of his ſoul,
The latent ſeeds and principles of want
Has nature wove; and fate confirm'd the clue.
Nor yet deſpair to ſhun the ruder gripe
Of penury; with nice preciſion learn
A dollar's value. Foremoſt in the page
That marks th' expence of each revolving year,
Place inattention. When the luſt of praiſe,
Or honour's falſe idea, tempts thy ſoul
To ſlight frugality, aſſure thine heart
That danger's near. This periſhable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
It fetters miſers, but it muſt alone
Enfranchiſe thee. The world, the cit-like world,
Bids thee beware; thy little craft eſſay;
Nor, piddling with a tea-ſpoon's ſlender form,
See with ſoup-ladles devils gormandize.
Economy! thou good old aunt! whoſe mien
Furrow'd with age and care the wiſe adore,
The wits contemn! reſerving ſtill thy ſtores
To cheer thy friends at laſt! why with the cit,
Or bookleſs churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'ſt thou to reſide?
And, ſhunning all who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to ſeek ſome vulgar mind
Inſpiring pride, and ſelfiſh ſhapes of ill?
Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childleſs, love to dwell; yet leave the breaſt
Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Where doubly kind? for ſure to youthful eyes
(How ſhort ſoe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either ſide
The loves, the graces play, on fortune's child
Profuſely ſmiling; well might you eſſay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day,
But fate aſſents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glittering ſeeds of care!
O that the muſe's voice might pierce the ear
Of generous youth! for youth deſerves her ſong,
Youth is fair virtue's ſeaſon, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand; the ſequent ſtage,
It barely vegetates: nor long the ſpace
Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk diſplay
Fell winter's total reign. O lovely ſource
Of generous foibles, youth! when opening minds
Are honeſt as the light, lucid as air,
As foſtering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring!
Yet, hapleſs ſtate of man! his earlieſt youth
Cozens itſelf; his age defrauds mankind.
Nor deem it ſtrange that rolling years abrade
The ſocial bias. Life's extenſive page
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots friends,
Sickening beneath its ray, enervate ſome,
And others dead, whoſe putrid name exhales
A noiſome ſcent, the bulky volume teems.
With kinſmen, brothers, ſons, moiſtening the ſhroud,
Or honouring the grave, with ſpecious grief
Of ſhort duration; ſoon in fortune's beams
Alert, and wondering at the tears they ſhed.
But who ſhall ſave by tame proſaic ſtrain
That glowing breaſt, where wit with youth con-ſpires
To ſweeten luxury? The fearful muſe
Shall yet proceed, though by the fainteſt gleam
Of hope inſpir'd, to warn the train ſhe loves.

PART II.

In ſome dark ſeaſon, when the miſty ſhower
Obſcures the ſun, and ſaddens all the ſky;
When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor ſtream
Invites thee forth, to ſport thy drooping muſe;
Seize the dull hour, nor with regret aſſign
To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor coy
Accepts the tribute of a joyleſs day; [cede,
She ſmiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth re-
And not a grace, and not a muſe will hear.
Then, from majeſtic Maro's awful ſtrain,
Or towering Homer, let thine eye deſcend
To trace, with patient induſtry, the page
Of income and expence. And oh! beware
Thy breaſt, ſelf-flattering, place no courtly ſmile,
No golden promiſe of your faithleſs muſe,
Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may ſhow,
Amid thy ſolid ſtore. The ſyren's ſong
Wrecks not the liſtening ſailor, half ſo ſure.
See by what avenues, what devious paths,
The foot of want deteſted, ſteals along,
And bars each fatal paſs. Some few ſhort hours
Of punctual care, the refuſe of thy year
On frugal ſchemes employ'd, ſhall give the muſe
To ſing intrepid many a cheerful day.
But if too ſoon before the tepid gales

Thy reſolution melt; and ardent vows,
In wary hours preferr'd, or die forgot,
Or ſeem'd the forc'd effect of hazy ſkies;
Then, ere ſurpriſe, by whoſe impetuous rage
The maſſy fort, with which thy gentler breaſt
I not compare, is won, the ſong proceeds.
Know too by nature's undiminiſh'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, ſyſtems, all!
Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; ſoul alike with ſoul
Aſpires to join; nor yet in ſouls alone,
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propenſity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
That, ſhould the world's diſjointed frame once
To chaos yield the ſway, amid the wreck [more
Their union ſhould ſurvive; with Roman warmth,
By ſacred hoſpitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.
Here then we fix; on this perennial baſe
Erect thy ſafety, and defy the ſtorm.
Let ſoft profuſion's fair idea join
Her hand with poverty; nor here deſiſt,
Till, o'er the group that forms their various train
Thou ſing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward ſhow in laſting leagues combine
With ſhame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face
Of raſh intemperance, be diſcreetly pair'd
With ſallow hunger: the licentious joy,
With mean dependance; ev'n the dear delight
Of ſculpture, paint, intaglios, books and coins,
Thy breaſt, ſagacious prudence! ſhall connect
With filth and beggary; nor diſdain to link
With black inſolvency. Thy ſoul alarm'd
Shall ſhun the ſyren's voice; nor boldly dare
To bid the ſoft enchantreſs ſhare thy breaſt,
With ſuch a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.
Nor think, ye ſordid race! ye groveling minds!
I frame the ſong for you! for you, the muſe
Could other rules impart; the friendly ſtrain,
For gentler bloſſoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore; and in your breaſt
Compaſſion, love, and friendſhip, all deſtroy!
It greatly ſhall avail, if e'er thy ſtores
Increaſe apace, by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of groſs unbounded praiſe!
It much avails, to ſeize the preſent hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the ſmall remaining ſtore
Shall riſe in weight tenfold, in luſtre riſe,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce aſſay.
'Tis thus the frugal huſbandman directs
His narrow ſtream, if, o'er its wonted banks
By ſudden rains impell'd, it proudly ſwell;
His timely hand through better tracts conveys
The quick decreaſing tide; ere borne along
Or through the wild moraſs, or cultur'd fields,
Or bladed graſs mature, or barren ſands,
It flow deſtructive, or it flow in vain!
But happieſt he who ſanctifies expence
By preſent pay! who ſubjects not his fame
To tradeſmens varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of baſe mechanic, ſordid, unlincere!
There haply, while thy muſe ſublimely ſoars
Beyond this earthly ſphere, in heaven's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambroſial ſweets,
Thy growing debt ſteals unregarded o'er
The punctual record; till nor Phœbus ſelf,
Nor ſage Minerva's art can aught avail
To ſooth the ruthleſs dun's deteſted rage.
Frantic and fell, with many a curſe profane
He loads the gentle muſe; then hurls thee down
To want, remorſe, captivity, and ſhame.
Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a hoſtile ſhore,
Diſarm'd, defenceleſs? why require to tread
The precipice? or why alas to breathe
A moment's ſpace, where every breeze is death,
Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
Thy diſſipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas o'er the flowery fields
Or ſhow diffus'd, and ſpeed to ſafer climes.
Economy preſents her glaſs, accept
The faithful mirror: powerful to diſcloſe
A thouſand forms, unſeen by careleſs eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation, in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every ſweet perfum'd,
Beſets thy ſenſe; extortion follows cloſe
Her wanton ſtep, and ruin brings the rear.
Theſe and the reſt ſhall her myſterious glaſs
Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
When to her labouring ſon, the vengeful powers
That urg'd the fall of Ilium, ſhe diſplay'd,
He, not imprudent, at the ſight declin'd
The unequal conflict, and decreed to raiſe
The Trojan welfare on ſome happier ſhore.
For here to drain thy ſwelling purſe await
A thouſand arts, a thouſand frauds attend,
" The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous ſnuff-
boxes
" The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
" With all its bright inhabitants, ſhall waſte
" Its melting ſtores, and in the dreary void
" Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhauſt
Its flimſy folds offend thy penſive eye,
Away! emboſom'd deep in diſtant ſhades,
Nor ſeen nor ſeeing, thou mayſt vent thy ſcorn
Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the farded fop, and eſſenc'd beau,
Ferocious with a ſtoic's frown diſcloſe
Thy manly ſcorn, averſe to tinſel pomp;
And fluent thine harangue. But can thy ſoul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dreſs,
Where dreſs is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall with thee burniſh'd! where the ſprightly
Demand embelliſhment! ev'n Delia's eye, [fair
As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
Inquirent, curious? Fly the curſt domain;
Theſe are the realms of luxury and ſhow;
No claſſic ſoil: away! the bloomy ſpring
Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
Fly to thy native ſhades, and dread ev'n there,
Leſt buſy fancy tempt thy narrow ſtate
Beyond its bounds. Obſerve Florelio's mien.
Why treads my friend with melancholy ſtep
That beauteous lawn? why penſive ſtrays his eye
O'er ſtatues, grottoes, urns, by critic art

Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
Bright glittering through the grove, returns his eye
Unpleas'd, diſconſolate? And is it love,
Diſaſtrous love, that robs the finiſh'd ſcenes
Of all their beauty? centering all in her
His ſoul adores? or from a blacker cauſe
Springs this remorſal gloom? is conſcious guilt
The latent ſource of more than love's deſpair?
It cannot be within that poliſh'd breaſt
Where ſcience dwells, that guilt ſhould harbour there;
No! 'tis the ſad ſurvey of preſent want,
And paſt profuſion! loſt to him the ſweets
Of yon pavilion, fraught with every charm
For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
How gladſome once he rang'd your native turf,
Your ſimple ſcenes, how raptur'd! ere expence
Had laviſh'd thouſand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and beauty to diſpleaſe.
  Oh! for a ſoul to all the glare of wealth,
To fortune's wide exhauſtleſs treaſury,
Nobly ſuperior! but let caution guide
The coy diſpoſal of the wealth we ſcorn,
And prudence be our almoner! Alas!
The pilgrim wandering o'er ſome diſtant clime,
Sworn foe of avarice! nor diſdains to learn
Its coin's imputed worth; the deſtin'd means
To ſmooth his paſſage to the favour'd ſhrine.
Ah let not us, who tread this ſtranger-world,
Let none who ſojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is mercenary; not waſte
His fare, ere landed on no venal ſhore.
  Let never bard conſult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! ſurvey
Thy learned art, in Chiſwic's dome diſplay'd;
Dangerous incentive! nor with lingering eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful muſe,
To ſing a requiem to that gentle ſoul
Who plann'd the ſky-light; which to laviſh bards
Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.
For garrets him, and ſqualid walls await,
Unleſs, preſageful, from this friendly ſtrain,
He glean advice, and ſhun the ſcribbler's doom.

PART III.

Yet once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling muſe conſigns thee. Ere contempt,
Or want's empoiſon'd arrow, ridicule,
Tranſfix thy weak unguarded breaſt, behold!
The poet's roofs, the careleſs poet's, his
Who ſcorns advice, ſhall cloſe my ſerious lay.
  When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The play-thing of compariſon, arriv'd
Where learned boſoms their aerial ſchemes
Projected, ſtudious of the public weal;
'Mid theſe, one ſubtler artiſt he deſcry'd,
Who cheriſh'd in his duſty tenement
The ſpider's web, injurious, to ſupplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarchs on ſuch fatal purpoſe ſmile
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd ſons
The Melkſham weavers! Here in every nook
Their wefts they ſpun; here revel'd uncontroul'd,
And, like the flags from Weſtminſter's high roof
Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.
Such, ſo adorn'd, the cell I mean to ſing!
Cell ever ſqualid! where the ſneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
That comes to all! o'er whoſe quieſcent walls
Arachne's unmoleſted care has drawn
Curtains ſubſuſk, and ſave th' expence of art.
  Survey thoſe walls, in fady texture clad,
Where wandering ſnails in many a ſlimy path,
Free, unreſtrain'd, their various journeys crawl;
Peregrinations, ſtrange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! ſuch the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Meantime, thus ſilver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the ſnail-wrought tiſſue ſhines,
Perchance of tabby, or of harateen,
Not ill expreſſive! ſuch the power of ſnails.
  Behold the chair, whoſe fractur'd ſeat infirm
An aged cuſhion hides! replete with duſt
The foliag'd velvet; pleaſing to the eye
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the ſnare
Of weary gueſt that on the ſpecious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! diſaſtrous wight!
In evil hour and raſhly doſt thou truſt
The fraudful couch! for, though in velvet cas'd,
Thy fated thigh ſhall kiſs the duſty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath ſhap'd his way; on beds profuſe of flowers,
Cowſlip, or primroſe, or the circular eye
Of daiſie fair, decrees to baſk ſupine.
And ſee! delighted, down he drops, ſecure
Of ſweet refreſhment, eaſe without annoy,
Or luſcious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,
Much ſuffering pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap,
Nor ſweet repoſe ſhalt find; the falſe moraſs
In quivering undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulf enclos'd!
And who would truſt appearance? caſt thine eye
Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,
Eldeſt of things! and napleſs, as an heath
Of ſmall extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.
Not different have I ſeen in dreary vault
Diſplay'd, a coffin; on each ſable ſide
The texture unmoleſted ſeems entire.
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to duſt away!
And leaves the wondering ſwain to gape, or ſtare,
And with expreſſive ſhrug, and piteous ſigh,
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.
This aged veſture, ſcorn of gazing beaux,
And formal cits, (themſelves too haply ſcorn'd)
Both on its ſleeve and on its ſkirt, retains
Full many a pin wide-ſparkling: for, if e'er
Their well-known creſt met his delighted eye,
Though wrapt in thought, commercing with the ſky,
He, gently ſtooping, ſcorn'd not to upraiſe,
And on each ſleeve, as conſcious of their uſe,
Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with theſe,
The cure of rents and ſeparations dire,
And chaſms enormous, did he view diſmay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, buſh, portending fate
To breeches, coat and hoſe! had any wight
Of vulgar ſkill, the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a ſonnet quaint

Of Silvia's ſhoe-ſtring, or of Cloe's fan,
Or ſweetly-faſhion'd tip of Celia's ear.
Alas! by frequent uſe decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!
See near his bed (his bed too falſely call'd
The place of reſt, while it a bard ſuſtains;
Pale, meagre, muſe-rid wight! who reads in vain
Narcotic volumes o'er) his candleſtick,
Radiant machine, when from the plaſtic hand
Of Mulciber, the mayor of Brimingham,
The engine iſſued; now alas disguis'd
By many an unctuous tide, that wandering down
Its ſides congeal; what he perhaps, eſſays
With humour forc'd, and ill-diſſembled ſmile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleaſing fold, incruſts the tree.
Or ſuits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of froſt
Pervaſive, radiant iſicles depend?
How ſhall I ſing the various ill that waits
The careful ſonneteer? or who can paint
The ſhifts enormous, that in vain he forms
To patch his paneleſs window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vaſe?
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeſeen
Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends deſign'd,
Allow one part to decorate his ſong.
While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand
Conſcious of every ſhift, of every ſhift
Indicative, his inmoſt plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his ſtudy calls
Pompous and vain! for thus he might eſteem
His cheſt, a wardrobe; purſe, a treaſury;
And ſhows, to crown her full diſplay, himſelf.
One whom the powers above, in place of health,
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or ſcrip, or ſtaff,
Cup, diſh, ſpoon, plate, or worldly utenſil,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And wiſh the cobler's loftieſt ſite his own;
Nor, partial as they ſeem, upbraid the fates,
Who to the humbler mechaniſm, join'd
Goods ſo ſuperior, ſuch exalted bliſs!
See with what ſeeming eaſe, what labour'd peace,
He, hapleſs hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amuſement! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
That care-defying ſonnet, which implies
His debts diſcharg'd, and he of half a crown
In full poſſeſſion, unconteſted right
And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if ſuch there be, diſtruſt
The vain pretence; the ſmiles that harbour grief
As lurks the ſerpent deep in flowers unwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demoliſh; chooſe the truſtier flail,
And bleſs thoſe labours which the choice inſpir'd.
But if thou view'ſt a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common ſenſe, who ſeeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breaſt,
Preſcient of future dignities, ſalute
Sheriff, or mayor, in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, ſecure: nor yet the laureat's crown
In thought exclude him! He perchance ſhall riſe
To nobler heights than foreſight can decree.
When, fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues diſ-
In many an idle ſong, Saturnian Jove [play'd
Vow'd ſure deſtruction to the tuneful race;
Appeas'd by ſuppliant Phœbus, "Bards, he ſaid,
Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
Secure of thunder."---Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

THE RUIN'D ABBEY;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

At length fair peace with olive crown'd regains
Her lawful throne, and to the ſacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted muſe returns.
Happy the bard, who, from his native hills,
Soft muſing on a ſummer's eve, ſurveys
His azure ſtream, with penſile woods enclos'd!
Or o'er the glaſſy ſurface, with his friend,
Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green
Wafts his ſmall frigate. Fearleſs he of ſhouts,
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew
That ape confuſion from the realms they rule!
Fearleſs of theſe; who ſhares the gentler voice
Of peace and muſic; birds of ſweeteſt ſong
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the foreſt; birds of brighter plume
With buſy pinion ſkim the glittering wave,
And tempt the ſun; ambitious to diſplay
Their ſeveral merit, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verſe, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the ſcene.
If ſolitude his wandering ſteps invite
To ſome more deep receſs (for hours there are,
When gay, when ſocial minds to friendſhip's voice,
Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer);
How pleas'd he treads her venerable ſhades,
Her ſolemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
Around emboſom'd, how it ſooths the ſoul!
If ſcoop'd at firſt by ſuperſtitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the ſhoals
Of bigot minds, religion dwells not here,
Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:
Yet here may wiſdom, as ſhe walks the maze,
Some ſerious truths collect, the rules of life;
And ſerious truths of mightier weight than gold!
I aſk not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles; in early life,
Ere indolence impede the ſearch, explor'd.
Then, like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling ſchools attack
My grounded hope, or ſubtler wits deride,
Will I not bluſh to ſhun the vain debate,
And this mine anſwer: "Thus, 'twas thus I
"thought;
"My mind yet vigorous, and my ſoul entire;
"Thus will I think, averſe to liſten more
"To intricate diſcuſſion, prone to ſtray.
"Perhaps my reaſon may but ill defend

" My ſettled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
" Too ſure its own infirmities declare.
" But I am arm'd by caution, ſtudious youth,
" And early foreſight; now the winds may riſe,
" The tempeſt whiſtle, and the billows roar;
" My pinnace rides in port, deſpoil'd and worn,
" Shatter'd by time and ſtorms, but while it ſhuns
" Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
" Sees the ſtrong veſſel fluctuate leſs ſecure."
Thus while he ſtrays, a thouſand rural ſcenes
Suggeſt inſtruction, and inſtructing pleaſe.
And ſee betwixt the grove's extended arms
An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
Gilt by the mid-day ſun: with lingering ſtep
Produce thine axe (for, aiming to deſtroy
Tree, branch, or ſhade, for never ſhall thy breaſt
Too long deliberate), with timorous hand
Remove th' obſtructive bough; nor yet refuſe
Though ſighing, to deſtroy that favourite pine,
Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
Of beauty fair, that ſcreens the vaſt remains.
Aggriev'd, but conſtant as the Roman ſire,
The rigid Manlius, when his conquering ſon
Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
Of virtuous ardour, timeleſsly diſplay'd;
Nor ceaſe till, through the gloomy road, the pile
Gleam unobſtructed: thither oft thine eye
Shall ſweetly wander; thence returning, ſooth
With penſive ſcenes thy philoſophic mind.
These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
O ſuperſtition! hence the dire diſeaſe,
(Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian peſt
Were a ſhort head-ach, were the trivial pain
Of tranſient indigeſtion) ſeiz'd mankind.
Long time ſhe rag'd, and ſcarce a ſouthern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till ſhe,
Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their power,
And in a thouſand horrid forms attir'd.
Where then was truth to ſanctify the page
Of Britiſh annals? if a foe expir'd,
The perjur'd monk ſuborn'd infernal ſhrieks,
And fiends to ſnatch at the departing ſoul
With helliſh emulation. If a friend,
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the ſkies.
What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?
The ſovereign's juſt, the ſubject's loyal pact,
To cheriſh mutual good, annull'd and vain,
By Roman magic, grew an idle ſcroll
Ere the frail ſanction of the wax was cold.
With thee, * Plantagenet, from civil broils
The land a while reſpir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket roſe, and, impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawleſs fury march'd
The church's blood-ſtain'd convicts, and forgave;
Bid murderous prieſts the ſovereign frown contemn,
And with unhallow'd croſier bruis'd the crown.
Yet yielded not ſupinely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wiſe,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal ſoul
Firm and erect the peeviſh prieſt exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.

* *Henry II.*

In vain! let one faint malady diffuſe
The penſive gloom which ſuperſtition loves,
And ſee him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey whilſt the prieſt aſcends!
Was * Cœur-de-lion bleſt with whiter days?
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urg'd the cruſade; and ſee, of half his ſtores
Deſpoil'd the wretch, whoſe wiſer boſom choſe
To bleſs his friends, his race, his native land.
Of ten fair ſuns that roll'd their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
While haughty † Longchamp, 'mid his livery'd files
Of wanton vaſſals, ſpoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
A laurel harveſt for a pillag'd land.
Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deſerts
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren ſprays!
When faithleſs John uſurp'd the fully'd crown,
What ample tyranny! the groaning land
Deem'd earth, deem'd heaven its foe! ſix tedious years
Our helpleſs fathers in deſpair obey'd
The papal interdict; and who obey'd,
The ſovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
Of papal reſcript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
And durſt invade; be ſuch inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!
Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartleſs, dead
To every purpoſe, men nor wiſh'd to live,
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curſe, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.
Thence journeying home, in every cloud he ſees
A vengeful angel, in whoſe waving ſcroll
He reads damnation; ſees its ſable train
Of grim attendants, pencil'd by deſpair!
The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful ſteps arriv'd; his home, his friends,
His offſpring left, to laviſh on the ſhrine
Of ſome far-honour'd ſaint his coſtly ſtores,
Inverts his footſtep; ſickens at the ſight
Of the barr'd fane, and ſilent ſheds his tear.
The wretch whoſe hope by ſtern oppreſſion chas'd
From every earthly bliſs, ſtill as it ſaw
Triumphant wrong, took wing, and flew to heaven,
And reſted there, now mourn'd his refuge loſt.
And wonted peace. The ſacred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To ſupplicate remiſſion, ſmok'd no more;
While the green weed luxuriant round uproſe.
Some from the death-bed, whoſe delirious faith
Through every ſtage of life to Rome's decrees
Obſequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
Now ſaw the ghaſtly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
The laſt loud clarion ſound, and heaven's decree
With unremitting vengeance bar the ſkies.
Nor light the grief, by ſuperſtition weigh'd,
That their diſhonour'd corſe, ſhut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Muſt ſleep with brutes their vaſſals; on the field;

* *Richard I.*
† *Biſhop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.*

Unneath ſome path, in marl unexercis'd!
No ſolemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
No tongue of prieſt pronounce their ſoul ſecure!
Nor fondeſt friend aſſure their peace obtain'd!
The prieſt! alas, ſo boundleſs was the ill!
He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;
The vivid vermeil fled his ſady cheek,
And his big paunch, diſtended with the ſpoils
Of half his flock: emaciate, groan'd beneath
Superior pride, and mightier luſt of power!
'Twas now Rome's fondeſt friend, whoſe meagre hand
Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
With nice preciſion, felt the deeper wound
As his gull'd ſoul rever'd the conclave more.
Whom did the ruin ſpare? for wealth, for power,
Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpleſs in the dreary gulf involv'd;
And one capricious curſe envelop'd all!
Were kings ſecure? in towering ſtations born,
In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to ſcorn mankind,
Or view diminiſh'd from their ſite ſublime;
As when a ſhepherd, from the lofty brow
Of ſome proud cliff, ſurveys his leſſening flock
In ſnowy groups diffuſive, ſcud the vale.
A while the furious menace John return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too ſoon
Allegiance ſickening ſaw its ſovereign yield,
An angry prey to ſcruples not his own.
The loyal ſoldier, girt around with ſtrength,
Who ſtole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And ſeiz'd the faulchion, reſolute to guard
His ſovereign's right, impalſy'd at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his ſoul revers'd
For foul deſertion; drops the lifted ſteel,
And quits fame's noble harveſt, to expire
The death of monks, of ſurfeit, and of ſloth!
At length fatigued with wrongs, the ſervile king
Drain'd from his land its ſmall remaining ſtores
To buy remiſſion. But could theſe obtain!
No! reſolute in wrongs the prieſts obdur'd;
Till crawling baſe, to Rome's deputed ſlave,
His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.
Mean monarch! ſlighted, brav'd, abhorr'd, before!
And now, appeas'd by delegated ſway,
The wily pontiff ſcorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the ſacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obſequious tribes
Of ſatraps! princes! crawling to the ſhrine
Of ſainted villany! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
Of incenſe wreath'd, amidſt a drooping land
That ſigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
Diſplays its verdant leaf, its crimſon flower,
And ſheds its odours; while the flocks around
Hungry and faint the barren ſands explore
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the ſoil;
Drain'd and exhauſt to ſwell its thirſty pores,
And furniſh luxury.—Yet in vain
Britannia ſtrove; and whether artful Rome
Careſs'd or curs'd her, ſuperſtition rag'd
And blinded, fetter'd, and deſpoil'd the land.
At length ſome murderous monk, with poiſonous art
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet ſurceas'd with John's diſaſtrous fate
Pontific fury! Engliſh wealth exhauſt,
The ſequent reign * beheld the beggar'd ſhore
Grim with Italian uſurers; prepar'd
To lend, for griping unexampled hire,
To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.
For now with more extenſive havoc rag'd
Relentleſs Gregory, with a thouſand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor ſhall the muſe repeat how oft he blew
The croiſe's trumpet; then for ſums of gold
Annull'd the vow, and bade the falſe alarm
Swell the groſs hoards of Henry, or his own.
Nor ſhall ſhe tell how pontiffs dar'd repeal
The beſt of charters! dar'd abſolve the tie
Of Britiſh kings by legal oath reſtrain'd.
Nor can ſhe dwell on argoſies of gold
From Albion's realm to ſervile ſhores convey'd,
Wrung from her ſons, and ſpeeded by her kings!
Oh irkſome day! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft, to gull their native land!
Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught
Of ſubjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and ſhame!
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmoſt Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful ſword, by John ere while
Forc'd from his ſcabbard; and with burniſh'd lance
Eſſay the ſavage cure, domeſtic war!
And now ſome nobler ſpirits chas'd the miſt
Of general darkneſs. Groſted † now adorn'd
The mitred wreath he wore, with reaſon's ſword
Staggering deluſion's frauds; at length beneath
Rome's interdict expiring calm, reſign'd
No vulgar ſoul that dar'd to heaven appeal!
But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
Had well nigh ceded to the ſlothful hands
Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care
The laviſh hand of death-bed fear reſtrain'd.
Yet was he clear of ſuperſtition's taint?
He too, miſdeemful of his wholeſome law,
Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treaſur'd gold
To fatten monks on Salem's diſtant ſoil!
Yes, the third Edward's breaſt, to papal ſway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cauſe,
Could ſuperſtition quell! before the towers
Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
He drops the ſword, and ſigns ignoble peace!
But ſtill the night by Romiſh art diffus'd
Collects her clouds, and with ſlow pace recedes,
When, by ſoft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
Bold Wickliff roſe: and while the bigot power
Amidſt her native darkneſs ſkulk'd ſecure,
The demon vaniſh'd as he ſpread the day.
So from his boſom Cacus breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of ſmoke
Secure a while his recreant life ſuſtain'd;
Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his ſubtleſt wiles
Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.
Hail, honour'd Wickliff! enterpriſing ſage!
An Epicurus in the cauſe of truth!
For 'tis not radiant ſuns, the jovial hours

* *Henry III. who cancell'd the Magna Charta.*
† *Biſhop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum.*

Of youthful ſpring, an ether all ſerene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
Can chaſe religious gloom! 'Tis reaſon, thought,
The light, the radiance that pervades the ſoul,
And ſheds its beams on heav'n's myſterious ſway!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd
Let looſe the rage of bigots on their foes,
And ſeek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindeſt prince,
The moſt extended breaſt, the royal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry
Burſt from the centre of remorſeleſs flames;
Their ſhrieks endur'd! Oh ſtain to martial praiſe!
When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, pay'd the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the ſtorms were laid!
'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flouriſh'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff ſaw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, inveſt her worthier ſons!
Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful ſway!
Eſſay'd his utmoſt art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.
So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The firſt fair pattern of the female frame,
All nature's beauties in one form diſplay'd,
And centering there, in wild amaze he ſtood;
Then only envying heaven's creative hand:
Wiſh'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every ſnare.
And vain were reaſon, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede: till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cauſe; Tudor, whoſe tyrant reign
With mental freedom crown'd, the beſt of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolſey roſe, by nature form'd to ſeek
Ambition's trophies, by addreſs to win,
By temper to enjoy—whoſe humbler birth
Taught the gay ſcenes of pomp to dazzle more.
Then from its towering height with horrid ſound
Ruſh'd the proud abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls diſcloſ'd the wanton ſcene.
Of monkiſh chaſtity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded ſtrumpet, muttering low
An ineffectual curſe. The pervious nooks
That, ages paſt, convey'd the guileful prieſt
To play ſome image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expoſe
Obvious the fraudful enginery of Rome.
As though this opening earth to nether realms
Should flaſh meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abaſh'd to find their cheats diſplay'd:
And, conſcious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, reſign'd their fair domain.
Nor yet ſupine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The peſt gigantic; whoſe revengeful ſtroke
Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign. [prieſt
When from the tendereſt breaſt each wayward
Could baniſh mercy and implant a fiend!
When cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound religion there, and fir'd the baſe!
When the ſame blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face [hope.
Triumphant faith appear'd, and ſmiling
O bleſt Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driven to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
Then with her James receding, caſt behind
One angry frown, and ſought more ſervile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued taſk
Of righteous havoc, covering diſtant fields
With the wrought remnants of the ſhatter'd pile.
While through the land the muſing pilgrim ſees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midſt
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd;
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of uſe to grace a rural ſcene;
To bound our viſtas, and to glad the ſons
Of George's reign, reſerv'd for fairer times!

LOVE AND HONOUR.

"Sed neque Medorum ſylvæ, ditiſſima terra
"Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
"Laudibus Angligenum certent: non Bactra, nec Indi,
"Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis."

Let the green olive glad Heſperian ſhores;
Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,
Theſe let Iberia boaſt; but if in vain,
To win the ſtranger plant's diffuſive ſmile,
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our conſtant boſoms, theſe, the dazzled world
May view with envy; theſe, Iberian dames
Survey with fixt eſteem and fond deſire.
Hapleſs Elvira! thy diſaſtrous fate
May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
The Britiſh lyre; then chiefly, if the muſe,
Nor vain, nor partial, from the ſimple guiſe
Of ancient record catch the penſive lay;
And in leſs grovelling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliеſt maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boaſt no purer breaſt, no ſprightlier mind,
No race more ſplendent, and no form ſo fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerleſs maid
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the ſpoil
Of Britiſh victors, victory's nobleſt pride!
She, ſhe alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids aſſign'd to Henry's care;
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!
He, generous youth, with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where freedom's cheerful radiance ſhines no more,
Eſſay'd to ſoften; conſcious of the pang
That beauty feels, to waſte its fleeting hours
In ſome dim fort, by foreign rule reſtrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!
Sometimes, to cheat her boſom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himſelf had worn: the frowns of angry ſeas,
Or hoſtile rage, or faithleſs friend, more fell
Than ſtorm or foe: if haply ſhe might find
Her cares diminiſh'd; fruitleſs fond eſſay!
Now to her lovely hand, with modeſt awe
The tender lute he gave: ſhe not averſe
Nor deſtitute of ſkill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic ſtrains; the ſacred debt
Of gratitude, ſhe ſaid; whoſe juſt commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!
Nor to the melting ſounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious, as the ſtrain
Of ſome impriſon'd lark, who, daily cheer'd

By guardian cares, repays them with a ſong:
Nor droops, nor deems ſweet liberty reſign'd.
The ſong, not artleſs, had ſhe fram'd to paint
Diſaſtrous paſſion; how, by tyrant laws
Of idiot cuſtom ſway'd, ſome ſoft-ey'd fair
Lov'd only one: nor dar'd that love reveal!
How the ſoft anguiſh baniſh'd from her cheek
The damaſk roſe full-blown; a fever came;
And from her boſom forc'd the plaintive tale.
Then, ſwift as light, he ſought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly ſought her; torn by ſwifter fate
To join the tenants of the myrtle ſhade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.
Sometimes, as fancy ſpoke the pleaſing taſk,
She taught her artful needle to diſplay
The various pride of ſpring: then ſwift up-ſprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and roſe:
There might you ſee, on gentle toils intent,
A train of buſy loves: ſome pluck the flower,
Some twine the garland, ſome with grave grimace
Around a vacant warrior caſt the wreath.
'Twas paint, 'twas life, and ſure to piercing eyes
The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.
Now had the generous chief with joy perus'd
The royal ſcroll, which to their native home
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
Reſtor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haſte
To glad his fair Elvira's ear, he ſprung;
Fir'd by the bliſs he panted to convey;
But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
His fond diſtreſs, when o'er her pallid face
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeleſs hand
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfiniſh'd flower!
Speechleſs ſhe ſtood; at length with accents faint,
"Well may my native ſhore, ſhe ſaid, reſound
"Thy monarch's praiſe; and ere Elvira prove
"Of thine forgetful, flowers ſhall ceaſe to feel
"The foſtering breeze, and nature change her laws."
And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The Britiſh hoſt. Around the ſmiling youths
Call'd to their native ſcenes, with willing haſte
Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love
That weds each boſom to its native ſoil.
The patriot paſſion ſtrong in every clime,
How juſtly theirs, who find no foreign ſweets
To diſſipate their loves, or match their own.
Not ſo Elvira! ſhe, diſaſtrous maid,
Was doubly captive! power nor chance could looſe
The ſubtle bands; ſhe lov'd her generous foe.
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry ſmil'd,
Could term her native ſhore; her native ſhore
By him deſerted, ſome unfriendly ſtrand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a deſert waſte and wild.
The fleet careen d, the wind propitious fill'd
The ſwelling ſails, the glittering tranſports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing
With flight auſpicious ſkim'd the placid main.
On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting ſea,
And wiſh'd a ſtorm as mercileſs, as tore
Her labouring boſom. Fondly now ſhe ſtrove
To baniſh paſſion; now the vaſſal days,
The captive moments that ſo ſmoothly paſt,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the favourite ſounds
Which Henry deign'd to praiſe; and now eſſay'd
With mimic chains of ſilken fillets wove
To paint her captive ſtate; if any friend
Might to her love the pleaſing ſcenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feaſt the ſoul.
But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch
On ocean's willing breaſt, and bid adieu
To his fair priſoner. She, ſoon as ſhe heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame; but with a ſpreading bluſh
And riſing ſigh, the latent pang diſclos'd.
"Yes, generous youth! I ſee thy boſom glow
With virtuous tranſport, that the taſk is thine
To ſolve my chains; and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, reſtore
A ſoft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceleſs prey!
But know, my ſoldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the laviſh joys of wild expence
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languiſh out his bloom, could catch the pains
This ill-ſtarr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.
What call I freedom? is it that theſe limbs,
From rigid bolts ſecure, may wander far,
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boaſt
That ſacred bleſſing, ſome ſuperior power
To mortal kings, to ſublunary thrones,
Muſt looſe my paſſion, muſt unchain my ſoul.
Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath!
But moſt the joyleſs privilege to gaze
With cold indifference, where deſert is love.
True, I was born an alien to thoſe eyes
I aſk alone to pleaſe; my fortune's crime!
And ah! this flatter'd form by dreſs endear'd
To Spaniſh eyes, by dreſs may thine offend,
Whilſt I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to ſtrive
With cuſtom's load, beneath its weight expire.
Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquiſh me; his form, howe'er diſguis'd,
To me were fatal! no fantaſtic robe
That e'er caprice invented, cuſtom wore,
Or folly ſmil'd on, could eclipſe thy charms.
Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmeſt plea
Seems but the ſubtler accent fraud inſpires;
My tendereſt glances, but the ſpecious flowers
That ſhade the viper while ſhe plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breaſt,
By ties of grateful duty bound, enſnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no ſofter ſmile
For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heav'n ſearch my ſoul, and if through all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of poiſonous guile;
Full on my feeleleſs head its phial'd wrath
May fate exhauſt; and for my happieſt hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!
Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and reaſon ſoon diſpell'd
Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd iſle
Aſſign'd its total merit, unreſtrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'Twas there my fancy ſaw the virtues dwell,
The loves, the graces play; and bleſs'd the ſoil
That nurtur'd thee! for ſure the virtues form'd
Thy generous breaſt; the loves, the graces plann'd
Thy ſhapely limbs. Relation, birth eſſay'd
Their partial power in vain: again I gaz'd,
And Albion's iſle appear'd, amidſt a tract
Of ſavage waſtes, the darling of the ſkies!

And thou by nature form'd, by fate aſſign'd,
To paint the genius of thy native ſhore.
'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling ſcene
Of burniſh'd plants to lure a feniale eye,
Iberia glows: but ah! the genial ſun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or ſcents the flower,
On Spaniſh minds, a nation's nobler boaſt!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits jealouſy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his ſlow conſuming fires.
Not ſuch thy charming region; long before
My ſweet experience taught me to decide
Of Engliſh worth, the ſound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that ſavage coaſt, that rude ſojourn,
Stranger to Britiſh worth? the worth which forms
The kindeſt friends; the moſt tremendous foes;
Firſt, beſt ſupports of liberty and love!
No, let ſubjected India, while ſhe throws
O'er Spaniſh deeds the veil, your praiſe reſound.
Long as I heard, or ere in ſtory read
Of Engliſh fame, my bias'd partial breaſt
Wiſh'd them ſucceſs, and, happieſt ſhe, I cry'd,
Of woman happieſt ſhe, who ſhares the love,
The fame, the virtues, of an Engliſh lord!
And now what ſhall I ſay? bleſt be the hour
Your fair-built veſſels touch'd th' Iberian ſhore:
Bleſt did I ſay the time? if I may bleſs
That lov'd event, let Henry's ſmiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conqueſt? will he ſlight
The ſoft endearments of the lovelier ſpoil?
And yet Iberia's ſons, with every vow
Of laſting faith, have ſworn theſe humble charms
Were not excell'd; the ſource of all their pains,
And love her juſt deſert, who ſues for love;
But ſues to thee, while natives ſigh in vain.
Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Diſſent from his) it ſpreads an hateful ſtain
On honeſt fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not love himſelf, with all the pointed pains
That ſtore his quiver, ſhall ſeduce my ſoul
From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
A conſort's name, more ſwift than lightning flies,
When elements diſcordant vex the ſky,
Shall bluſhing from the form ſhe loves retire.
Yet if the ſpecious wiſh, the vulgar voice
Has titled prudence, ſways a ſoul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipſes me? Nor paint the dreary ſtorms [deep,
Or hair-breadth 'ſcapes that haunt the boundleſs
And force from tender eyes the ſilent tear;
When memory to the penſive maid ſuggeſts,
In full contraſt, the ſafe domeſtic ſcene
For theſe reſign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,
When ſteel'd by love, in love's moſt horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding ſcorns,
Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love."
She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient watch'd the language of his eye:
There pity dwelt, and from its tender ſphere
Sent looks of love, and faithleſs hopes inſpir'd.
"Forgive me, generous maid, the youth return'd,
If, by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let ſuch ſweetneſs plead, alas! in vain!
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of ſolid bliſs, or happieſt love beſtow.
But e'er from native ſhores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance ſhould wait,
My warring ſword: if conqueſt, fame, and ſpoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treaſure, and the laurel wreath;
Enjoying conqueſt then, and fame, and ſpoil,
If fortune frown'd adverſe, and death forbade
The bliſsful union, with my lateſt breath
To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my ſoul
No dangers tore; this vow my boſom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the ſpoil enjoy.
Her ſhall I leave, with fair events elate,
Who crown'd mine humbleſt fortune with her love?
Her ſhall I leave, who now perchance alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my ſlow return?
And ſhall that veſſel, whoſe approaching ſails
Shall ſwell her breaſt with eceſtaſies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguiſh to her ſoul?
No! may the deep my villain-corſe devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids diſcloſe,
If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breaſt
Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies."
Oh! happy ſhe, rejoin'd the penſive maid,
Who ſhares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
And be ſhe happy! thy diſtinguiſh'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewell my luckleſs hopes, my flattering dreams
Of rapturous days! my guilty ſuit, farewell!
Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random ſhaft
Of cenſure pierce with me th' Iberian dames!
They love with caution, and with happier ſtars.
And oh! by pity mov'd, reſtrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;
By hope confirm'd; with artleſs truth reveal'd;
Let, let me ſay, but for one matchleſs maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.
Theſe radiant gems, which burniſh happineſs,
But mock misfortune, to thy favourite's hand
With care convey. And well may ſuch adorn
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
The ſource of every tranſport; but diſgrace
My penſive breaſt, which doom'd to laſting woe,
In thee the ſource of every bliſs reſigns.
And now farewell, thou darling youth! the gem
Of Engliſh merit! peace, content, and joy,
And tender hopes, and young deſires, farewell!
Attend, ye ſmiling train, this gallant mind
Back to his native ſhores; there ſweetly ſmooth
His evening pillow; dance around his groves;
And, where he treads, with violets paint his way.
But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! in the ſacred cells
Of ſome lone cloiſter let me ſhroud my ſhame:
There, to the matin bell, obſequious, pour
My conſtant oriſons. The wanton loves,
And gay deſires, ſhall ſpy the glimmering towers,
And wing their flight aloof: but reſt confirm'd,
That never ſhall Elvira's tongue conclude

Her ſhorteſt prayer, ere Henry's dear ſucceſs
The warmeſt accent of her zeal employ."
Thus ſpoke the weeping fair, whoſe artleſs mind
Impartial ſcorn'd to model her eſteem
By native cuſtoms; dreſs, and face, and air,
And manners, leſs; nor yet reſolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the ſolemn vow
Given and receiv'd, to ſoft compaſſion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Eſteem could warrant, weary'd heaven with prayers
To ſhield that tender breaſt he left forlorn.
He ceas'd, and to the cloiſter's penſive-ſcene
Elvira ſhap'd her ſolitary way.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

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

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

Au me! full ſorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modeſt worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blaſts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp diſguiſe;
Deeds of ill ſort, and miſchievous enprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddeſs! let me try
To ſound the praiſe of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to eſpy,
Loſt in the dreary ſhades of dull obſcurity.

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

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

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

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

Her cap, far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for ſceptre, ſhe does wield
Tway birchen ſprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark diſtruſt, and ſad repentance fill'd;
And ſtedfaſt hate, and ſharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chaſtiſement unkind.

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

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

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

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

Herbs too ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak
That in her garden ſip'd the ſilvery dew;
Where no vain flower diſclos'd a gawdy ſtreak;
But herbs for uſe, and phyſic, not a few,

Of grey renown, within thoſe borders grew:
The tufted baſil, pun-provoking thyme,
Freſh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would ſing, diſdaining here to rhyme.

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

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

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

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

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem
By the ſharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſovereign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,
The matron ſate; and ſome with rank ſhe grac'd,
(The ſource of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redreſs'd affronts, for vile affronts there paſs'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well ſhe knew each temper to deſcry;
To thwart the proud, and the ſubmiſs to raiſe;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And ſome entice with pittance ſmall of praiſe;
And other ſome with baleful ſprig ſhe frays:
Ev'n abſent, ſhe the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd ſhe ſways;

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whiſper in her ear, and all the ſcene unfold.

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

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

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

No longer can ſhe now her ſhrieks command;
And hardly ſhe forbears, through awful fear,
To ruſhen forth, and, with preſumptuous hand,
To ſtay harſh juſtice in its mid career.
On thee ſhe calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the ſhameful blow!)
She ſees no kind domeſtic viſage near,
And ſoon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a looſe at laſt to unavailing woe.

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

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

See to their ſeats they hye with merry glee,
And in beſeemly order ſitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he, [chair;
Abhorreth bench and ſtool, and fourm, and

* *Spenſer.*

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting, does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjuſt beheſt;
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

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

Behind ſome door, in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyance careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns;
And deems its ſhame if he to peace inclines;
And many a ſullen look aſcance is ſent,
Which for his dames annoyance he deſigns;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her haviour paſt reſent.

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

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

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

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle ſkie,
And liberty unbars her priſon-door;
And like a ruſhing torrent out they fly,
And now the graſſy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boiſterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thouſand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven ſhield their ſhort-liv'd paſtimes, I implore!

For well may freedom erſt ſo dearly won,
Appear to Britiſh elf more gladſome than the ſun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your ſportive trade,
And chaſe gay flies, and cull the faireſt flowers;
For when my bones in graſs-green ſods are laid;
For never may ye taſte more careleſs hours
In knightly caſtles or in ladies bowers.
O vain to ſeek delight in earthly thing! [ers;
But moſt in courts where proud ambition tow-
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can ſpring
Beneath the pompous dome of keſar or of king.

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

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

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

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

EPITAPH†.

Here, here ſhe lies a budding roſe,
Blaſted before its bloom,
Whoſe innocence did ſweets diſcloſe
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To thoſe who for her death are griev'd,
This conſolation's given;
She's from the ſtorms of life reliev'd
To them more bright in heaven.

---

* *Shrewſbury cakes.*

† *In Halles-Owenchurch-yard, on Miſs Anne Powel.*

INSCRIPTIONS.

I. ON A TABLET AGAINST A ROOT-HOUSE.

HERE, in cool grot and moſſy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely ſeen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, aſcending high,
Darts through yon lines her quivering beams,
We friſk it near theſe cryſtal ſtreams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daiſies broider'd o'er
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful ſtrains we call,
But liſten to the water's fall.

Would you then taſte our tranquil ſcene,
Be ſure your boſoms be ſerene;
Devoid of hate, devoid of ſtrife,
Devoid of all that poiſons life:
And much it 'vails you in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe theſe favour'd bowers,
Nor wound the ſhrubs, nor bruiſe the flowers;
So may your path with ſweets abound;
So may your couch with reſt be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward ſwain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

II. ON AN URN.

INGENIO ET AMICITIAE
GUILIELMI SOMERVILE.

And on the oppſite ſide,

G. S. POSVIT,
Debitâ ſpargens lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

III. TO MR. DODSLEY.

COME then, my friend, thy Sylvan ſhade diſplay,
Come hear thy Faunus tune his ruſtic lay;
Ah, rather come, and in theſe dells diſown
The care of other ſtrains, and tune thine own.

IV. ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC SEAT.

SHEPHERD, would'ſt thou hear obtain
Pleaſure unalloy'd with pain?
Joy that ſuits the rural ſphere?
Gentle ſhepherd lend an ear.

Learn to reliſh calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright;
Trees that nod on ſloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canſt no charm diſcloſe
In the ſimpleſt bud that blows;
Go, forſake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleaſures never cloy;
Baniſh each tumultuous joy:
All but love—for love inſpires
Fonder wiſhes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet, ere thou the reigns reſign,
Hear what reaſon ſeems to ſay,
Hear attentive, and obey.

" Crimſon leaves the roſe adorn,
" But beneath them lurks a thorn;
" Fair and flowery is the brake
" Yet it hides the vengeful ſnake

" Think not ſhe, whoſe empty pride
" Dares the fleecy garb deride,
" Think not ſhe, who, light and vain,
" Scorns the ſheep can love the ſwain.

" Artleſs deed and ſimple dreſs
" Mark the choſen ſhepherdeſs;
" Thoughts by decency control'd,
" Well conceiv'd and freely told.

" Senſe that ſhuns each conſcious air,
" Wit, that falls ere well aware;
" Generous pity, prone to ſigh
" If her kid or lambkin die.

" Let not lucre, let not pride,
" Draw thee from ſuch charms aſide;
" Have not thoſe their proper ſphere?
" Gentler paſſions triumph here.

" See to ſweeten thy repoſe,
" The bloſſom buds, the fountain flows;
" Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
" All that milk and fruits afford.

" Seek no more—the reſt is vain;
" Pleaſure ending ſoon in pain;
" Anguiſh lightly gilded o'er:
" Cloſe thy wiſh, and ſeek no more."

V. ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC ALCOVE.

O YOU that bathe in courtly blyſſe
Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
Do not too raſhly deem amyſſe
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet diſdeigne the ruſſet ſtoale,
Which o'er each careleſſe lymb he flyngs:
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In whyche he quaffs the lympid ſprings.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of wordlye cark he ſtray:

Or all beſide ſome flowery lawne,
He waſte his inoffenſive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and ſtrife,
If ſuch in courtlye haunt he ſee:
For faults there beene in buſye life,
From whyche theſe peaceful glens are free.

VI. ON A SEAT, UNDER A SPREADING BEECH.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.——

VII. ON A SEAT.

IOSEPHO SPENCE,
EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;
CVI DICARI VELLET
MVSARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM CHORVS,
DICAT AMICITIA.
MDCCLVIII.

VIII. ON THE ASSIGNATION SEAT.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hedera formoſior alba!
Cum primum paſti repetent præſepia tauri,
Si quæ tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

IX. ON AN ORNAMENTED URN,

Inſcribed to Miſs Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenſtone's, who died of the ſmall-pox, about twenty-one years of age.

PERAMABILI SVÆ CONSOBRINÆ
M. D.

On the other ſide:

AH MARIA
PVELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA,
AH FLORE VENVSTATIS ABREPTA,
VALE!
HEV QVANTO MINVS EST
CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,
QVAM TVI
MEMINISSE!

X. ON A SEAT.

CELEBERRIMO POETÆ
JACOBO THOMSON
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis ſibilus auſtri,
Nec percuſſa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxoſas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

XI. ON A SEAT,

At the bottom of a large Root, on the Side of a Slope.

O let me haunt this peaceful ſhade;
Nor let ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower
That ſhun her paths, and ſlight her power!

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies
From ſocial meads and open ſkies;
Pleas'd by this rill her courſe to ſteer,
And hide her ſapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimſon ſtains,
Forſakes the river's proud domains;
Forſakes the ſun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble ſtream.

And ſure I hear the Naiad ſay,
Flow, flow, my ſtream, this devious way,
Though lovely ſoft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

Flow, gentle ſtream, nor let the vain
Thy ſmall unſully'd ſtores diſdain:
Nor let the penſive ſage repine,
Whoſe latent courſe reſembles thine.

XII. ON A SMALL OBELISK IN VIRGIL'S GROVE.

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

XIII. ON A STONE, BY A CHALYBEAT SPRING.

FONS FERRVGINEVS.
DIVÆ QUÆ SECESSV ISTO FRVI CONCEDIT.

XIV. ON A STONE SEAT, MAKING PART OF A CAVE.

INTVS AQVÆ DULCIS, VIVOQVE SEDILIA SAXO;
NYMPHARVM DOMVS.

XV. ON TWO SEATS, TO TWO OF HIS MOST PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

The firſt thus:

AMICITIÆ ET MERITIS
RICHARDI GRAVES:
IPSÆ TE, TITYRE, PINVS,
IPSI TE FONTES, IPSA HÆC ARBVSTA VOCABANT.

The other,

AMICITIÆ ET MERITIS
RICHARDI IAGO.

XVI. ON A STATUE OF VENUS DE MEDICIS.

——"Semi educta Venus."

"To Venus, Venus here retir'd,
"My ſober vows I pay:

" Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
" The bold, the pert, the gay.

" Not her whoſe amorous leer prevail'd
" To bribe the Phrygian boy;
" Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
" To ſave diſaſtrous Troy.

" Freſh riſing from the foamy tide,
" She every boſom warms;
" While half withdrawn ſhe ſeems to hide,
" And half reveals, her charms.

" Learn hence, ye boaſtful ſons of taſte,
" Who plan the rural ſhade;
" Learn hence to ſhun the vicious waſte
" Of pomp, at large diſplay'd.

" Let ſweet concealment's magic art
" Your mazy bounds inveſt;
" And while the ſight unveils a part,
" Let fancy paint the reſt.

" Let coy reſerve with coſt unite
" To grace your wood or field;
" No ray obtruſive pall the ſight,
" In aught you paint, or build.

" And far be driven the ſumptuous glare
" Of gold, from Britiſh groves;
" And far the meretricious air
" Of China's vain alcoves.

" 'Tis baſhful beauty ever twines
" The moſt coercive chain;
" 'Tis ſhe, that ſovereign rule declines,
" Who beſt deſerves to reign."

XVII. *Intended to be written at the Beginning of a Collection of Flowers, which Mr. Shenſtone coloured for Mrs. Jago.*

ELEGANTISSIMÆ PVELLÆ
DOROTHEÆ FANCOVRT
QVÆ PERDILECTI SVI CONDISCIPVLI
RICHARDI IAGO
AMORES MERVIT,
D. D.
GVLIELMVS SHENSTONE;
DEBITÆ NYMPHIS OPIFEX CORONÆ.

XVIII. *Propoſed to Mr. Graves by Mr. Shenſtone, as a proper Inſcription for himſelf.*

AMICITIÆ G. S.
QVI,
NAIADAS PARITER AC MVSAS
EXCOLLENDO,
SIMUL ET VILLAM EIVS ELEGANTISSIMAM
NOMENQVE SVVM
ILLVSTRAVIT.
" (FORTVNATVS ET ILLE DEOS QVI NOVIT
" AGRESTES)
" PANAQVE, SYLVANVMQVE, SENEM, NYM-
" PHASQVÆ SORORES." VIRG.

XIX. ON AN URN IN HALES-OWEN CHURCH,

In Memory of Shenſtone.

BY MR. GRAVES.

WHOE'ER thou art, with reverence tread
Theſe ſacred manſions of the dead!
Not that the monumental buſt
Or ſumptuous tomb, here guards the duſt
Of rich or great:—let wealth, rank, birth
Sleep undiſtinguiſh'd in the earth.
This ſimple urn records a name
Which ſhines with more exalted fame.
Reader! if genius, taſte refin'd
A native elegance of mind.
If virtue, ſcience, manly ſenſe,
If wit that never gave offence,
The cleareſt head, the tendereſt heart
In thy eſteem e'er claim'd a part,
Ah! ſmite thy breaſt, and drop a tear,
For know *thy* Shenſtone's duſt lies here.

R. G.

VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

WRITTEN ON A FERME ORNÉE,

Near Birmingham.

BY THE LATE LADY LUXBOROUGH.

'Tis Nature here bids pleaſing ſcenes ariſe,
And wiſely give them Cynthio to reviſe:
To veil each blemiſh; brighten every grace;
Yet ſtill preſerve the lovely parent's face.
How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;
Theſe lucid ſtreams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
Where modeſt art in ſilence lurks conceal'd,
While nature ſhines ſo gracefully reveal'd,
That ſhe triumphant claims the total plan,
And, with freſh pride, adopts the work of man.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

At the Leaſowes.

BY MR. GRAVES.

" Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus!" HOR.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from reſtraint ſet free.
Eager he ſeeks the ſcenes of gay reſort,
The mall, the rout, the play-houſe, and the court:

Soon for ſome varniſh'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peereſs, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, ſwear and ſigh,
Dreſs, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind fate reſtor'd to country air,
He marks the roſes of ſome rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected native charms,
A real paſſion ſoon his boſom warms:
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And taſtes the genuine happineſs of life.
  Thus, in the vacant ſeaſon of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career.
From ſeat to ſeat o'er pompous ſcenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and ſurpriſe;
Till, ſick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigued, not ſatisfied, to town.
Yet if ſome kinder genius point his way
To where the muſes o'er thy Leaſowes ſtray,
Charm'd with the ſylvan beauties of the place,
Where art aſſumes the ſweets of nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each conſecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling ſtream, his rapture move.
Like the ſage captive in Calypſo's grott,
The cares, the pleaſures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine ſphere,
And longs to dwell a bliſsful hermit here.

VERSES RECEIVED BY THE POST,

FROM A LADY UNKNOWN, 1761.

HEALTH to the bard in Leaſowes' happy groves;
Health, and ſweet converſe with the muſe he loves!
The humbleſt votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artleſs line,
In numbers ſuch as untaught nature brings;
As flow, ſpontaneous, like thy native ſprings.
  But ah! what airy forms around me riſe?
The ruſſet mountain glows with richer dyes;
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And hark! an infant voice ſalutes my ear:
'Mortal, thy aim we know, thy taſk approve;
'His merit honour, and his genius love:
'For us what verdant carpets has he ſpread,
'Where nightly we our myſtic mazes tread!
'For us, each ſhady grove and rural ſeat,
'His falling ſtreams and flowing numbers ſweet!
'Didſt thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
'What tuneful verſe adorns the moſſy cell?
'There every fairy of our ſprightly train
'Reſort, to bleſs the woodland and the plain.
'There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
'The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
'And there with thoughts ſublime we bleſs the
  'ſwain,
'Nor we inſpire, nor he attends, in vain.
  'Go, ſimple rhymer! bear this meſſage true;
'The truths that fairies dictate none ſhall rue.
'Say to the Bard in Leaſowes' happy grove,
'Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love---
"Content thyſelf no longer that thy lays,
"By others foſter'd lend to others praiſe;
"No longer to the favouring world refuſe
"The welcome treaſures of thy poliſh'd muſe;
"The ſcatter'd blooms, that boaſt thy valued
  "name,
"Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame:
"Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verſe, engage
"More ſolid praiſe than in this happieſt age,
"When ſenſe and merit 's cheriſh'd by the throne,
"And each illuſtrious privilege their own.
"Though modeſt be thy gentle muſe, I ween,
"Oh, lead her bluſhing from the daiſy'd green,
"A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen."
  Ye ſportive elves, as faithful I relate
Th' intruſted mandates of your fairy ſtate,
Viſit theſe wilds again with nightly care;
So ſhall my kine, of all the herd, repair
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail!
My ſheep lie pent with ſafety in the dale:
My poultry fear no robber in the rooſt,
My linen more than common whiteneſs boaſt:
Let order, peace, and houſewifery be mine;
Shenſtone, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOULDIA.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF AN ECHO AT EDGBASTON,

BY ——— ———.

HA! what art thou, whoſe voice unknown
Pours on theſe plains its tender moan?
Art thou the nymph in Shenſtone's dale,
Who doſt with plaintive note bewail
That he forſakes th' Aonian maids,
To court inconſtant rills and ſhades?
Mourn not, ſweet nymphs—alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—
  Yet, while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting ſong,
The liſtening herd around him ſtray'd,
In wanton friſk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.
The graces danc'd; the roſy band
Of ſmiles and loves went hand in hand;
And purple pleaſures ſtrew'd the way
With ſweeteſt flowers: and every ray
Of each fond muſe, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thought his breaſt inſpir'd.
The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All nature ſmil'd, while Shenſtone ſung.
  So charm'd his lay; but now no more---
Ah! why doſt thou repeat---"no more?"
Ev'n now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the ſcene the muſes love;
And ſoon again will own their ſway,
And thou reſound the peerleſs lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

TO MR. R. D.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE

"Thee, ſhepherd, thee, the woods and deſart
  "caves, [grown,
"With wild thyme and the gladding vine o'er-
"And all their echoes mourn." MILT.

'TIS paſt! my friend; the tranſient ſcene is cloſ'd!
The fairy pile, th' enchanted viſion rais'd
By Damon's magic ſkill, is loſt in air!
  What though the lawns and pendant woods re-
  main,

Each tinkling ſtream, each ruſhing cataract,
With lapſe inceſſant echoes through the dale?
Yet what avails the lifeleſs landſcape now?
The charm's diſſolv'd; the genius of the wood,
Alas! is flown---for Damon is no more.
As when from fair Lyceum crown'd with pines,
Or Mænalus with leaves autumnal ſtrew'd,
The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
Reſound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.
Yet here we fondly dreamt of laſting joys;
Here we had hop'd, from noiſy throngs retir'd,
To drink large draughts of friendſhip's cordial ſtream;
In ſweet oblivion wrapt, by Damon's verſe,
And ſocial converſe, many a ſummer's day.
Romantic wiſh! In vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect ſketch of human bliſs---whilſt yet
Th' enraptur'd fire his well-plann'd ſtructure
Majeſtic riſing 'midſt his infant groves. [views,
Sees the dark laurel ſpread its gloſſy ſhade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilach blend,
Or pale laburnum drop its penſile chain:
Death ſpreads the fatal ſhaft, and bids his heir
Tranſplant the cypreſs round his father's tomb.
Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend, to raiſe
To moral truths my groveling ſong; for, ah!
Too long, by lawleſs fancy led aſtray,
Of nymphs and groves I've dreamt, and dancing fawns,
Or Naiad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to ſanctify my ſtrains
With hymns, like thoſe by tuneful Meyrick ſung---
Or rather catch the melancholy ſounds
From Warton's reed, or Maſon's lyre---to paint
The ſudden gloom that damps my ſoul---But ſee!
Melpomene herſelf has ſnatch'd the pipe,
With which ſad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd;
And plaintive cries, My Shenſtone is no more!

R. GRAVES.

VERSES

Written at the gardens of William Shenſtone, Eſq. near Birmingham, 1756.

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
"Angulus ridet." HOR.

WOULD you theſe low'd receſſes trace,
And view fair nature's modeſt face?
See her in every field-flower bloom?
O'er every thicket ſhed perfume?
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
By moſſy grotts, near purling rills,
Where'er you turn your wondering eyes,
Behold her win without diſguiſe.
What though no pageant trifles here,
As in the glare of courts appear;
Though rarely here be heard the name
Of rank, or title, power, or fame;
Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliſs more pure and unconfin'd
Your ſtep attends—Draw freely nigh,
And meet the bard's benignant eye:
On him no pendant forms await,
No proud reſerve ſhuts up his gate;
No ſpleen, no party views controul
That warm benevolence of ſoul,
Which prompts the friendly generous part,
Regardleſs of each venal art;
Regardleſs of the word's acclaim;
And courteous with no ſelfiſh aim.
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
If not the coſtly, yet the kind.
Oh, he will lead you to the cells
Where every muſe and virtue dwells,
Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
Where the blue Naiads guide his floods;
Where all the ſiſter-graces gay,
That ſhap'd his walk's meandering way,
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
Lie ſlumbering ſoft beneath his bowers.
Wak'd by the ſtock-dove's melting ſtrain,
Behold them riſe! and, with the train
Of nymphs that haunt the ſtream or grove,
Or o'er the flowery champain rove,
Join hand in hand---attentive gaze---
And mark the dance's myſtic maze.
"Such is the waving line," they cry,
"For ever dear to fancy's eye!
"Yon ſtream that wanders down the dale,
"The ſpiral wood, the winding vale,
"The path which, wrought with hidden ſkill
"Slow twining ſcales yon diſtant hill
"With ſir inverted---all combine
"To recommend the waving line.
"The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
"The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
"The wand by Maïa's offſpring borne,
"The ſmooth volutes of Ammon's horn,
"The ſtructure of the Cyprian dame,
"And each fair female's beauteous frame,
"Show to the pupils of deſign,
"The triumphs of the waving line."
Then gaze, and mark that union ſweet
Where fair convex and concave meet;
And while, quick ſhifting as you ſtray,
The vivid ſcenes on fancy play;
The lawn, of aſpect ſmooth and mild;
The foreſt-ground groteſque and wild;
The ſhrub that ſcents the mounting gale;
The ſtream rough daſhing down the dale,
From rock to rock, in eddies toſt;
The diſtant lake in which 'tis loſt;
Blue hills gay beaming through the glade;
Lone urns that ſolemnize the ſhade;
Sweet interchange of all that charms
In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!
If aught the fair confuſion pleaſe,
With laſting health, and laſting eaſe,
To him who form'd the bliſsful bower,
And gave thy life one tranquil hour;
With peace and freedom---theſe poſſeſt,
His temperate mind ſecures the reſt.
But if thy ſoul ſuch bliſs deſpiſe,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;
Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
Improv'd by art, their power unfold;
Go try in courtly ſcenes to trace
A fairer form of nature's face:
Go ſcorn ſimplicity---but know,
That all our heart-felt joys below,

That all which virtue loves to name,
Which art conſigns to laſting fame,
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
Derives its ſource from her alone.

ARCADIO.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

By Mr. Woodhouſe.

YE flowery plains, ye breezy woods,
Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
Ye falling ſtreams, ye ſilver floods,
Ye grottos, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Though I your charms ſurvey;
While he conſumes in pain the night,
In languid ſighs the day.

The flowers diſcloſe a thouſand blooms,
A thouſand ſcents diffuſe;
Yet all in vain they ſhed perfumes,
In vain diſplay their hues.

Reſtrain, ye flowers, your thoughtleſs pride,
Recline your gaudy heads;
And ſadly drooping, ſide by ſide,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland ſhade,
Your lofty ſummits rear!
Ah, why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves ſo fair!

For lo, the flowers as gaily ſmile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And though I ſadly 'plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, ſhould the fates an arrow ſend,
And ſtrike the fatal wound,
Who, who ſhall then your ſweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plumy throng
Have learnt my plaintive tale,
And ſome ſad dirge, or mournful ſong,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chaunt a ſprightly ſtrain
To ſooth an amorous mate;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But ſee, theſe little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove;
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh, mock not, if beſide your ſtream,
Ye hear me too repine;
Or aid with ſighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds, the cauſe diſplay,
In whiſpers as ye blow,
Why did your treacherous gales convey
The poiſon'd ſhafts of woe?

Did he not plant the ſhady bower,
Where you ſo blithely meet?
The ſcented ſhrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes ſweet?

And muſt he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign?
Can neither verſe nor virtue ſhield
The guardian of the plain?

Muſt he his tuneful breath reſign,
Whom all the muſes love?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his ſongs approve.

Preſerve him, mild Omnipotence!
Our Father, King, and God,
Who clear'ſt the paths of life and ſenſe,
Or ſtopp'ſt them at thy nod.

Bleſt power, who calm'ſt the raging deep,
His valued health reſtore,
Nor let the ſons of genius weep,
Nor let the good deplore.

But if thy boundleſs wiſdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my ſoul a wiſh diſcloſe
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,
For ſuch a godlike mind,
To go where kindred ſpirits range,
Nor leave a wiſh behind.

And though, to ſhare his pleaſures here,
Kings might their ſtate forego:
Yet muſt he feel ſuch raptures there,
As none can taſte below.

VERSES LEFT ON A SEAT,

THE HAND UNKNOWN.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
Who ſo much care and coſt beſtow'd on thee!
Who crown'd thy barren hills with uſeful ſhade,
And cheer'd with tinkling rills each ſilent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd nature's vernal bloom.
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories ſpread!

M. S. GULIELMI SHENSTONE!

Ah! Gulielme,
Hominum digniſſime,
Amicorum integerrime,
Indole optimâ,
Moribus gratiſſimis,
Eruditione diffusâ,
Ac corde quam maxime benigno
Prædite,
Morte, eheu! præmaturâ obrepte,
Ah! Gulielme,
Vale!
"Quanto minus eſt,
Cum aliis verſari,
"Quam tui meminiſſe!"

T. H.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

Containing

WILLIAM AND MARGARET,	ODES,
THE EXCURSION,	SONGS,
AMYNTOR AND THEODORA,	ELEGIES,
VERBAL CRITICISM,	EPITAPHS,
EDWIN AND EMMA,	EPIGRAMS,
THE STRATAGEM,	EPISTLES,
TRUTH IN RHYME,	PROLOGUES,
TYBURN, TO THE MARINE SOCIETY,	EPILOGUES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Rapt, I foreſee thy MALLET's early aim
Shine in full worth, and ſhoot at length to fame.

SAVAGE'S WANDERER, CANTO I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF MALLET.

THE life of MALLET has been written by Dr. Johnſon, with little activity of reſearch or accuracy of intelligence. Having no written memorial, he contented himſelf with giving ſuch an account "as is ſupplied by the unauthoriſed loquacity of common fame, and a very ſlight perſonal knowledge."

The additional information which has been obtained concerning the early part of his life, is authenticated by his MS. correſpondence with Mr. John Ker, Profeſſor of Greek in King's College, Aberdeen, and afterwards Profeſſor of Humanity in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, communicated to the preſent writer by the favour of James Drummond, Eſq. Advocate, and inſerted, by his recommendation, in the "Edinburgh Magazine" for 1793.

The ſerics of Mallet's correſpendence with Mr. Ker, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Drummond, commenced in October 1720, and ended in July 1727. The remaining part of the correſpondence was in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Ker's brother, who went to the Weſt Indies, and is ſuppoſed to be loſt.

According to Dr. Johnſon, he was, by his original, one of the Macgregors, a clan that became, about 70 years ago, under the conduct of Robert Roy, ſo formidable and ſo infamous for violence and robbery, that the name was annulled by a legal abolition; and, when they were all to denominate themſelves anew, his father, he ſuppoſes, called himſelf Malloch.

It is certain that his original name was Malloch, which was that of his family, and is not uncommon in North Britain; but there is not ſufficient evidence of his father having aſſumed that name in conſequence of his being one of the Macgregors, whoſe enemies procured the enactment of an invidious ſtatute for aboliſhing their name; which has been lately repealed by the liberality of a Britiſh Parliament.

David Mallet was born about the beginning of the preſent century. Of his birth-place, or the condition of his parents, nothing is certainly known. It is probable he was a native of Perthſhire, and that his family was of the loweſt rank; but, if families are to be eſtimated by the diſtinguiſhed men they have produced, that family is eminent which produced Mallet.

At what ſchool he was inſtructed in the rudiments of grammatical learning, cannot now be aſcertained; but he ſeems to have received ſome part of his early education under Mr. Ker at Aberdeen, as he himſelf gratefully acknowledges.

"You are one to whom I ſtand indebted for all the advances I ſhall make in the world, as having laid the foundation by your inſtructions, and raiſed the ſuperſtructure by your love and favour."

It is probable he was indebted to the recommendation of Mr. Ker for his introduction to the family of Mr. Home of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh, where he reſided in 1720, as tutor to his children, and proſecuted his ſtudies at the Univerſity of Edinburgh.

The terms on which he informs Mr. Ker he lived with Mr. Home, ſufficiently indicate the penury of his parents. "He allows me my learning, clothes, and diet, but no fixed ſalary. I am concerned in no buſineſs but reviſing my pupil's leſſons, ſo that I have enough of time for reading and writing."

According to Dr. Johnſon, "he was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *Janitor* of the High School at Edinburgh, a mean office, of which he did not afterwards delight to hear." This account is not ſufficiently probable. Tradition is ſilent concerning it, and immemorial uſage is againſt the ſuppoſition of his eligibility for ſuch an office. The porter of the High School is always a

perſon advanced in years, commonly a married man, has a houſe at the gate, and is required to ring the bell at the meeting of the claſſes, to ſweep the rooms, and to perform other neceſſary ſervices. It is probable, if his pupils attended the High School, that he might be permitted, by the liberality of the maſter, to be preſent at the examination of the claſs; but his performing the office of porter is incompatible with his youth and his profeſſion of literature.

He appears to have diſcovered an early propenſity to poetry, which was probably cheriſhed and encouraged by the commendation and example of his friend and patron Mr. Ker, whoſe "Canticum Solomonis," and other performances in the "Poetarum Scotorum Muſæ Sacræ," 2 vols. 1759, are well known to the readers of Latin poetry.

What he then thought of poetry was this: "I own 'tis my opinion that poeſy gives one a ſprightly turn of thinking, and ſtocks the imagination with beautiful images that capacitate one for writing and talking agreeably; yet I am in too bad a condition already to entail poverty on myſelf by a blinded paſſion for rhyme."

One of his firſt compoſitions was a *Paſtoral* publiſhed in the "Edinburgh Miſcellany," of which publication he gives this account: "The Edinburgh Miſcellany" was undertaken by an "Athenian Society" here, who received the poems, and publiſhed all they thought worthy of ſeeing the light. The gentleman to whom I inſcribed my *Paſtoral* is one of their number. His name is Mr. Joſeph Mitchell, author of the "Lugubres Cantus," a poem to the memory of Mr. Ford. Mr. Callender, who is written C———r, is an ingenious young gentleman, and is author of the ſecond part of the "Lugubres Cantus;" who the ladies are, ſcarce any one knows. The gentleman in the Univerſity whoſe productions are marked with an S. is one Mr. Symmers, a boy of fifteen, and very ſprightly."

In 1721, he appears to have had a ſufficient knowledge of the Latin language to give a poetical verſion of a "Congratulatory poem," written by Mr. Ker; and the year before he writes him, "he was wholly engaged in acquiring the French and Greek languages."

The next year, he wrote a poem on *The Tranſfiguration*, in imitation of Milton's ſtyle, which has been preſerved with his MS. correſpondence, and is now printed from the original, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Drummond.

He was now riſing into reputation, and eaſily obtained the acquaintance of Thomſon his fellow-collegian, with whom he was deſtined to be more intimately connected, and of Mr. Paterſon, the tranſlator of "Paterculus," "Mr. Malcolm, author of the "Treatiſe on Muſic," Mr. (afterwards Dr.), Patrick Murdoch, and ſeems to have been particularly noticed by Ramſay and Captain Hamilton.

His opinion of the two Scottiſh poets, though rather unfavourable, is ſufficiently curious to deſerve tranſcription:

"Allan Ramſay has publiſhed his poems in 4to, by ſubſcription, having got to the number of 400 guineas from his ſubſcribers. He has indeed wrote himſelf into ſome kind of fame, and a great deal of money, but his perſonal character makes me entertain but a ſmall value for his writings. I ſaw Captain Hamilton ſome time ago in Edinburgh. He has made public his "Life of Wallace," and, at the ſame time, ſo ſunk his character with people of taſte, that he is thought to have treated his hero as unmercifully as did Edward of old. 'Tis the fate of Wallace to be always murdered. Mr. Ramſay, again, aſpires no higher than humble ſonnets at preſent: he has publiſhed ſeveral collections of Scottiſh ſongs, and conſiderably obliged the young creatures of both ſexes. His miſcellany ſongs are wrote by various hands. Theſe are the preſent entertainments in town."

The vacation of this year he prudently dedicated to logic and mathematics. "I have ſhaken hands," he writes Mr. Ker, "with verſifying for a ſeaſon. I would fain wed ſome one of the ſciences that ordinarily brings a better portion with it than poetry does. When my inclinations take the bent towards rhyming, this melancholy reflection comes acroſs and damps all my fire; the graſhopper that ſung all ſummer ſaw herſelf obliged to ſtarve all winter. Although I have no reaſon to complain of fortune hitherto, yet that thought of dependency quite palls all my enjoyment, particularly when 'tis edged with this reflection, that my circumſtances are but precarious at beſt. If I were to leave Mr. Home juſt now, what account could a little knowledge of language, a moderate ſhare of common ſenſe, and a knack of verſifying turn to? I ſee every day people of learning and merit expoſed to poverty and contempt."

His reflections on Mr. Ker's writing to Mr. Scott in his favour, ſoon after, ſhow that ſpirit of independence and reſpect for character, without which man is poor indeed.

" Your letter had ſo good an effect, that Mr. Scott has made me a propoſal of changing my condition. I cannot but inform you that I heartily wiſh I were fairly rid of my preſent charge. You know there are a great many evils in life that vaniſh into nothing at the recital, and yet are more galling, and cut deeper than afflictions of a more conſiderable name. Nothing is ſo inſupportable to an ingenuous ſpirit, as thoſe inſults and repulſes one meets with from thoſe on whom one is obliged to depend. I was aſking one day for ſomething I wanted, and becauſe I did it not with the air and looks of one that aſks charity in the ſtreets, I was, upon leaving the room, called inſolent dog and ſcoundrel.

——— Tell me why, good heaven,
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the ſpirit,
Aſpiring thoughts, and elegant deſires
That fill the happieſt man? Ah! rather why
Didſt thou not form me ſordid as my fate,
Baſe minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?

" I frequently wiſh it had pleaſed heaven to have turned my inclinations for ſome honeſt mechanic buſineſs, rather than have expoſed me to the injuries of fortune in hunting after knowledge. And yet how unaccountable is this treatment from one man to another! How fleeting, how unſubſtantial are thoſe enjoyments by which they diſtinguiſh themſelves from the honeſt man of ſmall fortune. Strip this of a title, that of his robes, and a third of his power, and we find only the naked man tortured with reſtleſs ungoverned paſſions, and in ſubjection to thoſe appetites that level him with the beaſts of the field."

He was now, by the kindneſs of Mr. Scott and Dr. Drummond, to exchange his humble dependence on Mr. Home, for a ſituation that enabled him to ſurmount the diſadvantages of his birth and fortune.

" Graham of Gorthy," he writes Mr. Ker, July 28. 1723, " had a commiſſion from the Duke of Montroſe, whoſe factor he is, to look out a tutor for his two younger ſons, and was deſired particularly to apply to Mr. Scott. He accordingly mentioned the affair to Dr. Drummond, who, after a little thought, propoſed me; and having met a little after with Mr. Scott, told him the ſtory. He ſeconded the Doctor, and I was ſent for into town, and was happy enough to ſee the affair concluded before I left it. My encouragement is 30 l.; and, as the Duke's family is in England, I am, about the middle of Auguſt to depart for London, and from thence to Wincheſter. If it is impoſſible for me to ſee you, I ſhall write to you at large before I leave the country, and take your advice about ſome things in my management. There is one favour I muſt yet beg of you, and that is, that you would formally thank both theſe gentlemen, both in your own name and mine, particularly Mr. Scott. I am under the greateſt obligations to his kindneſs. He tranſacted the whole affair; wrote for me to town; met Gorthy ſeveral times at the coffee-houſe, and in the midſt of a moſt violent rain too. He came to our houſe and procured Mr. Home's conſent—but ſuch favours are not to be diſguiſed in ſuch a homely recital."

On his arrival at Shawford, near Wincheſter, where the Duke of Montroſe then reſided, he writes his benefactor and friend: " Both my Lord and Lady received me very kindly; and as for my Lord William and my Lord George, I never ſaw more ſprightly or more hopeful boys."

On his coming to town in the winter, he writes Mr. Ker: " I am beginning a regular courſe of claſſic authors in both languages. I intend not to forget any thing I have learned in mathematics and philoſophy. My Lord continues to uſe me very kindly. He has no deſign to ſend his ſons any more abroad to ſchool; and at the ſame time, he confines their reading with me entirely to two hours in the morning and two in the forenoon; and thus the afternoon is entirely mine own. He ſends us abroad once a-week to all the public diverſions, the play-houſe, &c.—I know not how to go through with what I have got to ſay. I have loſt my father; he died laſt month, and you know my fort ne hitherto well enough; his death has embarraſſed me in all reſpects. It was neceſſary that I ſhould make ſome ſort of appearance in this family. I found credit for what I wanted to furniſh

me out with when I came to London; the merchant is not impatient, but I know not how to be in debt, eſpecially at my firſt appearance; and I cannot with a good grace aſk any money from my Lord. I am aſhamed to apply to my ordinary acquaintances (for there are ſeveral Edinburgh gentlemen here). It is the firſt time ever I aſked any thing, and I am aſhamed to trouble even you. The ſum I want is 10 l. for ſome months, till I receive money of my Lord. I ſhall uſe no intreaties; my want is real; I am neither to ſquander it away, nor out of a condition to repay it in ſome time."

It appears from a note in the hand-writing of Mr. Ker, on the back of Mallet's letter, that the money was lent; and the payment is noticed in a ſubſequent part of the correſpondence.

On his return to the country, in ſummer, he tranſlated "Boſſuet's Diſcours ſur L'Hiſtoire Univerſelle," for the uſe of Lord William; and, reſuming his poetical ſtudies, which he had diſcontinued for ſome time, he planned the tragedy of *Eurydice*, which he finiſhed in 1731, and wrote his inimitable ballad of *William and Margaret*, which was printed in Hill's "Plain Dealer," No. 36, July 24. 1724. "The letter to the "Plain Dealer," he writes Mr. Ker, "is in the paper enclоſed, but it was printed without my privacy, and is altered in ſome places for the worſe." In its original ſtate, it was very different from what it is in the laſt edition of his works. The hint was taken from the firſt ſtanza of a ballad written before 1662, quoted in Fletcher's play of the "Knight of the burning Peſtle," under the title of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William;" which might alſo be taken from one publiſhed in Ramſay's "Collection," called "Sweet William's Ghoſt." Of this ballad, Mallet has been envied the reputation; and attempts have been made to rob him of his juſtly acquired fame. Its authenticity is doubted in "The Friends," 2 vols. 12mo, 1773; and plagiariſm has been boldly charged, but not proved, by Captain Thompſon, in his preface to "Marvell's Works," 3 vols. 4to. 1776. The *internal* teſtimony is totally againſt him, and amply ſufficient to overthrow all his *preſumptive* evidence of its being the production of that powerful, maſculine, and witty writer.

The ſame year he wrote a copy of *Verſes occaſioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the Univerſity of Aberdeen*, probably at the inſtigation of Mr. Ker, who ſuggeſted many hints for its improvement. The *verſes* in the laſt edition of his works, are very different from the *original copy*, which is now printed from the MS. in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Drummond. "I find by experience," he writes his friend, "that it is very difficult to write an hiſtorical or narrative poem of this kind. The ſeverity of the ſubject hinders one from making many embelliſhments that are admitted into other writings. And yet I have ſome imagery purely poetical, ſuch as that of Time ſhaking your arches, and mouldering your piles; as alſo Ruin, with his imaginary companion, Silence. I have made Charity addreſs a conſolatory ſpeech to Learning, in which, by way of prophecy, I have made her relate Mr. Frazer's bounty to your Univerſity. The meaning and beauty of theſe ſhort allegories will be obvious to every reader of tolerable taſte. I have taken notice of the books that Mr. Frazer has gifted to your library; and, if I have gueſſed right, the lines are perhaps the beſt in the whole poem."

It is probable he received ſome academical diſtinction for this panegyrical poem; for, in a ſubſequent letter, he writes Mr. Ker: "I never took any degree at Edinburgh, nor ever aſked for any; when your ſociety beſtows that honour upon me, I will return them my thanks in a letter addreſſed to the whole body."

"Since I came to town," he writes Mr. Ker, "I was made acquainted with Dr. Young, and Barnham Goode, to whom Dr. Sewell dedicated his tranſlations of "Ovid's Metamorphoſes." The tragedy which I am writing is built on a ſtory in the ninth book of Herodotus, concerning Xerxes and his brother Maſiſtes. I had a meſſage from Mr. Hill to meet him; the occaſion of writing to him was the ancient tragedy, which, from a paſſage in "Ariſtotle's Politics," I gueſs to have been ſet to muſic, and repeated like the recitative part of an opera. *Mira*, you think, takes up my thoughts: were it not vain and light, I would ſend you ſome of her letters, and leave you to judge whether ſhe does not deſerve them all. The *poem* on her that you liked, was got out of her hands, and publiſhed here in a new "Miſcellany," without my knowledge, at which I am heartily vexed; as alſo, another of a different kind, which makes a perfect contraſt to it."

Mira, to whom he addreſſed an amorous poem *from the Country*, was probably the fictitious name of a lady "once," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "too well known;" who afterwards joined with Hill and Mallet in poetical praiſes of Thomſon's "Winter."

The ſame year, at the requeſt of Mr. Ker, he tranſlated his Latin verſes, on the death of Sir William Scott, and his "Donaides." Theſe verſions, with which he appears to have been highly pleaſed, are probably loſt.

"I am glad to hear," he writes Mr. Ker, "that your brother is provided for; it is difficult to find a right ſettlement here; for the number of expectants is incredible. Our country pours forth her annual ſwarms, unceaſing, inexhauſtible. Good Lord! what ſtrange unſeemly creatures they are too! I have ſeen three and twenty of my own acquaintances, who, I believe, will not be provided for theſe three and twenty years. But all the poor ſervice that I can do ſhall never be wanting. I cannot ſhow myſelf thankful to Heaven a better way."

In 1727, he writes Mr. Ker: "I agreed with a lady in London to ſend my brother an apprentice to her's, who is a rich merchant in Jamaica; and wrote to my brother to come up hither, in order to be ſent ſome months to an academy, where he might learn writing and accounts. But juſt as he was preparing to ſet out, we had a letter from Madeira that this merchant would not need an apprentice for a year or ſo, which broke all my meaſures. But as I incline to do my brother all the ſervice in my power, I wrote to his friends to ſend him to Perth, and ordered what money I could ſpare to be paid him at Edinburgh; for I hope, by Mr. Paton's aſſiſtance, to ſettle him advantageouſly, notwithſtanding this diſappointment."

Of his brother, whom he exerted himſelf ſo kindly, though ineffectually, to ſerve, no farther account is given; but it is known that he afterwards procured him an advantageous office at Greenock, where he was called *Mallach*. Of Mr. Paton, on whoſe aſſiſtance he depended, he writes Mr. Ker: "You have undoubtedly heard of Mr. Paton my couſin, that went to ſea when I was born; he has made a conſiderable fortune, lives in Briſtol, and has wrote to me ſeveral times."

Mr. Ker having ſent him a copy of his "Canticum Solomonis," publiſhed this year, he writes him: "I have read over your poem with a great deal of pleaſure, and think your ſtyle is accurate and elegant. Your proſe I prefer even before Burman's, becauſe it is more perſpicuous, and not encumbered with thoſe parentheſes and laboured inverſions of conſtruction which obſcure and ſtiffen his. Your poetical paraphraſe is true to the meaning of the original, if I may be judge of it by our literal tranſlation in proſe, and preſerves every where thoſe beauties that diſtinguiſh this divine ſong. I have neither Beza's nor Johnſton's verſion of this poem, but I prefer your's before that of Borlem's, which is looſe and rambling, in which he has very often explained away Solomon's meaning, and given us his own fancies inſtead of it."

"I have now finiſhed," he adds, "and am preparing for the preſs againſt winter, a poem, in two books, which I began laſt year in the country. The firſt book has been peruſed by Mr. Molineux, the Prince's Secretary, by Mr. Hill, Dr. Young, and Sir John Clerk, whoſe acquaintance I had the good fortune to obtain while he was in London. It is in the hands of Mr. Dennis; and, as ſoon as that dread critic has condemned or approved it, it ſhall wait on you by the way of Edinburgh."

On his leaving town, ſoon after, he writes Mr. Ker: "I ſold the copy of my poem to a bookſeller for 25 guineas. Mr. Dennis, the ſevereſt of all our Engliſh critics, has read and approved of it, as you will find by his letter which I ſend you, and deſire you will return it in your firſt anſwer to this."

It was publiſhed in 1728, under the title of the *Excurſion*, a deſultory and capricious view of ſuch ſcenes of nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him to deſcribe. It has the beauties and faults of the "Seaſons" of his friend Thomſon, which were then in their full bloſſom of reputation.

Alluding probably to his poem called *A Winter's Day*, which Mr. Ker had ſuppoſed to be Thomſon's, he writes him: "Mr. Thomſon's "Winter" is a very different poem, of conſiderable length, and agreeing with mine in nothing but the name. It has met with a great deal of deſerved applauſe, and was written by that dull fellow whom Malcolm calls the jeſt of our club. The injuſtice I did him then, in joining with my companions to ridicule the firſt imperfect eſſays of an excellent genius, was a ſtrong motive to make me active in endeavouring to encourage him; and I believe I ſhall never repent it. He is now ſettled in a very good place, and will be able to requite all the ſervices his friends have done him, in time. The ſecond edition of his poem is now in the preſs, and ſhall be ſent you as ſoon as it is publiſhed. I am ſure you will like it; for it is filled with

a great many moral reflections, as well as with a fine ſpirit of poetry. You will find before it three copies of recommendatory verſes, one written by Mr. Hill, the ſecond by a very fine woman, at my requeſt, and the third by myſelf."

In 1731, he brought on the ſtage, at Drury-Lane, his *Eurydice*, a tragedy, which was favourably received. The prologue and epilogue were furniſhed by his friend Hill. It was revived at Drury-Lane, with alterations, 1760, and republiſhed the ſame year. Its ſucceſs was not great, though the principal parts were performed by Garrick and Mrs. Cibber. Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that he had "heard it mentioned as a mean performance."

About this time, or before, he conducted his pupils round the common circle of modiſh travels; and, on his return, the influence of the family in which he reſided, and his poetical reputation, naturally procured him admiſſion to many perſons of the higheſt rank, and the higheſt character, to wits, nobles, and ſtateſmen, the Prince of Wales, Lyttleton, Cheſterfield, Bolingbroke, Pope, Young, &c.

In 1733, he publiſhed his poem on *Verbal Criticiſm*, deſigned to pay court to Pope, by ridiculing Theobald, Bentley, Dennis, Cooke, and other editors, collators, commentators, and verbal critics. It is little more than an improvement, or rather expanſion of a fragment which Pope printed in a Miſcellany long before he ingrafted it into a regular poem. The caſt of diction, and conſtruction of the verſe, ſeem to be copied from Pope. The execution is better than the deſign, which cannot be commended.

Dr. Johnſon ſarcaſtically obſerves, that having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation ſo as to be no longer diſtinguiſhed as a Scot, he ſeemed inclined to diſencumber himſelf from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to Engliſh *Mallet*, without any imaginable reaſon of preference which the eye or the ear can diſcover. "What other proofs he gave of diſreſpect to his native country," he ſays, "I know not; but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend."

In juſtice to Mallet, it ought to be mentioned, that this alteration did not originate in any diſreſpect to his native country, but was ſuggeſted to him by his couſin Paton, in 1724, as appears from the following poſtſcript to his letter to Mr. Ker of that date: "My couſin Mr. Paton would have me write my name *Mallet*; for there is not one Engliſhman that can pronounce it." He continued, however, to write his name *Malloch* down to the year 1728, and probably ſome time longer. An Engliſhman accuſtomed to pronounce *Malloch*, as if it were written *Mallock*, cannot eaſily diſcover any imaginable reaſon of preference in changing it to *Mallet*, unleſs he had an opportunity of hearing the laſt ſyllable pronounced by a Scotchman. The laſt obſervation is ſufficiently diſproved by the tenor of his correſpondence with Mr. Ker, his readineſs to do good offices to his countrymen, and his friendſhip with Thomſon, which was never once diſturbed by any caſual miſtake, envy, or jealouſy on either ſide.

The following anecdote is related by Dr. Johnſon, whoſe intelligence on ſome few occaſions may be queſtioned, and whoſe opinion of Mallet is rather unfavourable.

"About this time, Pope, whom he viſited familiarly, publiſhed his "Eſſay on Man," but concealed the author; and when Mallet entered one day, Pope aſked him ſlightly what there was new? Mallet told him the neweſt piece was ſomething called an "Eſſay on Man," which he had inſpected idly; and ſeeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither ſkill in writing nor knowledge of his ſubject, had toſſed it away. Pope, to puniſh his ſelf-conceit, told him the ſecret."

When the Prince of Wales ſet himſelf at the head of the oppoſition, and kept a ſeparate court, he endeavoured to increaſe his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under Secretary, with a ſalary of 200 l. a-year. Thomſon likewiſe had a penſion.

In 1734, he attended the Prince of Orange on his viſit to Oxford, and wrote the congratulatory verſes preſented to him by the Univerſity, which breathe the nobleſt ſentiments of liberty. On this occaſion, he was admitted to the degree of Maſter of Arts at St. Mary-Hall.

In 1739, he brought on the ſtage, at Drury-Lane, his *Muſtapha*, a tragedy, which was honoured by the recommendation of the Prince of Wales, and performed with ſucceſs, but was never revived. It was dedicated to the Prince. The prologue was written by Thomſon.

In 1740, he was employed by Millar, the bookſeller, to prefix a *Life of Bacon* to a new edition of his works, in 4 vols. folio.; which he has written with great elegance and judgment; though per-

haps with more knowledge of hiſtory than of ſcience. It ranks with the beſt pieces of biography in our language.

The ſame year, he was aſſociated with Thomſon in the compoſition of the *Maſque of Alfred*, which was performed on the 1ſt of Auguſt in the gardens of Cliefden, in commemoration of the acceſſion of George I.; and in honour of the birth-day of the Princeſs of Brunſwick. It was afterwards almoſt wholly changed by Mallet, and brought on the ſtage, at Drury-Lane, in 1751, but with no great ſucceſs.

In 1741, he married Miſs Elſtob, a lady of great merit and beauty; upon which occaſion Hill writes him: "You have fired my curioſity to ſee and hear this lady, who has had ſo ſtrong and ſwift an influence upon an heart ſo firm and ſo impreſſed as yours was by the memory of a former ſweetneſs. The luſtre muſt be amiably ſevere and ſparkling, that had the power to attract unto itſelf a flame ſo generous as your firſt, and which your pen delighted to deſcribe with ſuch a manly and unmodiſh tenderneſs."

Hill afterwards ſent him the following verſes on his marriage. The thought is borrowed from Bouhours, "a little poetical ſtream drawn from a French fountain."

Taſte, ſaid I, and deep diſcerning,
Grace and virtue too thrown in,
Air-like caſe, and ſun-like learning,
All are claims not worth a pin.

No, ſaid Truth, and frown'd her nod to't,
Fortune lives with none of theſe;
Fools—and there ſhe ſwore by G—d to't,
Fools are thoſe ſhe works to pleaſe.

How, cry'd Wit! behold a *Mallet*
In our *Elſtob's* boſom bleſs'd:
Once, ſaid Truth, I'm out—recal it,
Miracles muſt ſtand confeſs'd.

From this time he reſided at Strand-Green, and afterwards at Putney; and lived in the ſtyle of a gentleman.

In 1747, after a long interval, he publiſhed his *Amyntor and Theodora*; his greateſt work, addreſſed to Lord Cheſterfield, and prefaced with a beautiful copy of *Verſes to Mrs. Mallet.* He ſold this poem to Vaillant the bookſeller for 120 l.

After the death of Pope, when it was found that he had clandeſtinely printed an unauthoriſed number of Bolingbroke's "Idea of a Patriot, King," &c. his "guide, philoſopher, and friend," in a fit of uſeleſs fury, reſolved to blaſt his memory, and employed Mallet as the executioner of his vengeance.

Mallet, from his dependence on the Prince, was content to court Bolingbroke, then high in his confidence, by prefixing an *Advertiſement* to the "Idea of a Patriot, King," and other tracts publiſhed in 1749; in which he charged Pope with "having been guilty of a breach of truſt, and of having taken upon him further to divide the ſubject, and to alter and omit paſſages according to the ſuggeſtions of his own fancy."

The charge was enforced with ſo unfriendly, and ſo vindictive a ſeverity, that Warburton thought it proper for him to interpoſe, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of truſt has always ſomething criminal, but to extenuate it by an apologetical "Letter to the Editor," &c. in which he ſuppoſes, with great appearance of reaſon, that the irregularity of Pope's conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have deſtroyed the pamphlet, which he thought it his duty to preſerve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an anſwer was written by Mallet, in *a Letter to the moſt impudent Man living.*

For this act, which, it is hoped, Mallet unwillingly performed, he was rewarded, not long after, with the legacy of Bolingbroke's works.

In 1754, by the help of Millar the bookſeller, and, in oppoſition to the remonſtrance of Lord Hyde, he publiſhed the "Works" of Bolingbroke, in 5 vols. 4to.; in which, it ſeems, he conſulted his own profit, which was very much below his expectation, more than his benefactor's fame, as appears from a preſentment of the Grand Jury of Weſtminſter, Oct. 16. 1754, of theſe five volumes, "as tending, in the general ſcope of ſeveral pieces therein contained, as well as many parti-

cular expreſſions which had been laid before them, to the ſubverſion of religion, government, and morality; and being alſo againſt his Majeſty's peace."

Many of the political pieces had been written during the oppoſition to Walpole, and given to Franklin the printer, as he ſuppoſed in perpetuity. Theſe, among the reſt, were claimed by the will. The queſtion was referred to the arbitration of Mr. Draper and Mr. Wotton; but, ſoon after the arbitrators had declared their award, Mallet ſent them notice that he retracted and revoked his ſubmiſſion, and that he diſcharged them from proceeding to make any award. Franklin ſubmitted "A State of the Caſe," &c. to the public, in 1754.

The life of the Duke of Marlborough having been left unwritten by Lord Moleſworth, who had been his favourite in Flanders, and Steele, to whom the papers ſuppoſed to contain the neceſſary information, had been ſucceſſively delivered, the old Ducheſs, in her will, aſſigned the taſk to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of 1000 l. and a prohibition to inſert any verſes. Glover rejected the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet, who had a penſion from the late Duke, to promote his induſtry, and who talked much of the diſcoveries which he made in Holland, and of the diligence he was exerting upon this work; but left not, when he died, the ſmalleſt veſtige of any hiſtorical labour behind him.

In 1755, his Maſque of *Britannia* was acted at Drury-Lane, with ſucceſs. The prologue, in the character of a drunken ſailor reading a play-bill, was written in conjunction with Garrick, and ſpoken by the latter, with ſo much applauſe, that it was called for, and inſiſted on by the audience many nights in the ſeaſon, when the piece itſelf was not performed.

In 1756, when the nation was exaſperated by the ill ſucceſs of the war againſt France, he was employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accuſation, under the character of a *Plain Man*. The paper was circulated and diſperſed with great induſtry; and he, for his ſeaſonable intervention, had a conſiderable penſion beſtowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

In 1759, he publiſhed a collection of his *Works, in Proſe and Verſe*, in 3 vols. 12mo. with a dedication to Lord Mansfield.

The ſame year, he publiſhed a poem, called *Tyburn, to the Marine Society*, a ſuppoſed remonſtrance of the gallows at Tyburn, to that patriotic inſtitution, on account of the ſervice which it had rendered the nation ſince the commencement of the French war.

In 1760, he publiſhed his beautiful ballad of *Edwin and Emma*, which was elegantly printed at Birmingham, by Baſkerville, in 4to. The profits ariſing from the ſale were intended for a charitable uſe.

In 1762, he publiſhed a ſmall collection of *Poems on Several Occaſions*, with a dedication to the Duke of Marlborough, in which he "hopes ſoon to preſent his Grace with ſomething more ſolid, more deſerving his attention, in the "Life of the firſt Duke of Marlborough;" which has not yet appeared.

In the political diſputes which commenced at the beginning of the preſent reign, he took part with his countryman Lord Bute, to ſerve whom, he publiſhed *Truth in Rhyme*, in 1762; and wrote his tragedy of *Elvira*, in imitation of De la Motte's tragedy, founded on a Portugueſe ſtory, taken from the "Luſiad" of Camoens, which was acted at Drury-Lane, in 1763, with little ſucceſs, as it was brought on at a critical time, and looked upon by many as a miniſterial play. He was rewarded with the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for Ships in the Port of London, to which he was appointed in 1763.

Towards the latter end of his life, he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April 1765.

He was twice married; and, by his firſt wife, had ſeveral children. One daughter, who married a Genoeſe gentleman named Celeſia, who formerly reſided in London in a public character; wrote a tragedy called "Almida," acted at Drury-Lane, 1771; and "Indolence," a poem, 4to. 1772. His ſecond wife was the daughter of a nobleman's ſteward, who had a conſiderable fortune, which ſhe took care to retain in her own hands.

His *Plays* and *Poems* have been frequently reprinted; and his poems were collected in the fifty third volume of the "Works of the Engliſh Poets," 1779.

The character of Mallet has been variouſly repreſented by his friends, and by his enemies. According to Hill, who knew him well, his manners were as amiable as his abilities were reſpectable. With Young, Pope, Thomſon, and Lyttleton, he lived in habits of familiar intimacy; and, it is but juſtice to add, that no man maintained his ſhare in converſation more happily than Mallet. His behaviour to Pope after his death has drawn upon him the univerſal accuſation of ingratitude; but if he had not virtue, or had not ſpirit to refuſe the office aſſigned him by Bolingbroke, it ought to be remembered that Pope was not innocent, and that he had ſome dependence on the favour of Bolingbroke, a man whoſe pride and petulance made his kindneſs difficult to gain, or keep. He is ſaid to have adopted the peculiar ſentiments of his patron with regard to religion; but of this there is no better evidence than the publication of his poſthumous works, in which he ſeems to have acted from conſiderations of gain rather than zeal for the propagation of his opinions. His integrity in buſineſs and in life is unimpeached. Vanity, the moſt innocent ſpecies of pride, ſeems to have been his predominant paſſion. Pathos was a quality which he conceived to be ſo much the characteriſtic of his own poetry, that he once quarrelled with Jones, author of the "Earl of Eſſex," for pretending to it. The diſpute ended by his turning the poor bricklayer out of the room where they were ſpending the evening together. As a political writer, he ſeems to have been of that numerous claſs of men of letters, who think it no diſhonour to be miniſterial hirelings.

"His ſtature," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "was diminutive; but he was regularly formed; his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable, and he ſuffered it to want no recommendation that dreſs could give it. His converſation was elegant and eaſy. The reſt of his character may, without injury to his memory, ſink into ſilence." This laſt obſervation cannot be generally allowed; his gratitude to Mr. Ker, his kindneſs to his brother, his ſervices to Hill and Thomſon, his beneficence to Derrick (Letters, 2 vols. 1767), and his exemplary tenderneſs in the diſcharge of the relative duties of huſband and parent, command our eſteem for his character, and confer a laſting honour on his memory.

As a poet, though he may not be altogether ſecure from the objections of the critic, he has very little to fear from the ſtricteſt moral or religious cenſure; his works are not only the productions of a genius truly poetical; but they are friendly to the beſt intereſts of morality and liberty; they inſpire virtue, truth, and patriotiſm; and inculcate the neceſſity of goodneſs to the preſent and future happineſs of mankind. His compoſitions are characterized by elegance of diction, and correctneſs of judgment, rather than vigour of expreſſion or ſublimity of ſentiment, neither of which are wanting. His powers have had every aid that laborious cultivation, that uſeful and polite learning could give; he poſſeſſes a judgment critically exact, but has not an highly creative imagination. He is an elegant and pleaſing writer, a ſmooth and correct verſifier, but not a firſt-rate poet.

His *Excurſion* is not devoid of poetical ſpirit and pictureſque deſcription. Many of the images are ſtriking, and many of the paſſages are elegant. He obſerves clearly, and deſcribes forcibly; but he errs by endeavouring to impreſs his ſubject on the mind with a pomp and reduplication of expreſſion. In his *Verbal Criticiſm*, there is more pertneſs than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. Horace and Shakſpeare are ſkilfully delineated. The three concluding couplets are excellent. The verſification is tolerable, nor can criticiſm allow it a higher praiſe. *Amyntor and Theodora*, his moſt elaborate performance, though ſomewhat tedious and diffuſe, abounds in ſtriking images, pathetic incidents, and moral reflections. "The nauſeous affectation of expreſſing every thing pompouſly," ſays Dr. Warton, "is no were more viſible than in a poem lately publiſhed, intitled *Amyntor and Theodora*. The following inſtance may be alleged, among many others. *Amyntor* having a pathetic tale to diſcover, being choked with ſorrow, and at a loſs for utterance, uſes theſe ornamental unnatural images:

> ——————— O could I ſteal
> From harmony her ſofteſt warbled ſtrain
> Of melting air! or Zephyr's vernal voice,
> Or Philomela's ſong, when love diſſolves
> To liquid blandiſhment his evening lay,
> All nature ſmiling round———"

There is in this paſſage, it muſt be acknowledged, an attempt at dignity above the occaſion. Pathos ſeems to have been intended, but affectation only is produced. It cannot, however, be denied,

that there is in this poem copiouſneſs and elegance of language, vigour of ſentiment, and imagery well adapted to take poſſeſſion of the fancy. His poem *on the Death of Lady Anſon*, addreſſed to her father, Lord Harwicke, deſerves great praiſe. It is ſerious, pathetic, and poetical in the higheſt degree. The diſtreſs of *Cicero* for the death of *Tullia*, is happily introduced, and rendered very applicable by a ſimilitude of ſome circumſtances. None of his poems do him greater honour, or give us a higher idea of his poetical powers.

His *Truth in Rhyme* is a pretty court compliment, in which his patron, Lord Bute, makes almoſt as good a figure as his Majeſty. It is chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary inſtance of vanity in the *imprimatur* prefixed to it.

> It has no faults, or I no faults can ſpy;
> It is all beauty, or all blindneſs I.
> *Imprimatur, meo periculo*, CHESTERFIELD.

If Cheſterfield, ſo juſtly celebrated for the elegance of his taſte and wit, ſtill retained ſo much of the courtier as to give ſuch a teſtimony to this poem, as no poem ever deſerved, Mallet ought not to have been ſo far tranſported by it as publicly to triumph in ſo extravagant a compliment, even admitting that it was ſincere, which may be reaſonably doubted. *Zephyr*, or *the Stratagem*, is a tale in the manner of Prior, told with eaſe and humour. There is ſome wit and ſpirit in it; but it is unfit for a modeſt ear. *Cupid and Hymen*, the *Diſcovery*, the *Reward*, are written with eaſe and ſprightlineſs, and may be read with pleaſure. His *Prologue* to Thomſon's "Agamemnon" is ſuperior to that which he received from Thomſon for *Muſtapha*. His *Funeral Hymn* opens with a becoming ſolemnity and grandeur of expreſſion; but is totally ſpoiled by a number of ſhort rhymes, which are ſo far from conveying any idea ſuitable to the ſolemn dignity of a funeral hymn, that they turn the whole into a burleſque. The *Fragment*, beginning, *Fair morn aſcends*, &c. is remarkably fine. It is of a ſtrain more exalted than any of his other pieces. He has no where diſcovered more poetical enthuſiaſm. His *Epitaphs* deſerve particular commendation. His ballads of *William and Margaret*, *Edwin and Emma*, and *The Birks of Endermay*, rank with the beſt compoſitions of that kind in our language. *William and Margaret* is fully entitled to the favourable reception it met with. It is the moſt pleaſing of all his poetical compoſitions. It is plaintive, pathetic, and ſimple; both the ſentiment and the expreſſion are equally captivating. Dr. Johnſon is almoſt ſingular in thinking that "it contains nothing very ſtriking or difficult." *Edwin and Emma* is an imitation of *William and Margaret*; though certainly not altogether equal to it. An unfortunate amour is the ſubject of both. The ſtory of the hapleſs pair is added in proſe, and averred to be matter of fact. The father of *Edwin* is deſcribed in the following paſſage, by a ſimile immediately ariſing from the ſubject itſelf, which conveys a direct and unequivocal illuſtration, with a conciſeneſs and expreſſion truly admirable:

> The father too, a ſordid man,
> Who love nor pity knew,
> *Was all unfeeling as the clod*
> *From whence his riches grew.*

His character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, cannot be generally allowed, without doing great injuſtice to his literary and poetical merit.

"As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high claſs. There is no ſpecies of compoſition in which he was eminent. His dramas had their day, a ſhort day, and are forgotten; his blank verſe ſeems to my ear the echo of Thomſon. His *Life of Bacon* is known, as it is appended to Bacon's volumes, but it is no longer mentioned. His works are ſuch as a writer buſtling in the world, ſhowing himſelf in public, and emerging occaſionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his perſonal influence; but which conveying little information, and giving no great pleaſure, muſt ſoon give way, as the ſucceſſion of things produces new topics of converſation, and other modes of amuſement."

THE WORKS OF MALLET.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1, 1759.

No man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been ſurpriſed, I believe, to ſee a poet inſcribe his works, either to Cicero, or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more amongſt her moſt celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magiſtrates of the firſt diſtinction, and had applied themſelves ſeverely to the ſtudy of the laws; in which both eminently excelled. They were, at the ſame time, illuſtrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the ſervice of their clients and their country. But, as they had both embelliſhed their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has ſpread, we ſee, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions; no ſpecies of polite literature could be foreign to their taſte or patronage. And, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the beſt poets their reſpective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviouſly to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this collection, ſuch as it is, of the different things I have written.

" Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
" Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen."

And were I as ſure, my Lord, that it is deſerving of your regard, as I am that theſe verſes were not applied with more propriety at firſt than they are now; the public would univerſally juſtify my ambition in preſenting it to you. But, of that, the public only muſt and will judge, in the laſt appeal. There is but one thing, to beſpeak their favour and your friendſhip, that I dare be poſitive in: without which, you are the laſt perſon in Britain to whom I ſhould have thought of addreſſing it. And this any man may affirm of himſelf, without vanity; becauſe it is equally in every man's power. Of all that I have written, on any occaſion, there is not a line, which I am afraid to own, either as an honeſt man, a good ſubject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated ſome few moments, the firſt day of this new year, to ſend you, according to good old cuſtom, a preſent. An humble one, I confeſs it is; and that can have little other value but what ariſes from the diſpoſition of the ſender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effuſion of thoſe ſentiments, which great merit, employed to the beſt purpoſes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole courſe of this and many more years, that ſound health of mind and body, which your important labours for the public ſo much want, and ſo juſtly merit! And may you ſoon have the ſatisfaction to ſee, what I know you ſo ardently wiſh, this deſtructive war, however neceſſary on our part, concluded by a ſafe and laſting peace! Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no leſs uſeful than ornamental to human life, and that now languiſh, may again flouriſh, under the eye and encouragement of thoſe few, who think and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the ſincereſt attachment,

My Lord,

Your moſt faithful

humble ſervant,

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

As the deſign of the following poem is to rally the abuſe of Verbal Criticiſm, the author could not, without manifeſt partiality, overlook the editor of Milton, and the reſtorer of Shakſpeare. With regard to the later, he has read over the many and ample ſpecimens with which that ſcholiaſt has already obliged the public: and of theſe, and theſe only, he pretends to give his opinion. But, whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the leaſt ill-will to the man, he deferred printing theſe verſes, though written ſeveral months ago, till he heard that the ſubſcription for a new edition of Shakſpeare was cloſed.

He begs leave to add likewiſe, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addreſſed. Only as it is a public teſtimony of his inviolable eſteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wiſhes, it may not be judged to increaſe the number of mean performances, with which the town is almoſt daily peſtered.

Among the numerous fools, by fate deſign'd
Oft to diſturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The reading coxcomb is of ſpecial note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote:
Grave ſon of idle induſtry and pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books miſguide.
O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rareſt ſcience, where ſo few excel;
Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcann'd, tranſcends thy lays,
For wit ſupreme is but thy ſecond praiſe:
'Tis thine, O Pope, who chooſe the better part,
To tell how falſe, how vain, the Scholiaſt's art,
Which nor to taſte, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common ſenſe.
In error obſtinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, poſitive, and proud;
Deep in the darkneſs of dull authors bred,
With all their refuſe lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth ſteps at laſt the ſelf-applauding wight,
Of points and letters chaff and ſtraws, to write:
Sagely reſolv'd to ſwell each bulky piece
With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece;
How oft in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Ariſtotle's cap were round or ſquare;
If in the cave, where Dido firſt was ſped,
To Tyre ſhe turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.
Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That ſtore a Bentley's and a Burman's brain:
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame aſcends, and ſnow is white:
Hence, much hard ſtudy, without ſenſe or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakſpeare ſays, the noon-day ſun is bright,
His ſcholiaſt will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.
Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil---to be a fool!
But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakſpeare's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to reſtore,
Meets he ſuch ſlight regard in nameleſs lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Would-be pays?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who firſt created, and yet rules, the ſtage,
Bold to deſign, all-powerful to expreſs,
Shakſpeare each paſſion drew in every dreſs:
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, nature was his own:
Yet is his ſenſe debas'd by groſs allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big ſtage thunders, and the ſoul awakes:
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer ſleeps.
Such was the poet: next the Scholiaſt view;
Faint through the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren ſoil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low induſtry, goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm ſo, in ſhelf or ſtall,
Will feed alike on Woolſton and on Paul.
By living clients hopeleſs now of bread,
He pettyfogs a ſcrap from authors dead:
See him on Shakſpeare pore, intent to ſteal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern ſeas is found.
Whoſe name a Dutchman only knows to ſound.
Where'er the king of fiſh moves on before,
This humble friend attends from ſhore to ſhore;
With eye ſtill earneſt, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind;
With thoſe choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald* of a whale.
Bleſt genius! who beſtows his oil and pains
On each dull paſſage, each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful, as the taſk more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.

* *This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-jager. Here you ſee how he purchaſes his food: and the ſame author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may ſee him, adds the Dutchman, frequently purſuing a ſort of ſea-mew, called Kulge-Gebef, whom he torments inceſſantly to make him void an excrement; which being liquid, ſerves him, I imagine, for drink. See a collection of Voyages to the North.*

Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There, moſt exact the reading to reſtore;
By dint of plodding, and by ſweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
Whate'er is refuſe critically gleaning,
And mending nonſenſe into doubtful meaning.
For this, dread Dennis * (and who can forbear,
Dunce or not Dunce, relating it, to ſtare?)
His head though jealous, and his years fourſcore,
Ev'n Dennis † praiſes, who ne'er prais'd before!
For this, the Scholiaſt claims his ſhare of fame,
And, modeſt, prints his own with Shakſpeare's name:
How juſtly, Pope, in this ſhort ſtory view;
Which may be dull, and therefore ſhould be true.
A prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who ſenſe with ſound, and truth with rhetoric mixt,
Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inſpir'd himſelf, his happy hearers charm'd.
The ſermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
And freely, man or woman, ſpoke their mind:
All ſaid they lik'd the lecture from their ſoul,
And each, remembering ſomething, prais'd the whole.
At laſt an honeſt ſexton join'd the throng
(For as the theme was large, their talk was long);
Neighbours, he cry'd, my conſcience bids me tell,
Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd--I toll'd the bell.
In this the critic's folly moſt is ſhown:
Is there a genius all-unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read;
Himſelf with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown of human kind;
That writer he ſelects, with awkward aim
His ſenſe, at once, to mimic and to maim.
So Florio is a fop, with half a noſe:
So fat Weſt Indian planters dreſs at beaux.
Thus, gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
And Horace, ſtrange to ſay, tun'd Bentley's voice.
Horace, whom all the graces taught to pleaſe,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with eaſe;
His genius ſocial, as his judgment clear:
When frolic, prudent; ſmiling when ſevere;
Secure, each temper, and each taſte to hit,
His was the curious happineſs of wit.
Skill'd in that nobleſt ſcience, how to live;
Which learning may direct, but heaven muſt give;
Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenas gay;
Among the fair, but juſt as wiſe as they:
Firſt in the friendſhips of the great enroll'd,
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.
While Bentley, long to wrangling ſchools confin'd,
And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
Dares, in the fullneſs of the pedant's pride,
Rhyme, tho' no genius; though no judge, decide.
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part:
Holds high the ſcourge o'er each fam'd author's head;
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead.

To Milton lending ſenſe, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ:
The Roman muſe arraigns his mangling pen;
And Paradiſe *, by him, is loſt again.
Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that ſhall not ſee,
The low to ſwell, to level the ſublime,
To blaſt all beauty, and beproſe all rhyme.
Great eldeſt born of dullneſs, blind and bold!
Tyrant! more cruel than Procruſtes old;
Who, to his iron-bed, by torture, fits,
Their nobler part, the ſouls of ſuffering wits.
Such is this man, who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human kind to ſound his praiſe,
For points tranſplac'd with curious want of ſkill,
For flattened ſounds, and ſenſe amended ill.
So wiſe Caligula, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the ſhore,
Swore he had rifled ocean's richeſt ſpoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.
Yet be his merits, with his faults, confeſt:
Fair-dealing, as the plaineſt, is the beſt.
Long lay the critic's work, with trifles ſtor'd,
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
Men ſo well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have ſworn, were men of note:
To paſs upon the crowd for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them ſtare.
For theſe blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
Writ Engliſh notes—and mankind undeceiv'd:
In ſuch clear light the ſerious folly plac'd,
Ev'n thou, Brown Willis, thou may'ſt ſee the jeſt.
But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to diſcovery blind?
Let Crooke, a brother-ſcholiaſt Shakſpeare call,
Tibbald, to Heſiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle ſtill: in this, we ſee
The lackies of the great and learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in ſuſpenſe, attends her fate;
In mimic ſeſſion their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet:
And, rivalling the critic's lofty ſtyle,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyll.
Yet thoſe, whom pride and dullneſs join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow ſpace confin'd,
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits, as ſcavenger's to ſtreets:
The humble blackguards of a Pope or Gay,
To bruſh off duſt, and wipe their ſpots away.
Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poiſon to the heart.
Where ancient authors hint at things obſcene,
The Scholiaſt ſpeaks out broadly what they mean.

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* ——"*Quis talia fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve," *&c.*——VIRG.

† *See the Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.*

* *This ſagacious Scholiaſt is pleaſed to create an imaginary editor of Milton; who, he ſays, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, loſt Paradiſe a ſecond time. This is a poſtulatum which ſurely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; becauſe otherwiſe he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himſelf, in the perſon of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully beſtows on him. But, though he had no taſte in poetry, he was otherwiſe a man of very conſiderable abilities, and of great erudition.*

Diſcloſing each dark vice, well loſt to fame,
And adding fuel to redundant flame,
He, ſober pimp to lechery, explains
What Capreæa's iſle, or V—'s alcove contains:
Why Paulus, for his ſordid temper known,
Was laviſh, to his father's wife alone:
Why thoſe fond female viſits duly paid
To tuneful Incuba; and what her trade:
How modern love has made ſo many martyrs,
And which keeps ofteneſt, Lady C—, or Chartres.
But who their various follies can explain?
The tale is infinite, the talk were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in ſearch of thought;
To ſum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote;
To gueſs, ere one epiſtle * ſaw the light,
How many dunces met, and clubb'd their mite;
To vouch for truth what Welſted prints of Pope,
Or from the brother-boobies ſteal a trope.
That be the part of perſevering Waſſe †,
With pen of lead; or, Arnall, thine of braſs;
A text for Hevley, or a gloſs for Hearne,
Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.
How little, knowledge reaps from toils like theſe!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to pleaſe.
Yet, critics, would your tribe deſerve a name,
And, fairly uſeful, riſe to honeſt fame;
Firſt, from the head, a load of lumber move.
And, from the volume, all yourſelves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us ſenſe;
Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning, or where taſte preſides,
And wit enlivens but what reaſon guides:
Great without ſwelling, without meanneſs praiſe,
Serious, not filly; ſportive, but not vain;
On trifles ſlight, on things of uſe profound,
In quoting ſober, and in judging ſound.

VERSES

Preſented to the Prince of Orange, on his viſiting Oxford,

IN THE YEAR M,DCC,XXXIV.

Receive, lov'd prince, the tribute of our praiſe,
This haſty welcome, in unfiniſh'd lays.
At beſt, the pomp of ſong, the paint of art,
Diſplay the genius, but not ſpeak the heart;
And oft, as ornament muſt truth ſupply,
Are but the ſplendid colouring of a lie.
Theſe need not here; for to a ſoul like thine,
Truth, plain and ſimple, will more lovely ſhine.
The truely good but wiſh the verſe ſincere:
They court no flattery, who no cenſure fear.
Such Naſſau is, the faireſt, gentleſt mind,
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind,
Crowds, who to hail thy wiſh'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince, to praiſe and love the man.
Such ſenſe with ſweetneſs, grandeur mix'd with eaſe!
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to pleaſe:
Thy bright example ſhall our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.
Nor deem this verſe from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the ſoil for baneful weeds.
Here candour dwells; here honeſt truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not diſguiſe, the thought.
See theſe enlighten'd ſages, who preſide
O'er learning's empire; ſee the youth they guide:
Behold, all faces are in tranſport dreſt!
But thoſe moſt wonder, who diſcern thee beſt.
At ſight of thee, each free-born heart receives
A joy, the ſight of princes rarely gives;
From tyrants ſprung, and oft themſelves deſign'd,
By fate, the future Neroes of their kind:
But tho' thy blood, we know, tranſmitted ſprings
From laurell'd heroes, and from warrior kings,
Through that high ſeries, we, delighted, trace
The friends of liberty, and human race!
Oh, born to glad and animate our iſle!
For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our ſeaſons ſmile:
For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,
All-cheering health, the goddeſs roſy-fair,
Attended by ſoft ſuns, and vernal air,
Sought thoſe *fam'd ſprings, where, each afflictive hour,
Diſeaſe, and age, and pain, invoke her power:
She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
Pour'd all herſelf, and in thy cup aroſe.
Hence, to thy cheek, that inſtant bloom deriv'd:
Hence, with thy health, the weeping world reviv'd!
Proceed to emulate thy race divine:
A life of action, and of praiſe be thine.
Aſſert the titles genuine to thy blood,
By nature, daring; but by reaſon, good.
So great, ſo glorious thy forefathers ſhone,
No ſon of theirs muſt hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in ſight;
Thy vice, if vice thou haſt, in ſtronger light.
If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou muſt do:
The honours, that already grace thy name,
Have fixt thy choice, and force thee into fame.
Ev'n ſhe, bright Anna, whom thy worth has won,
Inſpires thee what to ſeek and what to ſhun:
Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
Makes the ſoul's beauty her peculiar care.
O, be your nuptials crown'd with glad increaſe
Of ſon's in war renown'd, and great in peace;
Of daughters, fair and faithful, to ſupply
The patriot-race, till nature's ſelf ſhall die!

* *See a poem publiſhed ſome time ago under that title, ſaid to be the production of ſeveral ingenious and prolific heads; one contributing a ſimile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four ſhrewd lines wholly made up of aſteriſks.*

† *See the preface to his edition of Salluſt; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of fifteen annotators by him collected, beſides his own.*

ORIGINAL COPY

Of the verſes occaſioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the Univerſity of Aberdeen.

In ancient times, ere wealth was learning's foe,
And dar'd deſpiſe the worth, he would not know;
Ere ignorance look'd lofty in a peer,
And ſmil'd at wit, caſt back in fortune's rear,
The pious prelate †, truly good, and great,
Courted the muſes to this happy ſeat;
Friend to inſtructive arts, he knew to prize,
His bounty bade the mighty pile ariſe.
Splendour adorn'd what knowing ſkill deſign'd,
And the fair ſtructure ſpoke his noble mind.

* *Bath.* † *Biſhop Elphinſton.*

The fabric finiſh'd, to ſecure the fame,
He ſtyl'd it Royal, from the ſov'reign's name *.
Here by ſucceſſive worthies, well was taught
All that enlightens, and exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
Long, every cheriſh'd ſcience flouriſh'd fair.
Thus, without cloud, ſerene the ſeaſons roll'd:
Thus, learning ſaw renew'd the age of gold.
But now the years revolving backward ran,
And a dark ſeries of worſe time began.
Vile avarice, in Gordon's † form, aroſe;
Arts, uneſteem'd, were govern'd by their foes;
Zeal, pious to a crime, reform'd the age,
And Gothic purity, and prieſtly rage.
Then fell, to low contempt, th' inſtructing trade,
And every muſe's portion was unpaid!
Now, a lone waſte the muſe's ſeat appears,
By ſocial foes defac'd, and length of years.
O'er her declining roofs, with moſs o'erſpread,
See! Time ſlow-creeping, walks with hoſtile tread:
Silent, and ſure, with unremitting toil,
He ſhakes each wall, and moulders every pile.
Ruin hangs hov'ring o'er the deſtin'd place;
And ſolitary ſilence comes apace!
Learning beheld with all a father's fear,
And mourn'd the total deſolation near;
He ſaw the muſes ſtretch the wing to fly,
And ſpoke his ſilent ſorrow in a ſigh!
From heav'n, in that ſad hour, commiſſion'd came
Fair Charity, in heaven the foremoſt name.
Compaſſion flew before her, ſweetly bright;
And her meek eyes effulg'd unclouded light.
" Hear, and rejoice, the ſmiling power begun,
" Full of my deity, thy beſt lov'd ſon ‡;
" Thy injur'd rights, regardful, ſhall aſſert,
" and nobly take his ſuffering parent's part.
" He, thy firſt favourite, and thy deareſt friend,
" Shall bid thy walls ariſe, thy roofs aſcend.
" I ſee, all charm'd, I ſee the future frame,
" Ariſing, emulate its ancient name!
" I ſee thy long loſt pomp ſhine out again,
" And every muſe, returning, claim her reign!
" Nor ends the bounty here; by him beſtow'd,
" Learning's rich ſtores ſhall thy muſeum load
" Whate'er, deep-hid philoſphy has found;
" Or the muſe ſung, with living laurel crown'd;
" Or hiſtory deſcry'd, far-looking ſage!
" In the dark doubtfulneſs of diſtant age:
" Theſe, thy well choſen treaſures, there com-[bin'd,
" Unwaſting, ſhall enrich the youthful mind:
" But teach thy ſons the gentle arts of peace;
" Let faction loſe his rule, and diſcord ceaſe.
" Rivals, alone, in love, and doing well,
" Be their fair emulation to excell.
" Then ſhall encourag'd arts ſucceſsful thrive,
" And all the glory of thy name revive!"

PROLOGUE

TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS,

Spoken by Lord Sandwich.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's ſmile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy iſle;
A golden reign, uncurſt with party rage,
That foe to taſte, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics or play!
The ſtateſman oft would ſooth his toils with wit,
What Spenſer ſung, and nature's Shakſpeare writ;
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the muſe, and wake the moving lyre.
As fair examples, like aſcending morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorns;
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land, with ſwift increaſe:
Rough nature ſoften'd in grace and eaſe;
Senſe grew polite, and ſcience ſought to pleaſe.
Recliev'd from yon rude ſcene of party din,
Where open baſeneſs vies with ſecret ſin,
And ſafe embower'd in * Woburn's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taſte approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning muſe;
Through every boſom tender thought infuſe;
Melt angry faction into moral ſenſe,
And to his gueſts a Bedford's ſoul diſpenſe.
And now, while ſpring extends her ſmiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladneſs, in the living gale;
The various ſoftneſs, ſtealing through the heart,
Impreſſions ſweetly ſocial, will impart.
When ſad Eudocia pours her hopeleſs woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild paſſions blind,
Holds up himſelf, a mirror for mankind;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:
And, conſcious, nature is in all the ſame,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

To woman, ſure, the moſt ſevere affliction
Is, from theſe fellows, point-blank contradiction.
Our bard, without—I wiſh he would appear—
Ud! I would give it him—but you ſhall hear—
Good Sir! quoth I—and curtſey'd as I ſpoke—
Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—
'Twere fit to humour them: for, right or wrong,
True Britons never like the ſame thing long.
To-day is fair—they ſtrut, huff, ſwear, harangue:—
To-morrow's foul—they ſneak aſide, and hang,
Is there a war—peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made—then, blood! they'll fight and die.
Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treaſon:
I would have brought, you ſee, the man to reaſon.
But with ſome folks, 'tis labour loſt to ſtrive:
A reaſoning mule will neither lead nor drive,
He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his dream
Cry'd, I muſt preach to you his moral ſcheme.
A ſcheme, forſooth! to benefit the nation?
Some queer, odd whim of pious propagation! †

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* *James IV.* † *Biſhop William Gordon.*
‡ *James Fraſer, Doctor of Laws.*

* *The ſiege of Damaſcus was acted at Woburn, by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and ſome other perſons of diſtinction, in the month of May,* 1743.

† *The profits ariſing from this play were intended to be given, by the Author, to the Society for propagating Chriſtian Knowledge.*

Lord! talk ſo, here---the man muſt be a widgeon:---
Drury may propagate---but not religion.
Yet, after all, to give the devil his due,
Our author's ſcheme, though ſtrange, is wholly new:
Well, ſhall the novelty then recommend it;
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For drums and routs, make him a while your paſſion:
A little while let virtue be the faſhion:
And, ſpite of real or imagin'd blunders,
Ev'n let him live, nine days, like other wonders.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

When this deciſive night, at length, appears,
The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What ſhifts to bribe applauſe, poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lie:
Theſe meanly beg it, as an alms; and thoſe,
By boaſtful bluſter dazzle and impoſe.
Nor poorly fearful, nor ſecurely vain,
Ours would, by honeſt ways, that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd:
And then---let candour, fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praiſe;
He dreads no foe---but whom his faults may raiſe.
Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
He aims to pleaſe, by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inſpiring nature, and directing art;
By ſcenes, ſo wrought, as may applauſe command
More from the judging head, than thundering hand.
Important is the moral we would teach---
Oh may this iſland practiſe what we preach---
Vice in its firſt approach with care to ſhun;
The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link ſo ſtraight,
What firſt was accident, at laſt is fate:
Guilt's hapleſs ſervant ſinks into a ſlave;
And virtue's laſt ſad ſtrugglings cannot ſave.
" As ſuch our fair attempt, we hope to ſee
" Our judges,---here at leaſt---from influence free:
" One place,---unbias'd yet by party-rage,---
" Where only honour votes---the Britiſh ſtage.
" We aſk for juſtice, for indulgence ſue:
" Our laſt beſt licence muſt proceed from you."

IMPROMPTU,

On a Lady, who had paſſed ſome time in playing with a very young Child.

Why, on this leaſt of little miſſes,
Did Celia waſte ſo many kiſſes?
Quoth Love, who ſtood behind and ſmil'd,
She kiſs'd the father in the child.

EPIGRAM,

On ſeeing two perſons paſs by in very different equipages.

In modern, as in ancient days,
See what the muſes have to brag on:
The player in his own poſt-chaiſe;
The poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

On a certain Lord's paſſion for a ſing---r.

Nerina's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimſical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be ſhe cruel, be ſhe kind,
Love! ſtrike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON

Dear Thomas didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee---
'Tis but by way of ſimile---
A ſquirrel ſpend its little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with this little peer,
So buſy and ſo buſtling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And friſking round his cage, the town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who ſaid this, and who did that:
With ſimiles, that never hit;
Vivacity, that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forſaken;
Advice oft aſk'd, but never taken:
Still whirl'd, by every riſing whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends---juſt where he firſt begun.

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

Still hovering round the fair at ſixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A fleſh-fly, that juſt flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to ſting;
Briſk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teazing ghoſt of the departed man.

ON I. H. ESQ.

The youth had wit himſelf, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though ſcandal was his joy, he would not ſwear:
An oath had made the ladies ſtare,
At them he duly dreſs'd, but without paſſion:
His only miſtreſs was the faſhion.
Her verſe with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His proſe, with ſenſe, correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he taſted arts:
At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A FRAGMENT.

* * *

Fair morn aſcends: ſoft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the ſpring:
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſwell, of healing power,

Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where ſweetly penſive, ſilence reigns;
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with nature here!
  Here are thy walks, O ſacred Health!
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth;
The ſeaſoning of all good below!
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe!
O thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
Of ſun of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature, with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot riot would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes through the midnight-ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where temperance, where the muſes dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
  But when the ſun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With thirſt and languor in his train:
All nature ſickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolneſs has her ſeat.
  There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the dead;
Sages, or poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoftens ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the ſent of heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
  While thus I mus'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the ſage,
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came?

* * * *

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR THE WEDDING-DAY.

The riſing morn, ſerenely ſtill,
Had brightening ſpread o'er vale and hill.
Not thoſe looſe beams that wanton play,
To light the mirth of giddy May;
Nor ſuch red heats as burn the plain,
In ardent Summer's feveriſh reign:
But rays, all equal, ſoft and ſober,
To ſuit the ſecond of October;
To ſuit the pair, whoſe wedding-day
This ſun now gilds with annual ray.
  Juſt then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four ſhort miles above St James's,
And deigns, with ſilver-ſtreaming wave,
Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
Aloft in air two gods were ſoaring;
While Putney-cits beneath lay ſnoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
On ſums to their dear country lent:
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name;
Though wiſer moderns much diſparage—
I mean the gods of love and marriage.
  But Cupid firſt, his wit to ſhow,
Aſſuming a mere modern beau,
Whoſe utmoſt aim is idle mirth,
Look'd---juſt as coxcombs look on earth:
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat;
  How! on the wing, by break of dawn!
Dear brother---there he forc'd a yawn---
To tell men, ſunk in ſteep profound,
They muſt, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
Who, having once put on thy chain,
'Tis odds, may ne'er ſleep found again.
So ſay the wits: but wiſer folks
Still marry, and contemn their jokes:
They know, each better bliſs is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails, nor ever ſours;

Well, be it ſo: yet there are fools,
Who dare demur to former rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on through life
Without that ſov'reign bliſs, a wife.
Leave theſe at leaſt, theſe ſad dogs free,
To ſtroll with Bacchus and with me;
And ſup, in Middleſex, or Surrey,
On coarſe cold beef, and Fanny Murray.
  Thus Cupid---and with ſuch a leer,
You would have ſworn 'twas Ligonier,
While Hymen ſoberly reply'd,
Yet with an air of conſcious pride:
  Juſt come from yonder wretched ſcene,
Where all is venal, faiſe, and mean,
(Looking on London as he ſpoke)
I marvel not at thy dull joke;
Nor, in ſuch cant, to hear thee vapour,
Thy quiver lin'd with South-ſea paper;
Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
With India-bonds, for hearts on ſale;
Their other ends too, as is meet,
Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-ſtreet,
But could'ſt thou for a moment quit
Theſe airs of faſhionable wit,
And re-aſſume thy nobler name---
Look that way, where I turn my flame---
He ſaid, and held his torch inclin'd,
Which, pointed ſo, ſtill brighter ſhin'd—
Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm;
And, while they wear my willing chains,
A god dares ſwear that neither feigns.
This morn that bound their mutual vow,
That bleſt them firſt, and bleſſes now,
They grateful hail! and, from the ſoul,
With thouſands o'er both heads may roll;
Till, from life's banquet, either gueſt,
Embracing, may retire to reſt.
Come then, all raillery laid aſide,
Let this their day ſerenely glide:
With mine thy ſerious aim unite,
And both ſome proper gueſts invite;
That not one minute's running ſand
May find their pleaſures at a ſtand.
  At this ſevere and ſad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
Poor Cupid, bluſhing, ſhrugg'd and winc'd,
Not yet conſenting, though convinc'd:
For 'tis your witling's greateſt terror,
Ev'n when he feels to own his error.
Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
He took his penitential face:
Said, 'twas perhaps, the ſurer play,
To give your grave good-ſouls their way:
That, as true humour was grown ſcarce,
He choſe to ſee a ſober farce;
For, of all cattle and all fowl,
Your ſolemn-looking aſs and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durſt aver it,
Than thoſe jack-puddings, pug and parrot.
  He ſaid, and eaſtward ſpread his wing,
From London ſome few friends to bring.
His brother too, with ſober cheer,
For the ſame end did weſtward ſteer:
But firſt, a penſive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypreſs bound,
Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend;
On whom the mournful train attend:
And bid him, this one day, at leaſt,
For ſuch a pair, at ſuch a feaſt,
Strip off the ſable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.
  But Hymen, ſpeeding forward ſtill,
Obſerv'd * a man on Richmond-hill,
Who now firſt tries a country life;
Perhaps, to fit him for a wife.
But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
The paſſing god look'd in and beckon'd:
He knows him rich in ſocial merit,
With independent taſte and ſpirit;
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear ſuch men ſhould laugh at him.
  But lo, already on his way,
In due obſervance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the nine,
Who can, but ſeldom cares to ſhine,
And one ſole virtue would arrive at—
To keep his many virtues private.
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by ſtealth,
His lov'd companions eaſe and health:
Or in his garden, barring out
The noiſe of every neighbouring rout,
At penſive hour of eve and prime,
Marks how the various hand of time
Now feeds and rears, now ſtarves and ſlaughters,
His vegetable ſons and daughters.
  While theſe are on their way, behold!
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,
Firſt ſeeks and ſends his new Lord Warden †
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden:
Brave as the ſword he wears in fight;
Sincere, and briefly in the right;
Whom never miniſter or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.
  A ſecond fee! of ſpecial note,
Plump Comus ‡ in a colonel's coat;
Whom we, this day, expect from far;
A jolly firſt-rate man of war;
On whom we boldly dare repoſe,
To meet our friends, or meet our foes:
  Or comes a brother in his ſtead?
Strong-body'd too, and ſtrong of head:
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his noſe;
And holds it little leſs than treaſon,
To baulk his ſtomach or his reaſon.

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* *A. Mitchell, Eſq. Miniſter at the Court of Pruſſia.*

† *The late General Skelton. He had juſt then purchaſed a Houſe in Henrietta-ſtreet.*

‡ *The late Col. Caroline Scott; who though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much ſkill, ſpirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greateſt gentleneſs of manners as a companion and friend. He died a ſacrifice to the public, in the ſervice of the Eaſt-India Company, at Bengal, in the year* 1755.

True to his miſtreſs and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.
Laſt comes a virgin—pray admire her!
Cupid himſelf attends, to ſquire her:
A welcome gueſs'd! we much had miſt her;
For 'tis our Kitty, or his ſiſter.
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb, to ſhear her wool;
No teague of that unbluſhing band,
Juſt landed, or about to land;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurſe,
To ſteal an heireſs or a purſe.
No ſcraping, ſaving, ſaucy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
No half form'd inſect of a peer,
With neither land nor conſcience clear;
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Juſt ſpell the motto on his landau.
From all, from each of theſe defend her;
But thou and Hymen both befriend her,
With truth, taſte, honour, in a mate,
And much good ſenſe, and ſome eſtate.
But now, ſuppoſe th' aſſembly met,
And round the table cordial ſet;
While in fair order, to their wiſh,
Plain neatneſs ſends up every diſh,
And Pleaſure at the ſide-board ſtands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due meaſure,
As reaſon wills when join'd with pleaſure—
Let theſe white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay:
In every face let joy be ſeen,
As truth ſincere, as hope ſerene:
Let friendſhip, love, and wit combine,
To flavour both the meat and wine,
With that rich reliſh to each ſenſe,
Which they, and they alone, diſpenſe;
Let muſic too their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and feſtive ſong:
Then, when at eve, the ſtar of love
Glows with ſoft radiance from above,
And each companionable gueſt
Withdraws, repleniſh'd, not oppreſt,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting ſay—
My life be ſuch a wedding-day!

EPIGRAM:

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, M,DCC,LX.

When Churchill led his legions on,
Succeſs ſtill follow'd where he ſhone.
And are thoſe triumphs, with the dead,
All from his houſe, for ever fled?
Not ſo: by ſofter ſurer arms,
They yet ſurvive in beauty's charms;
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Even now he triumphs in his race.

AN ODE IN THE MASQUE OF ALFRED:

Sung by a Shepherdeſs who has loſt her lover in the wars.

A youth, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldeſt heart,
In ſecret mine poſſeſt.
The morning bud that faireſt blows,
The vernal oak that ſtraighteſt grows,
His face and ſhape expreſt.

In moving ſounds he told his tale,
Soft as the ſighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with eaſe,
Whom happy nature taught to pleaſe,
Whom honour made ſincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell:
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And ſaw the tears I ſhed:
Tears that muſt ever, ever fall;
For ah! no ſighs the paſt recall,
No cries awake the dead!

THE EXCURSION; A POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

Invocation, addreſſed to Fancy. Subject propoſed; a ſhort excurſive ſurvey of the Earth and Heavens. The poem opens with a deſcription of the face of Nature in the different ſcenes of morning, ſun-riſe, noon, with a thunder-ſtorm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceaſed.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excurſion, firſt northward—A view of the arctic continent and the deſerts of Tartary—From thence ſouthward: a general proſpect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of Europe, ſuppoſe Italy. A city there upon the point of being ſwallowed up by an earthquake: ſigns that uſher it in: deſcribed in its cauſes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the ſame time and from the ſame cauſes, likewiſe deſcribed.

CANTO II.

CONTAINS, on the ſame plan, a ſurvey of the ſolar ſyſtem, and of the fixed ſtars.

This poem is among the author's earlieſt performances. Whether the writing may, in ſome degree, atone for the irregularity of the compoſition, which he confeſſes, and does not even attempt to excuſe, is ſubmitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the muſe, creative power,
Imagination! at whoſe great command
Ariſe unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring: thou, who canſt at will
People with air-born ſhapes the ſilent wood,
And ſolitary vale, thy own domain,
Where contemplation haunts; oh come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
O'er earth's extended ſpace: and thence, on high,
Spread to ſuperior worlds thy bolder flight,
Excurſive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—
To yon expanſe of plains, where truth delights,
Simple of heart; and hand in hand with her,
Where blameleſs virtue walks. Now parting ſpring,
Parent of beauty and of ſong, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd on the ground.
While ſummer laughing comes, and bids the months
Crown his prime ſeaſon with their choiceſt ſtores;
Freſh roſes opening to the ſolar ray,
And fruits ſlow-ſwelling on the loaded bough.
Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whoſe early throat,
Heard from the diſtant village in the vale,
Crows cheerly out, far ſounding through the gloom. ſky,
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-
She rules the ſable hour: and calls her train
Of viſionary fears; the ſhrouded ghoſt,
The dream diſtreſsful, and th' encumbent hag,
That riſe to fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While reaſon ſlumbering lies. At once they fly,
As ſhadows paſs, nor is their path beheld.
And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From eaſt to north in double twilight ſeen,
A whitening luſtre ſhoots its tender beam;
While ſhade and ſilence yet involve the ball.
Now ſacred morn, aſcending, ſmiles ſerene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world.
Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever pleaſing! lo, ſhe onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure looſe-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The weſtern gray of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame: the riſing miſts,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling ſpires; and open all his woods,
High waving in the ſky: th' uncolour'd ſtream,
Beneath her glowing ray tranſlucent ſhines.
Glad nature feels her through her boundleſs realms
Of life and ſenſe: and calls forth all her ſweets,
Fragrance and ſong. From each unfolding flower
Tranſpires the balm of life, that zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his roſy wing: each bird,
Or high in air, or ſecret in the ſhade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn.
While beaſts of chaſe, by ſecret inſtinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, ſlumber out the day.
Invited by the cheerful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the good man comes
To taſte her freſhneſs, and improve her riſe
In holy muſing. Rapture in his eye,
And kneeling wonder ſpeak his ſilent ſoul,
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praiſe!
Now induſtry is up. The village pours
Her uſeful ſons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every inſtrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the ſwain,
A rural king amid his ſubject-flocks,
Whoſe bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller too, purſues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls:
And all the living landſcape moves around.
But ſee, the fluſh'd horizon flames intenſe
With vivid red, in rich profuſion ſtream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds aſſume
Their gayeſt liveries; theſe with ſilvery beams
Fring'd lovely, ſplendid thoſe in liquid gold:
And ſpeak their ſovereign's ſtate. He comes, behold!
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The king of glory! round his head divine,
Diffuſive ſhowers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up-riſing fair
He looks abroad on nature, and inveſts,
Where-e'er his univerſal eye ſurveys,
Her ample boſom, earth, air, ſea, and ſky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.
From this hoare hill, that climbs above the plain, [woods
Half-way up heaven ambitious, brown with
Of broadeſt ſhade, and terraſs'd round with walks,
Winding and wild, that deep embowering riſe,
Maze above maze, through all its ſhelter'd height;
From hence, th' aëreal concave without cloud,
Tranſlucent, and in pureſt azure dreſt;
The boundleſs ſcene beneath, hill, dale, and plain
The precipice abrupt; the diſtant deep,
Whoſe ſhores remurmur to the ſounding ſurge;
The neareſt foreſt in wide circuit ſpread,
Solemn receſs, whoſe ſolitary walks,
Fair truth and wiſdom love; the bordering lawn
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daiſy'd vale
The river's cryſtal, and the meadows green—
Grateful diverſity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thouſand charms.

Theſe ſcenes, where every virtue, every muſe
Delighted range, ſerene the ſoul, and lift,
Borne on devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To higheſt heaven her thought; to nature's God,
Firſt ſource of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whoſe throne
Sits ſovereign bounty, and through heaven and earth
Careleſs diffuſes plenitude of bliſs [earth
Him all things own: he ſpeaks, and it is day,

Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obſcures the world. The ſeaſons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.
While reaſon thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infuſing, lend;
And in ſtill whiſpers, ſoft as zephyr's breath
When ſcarce the green leaf trembles, through her powers
Inſpire new vigour, purer light ſupply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celeſtial intercourſe! ſuperior bliſs, [ſoul,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd
And heaven on earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In ſolitude, may I, obſcurely ſafe,
Deceive mankind, and ſteal through life along,
As ſlides the foot of time, unmark'd, unknown!
Exalted to his noon the fervent ſun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immenſe, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering maze
Of vale ſequeſter'd, or the fir-crown'd ſide
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapſe
Falls many a dew-fed ſtream, invites the ſtep
Of muſing poet, and ſecures repoſe
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppreſſive brightneſs deluging the world,
Sick nature pants: and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire diſeaſe,
Red plague, and fever; or, in fogs aloft
Condenſing, ſhow a ruffling tempeſt nigh.
And ſee, exhaling from th' Atlantic ſurge,
Wild world of waters, diſtant clouds aſcend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud:
Then rolling duſk along to eaſt and north,
As the blaſt bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempeſt o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beaſt, impreſs'd by nature's hand
In homeward warnings through each ſeeling nerve,
Haſte from the hour of terror and of ſtorm.
The thunder now, from forth his cloudy ſhrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where dread
And death attend, the ſervants of his nod,
Firſt, in deaf murmurs, ſounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb ſadneſs fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackneſs lours; the tempeſt ſwells,
And expectation ſhakes the heart of man.
When yonder clouds in duſky depth extend
Broad o'er the ſouth; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempeſt ſwells,
Sulphureous ſteam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous ſoil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in ſtant ſtream, the ruddy flaſh,
Quick-glancing, ſpreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expanſive; ſheets the ſky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all ſides burning; now the face of things
Diſcloſing; ſwallowed now in tenfold night.
Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing burſts! Air, ſea, and ſhore reſound.
Horror ſits ſhuddering in the felon-breaſt,
And feels the deathful flaſh before it flies:
Each ſleeping ſin, excited, ſtarts to view;
And all is ſtorm within. The murderer, pale
With conſcious guilt, though hid in deepeſt ſhade,
Hears and flies wild, purſued by all his fears:
And ſees the bleeding ſhadow of the ſlain
Riſe hideous, glaring on him through the gloom!
Hark! through th' aerial vault, the ſtorm inflam'd
Comes nearer, hoarſely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal inceſſant, burſt on burſt:
Torn from its baſe, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffuſion flaſh'd.
Deſtruction marks its path, yon riven oak
Is hid in ſmouldering fires: ſurpris'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd proſtrate falls,
A livid corſe. Yon cottage flames to heaven:
And in its fartheſt cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had ſped their ſteps, behold!
The parent breathleſs lies; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and ſpeechleſs round—O Power divine!
Whoſe will, unerring, points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand, though terrible, ſhall man decide
If puniſhment, or mercy, dealt the blow?
Appeas'd at laſt, the tumult of the ſkies
Subſides, the thunder's falling roar is huſh'd:
At once the clouds fly ſcattering, and the ſun
Breaks out with boundleſs ſplendour o'er the world,
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life reſtores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing miſts
Faſt-riſing to his ray; till every flower
Lift up its head, and nature ſmiles reviv'd.
At firſt 'tis awful ſilence over all,
From ſenſe of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beaſt and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So paſs the ſongful hours: and now the ſun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the weſtern main,
Whoſe fluctuating boſom, bluſhing red,
The ſpace of many ſeas beneath his eye,
Heaves in ſoft ſwellings murmuring to the ſhore,
A circling glory glows around his diſk
Of milder beams: part, ſtreaming o'er the ſky,
Inflame the diſtant azure: part below
In level lines ſhoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleaſing ſhade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds,
Lucid or duſk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amuſive, changeful, ſhifting into ſhapes
Of viſionary beauty, antique towers
With ſhadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that riſe and ſink
As ſportful fancy lifts: till late, the ſun
From human eye, behind earth's ſhading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aerial landſcape fades.
Diſtinction fails: and in the darkening weſt,
The laſt light quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illuſive flame, oft ſeen at eve,
Up-borne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn betokening night's approach
Ariſing awful o'er the eaſtern ſky,
Onward ſhe comes with ſilent ſtep and ſlow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The ſtill, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And meditation, with his eye on heaven.

Muſing, in ſober mood, of time and life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through deſert ways I walk;
Or to the cypreſs-grove, at twilight ſhun'd
By paſſing ſwains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs ruſtle round me where I ſtand,
With fancy all-arous'd.—Far on the left,
Shoots up a ſhapeleſs rock of duſky height,
The raven's haunt: and down its woody ſteep
A daſhing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His ſounding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and ſparkles through the gloom.
Behind me riſes huge a reverend pile
Sole on his blaſted heath, a place of tombs,
Waſte, deſolate, where ruin dreary dwells.
Brooding o'er ſightleſs ſkulls, and crumbling bones,
Ghaſtful he ſits, and eyes with ſtedfaſt glare.
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-ſhook arch, the column gray with moſs,
The leaning wall, the ſculptur'd ſtone defac'd,
Whole monumental flattery, mix'd with duſt,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raiſe.
All is dread ſilence here, and undiſturb'd,
Save what the wind ſighs, and the wailing owl
Screams ſolitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her weſtern ray through yonder iſle,
Where the ſad ſpirit walks with ſhadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.
  Hail, midnight-ſhades! hail, venerable dome!
By age more venerable; ſacred ſhore,
Beyond time's troubled ſea, where never wave,
Where never wind of paſſion, or of guilt,
Of ſuffering or of ſorrow, ſhall invade
The calm ſound night of thoſe who reſt below.
The weary are at peace: the ſmall and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here ſleeps the priſoner ſafe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppreſſor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the ſons of mourning, fearleſs now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repoſe.
Proud greatneſs, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever loſt!
  But, at near diſtance, on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
And fair inſcription: where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the virtues weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
Thyrſis—'tis he! the wiſeſt and the beſt!
Lamented ſhade! whom every gift of heaven
Profuſely bleſt: all learning was his own.
Pleaſing his ſpeech, by nature taught to flow,
Perſuaſive ſenſe and ſtrong, ſincere and clear.
His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor pity ſofter, nor was truth more bright.
Conſtant in doing well, he neither ſought
Nor ſhunn'd applauſe. No baſhful merit ſigh'd
Near him neglected: ſympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from ſorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to ſmile.
  'Tis morning: and the ſun, his welcome light,
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient ſtream,
Caſts through the air, renewing nature's face
With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breaſt
O'er ſea and ſhore, light fancy ſpeeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excurſive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with winter in his inmoſt realm,
Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd ſnows, reſides th' ungenial power,
For ever ſilent, ſhivering, and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the ſtraits ſurmis'd
Of Anian eaſtward, where both worlds oppoſe
Their ſhores contiguous, lies the polar ſea,
One glittering waſte of ice, and on the morn
Caſts cold a cheerleſs light. Lo, hills of ſnow,
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp aſcend,
Pil'd up from eldeſt age, and to the ſun
Impenetrable; riſing from afar
In miſty proſpect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, ev'n here, in this diſaſtrous clime,
Horrid and harbourleſs, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirſt of gain,
Through floating iſles of ice, and fighting ſtorms,
Roam the wild waves, in ſearch of doubtful ſhores,
By weſt or eaſt; a path yet unexplor'd.
  Hence eaſtward to the Tartar's cruel coaſt,
By utmoſt ocean waſh'd, on whoſe laſt wave
The blue ſky leans her breaſt, diffus'd immenſe
In ſolitary length the deſert lies,
Where deſolation keeps his empty court.
No bloom of ſpring, o'er all the thirſty vaſt,
Nor ſpiry graſs is found; but ſands inſtead
In ſteril hills, and rough rocks riſing gray.
  A land of fears! where viſionary forms,
Of griefly ſpectres, from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them ſpeechleſs horror ſtalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the ſtarleſs duſk,
The ſecret hag and ſorcerer unbleſt
Their Sabbath hold, and potent ſpells compoſe,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that ſevers night from morn,
When ſleep has ſilenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heavens with haggard gaze;
Shot ſtreaming from the boſom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and diſtant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering ſky.
  From theſe ſad ſcenes, the waſte abodes of death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I ſtray; where Caucaſus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caſpian to the Euxine ſtretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal ſnows to heaven.
From this chill ſteep, which midnight's higheſt ſhades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling ſeas and intermingled iſles;
Her mighty continents out-ſtretch'd immenſe,
Where Europe, Aſia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberleſs extend: and where
To fartheſt point of weſt, Columbus late,
Through untry'd oceans borne to ſhores unknown,
Moor'd his firſt keel adventurous, and beheld

A new, a fair, a fertile world ariſe!
But nearer ſcenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muſe's walk, on which the ſun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing ſtep.
Here ſee, around me ſmiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidſt,
Laviſh of flowers and fragrance; where ſoft ſpring,
Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live ſpring, and ſheltering grove.
In theſe bleſt plains, a ſpacious city ſpreads
Its round extent magnificent, and ſeems
The ſeat of empire. Dazzling in the ſky,
With far-ſeen blaze her towery ſtructures ſhine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thouſands: peace and plenty
Environ her. In each frequented ſchool round
Learning exalts his head: and commerce pours
Into her arms a thouſand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of laſting bliſs ſecure! Yet all muſt fail, found.
O'erturn'd and loſt—nor ſhall their place be
A ſullen calm unuſual, dark and dead,
Ariſes inauſpicious o'er the heavens.
The beamleſs ſun looks wan; a ſighing cold
Winters the ſhadowed air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give ſign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the boſom of the globe,
Where ſulphur ſtor'd, and nitre peaceful ſlept,
For ages, in their ſubterranean bed, ſtreams,
Ferments th' approaching tempeſt. Vapoury
Inflammable, perhaps by winds ſublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled maſs,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundleſs rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, diſploded burſts
Its central priſon—Shook from ſhore to ſhore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, foreſts, cities. The lone deſert quakes:
Her ſavage ſons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf diſtant roarings, through the wide profound,
Rueful are heard, as when deſpair complains.
Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Caſting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghaſt they ſtand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful ſkies around;
A moment's dreadful ſilence! Then loud ſcreams
And eager ſupplications rend the ſkies.
Lo, crowds on crowds, in hurry'd ſtream along,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burſt in waves, by horror wing'd
To diſtant hill or cave: while half the globe,
Her frame convulſive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with ſecond agony. Upheav'd
In ſurges, her vext ſurface rolls a ſea.
Ruin enſues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Cruſh'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that univerſal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thouſand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undiſtinguiſh'd wreck!
Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flaſhing pale flames—down through the gulfs profound,
Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,
With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
Prone to th' abyſs deſcend; and o'er their heads
Earth ſhuts her ponderous jaws. Part loſt in night
Return no more: part on the wafting wave,
Borne through the darkneſs of th' infernal world,
Far diſtant riſe, emerging with the flood;
Pale as aſcending ghoſts caſt back to day,
A ſhuddering band! Diſtraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionleſs: they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and graſp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now earth's ſolid ſphere aſunder rent
With final diſſolution, the huge maſs
Fails undermin'd—down, down th' extenſive ſeat
Of this fair city, down her buildings ſink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,
In one wild havoc craſh'd, with burſt beyond
Heaven's loudeſt thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of nature's general frame deſtroy'd!
How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purpoſes of Heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the juſt,
O, ſeemingly ſevere! promiſcuous fall.
Reaſon, whoſe daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, ſubdu'd
To ſilence and amazement, with due praiſe
Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wiſeſt, juſteſt, beſt!
The country mourns around with alter'd look.
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd ſpring
Sat gaily dreſt, amid the vernal breath
Of roſes, and the ſong of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, ſilent, languiſh now and die.
Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
A ſandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their ſeat, obſtruct the plain
With rough encumbrance; or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.
Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyſs, fly ſecret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul diſeaſe,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man ſore ſickneſs, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminiſh'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unſettling reaſon overturn'd.
Here into madneſs work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled ſea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward ſunk
To folly, and in idly muſing wrapt;
Now chaſing with fond aim the flying cloud:
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.
A while the fiery ſpirit in its cell
Inſidious ſlumbers, till ſome chance unknown,
Perhaps ſome rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough colluſion down
Its echoing vault, ſtrikes out the fatal ſpark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all ſides flaſh'd,
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeaſurable ſource, whence ocean fills globe,
His numerous ſeas, and pours them round the
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanſe,
In dire commotion boils; and burſting way
Up through th' unfounded bottoms of the main.

Where never tempeſt ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the ſky,
With raving violence. And now their ſhores,
Rebellowing to the ſurge, they ſwallow fierce,
O'erſwelling mound and cliff: now ſwift and ſtrange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waſte of ſands—Meantime, behold!
Yon neighbouring mountain riſing bleak and bare,
Its double top in ſteril aſhes hid,
But green around its baſe with oil and wine,
Gives ſign of ſtorm and deſolation near:
Storehouſe of fate! from whoſe infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, aſcends eternal ſmoke:
Now wavering looſe in air; now borne on high,
A duſky column heightening to the ſun!
Imagnation's eye looks down diſmay'd
The ſteepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vext, but now incens'd
To ſevenfold fury. Firſt, diſcordant ſounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,
The daſh of floods and hollow howl of winds
Through wintery woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Riſe from the diſtant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of ſmoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In ſtormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls ſurging forth, extinguiſhing the day;
With vollied ſparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of ſtones and cinders rattling up the air.
Inſtant, in one broad burſt, a ſtream of fire,
Red-iſſuing, floods the hemiſphere around.
Nor pauſe, nor reſt; again the mountain groans.
Amazing, from its inmoſt cavern ſhook:
Again, with loudening rage, intenſely fierce,
Diſgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after ſpire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the ſky.
But ſee, in ſecond pangs, the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar ſhoots,
Gradual and vaſt, in one aſcending trunk
Of length immenſe, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own baſe direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the ſoaring eagle's ſunward flight.
Still as it ſwells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder ſeen! ten thouſand lightnings play
In flaſh'd vibrations; and from height to height
Inceſſant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the exploſive breath below,
At once the ſhadow ſummit breaks away
To all ſides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean ſtirr'd by winds,
A vapory deluge hiding earth and heaven.
Thus all day long: and now the beamleſs ſun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pauſe enſues;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer ſtorm.
Sad-night at once, with all her deep-dy'd ſhades,
Falls back and boundleſs o'er the ſcene. Suſpenſe
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with ſupplicating hands
And ſtreaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled city ſtands; each ſadden'd face
Turn'd toward the hill of fears: and hark! once more
The riſing tempeſt ſhakes its ſounding vaults,
Now faint in diſtant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and ſeas; or engines big with death,
That, planted by the wonderous hand of war
To ſhake the round of ſome proud capital,
At once diſploded, in one burſting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the ſky,
From eaſt to ſouth, a ruddy hill of ſmoke
Extends its ridge, with diſmal light inflam'd.
Meanwhile, the fluid lake that works below,
Bitumen, ſulphur, ſalt, and iron-ſcum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its ſide diſparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-ſtreams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Reſiſtleſs. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their ſweep. The region round,
Where myrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
Roſe fair, where harveſt wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard ſpread her purple ſtore,
Maturing into Nectar, now deſpoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing ſea!
Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From ſcene to ſcene excurſive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair nature, and in all with wonder trace
The ſovereign Maker, firſt, ſupreme, and beſt,
Who actuates the whole: at whoſe command,
Obedient fire a flood tremendous riſe,
His miniſters of vengeance, to reprove,
And ſcourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wiſdom, goodneſs unconfin'd.

CANTO II.

Endless the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high through heaven diſplay'd.
There ſhines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of majeſty divine: refulgent there
Ten thouſand ſuns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To thoſe bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And ſpreading her unbounded wing, the muſe
Aſcending ſoars on, through the fluid ſpace,
The buoyant atmoſphere; whoſe vivid breath,
Soul of all ſublunary life, pervades
The realms of nature, to her inmoſt depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now ſtill,
From pole to pole th' aerial ocean ſleeps,
One limpid vacancy: now rous'd to rage
By bluſtering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows riſe,
And ſhake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not obſerv'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal ſphere
Receding flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, tranſlucent, and ſerene.
Glorious expanſion! by th' Almighty ſpread,
Whoſe limits who hath ſeen! or who with him
Hath walk'd the ſun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And viſited the hoſt of heaven around!

Gleaming a borrow'd light, whence how ſmall
The ſpeck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vext with hourly change.
But here, unruffled calm her even reign
Maintains external: here the lord of day,
The neighbouring ſun, ſhines out in all its ſtrength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the ſource
Where morning ſprings; whence her innume-
rous ſtreams
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackleſs ways
Their white waves o'er the ſky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I riſe, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immenſe,
A ſhoreleſs ſea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, burſting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who ſhall tell
That radiance beyond meaſure, on the ſun
Pour'd out tranſcendant! thoſe keen-flaſhing rays
Thrown round his ſtate, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days, and ſeaſons, life and joy!
Such virtue he, the majeſty of heaven,
Brightneſs original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his ſphere
With matchleſs glory. Yet not all alike
Reſplendent: in theſe liquid regions pure,
Thick miſts, condenſing, darken into ſpots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæſar bled, which ſadden'd all the year
With long eclipſe. Some at the centre riſe
In ſhady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when ſhe her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque: a ſpace they brood
In congregated clouds; then breaking float
To all ſides round. Dilated ſome and denſe,
Broad as earth's ſurface each, by ſlow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Uſurping half the ſphere, and ſwim obſcure
On to its adverſe coaſt; till there they ſet,
Or vaniſh ſcatter'd: meaſuring thus the time,
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.
Faireſt of beings! firſt-created light!
Prime cauſe of beauty! for from thee alone,
The ſparkling gem, the vegetable race, [charms,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their
The lovely hues pecular to each tribe,
From thy unfailing ſource of ſplendour draw!
In thy pure ſhine, with tranſport I ſurvey
This firmament, and theſe her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions: thoſe how vaſt!
How rapid theſe! with ſwiftneſs unconceiv'd,
From weſt to eaſt in ſolemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undiſturb'd; the ſun's bright train,
Progreſſive through the ſky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the firſt,
Near bordering on the day, with ſpeedy wheel
Flies ſwifteſt on, inflaming where he comes,
With ſevenfold ſplendour, all his azure road.
Next Venus to the weſtward of the ſun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-ſtar!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The ſeat of man hung in the heavens remote,
Whoſe northern hemiſphere, deſcending, ſees
The ſun ariſe; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique ſhe winds
Her annual orb: and by her ſide the moon,
Companion of her flight, whoſe ſolemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe ſupply
A ſofter day-light; whoſe attractive power
Swells all her ſeas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their ſhores.
Beyond the ſphere of Mars, in diſtant ſkies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly ſtate, the rival of the ſun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance,
Theſe, in th' horizon, ſlow-aſcending climb
The ſteep of heaven, and mingling in ſoft flow
Their ſilver radiance, brighten as they riſe.
Thoſe oppoſite roll downward from their noon
To where the ſhade of Jove, outſtretch'd in length
A duſky cone immenſe, darkens the ſky
Through many a region. To theſe bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each ſad orb,
Fading their luſtre; till they ſink involv'd
In total night, and diſappear eclips'd.
By this, the ſage, who, ſtudious of the ſkies,
Heedful explores theſe late-diſcover'd worlds,
By this obſerv'd the rapid progreſs finds
Of light itſelf: how ſwift the headlong ray
Shoots from the ſun's height through unbounded
ſpace,
At once enlightening air, and earth, and heaven.
Laſt, outmoſt Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering through the darkneſs night has
thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn;
An endleſs deſert, where extreme of cold
Eternal ſits, as in his native ſeat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the ſight,
Amid theſe doleful ſcenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each ſide riſing from th' horizon's verge
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompaſſeth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad ſhade, caſt on its eaſtern arch,
Climbs ſlowly to its height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like ſtealthy pace
Draws weſtward off; till through the lucid round,
In diſtant view th' illumin'd ſkies are ſeen.
Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's hand
Peculiar faſhion'd.—Thine theſe noble works,
Great, univerſal ruler! earth and heaven
Are thine, ſpontaneous offſpring of thy will,
Seen with tranſcendent raviſhment ſublime,
That lifts the ſoul to thee! a holy joy,
By reaſon prompted and by reaſon ſwell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates: as at firſt thy hand
Diffus'd through endleſs ſpace this limpid ſky,
Vaſt ocean without ſtorm, where theſe huge
globes
Sail undiſturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
Obſervant all of one unchanging law.

Simplicity divine! by this ſole rule,
The Maker's great eſtabliſhment, theſe worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central ſun
All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
Deſcending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
Receding flow, excurſive from his bounds.
This ſpring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through univerſal nature, firſt was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's juſteſt pride,
The boaſt of human race; whoſe towering thought,
In her amazing progreſs unconfin'd,
From truth to truth aſcending, gain'd the height
Of ſcience, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up aſtoniſh'd. *Now beyond that height,*
By death from frail mortality ſet free,
A pure intelligence, he wings his way
Through wondrous ſcenes, new-open'd in the world
Inviſible, amid the general quire
Of ſaints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and raviſhes the ſoul!
His mind's clear viſion from all darkneſs purg'd,
For God himſelf ſhines forth immediate there,
Through thoſe eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.---

But how ſhall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endleſs of extent!
Where unknown ſuns to unknown ſyſtems riſe,
Whoſe numbers who ſhall tell? ſtupenduous hoſt!
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond ſun, and world to world unſeen,
Meaſureleſs diſtance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his ſurrounding ſtars, whoſe whirling ſpeed,
Solemn and ſilent, through the pathleſs void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But, their ways,
By reaſon, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Inſtructed can declare! What ſearch ſhall find
Their times and ſeaſons! their appointed laws,
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from ſcale to ſcale
Harmonious riſing and in fix'd degree;
Numberleſs orders, each reſembling each,
Yet all diverſe!---Tremendous depth and height
Of wiſdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpreſſible, and ſtill preſerves,
An infinite of wonders!---Thou, ſupreme,
Firſt, Independent Cauſe, whoſe preſence fills
Nature's vaſt circle, and whoſe pleaſure moves,
Father of human kind! the Muſe's wing
Suſtaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vaſt of ſpace,
She riſes, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The ſeat of mankind, earth? where her great ſcenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Aſſyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late diſclos'd?
Where is their place?---Let proud Ambition pauſe,
And ſicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds---With earth, thoſe nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late ſo glorious ſeen,
And each a world, are now for ſight too ſmall;
Are almoſt loſt to thought. The ſun himſelf,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering ſtar amid the train of night!
While in theſe deep abyſſes of the ſky,
Spaces incomprehenſible, new ſuns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illuſtrious ſhine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern hoſt: nor with leſs ſtate,
At ſumleſs diſtance, huge Orion's orbs,
Each in his ſphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Syrius, burning through the ſouth of heaven.
Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The milky way, whoſe ſtream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from ſun to ſun,
And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
Diſtinguiſh'd tract! But as with upward flight,
Soaring, I gain th' immenſurable ſteep,
Contiguous ſtars, in bright profuſion ſown
Through theſe wide fields, all broaden into ſuns,
Amazing, ſever'd each by gulfs of air,
In circuit ample as the ſolar heavens.
From this dread eminence, where endleſs day,
Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I ſurvey
Now downward through the univerſal ſphere
Already paſt; now up to the heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging proſpect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders riſe
In long ſucceſſion; here pure ſcenes of light,
Dazzling the view; here nameleſs worlds afar,
Yet undiſcover'd: there a dying ſun,
Grown dim with age, whoſe orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick, vapoury miſts,
From every ſhore exhaling, mix obſcure
Innumerable clouds, diſpreading flow,
And deepening ſhade on ſhade; till the faint globe,
Mournful of aſpect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror ſee, from diſtant ſpheres around,
The ſource of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlaſting night!
Such this dread revolution: heaven itſelf,
Subject to change, ſo feels the waſte of years.
So this cerulian round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, ſhall fade; and empty night
Reign ſolitary, where theſe ſtars now roll
From weſt to eaſt their periods: where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excurſion, through th' immenſe
Of ether, traverſing from ſky to ſky
Ten thouſand regions in their winding road,
Whoſe length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths; without reſiſtance all
Through theſe free ſpaces borne: of various face;
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in ſanguine ſhowers:
That, through the ſhade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a ſpire of duſky flame,
Embody'd miſts and vapours, whoſe fir'd maſs
Keen vibrates, ſtreaming a red length of air.
While diſtant orbs with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progreſs watch, as of a foe
Whoſe march is ever fatal; in whoſe train
Famine, and war, and deſolating plague,

Each on his pale horſe rides; the miniſters
Of angry heaven, to ſcourge offending worlds!
But lo! where one, from ſome far world return'd,
Shine out with ſudden glare through yonder ſky,
Region of darkneſs, where a ſun's loſt globe,
Deep overwhelm'd with night, extinguiſh'd lies.
By ſome hid power attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that duſk tract,
The devious comet, ſteep deſcending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhauſted orb: and ſwift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffuſive through the gloom, and ſpreads
In orient ſtreams to his fair train afar
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.
In ſtill amazement loſt, th' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a ſun reſtor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges theſe untrac'd ſcenes, progreſſive borne
Far through ethereal ground, the boundleſs walk
Of ſpirits, daily travellers from heaven;
Who paſs the myſtic gulf to journey here,
Searching th' Almighty maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praiſe.
Immortal natures! cloth'd with brightneſs round,
Empyreal, from the ſource of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's ſtainleſs beam.
Their will unerring; their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whoſe object God alone: for all things elſe,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illuſive all, can charm the ſoul no more.
Sublime their intellect, and without ſpot,
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endleſs proſpect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time;
The train of beings, all by gradual ſcale
Deſcending, ſumleſs orders and degrees;
Th' unſounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how theſe heavens firſt ſprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight and meaſure; what hid laws
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.
Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: ſome his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, peſtilence, and war:
His copious goodneſs ſome, life, light, and bliſs,
To thouſands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commiſſion'd, ſheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch, and the legal throne.
Nor is the ſovereign nor th' illuſtrious great,
Alone their care. To every leſſening rank
Of worth propitious, theſe bleſt minds embrace
With univerſal love, the juſt and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depreſt by fortune, and with hate purſued,
Or inſult from the proud oppreſſor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when nature's faireſt face,
Calmly magnificent, inſpires the ſoul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forſake
The ſin-born vanities, and low purſuits,
That buſy human kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekneſs and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to ſurvey
The circuit of creation, all theſe ſuns
With all their worlds: and ſtill from height to height,
By things created riſing, laſt aſcend
To that firſt cauſe, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, ſelf-exiſtent power,
All-wiſe, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immenſity of ſpace;
That infinite diffuſion, where the mind
Conceives no limits; undiſtinguiſh'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide imagination's flight.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

PREFACE.

THE following poem was originally intended for the ſtage, and planned out, ſeveral years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it neceſſary to change his firſt deſign, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reaſons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, thoſe reaſons were invincibly ſtrong.

As the ſcene of the piece is laid in the moſt remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or weſtern iſles that ſurround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in

a little treatiſe publiſhed near half a century ago, under the title of a voyage to St. Kilda. The author, who had himſelf been upon the ſpot, deſcribes at length the ſituation, extent, and produce of that ſolitary iſland; ſketches out the natural hiſtory of the birds of ſeaſon that tranſmigrate thither annually, and relates the ſingular cuſtoms that ſtill prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the moſt uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the leaſt unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient hiſtorian ſays of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: "plus valuit apud "hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos "omnia philoſophorum præcepta."

They live together, as in the greateſt ſimplicity of heart, ſo in the moſt inviolable harmony and union of ſentiments. They have neither ſilver nor gold; but barter among themſelves for the few neceſſaries they may reciprocally want. To ſtrangers they are extremely hoſpitable, and no leſs charitable to their own poor; for whoſe relief each family in the iſland contributes its ſhare monthly, and at every feſtival ſends them beſides a portion of mutton or beef. Both ſexes have a genius to poetry; and compoſe not only ſongs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of thoſe iſlanders, having been prevailed with to viſit the greateſt trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely aſtoniſhed at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for ſuch he reckoned the larger iſles, by which they ſailed. He would not venture himſelf into the ſtreets of that city without being led by the hand. At ſight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but inſiſted, that in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others ſtill higher. However, the caverns formed in it, ſo he named the pillars and arches on which it is raiſed, were hollowed, he ſaid, more commodiouſly than any he had ever ſeen there. At the ſhake occaſioned in the ſteeple, and the horrible din that ſounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmoſt conſternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the perſons who wore maſks, not diſtinguiſhing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of ſome ill thing, for which they did not dare to ſhow their faces. The beauty and ſtateline's of the trees which he ſaw then for the firſt time, as in his own iſland there grows not a ſhrub, equally ſurpriſed and delighted him: but he obſerved, with a kind of terror, that as he paſſed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been perſuaded to drink a pretty large doſe of ſtrong waters; and upon finding himſelf drowſy after it, and ready to fall into a ſlumber, which he fancied was to be his laſt, he expreſſed to his companions the great ſatisfaction he felt in ſo eaſy a paſſage out of this world: for, ſaid he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among ſuch ſort of men it was that Aurelius ſought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the ſecond: when thoſe who governed Scotland under him, with no leſs cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country deſperate; and then plundered, impriſoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of ſuch deſpair. The beſt and worthieſt men were oft the objects of their moſt unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or ſeditious, they affected to herd, and of courſe perſecuted, whoever wiſhed well to his country, or ventured to ſtand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, ſigned by King Charles himſelf, for military execution upon them without proceſs or conviction: and I know that the original is ſtill kept in the ſecretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it neceſſary to ſay, that the reader may not be miſled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the ſecond canto, as drawn from the wantonneſs of imagination, when it hardly ariſes to ſtrict hiſtorical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foreſee: and, in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and conſiſtent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expreſſing them. If he has ſucceeded in theſe points, but above all in effectually touching the paſſions, which, as it is the genuine province, ſo it is the great triumph, of poetry; the candour of his more diſcerning readers will readily overlook miſtakes or failures in things of leſs importance.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whoſe pain, or pleaſure, ſprings from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compaſſion kind,
That, in ſweet union, harmoniſe thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for ſad Amyntor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wiſh to heaven preferr'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heaven be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune ſhall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all Amyntor's fondneſs mine.
So, through long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall love light up, and friendſhip cloſe our day:
Till, ſummon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One ſigh ſhall end us, and one earth receive.

CANTO I.

FAR o'er the watery waſte, where his broad wave
From world to world the vaſt Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny ſhores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé eaſt, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remoteſt Kilda lifts;
Laſt of the ſea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent-coaſt.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic ſkies; yet, blameleſs ſtill of arts
That poliſh to deprave, each ſofter clime,
With ſimple nature, ſimple virtue bleſt!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his ſanguine ſtandard; nor unſheath'd,
For wealth or power, the deſolating ſword.
Where luxury, ſoft ſyren, who around
To thouſand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleaſing bane, that ſoothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm content
That lives to reaſon; ancient faith that binds
The plain community of guileleſs hearts
In love and union; innocence of ill
Their guardian genius: theſe, the powers that rule
This little world, to all its ſons ſecure
Man's happieſt life; the ſoul ſerene and ſound
From paſſion's rage, the body from diſeaſe.
Red on each cheek behold the roſe of health;
Firm in each ſinew vigour's pliant ſpring,
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they ſtem, or on the ſteep
Of upright rocks their ſtraining ſteps ſurmount,
For food or paſtime. Theſe light up their morn,
And cloſe their eve in ſlumbers ſweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling ſwell
Of ocean's raging ſound. But laſt and beſt,
What avarice, what ambition ſhall not know,
True liberty is theirs, the heaven-ſent gueſt,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With independence dwells; and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their ſun that never ſets.
  Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous muſe! O whether from the depth
Of evening foreſt, brown with broadeſt ſhade;
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot;
Through bowery groves, where inſpiration ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, auſpicious come!
O'er theſe wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd ſhore,
Thy wing high-hovering ſpread; and to the gale,
The boreal ſpirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With anſwering cadence free, as beſt beſeems
The tragic theme my plaintive verſe unfolds.
  Here, good Aurelius---and a ſcene more wild
The world around, or deeper ſolitude,
Affliction could not find---Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the ſacred vale
That ſaw him bleſt, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the ſlow remains of fetting life
In bitterneſs of thought: and with the ſurge,
And with the ſounding ſtorm, his murmur'd moan,
Would often mix---Oft as remembrance ſad
Th' unhappy paſt recall'd; a faithful wife,
Whom love firſt choſe, whom reaſon long endear'd,
His ſoul's companion and his ſofter friend;
With one fair daughter, in her roſy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceleſs left
Within a tyrant's graſp! his foe profeſs'd,
By civil madneſs, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorſeleſs!---Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blaſt with ſighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to ſwell the flood with tears!
At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, deſolate of heart,
Pour all the huſband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguiſh; ſtretch'd along
The naked beach; or ſhivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintery pole in bitter ſtorm,
Hail, ſnow, and ſhower, dark-drifting round his head.
  Such were his hours; till time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great phyſician, ſkill'd alone to cloſe,
Where ſorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each ſullen ſpectre chaſe, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulſe
With gentleſt hand infus'd. A penſive calm
Aroſe, but unaſſur'd: as, after winds
Of ruffling wing, the ſea ſubſiding ſlow
Still trembles from the ſtorm. Now Reaſon firſt,
Her throne reſuming, bid Devotion raiſe
To heaven his eye; and through the turbid miſt,
By ſenſe dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one cauſe ſupreme,
All-juſt, all-wiſe, who bids what ſtill is beſt,
In cloud or ſunſhine; whoſe ſevereſt hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaſtens to amend.
  Thus, in his boſom, every weak exceſs,
The rage of grief, the fellneſs of revenge,
To healthful meaſure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' aſcending ſun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he ſeems already there,
Safe on her ſacred ſhore; and ſees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient ſmiles, and one diffuſive ſpring,
That fears no ſtorm and ſhall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a ſigh
Yet murmurs from his breaſt; 'tis for the pangs
Thoſe deareſt names, a wife, a child muſt feel,
Still ſuffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himſelf to mercy, may of heaven
That mercy, when moſt wanted, aſk in vain.
  The ſun, now ſtation'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every ſouthern clime had pour'd profuſe
The roſy year; and in each pleaſing hue,
That greens the leaf, or through the bloſſom glows,
With florid light, his faireſt month array'd:
While Zephyre, while the ſilver-footed dews,
Her ſoft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Freſh ſpirit breathe, and ſhed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waſte dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the riſe

Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
Blue lavender * and carmel's ſpicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambroſiate every breeze.
But, high above, the ſeaſon full exerts
Its vernal force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whoſe wild ſolitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of paſſage tranſmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's ſummons their aëreal ſtate
Annual to found; and in bold voyage ſteer,
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathleſs ſky,
One certain flight to one appointed ſhore:
By heaven's directive ſpirit, here to raiſe
Their temporary realm; and form ſecure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And ſhelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on taſks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpleſs infants, piouſly intent.
Led by the day abroad, with lonely ſtep,
And ruminating ſweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the weſtern bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amuſive ſcene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now caſt with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderneſs of waves,
From pole to pole through boundleſs ſpace diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of ſea-born kinds, ten thouſand thouſand tribes,
Finds endleſs range for paſture and for ſport,
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channell'd bed
Immeaſurable ſunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid ſphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, conſociate ſever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourſe and love
Earth's univerſal family. Now roſe
Sweet evening's ſolemn hour. The ſun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament:
Whoſe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy viſage to the ſky
With ſplendour undiminiſh'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aërial landſcape. Here, alone
On earth's remoteſt verge, Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the ſmiling ſcene
With awe-mix'd pleaſure, muſing as he hung
In ſilence o'er the billows huſh'd beneath.
When lo! a ſound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring roſe, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintery pines, high-waving o'er the ſteep
Of ſky-crown'd Apenine. The ſea-pye ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming from his neſt
The fulmar ſoar'd, and ſhot a weſtward flight
From ſhore to ſea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night, and hung the troubled ſky
With fearful blackneſs round †. Sad ocean's face
A curling undulation ſhivery ſwept
From wave to wave: and now impetuous roſe
Thick cloud and ſtorm and ruin on his wing,
The raging ſouth, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-deſcending blaſt.
Aloft, and ſafe beneath a ſheltering cliff,
Whoſe moſs-grown ſummit on the diſtant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius ſtood appall'd:
His ſtunn'd ear ſmote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains ſurging to the ſtars!
Commotion infinite. Where yon laſt wave
Blends with the ſky its foam, a ſhip in view
Shoots ſudden forth, ſteep-falling from the clouds:
Yet diſtant ſeen and dim, till onward borne
Before the blaſt, each growing ſail expands,
Each maſt aſpires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye diſtinct. With ſharpen'd ken
Its courſe he watches, and in awful thought
That power invokes, whoſe voice the wild winds hear,
Whoſe nod the ſurge reveres, to look from heaven,
And ſave, who elſe muſt periſh, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyſs,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compaſs'd round.
But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death beſtrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can ſtay the flight
Of inſtant fate. And, lo! his ſecret ſeat,
Where never ſun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidſt
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vaſt,
The ſtormy genius of the deep forſakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Aſcending baleful, bids the tempeſt ſpread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackeſt pinion, pour its loudening blaſts
In whirlwind forth, and from their loweſt depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks ſhort; her maſts in craſhing ruin fall;
And each rent ſail flies looſe in diſtant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
Steep from the clouds with horrid ſhade impends---
Ah! ſave them, heaven! it burſts in deluge down
With boundleſs undulation. Shore and ſky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulf'd,
Veſſel and crew beneath its torrent ſweep
Are ſunk, to riſe no more. Aurelius wept:
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
He turn'd his ſtep; he fled the fatal ſcene,
And brooding, in ſad ſilence, o'er the ſight
To him alone diſcloſ'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in ſighs: Thy will be done,
Not mine, ſupreme diſpoſer of events!
But death demands a tear, and man muſt feel
For human woes: the reſt ſubmiſſion checks.
Not diſtant far, where this receding bay *
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its ſelf-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd maſſy-proof,
Of ſome unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks, [food
That, o'er the green roof ſpread, their fragrant
Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,

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* *The root of this plant, otherwiſe named "argatilis ſylvaticus," is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the ſtomach. See Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland*, p. 180.

† *See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p.* 58.

* *See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p.* 20.

Involv'd in penſive thought Aurelius paſt,
Struck with ſad echoes from the ſounding vault
Re-murmur'd ſhrill, he ſtopt, he rais'd his head;
And saw th' aſſembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A ſhipwreck'd man. All motionleſs on earth
He lay. The living luſtre from his eye,
The vermal hue extinguiſhd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature ſpread,
The ſhadowy cloud and ghaſtlineſs of death
With pale ſuffuſion ſat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering miſts at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Faſt from his hairs diſtill'd
The briny wave: and cloſe within his graſp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had ſtemm'd the flood with agonizing breaſt,
And ſtruggled ſtrong for life. Of youthful prime
He ſeem'd, and built by nature's nobleſt hand;
Where bold proportion, and where ſoftening grace,
Mix'd in each limb, and harmonis'd his frame.
Aurelius, from the breathleſs clay, his eye
To heaven imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unſeen, diminiſh'd but not quench'd,
He bid tranſport it ſpeedy through the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely ſtood and low,
Safe from the north beneath a ſloping hill;
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moſs
Light-ſhaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and
The vapoury air with aromatic ſmells: [fum'd
Then, drops of ſovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful viſion, ſhuddering he awakes:
While life, to ſcarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulſe, and gradual o'er his cheek
The roſy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heaven, on the ſurrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown
Diſſolv'd in tears around: then cloſ'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length in ſounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breaſt
Diſtraction ſpoke—down, down, with every ſail.
Mercy, ſweet heaven!—Ha! now while ocean ſweeps
In tempeſt o'er our heads—My ſoul's laſt hope!
We will not part—help, help! yon wave, behold!
That ſwells betwixt, has borne her from my ſight.
O, for a ſun to light this black abyſs!
Gone—loſt—for ever loſt! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale aſſiſtants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
Aurelius bid depart. A pauſe enſued,
Mute, mournful, ſolemn. On the ſtranger's face
Obſervant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive ſeiz'd; now eager to begin
Conſoling ſpeech; now doubtful to invade
The ſacred ſilence due to grief ſupreme.
Then thus at laſt: O from devouring ſeas,
By miracle eſcap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy ſenſe return'd, can yet diſcern the hand
All-wonderful, that through yon raging ſea,
Yon whirling weſt of tempeſt, led thee ſafe;
That hand divine with grateful awe confeſs,
With proſtrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Waſt number'd with the dead, and cloſ'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain---th' Almighty voice,
Then bade deſtruction ſpare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey: that, by his mercy ſav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May juſtify; to all the ſons of men,
Thy brethren, ever preſent in their need.
Such praiſe delights him moſt---
He hears me not.
Some ſecret anguiſh, ſome tranſcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the cloſ'd lids, now rolls in better ſtream!
Yet, ſpeak thy ſoul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myſelf moſt wretched and in ſorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to ſhare in every pang
The wretched feel; to ſooth the ſad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every ſon and daughter of diſtreſs.
Speak then, and give thy labouring boſom vent:
My pity is, my friendſhip ſhall be thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reaſon's paths, to happineſs and heaven.
The hermit thus: and, after ſome ſad pauſe
Of muſing wonder, thus the man unknown.
What have I heard?---On this untravell'd ſhore,
Nature's laſt limit, hemm'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourleſs, beyond all faith
A comforter to find! whoſe language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whoſe breaſt
The gracious meltings of ſweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to ſilence charm'd
Is loſt in wonder---but, thou good unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to deſpair,
That wiſh no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curſe; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repoſe
Deſcending ſhade---O, ſon of this wild world!
From ſocial converſe though for ever barr'd,
Though chill'd with endleſs winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodneſs, form'd to tender ſenſe
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer ſuns attemper'd, courtly boaſt;
O ſay, did e'er thy breaſt, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from beauty all-divine,
Did e'er thy boſom her ſweet influence own,
In pleaſing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when firſt our eye
Receives impreſſion! Then, as paſſion grew,
Did heaven conſenting to thy wiſh indulge
That bliſs no wealth can bribe, no power beſtow,
That bliſs of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart ſtreaming full to heart and mutual flow
Of faith and friendſhip, tenderneſs and truth---
If theſe thy fate diſtinguiſh'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my deſpair,
How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies loſt and bury'd there---O, awful heaven!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave

Her blameleſs head devoted, thou alone
Can'ſt tell what I have loſt—O, ill-ſtarr'd maid!
O moſt undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice ſup-
The reſt was agony and dumb deſpair. [preſs'd:
Now o'er their heads damp night her ſtormy gloom
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror cloſing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful ſcene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
And thus reply'd, as one in nature ſkill'd,
With ſoft aſſenting ſorrow in his look,
And words to ſooth, not combat hopeleſs love.
Amyntor, by that heaven who ſees thy tears!
By faith and friendſhip's ſympathy divine!
Could I the ſorrows heal I more than ſhare,
This boſom, truſt me, ſhould from thine transfer
Its ſharpeſt grief. Such grief, alas! how juſt?
How long in ſilent anguiſh to deſcend,
When reaſon and when fondneſs o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can reſign,
Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the ſenſe,
The ſacred feeling of a loſs like thine,
Cold and inſenſible, thy breaſt were then
No manſion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whoſe kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and ſanctifies the ſoul
They ſoften, not ſubdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our ſocial ſighs: and ſtill, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's miſty ſhade
Its brow obſcures, her gracefulneſs of form,
Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme. Then ſhalt thou
From me, in ſad return, a tale of woes, [hear
So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart
Amid its own, will ſhudder at the ills
That mine has bled with—but behold! the dark
And drowſy hour ſteals faſt upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, ſad mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely ſleep. Each gracious wing from heaven
Of thoſe that miniſter to erring man,
Near-hovering, huſh thy paſſion into calm;
Serene thy ſlumbers with preſented ſcenes
Of brighteſt viſions; whiſper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodneſs ever ſhares:
And to us both be friendly as we need.

CANTO II.

Now midnight roſe, and o'er the general ſcene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackeſt veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unſleeping iſle
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear
Borne through the gloom, his ſhrieking ſenſe appall'd.
Shook by each blaſt, and ſwept by every wave,
Again pale memory labours in the ſtorm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondneſs lov'd. And now another ſhower
Of ſorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
Effuſive ſtream'd; till late, through every power
The ſoul ſubdued ſunk ſad to ſlow repoſe;
And all her darkening ſcenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pauſe from pa'
Not long to laſt: for fancy, oft awake
While reaſon ſleeps, from her illuſive cell
Call'd up wild ſhades of viſionary fear,
Of viſionary bliſs, the hour of reſt
To mock with mimic ſhows. And lo! the deeps
In airy tumult ſwell. Beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves of overwhelming ſeas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billows back. Anon, the ſhadowy world
Shifts to ſome boundleſs continent unknown,
Where ſolitary, o'er the ſtarleſs void, [length,
Dumb ſilence broods. Through heaths of dreary
Slow on he drags his ſtaggering ſtep infirm
With breathleſs toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar through the wild; and, plung'd in central
Falls headlong many a fathom into night. [caves,
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyſs,
Roſe Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the ſoft-conſenting ſoul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wiſh to hide.
A ſpring of ſudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales be-
neath
Sung ſpousals, as along th' enamell'd turf
They ſeem'd to fly, and interchang'd their ſouls,
Melting in mutual ſoftneſs. Thrice his arms
The fair encircled: thrice ſhe fled his graſp,
And fading into darkneſs mix'd with air—
O turn! O, ſtay thy flight!—ſo loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward ſenſe
Yet glowing with the viſion's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering ſhadow blaz'd;
Her voice ſtill murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb freſh in every vein.
To frenzy ſtung, upſtarting from his couch,
The vale, the ſhore, with darkling ſtep he roam'd,
Like ſome drear ſpectre from the grave unbound:
Then, ſcaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood [voice
Scarce from that height diſcern'd. Nor reaſon's
Nor aw'd ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven,
Reſtrains him; but, as paſſion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance eſcap'd,
Though paſſing all belief, the frailer ſkiff,
To which himſelf had borne th' unhapy fair,
May yet be ſeen. Around, o'er ſea and ſhore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor ſkiff, nor floating corſe, on which to ſhed
The laſt ſad tear, and lay the covering mold!
And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progreſs come
Aurora ſmiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and ſea: while, all-unveil'd
The vaſt horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its ſcenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this ſteep,
Diffus'd immenſe in rolling proſpect lay
The northern deep. Amidſt, from ſpace to ſpa
Her numerous iſles, rich gems of Albion's crow

As now th' aſcending miſts diſperſe in air,
Shoot gradual from her boſom: and beyond,
Like diſtant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening ſkies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thouſand landſcapes! barren ſome and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: ſome with ſounding aſh,
Or oak broad-ſhadowing, or the ſpiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the ſun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-riſing o'er yon eaſtern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
  Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from ſweet repoſe,
Repoſe that temperance ſheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful gueſt
Came forth to hail, as hoſpitable rites
And virtue's rule enjoin: but firſt to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly ſenſe to glow, his matin-ſong,
Superior duty, thus the ſage addreſt:
  Fountain of light! from whom yon orient ſun
Firſt drew his ſplendour; ſource of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O, firſt and beſt!
Thy eſſence, though from human ſight and ſearch,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,
Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence ſupreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impreſt,
In characters coëval with the ſun,
And with the ſun at laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, diſclos'd,
Sole revelation through all time the ſame.
Hail, univerſal Goodneſs! with full ſtream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Through earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and ſea,
The great community of nature's ſons,
To thee, firſt Father, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads, to follow and be bleſt.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
Through this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
Withhold or grant: and let that will be done.
  This from the ſoul in ſilence breath'd ſincere,
The hills ſteep ſide with firm elaſtic ſtep
He lightly ſcal'd: ſuch health the frugal board,
The morn's freſh breath that exerciſe reſpires
In mountain-walks, and conſcience free from blame,
Our life's beſt cordial, can through age prolong.
There, loſt in thought, and ſelf-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his hoſt,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By ſoft compaſſion, which the ſavage ſcene,
Shut up and barr'd amid ſurrounding ſeas
From human commerce, quicken'd into ſenſe
Of ſharper ſorrow, thus apart began:
  O ſight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vaineſt thought, might draw
A feeling tear; whom yeſterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all poſſeſt
That fancy, tranc'd in faireſt viſion, dreams;
Now loſt to all, each hope that ſoftens life,
Each bliſs that cheers; there, on the damp earth ſpread,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondneſs drawn
To this ſad ſcene, to ſights that but inflame
Its tender anguiſh—
  Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, could that anguiſh riſe
To madneſs and to mortal agony,
I yet would bliſs my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the ſun is loſt:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkneſs, is deſpair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, fainted maid!
For ſuch in heaven thou art, if from thy ſeat
Of holy reſt, beyond theſe changeful ſkies,
If names on earth moſt ſacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet theſe names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeleſs limbs: that I---O grief ſupreme!
O fate remorſeleſs! was thy lover ſav'd
For ſuch a taſk?---that I thoſe dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at laſt may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to cloſe
Theſe eyes in peace, and mix this duſt with thine
  Such, and ſo dire, reply'd the cordial friend
In pity's look and language, ſuch, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can moſt afflict, grief, agony, deſpair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This boſom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth;
My ſtory mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it ſeems, to balance and to bear.
  In me, a man behold, whoſe morn ſerene,
Whoſe noon of better life, with honour ſpent,
In virtuous purpoſe, or in honeſt act,
Drew fair diſtinction on my public name,
From thoſe among mankind, the nobler few,
Whoſe praiſe is fame: but there, in that true ſource
Whence happineſs with pureſt ſtream deſcends,
In home found peace and love, ſupremely bleſt!
Union of hearts, conſent of wedded wills,
By friendſhip knit, by mutual faith ſecur'd
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the ſame!
At laſt, Amyntor, in my failing age,
Fallen from ſuch height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd--thought that ſtill ſhame!
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone ſhould fear,
The hand of public vengeance: arm'd by rage,
Not juſtice; rais'd to injure, not redreſs;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O ſovereign reaſon! all deriv'd
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!

A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himself obſerv'd,
The God preſcribes whoſe ſanction kings pretend.
O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeleſs years, th' oppreſſor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyſelf reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by thoſe days
Of want and woe, of danger and deſpair,
As heaven has thine, to pity their diſtreſs!
Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far the unhallow'd licence of abuſe;
Be far th' bitterneſs of faintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Maſks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In juſtice founded, circumſcrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and ſum of human bliſs,
Fair freedom, birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reaſon's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.
But if, diſclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This firſt beſt tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the bleſſing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not ſhepherd, of his ſubject-flock,
To grind and tear, not ſhelter and protect,
Wide-waſting where he reigns---to ſuch a prince,
Allegiance kept were treaſon to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For ſay, Amyntor, does juſt heaven enjoin
That we ſhould homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundleſs grave
Ingulf their thouſands! Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet ſuch, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our ſervile ſtripes and chains,
Our ſighs and groans reſounding from the ſteep
Of wintery hill, or waſte untravell'd heath,
Laſt refuge of our wretchedneſs, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to cruſh the head
It ought to ſcreen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
In this wide ruin were my fortune ſunk:
Myſelf, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the ſocial life renounc'd,
Unſummon'd, unimpleaded was to death,
To ſhameful death adjudg'd; againſt my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let looſe the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commiſſion'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direſt name,
Was given in charge; a foe, whom blood-ſtain'd zeal
For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
Left thy rous'd thunder burſt---for what was
Religion's cauſe, had ſavag'd to a brute, [deem'd
More deadly fell than hunger ever ſtung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miſcreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in eachdire art of death
Train'd ruthleſs up. As tigers on their prey
On my defenceleſs lands thoſe fiercer beaſts
Devouring fell: nor that ſequeſter'd ſhade,
That ſweet receſs, where love and virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itſelf
Beheld with reverence, could their fury 'ſcape,
Deſpoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in waſteful flame
For flame and rapine their conſuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baneful cloud,
Embody'd locuſts from the wind deſcend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
While, waſte behind, deſtruction on their track
And ghaſtly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd---O heaven! do
A man, ſurvive to tell it? At the hour
Sacred to reſt, amid the ſighs and tears
Of all who ſaw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My laſt retreat to learn; and ſtill detains
Beneath his roof accurſt, that beſt of wives!
Emelia, and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora!---Manhood there,
And nature bleed---Ah! let not buſy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coaſt:
Diſcovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to deſperation ſink
My hopes in heaven. He ſaid: but O ſad muſt
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To ſhake the heart, to freeze th' arreſted blood,
With words that weep, and ſtrains that agoniz
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? O heaven! art thou
What have I heard?---Aurelius! art thou he?
Confuſion! horror!---that moſt wrong'd of men
And, O moſt wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father---On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora---At theſe words he fell.
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins:
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forſake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning ſtruck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his ſtiffening limbs
In ſudden marble bound! ſo ſtood, ſo look'd
The heart-ſmote parent at this tale of death.
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No ſign to riſe,
No tear had force to flow; his ſenſes all,
Through all their powers, ſuſpended, and ſubdu
To chill amazement. Silence for a ſpace---
Such diſmal ſilence ſaddens earth and ſky
Ere firſt the thunder breaks---on either ſide
Fill'd up this interval ſevere. At laſt,
As from ſome viſion that to frenzy fires
The ſleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poinard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth---Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be viſited; and thus
My horrors end---then madly would have plung
The weapon's hoſtile point.---His lifted arm,
Aurelius, though with deep diſmay and dread
And anguiſh ſhook, yet his ſuperior ſoul
Collecting, and reſuming all himſelf,
Seiz'd ſudden: then peruſing with ſtrict eye,
And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught

To wake remembrance, thus at length beſpoke:
O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet ſtay
Thy hand ſelf-violent; nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature ſhrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man firſt violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Reſign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair diſmiſſion hence; ſhall man do this,
Then dare thy preſence, ruſh into thy ſight,
Red with the ſin, and recent from the ſtain,
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy ſenſe;
Know what thou art, and own his hand moſt juſt,
Rewarding or afflicting---But ſay on.
My ſoul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import:
They urge me on; they bid me aſk no more---
What would I aſk? My Theodora's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then ſinn'd,
Good heaven! beyond all grace---But ſhall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myſelf admit
Its wild exceſs? Heaven gave her to my wiſh;
That gift Heaven has reſum'd: righteous in both,
For both his providence be ever bleſt!
By ſhame repreſs'd, with riſing wonder fill'd,
Amyntor, ſlow recovering into thought,
Submiſſive on his knee, the good man's hand
Graſp'd cloſe, and bore with ardour to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confuſion, reverence ſpoke,
Thro' ſwelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now roſe to meet, now ſhunn'd the hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him: till, the various ſwell
Of paſſion ebbing, thus he faultering ſpoke:
What haſt thou done? why ſav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing ev'n thy goodneſs muſt abhor.
Miſtaken man! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all muſt be my foes.
I am---Aurelius! turn that look aſide,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can ſay,
Abhorrent ſay, he is---forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence---by her bond,
Rolando's ſon: by your more ſacred ties,
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his---
Rolando's ſon? Juſt heaven!
Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All terrible ariſing, ſhakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one ſtroke to reach
The father's heart, though ſeas are ſpread between, [whom?
Were great revenge!---Away: revenge? on
Alas! on my own ſoul; by rage betray'd
Ev'n to the crime my reaſon moſt condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he ſpoke;
And his own poniard o'er the proſtrate youth
Suſpended held. But, as the welcome blow,
With arms diſplay'd, Amyntor ſeem'd to court,
Behold, in ſudden confluence gathering round
The natives ſtood; whom kindneſs hither drew,
The man unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To ſuccour and to ſerve. Before them came
Montano, venerable ſage, whoſe head
The hand of time with twenty winters' ſnow
Had ſhower'd; and to whoſe intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light diſclos'd. Him, after pauſe,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and ſecure;
To ſave him from himſelf, as one, with grief
Tempeſtuous, and with rage, diſtemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He ſought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

Where Kilda's ſouthern hills their ſummit liſt
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted ſun
Full from the midmoſt ſhot in dazzling ſtream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were ſeen ſlow-pacing weſtward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot purſuing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the ſhore,
Around its rocks to graze: * for, ſtrange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her courſe inconſtant, their ſure inſtinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. Theſe ſigns obſerv'd, that guide
To labour and repoſe a ſimple race,
Theſe native ſigns to due repaſt at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate iſle:
All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
By nature's voice ſolicited in vain,
Nor hour obſerv'd, nor due repaſt partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black proſpect riſing to his eye---
'Twas anguiſh there; 'twas here diſtracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reaſon, oft the doubtful ſcale
Inclin'd alternate, ſummoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior riſing, in the might of Him, [light,
Who ſtrength from weakneſs, as from darkneſs
Omnipotent can draw; again reſign'd,
Again he ſacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
Each ſoothing weakneſs of a parent's breaſt;
The ſigh ſoft memory prompts; the tender tear,
That, ſtreaming o'er an object lov'd and loſt,
With mournful tragic tortures and delights,
Relieves us, while its ſweet oppreſſion loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the ſting of woe.
As reaſon thus the mental ſtorm ſeren'd,
And through the darkneſs ſhot her ſun-bright ray
That ſtrengthens while it cheers; behold from far
Amyntor ſlow-approaching! on his front,
O'er each ſunk feature ſorrow had diffus'd

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* *The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can diſtinguiſh exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; though, at the ſame time, they are not within view of the ſhore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they ſteer their courſe directly to the neareſt ſhore, in their uſual order, one after another. I had occaſion to make this obſervation thirteen times in one week.* Martin's *Weſtern Iſles of Scotland*, p. 156.

Attraction, ſweetly ſad. His noble port,
Majeſtic in diſtreſs, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unreſiſting, felt his boſom flow
With ſocial ſoftneſs. Strait before the door
Of his moſs-ſilver'd cell they ſat them down
In counterview: and thus the youth began.
With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's ſtory: then, as juſtice ſees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Abſolve him, or condemn---But oh, may I,
A father's name when truth forbids to praiſe,
Unblam'd pronounce?- that name to every ſon
By heaven made ſacred; and by nature's hand,
With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd ſtrongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.---Theſe eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of ſanguinary zeal
Too near beheld: its madneſs how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting prieſt,
Each tyrant's ready inſtrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy miſchief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell Cruelty let looſe in Mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heavieſt chains were caſt, her iron ſcourge
Severeſt hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whoſe law is meekneſs; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.
Flexile of will, misjudging, though ſincere,
Rolando caught the ſpread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His courſe unjuſt to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of Beauty, nor the Matron's ſacred age,
Secure from wrongs, could innocence ſecure,
Found reverence or diſtinction. Yet ſuſtain'd
By conſcious worth within, the matchleſs pair
Their threatening fate, impriſonment and ſcorn
And death denounc'd, unſhrinking, unſubdued
To murmur or complaint, ſuperior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude reſign'd,
Nor built on pride, nor counting vain applauſe;
But calmly conſtant, without effort great,
What reaſon dictates, and what heaven approves.
But how proceed, Aurelius? in what ſounds
Of gracious cadence, of aſſuaſive power,
My further ſtory clothe? O could I ſteal
From Harmony her ſofteſt-warbled ſtrain
Of melting air! or Zephyr's vernal voice!
Or Philomela's ſong, when love diſſolves
To liquid baniſhment his evening-lay,
All nature ſmiling round! then might I ſpeak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and ſecret through his breaſt,
As morning riſes o'er the midnight-ſhade,
What firſt was ow'd humanity to *both*,
Aſſiſting piety and tender thought,
Grew ſwift and ſilent into love for *one*:
My ſole offence---if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.
O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That ſoul of ſweetneſs, that ſoft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could ſee? that dignity of eaſe,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as ſome equal ſtream
From its unfailing ſource! and then too ſeen
In milder lights; by ſorrow's ſhading hand
Touch'd into power more exquiſitely ſoft,
By tears adorn'd, intender'd by diſtreſs.
O ſweetneſs without name! when love looks on
With pity's melting eye, that to the ſoul
Endears, ennobles her, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Paſſion then
Refines to virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inſpir'd emotions, undebas'd
By ſelf-regard, or thought of due return,
The breaſt expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reaſon beſt conceives
Of love celeſtial; whoſe prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguiſh inly bleeds,
From pain its ſting, its bitterneſs from woe!
By this plain courtſhip of the honeſt heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With ſmiles of kind aſſent, with looks that ſpoke,
In bluſhing ſoftneſs, her chaſte boſom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's faireſt hour!
O ſeen, but not enjoy'd, juſt hail'd and loſt
Is flattering brightneſs! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
And Love, if wild Deſire, of Fancy born,
By furious paſſions nurs'd, that ſacred name
Profanes not, Love his ſtubborn breaſt diſſolv'd
To tranſient goodneſs. But my thought ſhrinks
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe, [back,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of ſilence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious ſuit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip ſevere
Daſh'd with indignant ſcorn; each harbour'd
Of ſoft emotion or of ſocial ſenſe, [thought
Love, pity, kindneſs, alien to a ſoul
That Bigot-rage emboſoms, fled at once:
And all the ſavage reaſſum'd his breaſt.
'Tis juſt, he cry'd: who thus invites diſdain,
Deſerves repulſe; he who, by ſlave-like arts,
Would meanly ſteal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual bluſh to ſpare,
Thine from diſſembling, from baſe flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal ſcorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-waſting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unſeen, now deep through all her powers
Its poiſon ſpread, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, ſhe ſunk beneath this double weight
Of ſhame and horror.---Dare I yet proceed?
Aurelius, O moſt injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exaſperating, add
To woe, new anguiſh? and to grief, deſpair---
She is no more---
O Providence ſevere!
Aurelius ſmote his breaſt, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a ſecond groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief: and to the Will ſupreme,
In juſtice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor ſigh nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though aſſail'd, [grace
Eſcap'd his lips. What! ſhall we from heaven's

With life receiving happineſs, our ſhare
Of ill refuſe? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in diſguiſe? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd
By love's own hand for ſalutary ends.
But were they ills indeed? Can fond comp'aint
Arreſt the wing of time? Can grief command
This noon-day ſun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eaſtern coaſt, and bring again
The hours of yeſterday? or from the womb
Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corſe
To light and life reſtore? Bleſt pair, farewell!
Yet, yet a few ſhort days of erring grief,
Of human fondneſs ſighing in the breaſt,
And ſorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
And let me call thee ſon (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendſhip, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too ſadly have deſerved)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus ſpoke: Amyntor thus his ſtory clos'd.
As dumb with anguiſh round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine ſhe faintly rais'd
Her cloſing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face—O ſave my child!
She ſaid; and, ſhrinking from her pillow, ſlept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I ſaw her ſhrouded; bade eternal peace
Her ſhade receive, and, with the trueſt tears,
Affection ever wept, her duſt bedew'd.
What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, but that ſcene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When ſhade and ſilence o'er this nether orb
With drowſieſt influence reign, the waning moon
Aſcending mournful in the midnight ſphere;
On that drear ſpot, within whoſe cavern'd womb
Emilia ſleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With ſacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, ſadly-ſolemn, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
Acroſs her parent's grave. By this dread ſcene!
By night's pale regent! By yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the ſheeted duſt
That once was man, now mouldering here below:
But chief by her's, at whoſe nocturnal tomb,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd ſpirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witneſs to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence:
To where, ſafe-ſtation'd in a ſecret bay,
Rough of deſcent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We ſail'd—But, O my father! can I ſpeak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with ſtorm!
Its uſeleſs ſails rent from the groaning pine!
The ſpeechleſs crew aghaſt! and that loſt fair!
Still, ſtill I ſee her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone preferr'd, as on my arm,
Expiring, ſinking with her fears, ſhe hung!
I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
And won at laſt, with ſums of proffer'd gold,
The boldeſt mariners, this precious charge
Inſtant to ſave; and, in the ſkiff ſecur'd,
Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
A ſea ſwell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf.
Nor me alone: its broad and billowing ſweep
Muſt have involv'd her too. Myſterious heaven!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it muſt be ſo! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was Amyntor ſav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For ſtorms more fierce? for pains of ſharper ſting?
And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief ſupply'd:
With arms outſpread, with eyes in hopeleſs gaze
To heaven unlifted, motionleſs and mute
He ſtood, the mournful ſemblance of deſpair.
The lamp of day, though from mid-noon de-
Still flaming with full ardor, ſhot on earth [clin'd,
Oppreſſive brightneſs round; till in ſoft ſtream,
From ocean's boſom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the ſky
Their vale diffuſive ſpread; the ſcene abroad
Soft-ſhadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill,
Aurelius, with his gueſt, the weſtern cliff
Aſcending ſlow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double ſtream a lucid ſource
Roll'd ſounding forth, and, where with dewy wing
Freſh breezes play'd, ſought refuge and repoſe,
Till cooler hours ariſe. The ſubject iſle
Her village capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods; her ſmall domain
Of arable and paſture, vein'd with ſtreams
That branching bear refreſhful moiſture on
To field and mead; her ſtraw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view. From ſcene to ſcene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, ſighing, thus began:
Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are ſons of ſorrow born.
Heirs of tranſmitted labour and diſeaſe,
Of pain and grief, from ſire to ſon deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all muſt bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal ſtate,
Viciſſitude of ſuffering. Caſt thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, ſloping ſpreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primroſe-lap,
From hence due eaſt. Amyntor look'd, and ſaw,
Not without wonder at a ſight ſo ſtrange, [arm'd
Where thrice three females, earneſt each and
With rural inſtruments, the ſoil prepar'd
For future harveſt. Theſe the trenchant ſpade,
To turn the mold and break th' adheſive clods,
Employ'd aſſiduous. Thoſe, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, ſtrew'd its freſh lap white
With fruit fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilſome taſk.
Behold! Aurelius thus his ſpeech renew'd,
From that ſoft ſex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like theſe, the taſk of rougher man,
What yet neceſſity demands ſevere?
Twelve ſuns have purpled theſe encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy ſummits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkneſs, ſince, in unpropitious hour,
The huſbands or thoſe widow'd mates, who now

For both muſt labour, launch'd, in queſt of food,
Their iſland-ſkiff advent'rous on the deep.
Them, while the ſweeping net ſecure they plung'd
The finny race to ſnare, whoſe foodful ſhoals
Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
As annual on from ſhore to ſhore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the ſouth a guſt of furious wing,
Up-ſpringing, drove to ſea: and left in tears,
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the ſurging-tide, and broken oars,
To ſight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before ſurmis'd; one general groan,
To heaven aſcending, ſpoke the general breaſt
With ſharpeſt anguiſh pierc'd. Their ceaſeleſs plaint, [ſhore,
Through theſe hoarſe rocks, on this reſounding
At morn was heard: at midnight too were ſeen,
Diſconſolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners ſpread, exploring land and ſea
With eager gaze—till from yon leſſer iſle,
Yon round of moſs-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the ſoaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aſpire, hung round and white
With curling miſts—at laſt from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with ſudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonleſs ſky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, ſaw diſtinct,
Succeſſive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild exceſs,
Took her gay turn to reign; and nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By ſad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky priſon to releaſe
Whom the deep ſea immures (their only boat
Deſtroy'd) and whom th' inevitable ſiege
Of hunger muſt aſſault. But hope ſuſtains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught ſkill and vigour not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare *.
Amyntor, who the tale diſtreſsful heard
With ſympathiſing ſorrow, on himſelf,
On his ſeverer fate, now pondering deep
Wrapt by ſad thought the hill unheeding left;
And reach'd, with ſwerving ſtep, the diſtant ſtrand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or ſailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening roſe, a thouſand wings,
The ſummer-nations of theſe pregnant cliffs,
Play'd ſportive round, and to the ſun outſpread
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and cheers
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidſt
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breaſt
Wav'd one unbounded bluſh: a ſcene to ſtrike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, loſt to outward ſenſe, Amyntor paſs'd
Regardleſs on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful proſpect; which pale fancy rais'd
Inceſſant to herſelf, and fabled o'er
With darkeſt night, meet region for deſpair!
Till northward, where the rock its ſea-waſh'd baſe
Projects athwart and ſhuts the bounded ſcene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and ſaw
At diſtance ſaw, deſcending on the ſhore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their geſtures ſtrange
There fix'd with wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as ſeem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praiſe.
Then ſlowly riſing, forward mov'd their ſteps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either ſide ſupported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a penſive maid;
As one by waſting ſickneſs ſore aſſail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—O, all ye powers!
Amyntor ſtarting, cry'd, and ſhot his ſoul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illuſion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and ſee!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The ſpirits who this ocean waſte and wild
Still hover round, or walk theſe iſles unſeen,
Preſenting oft in pictur'd viſion ſtrange
The dead or abſent, have on yon ſhape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unſubſtantial air,
Embody'd featur'd it with all her charms—
And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze tranſported—Ha! ſhe faints, ſhe falls!
He ran, he flew: his claſping arms receiv'd
Her ſinking weight—O earth, and air, and ſea!
'Tis ſhe! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whoſe goodneſs knows no bounds, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy! As he ſpoke,
Adown his cheek, through ſhivering joy and doubt,
The tear faſt-falling ſtream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wiſhes! ſav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon tranſlucent fountain bring
The living ſtream. Thou dearer to my ſoul
Than all the ſumleſs wealth this ſea entombs,
My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her ſpirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, ſhe trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager graſp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then ſunk again;
Then ſwoon'd upon his boſom, through exceſs
Of bliſs unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The roſe-bud thus, that to the beam ſerene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
Moments of dread ſuſpenſe—but ſoon to ceaſe!
For now, while on her face theſe men unknown
The ſtream, with cool aſperſion, buſy caſt,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! th' advent'rous few,
Who bore her to the ſkiff! whoſe daring ſkill
Had ſav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon iſle, yon round of moſs-clad hills,
Borea nam'd, before the tempeſt borne,
Theſe iſlanders, thrice three, then priſon'd there,
(So heaven ordain'd) with utmoſt peril run,
With toil invincible, from ſhelve and rock
Their boat preſerv'd, and to this happy coaſt
Its prow directed ſafe—He heard no more:
The reſt already known, his every ſenſe,

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* *The author who relates this ſtory adds, that the produce of grain that ſeaſon was the moſt plentiful they had ſeen for many years before. Vide Martin's Deſcription of the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 286.*

His full collected ſoul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while theſe ſounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.
Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My ſoul's deſpair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and do theſe arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye ſhores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet truſt my ſenſe?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himſelf! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confeſs their living lord! What ſhall I ſay?
How vent the boundleſs tranſport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliſs,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breaſt they charm?—Amyntor, O ſupport
This ſwimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cauſe thy heart
A ſecond pang. At this, dilated high
The ſwell of joy, moſt fatal where its force
Is felt moſt exquiſite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With ſheltering wing, ſolicitouſly good,
The guardian genius hovers, ſo the youth,
On her lov'd face, aſſiduous and alarm'd,
In ſilent fondneſs dwelt: while all his ſoul,
With trembling tenderneſs of hope and fear
Pleaſingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breaſt,
Attempering, to compoſe, and gradual fit
For further joy her ſoft impreſſive frame.
O happy! though as yet thou know'ſt not half
The bliſs that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
Whoſe ſigh is pity, and whoſe ſmile is love,
For all who joy or ſorrow, arm thy breaſt
With that beſt temperance, which from fond exceſs,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait—ſafe refug'd in this iſle,
Thy godlike father lives! and lo—but curb,
Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whoſe reverend ſteps
The mountain's ſide deſcend!—Abrupt from his
Her hand ſhe drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the ſpace between. He ſaw, he knew,
Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The loſt lov'd fair, and in his boſom preſs'd.
My father!—O my child! at once they cry'd:
Nor more. The reſt ecſtatic ſilence ſpoke,
And nature from her inmoſt ſeat of ſenſe
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bleſt ſcene,
Where emulous in either boſom ſtrove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with ſoftening aſpect ſeem'd to ſmile;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.
For theirs alone this bliſsful year: the joy,
With inſtant flow, from ſhore to ſhore along
Diffuſive ran; and all the exulting iſle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long loſt, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain boſom love and nature wept:
While each a ſire, a huſband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiſs'd.
Now, while the ſong,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Beſt harmony, they grateful ſouls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend ſeer,
(Whoſe eye prophetic far through time's abyſs
Could ſhoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their cauſes hid,
Illumin'd ſee) a ſpace abſtracted ſtood:
His frame with ſhivery horror ſtirr'd, his eyes
From outward viſion held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding ſcene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror ſeen,
And glowing radiant, to his mental ſight.
They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercaſt!
With tempeſt delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning roſy round
A purer morning lights up all her ſkies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious ſeas,
White with the ſails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating foreſt, ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore!
See! with ſpread wings Britannia's genius flies,
Before his prow; commands the ſpeeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the laurel-crown,
Bleſt emblem, peace with liberty reſtor'd!
And hark! from either ſtrand, which nations hide,
To welcome-in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that ſacred ſun
Shalt live to hail; ſhalt warm thee in his ſhine!
I ſee thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a ſmiling race
From this bleſt pair to ſpring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondneſs, in ſoft league ſhall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy laſt day to ſweeten and adorn;
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown.

TRUTH IN RYME.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH *.

YOUR Grace has given leave, that theſe few poems ſhould appear in the world under the patronage of your name. But this leave would have been refuſed, I know, had your expected to find your own praiſes, however juſt, in any part of the preſent addreſs. I do not ſay it, my Lord, in the ſtyle of compliment. Genuine modeſty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be ſurely diſtinguiſhed from the affectation of it: as ſurely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring, which is uſed, in vain, to ſupply what nature had denied, or has reſumed.

Yet, permit me juſt to hint, my Lord, while I reſtrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the faireſt public character muſt be raiſed upon private virtue, as ſurely it muſt, your Grace has laid already the ſecureſt foundation of the former in the latter. The eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you: and, from what you are known to have done, in one way, they reaſonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man, in the other.

The author of theſe lighter amuſements hopes

* *This dedication was prefixed by the author, to a ſmall collection of his poems, publiſhed in* 1762.

ſoon to preſent your Grace with ſomething more ſolid, more deſerving your attention, in the life of the firſt Duke of Marlborough.

You will then ſee, that ſuperior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation: and that the ſame extenſive capacity, which could guide all the tumultuous ſcenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal ſkill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the mean while, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps leſs frequently found, the friend and patron of thoſe uſeful and ornamental arts, by which human nature is exalted, and human ſociety rendered more happy: this, my Lord, is reſpectfully the wiſh of

Your Grace's

moſt obedient

humble ſervant.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

" It has no faults, or I no faults can ſpy:
" It is all beauty, or in blindneſs I."

Imprimatur

meo periculo.

CHESTERFIELD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following extract from his majeſty's ſpeech to both houſes of parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the nobleſt introduction to a poem of the firſt merit, is peculiarly ſuitable to introduce this. However unequal theſe verſes may be to the ſubject they attempt to adorn, this ſingular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the ſame time, be the fulleſt and beſt explanation of the author's meaning, on a theme ſo intereſting and uncommon. The words are theſe:

MARCH 3, 1761.

*** In conſequence of the act paſſed in the reign of my late glorious predeceſſor, King William the Third, for ſettling the ſucceſſion to the crown in my family, the commiſſions of the judges have been made during their good behaviour. But notwithſtanding that wiſe proviſion, their offices have determined upon the demiſe of the crown, or at the expiration of ſix months afterwards, in every inſtance of that nature which has happened.

I look upon the independency and uprightneſs of the judges of the land as eſſential to the impartial adminiſtration of juſtice; as one of the beſt ſecurities of the rights and liberties of my loving ſubjects; and as moſt conducive to the honour of the crown. And I come now to recommend this intereſting object to the conſideration of parliament, in order that ſuch farther proviſion, as ſhall be moſt expedient, may be made, *for ſecuring the judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithſtanding any ſuch demiſe.*

ASTREA, eldeſt born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was ſent, while man deſerv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there:
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till ſick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native ſky ſhe flew.
There, ſtation'd in the Virgin-ſign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to ſhine;
Or if, at times ſhe deigns a ſmile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd iſle.
For there—her eye with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleaſure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues moſt reſort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all unknown;
She found him ſeated on a throne!
What fables paint, what poets ſing,
She found in fact—a patriot-king!
But as a ſight, ſo nobly new,
Deſerv'd, ſhe thought, a nearer view;
To where, by ſilver-ſtreaming Thames,
Aſcends the palace of St. James,
Swift through ſurrounding ſhades of night
The goddeſs ſhot her beamy flight.
She ſtopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In ſweet repoſe: o'er all his face,
Repoſe ſhed ſofter bloom and grace!
But fearful leſt her ſun-bright glare
Too ſoon might wake him into care,
(For ſplendid toils and weary ſtate
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The ſtream of circling rays to ſhroud,
She drew an interpoſing cloud.
In all the ſilence of ſurpriſe,
She gaz'd him o'er. She ſaw ariſe,
For gods can read the human breaſt,
Her own ideas there impreſt!
And that his plan, to bleſs mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May ſtory's whiteſt page adorn,
May ſhine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urbania to her aid.
At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Deſcending quits her laurel'd grove:
Looſe to the gale her azure robe;
Borne in her left, a ſtarry globe,
Where each ſuperior ſon of fame
Will find inſcribed his deathleſs name,
Her right ſuſtains th' immortal lyre,
To praiſe due merit, or inſpire.
Behold—Aſtrea thus began—
The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reaſon ſee, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the ſoul of truth!

With love of juſtice, tender ſenſe
For ſuffering worth and innocence!
Who means to build his happy reign!
On this bleſt maxim, wiſe and plain—
Though plain, how ſeldom underſtood!
'That, to be great, he muſt be good.'
His breaſt is open to your eye;
Approach, Urania, mark, and try.
This boſom needs no thought to hide:
This virtue dares our ſearch abide.
  The ſacred fountains to ſecure
Of juſtice, undiſturb'd and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle, or to ſtain their courſe;
That theſe may flow ſerene and free,
The law muſt independent be:
Her miniſters, as in my ſight,
And mine alone, diſpenſing right;
Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
As honour, juſt, as truth, ſincere.
With temper, firm, with ſpirit, ſage,
The Mansfields of each future age.
  And this prime bleſſing is to ſpring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial truſt,
His greatneſs founds in being juſt;
Prepares, like yon aſcending ſun,
His glorious race with joy to run,
And, where his gracious eye appears,
To bleſs the world he lights and chears!
  Such worth with equal voice to ſing,
Urania, ſtrike thy boldeſt ſtring;
And truth, whoſe voice alone is praiſe
That here inſpires, ſhall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentler ear
With ſounds that monarchs rarely hear.
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record, what I approve.
  She ended: and the heaven-born maid,
With ſoft ſurpriſe, his form ſurvey'd.
She ſaw what chaſtity of thought.
Within his ſtainleſs boſom wrought;
Then fix'd on earth her ſober eye,
And, pauſing, offer'd this reply.
Nor pomp of ſong, nor paint of art,
Such truths ſhould to the world impart.
My taſk is but in ſimple verſe,
Theſe promis'd wonders to rehearſe:
And when on theſe our verſe we raiſe,
The plaineſt is the nobleſt praiſe.
  Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains:
Would ſuch a prince permit my ſtrains?
Deſerving, but ſtill ſhunning fame,
The homage due he might diſclaim.
A prince who rules to ſave mankind,
His praiſe would in their virtue find;
Would deem their ſtrict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his beſt aplauſe.
Then, Britons, your juſt tribute bring,
In deeds, to emulate your king;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party-rage.
On his example ſafely reſt;
He calls, he courts you, to be bleſt;
As friends, as brethren to unite
In one firm league of juſt and right.
  My part is laſt; if Britain yet
A lover boaſts of truth and wit,
To him theſe grateful lays to ſend,
The monarch's and the muſe's friend;
And whoſe fair name, in ſacred rhymes,
My voice may give to lateſt times.
  She ſaid; and, after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a ſcore,
To ſtrike at once all ſcandal mute,
The goddeſs found, and fix'd on Bute.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQUIRE.

Well—now, I think, we ſhall be wiſer,
Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiſer,
Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
It ſurely muſt abuſe the great;
Perhaps the king;—without diſpute
'Twill fall moſt deviliſh hard on Bute.
  This he reviews his parting ſhilling,
At laſh reſolves, though much unwilling,
To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
He reads—he frowns—Why, what's the matter?
Damn it—here's neither ſenſe nor ſatire—
Here, take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
Such fellows!—to pretend to print!
  Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
The fault's not his, but in the times:
The times, in which a monarch reigns,
Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
To ſtop in their deſtructive courſe,
Domeſtic frenzy foreign force,
To bid war, faction, party ceaſe,
And bleſs the weary'd world with peace.
The times in which is ſeen, ſtrange ſight!
A court both virtuous and polite,
Where merit beſt can recommend
And ſcience finds a conſtant friend.
  How then ſhould ſatire dare to ſport,
With ſuch a king and ſuch a court,
While truth looks on with rigid eye,
And tells her every line's a lie?

THE DISCOVERY.

UPON READING SOME VERSES, WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING SCHOOL.

September 1760.

Apollo lately ſent to know,
If he had any ſons below:
For, by the traſh he long had ſeen
In male and female magazine,
A hundred quires, not worth a groat,
The race muſt be extinct, he thought,
  His meſſenger to court repairs;
Walks ſoftly with the crowd up ſtairs:
But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers ſneer'd, both young and old,
Auguſtus knit his royal brow,
  And bade him let Apollo know it,
That from his infancy till now,

He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.
His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew faſhionably dark:
There beauties, boobbies, ſtrumpets, rakes,
Talk much of commerce, whiſt, and ſtakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card:
But not one word of verſe or bard.
The ſtage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true ſons were wont to reign,
His courier now paſt frowning by:
Ye modern Durfeys tell us why.
Slow, to the city laſt he went:
There, all was proſe, of cent. per cent.
There, alley-omnium, ſcript, and bonus,
(Latin, for which a muſe would ſtone us,
Yet honeſt Gideon's claſſic ſtyle)
Made our poor Nuncio ſtare and ſmile.
And now the clock had ſtruck eleven:
The meſſenger muſt back to heaven;
But juſt as he his wings had try'd,
Look'd up Queen-ſquare, the north-eaſt ſide.
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper:
He read unſeen, then ſtole her paper.
It much amus'd him on his way;
And reaching heaven by break of day,
He ſhow'd Apollo what he ſtole.
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole:
Then, calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celeſtial vellum took;
And what he with a ſun-beam there
Writ down, the muſe thus copies fair:
" If I no men my ſons muſt call,
" Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
" Mark then the ſacred words that follow,
" Sophia's mine's—ſo ſign'd APOLLO.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S STYLE.

Not printed in any former edition of his works

CELESTIAL Dove! the muſe heaven-born inſpire
Through all her pow'rs, while with extended wing
She ſeeks the myſtic hill, and wond'ring views
Her Lord transfigur'd. He on earth below
Obſcurely liv'd, eclips'd in human form,
And hid the Deity: with ills converſant,
The rage of fate in ev'ry threat'ning ſhape
Awful he combated, and victor ſtill,
To hell and earth, his reſtleſs foes, oppos'd
Meekneſs, and patient innocence, and pray'r
That beſt defence! that golden chain, whoſe pow'r
Magnetic links the diſtant heaven and earth
With occult charm! as the remoteſt parts
Of nature, each to other gravitate
In bonds of ſtricteſt love. The fervent pray'r
Reſiſtleſs climbs heav'n's awful height, and ſtands
Before th' eternal throne, with ſilent tears
And ſoul-breath'd ſighs attended: Mercy ſmiles,
While the victorious ſuppliant ſweetly o'er-comes
God inacceſſable to other violence.
And thus th' ethereal Lamb, Redeemer meek,
Convers'd with the great Father, where he ſits
Enthron'd in glory. He the Son beheld
High on a mountain, from the world ſequeſter'd,
In holy rapture wing to heaven his ſoul.
His pray'r is heard—And, lo! Celeſtial light,
Sun-bright meridian glory, beamful breaks
From forth his ſacred looks. All heav'n unveil'd
Is open'd in his face, and Godhead blazes
Effulgent round: while ting'd with orient light
His garments ſhine, pure as the new fallen ſnow
That clothes the Alpine ridge or Appenine.
Soft gales of fragrance breath'd around the place
Ambroſial, and, to grace the wond'rous change,
Moſes and Elias, the realms of light
Forſaking, dart precipitant from high,
Inveſted with pure ether, all refin'd
Their liquid texture, or compacted light
Empyreal cov'ring! Thus from heaven equipt,
All pure as innocence, celeſtial bloom
Smil'd glowing in their looks, and every limb
Adorn'd with heavenly beauty, dazzling ſhot
Fair glories, only to their Lord inferior.
Their garments ſplendid, as the ſolar ray
Of noontide ſhines, blaz'd bright with orient gold,
Such as impurples heaven, when riſing morn
Walks o'er the ſkies with all her roſy train
Of ſmiles and bluſhes. Humbly the bleſt pair,
In deep proſtration, ſtretch'd before their Lord,
Recount his ſufferings, and adore his paſſion.
How unappall'd this meek and patient Lamb,
Encounters all the rage of earth and hell!
His armour, innocence and white-eye'd faith.
How, bleeding with rich life, his ſacred wounds
Run purple, and expand their ruddy mouths,
Dropping with cordial balm to heal a world!
How the triumphant victim yields his breath
Cheerful amidſt the ſharpeſt pangs of torture!
While trembling nature own'd her dying Lord,
And ſhook th' eternal centre: the pale ſun,
As conſcious of the guilt, obſcur'd his head,
And left the world in univerſal mourning.
How in the grave's encircling gloom he's laid
Environ'd with cold night; th' inſatiate grave,
Unable to detain his heavenly gueſt,
Reluctant opes his pond'rous jaws, and yields
The ſacred pledge of peace to man reſtor'd.
His fetters broke, freſh as the face of morn
That now had thrice renew'd her ſmiling tour
Through heaven, he ſpurns the banded pow'rs of hell,
And riſing, Phœnix-like, ſhakes off the gloom
Contracted from the grave. Now in his throne
Seated, on the right hand of glory ſhines
With Godhead blazing awful Deity.
Amazing colloquy! where heaven and earth,
Sweetly united, hold the conference
Sublime! a world reſtor'd and man redeem'd.
But while the wond'rous interview prolong'd
Detains the gazing, ſun from heaven appears
An orient cloud, that ſeems another ſun
Reſplendent through the ſkies, from whence was heard,
As thunder terrible, the Father's voice,
Awful proclaiming from the fulgent ſhade,

LO! MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEAS'D!

VERSES.

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO A BEGGAR.

O MERCY, heaven's firſt attribute,
Whoſe care embraces man and brute!
Behold me where I ſhivering ſtand;
Bid gentle pity ſtretch her hand
To want and age, diſeaſe and pain,
That all in one ſad object reign.
Still feeling bad, ſtill fearing worſe,
Exiſtence is to me a curſe:
Yet, how to cloſe this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die:
And death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the laſt and ſound repoſe;
Death does at dreadful diſtance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

THE REWARD:

OR, APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

Written in 1757.

APOLLO, from the ſouthern ſky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye,
Juſt ſuch a glance our courtiers throw
At ſuitors whom they ſhun to know:
Or have you mark'd the averted mien,
The cheſt erect, the freezing look,
Of Bumbo, when a bard is ſeen
Charg'd with his dedication-book?
  But gods are never in the wrong:
What then diſpleas'd the power of ſong?
  The caſe was this: where noble arts
Once flouriſh'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows,
Since drums and dice and diſſipation
Have chac'd all taſte from all the nation.
For is there, now, one table ſpread,
Where ſenſe and ſcience may be fed?
Where, with a ſmile on every face,
Invited merit takes his place?
Theſe thoughts put Phœbus in the ſpleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to ſhroud
His head in one eternal cloud;
When, lo! his all-diſcerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to ſpy,
Juſt crept abroad, as is his way,
To baſk him in the noon-tide ray.
  This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interpoſing cloud;
And bade their gather'd miſts aſcend,
That he might warm his good old friend:
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful ſong.
  " With talents, ſuch as God has given
To common mortals, ſix in ſeven;
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they ſhould obey;
With no more frailities than are found
In thouſand others, count them round;
With much good-will, inſtead of parts,
Expreſs'd for artiſts and for arts;
Who ſmiles, if you have ſmartly ſpoke;
Or nods applauſe to his own joke;
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life, as with a toy;
Still keeps amuſement full in view:
Wife? Now and then—but oftener new;
His coach, this hour, at Watſon's door;
The next, in waiting on a whore.
  Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monſter ſtrange, or ſtranger man,
A Selkirke from his deſert iſle
Or Alligator from the Nile;
He ſaw the monſter in its ſhrine,
And had the man, next day, to dine.
Or was it an hermaphrodite?
You found him in a twofold hurry;
Neglecting for this he ſhe fight,
The ſingle charms of Fanny Murray.
Gathering, from ſuburb and from city,
Who were, who would be, wiſe or witty;
The full-wigg'd ſons of pills and potions;
The bags, of maggot and new motions;
The ſage, of microſcopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly;
Grave antiquaries, with their ſlams;
And poets, ſquirting epigrams:
With ſome few lords—of thoſe that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink:
Nay, ladies too, of diverſe fame,
Who are, and are not, of the game.
For he has look'd the world around,
And pleaſure, in each quarter, found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He ſinks from life by ſoft decay;
And ſees at hand, without affright,
Th' inevitable hour of night."
  But here, ſome pillar of the ſtate,
Whoſe life is one long dull debate;
Some pedant of the ſable gown,
Who ſpares no failings but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow:
Is this a ſubject for Apollo!
What! can the god of wit and verſe
Such trifles in our ears rehearſe?
  " Know, puppies, this man's eaſy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with ſtrife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good;
A ſcience you ne'er underſtood:
And charity, ye ſons of pride,
A multitude of faults will hide.
I, at his board, more ſenſe have found,
Than at a hundred dinners round.
Taſte, learning, mirth, my weſtern eye
Could often, there, collected ſpy:
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
Revolving what was ſung or ſaid.
  " And he, who entertain'd them all
With much good liquor ſtrong and ſmall;
With food in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe *,

* *This poem was certainly written in* 1757; *but the reader has only to remember, that Apollo is the god of prophecy as well as of poetry.* MALLET.

Whoſe ſoups and ſauces duly ſeaſon'd,
Whoſe wit well tim'd, and ſenſe well reaſon'd,
Give Burgundy a brighter ſtain,
And add new flavour to Champagne—
Shall this man to the grave deſcend,
Unown'd, unhonour'd as my friend?
No; by my deity I ſwear,
Nor ſhall the vow be loſt in air;
While you, and millions ſuch as you,
Are ſunk for ever from my view,
And loſt in kindred-darkneſs lye,
This good old man ſhall never die:
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning ſhall be fame.

TYBURN: TO THE MARINE SOCIETY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE deſign of the Marine Society is in itſelf ſo laudable, and has been purſued ſo ſucceſsfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment. But to take off from the flatneſs of a direct compliment, I have through the whole poem loaded their inſtitution with ſuch reproaches as will ſhow, I hope, in the moſt ſtriking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts, it appears, that from the firſt riſe of this ſociety, to the preſent year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out for the ſea-ſervice, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys: in all 9963 perſons: whom they have thus not only ſaved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them uſeful members of the community; at that time too when their country ſtood moſt in need of their aſſiſtance.

It has been, all examples ſhow it,
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down to modern time,
To bid dead matter live in rhyme;
With wit enliven ſenſeleſs rocks;
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
Make buzzards ſenators of note,
And rooks harangue, that geeſe may vote.
  Theſe moral fictions, firſt deſign'd
To mend and mortify mankind,
Old Æſop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
Could all a ſtateſman's merit feel;
And, to its own importance juſt,
Exclaim, with Buſo, What a duſt!
His horſe-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid ſtream,
Lord love us, how we apples ſwim!
  But farther inſtances to cite,
Would tire the hearers patience quite.
No: what their numbers and their worth,
How theſe admire, while thoſe hold forth,
From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houſes tell;
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wiſdom may be found:
While I, for ornament and uſe,
An orator of wood produce.

Why ſhould the gentle reader ſtare?
Are wooden orators ſo rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That hears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if ſuch things are a wonder.
So can Saint Dunſtan's in the weſt,
When good Romaine harangues his beſt,
And tells his ſtaring congregation,
That ſober ſenſe is ſure damnation;
That Newton's guilt was worſe than treaſon,
For uſing, what God gave him, reaſon.
  A pox of all this prefacing!
Smart Balbus cries: come, name the thing:
That ſuch there are we all agree:
What is this wood? Why—Tyburn-tree.
  Hear then this reverend oak harangue;
Who makes them do ſo, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

"Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
When rogues ſo rais'd the price of wheat,
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Juſt as, when doctor' fees run high,
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durſt into murmurs break;
For loſers muſt have leave to ſpeak:
Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling
Each neighbour-rogue they found foreſtalling.
As theſe again, their knaves and fetters,
Durſt vent complaints againſt their betters;
Whoſe only crime was in defeating
Their ſcheme of growing rich by cheating:
So, ſhall not I my wrongs relate,
An injur'd miniſter of ſtate?
The finiſher of care and pain
May, ſure, with better grace complain,
For reaſons no leſs ſtrong and true,
Marine Society, of you!
Of you, as every carman knows,
My lateſt and moſt fatal foes.
  My property you baſely ſteal,
Which ev'n a Britiſh oak can feel;
Feel and reſent! what wonder then
It ſhould be felt by Britiſh men,
When France, inſulting, durſt invade
Their cleareſt property of trade?
For which both nations, at the bar
Of that ſupreme tribunal, war,
To ſhow their reaſons have agreed,
And lawyers, by ten thouſands, feed;
Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns;
And each his clients cauſe maintains,
By knocking out th' opponents brains:
While Europe all—but we adjourn
This wiſe digreſſion, and return.
  Your rules and ſtatutes have undone me:
My ſureſt cards begin to ſhun me.
My native ſubjects dare rebel,
Thoſe who were born for me and hell:
And, but for you, the ſcoundrel-line
Had, every mother's ſon, died mine.
A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or ſuburb calls her own;
Of vagrant love the various ſpawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,

Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches,
For neither health nor ſhame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight Venus.
  Nor let my cits be here forgot:
They know to ſin as well as ſot.
When night demure walks forth array'd
In her thin negligee of ſhade.
Late riſen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council ſally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
This gets a ſon, whoſe firſt eſſay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own fire:
And while his hand is in her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley, too, is grown ſo nice,
A broker dares refine on vice:
With lord-like ſcorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds ſpouſe;
For young and freſh while he would wiſh her
His looſe thought glows with Kitty Fiſher;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.
Now theſe, of each degree and ſort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to ſwear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and heaven defy;
Theſe, Tyburn's regimental train,
Who riſk their necks to ſpread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine:
And each, by diſcipline ſevere,
Improv'd beyond all ſhame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My conſtant friend the good Old-Bailey
To me made over, late or ſoon;
I think, at lateſt, once a noon:
But by your interloping care,
Not one in ten ſhall be my ſhare.
  Ere 'tis too late your error ſee,
You foes to Britain, and to me.
To me: agreed—But to the nation;
I prove it thus by demonſtration.
  Firſt, that there is much good in ill,
My great apoſtle Mandevile
Has made moſt clear. Read, if you pleaſe,
His moral fable of the bees.
Our reverend clergy next will own,
Were all men good, their trade were gone;
That were it not for uſeful vice,
Their learned pains would bear no price:
Nay, we ſhould quickly bid defiance
To their demonſtrated alliance.
  Next, kindoms are compos'd, we know,
Of individuals, Jack and Joe.
Now theſe, our ſovereign lords the rable,
For ever prone to growl and ſquabble,
The monſtrous many-headed beaſt,
Whom we muſt not offend, but feaſt
Like Cerberus, ſhould have their ſop:
And what is that, but truſſing up?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day?
To ſee * Page ſwinging they admire,
Beyond ev'n * Madox on his wire!
No baiting of a bull or bear,
To * Perry dangling in the air!
And then, the being drunk a week,
For joy, ſome * Sheppard would not ſqueak!
But now that thoſe good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar!
Your ſcheme abſurd of ſober rules
Will ſink the race of men to mules:
For ever drudging, ſweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling:
Hard maſters! who, juſt when they need 'em,
With a few thiſtles deign to feed 'em.
  Yet more---for it is ſeldom known
That fault or folly ſtands alone---
You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind;
Which muſt beget, in heads untry'd,
That worſt of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forſake,
Will reckon, each, to be a Blake;
There, on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already ſtruts the future Bembow;
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.
Theſe ſturdy ſons of blood and blows,
By pulling Monſieur by the noſe,
By making kicks and cuffs the faſhion,
Will put all Europe in a paſſion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, "juſqu' au centuple:"
So the French king was heard to cry---
And can a king of Frenchmen lie?
  Theſe, and more miſchiefs I foreſee
From fondling brats of baſe degree.
As muſhrooms that on dunghills riſe,
The kindred-weeds beneath deſpiſe;
So theſe their fellows will contemn,
Who, in revenge, will rage at them:
For, through each rank, what more offends,
Than to behold the riſe of friends?
Still when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we muſt hate.
Then, will it be endur'd, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,
To ſee his ancient meſs-mate Cloud,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Paſs in another all of ſilk?
  Yet, one more mournful caſe to put:
A hundred mouths at once you ſhut!
Half Grub-ſtreet, ſilenc'd in an hour,
Muſt curſe your interpoſing power!
If my loſt ſons no longer ſteal,
What ſon of hers can earn a meal?
You ruin many a gentle bard,
Who liv'd by heroes that die hard!
Their brother-hawkers too! that ſung
How great from world to world they ſwung;
And by ſad ſonnets, quaver'd loud,
Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd

**** *As theſe are all perſons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unneceſſary.* MALLET.

Blind Fielding too---a miſchief on him!
I wiſh my ſons would meet and ſtone him!
Sends his black ſquadrons up and down,
Who drive my beſt boys back to town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To eaſe rich raſcals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unſafe;
That there are ſurer ways by half,
To which they have ther equal claim,
Of earning daily food and fame:
So down, at home, they ſit, and think
How beſt to rob, with pen and ink.
Hence, red-hot letters and eſſays,
By the John Lilburn of theſe days;
Who guards his want of ſhame and ſenſe,
With ſhield of ſeven-fold impudence.
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuſe and little wit.
Hence libels againſt Hardwike penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend:
Hence oft aſcrib'd to Fox, at leaſt
All that defames his name-ſake beaſt.
Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the muſe,
That ſink, where myriads went before,
And ſleep within the chaos hoar:
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound.
Each eager hand a fragment ſnaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.
Theſe, ſingly, contributions raiſe,
Of caſual pudding and of praiſe.
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due meaſures not to hang,
In magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin:
Whoſe weekly, or whoſe monthly, feat is
Firſt to decry, then ſteal, your treatiſe.
So rogues in France perform their job;
Aſſaſſinating, ere they rob.
But, this long narrative to cloſe:
They who would grievances expoſe,
In all good policy, no leſs,
Should ſhow the methods to redreſs,
If commerce, ſinking in one ſcale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail;
The taſk is next, all ſtateſmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That, riſing there in due degree,
The public may no loſer be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, deſtroy my trade;
That we at laſt may part good friends,
Hear how you ſtill may make amends.
O ſearch this ſinful town with care:
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Chriſtians, rogues, alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's ſpoils!
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and diſgrace.
Secret and ſnug, by daily ſtealth,
The buſy vermin pick up wealth;
Then, without birth, controul the great!
Then, without talents, rule the ſtate!

Some ladies too---for ſome there are,
With ſhame and decency at war;
Who, on a ground of pale threeſcore,
Still ſpread the roſe of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown boſom glow
With purer white than lilies know:
Who into vice intrepid ruſh;
Put modeſt whoring to the bluſh;
And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.
Send me each miſchief-making nibbler;
'Tis equal, ſenator or ſcribbler:
Who, on the ſelf-ſame ſpot of ground,
The ſelf-ſame hearers ſtaring round,
Abjure and join with praiſe and blame,
Both men and meaſures, ſtill the ſame;
Or ſerve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, ſlimſy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themſelves;
Leſs aiming to be wiſe than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.
Send me each ſtring---ſave green and blue---,
Theſe, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.
But, Lollius, be not in the ſpleen;
'Tis only Arthur's knights I mean---
Not thoſe of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the round, but gaming table;
Who, every night, the waiters ſay,
Break every law they make by day;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each other's goods and chattles;
While from the mouth of magic box,
With curſes dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame---yet call it play!
Till, by advice of ſpecial friends,
The titled dupe a ſharper ends:
Or, if ſome drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!

ZEPHYR, OR THE STRATAGEM.

" Egregiam vero laudem et ſpolia ampla referetis,
" Una dola Divûm ſi Foemina victa duorum eſt."
VIRG.

ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was ſurpriſed, on horſeback, by a violent ſtorm of wind and rain from the South-weſt, which made her diſmount ſomewhat precipitately.

The god, in whoſe gay train appear
Thoſe gales that wake the purple year;
Who lights up health and bloom and grace
In Nature's, and in Mira's face;
To ſpeak more plain, the weſtern wind,
Had ſeen this brighteſt of her kind:
Had ſeen her oft with freſh ſurpriſe!
And ever with deſiring eyes!
Much, by her ſhape, her look, her air,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar fair;
More, by the meaning ſoul that ſhines

Through all her charms, and all refines.
Born to command, yet turn'd to pleaſe,
Her form is dignity, with eaſe:
Then---ſuch a hand, and ſuch an arm,
As age or impotence might warm!
Juſt ſuch a leg too, Zephyr knows,
The Medicéan Venus ſhows!
So far he ſees; ſo far admires.
Each charm is feuel to his fires:
But other charms, und thoſe of price,
That form the bounds of Paradiſe,
Can thoſe an equal praiſe command;
All turn'd by nature's fineſt hand?
Is all the conſecrated ground
With plumpneſs, firm, with ſmoothneſs, round?
The world, but once, one Zeuxis ſaw,
A faultleſs form who dar'd to draw:
And then, that all might perfect be,
All rounded off in due degree,
To furniſh out the matchleſs piece,
Were rifled half the toaſts of Greece.
'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh;
'Twas Waldegrave's ſweetly-brilliant eye;
'Twas gentle Pembroke's eaſe and grace,
And Hervey lent her maiden-face.
But dares he hope, on Britiſh ground,
That theſe may all, in one, be found?
Theſe chiefly that ſtill ſhun his eye?
He knows not; but he means to try.
Aurora, riſing, freſh and gay,
Gave promiſe of a golden day.
Up, with her ſiſter, Mira roſe,
Four hours before our London beaux;
For theſe are ſtill aſleep and dead,
Save Arthur's ſons---not yet in bed.
A roſe, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the paſſing fair-one's view;
To pluck the bud he ſaw her ſtoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
Then, while acroſs the daiſy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due weſtward as her ſteps ſhe bore,
Would ſwell her peticoat, before;
Would ſubtly ſteal his face between,
To ſee---what never yet was ſeen!
"And ſure, to fan it with his wing,
"No nine-month ſymptom e'er can bring:
"His aim is but the nymph to pleaſe,
"Who daily courts his cooling breeze."
But liſten, fond believing maid!
When love, ſoft traitor, would perſuade,
With all the moving ſkill and grace
Of practis'd paſſion in his face,
Dread his approach, diſtruſt your power---
For oh! there is one ſhepherd's hour:
And though he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, diſguiſe the lover,
The ſenſe, or nonſenſe, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.
But, for thoſe butterflies, the beaux,
Who buz around in tinſel-rows,
Shake, ſhake them off, with quick diſdain:
Where inſects ſettle, they will ſtain,
Thus, Zephyr oft the nymph aſſail'd,
As oft his little arts had fail'd:
The folds of ſilk, the ribs of whale,
Reſiſted ſtill his feeble gale.
With theſe repulſes vex'd at heart,
Poor Zephyr has recourſe to art:
And his own weakneſs to ſupply,
Calls in a brother of the ſky,
The rude ſouth-weſt; whoſe mildeſt play
Is war, mere war, the Ruſſian way:
A tempeſt-maker by his trade,
Who knows to raviſh, not perſuade.
The terms of their aërial league,
How firſt to haraſs and fatigue,
Then, found on ſome remoter plain,
To ply her cloſe with wind and rain;
Theſe terms, writ fair and ſeal'd and ſign'd,
Should Webb or Stukely wiſh to find,
Wiſe antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever paſs'd---and more;
Though here too tedious to be told,
Are yonder in ſome cloud enroll'd,
Thoſe floating regiſters in air:
So let them mount, and lead them there.
The grand alliance thus agreed,
To inſtant action they proceed;
For 'tis in war a maxim known,
As Pruſſia's monarch well has ſhown,
To break, at once, upon your foe,
And ſtrike the firſt preventive blow.
With Toro's lungs, in Toro's form,
Whoſe very how d'ye is a ſtorm,
The dread ſouth-weſt his part begun,
Thick clouds, extinguiſhing the ſun,
At his command, from pole to pole
Dark ſpreading, o'er the fair-one roll;
Who, preſſing now her favourite ſteed,
Adorn'd the pomp ſhe deigns to lead.
O Mira! to the future blind,
Th' inſidious foe is cloſe behind,
Guard, guard your treaſure, while you can;
Unleſs this god ſhould be the man.
For lo! the clouds, and his known call,
Are cloſing round---they burſt! they fall!
While at the charmer all-aghaſt,
He pours whole winter in a blaſt:
Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
If natives founder on the flood;
If Britain's coaſt be left as bare *
As he reſolves to leave the fair.
Here, gods reſemble human breed;
The world be damn'd—ſo they ſucceed.
Pale, trembling, from her ſteed ſhe fled,
With ſilk, lawn, linen, round her head;
And, to the fawns who fed above,
Unveil'd the laſt receſs of love.
Each wondering fawn was ſeen to bound †,
Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
A ſight of that ſequeſter'd glade,
In all its light, in all its ſhade,
Which riſes there for wiſeſt ends,
To deck the temple it defends.

---

* *The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Hawke was blown into Torbay.* MALLET.

† "*Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata Juvenca.*" VIRG.

Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
For what a thouſand heroes ſtrove,
When Europe, Aſia, both in arms,
Diſputed one fair lady's charms.
The war pretended Helen's eyes *;
But this, believe it, was the prize.
This rouz'd Achilles' mortal ire,
This ſtrung his Homer's epic lyre;
Gave to the world La Mancha's knight,
And ſtill makes bulls and heroes fight.
Yet, though the diſtant conſcious muſe
This airy rape delighted views;
Yet ſhe, for honour guides her lays,
Enjoying yet, diſdains to praiſe.
If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
Are they a pattern for the gods?
Can Ruſſia, can th' Hungarian vampire †,
With whom caſt in the Swedes and empire,
Can four ſuch powers, who one aſſail,
Deſerve our praiſe, ſhould they prevail?
O mighty triumph! high renown!
Two gods have brought one mortal down;
Have club'd their forces in a ſtorm,
To ſtrip one helpleſs female form!
Strip her ſtark naked; yet confeſs,
Such charms are beauty's faireſt dreſs!
But, all-inſenſible to blame,
The ſky-born raviſhers on flame
Enchanted at the proſpect ſtood,
And kiſs'd with rapture what they view'd.
Sleek S * * r too had done no leſs;
Would parſon's here the truth confeſs:
Nay, one briſk peer, yet all-alive,
Would do the ſame, at eighty-five ‡.
But how, in colours ſoftly bright,
Where ſtrength and harmony unite,
To paint the limbs, that fairer ſhow
Than Maſſalina's borrow'd ſnow;
To paint the roſe, that, through its ſhade,
With theirs, one human eye ſurvey'd;
Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,
Would he the genuine draught avow,
The muſe, a ſecond Titian then,
To fame might conſecrate her pen!
That Titian, nature gave of old
The queen of beauty to behold,
Like Mira unadorn'd by dreſs,
But all complete in nakedneſs:
Then bade his emulating art
Thoſe wonders to the world impart.
Around the ready graces ſtand,
Each heightening ſtroke, each happy line,
Awakes to life the form divine;
Till, rais'd and rounded every charm,
And all with youth immortal warm,
He ſees, ſcarce crediting his eyes,
He ſees a brighter Venus riſe!
But, to the gentle reader's coſt,
His pencil, with his life, was loſt:

And Mira muſt contented be,
To live by Ramſay and by me.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

"Mark it, Ceſario, it is true and plain.
"The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
"And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
"Do uſe to chant it. It is ſilly ſooth,
"And dallies with the innocence of love,
"Like the old age."
SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood,

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great-ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul devoid of art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove;

---

* "*Et fuit ante Helanam*," &c. HOR.

† *A certain miſchievous demon that delights much in human blood; of whom there are many ſtories told in Hungary.* MALLET.

‡ *We believe there is a miſtake in this reading; for the perſon beſt informed and moſt concerned, aſſures, that it ſhould be only ſeventy-five.* MALLET.

His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanmore's wintery waſte,
Beneath the moonlight ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſorten'd ſoul,
The midnight mourner ſtray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd Heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.

'Tis paſt! he cry'd—but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold,
What they muſt ever love!

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, apall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale---
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear.
Sad ſounding in the gale!

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door---
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide---
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and dy'd.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CURATE OF BOWES, IN YORKSHIRE,

On the ſubject of the preceding poem.

TO MR. COPPERTHWAITE, AT MARRICK.

Worthy Sir,

*** As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to conſult my clerk, and another perſon in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The hiſtory of it is as follows:

THE family-name of the young man was Wrightſon; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the ſame age; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no diſparity: but in fortune, alas! ſhe was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handſome competency, expected and required that his ſon ſhould marry ſuitably. But as "amor vincit omnia," his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtſhip, which was all by ſtealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightſon, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a ruſtic one it is, "that blood was "nothing without groats."

The young lover ſickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tueſday, and died the Sunday ſevennight after.

On the laſt day of his illneſs, he deſired to ſee his miſtreſs. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome---when it was too late. But her daughter Hanna lay at his back; to cut them off from all oportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, ſhe ſcream'd aloud that her heart was burſt, and expired ſome moments after.

The then curate of Bowes * inſerted it in his regiſter, that they both died of love, and were buried in the ſame grave, March 15, 1714. I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O CROWN'D with honour, bleſt with length of days,
Thou whom the wiſe revere, the worthy praiſe;
Juſt guardian of thoſe laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou haſt gain'd---
Though ſtill the faireſt from heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can beſtow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends poſſeſt,
No fortune, Hardwicke, is ſincerely bleſt.
All human-kind are ſons of ſorrow born:
The great muſt ſuffer, and the good muſt mourn.
For ſay, can Wiſdom's ſelf, what late was thine,
Can fortitude, without a ſigh, reſign?
Ah, no! when Love, when Reaſon hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn conſenting mourners ſtand,

---

* *Bowes is a ſmall village in Yorkſhire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a caſtle. It ſtands on the edge of that vaſt and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people, Stanemore; which is always expoſed to wind and weather, deſolate and ſolitary throughout.* CAMD. BRIT.

The firmeſt heart diſſolves to ſoften here:
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Thoſe ſacred drops, by virtuous weakneſs ſhed,
Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
From tender thought their ſource unblam'd they draw,
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.
When his lov'd child the Roman could not ſave,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave †,
No common forms his home-felt paſſion kept:
The ſage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
And O! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
The fame thy loſs, thy ſorrows are the ſame.
She whom the Muſes, whom the Loves deplore,
Ev'n ſhe, thy pride and pleaſure, is no more:
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Loſt to thy hopes, and ſilent in the tomb.
O! ſeaſon mark'd by mourning and deſpair,
Thy blaſts, how fatal to the young and fair?
For vernal freſhneſs, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with diſeaſe:
Sick Nature ſunk before the mortal breath,
That ſcatter'd fever, agony, and death!
What funerals has thy cruel ravage ſpread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble boſoms bled.
Here let Reflection fix her ſober view:
O think, who ſuffer, and who ſigh with you,
See, rudely ſnatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby from a youthful huſband's arms!
In climes far diſtant, ſee that huſband mourn;
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread inſtant blooming Lincoln fall!
See her lov'd lord with ſpeechleſs anguiſh bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy nobleſt friend,
Thy Pelham turn on heaven his ſtreaming eye:
Again in her, he ſees a brother die!
And he, who long, unſhaken and ſerene,
Had death, in each dire form of terror ſeen,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans toſt,
By love ſubdued, now weeps a conſort loſt:
Now, ſunk to fondneſs, all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his ſoul in tears!
Yet more: nor thou the muſe's voice diſdain,
Who fondly tries to ſooth a father's pain---
Let thy calm eye ſurvey the ſuffering ball:
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What ſpring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thouſands, raviſh'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiſcuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.
Think too: and reaſon will confirm the thought:
Thy cares, for her, are to their period brought.
Yes, ſhe, fair pattern to a failing age,
With wit, chaſtis'd, with ſprightly temper, ſage:
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, ſiſter, daughter, friend,
Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unſtain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!

† *Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety; and for having added, to the uſual graces of her ſex, the more ſolid accomplihments of knowledge and polite letters.* MALLET.

From life eſcap'd, and ſafe on that calm ſhore
Where ſin and pain and error are no more,
She now no change, nor you no fear can feel:
Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal ſeal!

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight ſhades, o'er Nature ſpread!
Dumb ſilence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep ſurrounding gloom,
The ſober thought,
The tear untaught,
Thoſe meeteſt mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the ſurplic'd train draw near
To this laſt manſion of mankind,
The ſlow ſad bell, the ſable bier,
In holy muſings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling ſtream,
Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mouldering bone,
Each ſculptur'd ſtone,
Strike mute inſtruction to the heart!

Now, let the ſacred organ blow,
With ſolemn pauſe, and ſounding flow:
Now, let the voice due meaſure keep,
In ſtrains that ſigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depreſs, but lift the ſoaring ſoul.
To lift it in the Maker's praiſe,
Who firſt inform'd our frame with breath:
And, after ſome few ſtormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears,
In him appears,
Who ſhuts the ſcene of human woes:
Beneath his ſhade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repoſe.

Then, while we mingle duſt with duſt,
To One, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Raiſe hallelujahs! God is juſt,
And man moſt happy, when he dies!
His winter paſt,
Fair ſpring at laſt
Receives him on her flowery ſhore;
Where Pleaſure's roſe
Immortal blows,
And ſin and ſorrow are no more!

TO MIRA,

FROM THE COUNTRY.

At this late hour, the world lies huſh'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.
Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the plain,
Reſt, and ſoft-footed Silence, in his train,
To bleſs the cottage, and renew the ſwain.
Theſe all-aſleep, me all-awake they find;
Nor reſt, nor ſilence, charm the lover's mind.

Already, I a thouſand torments prove,
The thouſand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breaſt;
The fluttering wiſh on wing, that will not reſt;
Deſire, whoſe kindled flames, undying, glow;
Knowledge of diſtant bliſs, and preſent woe;
Unhuſh'd, unſleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of abſence, and of loving well!
Theſe pale the cheek, and cloud the cheerleſs eye,
Swell the ſwift tear, and heave the frequent ſigh:
Theſe reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And theſe, O Mira! theſe are truly mine.
  She, whoſe ſweet ſmile would gladden all the grove,
Whoſe mind is muſic, and whoſe looks are love;
She, gentle power! victorious ſoftneſs!---She,
Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me;
Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
Her looks, her words---her world of charms combin'd!
  Sweetneſs is her's, and unaffected eaſe;
The native wit, that was not taught to pleaſe.
Whatever ſoftly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace
Th' unſtudy'd ſmile, the bluſh that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze, a thouſand ardours riſe;
And my fir'd boſom flaſhes from my eyes,
Oh! melting mildneſs! miracle of charms!
Receive my ſoul within thoſe folding arms!
On that dear boſom let my wiſhes reſt---
Oh! ſofter than the turtle's downy breaſt!
And ſee! where Love himſelf is waiting near!
Here let me ever dwell---for heaven is here!

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy ſoul! look out---now comes thy turn;
With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night, ſlight.
That ſpreads, ſlow-ſhadowing, o'er the vanquiſh'd
Look out, with joy; the ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray:
Already exil'd to the utmoſt ſky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintery pole,
Mountainous clouds, in rude confuſion, roll:
In diſmal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
To a ſick twilight, they reduce the day.
And hark! impriſon'd winds, broke looſe, ariſe,
And roar their haughty triumph through the ſkies.
While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
And mingled lightning, burſt upon the plain,
Now ſee ſad earth---like thine, her alter'd ſtate,
Like thee, ſhe mourns her ſad reverſe of fate!
Her ſmile, her wanton looks---where are they now?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!
  No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain;
No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the ſwain;
Theſe ſcenes of bliſs, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouſe my hate.
The leaf-clad foreſt, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the ſafe retreats of happy love,
Stript of their honours, naked, now appear;
This is---my ſoul! the winter of their year!
The little, noiſy ſongſters of the wing,
All, ſhivering on the bough, forget to ſing.
Hail! reverend Silence! with thy awful brow!
Be Muſic's voice, for ever mute---as now:
Let no intruſive joy my dead repoſe
Diſturb:---no pleaſure diſconcert my woes.
  In this moſs-cover'd cavern, hopeleſs laid,
On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head;
And, pleas'd with Winter's waſte, unpitying, ſee
All nature in an agony with me!
Rough, rugged rocks, wet marſhes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and ruſhy moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes---
(Now I can ſmile!)---in wild diſorder riſe:
And now, the various dreadfulneſs combin'd,
Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.
  See! Night's wiſh'd ſhades, riſe, ſpreading through the air,
And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare!
Hail! ſolitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
Let thy dumb ſilence midnight all the ground,
And ſpread a welcome horror wide around.---
But hark! a ſudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows from each dark cavern, now combine,
And ſtalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
  Stop, flying Time! repoſe thy reſtleſs wing;
Fix here---nor haſten to reſtore the ſpring:
Fix'd my ill fate, ſo fix'd let winter be---
Let never wanton ſeaſon laugh at me!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MASQUE OF BRITANNIA,

Spoken by Mr. Garrick †, 1775, in the character of a Sailor, fuddled and talking to himſelf.

He enters, ſinging,

"How pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes---"

Well, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow!
A ſailor, half ſeas o'er---'s a pretty fellow!
What cheer ho? * Do I carry too much ſail?
* *to the pit.*
No---tight and trim---I ſcud before the gale *---
* *he ſtaggers forward, then ſtops.*
But ſoftly, though---the veſſel ſeems to heel;
Steady! my boy---ſhe muſt not ſhow her keel.
And now, thus ballaſted---what courſe to ſteer?
Shall I again to ſea---and bang Mounſeer?
Or ſtay on ſhore, and toy with Sall and Sue---
Doſt love 'em boy?---By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is ſurely moſt inviting:
There's nothing better, faith---ſave ſlip and fighting:
For ſhall we ſons of beef and freedom ſtoop,
Or lower our flag to ſlavery and ſoup?

† *Some of the lines too were written by him.*

What! ſhall theſe parly-vous make ſuch a racket,
And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?
Still ſhall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he ſhuffles, we ſhould always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avaſt—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to ſee the ſhow *?
* *Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this ſame paper we ſhall underſtand
What work's to-night—I'll read your printed hand!
But, firſt refreſh a bit—for faith I'll need it—
I'll take one ſugar-plum *—and then I'll read it,
* *Takes ſome tobacco.*
He reads the play-bill of Zarah, which was acted that evening.
At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be preſen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—
S A R A H.
I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may ſee
Her nameſake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I'll ſleep as ſound as if I were at ſea.
To which will be added—a new Maſque.
Zounds! why a Maſque? We ſailors hate grimaces:
Above-board all, we ſcorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, ſo very large and plain!
Bri-ta-nia—oh Britania!—good again—
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George I ſwear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, ſhall ſtrait be there.
All free-born ſouls muſt take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!
Going off, he ſtops.
I wiſh you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us, honeſt tars, drink, fight, and ſing!
True to yourſelves, your country, and your king!

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

With no one talent that deſerves applauſe;
With no one awkwardneſs that laughter draws;
Who thinks not, but juſt echoes what we ſay;
At clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day:
His larum goes in one ſmooth, ſimple ſtrain;
He ſtops: and then, we wind him up again.

S O N G.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, MARY SCOT.

Where Thames, along the daiſy'd meads,
His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,
Silent, ſlow, ſerenely flowing,
Wealth on either ſhore beſtowing;
There, in a ſafe, though ſmall retreat,
Content and Love have fix'd their ſeat:
Love, that counts his duty, pleaſure;
Content that knows and hugs his treaſure.

From art, from jealouſy ſecure;
As faith unblam'd, as friendſhip pure;
Vain opinion nobly ſcorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning.
Fair Thames, along thy flowery ſide,
May thoſe whom truth and reaſon guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

TO MR. THOMSON.

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS POEM, CALLED WINTER.

Charm'd, and inſtructed by thy powerful ſong,
I have, unjuſt, withheld my thanks too long:
This debt of gratitude at length receive,
Warmly ſincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.
Thy worth new lights the poet's darken'd name,
And ſhows it, blazing, in the brighteſt fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of ſound,
Clear depth of ſenſe, expreſſion's heightening grace,
And goodneſs, eminent in power and place!
For this, the wiſe, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art virtue's friend:
Ev'n age, and truth ſevere, in reading thee,
That heaven inſpires the muſe, convinc'd agree.
Thus I dare ſing of merit, faintly known,
Friendleſs—ſupported by itſelf alone:
For thoſe, whoſe aided will could lift thee high,
In fortune, ſee not with diſcernment's eye.
Nor place, nor power, beſtows the ſight refin'd;
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.
How could'ſt thou think of ſuch, and write ſo well?
Or hope reward, by daring to excel?
Unſkilful of the age! untaught to gain
Thoſe favours, which the fawning baſe obtain!
A thouſand ſhameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falſehood, und flattery, muſt be firſt thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breaſt,
Thou muſt drive out th' unprofitable gueſt:
Extinguiſh each bright aim, that kindles there,
And centre in thyſelf thy every care.
But hence that vileneſs—pleas'd to charm mankind,
Caſt each low thought of intereſt far behind:
Neglected into noble ſcorn—away
From that worn path, where vulgar poets ſtray:
Inglorious herd! profuſe of venal lays!
And by the pride deſpis'd, they ſtoop to praiſe!
Thou, careleſs of the ſtateſman's ſmile or frown,
Tread that ſtrait way, that leads to fair renown.
By virtue guided, and by glory fir'd,
And, by reluctant envy, ſlow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundleſs mind,
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind:
Enrich them with the treaſures of thy thought,
What heaven approves, and what the muſe has taught.
Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
So ſhall thy name through ages brightening ſhine,
And diſtant praiſe, from worth unborn, be thine;
So ſhalt thou, happy! merit heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you ſay my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now cloſ'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
With beams of roſy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the green-graſs turf,
That wrapp'd her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of Fletcher, called "The "Knight of the Burning Peſtle," old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verſes:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

This was probably the beginning of ſome ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. Theſe lines, naked of ornament, and ſimple as they are, ſtruck my fancy: and, bringing freſh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago.

MALLET.

EPITAPH,

ON MR. AIKMAN, AND HIS ONLY SON; WHO WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME GRAVE.

Dear to the wiſe and good, diſprais'd by none,
Here ſleep in peace the father and the ſon:
By virtue, as by nature, cloſe ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to ſhine,
Honour's clear light, and friendſhip's warmth divine.
The ſon, fair riſing, knew too ſhort a date;
But oh, how more ſevere the parent's fate!
He ſaw him torn, untimely, from his ſide,
Felt all a father's anguiſh, wept and dy'd!

EPITAPH,

ON A YOUNG LADY.

This humble grave, though no proud ſtructures grace,
Yet truth and goodneſs ſanctify the place:
Yet blameleſs virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O 'ſcap'd from life! O ſafe on that calm ſhore,
Where ſin, and pain, and paſſion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and pity wait ſincere on thee:
Lo! ſoft remembrance drops a pious tear;
And holy friendſhip ſtands a mourner here.

SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE.

The Birks of Endermay.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing:
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And, in ſoft raptures, waſte the day,
Among the ſhades of Endermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter will appear:
At this, thy living bloom muſt fade;
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade.
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er;
The feather'd ſongſters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the ſhades of Endermay!

THOMSON'S VERSES

TO MISS YOUNG †, WITH A PRESENT OF HIS SEASONS.

Omitted in his works.

ACCEPT, loved nymph! this tribute due
To tender friendſhip, love, and you;
But with it take what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine the poet's ſoul.
If fancy here her pow'r diſplays,
And if a heart exalts theſe lays—
You faireſt in that fancy ſhine,
And all that heart is fondly thine.

† *Some ſlight variations have been found in different copies which have been handed about in MS. This is from the original.*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

Containing

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION,
ODES,
HYMNS,
INSCRIPTIONS,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Come, AKENSIDE, come with thine Attic urn,
Fill'd from Ilyſſus by the Naiad's hand,
Thy harp was tun'd to freedom.—Strains like thine,
When Aſia's lord bor'd the huge mountain's ſide,
And bridg'd the ſea, to battle rous'd the tribes
Of ancient Greece. The ſons of Cecrops rais'd
Minerva's Ægis—Lacedemon pour'd
Her hardy veterans from their frugal board,
And Thebes ſaw Xerxes ſhake through all his tents.

POETICAL EPISTLE TO CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE, "the Britiſh Lucretius," was born at Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 9. 1721. His father, Mark Akenſide, was a ſubſtantial butcher in that town. His mother, Mary Lumſden, was probably of Scottiſh extraction. Both parents were diſſenters.

Mr. Brand, the preſent vicar of Newcaſtle, in his "Obſervations on popular Antiquities," alleges, that a halt which he had in his gait was occaſioned by the falling of a cleaver from his father's ſtall upon him, when he was a boy. "This," ſays he, "muſt have been a perpetual remembrance of his humble origin;" of which, it is alleged, he was aſhamed; but without any foundation.

He received the firſt part of his education at the free ſchool of Newcaſtle, and was afterwards placed under the care of Mr. Wilſon, a diſſenting miniſter, who kept an academy in that town, where he had for his ſchool-fellow, the late Gabriel Selby, Eſq. of Paſton, in Northumberland.

At the age of eighteen, he was ſent to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, that he might qualify himſelf for the office of a diſſenting miniſter, and received ſome aſſiſtance from the fund which the diſſenters employ in educating young men of ſcanty fortune. He proſecuted his ſtudies for one winter, upon this plan: but a wider view of the world, prompting other hopes, he determined to ſtudy phyſic; and repaid, afterwards, that contribution which, being received for a different purpoſe, he juſtly thought it diſhonourable to retain.

When he reſolved not to be a diſſenting miniſter, he probably did not ceaſe to be a diſſenter. He certainly retained an ardent zeal for civil and religious liberty; without ſeeking to ſtrengthen the faction of parties; without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen. Dr. Johnſon, whoſe unfavourable opinion of the diſſenters is well known, calls his zeal for liberty "unneceſſary and outrageous," becauſe it "ſometimes diſguiſes from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it poſſeſſes, an envious deſire of plundering wealth, or degrading greatneſs, of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerneſs to ſubvert and confound, with very little care what ſhall be eſtabliſhed." The obſervation, though inapplicable to Akenſide, is juſt, and may be deemed prophetic by the beſt friends of rational and regulated freedom, who lament the exceſſes of what is called and thought liberty in the preſent day.

Akenſide ſeems to have felt very early the motions of genius, and to have very early ſtored his memory with ſentiments and images. He began to write verſes when he was at the grammar ſchool, and many of his poetical performances were produced during his continuance at Mr. Wilſon's academy. It is ſaid that his greateſt work, *The Pleaſures of Imagination*, was written at Morpeth, on the banks of the Wentſbeck, which he has celebrated in his verſes, while he was on a viſit to his relations, before he went to the Univerſity of Edinburgh.

At Edinburgh, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf likewiſe by his poetical compoſitions. His *Ode on the Winter Solſtice*, which is dated 1740, was certainly compoſed at that place.

His taſte for poetry facilitated his introduction to the moſt reſpectable literary aſſociations among his fellow ſtudents, by whom his genius and learning were highly reſpected; and his philoſophical knowledge eaſily procured him admiſſion into the "Medical Society," an inſtitution coeval with the eſtabliſhment of a regular ſchool of phyſic in the Univerſity, of which he was elected a member, December 30. 1740.

In 1741, after ſtaying three years at Edinburgh, he removed to Leyden, in purſuit of medical knowledge, where he contracted an intimate friendſhip with Jeremiah Dyſon, Eſq. who was proſecuting the ſtudy of the civil law, in that Univerſity. After reſiding three years at Leyden, he took his degree of Doctor in Phyſic, May 16, 1744, and publiſhed an inaugural diſſertation, according to the cuſtom of the Dutch Univerſities, *De ortu et incremento fœtus humani*, in which he diſplayed his medical ſagacity, by attacking ſome opinions of Leuwenhoek, and other writers, at that time very generally received, and by propoſing an hypotheſis, which has been conſidered as founded on truth by the beſt phyſicians and philoſophers.

He now returned to England, with his friend Mr. Dyſon, and the ſame year publiſhed *The Plea-ſures of Imagination*, which was, in general, received with great applauſe.

When the copy was offered to Dodſley, by whom it was publiſhed, the price demanded for it, which was 120 l. being ſuch as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, adviſed him not to make a niggardly offer, for "this was no every-day poet."

Warburton being diſſatisfied with a note in the third book, in which he adopts Shafteſbury's aſſertion of the efficacy of ridicule for the diſcovery of truth, thought proper, in a preface to one of his publications, to make ſome ſevere ſtrictures upon him; in which, however, he was attacked as a philoſopher, not as a poet.

He was defended by his friend Mr. Dyſon, in an anonymous "Epiſtle to Mr. Warburton, occaſioned by his treatment of the Author of the Pleaſures of Imagination," in which there are ſeveral ſenſible obſervations; but the ſtyle is uncouth and unpleaſant.

Warburton's ſtrictures on Akenſide, were afterwards reprinted in the poſtſcript to the dedi-cation to the "Free-thinker," prefixed to the firſt volume of the "Divine Legation," without, however, any notice being taken of what had been written in his defence.

The poem on the *Pleaſures of Imagination* was quickly followed by a very acrimonious *Epiſtle to Pulteney*, whom he ſtigmatizes under the name of *Curio*, as the betrayer of his country. He afterwards ſhortened this *Epiſtle*, and transformed it into an *Ode*.

Being now to live by his profeſſion, he firſt commenced Phyſician at Northampton, where Dr. Stonehouſe then practiſed, with ſuch reputation and ſucceſs, that a ſtranger was not likely to gain ground upon him.

"Akenſide tried the conteſt a while," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "and having deafened the place with clamours for liberty, removed to Hampſtead, where he reſided more than two years, and then fixed himſelf in London, the proper place for a man of accompliſhments like his."

Dr. Kippis, who then reſided at Northampton for education, relates, that Dr. Doddridge and Akenſide carried on an amicable debate concerning the opinions of the ancients, with regard to a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, in which Akenſide ſupported the firm belief of Cicero in particular, in this great article of natural religion.

On his quitting Northampton, he would perhaps have been reduced to great exigencies in making his way as a phyſician; but that Mr. Dyſon, with an ardour of friendſhip that has no examples, ſupported him while he was endeavouring to make himſelf known.

Mr. Dyſon had ſtudied the law, and been called to the bar; but in a ſhort time, having purchaſed of Mr. Hardinge his place of clerk of the Houſe of Commons, he quitted Weſtminſter Hall, and for the purpoſe of introducing Akenſide to acquaintance in an opulent neighbourhood near the town, bought a houſe at North-End, Hampſtead, where they dwelt together during the ſummer ſeaſon; frequenting the long-room, and all clubs and aſſemblies of the inhabitants.

At theſe meetings, Sir John Hawkins relates, that Akenſide was for diſplaying thoſe talents which had acquired him the reputation he enjoyed in other companies; "but here," he obſerves, "they were of little uſe to him; on the contrary, they tended to engage him in diſputes that betrayed him into a contempt of thoſe that differed in opinion from him."

It was found out that he was a man of low birth, and a dependent on Mr. Dyſon; circumſtances that furniſhed thoſe whom he offended with a ground of reproach that reduced him to the neceſſity of aſſerting that he was a gentleman.

Little could be done at Hampſtead after matters had proceeded to this extremity. Mr. Dyſon parted with his villa at North-End, and ſettled his friend in a ſmall houſe in Bloomſbury Square, aſſigning him, with unexampled liberality, 300 l. a-year, which enabled him to keep a chariot, and make a proper appearance in the world.

"If our princes and nobles," ſays Mr. Hayley," have not equalled thoſe of other kingdoms in liberality to the great poets of their country, England may yet boaſt the name of a private gentleman, who diſcovered, in this reſpect, a moſt princely ſpirit. No nation, either ancient or modern, can produce an example of munificence more truly noble than the annual gratuity which Akenſide

received from Mr. Dyſon; a tribute of generous and affectionate admiration, endeared to its worthy poſſeſſor by every conſideration which could make it honourable both to himſelf and to his patron."

At London, he was known as a poet by the *Pleaſures of Imagination*, and the *Epiſtle to Curio*, which were followed in 1745, by *Odes on ſeveral Subjects*, written, as he tells us, "at very different intervals, and with a view to very different manners of expreſſion and verſification."

These performances appeared before he was 24 years of age; but he was afterwards more ſlow in his publications. His *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon* came out in 1748, and in 1758 he attempted to rouſe the national ſpirit by an *Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England*.

Few of his remaining poetical pieces were publiſhed ſeparately, excepting an *Ode to Thomas Edwards, Eſq. on the late Edition of Pope's Works*, which had been written in 1751, but was not printed till 1766, with a view, it ſhould ſeem, of ſhowing his diſlike to Warburton, by expoſing his early correſpondence with Concanen and Theobald. The reſt of his poems which appeared in his lifetime were given, at leaſt for the moſt part, in Dodſley's "Collection."

His poetical reputation was now completely eſtabliſhed. He advanced gradually in medical reputation, but never attained any great extent of practice or eminence of popularity.

A phyſician, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, in a great city, ſeems to be the mere plaything of fortune: his degree of reputation is, for the moſt part, totally caſual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficience. By any acute obſerver, who had looked on the tranſactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of phyſicians.

Akenſide appears to have uſed every endeavour to become popular; "but defeated them all," ſays Sir John Hawkins, "by the high opinion he every where manifeſted of himſelf, and the little condeſcenſion he ſhowed to men of inferior endowments."

In the winter evenings, he frequented Tom's coffee-houſe, in Devereux-Court, then the reſort of ſome of the moſt eminent men for learning and ingenuity of the time, with ſome of whom he became entangled in diſputes and altercations, chiefly on ſubjects of literature and politics, that fixed on his character the ſtamp of haughtineſs and ſelf-conceit, and drew him into diſagreeable ſituations.

One evening, a diſpute between him and Counſellor Ballow, a man of learning, but of vulgar manners, and of ſplenetic temper, roſe ſo high, that for ſome expreſſion uttered by Ballow, Akenſide thought himſelf obliged to demand an apology; which being refuſed, he ſent his adverſary a challenge.

Ballow, though he hated Akenſide for his republican principles, and envied him for that eloquence which he diſplayed in converſation, had no inclination for fighting, and declined an anſwer. The demand of ſatisfaction was followed by ſeveral attempts on the part of Akenſide, to ſee Ballow at his lodgings; but he kept cloſe, till, by the interpoſition of friends, the difference could be adjuſted.

According to Sir John Hawkins, the accommodation was not brought about by any conceſſions of his adverſary, but by a reſolution from which neither of them would depart; for one would not fight in the morning, nor the other in the evening.

By this buſineſs, the biographer of Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that he acquired the character of an iraſcible man; and many who admired his genius and parts, were ſhy of becoming his intimates: yet he acknowledges, that "where there was no competition for applauſe or literary reputation, he was an eaſy companion, and would bear with ſuch rudeneſs as would have angered almoſt any one."

He ſeems, however, to have poſſeſſed more diſcretion than Sir John Hawkins allows him; for, beſides his eagerneſs in forcing himſelf into notice, by an ambitious oſtentation of elegance and literature, he placed himſelf in view by all the common methods; and arrived at moſt of the honours incident to his profeſſion. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society, was admitted by mandamus to the degree of Doctor in Phyſic in the Univerſity of Cambridge, became Phyſician to St. Thomas's Hoſpital, was elected Fellow of the College of Phyſicians, choſen Reader of their Gulſtonian and Cronian Lectures, and, on the eſtabliſhment of the Queen's houſehold, appointed one of the Phyſicians to her Majeſty.

If there be any truth in the ſuppoſition that Akenſide entertained republican ideas in his youth, it is probable that he might afterwards ſoften the rigour of his ſentiments.

In 1761, the celebrated Thomas Hollis, Eſq. purchaſed a bed which once belonged to Milton,

and in which he died. This bed he ſent as a preſent to Akenſide, with the following card:—"An Engliſh gentleman is deſirous of having the honour to preſent a bed, which once belonged to John Milton, and on which he died; and if the Doctor's genius, believing himſelf obliged, and having ſlept on that bed, ſhould prompt him to write an ode to the memory of John Milton, and the aſſertor of Britiſh liberty, that gentleman would think himſelf abundantly recompenſed."—Akenſide, it is ſaid, ſeemed wonderfully delighted with this bed, and had it put up in his houſe; but it does not appear that he took any other notice of Mr. Hollis's benefaction and requeſt.

After he came into conſiderable reputation and practice, he wrote little poetry, but publiſhed, from time to time, medical eſſays and obſervations, in the "Tranſactions" of the Royal Society, and of the College of Phyſicians.

In 1764, he publiſhed his *Diſſertatio de Dyſenteria*, which was conſidered as a very conſpicuous ſpecimen of Latinity, that entitled him to the ſame height of place among the ſcholars as he poſſeſſed before among the wits; and he might have riſen to a greater elevation of character, but that his ſtudies were ended with his life, by a putrid fever, June 23, 1770, in the 49th year of his age. He was buried in the pariſh church of St. James's, Weſtminſter. His effects, and particularly his books and prints, which laſt he was fond of collecting, became the property of his great and intimate friend, Mr. Dyſon.

Beſides his *Diſſertatio de Dyſenteria*, which has been twice tranſlated into Engliſh, he contributed to the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," 1757, *Obſervations on the Origin and Uſe of the Lymphatic Veſſels in Animals*, being an extract from the Gulſtonian Lectures, read in the theatre of the College of Phyſicians, in June 1755. Dr. Monro at Edinburgh having taken notice of ſome inacuracies in this paper, in his "Obſervations, Anatomical and Phyſiological," &c. he publiſhed a ſmall pamphlet in his vindication, 1758. To the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," 1763, he contributed *An Account of a blow on the Heart, and its effects. Oratio Anniverſaria ex Inſtituto Harveii, &c.* Anno 1759, 4to. 1760. To the firſt volume of the "Medical Tranſactions," he contributed *Obſervations on Cancers; of the uſe of Ipecacuanha in Aſthmas*, and *a Method of treating White Swellings of the Joints*. He read at the College, ſome obſervations made in St. Thomas's Hoſpital, on the *putrid Eryſipelas*, which he intended for the ſecond volume of the "Medical Tranſactions," but it was not returned at the time of his death. He began to give for the Cronian Lecture, *A Hiſtory of the Revival of Learning*, from which he ſoon deſiſted, as it was ſuppoſed, in diſguſt, ſome one of the College having objected that he had choſen a ſubject foreign to the inſtitution.

A complete edition of his *Poems*, with his laſt corrections and improvements, was publiſhed by Mr. Dyſon, in 4to. 1772, to which he prefixed an account of his life, which is ſo poor and cold, that it is deſerving of cenſure. Akenſide merited a better memorial from the hand of his friend. A regular piece of biography, drawn out at length, was not perhaps requiſite; but the ſlighteſt ſketch might have contained ſome traits of character, ſome indications of affection, ſome marks of regret that ſuch a genius ſhould be ſuddenly carried off without executing his laudable intentions. His poem on *The Pleaſures of Imagination*, as it originally appeared, has been frequently reprinted. He is believed to have written, in Dodſley's "Muſeum," the *Table of Modern Fame*, "at which," ſays Dr. Warton, "the gueſts are introduced and ranged with that taſte and judgment peculiar to the author." In the appendix to the "Memoirs of Mr. Hollis," are two letters extracted from the "Public Advertiſer," relative to his *Ode to Thomas Edwards*, Eſq., and to his ſuppoſed *Reflections on the Clergy*, in a paſſage in the *Pleaſures of Imagination*. Among Dr. Birch's papers in the Britiſh Muſeum, are ſeveral letters written to him by Akenſide.

Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Dr. Johnſon," has drawn Akenſide's character ſomewhat at large; and it is, with a few exceptions, highly to his advantage.

"The value of that precept which exhorts us to live peaceably with all men, or, in other words, to avoid creating enemies, can only be eſtimated by the reflection on thoſe many amiable qualities againſt which the neglect of it will preponderate. Akenſide was a man of religion and ſtrict virtue, a philoſopher, a ſcholar, and a fine poet. His converſation was of the moſt delightful kind, learned, inſtructive, and without any affectation of wit, cheerful, and entertaining. One of the pleaſanteſt days of my life, I paſſed with him, Mr. Dyſon, and another friend at Putney bowling-

green-houſe, where a neat and elegant dinner, the enlivening ſunſhine of a ſummer day, and the view of an unclouded ſky, were the leaſt of our gratifications. In perfect good humour with himſelf and all around him, he ſeemed to feel a joy that he lived and poured out his gratulations to the great Diſpoſer of all felicity, in expreſſions that Plato himſelf might have uttered on ſuch an occaſion. In converſation with ſelect friends, and thoſe whoſe courſe of ſtudy had been nearly the ſame with his own, it was an uſual thing with him, in libations to the memory of eminent men among the ancients, to bring their characters into view, and thereby give occaſion to expatiate on thoſe particulars of their lives that had rendered them famous. His method was to arrange them in three claſſes, philoſophers, poets, and legiſlators.

" That a character thus formed ſhould fail of recommending itſelf to general eſteem, and procure to the poſſeſſor of it thoſe benefits which it is in the power of mankind to beſtow, may ſeem a wonder; but it is often ſeen, that negative qualities are more conducive to this end than poſitive, and that, with no higher a character than is attainable by any one who, with a ſtudious taciturnity, will keep his opinions to himſelf, conform to the practice of others, and entertain neither friendſhip for, nor enmity againſt any one, a competition for the good opinion of the world, may, for emoluments, and even dignities, ſtand a better chance of ſucceſs than one of the moſt eſtabliſhed reputation for learning and ingenuity. The truth of this obſervation, Akenſide himſelf lived to experience; who, in a competition for the place of Phyſician to the Charterhouſe, was unable to prevail againſt an obſcure man, devoid of every quality that might ſerve to recommend him, and whoſe ſole merit was that of being diſtantly related to the late Lord Holland."

Akenſide was very much devoted to the ſtudy of ancient literature, and was a great admirer of the beſt philoſophers of antiquity, particularly of Plato and Cicero. His philoſophical knowledge and claſſical taſte are conſpicuous in his poems, and in the notes and illuſtrations which he has annexed to them. Of the modern philoſophers, Shafteſbury and Hutcheſon were his greateſt favourites. His high veneration for the Supreme Being, his noble ſentiments of the wiſdom and benevolence of the Divine Providence, and his zeal for the cauſe of virtue, are apparent in all his poems. His *Ode to William Hall, Eſq.* with the works of Chalieu, condemns the licentiouſneſs of that poet. His regard to the Chriſtian revelation, and his ſolicitude to have it preſerved in its native purity, are diſplayed in the *Ode to the Biſhop of Wincheſter*. The *Ode to the Author of the Memoirs of the Houſe of Brandenburgh*, ſeems to have been written on purpoſe to expoſe the irreligious tenets of the royal hiſtorian. He was warmly attached to the cauſe of civil and religious liberty. His zeal for freedom is a diſtinguiſhed feature, and peculiar excellence in the character of his poetry. His productions uniformly glow with the ſacred fire of liberty, inſomuch that he well deſerves to be ſtyled, " the Poet of the Community." Two of his principal odes are directly conſecrated to it, the *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon*, and that to the *Biſhop of Wincheſter*. In early life, he was underſtood to be ſuch a ſtrenuous advocate for liberty, in its moſt extenſive ſenſe, as to have ſome tincture of republicaniſm in his notions. But no ſufficient proof of this is deducible from his poems. When, with a reference to our own country, he celebrates the cauſe of freedom, he does it in no other light than that of a zealous Whig, who was warmly attached to the revolution, and to the memory of the great men by whom it was effected. He omits no opportunity, in particular, of teſtifying his veneration for King William. Whatever may be thought of his ſoftening the rigour of ſome expreſſions in the laſt editions of the *Ode on leaving Holland*, and the *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon*, it is certain that a moſt ardent ſpirit of liberty breathes through his works.

Akenſide, conſidered as a didactic and lyric poet, ranks with the moſt eminent writers of didactic and lyric poetry, in ancient or modern times. In his *Pleaſures of Imagination*, he has attempted the moſt rich and poetical form of didactic writing; and though, in the execution of the whole, he is not equal, he has, in ſeveral parts, ſucceeded happily, and diſplayed much genius. " For my own part, I am of opinion," ſays Cooper, in his " Letters on Taſte," " that there is now living, a poet of as genuine a genius as this kingdom ever produced, Shakſpeare alone excepted. The gentleman I mean is Dr. Akenſide, the worthy author of the *Pleaſures of Imagination*, the moſt beautiful didactic poem that ever adorned the Engliſh language." On the other hand, Gray, writing to Dr. Wharton, ſays: " I will tell you, though I have rather turned over than read the poem of your young friend (Dr. Akenſide), that it ſeems to me above the middling, and now and then, for a little while, riſes

even to the beſt, particularly in deſcription. It is often obſcure, and often unintelligible, and too much infected with the Hutcheſon jargon. In ſhort, its great fault is, that it was publiſhed at leaſt nine years too early." This opinion, haſtily delivered in a private letter, before the poem had been maturely examined, muſt be conſidered as too ſevere. The obſcurity of the *Pleaſures of Imagination*, when read with attention, will chiefly be found in the allegory of the ſecond book. It might likewiſe have been better if the peculiar language of Hutcheſon, or rather of Shafteſbury had ſometimes been omitted. But though it is perhaps defective in ſome reſpects, and redundant in others, yet it is a noble and beautiful poem, exhibiting many bright diſplays of genius and fancy, and holding out ſublime views of nature, providence, and morality. Akenſide himſelf was convinced that it was publiſhed too early. "That it wanted reviſion and correction," ſays his friend and editor, Mr. Dyſon, "he was ſufficiently ſenſible; but ſo quick was the demand for ſeveral ſucceſſive republications, that, in any of the intervals, to have completed the whole of his corrections was utterly impoſſible. He choſe therefore to continue for ſome time reprinting it without any alteration, and to forbear publiſhing any alterations or improvements, till he ſhould be able at once to give the whole to the public complete. And, with this view, he went on for ſeveral years to review and correct his poem at his leiſure, till at length he found the taſk grow ſo much upon his hands, that, deſpairing of ever being able to execute it ſufficiently to his own ſatisfaction, he abandoned the purpoſe of correcting, and reſolved to write the poem over anew, upon ſomewhat a different and enlarged plan."

He deſigned at firſt to compriſe the whole of his ſubject, according to the new plan, in four books. But he afterwards changed his purpoſe, and determined to diſtribute the *Pleaſures of the Imagination* into a greater number of books. How far his ſcheme would have carried him, if he had lived to complete it, is uncertain; for, at his death, he had only finiſhed the firſt and ſecond books, a conſiderable part of the third, and the introduction to the laſt. The firſt book of the improved work bears a nearer reſemblance to the firſt book of the former editions, than any of the reſt do to each other. There are, however, in this book, a great number of corrections and alterations, and ſeveral conſiderable additions. He has introduced a tribute of reſpect and affection to his friend Mr. Dyſon. He has referred the *Pleaſures of Imagination* to two ſources only, greatneſs and beauty, and not to three, as he had formerly done. His delineation of beautiful objects is much enlarged; and, upon the whole, the firſt book ſeems to have received a conſiderable degree of improvement. The ſecond book is very different from the ſecond book of the preceding editions. The difference indeed is ſo great, that they cannot be compared together. He enters into a diſplay of truth, and its three claſſes, matter of fact, experimental or ſcientific truth, and univerſal truth. He treats likewiſe of virtue as exiſting in the Divine mind, of human virtue, of vice and its origin, of ridicule, and of the paſſions. The enumeration of the different ſources of ridicule is left out, and conſequently the paſſage which had given offence to Warburton. The allegorical viſion, which formerly conſtituted a principal part of the ſecond book, is likewiſe omitted. The ſecond book, as it now ſtands, is correct, ſevere, moral, and noble; but it appears leſs touching, leſs ſtriking, leſs enchanting than it was before. The third book is an epiſode in which Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, is his chief character; and the deſign of it ſeems to be to ſhow the great influence of poetry in enforcing the cauſe of liberty. This part is entirely new, and, if it had been finiſhed, would have proved a beautiful addition to the poem. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not live to complete his deſign; yet the lovers of poetry would have been ſorry to have had the original poem entirely ſuperſeded. Whatever may be its faults, there are to be found in it a certain brightneſs and brilliancy of imagination, and a certain degree of enthuſiaſm, which Akenſide did not ſeem to have poſſeſſed in equal vigour in the latter part of his life. Years, and an application to ſcientific ſtudies, appear, in ſome meaſure, to have turned his mind from ſound to things, from fancy to the underſtanding. If he had indeed imbibed the notion aſcribed to him by Maſon, that "poetry was only true eloquence in metre," ſo falſe an idea could not fail to have a bad effect on his later compoſitions. Every reader of taſte would have regretted the loſs of the fine deſcription, in the third book, of the operations of the mind, in producing works of imagination, and have felt the being deprived of the beautiful paſſage in the allegoric viſion of the ſecond book, beginning,

——— 'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills, with many a ſhaggy foreſt mix'd, &c.

His *Odes* are diſtributed into two books; the firſt containing eighteen odes, and the ſecond fifteen. It was his intention, if he had lived, to have made each book conſiſt of twenty. Thoſe which he had formerly publiſhed are greatly altered and improved. His odes are not equal to the ſublime and beautiful productions of Gray and Collins, nor perhaps to thoſe of Maſon and Warton: But ſtill there is in them a noble vein of poetry, united with manly ſenſe, and applied to excellent purpoſes. This praiſe cannot be extended to the whole of the odes, without exception. Akenſide does not always preſerve the dignity of the lyric muſe. He is defective in the pathetic, even upon a ſubject which peculiarly required it, and where it might have been expected, the death of his miſtreſs, in the *Ode to the Evening Star*. His *Hymn*, however, to *Cheerfulneſs*, his *Odes*, on *Leaving Holland*, on *Lyric Poetry*, to the *Earl of Huntingdon*, and on *Recovering from a Fit of Sickneſs*, juſtly entitle him to a place among the principal lyric writers of his country. *Love, an Elegy*, a *Britiſh Philippic*, and *Hymn to Science*, compoſed when he was very young, and omitted in the publication of his works by Mr. Dyſon, reflect no diſcredit on his memory. The firſt was originally printed with the *Ode on the Winter Solſtice*, and given to his friends. The two laſt were printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. VIII. In the ſeventh volume of that work, a poem, called *The Virtuoſo*, in imitation of Spenſer's ſtyle, dated from Newcaſtle, and ſigned *Marcus*, and two other pieces, may juſtly be reckoned among his youthful compoſitions. His *Inſcriptions* are, for the moſt part, ſimple, energic, and ſufficiently poetical. His *Hymn to the Naiads* is juſtly eſteemed a claſſical performance. Lloyd, ſpeaking of Homer's hymns, which he had ſome thoughts of tranſlating, ſays: "They who would form the juſteſt idea of this ſort of compoſition among the ancients, may be better informed by peruſing Dr. Akenſide's moſt claſſical *Hymn to the Naiads*, than from any tranſlation of Homer or Callimachus." The ſame writer concludes his "Ode to Genius," with the following apoſtrophe to Akenſide:

And thou, bleſt bard! around whoſe ſacred brow
Great *Pindar's* delegated wreath is hung;
Ariſe, and ſnatch the majeſty of ſong
From dulneſs' ſervile tribe, and art's unhallow'd throng.

Cooper, the "Engliſh Ariſtippus," with great propriety, addreſſed his "Call of Ariſtippus" to Akenſide, by the deſignation of "two-fold diſciple of Apollo;" in which he tells him, that, in Elyſium, Plato and Virgil ſhall weave him a never-fading crown; while Lucretius, Pindar, and Horace, ſhould yield him precedence with pleaſure.

Mr. Murphy, in his "Poetical Epiſtle to Dr. Johnſon," has joined Akenſide with Gray among the examples which he enumerates of "wealthy genius pining amidſt its ſtore."

Even Gray unwilling ſtrikes his living lyre,
And wiſhes, not content, for Pindar's fire:
And that *ſweet bard*, who to our fancy brings,
"The gayeſt, happieſt attitudes of things."
His raptur'd verſe can throw neglected by,
And to *Lucretius* lift a reverend eye.

Dr. Warton, in his excellent "Eſſay on Pope," calls Akenſide a didactic poet, who has happily indulged himſelf in bolder flights of enthuſiaſm, ſupported by a more figurative ſtyle than was uſed by Pope; and, after producing a paſſage from the *Pleaſures of Imagination*, adds: "We have here a ſtriking example of that poetic ſpirit, that harmonious and varied verſification, and that ſtrength of imagery which conſpire to excite our admiration of this beautiful poem."

The character of Akenſide, as given by Dr. Johnſon, is leſs favourable to his pretenſions as a didactic poet; and, as a writer of odes, is ſo unjuſt and degrading, that it cannot be generally allowed, without many exceptions.

"His great work is the *Pleaſures of Imagination*, a performance which, publiſhed as it was at the age of twenty-three, raiſed expectations that were not very amply ſatisfied. It has undoubtedly a juſt claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquiſitions, of a young mind ſtored with images, and much exerciſed in combining and comparing them. The ſubject is well choſen, as it includes all images that can ſtrike or pleaſe, and thus compriſes every ſpecies of poetical delight. The only difficulty is the choice of examples and

illuſtrations; and it is not eaſy, in ſuch exuberance of matter, to find the middle point between penury and ſatiety. The parts ſeem artfully diſpoſed, with ſufficient coherence, ſo as that they cannot change their places without injury to the general deſign.

" His images are diſplayed with ſuch luxuriance of expreſſion, that they are hidden, like Butler's moon, " by a veil of light;" they are forms fantaſtically loſt under ſuperfluity of dreſs. *Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.* The words are multiplied till the ſenſe is hardly perceived; attention deſerts the mind and ſettles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffuſion, ſometimes amazed, and ſometimes delighted; but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

" To his verſification, juſtice requires that praiſe ſhould not be denied. In the general formation of his lines, he is perhaps ſuperior to any other writer of blank verſe: His flow is ſmooth, and his pauſes are muſical; but the concatenation of his verſes is commonly too long continued, and the full cloſe does not recur with ſufficient frequency. The verſe is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated clauſes; and as nothing is diſtinguiſhed, nothing is remembered.

" The exemption which blank verſe affords from the neceſſity of cloſing the ſenſe with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into ſuch ſelf-indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not eaſily perſuaded to cloſe the ſenſe at all. Blank verſe will therefore, I fear, be too often found in deſcription exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tireſome.

" His diction is certainly poetical, as it is not proſaic, and elegant, as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended as having fewer artifices of diſguſt than moſt of his brethern of the blank ſong. He rarely either recals old phraſes, or twiſts his metre into harſh inverſions. The ſenſe, however, of his words is ſtrained, when " he views the Ganges from Alpine heights," that is, from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant ſurely intrudes (but when was blank verſe without pedantry?) when he tells us how: " planets *abſolve* the ſtated round of time."

" It is generally known to the readers of poetry, that he intended to reviſe and augment this work, but died before he had completed his deſign. The reformed work, as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the preſent collection. He ſeems to have ſomewhat contracted his diffuſion; but I know not whether he has gained in cloſeneſs what he has loſt in ſplendour. In the additional book, his *Tale of Solon* is too long.

" It is not eaſy to gueſs why he addicted himſelf ſo dilligently to lyric poetry, having neither the eaſe and airineſs of the lighter, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers ſeem to deſert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expreſſion, nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words inelegant. Yet ſuch was his love of lyrics, that having once written with great vigour and poignancy his *Epiſtle to Curio*, he transformed it afterwards into an ode, diſgraceful only to its author.

" Of his *Odes* nothing favourable can be ſaid; the ſentiments commonly want force, nature, or novelty; the diction is ſometimes harſh and uncouth; the ſtanzas ill-conſtructed, and unpleaſant, and the rhymes diſſonant or unſkilfully diſpoſed, too diſtant from each other, or arranged with too little regard to eſtabliſhed uſe, and therefore unpleaſing to the ear, which, in a ſhort compoſition, has not time to grow familiar with an innovation.

" To examine ſuch compoſitions ſingly cannot be required: They have doubtleſs brighter and darker parts; but when they are once found to be generally dull, all further trouble may be ſpared; for to what uſe can the work be criticiſed that will not be read?"

THE WORKS OF AKENSIDE.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἀσεβεῖσθαί ἐστιν ἀνθρώπῳ τὰς παρὰ τοῦ θεοῦ χάριτας ἀτιμάζειν.

EPICT. apud Arrian. II. 23.

Published in the Year M,DCC,XLIV.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS volume contains a complete collection of the poems of the late Dr. Akenside, either reprinted from the original editions, or faithfully published from copies which had been prepared by himself for publication.

That the principal poem should appear in so disadvantageous a state, may require some explanation. The first publication of it was at a very early part of the author's life. That it wanted revision and correction, he was sufficiently sensible; but so quick was the demand for several successive republications, that in any of the intervals, to have completed the whole of his corrections was utterly impossible; and yet to have gone on from time to time making farther improvements in every new edition would (he thought) have had the appearance at least of abusing the favour of the public. He chose therefore, to continue for some time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publishing any corrections or improvements until he should be able at once to give them to the public complete. And with this view he went on for several years to review and correct the poem at his leisure; till at length he found the task grow so much upon his hands, that, despairing of ever being able to execute it sufficiently to his own satisfaction, he abandoned the purpose of correcting, and resolved to write the poem over a new upon a somewhat different and an enlarged plan. And in the execution of this design he had made a considerable progress. What reason there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will best appear from the perusal of the plan itself, as stated in the general Argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here published. For the person *, to whom he intrusted the disposal of his papers, would have thought himself wanting as well to the service of the public, as to the fame of his friend, if he had not produced as much of the work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he considered the entire first and second books, of which a few copies had been printed for the use only of the author and certain friends: also a very considerable part of the third book, which had been transcribed in order to its being printed in the same manner: and to these is added the Introduction to a subsequent book, which in the manuscript is called the fourth, and which appears to have been composed at the time when the author intended to comprise the whole in four books; but which, as he had afterwards determined to distribute the poem into more books, might perhaps more properly be called the last book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the editor too valuable, even in its imperfect state, to be withholden from the public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too small a part of the original poem to supply its place, and to supersede the re-publication of it. For which reason, both the poems are inserted in this collection.

Of Odes, the author had designed to make up two books, consisting of twenty odes each, including the several odes which he had before published at different times.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the sixth volume of Dodsley's Miscellanies, with a few corrections and the addition of some notes. To

[* *The Right Hon. Jeremiah Dyson; by whom this advertisement was written.*]

the Inſcriptions taken from the ſame volume, three new inſcriptions are added; the laſt of which, is the only inſtance wherein liberty has been taken of inſerting any thing in this collection, which did not appear to have been intended by the author for publication *; among whoſe papers no copy of this was found, but it is printed from a copy which he had many years ſince given to the editor.

The author of theſe poems was born at Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, on the 9th day of November 1721. He was educated at the Grammer School at Newcaſtle and at the Univerſities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his degree of Doctor in Phyſic. He was afterwards admitted by Mandamus, to the degree of Doctor in Phyſic, in the Univerſity of Cambridge; elected a fellow of the Royal College of phyſicians, and one of the phyſicians of St. Thomas's hoſpital; and upon the eſtabliſhment of the Queen's houſehold, appointed one of the phyſicians to her Majeſty. He died of a putrid fever, on the 23d day of June 1770, and is buried in the parish church of St. James's Weſtminſter.

THE DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature, which ſeem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily ſenſe and the faculties of moral perception: They have been called by a very general name, *The Powers of Imagination.* Like the external ſenſes, they relate to matter and motion; and at the ſame time, give the mind ideas analogous to thoſe of moral approbation and diſlike. As they are the inlets of ſome of the moſt exquiſite pleaſures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened that men of warm and ſenſible tempers have ſought means to recall the delightful preceptions which they afford, independent of the object which originally produced them. This gave riſe to the imitative or deſigning arts; ſome of which, as painting and ſculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as muſic and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by ſigns univerſally eſtabliſhed and underſtood.

But theſe arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of courſe led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers: eſpecially poetry, which, making uſe of language as the inſtrument by which it imitates, it conſequently becomes an unlimited repreſentative of every ſpecies and mode of being. Yet, as their intention was only to expreſs the objects of imagination, and as they ſtill abound chiefly in ideas of that claſs, they of courſe retain their original character; and all the different pleaſures which they excite, are termed, in general, *Pleaſures of Imagination.*

The deſign of the following poem is to give a view of *theſe* in the largeſt acceptation of the term; *ſo that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with, either in poetry, painting, muſic, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of thoſe principles in the conſtitution of the human mind, which are here eſtabliſhed and explained.*

In executing this general plan, it was neceſſary, firſt of all, to diſtinguiſh the imagination from our other faculties; and, in the next place, to characterize thoſe original forms or properties of being, about which it is converſant, and which are by nature adapted to it as light is to the eyes, or truth to the underſtanding. Theſe properties Mr. Addiſon had reduced to the three general claſſes of greatneſs, novelty, and beauty; and into theſe we may analyſe every object, however complex, which, properly ſpeaking, is delightful to the imagination. But ſuch an object may alſo include many other ſources of pleaſure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a ſtronger impreſſion by reaſon of this concurrence. Beſides which, the imitative arts, eſpecially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *ſimilar* exhibition of properties quite *foreign* to the imagination, inſomuch that in every line of the moſt applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external ſenſes, or truths diſcovered to the underſtanding, or illuſtrations of contrivance and final cauſes, or, above all the reſt, with circumſtances proper to awaken and engage the paſſions. It was therefore neceſſary to enumerate and exemplify theſe different ſpecies of pleaſure; eſpecially that from the paſſions, which, as it is ſupreme in the nobleſt work of human genius, ſo being in ſome particulars not a little ſurpriſing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After theſe parts of the ſubject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and intereſt the mind, a pleaſure of a very different nature, that which ariſes from ridicule, came next to be conſidered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illuſtration, and to diſtinguiſh the general ſources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of ſtyle became neceſſary; ſuch a one as might yet be conſiſtent, if poſſible, with the general taſte of compoſition in the ſerious parts of the ſubject: nor is it an eaſy taſk to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expreſſions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of profeſſed ſatire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illuſtrate ſome particular pleaſures, which ariſe either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itſelf. Of the firſt, is that various and complicated reſemblance exiſting between ſeveral parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it ſeems in a great meaſure to depend on the early aſſociation of our ideas,

[* *In the preſent edition, a few pieces are added, which are known to be genuine, and which certainly are no diſcredit to their author. But theſe are all placed at the end.*]

and as this habit of aſſociating is the ſource of many pleaſures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great ſhare in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects deſcribed. Then follows a general account of the production of theſe elegant arts, and of the ſecondary pleaſure, as it is called, ariſing from the reſemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with ſome reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral uſefulneſs in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of compoſition which prevails in this piece, little can be ſaid with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and ſimple one of the firſt Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epiſtolary way of Horace. This latter has ſeveral advantages. It admits of a greater variety of ſtyle; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of converſation; and, eſpecially with the aſſiſtance of rhyme, leads to a cloſer and more conciſe expreſſion. Add to this, the example of the moſt perfect of modern poets, who has ſo happily applied this manner to the nobleſt parts of philoſophy, that the public taſte is in a great meaſure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the ſubject before us, tending almoſt conſtantly to admiration and enthuſiaſm, ſeemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured ſtyle. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not ſo much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the moſt engaging proſpects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means inſenſibly diſpoſe the minds of men to a ſimilar taſte and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is ſo careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of Nature in every principle of the human conſtitution here inſiſted on; and alſo to unite the moral excellencies of life in the ſame point of view with the mere external objects of good taſte; thus recommending them in common to our natural propenſity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The ſame views have alſo led him to introduce ſome ſentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the ſubject; but, ſince they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultleſs model of didactic poetry, will beſt ſupport him in this particular. For the ſentiments themſelves, he makes no apology.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the Divine Mind, the origin of every quality pleaſing to the imagination. The natural variety of conſtitution to the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The idea of a fine imagination, and the ſtate of the mind in the enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures which it affords. All the primary pleaſures of the imagination reſult from the perception of greatneſs, or wonderfulneſs, or beauty in objects. The pleaſure from greatneſs, with its final cauſe. Pleaſure from novelty or wonderfulneſs, with its final cauſe. Pleaſure from beauty, with its final cauſe. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the ſtudy of moral philoſophy. The different degrees of beauty in different ſpecies of objects: colour; ſhape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The ſublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. Concluſion.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touching the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verſe unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of muſical delight! and while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou, ſmiling queen of every tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakſpeare lies, be preſent: and with
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings [thee
Wafting ten thouſand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye, [forms,
She blends and ſhifts at will, through countleſs
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal harmony! deſcend
And join this feſtive ſtrain? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come
Her ſiſter Liberty will not be far.
Be preſent all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footſteps of the youthful bard,
New to your ſprings and ſhades: who touch his ear
With finer ſounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic ſtrain
The critic-verſe employ'd; yet ſtill unſung
Lay this prime ſubject, though importing moſt
A poet's name: for fruitleſs is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obſcure to conquer the ſevere aſcent

Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius; nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings.
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar
High as the ſummit; there to breathe at large
Æthereal air; with bards and ſages old,
Immortal ſons of praiſe. Theſe flattering ſcenes,
To this neglected labour court my ſong;
Yet not unconſcious what a doubtful taſk
To paint the fineſt features of the mind,
And to moſt ſubtle and myſterious things
Give colour, ſtrength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muſes bids explore,
Through ſecret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region to detect,
Untaſted ſprings, to drink inſpiring draughts,
And ſhade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound receſs,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From heaven my ſtrains begin; from heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp; [globe,
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams, adorn'd the
Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty One: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and ſtreams, the rolling globe,
And wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves; [cold;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man! with wiſe intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven; to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To this the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded through the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial powers,
Or of ſweet ſounds, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays; till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the expreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its enchantment: fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and Elyſian groves,
And vales of bliſs: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And ſmiles: the paſſions, gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of nature warms, O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliеſt features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confeſſes; the ſublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I ſee them drawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently raiſ'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt:
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfaultering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope, [burns

That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs control of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconſtrained view
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with ſhade
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heaven-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Through fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſt the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
The empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travel'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things,
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovereign Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Through all the aſcent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul? What pity then
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth,
Her tender bloſſom; choke the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.

Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active power
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, though beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things,
For ſuch the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wondrous tale,
From morn till eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion, of unquiet ſouls
Riſen from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the crowd recoil
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhivering ſighs: till eager for the event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo! diſcloſ'd in all her ſmiling pomp,
Where beauty onward moving claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire: the freely-flowing verſe
In thy immortal praiſe, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent ſtream. Thee, Beauty,
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The moſſy roofs adore: thou, better ſun!
For ever beameſt on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brighteſt progeny of heaven!
How ſhall I trace thy features? where ſelect
The roſeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haſte then, my ſong, thro' nature's wide expanſe,
Haſte then, and gather all her comelieſt wealth,
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing autumn to the Atlantic iſles,
And range with him the Heſperian field, and ſee
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil, the tender cluſters grow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd ſhades,
The ſmooth Peneus from his glaſſy flood

Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews,
And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear them, unreprov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel-form
For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks: disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love,
With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
Their soft allurement. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier I'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car and smil'd,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Triton's tune their vocal shells,
And each cerulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of superstition dress'd in wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys: my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active life are strangers! Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene
Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
Of baleful superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then should my powerful verse at once dispell
Those monkish horrors: then in light divine
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged genius and the choir
Of laurel'd science, and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleasures languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting, whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul

That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.
Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape,
Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of nature has infus'd,
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the spring resume;
And such the stately tree with autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth whose dictates bind
Assenting reason the benignant sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the tolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene,
Yet watchful raises the majestic sword

Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the ſacred volume of the laws.
  Genius of ancient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Well-pleas'd I follow through the ſacred paths
Of nature and of ſcience; nurſe divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praiſe
Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That ſoothes this vernal evening into ſmiles,
I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
Of ſtrife and low ambition, to attend
Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps ne'er profan'd.
Deſcend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Perſian tyrant, foil'd and ſtung
With ſhame and deſperation, gnaſh'd his teeth
To ſee thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy godlike ſires
Of civil wiſdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way
Trough fair Lycèum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft enchanted with Socratic ſounds,
Iliſſus pure devolv'd his tuneful ſtream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming ſtore
Of theſe auſpicious fields, may I unblam'd
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient wiſdom! while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal
Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

BOOK II.

THE ſeparation of the works of imagination from philoſophy, the cauſe of their abuſe among the moderns. Proſpect of the re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleaſures, which increaſe the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleaſures of ſenſe. Particular circumſtances of the mind. Diſcovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and deſign. Emotion of the paſſion. All the natural paſſions partake of a pleaſing ſenſation; with the final cauſe of this conſtitution illuſtrated by an allegorical viſion, and exemplified in ſorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN ſhall the laurel and the vocal ſtring
Reſume their honours? When ſhall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
Aſpire to ancient praiſe? Alas! how faint,
How ſlow, the dawn of beauty and of truth
Breaks the reluctant ſhades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they
Beneath the furies of rapacious force; [groan'd
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron-ſwarms
Tempeſtuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blaſted the Italian ſhore, and ſwept the works
Of liberty and wiſdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
In noon-tide darkneſs by the glimmering lamp,
Each muſe and each fair ſcience pin'd away
The ſordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
Their myſteries profan'd, unſtrung the lyre,
And chain'd the ſoaring pinion down to earth.
At laſt the muſes roſe, and ſpurn'd their bonds,
And, wildly warbling, ſcatter'd, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valcluſa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border and the ſhore
Of ſoft Parthenope. But ſtill the rage
Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims and from the buſy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating ſcience to the cells,
Where ſtudious eaſe conſumes the ſilent hour
In ſhadowy ſearches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
To prieſtly domination and the luſt
Of lawleſs courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have reſign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue
Was tun'd for ſlaviſh pæans at the throne
Of tinſel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their proſtrate necks
The fable tyrant plants his heel ſecure.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fixed at length
For endleſs years on Albion's happy ſhore
In full proportion, once more ſhall extend
To all the kindred powers of ſocial bliſs
A common manſion, a parental roof.
There ſhall the virtues, there ſhall wiſdom's train,
Their long-loſt friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the ſmiling family of arts,
The muſes and the graces. Then no more
Shall vice, diſtracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high diſtaſte and ſcorn
Turn from their charms the philoſophic eye,
The patriot-boſom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footſteps haughty and ſevere
In gloomy ſtate be trod: the harmonious muſe
And her perſuaſive ſiſters then ſhall plant
Their ſheltering laurels o'er the black aſcent,
And ſcatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine philoſophy's retreats,
And teach the muſe her lore; already ſtrove
Their long-divided honours to unite.
While tempering this deep argument we ſang
Of truth and beauty. Now the ſame glad taſk
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We haſten to recount the various ſprings
Of adventitious pleaſure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. The ſweets of ſenſe,
Do they not oft with kind acceſſion flow,
To raiſe harmonious fancy's native charm?
So while we taſte the fragrance of the roſe,
Glows not her bluſh the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill

Guſh through the trickling herbage, to the thirſt
Of ſummer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreſhment; o'er the moſſy brink
Shines not the ſurface clearer, and the waves
With ſweeter muſic murmur as they flow?
  Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumſtance aſſumes
A moment's diſpoſition to rejoice
In thoſe delights which at a different hour
Would paſs unheeded. Fair the face of ſpring,
When rural ſongs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of ſickneſs long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When firſt with freſh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the bleſſed ſun
Warm at his boſom, from the ſprings of life
Chaſing oppreſſive damps and languid pain!
  Or ſhall I mention, where celeſtial truth
Her awful light diſcloſes, to beſtow
A more majeſtic pomp on beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his underſtanding's eye,
Than all the blandiſhments of ſound his ear,
Than all of taſte his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have ſhone ſo pleaſing, as when firſt
The hand of ſcience pointed out the path
In which the ſun-beams gleaming from the weſt
Fall on the watery cloud, whoſe darkſome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling ſhower
Piercing through every cryſtalline convex
Of cluſtering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal ſurface on each glaſſy orb
Repells their forward paſſage into air;
That thence direct they ſeek the radiant goal
From which their courſe began; and, as they
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye, [ſtrike
Aſſume a different luſtre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the ſplendid roſe
To the pale violet's dejected hue.
  Or ſhall we touch that kind acceſs of joy,
That ſprings to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wiſdom's artful aim
Diſpoſing every part, and gaining ſtill
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whoſe favour'd ſteps
The lamp of ſcience through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her ſecret honours: whether in the ſky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the penſile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-ſuſtaining earth,
Or fine-adjuſted ſprings of life and ſenſe,
Ye ſcan the counſels of their author's hand.
  What, when to raiſe the meditated ſcene,
The flame of paſſion through the ſtruggling ſoul
Deep-kindled, ſhows acroſs that ſudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vaſt of ſize,
With fiercer colours and a night of ſhade?
What? like a ſtorm from their capacious bed
The ſounding ſeas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of theſe erruptions, working from the depth
Of man's ſtrong apprehenſion, ſhakes his frame
Ev'n to the baſe; from every naked ſenſe
Of pain or pleaſure diſſipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb faſhion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature ſpeaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their ſouls,
Declare with what accumulated force,
The impetuous nerve of paſſion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.
  Yet more; her honours where no beauty claims
Nor ſhows of good the thirſty ſenſe allure,
From paſſion's power alone our nature holds
Eſſential pleaſure. Paſſion's fierce illapſe
Rouſes the mind's whole fabric; with ſupplies
Of daily impulſe keeps the elaſtic powers
Intenſely pois'd, and poliſhes anew
By that colliſion all the fine machine:
Elſe ruſt would riſe, and foulneſs, by degrees
Encumbering, choke at laſt what heaven deſign'd
For ceaſeleſs motion and a round of toil.
—But ſay, does every paſſion thus to man
Adminiſter delight? That name indeed
Becomes the roſy breath of love; becomes
The radiant ſmiles of joy, the applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter ſhower
That ſorrow ſheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palſy of nocturnal fear,
Or thoſe conſuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then liſten while my tongue
The unalter'd will of heaven, with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius, wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the ſchools
Of wiſdom, or thy lonely-whiſpering voice,
O faithful nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and ſupport this mighty frame
Of univerſal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have ſtolen unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the ſage his awful tale began.
  'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When ſpotleſs youth with ſolitude reſigns
To ſweet philoſophy the ſtudious day,
What time pale autumn ſhades the ſilent eve,
Muſing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When ſtarting full on fancy's guſhing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentleſt wiſdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to ſnatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy laſt farewell
Struck to the inmoſt feeling of my ſoul
As with the hand of death. At once the ſhade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarſer murmuring ſhook the branches. Dark
As midnight ſtorms, the ſcene of human things
Appear'd before me; deſerts, burning ſands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen ſouth;
And deſolation blaſting all the weſt
With rapine and with murder, tyrant power,
Here ſits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of ſuperſtition there infect the ſkies,
And turn the ſun to horror. Gracious heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot theſe,
Not theſe portents thy awful will ſuffice?

That, propagated thus beyond their ſcope,
They riſe to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted boſom, thus decreed
The univerſal ſenſitive of pain,
The wretched heirs of evils not its own!
  Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd,
A flaſhing torrent of celeſtial day [ſcent
Burſt through the ſhadowy void. With ſlow de-
A purple cloud came floating through the ſky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view, till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majeſtic o'er my head,
And inſtant thunder ſhook the conſcious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
Then all the ſhining viſion ſtood reveal'd.
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his ſhoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the tranſparent robe, around his waiſt
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Ethereal; there in myſtic ſigns engrav'd,
I read his office high and ſacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike preſence; for athwart his brow
Diſpleaſure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like diſtant thunders broke the murmuring air.
  Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy ſhort ſpan
Capacious of this univerſal frame?
Thy wiſdom all-ſufficient? Thou, alas!
Doſt thou aſpire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Againſt the ſovereign order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaſpheme the bands
Of tenderneſs innate and ſocial love,
Holieſt of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union and ſuſtain'd
From everlaſting? Haſt thou felt the pangs
Of ſoftening ſorrow, of indignant zeal
So grievous to the ſoul, as thence to wiſh
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That ſo thy ſelfiſh, unrelenting heart
Might ceaſe to mourn its lot, no longer then,
The wretched heir of evils not its own?.
O fair benevolence of generous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!
  He ſpoke; abaſh'd and ſilent I remain'd,
As conſcious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
Before his preſence, though my ſecret ſoul
Diſdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He ſtoop'd ſublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, Raiſe thy ſight, he cry'd,
And let thy ſenſe convince thy erring tongue.
  I look'd, and lo! the former ſcene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and ſurrounding trees,
A ſolitary proſpect, wide and wild,
Ruſh'd on my ſenſes. 'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills and many a ſhaggy foreſt mix'd,
With many a ſable cliff and glittering ſtream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever trickling ſprings
Waſh'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling ſoil; and ſtill at every fall
Down the ſteep windings of the channel'd rock,
Remurmuring ruſh'd the congregated floods
With hoarſer inundation; till at laſt
They reach'd a graſſy plain, which from the ſkirts
Of that high deſert ſpread her verdant lap,
And drank the guſhing moiſture, where confin'd
In one ſmooth current, o'er the lilied vale
Clearer than glaſs it flow'd. Autumnal ſpoils
Luxuriant ſpreading to the rays of morn,
Bluſh'd o'er the cliffs, whoſe half-encircling mound
As in a ſylvan theatre enclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I ſpy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the ſilver ſhade
Of oſiers. Now the weſtern ſun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd acroſs the ſhadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow ſtream of light
That cheer'd the ſolemn ſcene. My liſtening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in ſilence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that celeſtial power, the myſtic ſhow
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.
  Inhabitants of earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
Receive my ſayings with a ſtedfaſt ear—
Know then, the ſov'reign ſpirit of the world,
Though, ſelf-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep eſſence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete;
Yet by immenſe benignity inclin'd
To ſpread around him that primeval joy
Which fill'd himſelf, he rais'd his plaſtic arm,
And ſounded through the hollow depth of ſpace
The ſtrong, creative mandate. Strait aroſe
Theſe heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effuſive kindled by his breath divine
Through endleſs forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,
In meaſure ſuch, that, from the wide complex
Of co-exiſtent orders, one might riſe,
One order, all involving and intire.
He too beholding in the ſacred light
Of his eſſential reaſon, all the ſhapes
Of ſwift contingence, all ſucceſſive ties
Of action propagated through the ſum
Of poſſible exiſtence, he at once,
Down the long ſeries of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd,
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That all conſpir'd to his ſupreme deſign,
To univerſal good: with full accord
Anſwering the mighty model he had choſen,
The beſt and faireſt of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlaſting in the ſtore
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodneſs to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increaſe
Of happineſs and virtue has adorn'd
The vaſt harmonious frame: his parent hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher ſcenes of being; while ſupply'd
From day to day with his enlivening breath,

Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
Obedient ſwells, and every headlong ſtream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
The ſun of being, boundleſs, unimpair'd,
Centre of ſouls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature ceaſe to prompt their eager ſteps
Aright; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From granting to the taſk proportion'd aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.
  That rocky pile thou ſeeſt, that verdant lawn
Freſh water'd from the mountains. Let the ſcene
Paint in thy fancy the primeval ſeat
Of man, and where the will ſupreme ordain'd
His manſion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
Along the ſhady brink; in this receſs
To wear the appointed ſeaſon of his youth,
Till riper hours ſhould open to his toil
The high communion of ſuperior minds,
Of conſecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cheriſh; nor withheld
Celeſtial footſteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He ſent whom moſt he lov'd, the ſovran fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold;
The goddeſs from whoſe inſpiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whoſe work divine, in heaven or earth,
Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to paſs,
Nor hope, nor praiſe, nor honour. Her the ſire
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young deſires,
And from the laws of this majeſtic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her ſide
With conſtant ſteps her gay companions ſtay'd
The fair Euphroſyne, the gentle queen
Of ſmiles, and graceful gladneſs, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the ſhining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now diſclos'd
They quit their youthful charge, and ſeek the ſkies.
  I look'd, and on the flowery turf there ſtood
Between two radiant forms a ſmiling youth
Whoſe tender cheeks diſplay'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; ſweeteſt innocence illum'd
His baſhful eyes, and on his poliſh'd brow
Sate young ſimplicity: With fond regard
He view'd the aſſociates, as their ſteps they mov'd;
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the ſtar of evening ſhe appear'd
Amid the duſky ſcene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And ſmiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy luſtre of the morn
Effuſive trembling on the placid waves.
The ſpring of heaven had ſhed its bluſhing ſpoils
To bind her ſable treſſes: full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand ſhe wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
To chaſe the cloud of ſadneſs. More ſublime
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her ſteps. The preſence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
From each majeſtic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cheriſh'd by her looks
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture ſoften'd all the ſoul.
Free in her graceful hand ſhe pois'd the ſword
Of chaſte dominion. An heroic crown
Diſplay'd the old ſimplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the ſunſhine ſtreams through vernal clouds,
Her ſtately form inveſted. Hand in hand
The immortal pair forſook the enamel'd green,
Aſcending ſlowly. Rays of limpid light heard,
Gleam'd round their path; celeſtial ſounds were
And through the fragrant air ethereal dews
Diſtill'd around them; till at once the clouds
Diſparting wide in midway ſky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanſe
Of empyrean flame, where ſpent and drown'd,
Afflicted viſion plung'd in vain to ſcan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Endur'd not. Bending down to earth I ſtood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watery murmurs ſweet, or warbling ſhades,
With ſacred invocation thus began:
  Father of gods and mortals! whoſe right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleas'd
I ſeek to finiſh thy divine decree.
With frequent ſteps I viſit yonder ſeat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender ſeeds
Of juſtice and of wiſdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous frame;
Till thy conducting hand ſhall raiſe his lot
From earth's dim ſcene to theſe ethereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid,
The aſſociate thou haſt given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! abſent, her he craves;
And but for her glad preſence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpoſe to fulfil,
I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unleſs by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.
  She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd:
O thou! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Beſt image of thy author! far from thee
Be diſappointment, or diſtaſte, or blame;
Who ſoon or late ſhall every work fulfil,
And no reſiſtance find. If man refuſe
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
That joy which he purſues he ne'er ſhall taſte.
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil;
Go then! but let not this thy ſmiling friend
Partake thy footſteps. In her ſtead, behold

With thee the ſon of Nemeſis I ſend;
The fiend abhorr'd! whoſe vengeance takes ac-
Of ſacred order's violated laws. [count
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhauſt the tempeſt of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Control his cruel phrenzy and protect
Thy tender charge; that when deſpair ſhall graſp
His agonizing boſom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone ſufficient in the hour of ill,
To ſave his feeble ſpirit; then confeſs
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair!
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging demon, all the ſtorms
Of night infernal, ſerve but to diſplay
The energy of thy ſuperior charms
With mildeſt awe triumphant o'er his rage,
And ſhining clearer in the horrid gloom.
  Here ceas'd that awful voice, and ſoon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreſhing eve
Was cloſ'd once more, from that immortal fire
Sheltering my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
A vaſt gigantic ſpectre ſtriding on [clouds,
Through murmuring thunders and a waſte of
With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
Relentleſs frowns involv'd. His ſavage limbs
With ſharp impatience violent he writh'd,
As through convulſive anguiſh; and his hand,
Arm'd with a ſcorpion-laſh, full oft he rais'd
In madneſs to his boſom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he ſhook
The void with horror. Silent by his ſide
The virgin came. No diſcompoſure ſtirr'd
Her features. From the glooms which hung
  around
No ſtain of darkneſs mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they ſtoop
Upon the river bank; and now to hail,
His wonted gueſts, with eager ſteps advanc'd
The unſuſpecting inmate of the ſhade.
  As when a famiſh'd wolf, that all night long
Had rang'd the Alpine ſnows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the ſmoke
Of ſome lone village, a neglected kid
That ſtrays along the wild for herb or ſpring;
Down from the winding ridge he ſweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: ſo with tenfold rage,
The monſter ſprung remorſeleſs on his prey.
Amaz'd the ſtripling ſtood: with panting breaſt
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of helpleſs conſternation, ſtruck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tendereſt care
Advanc'd to ſave him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempeſtuous arm
Hung nerveleſs, nor deſcended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
With ſullen rancour. Lo! the ſovran maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his roſy cheek; [tongue.
Then graſps his hands, and cheers him with her
  O wake thee, rouſe thy ſpirit! Shall the ſpite
Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To reſcue and to heal? O let thy ſoul
Remember, what the will of heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
And ſoothing ſunſhine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flouriſh. Oft miſled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reaſon wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim; as if to lie
Inglorious in the fragrant ſhade, and wait
The ſoft acceſs of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Aſk thyſelf,
This pleaſing error did it never lull
Thy wiſhes? Has thy conſtant heart refus'd
The ſilken fetters of delicious eaſe?
Or when divine Euphroſyne appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy deſires
Hang far below the meaſure of thy fate,
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counſels, turn away
To drink the ſoft effuſion of her ſmiles?
Know then, for this the everlaſting ſire
Deprives thee of her preſence, and inſtead,
O wiſe and ſtill benevolent! ordains
This horrid viſage hither to purſue
My ſteps; that ſo thy nature may diſcern
Its real good, and what alone can ſave
Thy feeble ſpirit in this hour of ill
From folly and deſpair. O yet belov'd!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy ſcatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud aſſault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
Above the generous queſtion of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakneſs ſtrong,
This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, then with eaſe
Diſarm'd and quell'd, his fierceneſs he reſigns
To bondage and to ſcorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceaſing toil,
The immortal mind, ſuperior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the ſolid baſe of this great world,
Reſts on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempeſt on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble ſky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be looſen'd from their ſeats; yet ſtill ſerene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the
  wreck;
And ever ſtronger as the ſtorms advance,
Firm through the cloſing ruin holds his way,
Where nature calls him to the deſtin'd goal.
  So ſpake the goddeſs; while through all her
Celeſtial raptures flow'd, in every word, [frame
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To ſeize who liſten'd. Vehement and ſwift
As lightning fires the aromatic ſhade
In Ethiopian fields, the ſtripling felt
Her inſpiration catch his fervid ſoul,
And ſtarting from his languor thus exclaim'd:
  Then let the trial come! and witneſs thou,
If terror be upon me; if I ſhrink
To meet the ſtorm, or faulter in my ſtrength
When hardeſt it beſets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of ſoul,
As late thy eyes beheld, for thou haſt chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou

Forſake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may liſten to thy ſacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my conſtant feet.
But ſay, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, ſhall the fair Euphroſyne not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To queſtion thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercaſt
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear
His hateful preſence: but permit my tongue
One glad requeſt, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O reſtore
The roſy-featur'd maid, again to cheer
This lonely ſeat, and bleſs me with her ſmiles.
He ſpoke; when inſtant through the ſable glooms
With which that furious preſence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flaſh; the melting clouds
Flew diverſe, and amid the blue ſerene
Euphroſyne appear'd. With ſprightly ſtep
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began:
Lo! I am here to anſwer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we ſhall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the ſtream
Repeats the accents; we ſhall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well pleas'd on high
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that ſtern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever ſpake
The high decree: that thou, celeſtial maid!
Howe'er that griſly phantom on thy ſteps
May ſometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, deſcending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphroſyne behind.
She ended; and the whole romantic ſcene
Immediate vaniſh'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each myſterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When ſun-ſhine fills the bed. A while I ſtood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the viſionary landſcape riſe,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentleſt looks
Preventing my inquiry, thus began:
There let thy ſoul acknowledge its complaint
How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent, and wiſe:
That virtue's awful ſteps, howe'er purſued
By vexing fortune and intruſive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, pleaſure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoftening ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of paſſion ſwelling with diſtreſs and pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aching breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Aſk the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while ſacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down: O! deemeſt thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Aſk thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that ſtudious gloom thy pauſing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the preſent power
Of heaven and earth ſurveys the immortal page,
Even as a father bleſſing, while he reads
The praiſes of his ſon. If then thy ſoul,
Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the proſpect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of curſt ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
Lie ſide by ſide in gore; when ruffian pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward-age
Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs rapine from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,

Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs: Or wouldſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſt be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its fire.

BOOK III.

PLEASURE in obſerving the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or abſurd. The origin of vice, from falſe repreſentations of the fancy, producing falſe opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general ſources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cauſe of the ſenſe of ridicule. The reſemblance of certain aſpects of inanimate things to the ſenſations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, deſcribed. The ſecondary pleaſure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illuſtrated in the arbitrary connexion of theſe pleaſures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taſte. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages reſulting from a ſenſible and well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, ſince the endearing ties
Of paſſion link the univerſal kind
Of man ſo cloſe, what wonder if to ſearch
This common nature through the various change
Of ſex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the buſy mind
With unreſiſted charms: the ſpacious weſt,
And all the teeming regions of the ſouth
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half ſo tempting or ſo fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the ſmiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applauſe
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On virtue's graceful deeds. For ſince the courſe
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehenſions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; ſo happly where the powers
Of fancy neither leſſen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; their opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion ſays he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the ſound of death
Sees ghaſtly ſhapes of terror conjur'd up, [groans
And black before him; nought but death-bed
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in ſuch a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of ſacred ſenates, nor the guardian voice
Of juſtice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conſcious boſom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or ſtand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not chooſe to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirſt
Of youth oft ſwallows a Circean draught,
That ſheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reaſon, till no longer he diſcerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurns him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus ambition graſps
The empire of the ſoul: thus pale revenge
Unſheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of luſt and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling ſcene
The tragic muſe diſcloſes, under ſhapes
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the mind. Yet not by all
Thoſe lying forms which fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling paſſions driven,
To guilty deeds; nor reaſon bound in chains,
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With ſolemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears; a thouſand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing of nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
A ſtricter note: now happly muſt my ſong
Unbend her ſerious meaſure, and reveal
In lighter ſtrains, how folly's awkward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
The ſportive province of the comic muſe.
  See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outſtrip the other, each prevent
Our careful ſearch, and offer to your gaze,
Unaſk'd his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious friends! and let us firſt arrange
In proper order your promiſcuous throng.
  Behold the foremoſt band of ſlender thought,
And eaſy faith; whom flattering fancy ſoothes
With lying ſpectres, in themſelves to view
Illuſtrious forms of excellence and good,
That ſcorn the manſion. With exulting hearts
They ſpread their ſpurious treaſures to the ſun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wiſhful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,

And lifts with ſelf-applauſe each lordly brow.
In numbers boundleſs as the blooms of ſpring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty ſhades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then ſet up
For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal hand, and ſable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial ſplendor, ſteely pikes and ſwords
Of coſtly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery gold, aſſume the port
Of ſtately valour: liſtening by his ſide
There ſtands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earneſt import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, ſtorms,
And ſulphurous mines, and ambuſh: then at once
Breaks off, and ſmiles to ſee her look ſo pale,
And aſks ſome wondering queſtion of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy enſigns, how ſublime they move,
And bending oft their ſanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the ſimple-minded throng;
Ambaſſadors of heaven! Nor much unlike
Is he whoſe viſage, in the lazy miſt
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whiſpers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy ſchemes,
And dark portents of ſtate. Ten thouſand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntleſs in, and ſwell the boaſtful band.
Then comes the ſecond order, all who ſeek
The debt of praiſe, where watchful unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her ſquinting eye
On ſome retir'd appearance which belies
The boaſted virtue, or annuls the applauſe
That juſtice elſe would pay. Here ſide by ſide
I ſee two leaders of the ſolemn train
Approaching: one a female old and gray,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet ſtill ſhe ſtuns
The ſickening audience with a nauſeous tale;
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how reſolv'd ſhe guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the riſks of love,
And man's ſeducing tongue! The other ſeems
A bearded ſage ungentle in his mien,
And fordid all his habit; peeviſh want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He ſtalks, reſounding in magnific phraſe
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave aſſociates! let the ſilent grace
Of her who bluſhes at the fond regard
Her charms inſpire, more eloquent unfold
The praiſe of ſpotleſs honour: let the man
Whoſe eye regards not his illuſtrious pomp
And ample ſtore, but as indulgent ſtreams
To cheer the barren ſoil and ſpread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juſter meaſures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.
Another tribe ſucceeds; deluded long
By fancy's dazzling optics, theſe behold
The images of ſome peculiar things
With brighter hues reſplendent, and pourtray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinſel charms;
Hence oft obtruſive on the eye of ſcorn,
Untimely zeal her witleſs pride betrays,
And ſerious manhood from the towering aim
Of wiſdom ſtoops to emulate the boaſt
Of childiſh toil. Behold yon myſtic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, inſects, weeds, and ſhells!
Not with intenſer view the Samian ſage
Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenſer fires,
When firſt the order of that radiant ſcene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this ſurveys
A muckworm's entrails, or a ſpider's fang.
Next him a youth with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and bluſhing kneels,
With fondeſt geſture and a ſuppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the buſtling world!
Adieu the ſick impertinence of praiſe!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By ſtreams and ſhades, to ſteal theſe ſighing hours,
Is all he aſks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded cenſor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Fluſh'd with thy comic triumphs and the ſpoils
Of ſly deriſion! till on every ſide
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Aſſign'd thee here thy ſtation with the ſlaves
Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In ſcoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy ſcorn.
But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the muſe's empire hath aſſign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your ſickles; here the teeming ſoil affords
Its richeſt growth. A favourite brood appears;
In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye moſt illuſtrious band!
Who, ſcorning reaſon's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For ſouls ſublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay vice the reverence virtue long uſurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applauſe
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my ſong,
That for the bluſhing diffidence of youth,
It ſhuns the unequal province of your praiſe.
Thus far triumphant in the pleaſing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our ſearch: but now a daſtard kind
Advance reluctant, and with faultering feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye: enfeebled hearts
Whom fancy chills with viſionary fears,
Or bends to ſervile tameneſs with conceits
Of ſhame, of evil, or of baſe defect,
Fantaſtic and deluſive. Here the ſlave
Who droops abaſh'd when ſullen pomp ſurveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and ſtruck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in ſhameful tears,
At every dream of danger: here ſubdued
By frontleſs laughter and the haughty ſcorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject ſoul,
Who bluſhing half reſigns the candid praiſe
Of temperance and honour; half diſowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;

And hears with fickly ſmiles the venal mouth
With fouleſt licence mock the patriot's name.
  Laſt of the motely bands on whom the power
Of gay deriſion bends her hoſtile aim,
Is that where ſhameful ignorance preſides.
Beneath her ſordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confuſion ſtraight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they ſtruggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpoſe; then at laſt
Sit down diſmay'd, and leave the entangled ſcene
For ſcorn to ſport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind; and ſuch the ſhapes
In which ſhe governs her obſequious train.
  Through every ſcene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
Through every ſwift occaſion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her ſallying nerves and chokes her tongue;
What were it but to count each cryſtal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May diſtil? Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick obſerver: whether pomp,
Or praiſe, or beauty, mix their partial claim
Where fordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with violation loath'd,
Invade reſplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boaſt of praiſe.
  Aſk we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms wakes this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful ſtings of laughter, from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
Of truth flow dawning on the inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtle tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil! yet benignant heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thouſands; conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of nature; therefore ſtamp'd
The glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the paſſing clown,
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
  Such are the various aſpects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whoſe unclouded thoughts
Attain that ſecret harmony which blends
The ethereal ſpirit with its mold of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That ſearchleſs nature o'er the ſenſe of man
Diffuſes, to behold, in lifeleſs things,
The inexpreſſive ſemblance of himſelf,
Of thought and paſſion. Mark the ſable woods
That ſhade ſublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the ſolemn ſcene
Commands your ſteps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa ſhould forſake
The Elyſian ſeats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pauſing eye! Behold the expanſe
Of yon gay landſcape, where the ſilver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the ſprightly breeze:
Now their gray cincture ſkirts the doubtful ſun;
Now ſtreams of ſplendour, through their opening veil
Effulgent, ſweep from off the gilded lawn
The aërial ſhadows; on the curling brook,
And on the ſhady margin's quivering leaves
With quickeſt luſtre glancing; while you view
The proſpect, ſay, within your cheerful breaſt
Plays not the lively ſenſe of winning mirth
With clouds and ſun-ſhine checquer'd, while the round
Of ſocial converſe, to the inſpiring tongue
Of ſome gay nymph amid her ſubject train,
Moves all obſequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of ſuch diſcordant things?
Or flows their ſemblance from that myſtic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At firſt were ſtrung? Or rather from the links
Which artful cuſtom twines around her frame?
  For when the different images of things
By chance combin'd, have ſtruck the attentive ſoul
With deeper impulſe, or, connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er diſtinct
The external ſcenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And ſympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates riſe,
And each his former ſtation ſtrait reſumes:
One movement governs the conſenting throng,
And all at once with roſy pleaſure ſhine,
Or all are ſadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles from the informing touch
Of the ſame parent-ſtone, together drew
Its myſtic virtue, and at firſt conſpir'd
With fatal impulſe quivering to the pole:
Then, though diſjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
Roll'd its broad ſurge betwixt, and different ſtars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preſerv'd
The former friendſhip, and remember'd ſtill
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which once poſſeſs'd, nor pauſe, nor quiet knew
The ſure aſſociate, ere with trembling ſpeed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the ſecret union, when we feel
A ſong, a flower, a name, at once reſtore
Thoſe long-connected ſcenes where firſt they mov'd
The attention: backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton fancy to her ſcope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of paſſions and deſigns
Attendant: whence, if pleaſing in itſelf,
The proſpect from that ſweet acceſſion gains
Redoubled influence o'er the liſtening mind.
  By theſe myſterious ties the buſy power
Of memory her ideal train preſerves
Intire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footſteps from the waſte
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to preſent,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,

Their largeſt choice: like ſpring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling ſweetneſs, that the ſkilful bee
May taſte at will, from their ſelected ſpoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanſe
Of living lakes in ſummer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering ſhade, and ſun-bright heavens
With fairer ſemblance; not the ſculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whoſe birth the ſiſter powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial ſtar
Shed influence to the ſeeds of fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd boſom muſt preſerve
The ſeal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial ſweets: the trembling chord
Reſounds for ever in the abſtracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to diſeaſe, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating luſtre. Thus at length
Indow'd with all that nature can beſtow,
The child of fancy oft in ſilence bends
O'er theſe mixt treaſures of his pregnant breaſt,
With conſcious pride. From them he oft reſolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what ſublime reward
Of praiſe and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plaſtic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His boſom, and with loveliеſt phrenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thouſand ſhapes,
Like ſpectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit ſwift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come: the eternal heavens
Diſcloſe their ſplendours, and the dark abyſs
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the riſing phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides
Enlarges and extenuates by turns;
Oppoſes, ranges in fantaſtic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconſtant aim,
With endleſs choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring ſeeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till roſy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant boſom, and the joyful ſun
Sprung up the blue ſerene; by ſwift degrees
Thus diſentangled, his entire deſign
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour ſmiles.
Awhile he ſtands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent becomes to eyes or ears
An object aſcertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic ſkill,
The conſonance of ſounds, the featur'd rock,
The ſhadowy picture and impaſſion'd verſe,
Beyond their proper powers attract the ſoul
By that expreſſive ſemblance, while in ſight
Of nature's great original we ſcan
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that ſublime exemplar whence it ſtole
Thoſe animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to chooſe; and mortal man aſpires
To tempt creative praiſe. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid cruſts of ice
Enclos'd and obvious to the beaming ſun,
Collects his large effulgence; ſtrait the heavens
With equal flames preſent on either hand
The radiant viſage: Perſia ſtands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The ſnowy-veſted ſeer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the ſouth ſhall burn,
To which his warbled oriſons aſcend.
Such various bliſs the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven! while, plung'd in ſordid cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harſh auſterity, from whoſe rebuke
Young love and ſmiling wonder ſhrink away
Abaſh'd and chill of heart, with ſager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my ſtrain,
Perhaps even now, ſome cold, faſtidious judge
Caſts a diſdainful eye; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I ſing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave cenſor! ſay,
Is beauty then a dream, becauſe the glooms
Of dullneſs hang too heavy on thy ſenſe,
To let her ſhine upon thee? So the man
Whoſe eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
Might ſmile with ſcorn while raptur'd viſion tells
Of the gay colour'd radiance flaſhing bright
O'er all creation. From the wiſe be far
Such groſs unhallow'd pride; nor needs my ſong
Deſcend ſo low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold
By what myſterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of ſound
Reſult from airy motion; and from ſhape
The lovely phantoms of ſublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When preſent in the mind, which in themſelves
Have no connection? Sure the riſing ſun
O'er the cerulean convex of the ſea,
With equal brightneſs and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the ſoul
Thus feel her frame expanded and her powers
Exulting in the ſplendour ſhe beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of ſome triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murmuring ſtreams and gales of gentleſt breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful ſtrain
Attemper, could not man's diſcerning ear
Through all its tones the ſympathy purſue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameleſs joy
Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the ſong.
But were not nature ſtill endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With ſuch enchantment: Wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch ethereal ſweetneſs? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs

The impaſſion'd ſoul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus inveſt her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can deſcribe? Whence but from thee,
O ſource divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? Not content
With every food of life to nouriſh man,
By kind illuſions of the wondering ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect; and with inward ſmiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal ſplendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor queſtions more the muſic's mingling ſounds
Than ſpace, or motion, or eternal time;
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad ſurpriſe, by ſecret ſpells
Of ſome kind ſage, the patron of his toils,
A viſionary paradiſe diſclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with ſtreams, and ſhades,
And airy ſongs, the enchanted landſcapes ſmiles,
Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.
What then is taſte, but theſe internal powers
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This, nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow;
But god alone when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſecret bias of the ſoul.
He, mighty parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journeys homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſun-ſhine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky; full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though
In every breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhowers,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from its loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flowery ſtream
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades, and to the liſtening deer
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſound ſoft-warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.
Oh! bleſt of heaven, whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd ſoul! What though not all
Of mortal offſpring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate,
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partaker
Freſh pleaſure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair inſpir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her generous power?
Would ſordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to nature, to the winds

And rolling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

NOTES ON THE THREE BOOKS OF THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

VER. 154. *Say, why was man*, &c.] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the ſublimeſt authors of Greece, "Thoſe godlike geniuſes," ſays Longinus, "were well aſſured, that "nature had not intended man for a low-ſpirited "or ignoble being: but bringing us into life and "the midſt of this wide univerſe, as before a multitude aſſembled at ſome heroic ſolemnity, that "we might be ſpectators of all her magnificence, "and candidates high in emulation for the prize "of glory; ſhe has therefore implanted in our "ſouls an inextinguiſhable love of every thing "great and exalted, of every thing which appears "divine beyond our comprehenſion. Whence it "comes to paſs, that even the whole world is not "an object ſufficient for the depth and rapidity of "human imagination, which often ſallies forth "beyond the limits of all that ſurrounds us. Let "any man caſt his eye through the whole circle "of our exiſtence, and conſider how eſpecially it "abounds in excellent and grand objects; he will "ſoon acknowledge for what enjoyments and "purſuits we were deſtined. Thus by the very "propenſity of nature we are led to admire, not "little ſprings or ſhallow rivulets, however clear "and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Da"nube, and, much more than all, the Ocean, &c." Dionyſ. Longin. de Sublim. § xxiv.

Ver. 202. *The empyreal waſte*:] "Ne ſe peut-il "point qu'il y a un grand eſpace au dela de la "region des etoiles? Que ſe ſoit le ciel empyrée, "ou non, toujours cet eſpace immenſe qui envi"ronne toute cette region, pourra etre rempli de "bonheur & de gloire. Il pourra etre conçu com"me l'ocean, où ſe redent les flueves de toutes les "creatures bienheureuſes, quand elles ſeront ve"nues à leur perfection dans le ſyſteme des etoi"les." Leibnitz dans la Theodicée, part. i. §. 19.

Ver. 204. *Whoſe unfading light*, &c.] It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed ſtars at ſuch a diſtance from our ſolar ſyſtem, as that their light ſhould not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Ver. 234. ——*the neglect*
Of all familiar proſpects, &c. It is here ſaid, that in conſequence of the love of novelty, objects which at firſt were highly delightful to the mind, loſe that effect by repeated attention to them. But the inſtance of *habit* is oppoſed to this obſervation; for *there*, objects at firſt diſtaſteful are in time rendered entirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this caſe will be removed, if we conſider, that, when objects at firſt agreeable, loſe that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *paſſive*, and the preception *involuntary*; but habit, on the other hand, generally ſuppoſes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it; ſo that the pleaſure ariſes here not from the object, but from the mind's *conſcious* determination of its own activity; and conſequently increaſes in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will ſtill be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with diſagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even where there is no room for the mind to *reſolve* or *act* at all. In this caſe, the appearance muſt be accounted for, one of theſe ways:

The pleaſure from habit may be merely negative. The object at firſt gave uneaſineſs; this uneaſineſs gradually wears off as the object grows familiar: and the mind, finding it at laſt entirely removed, reckons its ſituation really pleaſurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The diſlike conceived of the object at firſt, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Conſequently the mind, being neceſſitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own miſtake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with averſion. In which caſe, a ſort of inſtinctive juſtice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondneſs and attachment.

Or laſtly, though the object itſelf ſhould always continue diſagreeable, yet circumſtances of pleaſure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an aſſociation may ariſe in the mind, and the object never be remembered without thoſe pleaſing circumſtances attending it; by which means the diſagreeable impreſſion which it at firſt occaſioned will in time be quite obliterated.

Ver. 240. ——*this deſire*
Of objects new *and* ſtrange——] Theſe two ideas are often confounded; though it is evident the mere *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the leaſt degree of *wonder*: whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleaſure in both caſes is explicable from the ſame final cauſe, the acquiſition of knowledge and enlargement

of our views of nature: on this account, it is natural to treat of them together.

Ver. 374. ——— *Truth and good are one,*
And beauty dwells in them, &c.] "Do "you imagine," says Socrates to Aristippus, "that "what is good is not beautiful? Have you not "observed that these appearances always coincide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect "as to which we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In the characters "of men we always * join the two denominations "together. The beauty of human bodies corresponds, in like manner, with that economy of "parts which constitutes them good; and in every "circumstance of life, the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, inasmuch "as it answers the purposes for which it was designed." Xenophont. Memorab. Socrat. l. iii. c. 8.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosphy; *see the Characteristics*, vol. ii. p. 339 and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly shown, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue*, Treat. i. § 8. As to the connection between *beauty* and *truth*, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which "all rational be"ings must alike perceive beauty in some certain "proportions, and deformity in the contrary." And this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that *beauty* is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are, who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent provision in nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are *best and most perfect in themselves*, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once and without staying to infer their *usefulness* from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, should perceive, one of them *beauty* and the other *deformity*, in the same proportions. And upon this supposition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. Polycletus, for instance, a famous ancient sculptor, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue modelled according to this: a man of mere natural taste, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its *beauty*; whereas a professor of the art applies his measure to the head, the neck, or the hand, and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be *just and true*.

* This the Athenians did in a particular manner, by the word καλοκαγαθὸς, καλοκαγαθία.

Ver. 492 *As when Brutus rose*, &c.] Cicero himself describes this fact—"Cæsare interfecto—statim, "cruentum altè extollens M. Brutus pugionem, "Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei re"cuperatam libertatem est gratulatus." Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.

Ver. 548. *Where virtue rising from the awful depth*
Of truth's mysterious bosom, &c.] According to the opinion of those who assert *moral obligation* to be founded on an immutable and universal law; and that which is usually called the *moral sense*, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earliest associations of ideas.

Ver. 591. *Lyceum.*] The school of Aristotle.

Ver. 592. *Academus.*] The school of Plato.

Ver. 594. *Ilyssus.*] One of the rivers on which Athens was situated. Plato, in some of his finest dialogues, lays the scene of conversation with Socrates on its banks.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 19. *At last the muses rose*, &c.] About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation; a sort of strolling bards or rahpsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry. They attempted both the epic, ode, and satire; and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. These were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; such as Boiardo, Bernardo, Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

Ver. 21. *Valclusa.*] The famous retreat of Francisco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon.

Ver. 22. *Arno.*] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccacio.

Ver. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazarro. The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid. ——*the rage*
Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the Papal power, entirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all Europe.

Ver. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts*, &c.] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, "being thus severed by the "sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently "grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useless, and di"rectly opposite to the real knowledge and prac"tice of the world." Insomuch that "a gentle"man," says another excellent writer, "cannot "easily bring himself to like so austere and un"gainly a form: so greatly is it changed from "what was once the delight of the finest gentle"men of antiquity, and their recreation after the "hurry of public affairs!" From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination; and we have had

the pleaſure of obſerving a very great progreſs made towards their union in England within theſe few years. It is hardly poſſible to conceive them at a greater diſtance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke ſtood at the head of one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general ſpirit of liberty, which has ever ſince been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of perſuaſion gave them with the people, by applying them to ſubjects of importance to ſociety. Thus poetry and eloquence became conſiderable; and philoſophy is now of courſe obliged to borrow of their embelliſhments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

Ver. 157. *From Paſſion's power alone*, &c.] This very myſterious kind of pleaſure, which is often found in the exerciſe of paſſions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by ſeveral authors. Lucretius reſolves it into ſelf-love:

"Suave Mari magno," &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleaſed in being moved at the diſtreſs of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that though theſe fictitious perſonages were ſo unhappy, yet he himſelf was perfectly at eaſe and in ſafety. The ingenious author of the *Reflections critiques ſur la poeſie & ſur la peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive ſtate: and this, joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends theſe emotions when natural and juſt, is certainly the true foundation of the pleaſure, which, as it is the origin and baſis of tragedy and epic, deſerved a very particular conſideration in this poem.

Ver. 304. *Inhabitant of earth*, &c.] The account of the economy of Providence here introduced, as the moſt proper to calm and ſatisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, ſeems to have come originally from the Pythagorean ſchool: but of the ancient philoſophers, Plato has moſt largely inſiſted upon it, has eſtabliſhed it with all the ſtrength of his capacious underſtanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one paſſage ſo full and clear on this head, that I am perſuaded the reader will be pleaſed to ſee it here, though ſomewhat long. Addreſſing himſelf to ſuch as are not ſatisfied concerning Divine Providence: "The being who "preſides over the whole," ſays he, "has diſpoſed "and complicated all things for the happineſs and "virtue of the whole, every part of which, ac"cording to the extent of its influence, does and "ſuffers what is fit and proper. One of theſe "parts is yours, O unhappy man, which though "in itſelf moſt inconſiderable and minute, yet be"ing connected with the univerſe, ever ſeeks to "co-operate with that ſupreme order. You in "the mean time are ignorant of the very end for "which all particular natures are brought into "exiſtence, that the all-comprehending nature of "the whole may be perfect and happy; exiſting "as it does, not for your ſake, but the cauſe and "reaſon of your exiſtence, which, as in the ſym"metry of every artificial work, muſt of neceſſity "concur with the general deſign of the artiſt, and "be ſubſervient to the whole of which it is a part. "Your complaint therefore is ignorant and "groundleſs; ſince, according to the various "energy of creation, and the common laws of na"ture, there is a conſtant proviſion of that which "is beſt at the ſame time for you and for the "whole.—For the governing intelligence clearly "beholding all the actions of animated and ſelf"moving creatures, and that mixture of good and "evil which diverſifies them, conſidered firſt of "all by what diſpoſition of things, and by what "ſituation of each individual in the general ſyſ"tem, vice might be depreſſed and ſubdued, and "virtue made ſecure of victory and happineſs, "with the greateſt facility, and in the higheſt degree "poſſible: In this manner he ordered through the "entire circle of being, the internal conſtitution "of every mind, where ſhould be its ſtation in the "univerſal fabric, and through what variety of "circumſtances it ſhould proceed in the whole te"nor of its exiſtence." He goes on in his ſublime manner to aſſert a future ſtate of retribution, "as "well for thoſe who, by the exerciſe of good diſ"poſitions being harmonized and aſſimilated into "the divine virtue, are conſequently removed to "a place of unblemiſhed ſanctity and happineſs; "as of thoſe who by the moſt flagitious arts "have riſen from contemptible beginnings to "the greateſt affluence and power, and whom "you therefore look upon as unanſwerable in"ſtances of negligence in the gods, becauſe you "are ignorant of the purpoſes to which they are "ſubſervient, and in what manner they contribute "to that ſupreme intention of good to the whole." Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, eſpecially abroad, in a manner which ſubverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preſerve it, and has been in that reſpect imitated by the beſt of his followers.

Ver. 321. ——*one might riſe,*
One order, &c.] See the Meditations of Antoninus, and the Characteriſtics, paſſim.

Ver. 355. *The beſt and faireſt*, &c.] This opinion is ſo old, that Timotheus Locrus calls the Supreme Being δημιουργὸς τῶ βελτίονος, "the arti"ficer of that which is beſt;" and repreſents him as reſolving in the beginning to produce the moſt excellent work, and as copying the world moſt exactly from his own intelligible and eſſential idea; "ſo that it yet remains, as it was at firſt, perfect "in beauty, and will never ſtand in need of any "correction or improvement." There can be no room for a caution here, to underſtand the expreſſions, not of any particular circumſtances of human life ſeparately conſidered, but of the ſum or univerſal ſyſtem of life and being. See alſo the viſion at the end of the Theodicée of Leibnitz.

Ver. 350. *As flame aſcends*, &c.] This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural conſequence of his principles. But the diſquiſition is too complex and extenſive to be entered upon here.

Ver. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 18. ——*where the powers*
Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the ima-

gination on the conduct of life, is one of the moſt important points in moral philoſophy. It were eaſy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almoſt all the paſſions, and mixes with almoſt every circumſtance of action or pleaſure. Let any man, even of the coldeſt head and ſobereſt induſtry, analyze the idea of what he calls his intereſt; he will find that it conſiſts chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variouſly combined into one ſyſtem, the idol which he ſeeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and ſelf-denial. It is on this account of the laſt conſequence to regulate theſe images by the ſtandard of nature and the general good; otherwiſe the imagination, by heightening ſome objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by repreſenting others in a more odious or terrible ſhape than they deſerve, may of courſe engage us in purſuits utterly inconſiſtent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected that this account of things ſuppoſes the paſſions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in ſome a natural and hereditary diſpoſition to certain paſſions prior to all circumſtances of education or fortune; it may be anſwered, that though no man is born *ambitious* or a *miſer*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which ſhall render his imagination more liable to be ſtruck with ſome particular objects, conſequently diſpoſe him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain paſſions of a particular turn. Some men, for inſtance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vaſt and magnificent, others on the contrary, with the elegant and gentle aſpects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the diſpoſition of the moral powers is always ſimilar to this of the imagination; that thoſe who are moſt inclined to admire prodigious and ſublime objects in the phyſical world, are alſo moſt inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While thoſe who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *ſweetneſs* of colours, and forms, and ſounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the ſofter ſcenes of virtue and the ſympathies of a domeſtic life. And this is ſufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philoſophers, though we have ſeveral hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the Socratic ſchool, yet the Stoics were the firſt who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impoſſible to preſerve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inſpecting thoſe pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laërt. l. vii.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the diſcourſes of Epictetus, are full of the ſame ſentiment; inſomuch that the latter makes the Χρῆσις φαντασιῶν or "right management of the "fancies," the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than ſtupid or frantic. Arrian. l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See alſo the Characteriſtics, vol. i. from p. 312. to 321. where this Stoical doctrine is embelliſhed with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Ver. 75.— *our folly's awkward arts*, &c.] Notwithſtanding the general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the ſciences, it has been almoſt conſtantly neglected or miſrepreſented by divines eſpecially. The manner of treating theſe ſubjects in the ſcience of human nature, ſhould be preciſely the ſame as in natural philoſophy; from particular facts to inveſtigate the ſtated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus diſcovered to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of uſeful arts.

Ver. 84. *Behold the foremoſt band*, &c.] The firſt and moſt general ſource of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, or ſelf-applauſe for ſome deſirable quality or poſſeſſion which evidently does not belong to thoſe who aſſume it.

Ver. 121. *Then comes the ſecond order*, &c.] Ridicule from the ſame vanity, where, though the poſſeſſion be real, yet no merit can ariſe from it becauſe of ſome particular circumſtances, which though obvious to the ſpectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Ver. 152. *Another tribe ſucceeds*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects diſproportion'd to their intrinſic value, and inconſiſtent with the order of nature.

Ver. 191. *But now, ye gay*, &c.] Ridicule, from a notion of excellence, when the object is abſolutely odious or contemptible. This is the higheſt degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diſeaſes or vices.

Ver. 207. *Thus far triumphant*, &c.] Ridicule from falſe ſhame or groundleſs fear.

Ver. 228. *Laſt of the*, &c.] Ridicule from the ignorance of ſuch things as our circumſtances require us to know.

Ver. 248.—*Suffice it to have ſaid*, &c.] By comparing theſe general ſources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every ſpecies. The moſt important circumſtance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we ſhall ſubjoin here. Ariſtotle's account of the matter ſeems both imperfect and falſe; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, ſays he, ἐστὶν ἁμάρτημά τι καὶ αἶσχος, ἀνώδυνον καὶ οὐ φθαρτικόν: "the ridicu-"lous is ſome certain fault or turpitude without "pain, and not deſtructive to its ſubject." (Poet. c. 5.) For, allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many inſtances of ſuch a fault or turpitude which cannot, with any tolerable propriety, be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not diſtinguiſh the thing deſigned. Nay farther; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the deſtruction of its ſubject, we may ſtill be ſenſible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener ſenſations of pity or terror baniſh the ludicrous apprehenſion from our minds. For the ſenſation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or diſagreement of ideas; but a paſſion or emotion of the mind conſequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or diſagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, becauſe it is engroſſed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that ſome men

think thoſe objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; becauſe in them they excite a much intenſer and more important feeling. And this difference, among other cauſes, has brought a good deal of confuſion into this queſtion.

" That which makes objects ridiculous, is ſome " ground of admiration or eſteem connected with " other more general circumſtances comparatively " worthleſs or deformed; or it is ſome circumſtance of turpitude or deformity connected with " what is in general excellent or beautiful: the " inconſiſtent properties exiſting either in the objects themſelves, or in the apprehenſion of the " perſon to whom they relate; belonging always " to the ſame order or claſs of beings; imply ſentiment or deſign; and exciting no acute or " vehement emotion of the heart."

To prove the ſeveral parts of this definition: " The appearance of excellence or beauty con- " nected with a general condition comparatively " ſordid or deformed," is ridiculous: for inſtance, pompous pretenſions of wiſdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of Ariſtophanes; and the oſtentations of military glory with cowardice and ſtupidity in the Thraſo of Terence.

" The appearance of deformity or turpitude in " conjunction with what is in general excellent or " venerable," is alſo ridiculous; for inſtance, the perſonal weakneſſes of a magiſtate appearing in the ſolemn and public functions of his ſtation.

" The incongruous properties may either exiſt " in the objects themſelves, or in apprehenſion " of the perſon to whom they relate;" in the laſt-mentioned inſtance, they both exiſt in the objects; in the inſtances from Ariſtophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehenſion of the ridiculous character.

" The inconſiſtent properties muſt belong to " the ſame order or claſs of being." A coxcomb in fine clothes, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; becauſe his general apprehenſion of excellence and eſteem is referred to the ſplendour and expence of his dreſs. A man of ſenſe and merit, in the ſame circumſtances, is not counted ridiculous: becauſe the general ground of excellence and eſteem in him is, both in fact, and in his own apprehenſion, of a very different ſpecies.

" Every ridiculous object implies ſentiment or " deſign." A column placed by an architect without a capital or baſe, is laughed at: the ſame column in a ruin cauſes a very different ſenſation.

And laſtly, " the occurrence muſt excite no " acute or vehement emotion of the heart," ſuch as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that caſe, as was obſerved above, the mind is not at leiſure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this deſcription, and whether it comprehend every ſpecies and form of the ridiculous, muſt be determined by repeated applications of it to particular inſtances.

Ver. 259. *Aſk we for what fair end*, &c] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a *natural* ſenſe or feeling of the ridiculous, and ſince ſo good a reaſon may be aſſigned to juſtify the Supreme Being for beſtowing it; one cannot without aſtoniſhment reflect on the conduct of thoſe men who imagine it is for the ſervice of true religion to vilify and blacken it without diſtinction, and endeavour to perſuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cauſe. Ridicule is not concerned with mere ſpeculative truth or falſehood. It is not in abſtract propoſitions or theorems, but in actions and paſſions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all theſe terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To aſk them whether *ridicule be a teſt of truth*, is, in other words, to aſk whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be juſt and becoming; or whether that which is juſt and becoming, can be ridiculous. A queſtion that does not deſerve a ſerious anſwer. For it is moſt evident, that, as in a metaphyſical propoſition offered to the underſtanding for its aſſent, the faculty of reaſon examines the terms of the propoſition, and finding one idea, which was ſuppoſed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of conſequence rejects the propoſition as a falſehood; ſo, in objects offered to the mind for its eſteem or applauſe, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When, therefore, we obſerve ſuch a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconſiſtent circumſtances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our buſineſs, if the matter be of importance to ſociety, to drag out thoſe latent circumſtances, and, by ſetting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falſehood* ſooner than in the way of ſpeculative inquiry, and impreſs the minds of men with a ſtronger ſenſe of the vanity and error of its authors. And this, and no more, is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is ſaid, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconſiſtent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I anſwer, the practice fairly managed can never be dangerous; men may be diſhoneſt in obtaining circumſtances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing thoſe circumſtances to impoſe upon us; but the ſenſe of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Ariſtophanes is as *truly* ridiculous a character as ever was drawn:— True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moraliſt and father of ancient wiſdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philoſopher from detecting and diſclaiming thoſe foreign circumſtances which he had falſely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the ſatiriſt doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheleſs had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And ſo has the reaſoning of Spinoza made many atheiſts: he has founded it indeed on ſuppoſitions utterly falſe; but allow him theſe, and his concluſions are unavoidably true. And if we muſt reject the uſe of ridicule, becauſe, by the impoſition of falſe circumſtances, things may be made to ſeem ridiculous, which are not ſo in themſelves; why we ought not in the ſame manner to reject the uſe of reaſon, becauſe, by proceeding on falſe principles, concluſions will appear true which are impoſſible in nature, let the vehement and obſtinate declaimers againſt ridicule determine.

Ver. 285. *The inexpreſſive ſemblance*, &c.] This ſimilitude is the foundation of almoſt all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Ver. 326. *Two faithful needles*, &c.] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Proluſ. vi. Acad. 2. c. v.

Ver. 348. *By theſe myſterious ties*, &c] The act of remembering ſeems almoſt wholly to depend on the aſſociation of ideas.

Ver. 411. *Into its proper vehicle*, &c.] This relates to the different ſorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artiſts are rendered palpable to the ſenſes; as by ſounds, in muſic: by lines and ſhadows, in painting; by diction in poetry, &c.

Ver. 547. —— *One purſues*
The vaſt alone, &c.] See the note to ver. 18. of this book.

Ver. 558. *Waller longs*, &c.]

" O! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
" Under the plantane ſhade; and all the day
" With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c."

Waller, Battle of the Summer-Iſlands, Canto I.

And again,

" While in the park I ſing, the liſtening deer
" Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear, &c."

At Pens-hurſt.

Ver. 593. *Not a breeze*, &c.] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than juſt in philoſophy, it may be proper to produce the ſentiment of one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of men on this head; one ſo little to be ſuſpected of partiality in the caſe, that he reckons it among thoſe favours for which he was eſpecially thankful to the gods, that they had not ſuffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, leſt by that means he ſhould have been diverted from purſuits of more importance to his high ſtation. Speaking of the beauty of univerſal nature, he obſerves, that " there is a " pleaſing and graceful aſpect in every object we " perceive," when once we conſider its connection with that general order. He inſtances in many things which at firſt ſight would be thought rather deformities; and then adds, " that a man " who enjoys a ſenſibility of temper with a juſt " comprehenſion of the univerſal order—will diſ- " cern many amiable things, not credible to every " mind, but to thoſe alone who have entered into " an honourable familiarity with nature and her " works." M. Antonin. iii. 2.

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION;

A POEM.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

THE pleaſures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flouriſhing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm ſea by moon light; or from works of art, ſuch as a noble edifice, a muſical tune, a ſtatue, a picture, a poem. In treating of theſe pleaſures, we muſt begin with the former claſs; they being original to the other; and nothing more being neceſſary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatneſs and beauty, and of thoſe appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the ſubject of the firſt book of the following poem.

But the pleaſures which we receive from the elegant arts, from muſic, ſculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (beſides greatneſs and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent repreſentations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumſtances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other paſſions. Theſe moral and intellectual objects are deſcribed in the ſecond book; to which the third properly belongs as an epiſode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned cauſes of pleaſure, which are univerſal in the courſe of human life, and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: ſuch are the novelty of objects, the aſſociation of ideas, affections of the bodily ſenſes, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illuſtrate theſe, and form the whole to determine the character of a perfect taſte, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleaſures of the imagination belong to the human ſpecies in general. But there are certain particular men whoſe imagination is endowed with powers, and ſuſceptible of pleaſures, which the generality of mankind never participate, theſe are the men of genius, deſtined by nature to excell in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is propoſed, therefore, in the laſt place, to delineate that genius which in ſome degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar conſideration of poetry: inaſmuch as poetry is the moſt extenſive of thoſe arts, the moſt philoſophical, and the moſt uſeful.

BOOK I.

MDCCLVII.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of conſtitution in the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleaſures of the human imagination proceed either from greatneſs or beauty in external ob-

jects. The pleasure from greatness; with its final cause. The natural connection of beauty with * truth and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe. Conclusion.

With what enchantment nature's goodly scene
Attracts the sense of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler still
Prepare; how men by various lessons learn
To judge of beauty's praise; what raptures fill
The breast with fancy's native arts endow'd,
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verse unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers
Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard
Move in majestic measures, leading on
His doubtful step through many a solemn path
Conscious of secrets which to human sight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
And let your favour make him wise to speak
Of all your wonderous empire; with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that those, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal love,
Whate'er thy name; or muse, or grace, ador'd
By Grecian prophets; to the sons of heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou dost
The perfect counsels read, the ideas old, [there
Of thine omniscient father; known on earth
By the still horror and the blissful tear
With which thou seizest on the soul of man;
Thou chief, poetic spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespeare lies, be present. And with
Let fiction come; on her aerial wings [thee
Wafting ten thousand colours, which in sport,
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre
Whose awful tones control the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal harmony, descend,
And join this happy train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,
Wise order: and, where order deigns to come,
Her sister, liberty, will not be far.
Be present all ye genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering step
New to your springs and shades: who touch their ear
With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.

Nor thou, my Dyson, to the lay refuse
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though first
In years unseason'd, haply ere the sports
Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many splendid prospects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conscious whence they sprung,
Nor heedful of their end? yet serious truth
Her empire o'er the calm, sequester'd theme
Asserted soon; while falsehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful pleasure, she at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause. Maturer aid
Thy friendship added, in the paths of life,
The busy paths, my unaccustom'd feet
Preserving: nor to truth's recess divine,
Through this wide argument's unbeaten space,
Withholding surer guidance; while by turns
We trac'd the sages old, or while the queen,
Of sciences (whom manners and the mind
Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintery lamp
Inclin'd her sceptre, favouring. Now the fates
Have other tasks impos'd. To thee, my friend,
The ministry of freedom and the faith
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they sent
To wait on pain; and silent arts to urge,
Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares,
To such as languish on a grievous bed,
Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill
Conciliate: nor delightless; if the muse
Her shades to visit and to taste her springs,
If some distinguish'd hours the bounteous muse
Impart, and grant (what she and she alone
Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths
Of fame and honest favour, which the blest
Wear in Elysium, and which never felt
The breath of envy or malignant tongues,
That these my hand for thee and for myself
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early chosen, ever found the same,
And trusted and belov'd; once more the verse
Long destin'd, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend, indulgent. So in latest years, [cloth'd
When time thy head with honours shall have
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of seasons past,
Fair offices of friendship or kind peace,
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
Recall these happy studies of our prime. [scends
From heaven my strains begin. From heaven de-
The flame of genius to the chosen breast,
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd,
And inspiration. Ere the rising sun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon her silver lamp suspended: ere
The vales with springs were water'd, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd;
Then the great spirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things:
The radiant sun: the moon's nocturnal lamp;
The mountains and the streams; the ample stores
Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the first,
On that full scene his love divine he fix'd
His admiration. Till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame:

* *Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate or judgment concerning them.*

Hence the green earth, and wild-reſounding waves:
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And bright autumnal ſkies, and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For while the claims
Of ſocial life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wiſeſt care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Impreſs'd a various bias; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven. To ſome ſhe gave
To ſearch the ſtory of eternal thought;
Of ſpace and time; of fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But ſome to nobler hopes
Were deſtin'd: ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,
In fuller aſpects and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty ſketches of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadows flowery ſtore,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dreſs'd in attractive ſmiles they ſee portray'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait ſcan)
Thoſe lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel their force,
Enamour'd: they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmoſt frame ſet forth
Spontaneous muſic; ſo doth nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of thoſe kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of ſound
Melodious, or of motion aptly ſped)
Detains th' enliven'd ſenſe; till ſoon the ſoul
Feels the deep concord, and aſſents through all
Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
Diffuſeth its enchantment. Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high diſcourſe with prophets old,
And wandering through Elyſium, fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains, of o'erſhadowing groves,
Whoſe walks with godlike harmony reſound:
Fountains, which Homer viſits; happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,
On the mind's throne, ſuſpends his graver cares,
And ſmiles. The paſſions, to divine repoſe
Perſuaded yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking: love and joy, ſuch as await
An angel's meditation. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom theſe delights can touch;
Whom nature's aſpect, nature's ſimple garb,
Can thus command; O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her bliſsful walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient ſtore,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected ſcenes,
With love and admiration thus inſpire
Attentive fancy, her delighted ſons
In two illuſtrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whoſe ruſtic toil the lark
Cheers warbling, to the bard whoſe daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, ſtill the form,
Which fancy worſhips, or ſublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim. I ſee them dawn:
I ſee the radiant viſions where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently raiſ'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why empower'd
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might ſend him forth,
In ſight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In conteſt with his equals, who ſhall beſt
The taſk atchieve, the courſe of noble toils,
By wiſdom and by mercy preordain'd?
Might ſend him forth the ſovran good to learn;
To chaſe each meaner purpoſe from his breaſt;
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the pelting ſtorms of chance and pain,
To hold ſtrait on with conſtant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlaſting palm,
The approving ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That ſeeks from day to day ſublimer ends;
Happy, though reſtleſs? Why departs the ſoul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To graſp the good ſhe knows not? in the field
Of things which may be, in the ſpacious field
Of ſcience, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raiſe up ſcenes in which her own deſires
Contented may repoſe; when things, which are,
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale:
Her temper, ſtill demanding to be free;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might;
Proud of her dangers brav'd, her grief endur'd,
Her ſtrength ſeverely prov'd? To theſe high aims,
Which reaſon and affection prompt in man,
Not adverſe nor unapt hath nature fram'd
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world preſents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breaſt
E'er doubts, before the tranſient and minute,
To prize the vaſt, the ſtable, the ſublime?
Who, that from heights aërial ſends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and ſurveys
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through ſpacious cities old,
And regions dark with woods; will turn away
To mark the path of ſome penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the ſoul
Conſent her ſoaring fancy to reſtrain
Which bears her up as on an eagle's wings,
Deſtin'd for higheſt heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers ſhall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the ſun, and views the ſmall
Attendant orbs, beneath his ſacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluſter'd iſles
Whoſe rocky ſhores to the glad ſailor's eye

Reflect the gleams of morning: for a while
With pride she sees his firm, paternal sway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But soon she quits
That prospect: meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career
Of comets; through the constellations holds
Her course, and now looks back on all the stars
Whose blended flames as with a milky stream
Part the blue region. Empyréan tracts,
Where happy souls beyond their concave heaven
Abide, she there explores, whence purer light
For countless ages travels through the abyss
Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arriv'd.
Upon the wide creation's utmost shore
At length she stands, and the dread space beyond
Contemplates, half-recoiling; nathless down
The gloomy void, astonish'd, yet unquell'd,
She plungeth; down the unfathomable gulf
Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker said
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find contentment; but, from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through nature's opening walks enlarge her aim,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection fill the scene.

But lo, where beauty, dress'd in gentler pomp,
With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
Her charms inspire. O beauty, source of praise,
Of honour, even to mute and lifeless things;
O thou that kindlest in each human heart
Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
Their own; O child of nature and the soul,
In happiest hour brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor half thy brightness can reveal
Through those dim organs, whose corporeal touch
O'ershadoweth thy pure essence. Yet, my muse,
If fortune call thee to the task, wait thou
Thy favourable seasons: then, while fear
And doubt are absent, through wide nature's bounds
Expatiate with glad step, and choose at will
Whate'er bright spoils, the florid earth contains,
What'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To manifest unblemish'd beauty's praise,
And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on,
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swell,
Turning aside their foliage, and come forth
In purple lights till every hillock grows
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace,
Where flow Penéus his clear glassy tide
Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs
Of Ossa and the pathless woods unshorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the stream,
Look how the mountains with their double range
Embrace the vale of Tempe: from each side
Ascending steep to heaven, a rocky mound
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python slain.
Fair Tempe! on whose primrose banks the morn
Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd
In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime: [yet
Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps
Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
Of sylvan powers immortal; where they sate
Oft in the golden age, the nymphs and fauns,
Beneath some arbor branching o'er the flood,
And leaning round hung on the instructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
Danc'd in light measures to his sevenfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung showers of painted blossoms, fertile dews,
And one perpetual Spring. But if our task
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us hasten to the rural haunt
Where young Melissa dwells. Nor thou refuse
The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
But hither, gentle maid, thy footsteps turn:
Here, to thy own unquestionable theme,
O fair, O graceful, bend thy polish'd brow,
Assenting; and the gladness of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wished light
Seen through the vernal air. By yonder stream,
Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
Send forth wild melody from every bough,
Together let us wander; where the hills
Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale
Reply; where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. Lo, how the western sun
O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,
Diffuseth glad repose! There while I speak
Of beauty's honours, thou, Melissa, thou
Shalt hearken, not unconscious. While I tell
How first from heaven she came: how after all
The works of life, the elemental scenes,
The hours, the seasons, she had oft explor'd,
At length her favourite mansion and her throne
She fix'd in woman's form: what pleasing ties
To virtue bind her; what effectual aid
They lend each other's power; and how divine
Their union, should some ambitious maid,
To all the enchantment of the Idalian queen,
Add sanctity and wisdom: while my tongue
Prolongs the tale, Melissa, thou may'st feign
To wonder whence my rapture is inspir'd;
But soon the smile which dawns upon thy lip
Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all
That soft cheek springing to the marble neck,
Which bends aside in vain, revealing more
What it would then keep silent, and in vain
The sense of praise dissembling. Then my song
Great nature's winning arts, which thus inform
With joy and love the rugged breast of man,
Should sound in numbers worthy of such a theme;
While all whose souls have ever felt the force
Of those enchanting passions, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, and receive once more
Their influence, unobscur'd by any cloud
Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand

Of fortune can beſtow; nor, to confirm
Their ſway, ſhould awful contemplation ſcorn
To join his dictates to the genuine ſtrain
Of pleaſure's tongue; nor yet ſhould pleaſure's ear
Be much averſe. Ye chiefly, gentle band
Of youths and virgins, who through many a wiſh
And many a fond purſuit, as in ſome ſcene
Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd
By various beauty; if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean, on bleſs'd Religion's ſeat
Preſenting Superſtition's gloomy form.
To daſh your ſoothing hopes: I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
And ſcare you from your joys. My cheerful ſong
With happier omens call you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chaſe,
And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
Doth beauty ever deign to dwell where uſe
And aptitude are ſtrangers? is her praiſe
Conſeſs'd in aught whoſe moſt peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitleſs? or did nature mean
This pleaſing call the herald of a lie,
To hide the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
And win each fond admirer into ſnares,
Foil'd, baffled? No. With better providence
The general mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus, to the choice of credulous deſire,
Doth objects the completeſt of their tribe
Diſtinguiſh and commend. Yon flowery bank
Cloth'd in the ſoft magnificence of ſpring,
Will not the flocks approve it? will they aſk
The reedy fen for paſture? That clear rill
Which trickleth murmuring from the moſſy rock,
Yields it wholeſome beverage to the worn
And thirſty traveller, than the ſtanding pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine
Whoſe lean and ſullen cluſters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-preſs or the bowl
Report of her, as of the ſwelling grape
Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
When firſt it meets the ſun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and ſenſe adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a ſtate intire,
Where native order reigns, with every part
In health, and every function well perform'd?
Thus then at firſt was beauty ſent from heaven,
The lovely miniſtreſs of truth and good
In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O ſons of earth, would ye diſſolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a raſh and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering ſcene
Which beauty ſeems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the ſuffrage of eternal truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly? Wanting theſe,
Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
That kindlieſt inmate of the youthful breaſt,
Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward ſloth
Sitting in ſilence, with dejected eyes
Incurious and with folded hands. Far leſs
Let ſcorn of wild fantaſtic folly's dreams
Or hatred of the bigot's ſavage pride
Perſuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
The ſacred lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal. From the vulgar crowd
Though ſuperſtition, tyranneſs abhorr'd,
The reverence due to this majeſtic pair
With threats and execration ſtill demands;
Though the tame wretch, who aſks of her the way
To their celeſtial dwelling, ſhe conſtrains
To quench or ſet at nought the lamp of God
Within his frame; through many a cheerleſs wild
Though forth ſhe leads him credulous and dark,
And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length
Haply ſhe plunge him into cloiſter'd cells
And manſions unrelenting as the grave,
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight; there, amid the ſcreaming owl's
Dire ſong, with ſpectres or with guilty ſhades
To talk of pangs and everlaſting woe;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Preſides o'er your adventure. From the bower
Where Wiſdom ſate with her Athenian ſons,
Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
To you whom godlike love can well command?
Then ſhould my powerful voice at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh horrors; ſhould in words divine
Relate how favour'd minds like you inſpir'd,
And taught their inſpiration to conduct
By ruling heaven's decree, through various walks
And proſpects various, but delightful all,
Move onward; while now myrtle groves appear,
Now arms and radient trophies, now the rods
Of empire with the curule throne, or now
The domes of contemplation and the muſe.
Led by that hope ſublime, whoſe cloudleſs eye
Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth
Diſcerns the nobler life reſerv'd for heaven,
Favour'd alike they worſhip round the ſhrine
Where truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With good and beauty reigns. O! let not us
By Pleaſure's lying blandiſhments detain'd,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
O! let not us one moment pauſe to join
That choſen band. And if the gracious power,
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation grant anew
The tuneful ſpirit, then through all our paths
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge free virtue's ſteps, and to her ſide
Summon that ſtrong divinity of ſoul
Which conquers chance and fate: or on the height,
The goal aſſign'd her, haply to proclaim
Her triumph; on her brow to place the crown
Of uncorrupted praiſe; through future worlds
To follow her interminated way,
And bleſs heaven's image in the heart of man.
Such is the worth of beauty: ſuch her power,

So blameleſs, ſo rever'd. It now remains,
In juſt gradation through the various ranks
Of being, to contemplate how her gifts
Riſe in due meaſure, watchful to attend
The ſteps of riſing nature. Laſt and leaſt,
In colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the forms
Of ſimpleſt, eaſieſt meaſure; in the bounds
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
To ſymmetry adds colour: thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted ſhells along ſome winding ſhore
Catch with indented folds the glancing ſun:
Next, as we riſe, appear the blooming tribes
Which clothe the fragrant earth; which draw from her
Their own nutrition; which are born and die;
Yet, in their ſeed, immortal; ſuch the flowers
With which young Maia pays the village-maids
That hail her natal morn; and ſuch the groves
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,
To feed the bowel of Ariconian ſwains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler ſtill
Is beauty's name, where, to the full conſent
Of members and of features, to the pride
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing ſenſe is given,
While active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul;
So moves the bird of Juno: ſo the ſteed
With rival ſwiftneſs beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager ears of joy
Salute their fellows. What ſublimer pomp
Adorns the ſeat, where virtue dwells on earth,
And truth's eternal day-light ſhines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front,
And woman powerful with becoming ſmiles,
Chief of terreſtial natures; need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath beauty there
Her moſt conſpicuous praiſe to matter lent,
Where moſt conſpicuous through that ſhady veil
Breaks forth the bright expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps directing our enraptur'd ſearch
To him, the firſt of minds; the chief, the ſole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin;
To whom alone, conſenting and intire,
At once their mutual influence all diſplay.
He, God moſt high (bear witneſs, earth and heaven)
The living fountains in himſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime. With him enthron'd
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his ſupreme intelligence inthron'd,
The queen of love holds her unclouded ſtate,
Urania. Thee, O father, this extent
Of matter; thee the ſluggiſh earth and tract
Of ſeas, the heavens and heavenly ſplendours feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great eſſence, forth didſt thou conduct
Eternal form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'ſt her dominion to erect her ſeat,
And ſanctify the manſion. All her works
Well pleas'd thou didſt behold. The gloomy fires
Of ſtorm or earthquake, and the pureſt light
Of ſummer; ſoft Campania's new-born roſe
And the ſlow weed, which pines on Ruſſian hills,
Comely alike to thy full viſion ſtand:
To thy ſurrounding viſion, which unites
All eſſences and powers of the great world
In one ſole order; fair alike they ſtand,
As features well conſenting, and alike
Requir'd by nature ere ſhe could attain
Her juſt reſemblance to the perfect ſhape
Of univerſal beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the firſt. Thou alſo, ancient mind,
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngeſt ſon,
Refuſing no convenient gift nor good;
Their eyes didſt open, in this earth, yon heaven,
Thoſe ſtarry worlds, the countenance divine
Of beauty to behold. But not to them
Didſt thou her awful magnitude reveal
Such as before thine own unbounded ſight
She ſtands (for never ſhall created ſoul
Conceive that object); nor, to all their kinds,
The ſame in ſhape or features didſt thou frame
Her image. Meaſuring well their different ſpheres
Of ſenſe and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a different teſt
Of beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Moſt apt, moſt faithful. Thence inform'd, they ſcan
The objects that ſurround them; and ſelect,
Since the great whole diſclaims their ſcanty view,
Each for himſelf ſelects peculiar parts
Of nature; what the ſtandard fix'd by heaven
Within his breaſt approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, O ſupreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all
To thee that infinite, conſummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne
And neareſt to thy counſels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who ſhe is,
Or what her likeneſs, know not. Man ſurveys
A narrower ſcene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his paſſive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things
The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye diſcloſe.
The powers which move his ſenſe with inſtant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, repoſits. Other powers
And features of the ſelf-ſame thing (unleſs
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Requeſt their cloſe alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten; or with ſelf-beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his paſſions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half diſowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the ſhapes
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
Unconſcious of their purpoſe, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whoſe proud deſires from nature's homely toil
Oft turn away, faſtidious: aſking ſtill
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's groſs communion; to ſecure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may ſuit her mien,
Where'er he finds them ſcatter'd though the paths
Of nature or of fortune. Then he ſeats

The accompliſh'd image deep within his breaſt,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
  Thus the one beauty of the world intire,
The univerſal Venus, far beyond
The keeneſt effort of created eyes,
And their moſt wide horizon, dwells enthron'd
In ancient ſilence. At her footſtool ſtands
An altar burning with eternal fire
Unfullied, unconſum'd. Here every hour,
Here every moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring; an innumerable band
Of ſiſters, comely all; but differing far
In age, in ſtature, and expreſſive mien,
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
To this maternal ſhrine in turns they come,
Each with her ſacred lamp; that from the ſource
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its luſtre they may draw
For days, or months, or years; for ages, ſome;
As their great parent's diſcipline requires.
Then to their ſeveral manſions they depart,
In ſtars, in planets, through the unknown ſhores
Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell,
Even on the ſurface of this rolling earth,
How many make abode? The fields the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd ſolemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites ſublime. There each her deſtin'd home
Informs with that pure radiance from the ſkies
Brought down, and ſhines throughout her little ſphere,
Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night
Turn towards a diſtant flame, ſo ſome fit eye,
Among the various tenants of the ſcene,
Diſcerns the heaven-born phantom ſeated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide univerſe,
Through all the ſeaſons of revolving worlds,
Bears witneſs with its people, gods and men,
To beauty's bliſsful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration ſtill reſounds:
That voice, to which is beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the maſter's hand
To the ſweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.
  Genius of ancient Greece, whoſe faithful ſteps
Have led us to theſe awful ſolitudes
Of nature and of ſcience; nurſe rever'd
Of generous counſels and heroic deeds;
O! let ſome portion of thy matchleſs praiſe
Dwell in my breaſt, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Heſper ſheds along the vernal heaven,
If I from vulgar ſuperſtition's walk,
Impatient ſteal, and from the unſeemly rites
Of ſplendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and ſo elevated all thy form,
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminiſh'd, hid his face
Among the herd of ſatraps and of kings;
And, at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear,
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils;
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy god-like fires
Of civil wiſdom, thy unconquer'd youth
After ſome glorious day rejoicing round
Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the olive-ſhades
Of Academus, and the ſacred vale
Haunted by ſteps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs
Iliſſus, by Socratic ſounds detain'd,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring ſteep
With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
In ſilent awe ſuſpended. There let me
With blameleſs hand, from thy unenvious fields,
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms, to adorn
My native clime: while, far beyond the meed
Of fancy's toil aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient Wiſdom: while I add
(What cannot be diſjoin'd from beauty's praiſe)
Thy name and native dreſs, thy works belov'd
And honour'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

BOOK II.

MDCCLXV.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the ſubject. Of truth and its three claſſes, matter of fact, experimental or ſcientifical truth (contradiſtinguiſhed from opinion), and univerſal truth: which laſt is either metaphyſical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abſtracted. On the power of diſcerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumſtance eſſential to virtue. Of virtue conſidered in the divine mind as a perpetual and univerſal beneficence. Of human virtue, conſidered as a ſyſtem of particular ſentiments and actions, ſuitable to the deſign of providence and the condition of man; to whom it conſtitutes the chief good and the firſt beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cauſe. Of the paſſions; particularly of thoſe which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleaſure.

THUS far of beauty and the pleaſing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the ſcenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates; and views, enamour'd. Now my ſong
Severer themes demand: myſterious truth;
And virtue, ſovran good: the ſpells, the trains,
The progeny of error: the dreadful ſway
Of paſſion; and whatever hidden ſtores
From her own lofty deeds and from herſelf
The mind acquires. Severer argument:
Not leſs attractive; nor deſerving leſs
A conſtant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatneſs, or pomp, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, ſoon feeble grows,
As the blunt arrow 'gainſt the knotty trunk,
Their impulſe on the ſenſe: while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; aſks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admired?
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of paſſion and of thought. The ambitious mind
With objects boundleſs as her own deſires

Can there converſe: by theſe unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd ſtill, with eager act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her giſts, her godlike fortune. Such the ſcenes
Now opening round us. May the deſtin'd verſe
Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
Obſcure and arduous! May the ſource of light,
All-preſent, all-ſufficient, guide our ſteps
Through every maze: and whom in childiſh years
From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
And power, thou didſt apart ſend forth to ſpeak
In tuneful words concerning higheſt things,
Him ſtill do thou, O Father, at thoſe hours
Of penſive freedom when the human ſoul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him ſtill
Touch thou with ſecret leſſons: call thou back
Each erring thought; and let the yielding ſtrains
From his full boſom, like a welcome rill
Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow!
  But from what name, what favourable ſign,
What heavenly auſpice, rather ſhall I date
My perilous excurſion, than from truth,
That neareſt inmate of the human ſoul;
Eſtrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
Of man diſigur'd and diſhonour'd ſinks
Among inferior things? For to the brutes
Perception and the tranſient boons of ſenſe
Hath fate imparted: but to man alone
Of ſublunary beings was it given
Each fleeting impulſe on the ſenſual powers
At leiſure to review; with equal eye
To ſcan the paſſion of the ſtricken nerve
Or the vague object ſtriking: to conduct
From ſenſe, the portal turbulent and loud,
Into the mind's wide palace one by one
The frequent, preſſing, fluctuating forms,
And queſtion and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes; how allied the haunt
The avenues of ſenſe: what laws direct
Their union; and what various diſcords riſe,
Or fix'd or caſual: which when his clear thought
Retains and when his faithful words expreſs,
That living image of the external ſcene,
As in a poliſh'd mirror held to view,
Is truth: where'er it varies from the ſhape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
When oft the ſame ſociety of forms
In the ſame order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their ſteps with curious heed
To trace; no more their features or their garb
He now examines; but of them and their
Condition, as with ſome diviner's tongue,
Affirms what heaven in every diſtant place,
Through every future ſeaſon, will decree.
This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience diligent and ſlow
Has authoriz'd their ſentence, this is truth;
A ſecond, higher kind: the parent this
Of ſcience; or the lofty power herſelf,
Science herſelf: on whom the wants and cares
Of ſocial life depend; the ſubſtitute
Of God's own wiſdom in this toilſome world;
The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
To earn her aid, with fixt and anxious eye
He looks on nature's and on fortune's courſe:
Too much in vain. His duller viſual ray
The ſtillneſs and the perſevering acts
Of nature oft elude; and fortune oft
With ſtep fantaſtic from her wonted walk
Turns into mazes dim. His ſight is foil'd;
And the crude ſentence of his faltering tongue
Is but opinion's verdict, half believ'd
And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'ſt thine ear
Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,
Pauſe, and be watchful. Hitherto the ſtores,
Which feed thy mind and exerciſe her powers,
Partake the reliſh of their native ſoil,
Their parent earth. But know, a nobler dower
Her ſire at birth decreed her; purer gifts
From his own treaſure; forms which never deign'd
In eyes or ears to dwell, within the ſenſe
Of earthly organs; but ſublime were plac'd
In his eſſential reaſon, leading there
That vaſt ideal hoſt which all his works
Through endleſs ages never will reveal.
Thus then endow'd, the feeble creature man,
The ſlave of hunger, and the prey of death,
Ev'n now, even here, in earth's dim priſon bound,
The language of intelligence divine
Attains; repeating oft concerning one
And many, paſt and preſent, parts and whole,
Thoſe ſov'reign dictates which in fartheſt heaven,
Where no orb rolls, eternity's fix'd ear
Hears from coeval truth, when chance nor change,
Nature's loud progeny, nor nature's ſelf
Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
Ere long, o'er this corporeal world he learns
To extend her ſway; while calling from the deep,
From earth and air, their multitudes untold
Of figures and of motions round his walk,
For each wide family ſome ſingle birth
He ſets in view, the impartial type of all
Its brethren; ſuffering it to claim, beyond
Their common heritage, no private gift,
No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
In this diſcerns, his bold unerring tongue
Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound,
Without condition. Such the riſe of forms
Sequeſter'd far from ſenſe and every ſpot
Peculiar in the realms of ſpace or time:
Such is the throne which man for truth amid
The paths of mutability hath built
Secure, unſhaken, ſtill; and whence he views,
In matter's mouldering ſtructures, the pure forms
Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
Impaſſive all; whoſe attributes nor force
Nor fate can alter. There he firſt conceives
True being, and an intellectual world
The ſame this hour and ever. Thence he deems
Of his own lot; above the painted ſhapes
That fleeting move o'er this terreſtrial ſcene
Looks up; beyond the adamantine gates
Of death expatiates; as his birthright claims
Inheritance in all the works of God;
Prepares for endleſs time his plan of life,
And counts the univerſe itſelf his home.
  Whence alſo but from truth, the light of minds,
Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colours thrown
On every walk of this our ſocial ſcene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men

The paſſions, action, habitudes of life,
And rendering earth like heaven, a ſacred place
Where love and praiſe may take delight to dwell?
Let none with heedleſs tongue from truth diſjoin
The reign of virtue. Ere the day ſpring flow'd,
Like ſiſters link'd in concord's golden chain,
They ſtood before the great eternal mind
Their common parent; and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
Inſeparably join'd: nor e'er did truth
Find an apt ear to liſten to her lore,
Which knew not virtue's voice; nor, ſave where truth's
Majeſtic words are heard and underſtood,
Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
Of nature: not among Tartarian rocks,
Whither the hungry vulture with its prey
Returns: not where the lion's ſullen roar
At noon reſounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler ſcenes,
The dove-cote and the ſhepherd's fold at morn,
Conſult; or by a meadow's fragrant hedge,
In ſpring-time when the woodlands firſt are green,
Attend the linnet ſinging to his mate,
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care
Thou doſt not virtue's honourable name
Attribute: wherefore, ſave that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er diſcover to themſelves
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itſelf
To judge, and meaſure its officious deeds?
But man, whoſe eyelids truth has fill'd with day,
Diſcerns how ſkilfully to bounteous ends
His wiſe affections move; with free accord
Adopts their guidance; yields himſelf ſecure
To nature's prudent impulſe; and converts
Inſtinct to duty and to ſacred law.
Hence right and fit on earth; while thus to man
The Almighty Legiſlator hath explain'd
The ſprings of action fix'd within his breaſt;
Hath given him power to ſlacken or reſtrain
Their effort; and hath ſhown him how they join
Their partial movements with the maſter-wheel
Of the great world, and ſerve that ſacred end
Which he, the unerring reaſon, keeps in view.
For (if a mortal tongue may ſpeak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundleſs eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty; ſo his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itſelf
The perfect virtue. Let the grateful ſwain
Remember this, as oft with joy and praiſe
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender ſeed
Nouriſh within his furrows: when between
Dead ſeas and burning ſkies, where long unmov'd
The bark had languiſh'd, now a ruſtling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, burſting out in thanks,
Remember this: leſt blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: leſt their ſelfiſh heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools! who of God as of each other deem:
Who his invariable acts deduce
From ſudden counſels tranſient as their own;
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have taſted, heed the ſource
That flows for all; the fountain of his love
Which, from the ſummit where he ſits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing ſtreams, throughout
The ſpacious region flouriſhing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair univerſe; on which alone
His counſels fix, and whence alone his will
Aſſumes her ſtrong direction. Such is now
His ſov'reign purpoſe: ſuch it was before
All multitude of years. For his right arm
Was never idle: his beſtowing love
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at laſt and ſtarted up
After a deep and ſolitary ſloth
Of boundleſs ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary time
Through their eternal courſe have travell'd o'er
No ſpeechleſs, lifeleſs deſart; but through ſcenes
Cheerful with bounty ſtill; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladneſs round the maker's throne
Loud-ſhouting, or, in many dialects
Of hope and filial truſt, imploring thence
The fortunes of their people: where ſo fix'd
Where all the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That each the general happineſs might ſerve;
And by the diſcipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chaſtis'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is paſs'd; but fairer ſtill,
And ſtill increaſing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The ſame paternal hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on
Through higher ſcenes of being: while, ſupply'd
From day to day by his enlivening breath
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
As vapours to the earth in ſhowers return,
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever-liſtening planets charm'd
By the ſun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
Exhauſtleſs fount of intellectual day,
Centre of ſouls. Nor doth the maſtering voice
Of nature ceaſe within to prompt aright
Their ſteps: nor is the care of heaven withheld
From ſending to the toil external aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.
But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inſpection. Though to ſome be given
To catch a tranſient viſionary glimpſe
Of that majeſtic ſcene which boundleſs power
Prepares for perfect goodneſs, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
To imboſom ſuch an object. Nor could e'er
Virtue or praiſe have touch'd the hearts of men,
Had not the ſovereign guide, through every ſtage

Of this their various journey, pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble sphere
Of sight and strength might such importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own.
Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties; hence that favourite palm
Of human will, when duty is suffic'd,
And still the liberal soul in ampler deeds
Would manifest herself; that sacred sign
Of her rever'd affinity to him
Whose bounties are his own; to whom none said,
" Create the wisest, fullest, fairest world,
" And make its offspring happy;" who, intent
Some likeness of himself among his works
To view, hath pour'd into the human breast
A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides
Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
Self-judging, self-oblig'd: while, from before
That godlike function, the gigantic power
Necessity, though wont to curb the force
Of Chaos and the savage elements,
Retires abash'd, as from a scene too high
For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
Her scorned followers, terror, and base awe
Who blinds herself, and that ill-suited pair,
Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the soul
Arises in her strength; and, looking round
Her busy sphere, whatever work she views,
Whatever counsel bearing any trace
Of her Creator's likeness, whether apt
To aid her fellows or preserve herself
In her superior functions unimpair'd,
Thither she turns exulting: that she claims
As her peculiar good: on that, through all
The fickle seasons of the day, she looks
With reverence still: to that, as to a fence
Against affliction and the darts of pain,
Her drooping hopes repair: and, once oppos'd
To that, all other pleasure, other wealth
Vile, as the dross upon the molten gold,
Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea
To him who languishes with thirst, and sighs
For some known fountain pure. For what can strive
With virtue? which of nature's regions vast
Can in so many forms produce to sight
Such powerful beauty? beauty, which the eye
Of hatred cannot look upon secure:
Which envy's self contemplates, and is turn'd
Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles,
Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
The summer's noon-tide groves, the purple eve
At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon
Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the honour'd roof
Whither from highest heaven immortal love
His torch ethereal and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds
To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd
The social band of parent, brother, child,
With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds
Adore his power? What gift of richest clime
E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such
Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatcheth back
From slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown;
Or crosseth danger in his lion-walk;
A rival's life to rescue? as the young
Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,
That his great father's body might not want
A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife
Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound
Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyss,
Is there, among the adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
Aught that with half such majesty can fill
The human bosom, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
Amid the crowd of patriots; and, his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
Of justice in his rapt astonish'd eye,
And bad the father of his country hail,
For lo the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free? Thus, through the paths
Of human life, in various pomp array'd
Walks the wise daughter of the Judge of heaven,
Fair virtue; from her Father's throne supreme
Sent down to utter laws, such as on earth
Most apt he knew, most powerful to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire. And though haply man's
Obscurer sight, so far beyond himself
And the brief labours of his little home,
Extends not; yet, by the bright presence won
Of this divine instructress, to her sway
Pleas'd he assents, nor heeds the distant goal
To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
Still looking toward his own high purpose, fix'd
The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal;
Thus the warm sense of honour and of shame;
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love;
And all the comely intercourse of praise,
The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.
How far unlike them must the lot of guilt
Be found! Or what terrestrial woe can match
The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought
The bane of others, or enslav'd itself
With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire
Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate
Suggested, or despotic rage impos'd,
Were at that season an unwish'd exchange:
When the soul loaths herself: when, flying thence
To crowds, on every brow she sees portray'd
Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her back
To solitude, her judge's voice divine
To hear in secret, haply sounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompense, or charging her own tongue
To speak the award of justice on herself.
For well she knows what faithful hints within
Were whisper'd to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footsteps from the safer way:
What cautions to suspect their painted dress,
And look with steady eyelid on their smiles,
Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The dazzling hues

Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
In which opinion ſays they follow good
Or fly from evil: and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by fancy, pleaſing or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colours and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings terror's ghaſtly pageants conjur'd up
Before him, death-bed groans, and diſmal vows,
And the frail ſoul plung'd headlong from the brink
Of life and day-light down the glomy air,
An unknown depth, to gulfs of torturing fire
Unviſited by mercy? Then what hand
Can ſnatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
Which fancy and opinion thus conſpire
To twine around his heart? or who ſhall huſh
Their clamour, when they tell him that to die,
To riſk thoſe horrors, is a direr curſe
Than baſeſt life can bring? Though love with prayers
Moſt tender, with affliction's ſacred tears,
Beſeech his aid; though gratitude and faith
Condemn each ſtep which loiters; yet let none
Make anſwer for him that, if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not ſtay,
Content, and be a wretch to be ſecure.
Here vice begins then: at the gate of life,
Ere the young multitude to diverſe roads,
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits fancy, deep enchantreſs; and to each
With kind maternal looks preſents her bowl,
A potent beverage. Heedleſs they comply:
Till the whole ſoul from that myſterious draught
Is ting'd, and every tranſient thought imbibes
Of gladneſs or diſguſt, deſire or fear,
One homebred colour: which not all the lights
Of ſcience e'er ſhall change; not all the ſtorms
Of adverſe fortune waſh away, nor yet
The robe of pureſt virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they paſs, where meeting frequent ſhapes
Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breaſt, with them they join
In dangerous parley; liſtening oft, and oft
Gazing with reckleſs paſſion, while its garb
The ſpectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repeats with ſome new circumſtance to ſuit
That early tincture of the hearer's ſoul.
And ſhould the guardian, reaſon, but for one
Short moment yield to this illuſive ſcene
His ear and eye the intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he diſcerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
With ſliding feet and hands impure, to graſp
Thoſe ſolemn toys which glitter in his view
On fortune's rugged ſteep: hence pale revenge
Unſheaths her murderous dagger: Rapine hence
And envious luſt, by venal fraud upborne,
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues
That follow them for vengeance, in the guiſe
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the fond believing mind.
Yet not by fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumultuous paſſions driven
To guilty deeds, nor reaſon bound in chains
That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd,
With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears; a thouſand ways
She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing for contemplation link'd with love
A penſive theme. Now haply ſhould my ſong
Unbend that ſerious countenance, and learn
Thalia's tripping gait, her ſhrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar: whether ſcorn ſhe darts
In wanton ambuſh from her lip or eye,
Or whether with a ſad diſguiſe of care,
O'ermantling her gay brow, ſhe acts in ſport
The deeds of folly, and from all ſides round
Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
Her province. But through every comic ſcene
To lead my muſe with her light pencil arm'd;
Through every ſwift occaſion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her labouring ſides and chokes her tongue
Were endleſs as to ſound each grating note
With which the rooks, and chattering daws, an
Unwieldy inmates of the village pond, [grav
The changing ſeaſons of the ſky proclaim;
Sun, cloud, or ſhower. Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
Or praiſe, or beauty be dragg'd in and ſhown
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with ſhrewd and wayward ſpit
Invade reſplendent pomps imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boaſt of praiſe.
Aſk we for what fair end the almighty ſire
In mortal boſoms ſtirs this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful pangs of laughter; from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
Wild folly's aims? For though the ſober light
Of truth ſlow dawning on the watchful mind
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil; yet benignant heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thouſands, conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labour and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of nature, therefore ſtamp'd
Theſe glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
As broad, as obvious to the paſſing clown
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
But other evils o'er the ſteps of man
Through all his walks impend; againſt whoſe might
The ſlender darts of laughter nought avail:
A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards,
On nature's ever-moving throne attend;
With miſchief arm'd for him whoe'er ſhall thwart

The path of her inexorable wheels,
While ſhe purſues the work that muſt be done
Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent forms
Of woe; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
Bury'd by daſhing waves; the traveller
Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haſte;
And the poor huſbandman, with folded arms,
Surveying his loſt labours, and a heap
Of blaſted chaff the product of the field
Whence he expected bread. But worſe than theſe
I deem, far worſe, that other race of ills
Which human kind rear up among themſelves;
That horrid offspring which miſgovern'd will
Bears to fantaſtic error; vices, crimes,
Furies that curſe the earth, and make the blows,
The heavieſt blows, of nature's innocent hand
Seem ſport; which are indeed but as the care
Of a wiſe parent, who ſolicits good
To all her houſe, though haply at the price
Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
For ſome unthinking child, whom not the leſs
Its mother deſtines to be happy ſtill.
  Theſe ſources then of pain, this double lot
Of evil in the inheritance of man,
Requir'd for his protection no ſlight force,
No careleſs watch. And therefore was his breaſt
Fenc'd round with paſſions quick to be alarm'd,
Or ſtubborn to oppoſe; with fear more ſwift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
Where armies land; with anger, uncontroll'd
As the young lion bounding on his prey;
With ſorrow, that locks up the ſtruggling heart;
And ſhame, that overcaſts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lighting. Theſe the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The ſoul more ſharply than with points of ſteel,
Her enemies to ſhun or to reſiſt.
And as thoſe paſſions, that converſe with good,
Are good themſelves; as hope and love and joy,
Among the faireſt and the ſweeteſt boons
Of life, we rightly count: ſo theſe, which guard
Againſt invading evil, ſtill excite
Some pain, ſome tumult: theſe, within the mind
Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
Shock their frail ſeat, and by their uncurb'd rage
To ſavages more fell than Libya breeds
Transform themſelves; till human thought becomes
A gloomy ruin, haunt of ſhapes unbleſs'd,
Of ſelf-tormenting fiends; horror, deſpair,
Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
The works of nature, and the gifts of heaven.
  But when through blameleſs paths to righteous ends
Thoſe keener paſſions urge the awaken'd ſoul,
I would not, as ungracious violence,
Their ſway deſcribe, nor from their free career
The fellowſhip of pleaſure quite exclude.
For what can render, to the ſelf-approv'd,
Their temper void of comfort, though in pain?
Who knows not with what majeſty divine
The forms of truth and juſtice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft the ſharpeſt woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
A human boſom, hath not often felt
How dear are all thoſe ties which bind our race
In gentleneſs together, and how ſweet
Their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Aſk the faithful youth
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps, ſilent and unſeen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
Thoſe ſacred hours, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aching breath,
And turns his tears to rapture. Aſk the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The ſavage winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down. O! deemeſt thou indeed
No pleaſing influence here by nature given
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No tender charm myſterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain the ſocial powers
To this their proper action and their end?
Aſk thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
Slow through that penſive gloom thy pauſing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The reverend volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the ſov'reign power
Of heaven and earth ſurveys the immortal page
Even as a father meditating all
The praiſes of his ſon, and bids the reſt
Of mankind there the faireſt model learn
Of their own nature, and the nobleſt deeds
Which yet the world hath ſeen. If then thy ſoul
Join in the lot of thoſe diviner men;
Say, when the proſpect darkens on thy view;
When, ſunk by many a wound, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of hard ambition; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in death; when brutal force
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor diſhoneſt pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when beauteous works,
Rewards of virtue, ſculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appeaſe
Tyrannic envy, ſtrew the common path
With awful ruins; when the muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs havoc from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer ſtroke
To mow the monuments of glory down;

Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
Where ſenates once the weal of nation's plann'd,
Hiſſeth the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column: thus when all
The widely mournful ſcene is fix'd within
Thy throbbing boſom; when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, doth thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? or wouldſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of ſilent flatterers bending to his nod,
And o'er them, like a giant, caſts his eye,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
Of barbarous ages, that Circean draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſs'd be the eternal ruler of the world!
Yet have no ſo diſhonour'd, ſo deform'd
The native judgment of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of her fire.

BOOK III.

MDCCLXX.

What tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illuſtrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind
From paſſions, wants, and envy far eſtrang'd
Who built the ſpacious univerſe, and deck'd
Each part ſo richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleaſure; why bade he
The viper evil, creeping in, pollute
The goodly ſcene, and with inſidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and ſmiles,
Dart her fell ſting with poiſon to his ſoul?
Hard is the queſtion, and from ancient days
Hath ſtill oppreſs'd with care the ſage's thought;
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too ſad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
Thoſe chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
Of heavenly truth firſt gleam'd on barbarous lands,
Forget this dreadful ſecret when they told
What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
Could I the ſpeech of lawgivers aſſume,
One old and ſplendid tale I would record
With which the muſe of Solon in ſweet ſtrains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkneſs, all its terrors, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden ſtar of eve.
Who knows not Solon? laſt, and wiſeſt far,
Of thoſe whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory, ſtyl'd her fathers? him whoſe voice
Through Athens huſh'd the ſtorm of civil wrath;
Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join
In friendſhip; and, with ſweet compulſion, tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goddeſs in his breaſt inſpir'd?
'Twas now the time when his heroic taſk
Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when ſooth'd by
Of flattering ſervice, the fond multitude [year
Hung with their ſudden counſels on the breath
Of great Piſiſtratus: that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
Even from his birth to every powerful art
Of pleaſing and perſuading: from whoſe lips
Flow'd eloquence, which like the vows of love
Could ſteal away ſuſpicion from the hearts
Of all who liſten'd. Thus from day to day
He won the general ſuffrage, and beheld
Each rival overſhadow'd and depreſs'd
Beneath his ampler ſtate: yet oft complain'd,
As one leſs kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favour, but ſubmits perforce
To find another's ſervices preferr'd,
Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were ſcatter'd of his envious foes,
Of ſnares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
Againſt his life. At laſt with trembling limbs,
His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments looſe,
And ſtain'd with blood from ſelf inflicted wounds,
He burſt into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge; and declar'd
In broken words, with ſighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had ſcarce repell'd.
Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant crowd,
To guard his ſteps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree. O ſtill too liberal of their truſt,
And oft betray'd by over-grateful love,
The generous people! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king
Forth iſſuing from the city gate at eve
To ſeek his rural manſion, and with pomp
Crowding the public road. The ſwain ſtops ſhort,
And ſighs: the officious townſmen ſtand at gaze
And ſhrinking give the ſullen pageant room.
Yet not the leſs obſequious was his brow;
Nor leſs profuſe of courteous words his tongue,
Of gracious gifts his hand: the while by ſtealth,
Like a ſmall torrent fed with evening ſhowers,
His train increas'd. Till, at that fatal time
Juſt as the public eye with doubt and ſhame
Startled, began to queſtion what it ſaw,
Swift as the ſound of earthquakes ruſh'd a voice
Through Athens, that Piſiſtratus had fill'd
The rocky citadel with hoſtile arms,
Had bar'd the ſteep aſcent, and ſate within
Amid his hirelings, meditating death
To all whoſe ſtubborn necks his yoke refus'd.
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of abſence, full of haſte from foreign ſhores
The ſage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd:
Arriv'd, alas, to ſee that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him and ſacred call'd
To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd,
By ſavage hate, or ſunk into a den
Of ſlaves who crouch beneath the maſter's ſcourge,
And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
Yet did not the wiſe patriot's grief impede
His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
One moment with ſuch woman-like diſtreſs

To view the tranſient ſtorms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes
To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm,
Ev'r while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his hoary head: he girds [ſpear
With mail his ſtooping breaſt: the ſhield, the
He ſnatcheth; and with ſwift indignant ſtrides
The aſſembled people ſeeks: proclaims aloud
It was no time for counſel: in their ſpears
Lay all their prudence now: the tyrant yet
Was not ſo firmly ſeated on his throne,
But that one ſhock of their united force
Would daſh him from the ſummit of his pride
Headlong and groveling in the duſt. What elſe
Can reaſſert the loſt Athenian name
So cheaply to the laughter of the world
Betray'd; by guile beneath an infant's faith [now
So mock'd and ſcorn'd? Away, then: freedom
And ſafety dwell not but with fame in arms:
Myſelf will ſhow you where their manſion lies,
And through the walks of danger or of death
Conduct you to them. While he ſpake, through all
Their crowded ranks his quick ſagacious eye
He darted; where no cheerful voice was heard
Of ſocial daring; no ſtretch'd arm was ſeen
Haſtening their common taſk: but pale miſtruſt
Wrinkled each brow: they ſhook their heads,
and down [doubts
Their ſlack hands hung: cold ſighs and whiſper'd
From breath to breath ſtole round. The ſage
meantime
Look'd ſpeechleſs on, while his big boſom heav'd
Struggling with ſhame and ſorrow: till at laſt
A tear broke forth; and, O immortal ſhades!
O Theſeus! he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where,
Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
Through life! behold for whom ye choſe to die!
No more he added; but with lonely ſteps
Weary and ſlow, his ſilver beard depreſs'd,
And his ſtern eyes bent heedleſs on the ground,
Back to his ſilent dwelling he repair'd.
There o'er the gate, his armour, as a man
Whom from the ſervice of the war his chief
Diſmiſſeth after no inglorious toil,
He fix'd in general view. One wiſhful look
He ſent, unconſcious, toward the public place
At parting: then beneath his quiet roof
Without a word, without a ſigh, retir'd.
Scarce had the morrow's ſun his golden rays
From ſweet Hymettus darted o'er the ſanes
Of Cecrops to the Salaminian ſhores,
When lo, on Solon's threſhold met the feet
Of four Athenians by the ſame ſad care
Conducted all: than whom the ſtate beheld
None nobler. Firſt came Megacles, the ſon
Of great Alcmæon, whom the Lydian king,
The mild, unhappy Crœſus, in his days
Of glory had with coſtly gifts adorn'd,
Fair veſſels, ſplendid garments, tinctur'd webs,
And heaps of treaſur'd gold beyond the lot
Of many ſov'reigns; thus requitting well
That hoſpitable favour which erewhile
Alcmæon to his meſſengers had ſhown,
Whom he with offerings worthy of the God
Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere
Apollo's Delphic ſhrine. With Megacles
Approach'd his ſon, whom Agariſta bore,
e virtuous child of Cliſthenes whoſe hand
Of Grecian ſceptres the moſt ancient far
In Sicyon ſway'd: but greater fame he drew
From arms control'd by juſtice, from the love
Of the wiſe muſes, and the unenvied wreath
Which glad Olympia gave. For thither once
His warlike ſteeds the hero led, and there
Contended through the tumult of the courſe
With ſkilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
Amid the applauſes of aſſembled Greece,
High on his car he ſtood and wav'd his arm.
Silence enſued: when ſtrait the herald's voice
Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth,
Whom Cliſthenes content might call his ſon
To viſit, ere twice thirty days were paſs'd,
The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
Within the circuit of the following year,
To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand
With his fair daughter, him among the gueſts
Whom worthieſt he ſhould deem. Forthwith
from all [came
The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers
From rich Heſperea; from the Illyrian ſhore
Where Epidamnus over Adria's ſurge
Looks on the ſetting ſun; from thoſe brave tribes
Chaonian or Moloſſian whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying ſtill
In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurſe
Of men who firſt among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
Devoted; from Theſſalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Peneus near the lofty walls
Of Cranon old; from ſtrong Eretria, queen
Of all Eubœan cities, who, ſublime
On the ſteep margin of Euripus, views
Acroſs the tide the Marathonian plain,
Nor yet the haunt of glory. Athens too,
Minerva's care, among her graceful ſons
Found equal lovers for the princely maid:
Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
Of ſacred Elis; nor the Arcadian groves
That overſhade Alphéus, echoing oft
Some ſhepherd's ſong. But through the illuſ-
trious band
Was none who might with Megacles compare
In all the honours of unblemiſh'd youth.
His was the beauteous bride: and now their ſon
Young Cliſthenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
Stood anxious; leaning forward on the arm
Of his great ſire, with earneſt eyes that aſk'd
When the ſlow hinge would turn, with reſtleſs
feet, [heart
And cheeks now pale, now glowing: for his
Throbb'd, full of burſting paſſions, anger, grief
With ſcorn imbitter'd, by the generous boy
Scarce underſtood, but which, like noble ſeeds,
Are deſtin'd for his country and himſelf
In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
Two brave companions whom one mother bore
To different lords; but whom the better ties
Of firm eſteem and friendſhip render'd more
Than brothers: firſt Miltiades, who drew
From godlike Æacus his ancient line;
That Æacus whoſe unimpeach'd renown
For ſanctity and juſtice won the lyre
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty ſoul within the burning gates

Of Tartarus compel, or ſend the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace
The vallies of Elyſium. From a ſtem
So ſacred, ne'er could worthier ſcyon ſpring
Than this Miltiades; whoſe aid erelong
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
Sent by the inſpir'd foreknowing maids who ſits
Upon the Delphic tripod, ſhall implore
To wield their ſceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Cherſoneſus to protect
With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
Save for his injur'd country, here he ſtands
In deep ſolicitude with Cymon join'd:
Unconſcious both what widely different lots
Await them, taught by nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill.
For Cymon not his valour, not his birth
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thouſand gifts
Dealt round him with a wife, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himſelf
From his own brow transferr'd to ſooth the mind
Of this Piſiſtratus, can long preſerve
From the fell envy of the tyrant's ſons,
And their aſſaſſin dagger. But if death
Obſcure upon his gentle ſteps attend,
Yet fate an ample recompenſe prepares
In his victorious ſon, that other great
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory ſhall with time's aſſiduous hand
In adamantine characters engrave
The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
'Gainſt the gigantic pride of Aſia's king,
Shall all the atchievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who ſail'd
From Theſſaly with Jaſon, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.
  Such were the pariots who within the porch
Of Solon had aſſembled. But the gate
Now opens, and acroſs the ample floor
Strait they proceed into an open ſpace
Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant ſpot,
Where ſtands a rural altar, pil'd with ſods
Cut from the graſſy turf and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's ſelf they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes
Of barley from two earthen veſſels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous ſtream;
Calling meantime the muſes to accept
His ſimple offering, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor ſullied by deſtroying fire,
But ſuch as for himſelf Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his favourite haunt
Is thence the altar of the pious nam'd.
Unſeen the gueſts drew near, and ſilent view'd
That worship; till the hero prieſt his eye
Turn'd toward a ſeat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confeſs'd
Before him ſtood. Backward his ſtep he drew,
As loth that care or tumult ſhould approach
Thoſe early rites divine: but ſoon their looks,
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with ſuch
Deſponing geſture, bring him on perforce
To ſpeak to their affliction. Are ye come,
He cried, to mourn with me this common ſhame?
Or aſk ye ſome new effort which may break
Our fetters? Know then, of the public cauſe
Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
Do I deſpair: nor could I wiſh from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, ſo now by ſtrenuous arms
From impious violation to aſſert
The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
What arms? or who ſhall wield them? Ye be-
  held
The Athenian people. Many bitter days
Muſt paſs, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For juſt reſentment, or their hands endure
To ſmite this tyrant brood, ſo near to all
Their hopes, ſo oft admir'd, ſo long belov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honeſt prudence: me it ill beſeems
Again to ſupplicate the unwilling crowd
To reſcue from a vile deceiver's hold
That envied power which once with eager zeal
They offer'd to myſelf; nor can I plunge
In counſels deep and various, nor prepare
For diſtant wars, thus faulteringas I tread
On life's laſt verge, ere long to join the ſhades
Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold
What care employs me now. My vows I pay
To the ſweet muſes, teachers of my youth
And ſolace of my age. If right I deem
Of the ſtill voice that whiſpers at my heart,
The immortal ſiſters have not quite withdrawn
Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
With ſacred ſilence favour what I ſpeak,
And haply ſhall my faithful lips be taught
To unfold celeſtial counſels, which may arm
As with impenetrable ſteel your breaſts
For the long ſtrife before you, and repel
The darts of adverſe fate. He ſaid, and ſnatch'd
The laurel bough, and ſate in ſilence down,
Fix'd, wrapp'd in ſolemn muſing, full before
The ſun, who now from all his radiant orb
Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
Upon the breaſt of Solon. Solon rais'd
Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began:
  Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And memory divine, Pierian maids,
Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
When hope ſhone bright and all the proſpect ſmil'd,
To your ſequeſter'd manſion oft my ſteps
Were turn'd, O muſes, and within your gate
My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with ſtrains
Of flowing harmony to ſoften war's
Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form auſtere
Of civil counſel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and ſupplanted of the hope
On which it lean'd, yet ſinks not, but to you,
To your mild wiſdom flies, refuge belov'd
Of ſolitude and ſilence. Ye can teach
The viſions of my bed whate'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inſpir'd,
Or the firſt heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more gladſome to my ſenſe
Than ever it appear'd to active youth
Purſuing careleſs pleaſure: ye can give
To this long leiſure, theſe unheeded hours,
A labour as ſublime, as when the ſons
Of Athens throng'd and ſpeechleſs round me ſtood

To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celeſtial powers,
I feel that ye are near me: and behold,
To meet your energy divine, I bring
A high and ſacred theme; nor leſs than thoſe
Which to the eternal cuſtody of fame
Your lips intruſted, when of old ye deign'd
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
The groves of Hæmus or the Chian ſhore.
Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all
My various life was e'er from you eſtrang'd?)
Oft hath my ſolitary ſong to you
Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my ſteps
To willing exile; earneſt to withdraw
From envy and the diſappointed thirſt
Of lucre, leſt the bold familiar ſtrife,
Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
Againſt her legiſlator, ſhould impair
With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
To Ægypt, therefore, through the Ægean iſles
My courſe I ſteer'd, and by the banks of Nile
Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
Of Saïs, and the rites to Iſis paid,
I ſought, and in her temple's ſilent courts,
Through many changing moons, attentive heard
The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue
At morn or midnight the deep ſtory told
Of her who repreſents whate'er has been,
Or is, or ſhall be; whoſe myſterious veil
No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
By him exhorted, ſouthward to the walls
Of On I paſs'd, the city of the ſun,
The ever-youthful god. 'Twas there, amid
His prieſts and ſages, who the live-long night
Watch the dread movements of the ſtarry ſphere,
Or who in wondrous fables half diſcloſe
The ſecrets of the elements, 'twas there
That great Pſenophis taught my raptur'd ears
The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
And her pure laws, the firſt which earth obey'd.
Deep in my boſom ſunk the noble tale;
And often, while I liſten'd, did my mind
Foretell with what delight her own free lyre
Should ſometime for an Attic audience raiſe
Anew that lofty ſcene, and from their tombs
Call forth thoſe ancient demigods to ſpeak
Of juſtice and the hidden providence
That walk among mankind. But yet meantime
The myſtic pomp of Ammon's gloomy ſons
Became leſs pleaſing. With contempt I gaz'd
On that tame garb and thoſe unvarying paths
To which the double yoke of king and prieſt
Had cramp'd the ſullen race. At laſt with hymns
Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
To Egypt, and before the ſouthern wind
Spread my full ſails. What climes I then ſurvey'd,
What fortunes I encounter'd in the realm
Of Crœſus or upon the Cyprian ſhore,
The muſe, who prompts my boſom, doth not now
Conſent that I reveal. But when at length
Ten times the ſun returning from the ſouth [fill'd
Had ſtrow'd with flowers the verdant earth and
The groves with muſic, pleas'd I then beheld
The term of thoſe long errors drawing nigh.
Nor yet, I ſaid, will I ſit down within
The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
The Cretan ſoil, have pierc'd thoſe reverend haunts
Whence law and civil concord iſſued forth
As from their ancient home, and ſtill to Greece
Their wiſeſt, loftieſt diſcipline proclaim.
Straight where Amniſus, mart of wealthy ſhips,
Appears beneath fam'd Cnoſſus and her towers
Like the fair handmaid of a ſtately queen,
I check'd my prow, and thence with eager ſteps
The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
Who taught the leaders of the ſimpler time
By written words to curb the untoward will
Of mortals, how within that generous iſle
Have ye the triumphs of your powers diſplay'd,
Munificent! Thoſe ſplendid merchants, lords
Of traffic and the ſea, with what delight
I ſaw them at their public meal, like ſons
Of the ſame houſehold, join the plainer ſort
Whoſe wealth was only freedom! whence to theſe
Vile envy, and to thoſe fantaſtic pride,
Alike was ſtrange; but noble concord ſtill
Cheriſh'd the ſtrength untam'd, the ruſtic faith,
Of their firſt fathers. Then the growing race,
How pleaſing to behold them in their ſchools,
Their ſports, their labours, ever plac'd within,
O ſhade of Minus, thy controling eye!
Here was a docile band in tuneful tones
Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
Praiſing the bounteous gods, or, to preſerve
Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
Reſounding what the muſe inſpir'd of old;
There, on the verge of manhood, others met,
In heavy armour through the heats of noon
To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
With meaſur'd ſwiftneſs, from the hard-bent bow
To ſend reſiſtleſs arrows to their mark,
Or for the fame of proweſs to contend,
Now wreſtling, now with fiſts and ſtaves oppos'd,
Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
Of brazen ſhields; while ſtill the warbling flute
Preſided o'er the combat, breathing ſtrains
Grave, ſolemn, ſoft; and changing headlong ſpite
To thoughtful reſolution cool and clear.
Such I beheld thoſe iſlanders renown'd,
So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
That living flame of reverence for their laws
Which, nor the ſtorms of fortune, nor the flood
Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
Could quench or ſlacken. Firſt of human names
In every Cretan's heart was Minos ſtill;
And holieſt far, of what the ſun ſurveys [ſeats
Through his whole courſe, were thoſe primeval
Which with religious footſteps he had taught
Their ſires to approach the wild Dactæan cave
Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads
Of Ida, and the ſpacious grotto, where
His active youth he paſs'd, and where his throne
Yet ſtands myſterious; whither Minos came
Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
And mortals there in ſecret to conſult
On juſtice, and the tables of his law
To inſcribe anew. Oft alſo with like zeal
Great Rhea's manſion from the Cnoſſian gates
Men viſit; nor leſs oft the antique fane.
Built on that ſacred ſpot, along the banks
Of ſhady Theron, where benignant Jove
And his majeſtic conſort join'd their hands
And ſpoke their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
That the dire fame of Athens ſunk in bonds

I firſt receiv'd; what time an annual feaſt
Had ſummon'd all the genial country round,
By ſacrifice and pomp to bring to mind [youths
That firſt great ſpouſal; while the enamour'd
And virgins, with the prieſt before the ſhrine,
Obſerve the ſame pure ritual, and invoke
The ſame glad omens. There, among the crowd
Of ſtrangers from thoſe naval cities drawn
Which deck like gems, the iſland's northern ſhore,
A merchant of Ægina I deſcry'd,
My ancient hoſt. But, forward as I ſprung
To meet him, he with dark dejected brow,
Stopp'd half-averſe; and, O Athenian gueſt,
He ſaid, art thou in Crete; theſe joyful rites
Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out:
Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne.
He added names of men, with hoſtile deeds
Diſaſtrous; which obſcure and indiſtinct
I heard: for, while he ſpake, my heart grew cold
And my eyes dim: the altars and their train
No more were preſent to me: how I far'd,
Or whither turn'd, I know not; nor recall
Aught of thoſe moments other than the ſenſe
Of one who ſtruggles in oppreſſive ſleep,
And, from the toils of ſome diſtreſsful dream
To break away, with palpitating heart,
Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
Makes many a painful effort. When at laſt
The ſun and nature's face again appear'd,
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding through cypreſs groves and ſwelling meads,
From Cnoſſus to the cave of Jove aſcends.
Heedleſs I follow'd on; till ſoon the ſkirts
Of Ida roſe before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky ſide:
Entering within the threſhold, on the ground
I flung me, ſad, faint, overworn with toil,

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BEGINNING OF BOOK IV.

MDCCLXX.

One effort more, one cheerful ſally more,
Our deſtin'd courſe will finiſh. And in peace
Then for an offering ſacred to the powers
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inſcribe a monument of deathleſs praiſe.
O my adventurous ſong! with ſteady ſpeed
Long haſt thou, on an untry'd voyage bound
Sail'd between earth and heaven: haſt now ſurvey'd,
Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
Of paſſion and opinion; like a waſte
Of ſands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and haſt now
Exulting ſoar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
If haply the diſcourſes of the gods,
A curious, but an unpreſuming gueſt,
Thou might'ſt partake, and carry back ſome ſtrain
Of divine wiſdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.
A different taſk remains; the ſecret paths
Of early genius to explore: to trace
Thoſe haunts where fancy her predeſtin'd ſons,
Like to the demi-gods of old, doth nurſe
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy ſouls
Who now her tender diſcipline obey,
Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your ſteps? What ſolemn groves at noon
Uſe ye to viſit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or muſing, as in ſlumber, on the green?
—Would I again were with you!—O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye moſt ancient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely ſtrides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops ſhort the pleaſed traveller to view
Preſiding o'er the ſcene ſome ruſtic tower,
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian ſhades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the moſſy falls
Of ſolitary Wenſbeck's limpid ſtream;
How gladly I recall your well-known ſeats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a ſummer's day,
I wander'd through your calm receſſes, led
In ſilence by ſome powerful hand unſeen,
Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor ſhall e'er
The graver taſks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wiſdom move me to diſclaim
Thoſe ſtudies which poſſeſs'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From ſleep I reſcue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkneſs, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the ſweet magic of harmonious verſe;
The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On general habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind,
Hath dwelt our argument; and how ſelf-taught,
Though ſeldom conſcious of their own employ
In nature's or in fortune's changeful ſcene
Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
Thoſe forms ſet up, as idols in the ſoul
For love and zealous praiſe. Yet indiſtinct,
In vulgar boſoms, and unnotic'd lie
Theſe pleaſing ſtores, unleſs the caſual force
Of things external prompt the heedleſs mind
To recognize her wealth. But ſome there are
Conſcious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: ſome who, within themſelves
Retiring from the trivial ſcenes of chance
And momentary paſſion, can at will
Call up theſe fair exemplars of the mind;
Review their features; ſcan the ſecret laws
Which bind them to each other: and diſplay
By forms, or ſounds, or colours, to the ſenſe
Of all the world their latent charms diſplay:
Even as in nature's frame (if ſuch a word,
If ſuch a word, ſo bold, may from the lips
Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
Of things, the Great Artificer portrays
His own immenſe idea. Various names
Theſe among mortals bear, as various ſigns
They uſe, and by peculiar organs ſpeak
To human ſenſe. There are who, by the flight
Of air through tubes with moving ſtops diſtinct,
Or by extended chords in meaſure taught
To vibrate, can aſſemble powerful ſounds

Expreſſing every temper of the mind
From every cauſe, and charming all the ſoul
With paſſion void of care. Others meantime
The rugged maſs of metal, wood, or ſtone,
Patiently taming; or with eaſier hand
Deſcribing lines, and with more ample ſcope
Uniting colours; can to general ſight
Produce thoſe permanent and perfect forms,
Thoſe characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
Their own high minds created. But the chief
Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the ſoul admires or loves
With language and with numbers. Hence to [theſe
A field is open'd wide as nature's ſphere;
Nay, wider: various as the ſudden acts
Of human wit, and vaſt as the demands
Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
To every organ of the copious mind,
He offereth all its treaſures. Him the hours,
The ſeaſons him obey: and changeful time
Sees him at will keep meaſure with his flight,
At will outſtrip it. To enhance his toil,
He ſummoneth from the uttermoſt extent
Of things which God hath taught him, every form
Auxiliar, every power; and all beſide
Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
Gives to corporeal eſſence, life and ſenſe
And every ſtately function of the ſoul.
The ſoul itſelf to him obſequious lies,
Like matter's paſſive heap; and as he wills,
To reaſon and affection he aſſigns
Their juſt alliances, their juſt degrees:
Whence his peculiar honours; whence the race
Of men who people his delightful world,
Men genuine and according to themſelves,
Tranſcend as far the uncertain ſons of earth,
As earth itſelf to his delightful world
The palm of ſpotleſs beauty doth reſign.

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O D E S.

BOOK I. ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

On yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly ſhade,
O'erlook the falling ſtream,
O maſter of the Latin lyre,
A while with thee will I retire
From ſummer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The induſtrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
"For me," ſhe ſings, "the gems are borne,
"For me their ſilken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuſe."

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This hoſpitable ſcene deform,
Nor check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unſullied ſpring,
Still ſhowers and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

IV.

Nor ſhall my muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the ſtrains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly ſylvan ſcenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My muſe delighted plays;
Nor through the deſart or the air,
Though ſwans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition ſtrays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts
Will ſhe her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From ſuperſtition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte;
Nor deigns the lurking ſtrength to taſte
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with ſcorn to envy's uſe
The inſipid nightſhade's baneful juice,
The nettle's ſordid ſting.

VIII.

From all which nature faireſt knows,
The vernal blooms, the ſummer roſe,
She draws her blameleſs wealth;
And, when the generous taſk is done,
She conſecrates a double boon,
To pleaſure and to health.

ODE II. No. I.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE,

Dec. 2, 1740*.

I.

Now to the utmoſt ſouthern goal
The ſun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bleſs the north with earlier day.
Prone on Potoſi's lofty brow,
Floods of ſublimer ſplendor flow,

* *This ode was afterwards entirely altered; as may be ſeen in the following poem. The reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee it as it was originally written.*

Ripening the latent ſeeds of gold,
Whilſt, panting in the lonely ſhade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deſerted coaſt,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and froſt,
Fierce winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their cheerful bloom;
No more the breezes breathe perfume;
No more the warbling waters roll:
Deſarts of ſnow fatigue the eye;
Succeſſive tempeſts bloat the ſky,
And gloomy damps oppreſs the ſoul.

III.

But let my drooping genius riſe,
And hail the ſun's remoteſt ray:
Now, now he climbs the northern ſkies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then, louder howl the ſtormy waſte,
Be ſand and ocean worſe defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And fancy, through the wintery gloom,
Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,
Already hails the emerging ſpring.

IV.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows but urge thy ſpeed,
How ſoon, before the vernal ray,
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each tempeſt hovering fly,
That now, fermenting, loads the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
And thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

V.

But let not man's imperfect views,
Preſume to tax wiſe nature's laws:
'Tis his with ſilent joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſovereign cauſe;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good conſummate ſprings,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the providence of heaven
Has ſome peculiar bleſſing given
To each allotted ſtate below.

VI.

Ev'n now how ſweet the wintery night
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead:
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem the awful courſe to tread;
Where chiefs and legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel freſh diſplay'd:
While, charm'd, I rove in claſſic ſong,
Or bend to freedom's fearleſs tongue,
Or walk the academic ſhade.

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ODE II. No. II.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE. 1740.

I.

The valiant ruler of the year
At length his wintery goal attains;
Seems to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his ſteady reins.
Now, piercing half Potoſi's height,
Prone ruſh the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's ſilver ſtores:
While in ſome cavern's horrid ſhade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deſerted coaſt
How pale the ſun! how thick the air!
Muſtering his ſtorms, a ſordid hoſt,
Lo, winter deſolates the year:
The fields reſign their lateſt bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the ſtreams in muſic roll:
But ſnows fall dark, or rains reſound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human ſoul.

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire;
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs
Againſt the ſpiteful heaven conſpire:
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is ſunk and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl the aërial waſte,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and ſtreaming light
Already decks the new-born ſpring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hovering tempeſt fly,
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſov'reign cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings
Through this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-ſubduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every ſtate below.

VII.

How pleaſing wears the wintery night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread

Where chiefs or legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taſte the Ionian ſong,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Reſounding through the olive ſhade.

VIII.

But ſhould ſome cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page a while,
Let mirth on wiſdom then attend,
And ſocial eaſe on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful ſhrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the ſlow returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
The auſpicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Ye tender ſmiles, ye chaſte deſires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:
Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong;
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain,
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid that all the rules,
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools,
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chaſe,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue!
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

When Heſper gilds the ſhaded ſky,
Oft as you ſeek the well-known grove,
Methinks I ſee you caſt your eye
Back to the morning ſcenes of love:
Each pleaſing word you heard her ſay,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your ſtruggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your ſoul entire?
Does wiſdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you queſtion each deſire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-ſtarting from your eye?
No kindling bluſh you know not why?
No ſtealing ſigh, nor ſtifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whoſe hand hath ſeiz'd the favourite good
Which you reſerv'd for happier years:
While, ſide by ſide, the bluſhing maid
Shrinks from his viſage, half afraid,
Spite of the fickly joy ſhe wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaſte, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty ſold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Though driven unwilling on the land:
To guide your favour'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where truth revolves her page divine,
Where virtue leads to honour's ſhrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And time, the fire of manly care,
Will fancy's dazzling colours tame
A ſoberer dreſs will beauty wear:
Then ſhall eſteem by knowledge led
Enthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

To the ſame.

I.

YES, you contemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,
Her wining eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
At once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the ſyren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love: ſince now eſteem,
And confidence, and friendſhip is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride you try

To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

Oh fly! 'tis dire ſuſpicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unſeen,
The ſorcereſs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon through every vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart and all your head,
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reaſon would applaud,
Now, ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain,
What horrors from the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care the infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſs'd
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the ſun's deſcending car,
What power unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?
What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whiſpers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whoſe wiſdom our untoward frame
With ſocial love reſtrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'ſt us to double all our joys
And half diſarm our pains:

X.

Let univerſal candour ſtill,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preſerve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One ſordid doubt within me raiſe
To injure human kind.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
——Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene,
While rous'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins:
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room.
Is there in nature no kind power
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintery ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, cheerfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleaſure's queen,
Aſſwage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once ('twas in Aſtrea's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal love
Was ranging through the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant airs and genial hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.
But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When health majeſtic mov'd along,
Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
Thee pleaſing cheerfulneſs, was born.

Thou cheerfulneſs, by heaven deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fruitful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine;
Thou, Goddeſs, thy attempering hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft, and ſwells the ſtrong;
And, joining nature's general ſong,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.
Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of homebred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by:
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining-mother weeps the cares
Which parent's waſte on thankleſs heirs:
The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound;
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.
Is there a youth, whoſe anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied ſmart?
Though now he ſtray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with noble arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.
Friend to the muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the muſe again:
The muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Leſbian wreath attir'd:
Thy lay Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.
But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or blooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſart ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe,
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd.
O thou whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by fortune's ſtubborn ſway,
From him and friendſhip torn away,
I court the muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes,
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

Not for themſelves did human kind
Contrive the parts by heaven aſſign'd
On life's wide ſcene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæſar's ſkill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If fortune cloſe the way.

II.

Yet ſtill the ſelf-depending ſoul,
Though laſt and leaſt in fortune's roll,
His proper ſphere commands;

And knows what nature's ſeal beſtow'd,
And ſees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he ſtands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who reſcued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with diſtant homage views;
Content if thou, celeſtial muſe,
Didſt rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the heroe's feet,
Nor from the legiſlator's ſeat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider ſhall his rule be found,
More laſting his award.

V.

Lycurgus faſhion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave univerſal ſway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer ſhall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney ſhall with Cato reſt,
And Ruſſel move the patriot's breaſt
No more than Brutus now:

VII.

Yet then ſhall Shakſpeare's powerful art
O'er every paſſion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants ſhall bow before his laws;
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cauſe,
Their dread aſſertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

Farewell to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian muſe's ſober ſeat;
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favorites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame,
For paſſive, perſevering toils;
And left, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind ſhould ſcorn her homely ſpoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its reſtleſs flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew:
The marſhy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
The Naiads, with obſcene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chaunt the croaking choir,
And haply ſooth ſome lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt ſome reſtive bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom ſober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
She render'd all his boaſted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in ſpite remove.
Ye too, the ſlow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion ſteals from hand to hand
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preſerving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I ſit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, diſcolour'd ſea,
That ſleeps upon the reedy ſhore,
When ſhall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain ſnows; till down their ſide
I trace the village and the ſacred ſpire,
While bowers and copſes green the golden ſlope divide

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathleſs grove,
Ye blue-ey'd ſiſters of the ſtreams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams:
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky ſpring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footſteps deign,
To prompt my ſlumbers in the murmuring ſhade,
And ſooth my vacant ear with many an airy ſtrain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping maſter's inauſpicious hand:
Now brighter ſkies and freſher gales return,
Now faiter maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, liſten to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why ſounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the Olympian fathers throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectreſs of my lays,
Elate with whoſe majeſtic call
Above degenerate Latium's praiſe,
Above the ſlaviſh boaſt of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton ſloth's ignoble charms,
The honours of a poet's name
To Somers' counſels, or to Hamden's arms,
Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bleſs thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion! Thee
Heroic valour ſtill attends
And uſeful ſcience pleas'd to ſee
How art her ſtudious toil extends.
While truth diffuſing from on high
A luſtre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye;
Till, pierc'd and ſinking by her powerful ray,
Tame faith and monkiſh awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour ſhares:
Hence dread religion dwells with ſocial joy;
And holy paſſions and unſullied cares,
In youth, in age, domeſtic life employ.

O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native feats approve,
Unjuſt and hoſtile to each foreign fame:
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applauſe,
Their public zeal ſhall all reproof diſclaim.

ODE IX.

TO CURIO *.

1744.

I.

THRICE hath the ſpring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting graſp'd the tuneful ſhell:
Eager through endleſs years to ſound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine ſhould dwell.
How haſt thou ſtain'd the ſplendor of my choice!
Thoſe godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious ſport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckleſs heart
Who ſaw thee from thy ſummit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, ſpite of every gloſs of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's luſtre blinds,
Who ſagely prove that each man hath his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy aim from blemiſh free,
I yet, even yet, believe it, ſpite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatneſs and to vice.

III.

" Thou didſt not dream of liberty decay'd,
" Nor wiſh to make her guardian laws more ſtrong:
" But the raſh many, firſt by thee miſled,
" Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old,
For faith deſerted or for cities ſold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
One myſtery of ſhame from Curio, learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn, [meed.
And ſcape in guilt's diſguiſe from virtue's offer'd

IV.

For ſaw we not that dangerous power avow'd,
Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public wiſdom ever ſtrove to exclude,
And yet with bluſhes ſuffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching ſpoils,
O'er court, o'er ſenate, ſpread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herſelf the ſtates directing ſoul:
'Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With eloquence and reaſon at his ſide, [trol,
By ſtrength of holier ſpells the enchantreſs to con-

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends;
The reſcued merchant oft thy words reſounds:
Thee and thy cauſe the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
The learn'd recluſe, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead.
Now with like awe doth living merit ſcan:
While he, whom virtue in his bleſt retreat
Bade ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Aſcends the civil ſcene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We ſaw thy ſpirit through the ſenate reign;
And freedom's friends thy inſtant omen heard.
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the ſtrife the public genius roſe
More keen, more ardent from his long repoſe:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crowded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vaſt event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they roll;
And watch the fleeting ſhapes in Curio's mind,
And ſteer his paſſions ſteady to the goal.
O Alfred! father of the Engliſh name,
O valiant Edward! firſt in civil fame,
O William! height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye
Behold the ſum of all your labours nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule ſecure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O ſhame! O ſoul from faith eſtrang'd!
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then—Thy thought what ſudden frenzy chang'd?
What ruſhing palſy took thy ſtrength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bleſs'd?
This patient ſlave by tinſel bonds allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom thoſe that fear'd him, ſcorn; that truſted him, deteſt?

IX.

O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentleſs foes, [ſhame,
And doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deſerter's dull exploded part,
To ſlight the favour thou canſt hope no more,
Renounce the giddy crowd the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightneſs on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign ſhore.

X.

But England's ſons, to purchaſe thence applauſe,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of ſlaves pretend,
By courtly paſſions try the public cauſe;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manlieſt paſſions mov'd,
The labours which to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondneſs to ſurvey;
Yet, where injuſtice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

Theſe thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, honour, dwell,

* *See the "Epiſtle to Curio."*

Couch'd in thy boſom's deep tempeſtuous gloom
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy ſickening reaſon flew,
Divine perſuaſion from thy tongue withdrew,
While laughter mock'd, or pity ſtole a ſigh:
Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the ſoul is lame?
Can fancy's feeble ſprings the force of truth ſupply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: ſtrong deſtiny impends
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the ſolemn fane aſcends,
By infamy, the mindful demon ſway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waſte,
For ever through the ſpacious courts reſound:
Their long poſterity's united groan
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,
Aſſail the giant chiefs, and preſs them to the ground.

XIII.

In ſight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, juſt,
He urgeth onward to thoſe guilty gates
The great, the ſage, the happy, and auguſt.
And ſtill he aſks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their ſecrets and their guilt proclaims:
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards beſtow'd,
And cruſh their trophies huge, and raiſe their ſculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty ſhades, ariſe, give place, attend:
Here his eternal manſion Curio ſeeks: [bend,
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the ſtranger
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford ſpeaks:
" He comes, whom fate with ſurer arts prepar'd
" To accompliſh all which we but vainly dar'd:
" Whom o'er the ſtubborn herd ſhe taught to reign [power
" Who ſooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging
" Even to its laſt irrevocable hour:
" Then baffled their rude ſtrength, and broke them to the chain."

XV.

But ye, whom yet wiſe liberty inſpires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world ſhe claims,
(That houſehold godhead whom of old your ſires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)
Drive ye this hoſtile omen far away;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be hers alone:
Still gird your ſwords to combat on her ſide;
Still frame your laws her generous teſt to abide;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourſelves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath ſpread that ſelfiſh fierceneſs through your blood,
Which not her lighteſt diſcipline endures:
Snatch from fantaſtic demagogues her cauſe:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
A wiſer founder, and a nobler plan,
O ſons of Alfred, were for you aſſign'd;
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no ſublimer lot will fate reſerve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

Queen of my ſongs, harmonious maid,
Ah why haſt thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forſaken thus my breaſt
With inauſpicious damps oppreſs'd?
Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my boſom wont to beat?
Where all the bright myſterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful ſtreams,
That woo'd my genius to divineſt themes?

II.

Say, goddeſs, can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd:
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elyſian train,
The ſoul of Milton ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?

III.

O powerful ſtrain, O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers every ſenſe controul:
And now again my boſom burns;
The muſe, the muſe herſelf, returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confeſs'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal gueſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bade me ſwear to follow her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE. TO A FRIEND.

I.

No, fooliſh youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footſteps from the crowd,
Lean not to love's enchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful ſpoils
The flowery pomp of eaſe adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy ſloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou haſt read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breaſt,
The pleaſing tale of beauty's praiſe
In wiſdom's lofty language dreſs'd;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer ſenſe, each comlier art,
And ſooth and poliſh man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit ſecure,
Thus far alone thy wiſhes tend,
Go; ſee the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk deſcend:
Go, while the golden light ſerene,
The grove, the lawn, the ſoften'd ſcene,
Becomes the preſence of the rural queen,

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom, each deſire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conſcious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my ſteps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reaſon's watchful ſway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy ſighs:
Alas, I read thy downcaſt eyes;
And thy tongue faulters; and thy colour flies.

VII.

So ſoon again to meet the fair?
So penſive all this abſent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendſhip's flattering name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame;
Friendſhip, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I fought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign;
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the love-ſick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſs'd the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd;
While I exulted to ſurvey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſs'd,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers, or my dreams diſtreſs'd.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view,
An hour unſays it all again.
O friend!—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BART.

I.

Behold, the balance in the ſky
Swift on the wintery ſcale inclines;
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare paſtures Pan reſigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erſpread
With recent ſoil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the ruſty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harveſt throws.

II.

Now, London's buſy confines round,
By Kenſington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough deſcent profound,
Eſſexian heaths, or Kentiſh bowers,
Where'er I paſs, I ſee approach
Some rural ſtateſman's eager coach
Hurried by ſenatorial cares:
Where rural nymphs (alike within,
Aſpiring courtly praiſe to win)
Debate their dreſs, reform their airs.

III.

Say, what can now the country boaſt,
O Drake, thy footſteps to detain,
When peeviſh winds and gloomy froſt
The ſunſhine of the temper ſtain?
Say, are the prieſts of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Naſſau
Each bold Weſſexian ſquire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and gueſs at leaſt
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that ſacred feaſt
Thou better may'ſt obſerve with me.
With me the ſulphurous treaſon old
A far inferior part ſhall hold
In that glad day's triumphal ſtrain;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gaſcon's fragrant wine
With modeſt cups our joy ſupplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot riſe;
Riſe from heroic eaſe (the ſpoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her ſaviour ſon)
Riſe with the ſame unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her ſhrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our ſhore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vaſſal dread.
There ſunk the mouldering Gothic reign;
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.'
That day, my friend, let bleſſings crown:
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou haſt that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore ſhould we part
The public and the private weal?)
In vows to her who ſways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the ſoft ornaments that ſpeak
So eloquent in Daphne's ſmile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For ſo it is. Thy ſtubborn breaſt,
Though touch'd by many a ſlighter wound,
Hath no full conqueſt yet confeſs'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.

While I, a true and loyal ſwain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying ſeaſons own.
Her genius ſtill my boſom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian choir,
And taſte the inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful ſtrain—
And lo, with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat:
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offspring, liſtening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me liſten to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in ſmooth dance his light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threatening hand
The *Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your luſt,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſs'd?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt!
Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold the † man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame.

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wing,
And clamours far below.—Propitious muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er hadſt thou audience more renown'd
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore
Through Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns and iſles and ſeas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful ſong,
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair! O chaſte! thy echoing ſhade
May no foul diſcord here invade:
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear,
And heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow:
Thy ſtrings adapt their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumbering earth,
Let me, O muſe! thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven.
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd eaſe reſign'd,
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When friendſhip and when letter'd mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſic of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O! ſeek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,

---

* *Alcæus.*
† *Pindar.*

To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung:

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Leſbian lyre
From thee! O muſe, do I require;
While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of powers ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd.

ODE XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSEND.

From the country.

I.

Say, Townſhend, what can London boaſt
To pay thee for the pleaſures loſt,
The health to-day reſign'd;
When ſpring from this her favourite ſeat
Bade winter haſten his retreat,
And met the weſtern wind.

II.

Oh knew'ſt thou how the bamly air,
The ſun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame;
No more would noiſy courts engage,
In vain would lying faction's rage
Thy ſacred leiſure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the ſtudious volume tir'd
I ſought the open day;
And ſure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy ſtay.

IV.

But ah in vain my reſtleſs feet
Trac'd every ſilent ſhady ſeat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurſe ſome infant oak
The ſtarn the ſlowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly ſhowers,
Or bruſh the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with ſpring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their gueſt,
Since grief of love my ſoul oppreſs'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inſpire:

Then will the ſylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And liſten to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely ſhade,
A ruſtic altar ſhall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd:
And thou the inſcription wilt approve;
"This for the peace which, loſt by love,
"By friendſhip was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

To-night retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion ſtrays:
And now to Heſper is it given
A while to rule the vacant ſky,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply
A ſtream of lighter rays.

II.

O Heſper! while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy paths ſurrounds,
Oh liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine:
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With luſtre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows muſt I prefer
To thy indulgent power,
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in queſt I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious ſend thy golden ray,
Thou pureſt light above:
Let no falſe flame ſeduce to ſtray
Where gulf or ſteep lie hid for harm:
But lead where muſic's healing charm
May ſooth afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful ſong
In happier ſeaſons vow'd,
Theſe lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon ſilver ſtream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copſes ſtood.

VII.

Nor ſeldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofleſs tower invade,
We come while her enchanting muſe
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the ſolemn ſhade.

VIII.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Heſper, guide my feet
Down the red marl with moſs o'ergrown,

Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whoſe hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green ſpace; on either hand
Enlarg'd it ſpreads around:
See, in the midſt ſhe takes her ſtand,
Where one old oak his awful ſhade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Enclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How ſweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The ſtars ſhine out: the foreſt bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this ſequeſter'd ſpot,
If then the plaintive ſyren ſing,
Oh ſoftly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's diſpoſing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal ſtage,
What mournful ſcenes ariſe:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How ſwiftly pleaſure flies.

XIII.

O ſacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counſel oft receive,
Bear witneſs to thy penſive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

With ſordid floods the wintery * urn
Hath ſtain'd fair Richmond's level green:
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic ſcene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or ſky
Surveys as in their author's mind;
And London ſhelters from the year
Thoſe whom thy ſocial hours to ſhare
The Attic muſe deſign'd.

II.

From Hampſtead's airy ſummit me
Her gueſt the city ſhall behold,
What day the people's ſtern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the ſun, the anointed head.
Then ſeek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful ſhade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The ſacred martyr of the day,
By faſt and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I reſt
That ſtill our advocate, the prieſt,
From heavenly wrath will ſave the laſt:
Nor aſk what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent ſounds reſtrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and ſtate
That evening, let the muſe give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my firſt youth enamour'd ſaw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to purſue in Virgil's lay:
Till hope aſcends to loftieſt things,
Nor envious demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar ſway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And Engliſh fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chaſtiſe:
While hand in hand, at wiſdom's ſhrine,
Beauty with truth I ſtrive to join,
And grave aſſent with glad applauſe;
To paint the ſtory of the ſoul,
And Plato's viſions to controul
By Verulamain * laws.

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

1747.

I.

Come then, tell me, ſage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our boſoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleaſure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treaſure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reaſon's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to ſpurn at noble praiſe
Be the paſſport to thy heaven,
Follow thou thoſe gloomy ways;
No ſuch law to me was given,
Nor, I truſt, ſhall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place deſire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

---

* *Aquarius.*

* *Verulum gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, Novum Organum.*

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

1747.

I. 1.

THE [illegible] and great of every clime,
Through all the ſpacious walks of time,
Where'er the muſe her power diſplay'd,
With joy have liſten'd, and obey'd.
For, taught of heaven the ſacred nine
Perſuaſive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal ſenſe impart:
They beſt the ſoul with glory fire;
They nobleſt counſels, boldeſt deeds inſpire;
And high o'er fortune's rage enthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's ſword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Haſtings. Thou my words will own:
Thy breaſt the gifts of every Muſe hath known;
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the bleſt function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour; to aſſert
From all that ſcorned vice or ſlaviſh fear hath ſung,
Nor ſhall the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings,
Warbling at will in pleaſure's myrtle bower;
Nor ſhall the ſervile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heavenly Muſe's reign,
A different ſtrain,
And other themes
From her prophetic ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams
(Thou well canſt witneſs) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd, godlike ſounds to hear;
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its nobleſt uſe may find,
How well for freedom be reſign'd;
And how, by glory, virtue ſhall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's ſtrain
To many a kind domeſtic train,
Whoſe pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's ſoul:
When, every hoſpitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He ſtruck his magic ſtrings;
And pour'd ſpontaneous numbers forth,
And ſeiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their muſing hearts with vaſt heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy ſpirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming ſhell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The genius of his country ſtands.
To liſtening gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were ſown
The ſeeds of Grecian fame:
Who firſt the race with freedom fir'd;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's ſons inſpir'd;
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt age!
When Ariſtides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft ſhalt thou be hail'd of me:
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine;
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee;
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng:
But that thy ſong
Was proud to unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muſe's law didſt rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her ſpirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whoſe verſe adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
Who ſaw majeſtic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted bard,
No, not the ſtrains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muſe's ear aſpire;
Save that, inſtructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their ſhameful taſk they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſerenely great!
Then turn, and, while each weſtern clime
Preſents her tuneful ſons to time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The ſpirit which inform'd thy awful ſong,
"Which bade thy potent voice protect thy
"country's fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage purſues;
While from theſe arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and reſt him with his Muſe.

---

* *Octavianus Cæſar.*

O fool! to think the man, whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey;
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of every kind,
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whoſe thought muſt viſit every theme,
Whoſe heart muſt every ſtrong emotion know
Inſpir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
That he, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe,
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught,
Shall ſpurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide their glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muſe's quire
Content with poliſh'd eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reſerv'd for angry heaven, and ſcorn'd of honeſt fame?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known;
Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, ſhares;
Here let the bard, whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves public arguments unſung,
Bid public praiſe farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Haſtings, not to all
Can ruling heaven the ſame endowments lend:
Yet ſtill doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend;
Unenvious. Thus alone, though ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove,
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to ſeverer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a choſen mould,
The grateful country of thy ſires,
Thee to ſublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy ſires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius ſank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and ſubject farms,
They led the ruſtic youth to arms;
And kings their ſtern atchievements fear'd
While private ſtrife their banner rear'd.
But loftier ſcenes to thee are ſhown,
Where empire's wide-eſtabliſh'd throne
No private maſter fills:
Where, long foretold, the people reigns;
Where each a vaſſal's humble heart diſdains;
And judgeth what he ſees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The ſwelling democratic tide;
To watch the ſtate's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that ſervile band, who kneel
To freedom's baniſh'd foes;
That monſter, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counſel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt heaven's command,
That guilty aims ſhould fordid paths purſue;
That what enſnares the heart ſhould maim the hand,
And virtue's worthleſs foes be falſe to glory too.
But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains,
Which now reſound
Where Scarſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound,
Bear witneſs. There, oft let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which embowers his gate,
And ſhow to ſtrangers paſſing down the vale,
Where Ca'ndiſh, Booth, and Oſborne ſate;
When, burſting from their country's chain,
Even in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for freedom this her nobleſt reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this public care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name,
Could fear have ſilenc'd freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men, for this, aſſault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous hoſt,
And half the aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in counſels pledge his life?

Stake his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife?
Or lend his boaſted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yeſ, Haſtings, theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love;
The true; the conſtant: who alone can weigh,
What glory ſhould demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the talks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking ſlander, where deſign'd,
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Oft nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth:
But, ſought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard
Diſpoſe of honour and of ſcorn;
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave;
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

BOOK II. ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Suppoſed to have been ſpoken at the Theatre-Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subſcription.

1749.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakſpeare's tongue you deign to underſtand,
Lo, from the bliſsful bowers where Heaven rewards
Inſtructive ſages and unblemiſh'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the ſtage,
Intent to learn, in this diſcerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And wither tends your elegance of taſte,
That thus at length our homely toils you ſpurn,
That thus to foreign ſcenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.
What, though the footſteps of my devious muſe
The meaſur'd walks of Grecian art refuſe?
Or though the frankneſs of my hardy ſtyle
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I ſurvey'd and fearleſs drew.
And ſay, ye ſkilful in the human heart,
Who know to priſe a poet's nobleſt part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I ſaw this England break the ſhameful bands
Forg'd for the ſouls of men by ſacred hands;
I ſaw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her ſons the heroes of each warlike ſhore;
Her naval ſtandard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coaſt her eager ſails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new paſſions, thence the boſom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inſpir'd;
Thence every ſcene, which private fortune knows
In ſtronger life, with bolder ſpirit roſe.
Diſgrac'd I this full proſpect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my ſtrokes untrue?
Have not your ſages, warriors, ſwains, and kings,
Confeſs'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the maſter of your ſmiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice!
Or have my various ſcenes a purpoſe known
Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?
Such from the firſt was my dramatic plan;
It ſhould be yours to crown what I began:
And now that England ſpurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and ſocial ſcience reign,
I thought, Now ſurely ſhall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juſter critics riſe,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our ſtately muſe more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive ſpeech,
Till rival nations liſten at her feet,
And own her poliſh'd as they own'd her great.
But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil?
Is France at laſt the ſtandard of your ſkill?
Alas for you! that ſo betray a mind
Of art unconſcious, and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raiſe,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phraſe,
Which fetters eloquence to ſcantieſt bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic ſounds?
Say; does your humble admiration chooſe
The gentle prattle of her comic muſe,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to ſay nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your ſympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic ſcene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on ſoft deſire,
And heroes never, but for love expire?
No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtleſs ſmile,
Yet not for you deſign'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon ſtate.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope miſleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtſhip would an audience deign
Or thoſe chaſte matrons a Pariſian wife,
Chooſe for the model of domeſtic life;
Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The ſtrength and ſplendour of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying ſmiles oppreſſion's pomp to ſee,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.
O bleſt at home with juſtly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cauſe,
Whom Heaven hath choſen at each dangerous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the ſocial world from bonds and ſhame;
Oh let not luxury's fantaſtic charms
Thus give the lie to your heroic arms:

Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Diſhoneſt leſſons from that vaunting race,
Whom fate's dread laws (for, in eternal fate,
Deſpotic rule was heir to freedom's hate)
Whom, in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counſel, and in pleaſing art,
The judge of earth predeſtin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppoſe.

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

Thou ſilent power, whoſe welcome ſway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cherith'd wound;
O whither haſt thou flown, indulgent god?
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
Whom doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo, midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep.
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful ſound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

III.

O let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Deſcend, propitious, on my eyes;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down,
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies: reſt,
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murderer's
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcued people's glad applauſe,
The liſtening ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of * Timoleon's tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
And though they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I aſk not, god of dreams, thy care
To baniſh love's preſentments fair:
Nor roſy cheek, nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command
That the young ſorcerer's fatal hand
Shall round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile
(A lighter phantom, and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according ſtrain.

VI.

But Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring,
As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures, by his heart explor'd,
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O RUSTIC herald of the ſpring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Faſt by the brook I hear thee ſing;
And, ſtudious of thy homely tale,
Amid the veſpers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy ſage reſponſes hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy ſolemn accent drown'd
Some ſweeter poet of the ſhade,
Thus, thought I, thus the ſons of care
Some conſtant youth, or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I ſaid, "While Philomela's ſong
"Proclaims the paſſion of the grove,
"It ill beſeems a cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove"—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the ſober truth to hear,
The ſober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bleſs'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and ſwain's conſenting breaſt,
How cuckow-like in Cupid's ſchool,
With ſtore of grave prudential ſaws
On fortune's power, and cuſtom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom love, and hope, and fancy ſway,
Whom every harſher care diſdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that, in April's faireſt hours,

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* *After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, aſked his advice, and voted according to it.* PLUTARCH.

To warbling ſhades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

ODE IV.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

In the Country.

1759.

I. 1.

How oft ſhall I ſurvey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood ſhade,
The vale with ſheaves o'erſpread,
The glaſſy brook, the flocks which round thee ſtray;
When will thy cheerful mind
Of theſe have utter'd all her dear eſteem?
Or, tell me, doſt thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilſome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leiſure which thou hadſt reſign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful ſport the ſoul could ſhare,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her ſimpler powers;
Oft as your winged train
Reviſit here my friend in white array,
O fail not to diſplay
Each fairer ſcene where I perchance had part,
That ſo his generous heart
The abode of even friendſhip may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loſs to come,
I ſaw from contemplation's quiet cell
His feet aſcending to another home,
Where public praiſe and envied greatneſs dwell.
But ſhall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove ambition's beſt deſire?
Extinguiſh glory's flame?
Far other was the taſk enjoin'd
When to my hand thy ſtrings were firſt aſſign'd:
Far other faith belongs to friendſhip's honour'd name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townſhend, not the arms
Of ſlumbering eaſe, nor pleaſure's roſy chain,
Were deſtin'd to detain:
No, nor bright ſcience, nor the muſe's charms.
For them high heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenſer's hand
Have deign'd to ſtrike the warbling Tuſcan ſhell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to ſhield [tray'd,
The cauſe which Cromwell's impious hand be-
Or that, like Vere, diſplay'd
His redcroſs banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath ſhut thoſe loftieſt paths, it next remains,
With reaſon clad in ſtrains
Of harmony, ſelected minds to inſpire,
And virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never ſhall the herd, whom envy ſways,
So quell my purpoſe or my tongue controul,
That I ſhould fear illuſtrious worth to praiſe,
Becauſe its maſter's friendſhip mov'd my ſoul.
Yet, if this undiſſembling ſtrain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleaſing ſound,
Remember thou that righteous fame
From hoary age a ſtrict account will claim
Of each auſpicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where heaven expects thee; nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The impartial laws of fate
To nobler virtues wed ſeverer cares.
Is there a man who ſhares
The ſummit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Aſk him (for he can tell)
What ſtorms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Naſſau, great deliverer, wiſe and bold;
I know your perils hard.
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery ſeas,
The night eſtrang'd from eaſe,
The day by cowardice and falſehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart diſdaining the reward.

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,
O praiſe from judging heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divineſt crown,
Say, who ſhall heſitate? or who complain?
And now they ſit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the ſov'reign mind,
"Lo, theſe," he ſaith, "lo, theſe are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal ſway
"From violence and fear aſſerted human kind."

IV. 1.

Thus honour'd while the train
Of legiſlators in his preſence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The ſtateſman ſhall the ſecond palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiſcerning praiſe,
More glittering trophies raiſe:
But wiſeſt heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love?
What, ſave the bleſſings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the embattled field
Shall the atchievements of the peaceful gown,
The green immortal crown
Of valour, or the ſongs of conqueſt yield.
Nor Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of creſt he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naſeby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breaſt oppoſe,

Than Pym's free virtue choſe,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth? [mind
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious
When (blighted all the promiſe of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled ſwains,
Let menac'd London tell
How impious guile made wiſdom baſe;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unbleſs'd he liv'd, and how diſhonour'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the muſe
Around his tomb Pierian roſes flung:
Nor ſhall one poets tongue
His name for muſic's pleaſing labour chooſe.
And ſure, when nature kind
Hath deck'd ſome favour'd breaſt above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-ſubmitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wiſe
Nothing can ſeem but virtue; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Enroll'd the next to William. There ſhall time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from faction's crowd,
The ſlanderous and the loud,
Could fair aſſent and modeſt reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or ſocial arts acquire,
Nor this majeſtic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accompliſh, or to aught aſpire,
Without his guidance, his ſuperior hand.
And rightly ſhall the muſe's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whoſe mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever ſage or poet ſaw,
Yet ſtill to life's rude ſcene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The muſe was never foreign to his breaſt:
On power's great ſeat confeſs'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the bleſſed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenſer, hear the enchanted echos round
Through fartheſt heaven reſound
With Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the muſes powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of juſt and true.
They lend a nobler ſway
To civil wiſdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloth'd in the faireſt colours of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townſhend, thus may time, the judge ſevere,
Inſtruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when I ſpeak of one to freedom dear
For planning wiſely and for acting well,
Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who ſtill by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends purſued;
Then for the guerdon of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendſhip, will I ſay,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me
"hath view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

Of all the ſprings within the mind
Which prompt her ſteps in fortune's maze,
From none more pleaſing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praiſe.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any paſſion, virtue's friend,
So like to virtue's ſelf appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can ſlight,
Who courts the echo that ſucceeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praiſe depends;
To which, of courſe, its real price
The judgment of the praiſer lends.

V.

If praiſe then with religious awe
From the ſole perfect judge be ſought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor prieſt, nor bard, nor ſage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the ſame
Though in an humbler ſphere it lies,
I count that ſoul of human fame,
The ſuffrage of the good and wiſe.

ODE VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE.

With the Works of Chaulieu.

I.

Attend to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the ſky-lark ſings
When firſt the morn allures its wings,
The epicure his theme purſues:
And tell me if, among the choir
Whoſe muſic charms the bank of Seine,
So full, ſo free, ſo rich a ſtrain
E'er dictated the warbling muſe.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-diſſembled art
That can ſuch harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,

Bright images, and paſſions true,
Recal to thy aſſenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This prieſt of pleaſure, who aſpires
To lead us to her ſacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her ſhrine?
Say (her ſweet influence to thy ſong
So may the goddeſs ſtill afford)
Doth ſhe conſent to be ador'd
With ſhameleſs love and frantic wing?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chryſippus here
Need we in high indignant phraſe
From their Elyſian quiet raiſe;
But pleaſure's oracle alone
Conſult; attentive, not ſevere.
O pleaſure, we blaſpheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the ſtoic throne.

V.

We own had fate to man aſſign'd
Nor ſenſe, nor wiſh, but what obey
Or Venus ſoft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Moſt aptly govern human kind:
Unleſs perchance what he hath ſung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unſtrung,
Some wrangling heretic ſhould plead.

VI.

But now with all theſe proud deſires
For dauntleſs truth and honeſt fame;
With that ſtrong maſter of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye roſy ſmiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier ſoils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. 1754.

I. 1.

For toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treaſon quell'd and laws ſecur'd,
In every nation time diſplays
The palm of honourable praiſe.
Envy may rail; and faction fierce
May ſtrive: but what, alas, can thoſe
(Though bold, yet blind and ſordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppoſe,
To faithful ſtory and perſuaſive verſe?

I. 2.

O nurſe of freedom, Albion, ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotic ſway,
What man, among thy ſons around,
Was heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through impoſture's ſolemn ſhade,
Through kingly and through ſacerdotal night.

I. 3.

To him the teacher bleſs'd,
Who ſent religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the weſt,
And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he addreſs'd:
"Go thou, and reſcue my diſhonour'd law
"From hands rapacious and from tongues impure:
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"Fell perſecution's mortal ſnares to aid:
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
"To faith without aſſent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world ſoon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear, with welcome joy
Did Locke among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair ſequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſtening aſk'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus ſubdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with ſacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's ſword,
Nor the ſtrong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful ſearch explor'd,
And ſocial ſenſe, like ſeed, in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root, the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel ſhrine
Could longer guard from reaſon's warfare ſage;
Not the wild rabble to ſedition wrought,
Nor ſynods by the papal genius taught,
Nor St. John's ſpirit looſe, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where ſhall recompence be found?
Or how ſuch arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious ſcene;
What rugged ſpaces lie between
Adventurous virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The ſhade
Of death, meantime, does oft invade
Her progreſs; nor to us diſplay'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected ſpoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power
—O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe,
We own juſt heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy ſucceſs behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praiſe,
And hail thee in our public ways
Like ſome great ſpirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy ſteps on earth, and when by us reſign'd
Thou join'ſt thy ſeniors, that heroic throng

Who reſcued or preſerv'd the rights of human kind,
O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee ſtill, her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleaſures gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to diſclaim
That heritage, our nobleſt wealth and fame,
Which thou haſt kept entire from force and faction's guile.

ODE VIII.

If rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to pleaſe,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excel?

II.

Behold that bright unſullied ſmile,
And wiſdom ſpeaking in her mien:
Yet (ſhe ſo artleſs all the while,
So little ſtudious to be ſeen)
We nought but inſtant gladneſs know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither muſic, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,
Add half that ſunſhine to the hours,
Or make life's proſpect half ſo clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From ſcenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a ſatiriſt could there
Or fault of indiſcretion find;
Nor any prouder ſage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whoſe form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor ſhows.

V.

This ſure is beauty's happieſt part:
This gives the moſt unbounded ſway:
This ſhall enchant the ſubject heart
When roſe and lily fade away;
And ſhe be ſtill, in ſpite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE IX.

AT STUDY.

I.

Whither did my fancy ſtray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my ſtudious theme?
From his philoſophic page,
From the problems of the ſage,
Wandering through a pleaſing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned wiſdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
Nature bids a ſofter power
Claim ſome minutes for his own

III.

Let the buſy or the wiſe
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart;
Guide its wiſhes as you will;
Without love, you'll find it ſtill
Void in one eſſential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my deſire
Aſks immortal friendſhip's name,
Aſks the palm of honeſt fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

V.

Though the day have ſmoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leiſure known,
Or in ſocial duty ſpent;
Yet at eve my lonely breaſt
Seeks in vain for perfect reſt;
Languiſhes for true content.

ODE X.

TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE:

On the late edition of Mr. Pope's Works.

1751.

I.

Believe me, Edwards, to reſtrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but ſeldom men obtain
By ſenſe or wit, by proſe or ſong:
A taſk for more Herculean powers,
Nor ſuited to the ſacred hours
Of leiſure in the muſe's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The muſe, the blameleſs queen, reſides;
Fair fame attends, and wiſdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides:
While, ſhut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, ſtill repining, wait
Fierce envy and calumnious hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would ſtep one moment forth to heed
What impotent and ſavage ſounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spenſer's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious ſtrain
For Pope's diſhonour'd ſhade complain.

IV.

Tell how diſpleas'd was every bard,
When lately in the Elyſian grove
They of his muſes guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above;
And what with one accord they ſaid
Of wit in drooping age miſled,
And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the fordid fate
To that melodious lyre aſſign'd,
Beneath a tutor who ſo late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By ſpiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting ſound,
Though liſtening realms admir'd around:

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's ſatiric line

Did farther fuel ſcarce require
From ſuch a militant divine:
How Milton ſcorn'd the ſophiſt vain
Who durſt approach his hallow'd ſtrain
With unwaſh'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakſpeare debonnair and mild
Brought that ſtrange comment forth to view;
Conceits more deep, he ſaid and ſmil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew:
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The ſame kind office thou would'ſt pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auſpicious name,
From each abſurd intruder's claim,
To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE XI.

TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

1758.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient ſpirit fled?
Where are thoſe valiant tenants of her ſhore,
Who from the warrior bow the ſtrong dart ſped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
Freeman and ſoldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe:
Who taught the ſteer the wintery plough to endure,
Now in full councils check'd encroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majeſty to know.

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering ſons
To Tiber's pageants, to the ſports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye loſt, ye ſelf-deſerted? whoſe proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your ſwords
To ſlaviſh ruffians, hir'd for their command:
Theſe, at ſome greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod:
Theſe are the public will, the reaſon of the land.

III.

Thou, heedleſs Albion, what, alas! the while
Doſt thou preſume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how doſt thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, theſe near and loud alarms?
Thy ſplendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praiſe and envy of the nations round,
What care haſt thou to guard from fortune's ſway?
Amid the ſtorms of war, how ſoon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV.

No: thou art rich, thy ſtreams and fertile vales
Add induſtry's wiſe gifts to nature's ſtore:
And every port is crowded with thy ſails,
And every wave throws treaſure on thy ſhore.
What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy ſelfiſh heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Thoſe gifts, that treaſure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will ſhine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd ſublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, how canſt ſee,
With ſcorn, the fury of each hoſtile clime
Daſh'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot ſhall tempt the ſtrand—
Yet ſay, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Haſte thou all thy hopes reſign'd
To the ſky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear nor ſtronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, laſt of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies ſtation'd round the throne
To truſt thy ſafety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's ſhrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithleſs Charles's hand,
Or what great William ſeal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy ſons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conqueſt, and from ſervile ſhame,
In war's glad ſchool their own protectors riſe.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful ſwains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural ſtate,
Paternal hamlets for your enſigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native poſt?
Who moſt their country's fame and fortune ſhare,
'Tis theirs to ſhare her toils, her perils moſt.
Each man his taſk in ſocial life ſuſtains.
With partial labours, with domeſtic gains,
Let others dwell; to you indulgent heaven
By council and by arms the public cauſe
To ſerve for public love and love's applauſe,
The firſt employment far, the nobleſt hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedemon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian ſons? the Scipios, matchleſs line?
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the ſwain
Met his lov'd patron's ſummons from the plain;
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their houſehold gods return'd.
And fed Calabrian flocks, and ſteer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be loſt among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unſubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with ſcorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming nature now her ſons inſpire,
That, like ſome myſtery to few reveal'd,
The ſkill of arms abaſh'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeleſs hearts retire?

XI.

O ſhame to human life, to human laws!
The looſe adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell ſword without affection draws,
Whoſe God, whoſe country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the leſſons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conqueſt: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are ſocial arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irkſome were the pain.

XII.

Meantime by pleaſure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright ſun and living breeze ye ſtray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourſelves untrue!
The young grove ſhoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The manſion aſks its lord, the ſwains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply ſhare,
Or tempt the gameſter's dark, deſtroying ſnare,
Or at ſome courtly ſhrine with ſlaviſh incenſe bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawleſs tumult promps the ruſtic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now diſdain
Thoſe homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw thoſe kind ties around their ſimple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By ſuccour, faithful counſel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and heaven's due rites fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light diſcord tear
A ſtate? and impotent ſedition's crime?
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there;
The powers who to command and to obey,
Inſtruct the valiant. There would civil ſway
The riſing race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marſhall'd field their ſteps unite,
And in glad ſplendour bring before their ſight
One common cauſe and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your taſk diſown,
Though war's proud votaries look on ſevere;
Though ſecrets taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old ſimplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, ſimple or refin'd,
The time itſelf adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal proweſs ſtill ſhall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why ſhall they now renounce that generous praiſe?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert's ruſh'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's choſen ſons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's ſquires, nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd: [bound.
They ſaw their ſtandard fall, and left their monarch

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
Such glory's dictates in their dauntleſs breaſt;
—Is there no voice that ſpeaks to every ſon?
No nobler, holier call to you addreſs'd?
O! by majeſtic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truth's, by manly reaſon's cauſe,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By friendſhip, ſocial peace, domeſtic love,
Riſe; arm; your country's living ſafety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her ſhore.

ODE XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS.

In the Country. 1458.

I.

THY verdant ſcenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I ſeek, a languid gueſt;
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breaſt
Once more I climb thy ſteep aërial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy ſprightly breezes round,
Diſſolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the ſprings of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy weſt or the freſh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my muſing footſteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the ſunny lawn,
Awak'd I ſtop, and look to find
What ſhrub perfumes the pleaſant wind,
Or what wild ſongſter charms the Dryads of the grove.

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The diſtant voice of health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
"Droop not, nor doubt of my return," ſhe cries;
"Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
"Meet thee beneath yon chelnut bower,
"And lenient on thy boſom pour
"That indolence divine which lulls the earth and
"ſkies."

IV.

The goddeſs promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favourite time.
Nor wiſh'd to breathe in any ſofter clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-ſlumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew
Then firſt, O heavenly muſe, unſeen for many a day.

V.

In that ſoft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden ſtar of love.
I ſaw her hand in careleſs meaſures move;
I heard ſweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the ſacred ſound obey'd.
New ſunſhine o'er my fancy ſprings,
New colours clothe external things,
And the laſt glooms of pain and ſickly plaint retire.

IV.

O Goulder's hill, by thee reſtor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late reſounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, ſolemn and ſevere,
My Dorian harp ſhall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And ſend a leſs-ambitious lay
Of friendſhip and of love to greet thy maſter's ear.

VII.

For when within thy ſhady ſeat
Firſt from the ſultry town he choſe,
And the tir'd ſenate's cares, his wiſh'd repoſe,
Then waſt thou mine; to me a happier home
For ſocial leiſure: where my welcome feet,
Eſtrang'd from all the entangling ways
In which the reſtleſs vulgar ſtrays,
Through nature's ſimple paths with ancient faith might roam.

VIII.

And while around his ſylvan ſcene
My Dyſon led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
Their ſages came: oft heard our lingering walk
The Mantuan muſic warbling o'er the green:
And oft did Tully's reverend ſhade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd eaſe or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other gueſts were on their way,
And reach'd erelong this favour'd grove;
Ev'n the celeſtial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-ſubduing ſon,
Whoſe golden ſhaft moſt willingly obey
The beſt and wiſeſt. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And ſang their happy gifts, and prais'd their ſpotleſs throne.

X.

I ſaw when through yon feſtive gate
He led along his choſen maid,
And to my friend with ſmiles preſenting ſaid;
"Receive that faireſt wealth which heaven aſ-
" ſign'd
" To human fortune. Did thy lonely ſtate
" One wiſh, one utmoſt hope confeſs?
" Behold, ſhe comes, to adorn and bleſs:
Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy
" mind."

ODE XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURGH.

1751.

I.

The men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counſels or in arms,
Have ſeldom turn'd their feet from glory's chaſe,
To dwell with books, or court the muſe's charms.
Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine tranſcript of their calmer thought,
There ſtill we own the wiſe, the great, or good;
And Cæſar there and Xenophon are ſeen,
As clear in ſpirit and ſublime of mien,
As on Pharſalian plains, or by the Aſſyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederick, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the ſtudent's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That hereafter envy ſhall preſume
With words irreverent to inſcribe thy tomb,
And baſer weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence poſterity may try thy reign,
Aſſert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foreſight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the leſſons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine thoſe darts of ſcorn?
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
For ſacred truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature, urg'd thy arm
The Almighty of his ſceptre to diſarm?
To puſh this earth adrift, and leave it looſe from heaven?

IV.

Ye godlike ſhades of legiſlators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wiſe,
Ye firſt of mortals with the bleſs'd enroll'd,
Say, did not horror in your boſoms riſe,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magiſtrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holieſt bands?
Thoſe bands which ye ſo labour'd to improve?
Thoſe hopes and fears of juſtice from above,
Which tam'd the ſavage world to your divine commands?

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, inſidious Love:
Thy ſoothing ſway
Long did my youthful boſom prove:
At length thy treaſon is diſcern'd,
At length ſome dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I ſee
Her merit. Needs it now be ſhown,
Alas! to me?
How often, to myſelf unknown,
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often ſaid,
What joy to call a heart like hers one's own,

III.

But, flattering god,
O ſquanderer of content and eaſe,
In thy abode
Will care's rude leſſon learn to pleaſe?
O ſay, deceiver, haſt thou won
Proud fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her ſtern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[*Unfiniſhed.*]

I.

MEEK honour, female ſhame,
O! whither, ſweeteſt offspring of the ſky,
From Albion doſt thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame?
O beauty's only friend,
Who giv'ſt her pleaſing reverence to inſpire;
Who ſelfiſh, bold deſire
Doſt to eſteem and dear affection turn;
Alas! of thee forlorn,
What joy, what praiſe, what hope can life pretend?

II.

Behold; your youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happineſs inquire:
Our maids no more aſpire
The arts of baſhful Hymen to attain;
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impaſſive, as they move along,
Aſk homage of the throng.
The lover ſwears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the ſelf-ſame charms,
And worthleſs and deſerted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unbleſs'd at home,
The father of the cheerleſs houſehold mourns;
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at diſtance roam;
While ſhe, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull taſk of cares,
To meet him ſhe prepares,
Through noiſe and ſpleen and all the gameſter's art
A liſtleſs, haraſs'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the ſhore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of ſtrife and grief the fond invective lore:
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine ſpear
Like thunder ſounding near,
Smote the red croſs upon her ſilver ſhield
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * *

NOTES ON THE TWO BOOKS OF ODES.

B. 1. Ode XVIII. Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus the Lacedemonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Aſia Minor the firſt complete copy or Homer's Works.—At Platæa was fought the deciſive battle between the Perſian army and the united militia of Greece, under Pauſanias and Ariſtides.—Cymon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus, for two great victories gained on the ſame day over the Perſians by ſea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preſerved the inſcription which the Athenians affixed to the conſecrated ſpoils, after this great ſucceſs; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatneſs of the occaſion has raiſed the manner of expreſſion above the uſual ſimplicity and modeſty of all other ancient inſcriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΤ. Τ.' ΕΤΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ. ΕΝΕΙΜΕ
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΤΔΕΝ. ΠΩ ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'. ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΓΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ. ΑΜΑ.
ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΛΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΓΕΝΕΝ. ΑΣΙΣ ΥΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ.
ΠΑΙΓΕΙΣ' ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following tranſlation is almoſt literal:

Since firſt the ſea from Aſia's hoſtile coaſt
Divided Europe, and the god of war
Aſſail'd imperious cities; never yet,
At once among the waves and on the ſhore,
Had ſuch a labour been atchiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They, whoſe arms the Medes
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the fame
Have won from ſkilful Tyre an hundred ſhips
Crowded with warriors. Aſia groans in both
Her hands ſore ſmitten, by the might of war.

Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Ariſtides and Cymon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common

consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O'ER yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, nymphs,
Ye nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs; tarry, and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands, to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.
Where shall my song begin, ye nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
First of the lonely powers, ere time arose,
Were love and Chaos. Love the fire of fate;
Elder than Chaos. Born of fate was time,
Who many sons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentless father: till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
And spotless Vesta; while supreme of sway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys sprang the sedgy crowned race,
Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent: and from them
Are ye, O Naiads! Arethusa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe; that sweet name,
Bandusia; that soft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne; and the honour'd tribes
Belov'd of Pæan. Listen to my strain,
Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise.
You, nymphs the winged offspring, which of old
Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They ask: Favonius and the mild south-west
From you relief implore. Your sallying streams
Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.
Again they fly, disporting; from the mead
Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To sweep the noxious mildew; or dispel
Contagious streams, which oft the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Ascend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient time; and haply, while he scans
The ruin, with a silent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.
You too, O nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confess; and still prepare
For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
Your general dews to nurse them in their prime.
Pales, the pasture's queen, where-e'er ye stray,
Pursues your steps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profuseth hand,
Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
Pomona seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canst thou
Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameless nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.
For better praise awaits you. Thames, your sire,
As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
Descend, the tribute stately Thames, receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
Yield to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To hear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-sailing; oft intent your springs
He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse
"And silent be your stores, from you, fair nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind society to men.
"By you my function and my honour'd name
"Do I possess; while o'er the Bœtic [illegible]
"Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
"By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
"The English merchant: with the buxom fleece
"Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
"Sarmatian kings; or to the household gods
"Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
"Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
"Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land
"Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
"Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
"Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven."

Such are the words of Hermes: ſuch the praiſe,
O Naiads, which from tongues celeſtial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty iſſueth power:
And thoſe who, ſedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own ſeat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hoſpitable arts
Of Hermes yield their ſtore. For, O ye nymphs,
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendſhip? You ſhe owns
The fair aſſociates who extend her ſway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you ſhe uttereth, oft as from the ſhore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, ſhe her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian ſurge; her auſpices divine
Imparting to the ſenate and the prince
Of Albion, to diſmay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever ſcorn'd by Pallas: and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy ſurge,
To drive her clouds and ſtorms; o'erwhelming all
The Perſian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the ſoft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaüs join'd their ſervile bands,
To ſweep the ſons of liberty from earth.
In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens ſtood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And ſhook her burning ægis. Xerxes ſaw:
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the ſign
Celeſtial; felt unrighteous hope forſake
His faultering heart, and turn'd his face with ſhame.

Hail, ye who ſhare the ſtern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war:
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
Yet mild of nature: to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witneſs, ſhe who ſaves,
From poiſonous cates and cups of pleaſing bane,
The wretch devoted to the entangling ſnares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him ſhe leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To ſpread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to ſummon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering ſluggard from his dreams:
And where his breaſt may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervor of the ſunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courſer. Nor when eaſe,
Cool eaſe and welcome ſlumbers have becalm'd
His eager boſom, does the queen of health
Her pleaſing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, preſiding; and the frugal powers
With joy ſedate leads in: and while the brown
Eunæan dame with Pan preſents her ſtores;
While changing ſtill, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the hours before him ſpread
The garden's banquet: you to crown his feaſt,
To crown his feaſt, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your ſhelving ſeats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To ſlake his veins: till ſoon a purer tide
Flows down thoſe loaded channels: waſheth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking ſeeds
Of crude diſeaſe; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, ſends repoſe. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to ſtooping age,
The joys which youth had ſquander'd. Oft your urns
Will I invoke! and, frequent in your praiſe,
Abaſh the frantic Thyrſus with my ſong.

For not eſtrang'd from you benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whoſe myſterious ſhrine
My youth was ſacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treaſures he hath ſearch'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the ſun,
(To rouſe dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveleſs arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or huſh the unquiet breaſt
Which pines with ſilent paſſion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep manſions he deſcends,
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills inſinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the ſtreaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd ſuppliants; wafts the ſeeds
Metallic, and the elemental ſalts
Waſh'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and ſoon
Flies pain; flies inauſpicious care: and ſoon
The ſocial haunt or unfrequented ſhade
Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious nymphs!
Oft as for helpleſs mortals I implore
Your ſalutary ſprings, through every urn
Oh ſhed your healing treaſures. With the firſt
And fineſt breath, which from the genial ſtriſe
Of mineral fermentation ſprings, like light
O'er the freſh morning's vapours, luſtrate then
The fountain, and inform the riſing wave.

My lyre ſhall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the ſtrings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celeſtial powers,
I frame their language; and the muſes deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The muſes (ſacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did not my wondering ſenſe
Their ſecrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
In ſlumber felt their muſic: oft at noon
Or hour of ſunſet, by ſome lonely ſtream,
In field or ſhady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preſerve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
And offerings unproſan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I ſend, my homage, to the ſeats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaſte companions they admit
Through all the hallowed ſcene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Caſtalia's moſſy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulleſt repoſe
To their conſorted meaſure: till again,
With emulation all the ſounding choir,

And bright Apollo, leader of the ſong
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty ſtrings: thoſe powerful ſtrings
That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares:
Aſſuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With ſlacken'd wings
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Poſſeſs'd; and fatiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain,
Relents, and ſooths his own fierce heart to eaſe,
Moſt welcome eaſe. The ſire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatſoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopl'd earth and o'er
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom ſevere,
And troubled at the ſound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With raviſh'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of ſacred ſilence. But the ſlaves
Of Bacchus with tempeſtuous clamours ſtrive
To drown the heavenly ſtrains; of higheſt Jove
Irreverent, and by mad preſumption fir'd
Their own diſcordant raptures to advance
With hoſtile emulation. Down they ruſh
From Nyſa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
Of Thrace, the ſatyrs, and the unruly fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulſions wild
Toſſing their limbs, and brandiſhing in air
The ivy-mantled Thyrſus, or the torch
Through black ſmoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the claſhing cymbals, mix'd
With ſhrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the ſeats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply theſe be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aſpires
From ſuch inſtruction to inform his breaſt
With verſe; let him, fit votariſt, implore
Their inſpiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May ſing in apteſt numbers: he the fate
Of ſober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And ſtrong Alcides in the ſpinſter's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Muſt dwell the man whoe'er to praiſed themes
Invokes the immortal muſe. The immortal muſe
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footſteps; and with your unſullied ſtreams
His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majeſty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvy'd guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In thoſe unfading iſlands of the bleſs'd,
Where ſacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd nymphs;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc ſhell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my ſongs
Be preſent ye with favourable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

NOTES ON THE HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

LINE 25. —*Love*——

Elder than Chaos.] Heſiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldeſt of beings; though he aſſigns to Love neither father nor ſuperior: which circumſtance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being obſervable not only in Heſiod, but in all other writers both of verſe and proſe: and on the ſame occaſion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expreſsly ſtyled the eldeſt of all the gods. Yet Ariſtophanes, in the Birds, affirms, that "Chaos, "and Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were "firſt; and that Love was produced from an egg, "which the ſable-winged night depoſited in the "immenſe boſom of Erebus." But it muſt be obſerved, that the Love deſigned by this comic poet was always diſtinguiſhed from the other, from that original and ſelf-exiſtent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or ſecond perſon of the old Grecian trinity; to whom is inſcribed an hymn among thoſe which paſs under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the firſt-begotten, is ſaid to have been born of an egg, and is repreſented as the principal or origin of all theſe external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the diſcoverer or diſcloſer; who unfolded the ideas of the ſupreme intelligence, and expoſed them to the perception of inferior beings in this viſible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the ſeveral paſſages of Orpheus, which they have preſerved.

But the Love deſigned in our text, is the one ſelf-exiſtent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologiſts have not introduced or truly deſcribed in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other reſpects, he profeſſeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For in theſe great points of natural theology, they differ no leſs remarkably among themſelves; and are

perpetually confounding the philoſophical relations of things with the traditionary circumſtances of mythic hiſtory: upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his diſſent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, aſcribed to Orpheus, it is ſaid, that "Love, "whom mortals in latter times call Phanes, was "the father of the eternally begotten Night;" who is generally repreſented by theſe mythological poets, as being herſelf the parent of all things; and who, in the Indigitamenta, or Orphic Hymns, is ſaid to be the ſame with Cypris, or Love itſelf. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the perſonated Orpheus introduceth himſelf ſinging to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the obſcure memory of Chaos, and the "natures which it contained within itſelf in a "ſtate of perpetual viciſſitude; how the heaven "had its boundary determined; the generation "of the earth; the depth of the ocean; and alſo "the ſapient Love, the moſt ancient, the ſelf-"ſufficient; with all the beings which he pro-"duced when he ſeparated one thing from an-"other." Which noble paſſage is more directly to Ariſtotle's purpoſe in the firſt book of his metaphyſics, than any of thoſe he has there quoted, to ſhow that the ancient poets and mythologiſts agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more ſober philoſophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion concerning the neceſſity of mind and reaſon to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which paſs under the ſame name, are, it ſhould ſeem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all queſtion they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invaſion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a ſet of public and ſolemn forms of devotion: as appears by a paſſage in one of them, which Demoſthenes hath almoſt literally cited in his firſt oration againſt Ariſtogiton, as the ſaying of Orpheus, the founder of their moſt holy myſteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Heſiod himſelf not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the myſterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impreſſion upon the mind, cannot be better expreſſed than in that remarkable deſcription with which they inſpired the German editor Eſchenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipſic: "Theſaurum me repente "reperidi," ſays he, "& profecto theſaurum re-"peri. Incredibile dictu quo me ſacro horrore "afflaverint indigitamenta iſta deorum: nam et "tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebat, "quod vel ſolum horrorem incutere animo poteſt "nocturnum; cum enim totam diem conſumſerim "in contemplando urbis ſplendore, & in adeun-"dis, quibus ſcatet urbs illa, viris doctis; ſola "nox reſtabat, quam Orpheo conſecrare potui. "In abyſſum quendam myſteriorum venerandæ "antiquitatis deſcendere videbat, quotieſcunque "ſilente mundo, ſolis vigilantibus aſtris et luna "μελαμπάτρας iſtos hymnos ad manus ſumſi."

Line 25. *Chaos.*] The unformed, undigeſted maſs of Moſes and Plato: which Milton calls

"The womb of nature.

Ibid. *Love, the fire of Fate.*] Fate is the univerſal ſyſtem of natural cauſes; the work of the omnipotent mind, or of love: ſo Minucius Felix: "Quid aliud eſt fatum, quam quod de unoquoque "noſtrum deus fatus eſt." So alſo Cicero, in the firſt book on Divination: "Fatum autem id ap-"pello, quod Græci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id eſt, "ordinem ſeriemque cauſarum, cum cauſa cauſæ "nexa rem ex ſe gignat---ex quo intelligitur, ut "fatum ſit non id quod ſuperſtitioſe, ſed id quod "phyſice dicitur cauſa æterna rerum." To the ſame purpoſe is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Deſtiny. As to the three fates, or deſtinies of the poets, they repreſented that part of the general ſyſtem of natural cauſes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for ſo we are told in the hymn addreſſed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are diſtinguiſhed by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Heſiod, Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic hymn to Venus, or Love, that Goddeſs is directly ſtyled the mother of Neceſſity, and is repreſented, immediately after, as governing the three deſtinies, and conducting the whole ſyſtem of natural cauſes.

L. 26. *Born of Fate was Time.*] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the ſon of Cœlum and Tellus. But the author of the hymns gives it quite undiſguiſed by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the earth and the ſtarry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

L. 27. *Who many ſons devour'd.*] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the diſſolution of natural bodies; which are produced and deſtroyed by time.

L. 28. 29. *The child of Rhea.*] Jupiter ſo called by Pindar.

L. 29. *Drove him from the upper ſky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologiſts. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatiſe on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable ſoul of the world, which reſtrained and prevented thoſe uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, uſed formerly to cauſe in the mundane ſyſtem.

L. 30. *Then ſocial reign'd.*] Our mythology here ſuppoſeth, that before the eſtabliſhment of the vital, vegetative, plaſtic nature (repreſented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unſettled condition; but afterwards, well-diſpoſed and at peace among themſelves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Veſta, the eldeſt daughter of Saturn, Fire; and the cloud-compellor or Ζεὺς νεφεληγερέτης, the Air; though he alſo repreſented the plaſtic principle of nature, as may be ſeen in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

Line 34. *The fedgy-crowned race.*] The river-gods; who, according to Heſiod's Theogony, were the ſons of Oceanus and Tethys.

L. 36, 37. *From them, are ye, O Naiads.*] The deſcent of the Naiads is leſs certain than moſt points of the Greek mythology. Homer Odyſſ. xiii. ὕραι Διὸς. Virgil, in the eighth book of the Æneid, ſpeaks as if the nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the teſtimony of Heſiod, and evidently departs from the othordox ſyſtem, which repreſenteth ſeveral nymphs as retaining to every ſingle river. On the other hand Calimachus, who was very learned in all the ſchool-divinity of thoſe times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Penus, the great Theſſalian river-god, the father of his nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his Metamorphoſes, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occaſionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

L. 40. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

Ibid. *The tribes beloved by Pæon.*] Mineral and medicinal ſprings. Pæon was the phyſician of the gods.

L. 43. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds; who, according to Heſiod and Apollodorus, were the ſons of Aſtræus and Aurora.

L. 46. *Hyperion.*] A ſon of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the ſame manner as here, for the ſun himſelf.

L. 49. *Your ſallying ſtreams.*] The ſtate of the atmoſphere with reſpect to reſt and motion is, in ſeveral ways, affected by rivers and running ſtreams; and that more eſpecially in hot ſeaſons: firſt, they deſtroy its equilibrium, by cooling thoſe parts of it with which they are in contact; and ſecondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of conſequence more elaſtic than other parts of the atmoſphere, and therefore fitter to preſerve and to propagate that motion.

L. 70. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the ſun, in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

L. 79. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name for Flora.

L. 83. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the firſt Bacchus, whoſe birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelaſgic character, by Thymœtes, grandſon to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymœtes had travelled over Libya to the coûntry which borders on the weſtern ocean; there he ſaw the iſland of Nyſa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king of Lybia, was married in former "ages to Rhea, ſiſter of Saturn and the Titans: "that he afterwerds fell in love with a beautiful "virgin, whoſe name was Amalthea; had by her "a ſon, and gave her poſſeſſion of a neighbouring "tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which in "ſhape nearly reſembling the horn of an ox, was "thence called the Heſperian horn,-and after-"wards the horn of Amalthea: that, fearing the "jealouſy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bac-"chus, with his mother, in the iſland of Nyſa;" the beauty of which, Diodorus deſcribes with great dignity and pomp of ſtyle. This fable is one of the nobleſt in all the ancient mythology, and ſeems to have made a particular impreſſion on the imagination of Milton; the only modern poet (unleſs perhaps it be neceſſary to except Spenſer) who, in theſe myſterious traditions of the poetic ſtory, had a heart to feel, and words to expreſs, the ſimple and ſolitary genius of antiquity. To raiſe the idea of his Paradiſe, he prefers it even to

——"that Nyſean iſle
"Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,
"(Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Lybian
"Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon, [Jove
"Young Bacchus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye."

L. 121. *Edonian band.*] The prieſteſſes and other miniſters of Bacchus; ſo called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

L. 105. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce; in which benevolent character he is addreſſed by the author of the Indigitamenta in theſe beautiful lines:

Ἑρμήνεν πάντων, κερδέμπορε, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὅς χειρέσσιν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὅπλον ἀμέμφες.

L. 121. *Diſpenſe the mineral treaſure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coaſt of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin

L. 136. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being ſo greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendſhip of Minerva, the goddeſs of war; for military power, at leaſt the naval part of it, hath conſtantly followed the eſtabliſhment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding obſervation, that "from bounty iſſueth "power."

L. 143, 144. *Calpe—Cantabrian ſurge.*] Gibraltar and the bay of Biſcay.

L. 150 *Ægina's gloomy ſurge.*] Near this iſland, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Perſian navy.

L. 160. *Xerxes ſaw.*] This circumſtance is recorded in that paſſage, perhaps the moſt ſplendid among all the remains of ancient hiſtory, where Plutarch, in his "Life of Themiſtocles," deſcribes the ſea-fights of Artemiſium and Salamis.

L. 204. *Thyrſus.*] A ſtaff, or ſpear, wreathed round with ivy; of conſtant uſe in the Bacchanalian myſteries.

L. 217. *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

L. 252. *Cirrha.*] One of the ſummits or Parnaſſus, and ſacred to Apollo. Near it were ſeveral fountains, ſaid to be frequented by the muſes. Nyſa, the other eminence of the ſame mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

L. 263. *Charm the mind of gods.*] This whole paſſage, concerning the effects of ſacred muſic among the gods, is taken from Pindar's firſt Pythian ode.

L. 297. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian muſic was fantaſtic and turbulent, and fit to excite diſorderly paſſions.

L. 302, 303. *The gates where Pallas holds*
The guardian key.] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities: whence ſhe was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her ſtatues placed in their gates, being ſuppoſed to keep the keys; and on that account ſtyled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

L. 310, 311. *Fate of ſober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian prieſts and women, for deſpiſing their myſteries.

L. 318, 319. *The cave Corycian.*] Of this cave Pauſanias, in his tenth book, gives the following deſcription: "Between Delphi and the eminences "*of Parnaſſus, in a road to the grotto of Corycium,* "which has its name from the nymph Corycia, "and is by far the moſt remarkable which I have "ſeen. One may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is of a conſiderable height and "hath ſeveral ſprings within it; and yet a much "greater quantity of water diſtills from the ſhell "and roof, ſo as to be continually dropping on the "ground. The people round Parnaſſus hold it "ſacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan."

L. 319. *Delphic mount*] Delphi, the ſeat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountaneous and rocky ſituation, on the ſkirts of Parnaſſus.

L. 327. *Cyrenaïc.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whoſe hymns are the moſt remarkable example of that mythological paſſion which is aſſumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleaſure to the author of it, by reaſon of the myſterious ſolemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt ſomewhat in the ſame manner; ſolely by way of exerciſe: the manner itſelf being now almoſt entirely abandoned in poetry. And as the mere genealogy, or the perſonal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little intereſting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to ſelect ſome convenient part *of the hiſtory of nature*, and to employ *theſe* ancient divinities as it is probable they were firſt employed; to wit, in perſonifying natural cauſes, and in repreſenting the mutual agreement or oppoſition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very higheſt office of poetry.

INSCRIPTIONS, EPISTLES, &c.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

To me, whom in their lays the ſhepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring ſtream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward ſhoot,
Where plac'd by Glycon. He with cowſlips pale,
Primroſe, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before thy threſhold, and my ſhelving walls
With honeyſuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my riſing fount,
I ſlumber: here my cluſtering fruits I tend:
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Freſh garlands weave, and chaſe from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O ſtranger, undiſmay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breaſt of blameleſs thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome ſhalt thou tread
My quiet manſion: chiefly, if thy name
Wiſe Pallas and the immortal muſes own.

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

Such was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. Theſe ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He ſang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each eſtate and age,
The faſhions and the follies of the world [chance
With cunning hand portraying. Though per-
From Blenheim's towers, O ſtranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Doſt thou applaud them if thy breaſt be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land.

III.

Whoe'er thou art whoſe path in ſummer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imboſoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harveſt round. And onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Faſt by a ſilent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O ſtranger, o'er the conſecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock, which thou ſee'ſt
Beſet with oſiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle freſh water from the brook, and ſtrew
Sweet-ſmelling flowers. For there doth Edmund reſt,
The learned ſhepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for ſongs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithleſs pride
Of fair Matilda ſank him to the grave [Heaven
In manhood's prime. But ſoon did righteous
With tears, with ſharp remorſe, and pining care,
Avenge her falſehood. Nor could all the gold,

And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier huſband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aſide
The ſtrokes of death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful ſtory. Haply ſome fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining
O pale misfortune's ſlaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of kings:
O ſons of ſport and pleaſure: O thou wretch
That weep'ſt for jealous love, or the ſore wounds
Of conſcious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cauſe;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye ſtand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakſpeare's form;
" Who walk'd in every path of human life,
" Felt every paſſion; and to all mankind
" Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
" Which his own genius only could acquire,"

V.

GULIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEX RENVNCIATUS ESSET ATQVE STATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT IAM, FIDES, FORTVNA GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI PVBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O ſtranger, ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The charter of thy freedom. Paſs not on
'Till thou haſt bleſt their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy ſons: inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors; and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down entire [born.
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were

VII.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

APPROACH in ſilence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The ſecond age
Now haſteneth to its period, ſince I roſe
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my offſpring: and each nymph, who
The copſes and the furrow'd fields beyond, [guards
Obeys me. Many changes have I ſeen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of juſtice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Againſt the tyrants of the land, againſt
The unhallow'd ſons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of wiſdom, and erroneous folly's end
Have oft preſag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My ſhade, a while releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate ſhall enter, and ſit down
Beneath my branches. Then his muſing mind
I prompt, unſeen; and place before his view
Sincereſt forms of good; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of glory and the faith
Of ſacred friendſhip. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy boſom dwell
Aught which may challenge praiſe, thou wilt not
Unhonour'd my abode, nor ſhall I hear [leave
A ſparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE powers unſeen, to whom the bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd, when oft this lonely ſeat
To you I conſecrated; then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt I love to invoke you, and have felt
Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm: the ſun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harveſt round
Stands quiet, and among the golden ſheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random ſtrain
Echoeth amid the ſilence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven
Abide ye? or on thoſe tranſparent clouds
Paſs ye from hill to hill? or on the ſhades
Which yonder elms caſt o'er the lake below
Do you converſe retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inſpiring powers:
And I will guard it well, nor ſhall a thought
Riſe in my mind, nor ſhall a paſſion move
Acroſs my boſom unobſerv'd, unſtor'd
By faithful memory. And then at ſome
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majeſtic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious ſtrains;
That all mankind ſhall wonder at your ſway.

IX.

ME though in life's ſequeſter'd vale
The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,

Remote from glory's toilſome ways,
And the great ſcenes of public praiſe;
Yet let me ſtill with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early muſic to my tongue ſupply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd.
And, this be thy concern, he ſaid,
At once with paſſion's keen alarms,
And beauty's pleaſurable charms,
And ſacred truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man;
Till under one unblemiſh'd plan,
His reaſon, fancy, and his heart unite.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO *.

THRICE has the ſpring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter riſes on thy ſhame,
Since I exulting graſp'd the votive ſheil,
In ſounds of triumph all thy praiſe to tell;
Bleſt could my ſkill through ages make thee ſhine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cauſe that wak'd my ſong before,
With praiſe, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man, whoſe faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauſes ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every muſe beſtow'd;
If public juſtice urg'd the high reward,
And freedom ſmil'd on the devoted bard:
Say then, to him whoſe levity or luſt
Laid all a people's generous hopes in duſt;
Who taught ambition firmer heights of power,
And ſav'd corruption at her hopeleſs hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each muſe a wreath of ſhame beſtow?
And public juſtice ſanctify the award?
And freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering ſpark with anxious eyes,
And wiſh'd and hop'd the light again would riſe,
But ſince thy guilt ſtill more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no ſuppoſition clears;
Since vengeful ſlander now too ſinks her blaſt,
And the firſt rage of party-hate is paſt;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my truſt from all reproach be free,
And earth and time confirm the fair decree.
There are who ſay they view'd without amaze
Thy ſad reverſe of all thy former praiſe;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulneſs of thy ſecret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whoſe ſoul conſented to thy cauſe,
Who felt thy genious ſtamp its own applauſe,
Who ſaw the ſpirits of each glorious age
Move in thy boſom, and direct thy rage;
I ſcorn'd the ungenerous gloſs of ſlaviſh minds,
The owl-ey'd race, whom virtue's luſtre blinds,
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy end was juſt and free;
And yet, even yet believe it---ſpite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd diſclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of ſhame;
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd ambition to forgive the ſhow;
Has told corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boaſted in thy country's awful ear,
Her groſs deluſion when ſhe held thee dear;
How tame ſhe follow'd thy tempeſtuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and truſted all---
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For laws ſubverted, and for cities ſold!
Paint all the nobleſt trophies of your guilt;
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you ſpilt;
Yet muſt you one untempted vileneſs own,
One dreadful palm reſerv'd for him alone:
With ſtudied arts his country's praiſe to ſpurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of ſtate the guarded heart encloſe
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles ſtun the enchanted ear
To all that reaſon, all that ſenſe, would hear?
Elſe could'ſt thou e'er deſert thy ſacred poſt,
In ſuch unthankful baſeneſs to be loſt?
Elſe could'ſt thou wed the emptineſs of vice.
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?
When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cauſe,
When now of conqueſt and dominion ſure,
They ſought alone to hold their fruits ſecure;
When taught by theſe, oppreſſion hid the face
To leave corruption ſtronger in her place,
By ſilent ſpells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the paſſive ſtate,
Till healing wiſdom ſhould avail no more,
And freedom loath to tread the poiſon'd ſhore;
Then, like ſome guardian god that flies to ſave
The weary pilgrim from the an inſtant grave,

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* *Curio was a young Roman Senator of diſtinguiſhed birth and parts, who, upon his firſt entrance into the Forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuſe and extravagant, he ſoon diſſipated a large and ſplendid fortune; to ſupply the want of which, he was driven to the neceſſity of abetting the deſigns of Cæſar againſt the liberties of his country, although he had before been a profeſſed enemy to him.---Cicero exerted himſelf with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the firſt victims in the civil war. This epiſtle was firſt publiſhed in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a long, and at laſt a ſucceſsful oppoſition to an unpopular miniſter, had deſerted the cauſe of his country, and become the foremoſt in ſupport and defence of the ſame meaſures he had ſo ſteadily, and for ſuch a length of time contended againſt. It was altered by the Author into the "Ode to Curio;" but the original poem is too curious to be omitted.*

Whom, ſleeping and ſecure, the guileful ſnake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake;
Then Curio roſe to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedleſs, and incite the ſlow,
Againſt corruption liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantreſs by a mightier charm.
  Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confeſs'd:
Thy powerful voice the reſcued merchant bleſs'd;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth reſounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns;
Touch'd in the ſighing ſhade with manlier fires,
To trace thy ſteps the love-ſick youth aſpires;
The learn'd recluſe, who oft amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to ſhare in ſuch forgotten fame;
And he who, ſcorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame tract of theſe dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues ſacred from a monarch's view,
Rous'd by thy labours from the bleſt retreat,
Where ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Again aſcending treads the civil ſcene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadſt been.
  Thus by degrees thy cauſe ſuperior grew,
And the great end appear'd at laſt in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice;
We ſaw the ſenate bending to thy voice; [reign
The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal faction, ſtruck with new diſmay,
Shrunk at the frown, and ſelf-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the ſhock, the public genius roſe,
Abaſh'd and keener from his long repoſe;
Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the ſpear
Which ſlaves and tyrants long were wont to fear
The city felt his call: from man to man,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, the glorious horror ran;
Each crowded haunt was ſtir'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.
  Lo! the deciding hour at laſt appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement ſteady to the goal.
Ye ſpirits, by whoſe providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the beſt in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his paſſions bind!
Ye ſhades immortal, who, by freedom led,
Or in the field, or on the ſcaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The ſword ſubmitted, and the laws her own:
See! public power chaſtis'd beneath her ſtands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wiſeſt arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to nobleſt manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was fought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.
  'Twas then—O ſhame! O truſt how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithleſs ſons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reaſon ſtole?
What ſpells unſinew'd thy determin'd ſoul?
—Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?
This patient ſlave by tinſel chains allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd?
This Curio, hated and deſpis'd by all?
Who ſell himſelf to work his country's fall?
  O loſt, alike to action and repoſe!
Unknown, unpity'd in the worſt of woes!
With all that conſcious, undiſſembled pride,
Sold to the inſults of a foe defy'd!
With all that habit of familiar ſame,
Doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame!
The ſole ſad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a ſtateſman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praiſe no longer in thy power,
Diſplay thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And ſhut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to ſmile
When ſhameleſs mouths your majeſty defile,
Paint you a thoughtleſs, frantic, headlong crew,
And caſt their own impieties on you.
For witneſs, freedom, to whoſe ſacred power
My ſoul was vow'd from reaſon's earlieſt hour,
How have I ſtood exulting, to ſurvey
My country's virtues opening in thy ray!
How, with the ſons of every foreign ſhore
The more I match'd them, honour'd hers the more.
O race erect! whoſe native ſtrength of ſoul,
Which kings, nor prieſts, nor ſordid laws controul,
Burſts the tame round of animal affairs,
And ſeeks a nobler centre for its cares;
ntent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conſcious reaſon judging every ſtate,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's diſguiſe:
Hence prompt alike with witty ſcorn to view
Paſtidious grandeur liſt his ſolemn brow,
Or, all awake at pity's ſoft command,
Bend the mild ear, and ſtretch the gracious hand.
Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
When public toils to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted ſire;
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Where'er oppreſſion works her wanton ſway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if, to purchaſe Curio's ſage applauſe,
My country muſt with him renounce her cauſe,
Quit with a ſlave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiſs the regal rod;
Then ſtill, ye powers, inſtruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his ſubject fail:
Elſe, ere he change the ſtyle, bear me away
To where the Cracchi, * where the Bruti ſlay!
  O long rever'd, and late reſign'd to ſhame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of buſineſs are withdrawn,
Nor well-dreſt beggars round thy footſteps fawn;

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* *The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus loſt their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give ſtability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth and died in its defence.*

AKENSIDE.

In that ſtill, thoughtful, ſolitary hour,
When truth exerts her unreſiſted power,
Breaks the falſe optics ting'd with fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breaſt, and lays the paſſions bare:
Then turn thy eyes on that important ſcene,
And aſk thyſelf—if all be well within.
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of ſoul,
Which labour could not ſtop, nor fear controul?
Where the known dignity, the ſtamp of awe,
Which, half abaſh'd, the proud and venal ſaw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honeſt cauſe?
Where the delightful taſte of juſt applauſe?
Where the ſtrong reaſon, the commanding tongue,
On which the ſenate fir'd or trembling hung!
All vaniſh'd, all are ſold—And in their room,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep, diſtracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted ſhrine thy honour bled;
With blaſted weeds thy awful brow ſhe crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poiſon'd philters bound,
That baffled reaſon ſtraight indignant flew,
And fair perſuaſion from her ſeat withdrew:
For now no longer truth ſupports thy cauſe;
No longer glory prompts thee to applauſe;
No longer virtue breathing in thy breaſt,
With all her conſcious majeſty confeſt,
Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,
To rouſe the feeble, and the wilful name,
And where ſhe ſees the catching glimpſes roll,
Spreads the ſtrong blaze, and all involves the ſoul;
But cold reſtraints thy conſcious fancy chill,
And formal paſſions mock thy ſtruggling will;
Or, if thy genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler ſtrain,
Soon the ſad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breaſt, and ſtab the generous birth,
Till, blind with ſmart, from truth to frenzy toſt,
And all the tenor of thy reaſon loſt,
Perhaps thy anguiſh drains a real tear;
While ſome with pity, ſome with laughter hear.
—Can art, alas! or genius, guide the head,
Where truth or freedom from the heart are fled?
Can leſſer wheels repeat their native ſtroke,
When the prime function of the ſoul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou haſt a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes reſign;
For ſee the hand of deſtiny diſplay'd
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd!
See the dire fane of infamy ariſe!
Dark as the grave, and ſpacious as the ſkies;
Where, from the firſt of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjuſt remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathleſs road
To warn the wanderer of the curſt abode;
But prone as whirlwinds ſcour the paſſive ſky,
The heights ſurmounted, down the ſteep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentleſs time awaits,
And goads their footſteps to the guilty gates:
And ſtill he aſks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their ſecrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards beſtow'd,
Break their proud marbles, cruſh their feſtal cars,
And rend the lawleſs trophies of their wars.
At laſt the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vaſſals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant-powers of luſt,
The great, the ſage, the happy, and auguſt *.
No gleam of hope their baleful manſion cheers,
No ſound of honour hails their unbleſt ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childleſs ſire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns enſlav'd and continents laid waſte;
But long poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,
For ever through the trembling ſpace reſound,
And ſink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of liberty and reſt,
Give way, do homage to a mightier gueſt!
Ye daring ſpirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudeſt claims efface!
—Aw'd at the name, fierce † Appius riſing bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
" He comes, they cry, to whom the fates aſſign'd
" With furer arts to work what we deſign'd,
" From year to year the ſtubborn herd to ſway,
" Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
" Till, own'd their guide and truſted with their
" power,
" He mock'd their hopes in one deciſive hour:
" Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
" And quench the ſpirit we provok'd in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whoſe eternal hands
Fair liberty's heroic empire ſtands;
Whoſe thunders the rebellious deep controul,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's ſoul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
Relume her ſacred fire ſo near ſuppreſt,
And fix her ſhrine in every Roman breaſt:
Though bold corruption boaſt around the land,
" Let virtue, if ſhe can, my baits withſtand!"
Though bolder now ſhe urge the accurſed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's ſhame;
Yet ſome there are who ſcorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conſcience and a heart are worth.
---O friend and father of the human mind,
Whoſe art for nobleſt ends our frame deſign'd!
If I, though fated to the ſtudious ſhade
Which party-ſtrife nor anxious power invade,
If I aſpire in public virtue's cauſe,
To guide the muſes by ſublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verſe might rouſe her ſmother'd flame,
And ſnatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conſcious mind;
Or daſh corruption in her proud career,
And teach her ſlaves that vice was born to fear.

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* *Titles which have been generally aſcribed to the moſt pernicious of men.* AKENSIDE.

† *Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to eſtabliſh a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both periſhed by the treaſon.* AKENSIDE.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

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:
Through each Elyſian vale and fairy grove,
Through all the enchanted paradiſe of love.
Miſled by fickly 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 trod,
And ſtript the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my ſoul from wiſdom's peaceful arms.
For ſilver ſtreams and banks beſpread with flowers,
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, [wiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath diſarming
Lo! ſullen ſpite, and perjur'd luſt of gain,
And cruel pride, and crueller diſdain.
Lo! cordial faith to idiot airs reſin'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 fond belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in thoſe arms that points his head with ſhame!
There wan dejection, faultering as he goes,
In ſhades and ſilence vainly ſeeks repoſe;
Muſing through pathleſs wilds, conſumes the day,
Then loſt in darkneſs weeps the hours away.
Here the gay crowd 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 through 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 the 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 diſtracting 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 wreaths 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!
Farewell the 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 ſtateſmen, and the midnight ſage;
"The young with me muſt other leſſons prove,
"Youth calls for pleaſure, pleaſure calls for love.
"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 crowds of vaſſals court thy pleaſing yoke,
And countleſs victims bow them to the ſtroke?
Lo! round thy ſhrine a thouſand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardours of romance;
Each longs to aſſert thy cauſe with feats of arms,
And make the world confeſs Dulcinea's charms.
Ten thouſand girls, with flowery 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 flowery antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threeſcore years diſplay'd;
Her ſhalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her frofty cheek with crimſon bluſhes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.
Turn then thy labours to the ſervile crowd,
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 power maintain,
"To poiſe 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 through 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 active ſcience, and ingenuous fame:
Reſume the paths my earlieſt choice began,
And loſe, with pride, the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

Occaſioned by the inſults of the Spaniards, and the preſent preparations for war.

MDCCXXXVIII.

WHENCE this unwonted tranſport in my breaſt?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the muſe
Aſpire with rapid wing? Her country's cauſe
Demands her efforts; at that ſacred call
She ſummons all her ardour, throws aſide
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each Britiſh ear;
And if one ſpark of honour or of fame,
Diſdain of inſult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet ſurvive,
She means to wake it, rouſe the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inſpirit every breaſt,
And fire each Britiſh heart with Britiſh wrongs.
Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
Can the muſe boaſt! or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The Britiſh ſpirit, generous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the ſuppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to ſtrangers given,
Be now with-held from ſons? each nobler thought,
That warm'd our ſires, is loſt and buried now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unman's a nation! yet I'll try,
I'll aim to ſhake this vile degenerate ſloth;
I'll dare to rouſe Britannia's dreaming ſons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come then the various powers of forceful ſpeech,
All that can move, awaken, fire, tranſport;
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
The arouſing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The ſoft perſuaſion of the Roman ſage!
Come all! and raiſe me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cauſe!
Leſt my beſt efforts failing ſhould debaſe
The ſacred theme; for with no common wing
The muſe attempts to ſoar. Yet what need theſe?
My country's fame, my free-born Britiſh heart,
Shall be my beſt inſpirers, raiſe my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my ſoul.
Oh! could I give the vaſt ideas birth
Expreſſive of the thoughts that flame within,
No more ſhould lazy luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more ſhall Britain's ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The prayers, ſighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppreſſion ſunk,
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of liberty; ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs: the land ſo often dyed
With her beſt blood, for that arouſing cauſe,
The freedom of her ſons; thoſe ſons that now
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spaniſh lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of Spain,
Enſlave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When reſcued Sicily with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the Britiſh arm
Diſperſe their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From ſwift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are theſe our lords? And can Britannia ſee
Her foes oft vanquiſh'd, thus defy her power,
Inſult her ſtandard, and enſlave her ſons,
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our fires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Briton's ever ſacred! that their ſons
Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boaſt
Call yourſelves Britons, to that diſmal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; ſee the gates
Harſh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns: There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine ſunk, the deep heart-burſting groan
Suppreſs'd in ſilence; view the loathſome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the ſtinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly prieſt triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worſe damnation on their ſouls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to ſpeak, yet eloquent of all.
His native Britiſh ſpirit yet untam'd,
Raiſes his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and ſuperior ſcorn,
Looks up and dies.---Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me ſpare the theme, leſt future times
Should bluſh to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durſt offer Britain ſuch outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it---
Deſcend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, deſcend! Behold your ſons.
See! how they run the fame heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cauſe,
How greatly proud to aſſert their Britiſh blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to heaven ye did not rather ſee
How dead to virtue in the public cauſe!
How cold, how careleſs, how to glory deaf,
They ſhame your laurels, and belie their birth!
Come, ye great ſpirits, Candiſh, Raleigh, Blake!
And ye of latter name your country's pride,
Oh! come, diſperſe theſe lazy fumes of ſloth,
Teach Britiſh hearts with Britiſh fires to glow!
In wakening whiſpers rouſe our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious ſcenes of rightful war,
In all its ſplendours; to their ſwelling ſouls
Say how ye bow'd the inſulting Spaniards pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their proſtrate heads,

Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death, in all its frightful ſhapes,
Could damp your ſouls, or ſhake the great reſolve
For right and Britain: Then diſplay the joys
The patriot's ſoul exalting, while he views
Tranſported millons hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, ſacred rights.
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others good! the radiant thoughts
That beam celeſtial on his paſſing ſoul,
The unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected ſplendour; then deſcend,
Though to a lower, yet a nobler ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his reliques paid,
Show grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age
For ever brightens; and the wiſe and good
Of every land in univerſal choir
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe
His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His numerous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial reverence, in his ſteps they tread,
And, copying every virtue, every fame,
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And, with unſparing hand, make nations bleſt
By his example. Vaſt, immenſe rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I ſee ye are not; every boſom glows
With native greatneſs, and in all its ſtate
The Britiſh ſpirit riſes: Glorious change!
Fame, virtue, freedom, welcome! O forgive
The muſe, that, ardent in her ſacred cauſe,
Your glory queſtion'd: ſhe beholds with joy;
She owns, ſhe triumphs in her wiſh'd miſtake.
  See! from her ſea-beat throne in awful march
Britannia towers: upon her laurel creſt
The plumes majeſtic nod; behold ſhe heaves
Her guardian ſhields, and terrible in arms
For battle ſhakes her adamantine ſpear:
Loud at her foot the Britiſh lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full ſoon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their proſtrate land,
You were not born for ſlaves: Let all your deeds
Show that the ſons of thoſe immortal men,
The ſtars of ſhining ſtory, are not ſlow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
To aſſert their country's rights, avenge her ſons,
And hurl the bolts of juſtice on her foes.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

" O Vitæ Philoſophia Dux! O Virtutis indaga-
" trix, expultrixque Vitiorum---Tu Urbes pe-
" periſti; tu inventrix Legum, tu magiſtra Mo-
" rum & Diſciplinæ fuiſti: Ad te confugimus,
" a te Opem petimus." Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt.

I.

Science! thou fair effuſive ray
From the great ſource of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Deſcend with all thy treaſures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
  And bleſs my labouring mind.

II.

But firſt with thy reſiſtleſs light,
Diſperſe thoſe phantoms from my ſight,
  Thoſe mimic ſhades of thee:
The ſcholiaſt's learning, ſophiſt's cant,
The viſionary bigot's rant,
  The monk's philoſophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
  Devoted to thy ſway;
Which no weak paſſions e'er miſlead,
Which ſtill with dauntleſs ſteps proceed
  Where reaſon points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each ſecret cauſe;
Let number's, figure's, motion's laws
  Reveal'd before me ſtand;
Theſe to great nature's ſcenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the ſky,
  Diſcloſe her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler ſearch reſign'd,
The buſy, reſtleſs, human mind
  Through every maze purſue;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they riſe,
  And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what ſimple ſprings began
The vaſt, ambitious thoughts of man,
  Which range beyond controul;
Which ſeek eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of ſpace,
  And ſtrain to graſp the whole.

VII.

Her ſecret ſtores let memory tell,
Bid fancy quit her fairy cell,
  In all her colours dreſt;
While, prompt her ſallies to controul,
Reaſon, the judge, recalls the ſoul
  To truth's ſevereſt teſt.

VIII.

Then launch through being's wide extent;
Let the fair ſcale, with juſt aſcent,
  And cautious ſteps, be trod;
And from the dead, corporeal maſs,
Through each progreſſive order paſs
  To inſtinct, reaſon, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor ſoar too high,
  In that divine abyſs;
To faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to aſſure, her ſteps befriend,
  And light her way to bliſs.

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
  And ſocial nature's ties;
The plan the genius of each ſtate,
Its intereſt and its powers relate,
  Its fortunes and its riſe.

XI.

Through private life purſue thy courſe,
Trace every action to its ſource,
And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, paſſions, in the ſcale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful ſway.

XII.

That laſt, beſt effort of thy ſkill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power! impart;
Teach me to cool my paſſion's fires,
Make me the judge of my deſires,
The maſter of my heart.

XIII.

Raiſe me above the vulgar's breath,
Purſuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean:
Still true to reaſon be my plan,
Still let my actions ſpeak the man,
Through every various ſcene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
Sweet refuge of diſtreſs:
In buſineſs, thou! exact, polite;
Thou giv'ſt retirement its delight,
Proſperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cauſe;
Foundreſs of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventreſs, thou!
Without thee, what were human-kind?
How vaſt their wants, their thoughts how blind!
Their joys how mean, how few!

XVI.

Sun of the ſoul! thy beams unveil!
Let others ſpread the daring ſail,
On fortune's faithleſs ſea:
While, undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And ſit in peace with thee.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WALTER HARTE,

Containing

ESSAY ON PAINTING,
ESSAY ON SATIRE,
EPISTLES,
ODES,

FABLES,
TALES,
EMBLEMATICAL VISIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muſe who now this early homage pays,
Firſt learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muſe, as yet unhonour'd, but unſtain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbiaſs'd or to cenſure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make thoſe virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

EPISTLE TO POPE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF HARTE.

WALTER HARTE was born about the beginning of this century. Of the place of his birth there is no memorial. His father, the Rev. Walter Harte, had been Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, Prebend of Briſtol, and Canon of Wells; but was diſpoſſeſſed of his preferments in 1691, for refuſing to take the oaths to King William. He obtained his Prebendary of Briſtol, by the recommendation of Lord Chancellor Jeffries, in return for the manly freedom with which he remonſtrated againſt his ſeverities at Taunton. By the kindneſs of the nonjurant Biſhops Kidder, Hooper, and Wynne, he received the little profits from his Canonry of Wells till the time of his death, which happened at Kentbury in Bucks, February 10. 1735. Lord Chancellor Harcourt offered him a Biſhoprick from Queen Anne; but the favour was declined, with grateful acknowledgments.

He was educated, as he himſelf informs us, in the dedication to his *Divine Poems*, at the free ſchool of Marlborough, in Wiltſhire, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hildrop, from whence he was removed to St. Mary-Hall, Oxford. Early in life he diſcovered a propenſity to poetry; and, before he left Marlborough ſchool, he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his poetical compoſitions, as appears from the concluding lines of his *Epiſtle to the Counteſs of Hertford.*

First in thy ſhades, (where ſilver Kennet glides,
Fair Marlborough's turrets trembling in his tides):
To love's ſoft theme I tun'd the warbling lyre,
And borrow'd from thy eyes poetic fire.

In 1727, he publiſhed a volume of *Poems on ſeveral Occaſions*, 8vo. inſcribed to the Earl of Peterborough, the conqueror of Valencia; written, as he tells us, before he was nineteen.

He had already obtained the notice of Pope, who not only introduced him to the acquaintance of the wits of the time, but procured him the patronage of the Earl of Peterborough, Mrs. Nugent, and Edward Eliot, Eſq. of Port Eliot (relations of Craggs), and the Earl of Cheſterfield, as he himſelf gratefully acknowledges in the concluding lines of his *Macarius*.

My firſt, my lateſt bread, I owe to thee;
Thou, and thy friends, preſerv'd my muſe and me.
By proxy, from a gen'rous kindred ſpread,
Thy Craggs's bounty fell upon my head:
Thy Mordaunt's kindneſs did my youth engage,
And thy own Cheſterfield protects my age.

With the elegant and amiable Fenton, he had the happineſs of being cloſely connected in friendſhip, and held a very amicable correſpondence with Pattiſon, who was obliged to him for many kind offices of relief under his misfortunes.—"I have often," ſays the biographer of Pattiſon, "heard him acknowledge, with the greateſt ſatisfaction, the happineſs of the acquaintance he had cultivated with that ſincere young gentleman, Mr. Walter Harte, of St. Mary-Hall, Oxon. The laſt letter he ever received was from this gentleman (being but two days before his death). He had wrote to him for his advice concerning a new verſion of "Ovid's Epiſtles;" and Mr. Harte, as he ſays himſelf, "at a moment's ſummons, dealt plainly, and communicated his ſentiments."

His letter to Pattiſon on this occaſion, is ſo curious and valuable, that it is impoſſible to avoid tranſcribing it.—"The little I can ſay in regard to *Ovid* will be of ſmall ſervice to your new verſion of his "Epiſtles." I muſt own I have ſtudied his manner much, and have often endeavoured to make a mixed ſort of writing between him and *Statius*. But to enter into a long detail of criticiſm, would ſwell my letter too much; or, to ſpeak more ſincerely, I will never ſay a word after Dryden. Yet, methinks, I had better play the fool than be too ill-natured; for you preſs me hard to ſpeak my thoughts impartially on the laſt tranſlation. I ſhould be glad to equivocate in this caſe, for of all things I hate detraction. You are ſenſible I do this very unwillingly, for the gentlemen are dead; and, may my own ill poetry never meet with any favour, if I take any pleaſure in diſturbing their aſhes. To tranſlate after them, is to do them no injury. To imitate an original, is every man's property, and he may aſſume it when he pleaſes. All we can do, is to alleviate their errors, and to avoid reflection. 'Tis ungenerous to upbraid a man for doing his beſt, either in life or writings.

"The epiſtles which I think to be capable of many amendments, are theſe following: "Phillis to Demophoon," by Polcy and Lloyd, "Hypermeneſtra," by Wright, "Ariadne to Theſeus," "Hermione to Oreſtes," "Leander," &c. by Tate, and "Œnone," by Mrs. Behn (theſe are pretty

good, but paraphraſed), " Laodamia," " Paris to Helen," " Penelope," " Hypſipile," " Medea," " Phædra," by Otway, " Briſeis," by Caryl (this has many fine lines), " Dejanira," " Acontius," and my own *Cydippe*. On the contrary, I need not tell you, that no man living can excel " Sappho to Phaon," by Mr. Pope; and, if I were to criticiſe on the " Epiſtles," I would draw my rules from his verſion. The ſame may be ſaid of " Canace," " Helen to Paris," and " Dido to Æneas," by Dryden.—A reaſon may be given why theſe gentlemen ſucceeded no better. They left out many beauties, but ſeldom added or improved any. I ſhall juſt obſerve ſome general failings which run through them all.—*Ovid's* character was eaſe and ſoftneſs; here they all loſt him. Nothing can be more ſtiff and proſaic than the modern verſion. *Ovid*, methinks, is like ſome great man placed on an eminence,

Deſpicere unde poteſt illos, paſſimque videre,
Errare, utque viam palentes quærere—

" In the next place, they have nothing pathetical; or, if they had, the lameneſs of the verſe would ſpoil it. 'Twere tedious to give you directions to copy, or rather to improve *Ovid* in this caſe; 'tis the very ſoul of all the " Epiſtles;" nor can a tranſlator be ſuppoſed to be ignorant of ſo eſſential a beauty. " 'Tis all in all in every part," as Suarez and the Schoolmen tell us. I think I have brought in this metaphyſical notion very dextrouſly. In regard to the *pathos* above mentioned, I know not how to make you ſenſible of my own conceptions, for we conceive many things which cannot be defined. I never hear what Tully calls the *diſtum ardens* in poetry, but I tremble extremely, though at that inſtant I cannot give any exact reaſon why I am pleaſed. All I mean may be found in " Eloiſa to Abelard," the " Faery Queene," and the moſt tender tragedies. But beware of any thing too ſubtile and abſtruſe in the notions of love and honour (a fault which Petrarch and Cowley moſtly run into); and, on the other hand, avoid too womaniſh a ſoftneſs, ſuch as we find in romances; for, let the French ſay what they will, a thing may be written too *cavalierement*. In regard to the mythological and hiſtorical part, you cannot be too ſhort and plain: ſomething like Sandys's tranſlation of the " Metamorphoſes." And, in the laſt place, I would adviſe you to follow no commentator whatſoever, in the firſt ſketch of your verſes; for, by adhering too ſcrupulouſly to the letter and context, the whole muſt of courſe be ſtiff, and the firſt error will grow worſe and worſe the more you ſtrive to correct it. It puts me in mind of a fault in moſt ill poets, though I never ſaw the obſervation before; they make the former line of the couplet firſt, and, when they have taken the full force and extent of the thought into this one, 'tis impoſſible for the other to have either ſenſe or ſound. I have read a whole poem, of which every line was an *anti-climax*.

" Thus far I have ventured to give my opinion; and, if my letter ſhould prove ſomething of the longeſt, be pleaſed to take Cardinal du Perron's anſwer, who uſed to ſay on the ſame occaſion, " he had not time to write a ſhorter." 'Twas begun and ended in one morning, without reading or thinking with any tolerable exactneſs; and, if you knew how ill I am, you would wonder I could ſay ſo much. Sickneſs excuſes impertinence, as well as ill manners; ſo, without ceremony, adieu."

The ſame writer obſerves, that the productions of this unfortunate poet were moſtly written, as well as his friend's, before the author was nineteen years of age. " And I doubt not," he adds, " but the Rev. Mr. Hildrop, maſter of Marlborough ſchool, in Wiltſhire, looks upon it as an honour to have had a Harte for his pupil, as Mr. Yates of Appleby expreſſes his generous pleaſure at having educated a Pattiſon."

He took the degree of Maſter of Arts, January 20. 1730; and publiſhed, that year, *An Eſſay on Satire, particularly the Dunciad*, deſigned as a vindication of that admirable ſatire. He publiſhed alſo two ſermons, one called, *The Union and Harmony of Reaſon, Morality, and Revealed Religion*, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, February 27. 1786-7, which went through at leaſt five editions: the other, a faſt ſermon, preached at the ſame place, January 9. 1739-40.

He was afterwards Vice-Principal of St. Mary-Hall, and a Tutor of great reputation.

His friends, Pope and Lyttleton, recommended him to Lord Cheſterfield as a fit preceptor to his natural ſon, Philip Stanhope, Eſq. with whom he travelled, from 1746 till 1750.

He is deſcribed by Lord Cheſterfield, in his " Letters" to his ſon, publiſhed by Mrs. Stanhope, as " a man of conſummate erudition," but as ill qualified to poliſh the manners of his pupil.

It appears that he was awkward in his perſon and addreſs, had an unhappy impediment in his ſpeech, and a total want of ear; yet he ſo well performed his office, that Lord Cheſterfield rewarded him

with a Canonry of Windſor, "procured with great difficulty," which probably aroſe from his college connections; as St. Mary-Hall, of which Dr. King was Principal, was at that time noted for Jacobitiſm.—"Mr. Harte," Lord Cheſterfield writes his ſon, January 14. 1751, "goes this week to Cornwall to take poſſeſſion of his living; he has been inſtalled at Windſor; he will return hither in about a month, when your literary correſpondence with him will be regularly carried on. Your mutual concern at parting was a good ſign for both."

In 1759, he publiſhed his *Hiſtory of Guſtavus Adolphus*, in 2 vols. 4to. with a dedication to Lord Cheſterfield.—"Next week," that nobleman writes his ſon, March 30. 1759, "Mr. Harte will ſend you his *Guſtavus Adolphus*, in two quartos: it will contain many new particulars of the life of that hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials, which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable hiſtory, though, between you and me, I could have wiſhed that he had been more correct and elegant in his ſtyle. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praiſes beſtowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conſcience to ſatisfy a reaſonable man."

The ſucceſs of the hiſtory was unequal to his hopes: and his health was ſenſibly affected by it.

"I had a diſmal letter from Harte," Lord Cheſterfield writes his ſon, December 6. 1761: "he tells me that he is at nurſe with a ſiſter in Berkſhire; that he has got a confounded jaundice, beſides twenty other diſtempers. The true cauſe of theſe complaints I take to be the ſame that ſo greatly diſordered, and had nearly deſtroyed the moſt auguſt houſe of Auſtria, about 130 years ago, I mean *Guſtavus Adolphus*; who neither anſwered his expectations in point of profit nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for, as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the beſt hiſtories extant."

He now retired to Bath for the benefit of his health, where, excepting ſome few excurſions to his ſiſter, he ſpent the remainder of his life.

As he had marred his hiſtory by a ſtrange affected ſtyle, "full of Latiniſms, Galliciſms, Germaniciſms, and all *iſms* but Angliciſms," he thought proper to publiſh an improved edition of it in 8vo. 1763.

"Harte," Lord Cheſterfield writes his ſon, Nov. 27. 1762, "is going to publiſh a new edition of his *Guſtavus*, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered; and which, I could tell him, he ſhould tranſlate into Engliſh, or it will not ſell better than the former; for, while this world endures, ſtyle and manner will be regarded at leaſt as much as matter."

In 1764, he publiſhed his *Eſſays on Huſbandry*, in 8vo. written, as he tells us in the *General Introduction*, "in imitation of Cowley's eſſays on ſubjects of a like nature."

Of this pleaſing and inſtructive work, Lord Cheſterfield has given a very favourable account in his letter to his ſon, September 3. 1764: "I have received a book for you, and one for myſelf, from Mr. Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will ſurpriſe you, as I confeſs it did me. This work is not only in Engliſh, but good and elegant Engliſh; he has even ſcattered graces upon his ſubject; and, in proſe, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verſe. I have written to him to congratulate his happy transformation. As ſoon as I can find an opportunity, I will ſend you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleaſure."

The ſucceſs of his *Eſſays* produced no favourable change in the ſtate of his health and ſpirits. He continued at Bath, dejected and diſpirited, between real and imaginary diſtreſſes, till, in November 1766, he had a ſtroke of the palſy, which deprived him of the uſe of his right leg, affected his ſpeech, and in ſome degree his head.

In 1767, he publiſhed his "great poetical work," which he had been long preparing, called *The Amaranth*, conſiſting of *Fables*, *Tales*, and *Emblematic Viſions*, embelliſhed with an engraved frontiſpiece, a vignette title page, and elegant head and tail pieces.

"Harte," Lord Cheſterfield writes his ſon, December 18. 1763, "has a great poetical work to publiſh; he has ſhown me ſome parts of it. He had entitled it *Emblems*; but I perſuaded him to alter that name, for two reaſons; the firſt was, becauſe they are not *Emblems*, but *Fables*; the ſecond was, that if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name to ſuch a degree, that it is impoſſible to make uſe of it after him; ſo they are to be called *Fables*, though *Moral Tales* would, in my mind, be the proper name. If you aſk me what I think of thoſe I have ſeen, I muſt ſay that *ſunt plura bona, quædam mediocra, et quædam*—"

In October 17. 1768, Lord Cheſterfield writes his ſon, for the laſt time: "Poor Harte, who is here [Bath] ſtill, is in a moſt miſerable condition; he has entirely loſt the uſe of his left ſide; and

can hardly ſpeak intelligibly. I was with him yeſterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmoſt concern when I ſhowed him your letter."—His pupil, Mr. Stanhope, died November 16. 1768; and, in that melancholy condition, he lived till 1773, having ſurvived him five years.

His *Poems*, publiſhed by himſelf, in 1727, 1730, and 1767, have not been reprinted. They are now, with ſome fugitive pieces diſperſed up and down in the miſcellanies, received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

A copy of his *Eſſay on Reaſon*, publiſhed in folio, 1727, a very fine poem which was much laboured, and went through Pope's hands, could not be procured for this collection.

The character of Harte ſeems to have been highly amiable and reſpectable. He was beloved, eſteemed, and revered by his friends. The teſtimonies of Pope, Fenton, and Lyttleton, are unqueſtionable authorities in favour of his intellectual and moral endowments. Even Cheſterfield concurs in the fulleſt commendation of his amiable worth and conſummate erudition, though his faſtidious delicacy unfitted him to balance the excellence of his moral qualities againſt his deficiency in the graces of perſonal behaviour.

As a poet, he does not ſeem to have hitherto obtained ſo much attention as he deſerves. His poems afford indubitable proofs of the elegance and correctneſs of his taſte, and the mildneſs and fervency of his piety. Pope is the model whom he profeſſes to imitate, and it muſt be acknowledged, that he is often very ſucceſsful in copying the caſt of his diction and the peculiar ſtructure of his verſification. The ſervility of his imitation is moſt remarkable, in his earlier productions, particularly in his tranſlations from *Statius* and *Ovid*, and in his *Verſes to Pope* and *To a Lady with Fenton's Miſcellany, &c.* In the concluding lines of the *Verſes to a Lady, &c.* the language and the thought are evidently borrowed from Pope; with much ſkill and propriety.

Of his *Miſcellaneous Poems*, the *Eſſay on Painting* is the longeſt and moſt elaborate. Conſidering the difficulty of the ſubject, it is executed, upon the whole, with much judgment and taſte, and may be read with pleaſure by the admirers of the ſiſter arts of poetry and painting. The diſtinctneſs, and, as far as the preſent writer is competent to judge, the juſtneſs with which it marks the character of the different ſchools, and of the moſt celebrated maſters, will be particularly acceptable. In his *Eſſay on Satire*, he has ſometimes caught the ſpirit, and ſometimes acquired the elegance and accuracy of Pope. Some lines are vigorouſly written, and ſeveral of the characters are ſketched out with animation and preciſion; but the temper in which many parts of it are written cannot altogether be approved of. The tranſlations from *Statius* and *Ovid*, are, in general, claſſical and elegant, and rendered with ſuch fidelity, that they convey to the reader, not only the grandeur and ſpirit of the originals, but the florid epithets and injudicious prettineſſes by which they are diminiſhed and debaſed.

In his *Divine Poems*, there is a ſpirit of piety, which, as it ſeems to be perfectly ſober and unaffected, is truly venerable. Nor is there a want of genius. Moſt of the *Fables* and *Emblematical Viſions* are embelliſhed with lively imagery, picturеſque ſcenery, brilliant alluſions, and other poetical ornaments. The verſification is ſmooth in general, and the language is elegant. The ſentiments are marked with the genuine ſtamp of good ſenſe, rational philoſophy, and an improved knowledge of human life. The lyric part of *The Aſcetic* is beautifully deſcriptive; and the paſſages verſified from the "Imitation of Chriſt" are ſenſible and nervous. The *Viſion of Death* abounds in ſublime ſentiments, ſtriking imagery, and poetical fiction, in a ſuperior degree. His *Eulogius* is an elegant, intereſting, and inſtructive hiſtorical fable. His *Macarius* contains an affectionate tribute to the memory of a pious and reſpectable parent, and pleaſing memorials of his friends. The *Epiſtle from Boetius to his Wife Ruſticiana*, abounds in ſentiments of general uſe; they come near to the heart, and require nothing but application to render them ſucceſsful.

From the general commendation beſtowed on the compoſitions of Harte, particular criticiſm may make many deductions. His verſification, it muſt be acknowledged, though generally flowing and harmonious, is frequently laboured, artificial, and monotonous; and his ſentiments, particularly in his *Divine Poems*, are ſometimes rendered obſcure by alluſions to circumſtances which require to be explained at the bottom of the page. For the ſame reaſon, the frequent introduction of paſſages imitated from other writers is injudicious; but, when every deduction is made which criticiſm requires, the general poetical merit of his compoſitions, which are conſiderably above mediocrity, will be ſufficient to vindicate his fame, and to preſerve his memory.

THE WORKS OF HARTE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF PETERBOROUGH AND MONMOUTH.

MY LORD,

I FANCY the public will be much ſurpriſed, when I ſay your Lordſhip was the firſt perſon who was pleaſed to take notice of me. How little I deſerve ſo much partiality, I leave the world to judge. Yet thus much I can affirm; I only wiſh that theſe poems may live to poſterity, to be a memorial of the gratitude rather than the genius

Of your Lordſhip's

moſt humble, moſt obliged,

and moſt dutiful ſervant,

W. HARTE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the author was under nineteen when all theſe poems were written.

I ought here to ſay a word or two of my Eſſay on Painting. This performance is by no means correct in all its parts; I had neither health, leiſure, nor abilities equal to my deſign. It was written at intervals, upon ſuch remarks as caſually occurred in my reading. Of courſe no exact connection muſt be expected: though I might allege, that Horace uſes as little in his Art of Poetry. I had finiſhed the whole, before ever I ſaw Du Freſnoy; as will appear by compariſon.

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Μιμητικὴ [Ποιήσεως] τέχνη καὶ δύναμις ἐστιν ἀνίσχοφος τῇ ζωγραφίᾳ. Ζωγραφίαν μὲν λέγουσιν εἶναι ΦΘΕΓΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ τὴν Ποίησιν, Ποίησιν δὲ ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ τὴν ζωγραφίαν.

Plutarch, de audiend. Poet.

——————— Poema

Eſt Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema.

ARGUMENT.

parallel between painting and poetry—Advice to a good painter; inſtanced by Titian—An univerſal notion of beauty—That we muſt not deſpair—A luxuriant fancy, or too much exactneſs often faulty—Decency ſtill to be preſerved—Repoſe and ſolitude—Nature to be imitated—In a fault whether to be corrected or not—The *Je ne ſçai quoi* of beauty—Draperies—An encomium on painting—The epiſode of Mimicina—Sculpture—Innovations faulty.—Sometimes to be admired—Invention—Union of colours—Immoderate ornament—The Landſcape—Deſign—The principal figure of a picture—Modeſty in a painter—Harmony of colours—The ſurpriſe—Optics—The obſcura camera deſcribed; its uſe in painting—Diſpoſition of objects—Two equal lights to be avoided in the ſame picture—Truth to be obſerved—Travelling, its uſe—Another parallel between poetry and painting—Their diſtinct excellencies conſidered—Painting far more laſting and univerſal—Yet derived its light firſt from poetry—Its riſe and progreſs through all ages—An account of the moſt celebrated painters, with their ſeveral characters—Concluſion, with and addreſs to the Earl of Pembroke.

WHATEVER yet in poetry held true,
If duly weigh'd, holds juſt in painting too:
Alike to profit, and delight they tend,
The means may vary, but the ſame their end.
Alike from heav'n congenial firſt they came,
The ſame their labours, and their praiſe the ſame:
Alike by turns they touch the conſcious heart,
And each on each reflects the lights of art.
You nobler youths who liſten to my lays,
And ſcorn by vulgar arts to merit praiſe:
Look cautious round, your genius nicely know,
And mark how far its utmoſt ſtretch will go;
Pride, envy, hatred, labour to conceal,
And ſullen prejudice, and party-zeal;
Approve, examine, and then laſt believe—
For friends miſlead, and critics ſtill deceive.
Who takes his cenſure, or his praiſe on truſt,
Is kind, 'tis true, but never can be juſt.
But where's the man with gen'rous zeal inſpir'd,
Dear in each age, in ev'ry art admir'd?
* Bleſt with a genius ſtrong, but unconfin'd,
A ſprightly wit, with ſober judgment join'd,
A love of learning, and a patient mind;
A vig'rous fancy, ſuch as youth requires,
And health, and eaſe, and undiſturb'd deſires.
Who ſpares no pains his own defects to know,
Who not forgives, but ev'n admires a foe;
By manners ſway'd, which ſtealing on the heart,
Charm more through eaſe, and happineſs, than art.
Such Titian was, by nature form'd to pleaſe,
Bleſt in his fortunes, born to live at eaſe:
Who felt the poet's, or the painter's fire,
Now dipp'd the pencil, and now tun'd the lyre:
Of gentleſt manners in a court refin'd,
A friend to all, belov'd of all mankind;
The † muſe's glory, as a monarch's care,
Dear to the gay, the witty, and the fair!
But ah! how long will nature aſk to give
A ſoul like his, and bid a wonder live?
Rarely a Titian, or a Pope appears,
The forming glory of a thouſand years!
A proper taſte we all derive from heaven,
Wou'd all but bleſs, and manage what is giv'n.
Some ſecret impulſe moves in ev'ry heart,
And nature's pleas'd with gentle ſtrokes of art;
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, this bleſſing faintly charms;
A diſtant flame, that rather ſhines, than warms:
Like rays, through wintery ſtreams reflected, falls
Its dubious light, in glimm'ring intervals.
Like Maro firſt with trembling hand deſign
Some humble work, and ſtudy line by line:
A Roman urn, a grove encircled bow'r,
The bluſhing cherry, or the bending flow'r.

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* *Sit vir talis, qualis verè ſapiens apellari poſſit, nec moribus modo perfectus, ſed etiam ſcientiâ, & omni facultate dicendi, qualis fortaſſe adhuc nemo fuerit.* Quintilian.

† *Titian was created Count Palatine by Charles V. and moſt intimately acquainted with Arioſto, Aretine, &c.*

Painful, and ſlow, to noble arts we riſe,
And long long labours wait the glorious prize;
Yet by degrees your ſteadier hand ſhall give
A bolder grace, and bid each object live.
So in the depths of ſome ſequeſter'd vale,
The weary peaſant's heart begins to fail:
Slowly he mounts the huge high cliff with pain,
And prays in thought he might return again:
'Till opening all at once beneath his eyes,
The verdant trees, and glittering turrets riſe:
He ſprings, he triumphs, and like light'ning flies.
Ev'n Raphael's ſelf from rude eſſays began,
And ſhadow'd with a coal his ſhapeleſs man.
Time was, when Pope for rhymes would knit his brow,
And write as taſteleſs lines---as I do now.
'Tis hard a ſprightly fancy to command,
And give a reſpite to the lab'ring hand;
Hard as our eager paſſions to reſtrain,
When prieſts, and ſelf-denial plead in vain:
When pleaſures tempt, and inclinations draw,
When vice is nature, and our will the law.
As vain we ſtrive each trivial fault to hide,
That ſhows but little judgment, and more pride.
Like ſome nice prude, offenſive to the ſight,
* Exactneſs gives at beſt a cold delight;
Each painful ſtroke diſguſts the lively mind;
For art is loſt, when overmuch refin'd.
So nice reformers their own faith betray,
And ſchool-divines diſtinguiſh ſenſe away.
To err is mortal, do whate'er we can,
Some faulty trifles will confeſs the man.
Dim ſpots ſuffuſe the lamp that gilds the ſky,
If nicely trac'd through Galilæo's eye.
Wiſeſt are they, who each mad whim repreſs,
And ſhun groſs errors, by committing leſs.
Still let due decencies preſerve your fame,
Nor muſt the pencil ſpeak the maſter's ſhame.
Each nobler ſoul in every age was giv'n
To bleſs mankind, for arts deſcend from Heav'n.
*Gods! ſhall we then their pious uſe profane,
T' oblige the young, the noble, or the vain!
† Whoever meditates ſome great deſign,
Where ſtrength and nature dawn at ev'ry line;
Where art and fancy full perfection give,
And each bold figure glows, and ſeems to live:
Where lights and ſhades in ſweet diſunion play,
Riſe by degrees, or by degrees decay;
Far let him ſhun the buſy noiſe of life,
Untouch'd by cares, uncumber'd with a wife.
Bear him, ye muſes! to ſequeſter'd woods,
To bow'ry grottoes, and to ſilver floods!
Where peace and friendſhip hold their gentle reign,
And love unarm'd ſits ſmiling on the plain.
Where nature's beauties variouſly unite,
And in a landſcape open on the ſight.
Where contemplution lifts her ſilent eye,
And loſt in viſion travels o'er the ſky.

Soft as his eaſe the whiſp'ring zephyrs blow,
Calm as his thoughts the gentle waters flow:
Huſh'd are his cares, extinct are Cupid's fires,
And reſtleſs hopes, and impotent deſires.
* But Nature firſt muſt be your darling care;
Unerring Nature, without labour fair.
Art from this ſource derives her true deſigns,
And ſober judgment cautiouſly refines.
No look, no poſture muſt miſhap'd appear:
Bold be the work, but boldly regular.
When mercy pleads, let ſoftneſs melt the eyes;
When anger ſtorms, the ſwelling muſcles riſe.
A ſoft emotion breathes in ſimple love,
The heart juſt ſeems to beat, the eye to move.
Gently, ah! gently, languor ſeems to die,
Now drops a tear, and now ſteals out a ſigh.
Let awful Jove his lifted thunders wield;
Place azure Neptune in the watery field.
Round ſmiling Venus draw the faithleſs boy,
Surmiſe, vain hopes, and ſhort-enduring joy.
But ſhould you dreſs a nymph in monſtrous ruff,
Or faintly nun profane with modiſh ſnuff:
Each fool will cry, O horribly amiſs!
The painter's mad, mend that, and alter this.
From heav'n deſcending, beauteous Nature came,
One clear perfection, one eternal flame,
Whoſe lovely lights on ev'ry object fall
By due degrees, yet ſtill diſtinguiſh all.
Yet as the beſt of mortals are ſometimes
Not quite exempt from folly or from crimes;
There are, who think that nature is not free
From ſome few ſymptoms of deformity.
Hence ſprings a doubt, if painters may be thought
To err, who copy nature in a fault,
Led by ſome ſervile rule, whoſe pow'r prevails
On imitation, when th' example fails.
Poets and painters, here employ your ſkill;
Be this the doctrine of your good and ill,
Enough to poſe the critics of a nation,
Nice as the rules of Puritan-ſalvation.
† Yet if the ſeeds of art we nicely trace;
There dawns a heav'nly, all-inſpiring grace,
No tongue expreſſes it, no rule contains;
(The glorious cauſe unſeen) th' effect remains:
Fram'd in the brain, it flows with eaſy art,
Steals on the ſenſe, and wins the yielding heart.
A pleaſing vigour mixt with boldneſs charms,
And happineſs completes what paſſion warms,
‡ Nor is it thought a trifle, to expreſs
The various ſhapes, and foldings of the dreſs,
With graceful eaſe the pencil to command,
And copy nature with a haſty hand.
Through the clear robe the ſwelling muſcles riſe,
Or heaving breaſts, that decently ſurpriſe;

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* *Odioſa cura eſt---Optima enim ſunt minime accerſita, & ſimplicibus ab ipſa veritate profectis ſimilia.* Quintil. *Lib.* 8. *Cap.* 3. in Proem.

† *Aptiſſima ſunt in hoc nemora, ſylvæque; quod illa cæli libertas, locorumq; amœnitas ſublimem animum, & beatiorem ſpiritum parent.* Quintilian.

* *Videantur omnia ex Natura rerum, hominumque fluere——Hoc opus, hic labor eſt; ſine quo, cætera nuda, jejuna, infirma, ingrata.* Quintil. *Lib.* 6. *cap.* 2.

† *Tradi omnia, quæ ars efficit, non poſſunt.* Quintil. *Lib.* 8. *cap.* 10.

Vide etiam quæ ſequuntur de Pictore.

‡ *Non refert quid facias, ſed quo loco. Nam ornatus omnis non tam ſua, quam rei cui adhibetur, conditione conſtat.* Quintil. *Lib.* 11. *cap.* 1.

As ſome coy virgin with dejected mien
Conceals her charms, yet hopes they may be ſeen.
* Be ev'ry perſon's proper habit known,
Peculiar to his age, or ſex alone.
In flowing robes the monarch ſweeps along,
Large are the foldings, natural, and ſtrong:
Wide ample lights in ſpreading glories play,
And here contraſted, deeper ſhades decay.
The virgin-pow'rs who haunt the ſilver floods,
And hoary hills, and conſecrated woods,
Soft ſtrokes, and graceful negligence demand,
The nice reſultance of an eaſy hand;
Looſe to the winds their airy garments fly
Like filmy dews, too tender for the eye.
But ere theſe charms are to perfection wrought,
Adapted manuals muſt be nicely ſought.
Gay vivid colours muſt the draught inſpire,
Now melt with ſweetneſs, and now burn with fire.
A northern ſky muſt aid the ſteady ſight,
Elſe the ſhades alter with the tranſient light.
Methinks the loaded table ſtands diſplay'd,
Each nicer vaſe " in myſtic order laid.
Here ocean's miſtreſs heaps around her ſhells
Beauteous, and recent from the ſea-green cells;
The tar'er pencils here are rang'd apart,
There chalk, lead, vials, and looſe ſchemes of art.
So when bold Churchill with a gen'ral's care,
Eyes his brave Britons crowding to the war;
Watchful, and ſilent move the duteous bands,
One look excites them, and one breath commands.
Hail happy Painting! to confirm thy ſway,
Ocean and air their various tributes pay.
The purple † inſect ſpreads her wings to thee,
Wafts o'er the breeze, or glitters on the tree.
Earth's winding veins unnumber'd treaſures hold,
And the warm champian ripens into gold.
A clearer blue the lazuli beſtows,
Here umber deepens, there vermilion glows.
For thee, her tender greens and flow'rets riſe,
Whoſe colours change in ever-mingling dyes;
Ev'n thoſe fair groves (for Eden firſt deſign'd)
Weep in ſoft fragrance through their balmy rind:
Tranſparent tears! that glitter as they run,
Warm'd with the bluſhes of the riſing ſun.
Here ceaſe my ſong---a gentler theme inſpires
Each tender thought, and wakes the lover's fires.
Once more your aid celeſtial muſes bring;
Sacred the lays! nor to the deaf we ſing.
‡ In ancient Greece there liv'd, unknown to fame,
A nymph, and Mimicina was her name.
Smit by a neighb'ring youth betimes ſhe fell
Victim to love, and bade the world farewell.
Thoughtful and dull ſhe pin'd her bloom away
In lonely groves, nor ſaw the cheerful day.

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* *Reddere perſona ſcit convenientia cuique*
Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque, jubebo
Doctum imitatorem.

Horat. *de Art. Poet.*

† *The Cochineel.*

‡ *This ſtory, with ſeveral others, is mentioned by moſt ancient writers. I have choſen it as the moſt poetical.*

This might be borne---but lo! her lovely ſwain
Muſt part, ah, never to return again!
One mutual kiſs muſt mutual paſſion ſever,
One look divide 'em, and divide for ever!
See, now ſhe lies abandon'd to deſpair,
And to rude winds unbinds her flowing hair:
Beauteous neglect! when melting to her woes,
A ſylvan maid from her dark grotto roſe:
(Long had ſhe view'd the ſolitary fair,
Her bleeding boſom heav'd with equal care)
A heav'nly picture in her hand ſhe bore,
She ſmil'd, ſhe gave it, and was ſeen no more---
Pleas'd Mimicina, ſpeechleſs with ſurpriſe,
Ey'd the fair form, and lightning of the eyes:
She knew---and ſigh ng gave a tender kiſs;
Her noble paſſion was content with this:
No more his abſence, or her woes deplor'd,
And as the living, ſhe the dead ador'd.
Thus Painting roſe, to nouriſh ſoft deſires,
And gentle hopes, and friendſhip's purer fires:
Thus ſtill the lover muſt his nymph adore,
And ſigh to charms, that ought to charm no more.
Thus when theſe eyes, with kind illuſions bleſt,
Survey each grace Pathenia once poſſeſt:
Her winning ſweetneſs, and attractive eaſe,
And gentle ſmiles that never fail'd to pleaſe;
Heav'ns! how my fancy kindles at the view,
And my fond heart relents, and bleeds anew!
Fair faithleſs virgin! with conſtraint unkind,
Miſled by duty, and through cuſtom blind:
Perhaps ev'n now, from pride and int'reſt free,
Thou ſhar'ſt each pang of all I felt for thee;
Ah, no---my pray'rs, my tears, my vows reſign,
Alas, 'tis now a crime to call me thine,
To act the tender, or the friendly part;
No---hate, forget me, tear me from thy heart.
Yet ſtill thy ſmiles in breathing paint inſpire,
Still thy kind glances ſet my ſoul on fire.
Thither each hour I lift my thoughtful eye,
Now drop a tear, now ſoftly breathe a ſigh;
Sacred 'till death my gentleſt vows ſhall be,
And the laſt gaſp of life be breath'd for thee!
You too, O Sculpture, ſhall exalt my lays,
Pictura's ſiſter-candidate for praiſe!
Soft Raphael's air divine, * Antonio ſhows;
And all Le Brun in mimic * Picart glows.
Hither ye nations, now direct your eyes,
Riſe crown'd with luſtre, gentle Albion riſe!
Now thy ſoft Hollar, now thy Smith appears,
A faultleſs pattern to ſucceeding years;
There † ſacred domes in length'ning Viſta's charm,
And Britiſh beauties here for ever warm.
Moſt painters of leſs judgment, than caprice,
Are like old maidens inamorouſly nice:
It matters nought if rules be falſe or true,
All ſhould be modiſh, whimſical and new;
Fond of each change, the preſent ſtill they praiſe,
So women love---and actors purchaſe plays.
As if ſelf-love, or popular offence,
Receiv'd a ſanction to miſlead our ſenſe;

** *Two engravers, famous for their prints copied from Raphael and Le Brun.*

† *Alluding to Hollar's etchings in the Monaſticon.*

Or party-notions, vapours, faith, and zeal
Were all, at proper times, infallible.
True wit, and true religion are but one,
Though ſome pervert 'em, and ev'n moſt have none.
Who thinks what others never thought before,
Acts but juſt that his ſons will act no more.
Yet on a time, when vig'rous thoughts demand,
Indulge a warmth, and prompt the daring hand:
On purpoſe deviate from the laws of art,
And boldly dare to captivate the heart;
Breaſts warm'd to rapture ſhall applaud your fire,
May diſapprove you, but ſhall ſtill admire.
The Grecian artiſt, at one daſh, ſupply'd
What patient touches and ſlow art deny'd.
So when pale Florio in the gloomy grove
Sits ſadly muſing on the plagues of love,
When hopes and fears diſtract his tim'rous mind,
And fancy only makes the nymph unkind:
Deſp'rate at laſt he ruſhes from the ſhade,
By force and warm addreſs to win the maid:
His briſk attack the melting nymph receives
With equal warmth, he preſſes, ſhe forgives;
One moment crowns whole tedious years of pain,
And endleſs griefs, and health conſum'd in vain.
Of ev'ry beauty that conſpires to charm
Man's nicer judgment, and his genius warm,
To juſt invention be the glory giv'n,
A particle of light deriv'd from heav'n.
Unnumber'd rules t' improve the gift are ſhown
By ev'ry critic, to procure it, none.
Some colours often to the reſt impart
New graces, more through happineſs, than art.
This nicely ſtudy'd, will your fame advance,
The greateſt beauties ſeldom come by chance.
Some gaze at ornament alone, and then
So value paint, as women value men.
It matters nought to talk of truth, or grace,
Religion, genius, cuſtoms, time, and place.
So judge the vain, and young; nor envy we:
They cannot think indeed---but they may ſee,
Exceſſive beauty, like a flaſh of light,
Seems more to weaken, than to pleaſe the ſight.
In one gay thought luxuriant Ovid writ,
And Voiture tires us, but with too much wit.
Some all their value for Groteſque expreſs,
Beauty they prize, but beauty in exceſs:
Where each gay figure ſeems to glare apart,
Without due grace, proportion, ſhades, or art,
(The ſad remains of Goths in ancient times,
And rev'rend dullneſs, and religious rhymes)
So youthful poets ring their muſic round
On one eternal harmony of ſound.
"The lines are gay," and whoſoe'er pretends
To ſearch for more, miſtakes the writer's ends.
Colours, like words, with equal care are ſought,
Theſe pleaſe the ſight, and thoſe expreſs the thought,
But moſt of all, the landſcape ſeems to pleaſe
With calm repoſe, and rural images.
See, in due lights th' obedient objects ſtand,
As happy eaſe exalts the maſter's hand.
See, abſent rocks hang trembling in the ſky,
See, diſtant mountains vaniſh from the eye;
A darker verdure ſtains the duſky woods:
Floats the green ſhadow in the ſilver floods;
Fair viſionary worlds ſurpriſe the view,
And fancy forms the golden age a-new.
True juſt deſigns will merit honour ſtill;
Who begins well, can ſcarcely finiſh ill.
Unerring truth muſt guide your hand aright,
Art without this is violence to ſight.——
The firſt due poſtures of each figure trace
In ſwelling out-lines with an eaſy grace.
But the prime perſon moſtly will demand
Th' unweary'd touches of thy patient hand:
There thought, and boldneſs, ſtrength, and art conſpire,
The critic's judgment, and the painter's fire;
It lives, it moves, it ſwells to meet the eye:
Behind the mingling groups in ſofter ſhadows die.
Never with ſelf-deſign your merits raiſe,
Nor let your tongue be echo to your praiſe.
To wiſer heads commit ſuch points as theſe,
A modeſt bluſh will tell how much they pleaſe.
In days of yore, a prating lad, they ſay,
Met glorious Reubens journeying on the way:
Sneering and arch, he ſhakes his empty head,
(For half-learn'd boys will talk a Solon dead)
Your ſervant, good Sir Paul, why, what, the devil,
The world to you is more than fairly civil;
No life, no guſto in your pieces ſhine,
Without decorum, as without deſign---
Sedate to this the heav'n-born artiſt ſmil'd,
"Nor thine nor mine to ſpeak our praiſe, my child!
"Each ſhall expoſe his beſt to curious eyes,
"And let th' impartial world adjuſt the prize.
Let the ſoft colours ſweeten and unite
To one juſt form, as all were ſhade, or light.
Nothing ſo frequent charms th' admiring eyes
As well-tim'd fancy, and a ſweet ſurpriſe.
* So when the Grecian labour'd to diſcloſe
His niceſt art, a mimic lark aroſe:
The fellow-birds in circles round it play'd,
Knew their own kind, and warbled to a ſhade.
So Vandervaart in later times excell'd,
And nature liv'd in what our eyes beheld.
† He too can oft, (in optics deeply read)
A noon-day darkneſs o'er his chamber ſpread.
The tranſient objects ſudden as they paſs
O'er the ſmall convex of the viſual glaſs,
Transferr'd from thence by magic's powerful call,
Shine in quick glories on the gloomy wall;
Groves, mountains, rivers, men ſurpriſe the ſight,
Trembles the dancing world, and ſwims the wavy light.
‡ Each varying figure in due place diſpoſe,
Theſe boldly heighten, touch but faintly thoſe,
Contiguous objects place with judgment nigh,
Each due proportion ſwelling on the eye.

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* *See Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, lib. 35. cap. 10.*

† *This practice is of no late invention. Baptiſta Porta, who flouriſhed about the year 1500, gives an ingenious account of it in his Natural Magic, lib. 17. How uſeful this may be to young painters, is not my province to determine.*

‡ *Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.*
Hoc amat obſcurum, vult hoc ſub luce videri.
HORAT.

Remoter views inſenſibly decay,
And lights, and ſhadows ſweetly drop away.
In bluiſh white the fartheſt mounts ariſe,
Steal from the eye, and melt into the ſkies.
Hence ſacred domes in length'ning iſles extend,
Round columns ſwell, and riſing arches bend:
Obliquer views in ſide-long Viſta's glance,
And bending groves in fancy ſeem to dance.
Two equal lights deſcending from the ſky,
O'erpow'r each other, and confuſe the eye.
The greateſt pleaſures tire the moſt, and ſuch
Still end in vices if enjoy'd too much.
Though painters often to the ſhades retire,
Yet too long eaſe but ſerves to quench the fire.
Wing'd with new praiſe, methinks they boldly fly
O'er airy Alps, and ſeem to touch the ſky.
Still true to fame, here well-wrought buſts decay,
High turrets nod, and arches ſink away.
Ev'n the bare walls, whoſe breathing figures glow'd
With each warm ſtroke that living art beſtow'd,
Or ſlow decay, or hoſtile time invades,
And all in ſilence the fair freſco fades.
Each image yet in fancy'd thoughts we view,
And ſtrong idea forms the ſcene a-new:
Deluſive, ſhe, Paulo's free ſtroke ſupplies,
Revives the face, and points th' enlight'ning eyes.
'Tis thought each ſcience, but in part, can boaſt
A length of toils for human life at moſt;
(So vaſt is art!) if this remark prove true,
'Tis dang'rous ſure to think at once of two,
And hard to judge if greater praiſe there be
To pleaſe in painting, or in poetry;
Yet painting lives leſs injur'd, or confin'd,
True to th' idea of the maſter's mind:
In ev'ry nation are her beauties known,
In ev'ry age the language is her own:
Nor time, nor change diminiſh from her fame;
Her charms are univerſal, and the ſame.
O, could ſuch bleſſings wait the poet's lays,
New beauties ſtill, and ſtill eternal praiſe!
Ev'n though the muſes ev'ry ſtrain inſpire,
Exalt his voice, and animate his lyre:
Ev'n though their art each image ſhou'd combine
In one clear light, one harmony divine;
Yet ah, how ſoon the caſual bliſs decays,
How great the pains, how tranſient is the praiſe!
Language, frail flow'r, is in a moment loſt,
(That only product human wit can boaſt)
Now gay in youth, its early honours riſe,
Now hated, curſt; it fades away, and dies.
Yet verſe firſt roſe to ſoften human kind,
To mend their manners, and exalt their mind.
See, ſavage beaſts ſtand liſt'ning to the lay,
And men more furious, and more wild than they;
Ev'n ſhapeleſs trees a ſecond birth receive,
Rocks move to form, and ſtatues ſeem to live.
Immortal Homer felt the ſacred rage,
And pious Orpheus taught a barb'rous age;
Succeeding painters thence deriv'd their light,
And durſt no more than thoſe vouchſaf'd to write.
At laſt t' adorn the gentler arts, appears
Illuſtrious Xeuxis from a length of years.
Parrhaſius' hand with ſoft'ning ſtrokes expreſt
The nervous motions, and the folded veſt:
Pregnant of life his rounded figures riſe,
With ſtrong relievo ſwelling on the eyes.
Evenor bold, with fair Apelles came,
And happy Nicias crown'd with deathleſs fame,
At length from Greece, of impious arms afraid,
Painting withdrew, and ſought th' Italian ſhade;
What time each ſcience met its due regard,
And patrons took a pleaſure to reward.
But ah, how ſoon muſt glorious times decay,
One tranſient joy, juſt known, and ſnatch'd away!
By the ſame foes, which painting ſhunn'd before,
Ev'n here ſhe bleeds, and arts expire once more.
Eaſe, luſt, and pleaſures ſhake a feeble ſtate,
Gothic invaſions, and domeſtic hate;
Time's ſlow decays, what theſe ev'n ſpare, conſume,
And Rome lies bury'd in the depths of Rome!
Long ſlumber'd Painting in a ſtupid trance
Of heavy zeal, and Monkiſh ignorance:
(When faith itſelf for mere diſpute was giv'n,
Subtile was wiſe, and wranglers went to heav'n.)
Till glorious * Cimabue reſtor'd her crown,
And dipp'd the pencil, ſtudious of renown.
Maſaccio taught the finiſh'd piece to live,
And added ev'ry grace of perſpective.
Exact correctneſs Titian's hand beſtow'd,
And Vinci's ſtroke with living labour glow'd.
Next Julio roſe, who ev'ry language knew,
Liv'd o'er each age, and look'd all nature through.
In happy Paulo ſtrength and art conſpire,
The graces pleaſe us, and the muſes fire.
Each nobler ſecret others boaſt alone,
By curious toil Caracci made his own:
Raphael's nice judgment, Angelo's deſign,
Correggio's warmth, and Guido's pleaſing line.
Thrice glorious times, when ev'ry ſcience charms,
When rapture lifts us, and religion warms!
Vocal to heav'n the ſwelling organs blow,
A ſhriller conſort aids the notes below;
Above, around the pictur'd ſaints appear,
And liſt'ning ſeraphs ſmile and bend to hear.
Thence Painting, by ſome happy genius led,
O'er the cold north in ſlow approaches ſpread.
Ev'n Britain's iſle that bluſh'd with hoſtile gore,
Receiv'd her laws, unknown to yield before;
Relenting now, her ſavage heroes ſtand,
And melt at ev'ry ſtroke from Reuben's hand.
Still in his right the graceful Jervas ſways,
Sacred to beauty, and the fair one's praiſe,
Whoſe breathing paint another life ſupplies,
And calls new wonders forth from Mordaunt's eyes.
And Thornhill, gen'rous as his art, deſign'd
At once to profit and to pleaſe mankind.
Thy dome, O Paul's, which heav'nly views adorn,
Shall guide the hands of painters yet unborn;
Each melting ſtroke ſhall foreign eyes engage,
And ſhine unrivall'd through a future age.
Hail, happy artiſts! in eternal lays
The kindred-muſes ſhall record your praiſe;
Whoſe heav'nly aid inſpir'd you firſt to riſe,
And fix'd your fame immortal in the ſkies;

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* *Giovanni Cimabue, born at Florence in the year 1240; he was the firſt perſon who revived painting after its unfortunate extirpation.*

There ſure to laſt, till nature's ſelf expires,
Increaſing ſtill, and crown'd with clearer fires:
High-rais'd above the blaſts of public breath,
The voice of hatred and the rage of death.
Ah, thus for ever may my numbers ſhine,
Bold as your thoughts, but eaſy as your line!
Then might the muſe to diſtant ages live,
Contract new beauty, and new praiſe receive:
Freſh ſtrength, and light ev'n time itſelf beſtow,
Soften each line, and bid the thought to glow;
(Fame's ſecond life) whoſe laſting glory fears
Nor change, nor envy, nor devouring years.
Then ſhould theſe ſtrains to Pembroke's hand be born—
Whom native graces, gentle arts adorn,
Honour unſhaken, piety reſign'd,
A love of learning, and a gen'rous mind.
Yet, if by chance, enamour'd of his praiſe,
Some nobler bard ſhall riſe in future days,
(When from his Wilton walls the ſtrokes decay,
And all art's fair creation dies away:
Or ſolid ſtatues, faithleſs to their truſt,
In ſilence ſink, to mix with vulgar duſt;)
Ages to come ſhall Pembroke's fame adore,
Dear to the muſe, till Homer be no more.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE;

PARTICULARLY ON THE DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT.

I. The origin and uſe of Satire. The excellency of Epic Satire above others, as adding example to precept, and animating by fable and ſenſible images. Epic Satire compared with Epic Poem, and wherein they differ: Of their extent, action, unities, epiſodes, and the nature of their morals. Of parody; of the ſtyle, figures, and wit proper to this ſort of poem, and the ſuperior talents requiſite to excel in it.

II. The characters of the ſeveral authors of Satire. 1. The ancients; Homer, Simonides, Archilochus, Ariſtophanes, Menippus, Ennius, Lucilius, Varro, Horace, Perſius, Petronius, Juvenal, Lucian, the Emperor Julian. 2. The moderns; Taſſone, Coccaius, Rabelais, Regnier, Boileau, Dryden, Garth, Pope.

III. From the practice of all the beſt writers and men in every age and nation, the moral juſtice of Satire in general, and of this ſort in particular is vindicated. The neceſſity of it ſhown in this age more eſpecially, and why bad writers are at preſent the moſt proper objects of Satire. The true cauſes of bad writers. Characters of ſeveral ſorts of them now abounding; envious critics, furious pedants, ſecret libellers, obſcene poeteſſes, advocates for corruption, ſcoffers at religion, writers for deiſm, deiſtical and arrian-clergymen.

Application of the whole diſcourſe to the Dunciad; concluding with an addreſs to the author of it.

T' exalt the ſoul, or make the heart ſincere,
To arm our lives with honeſty ſevere,
To ſhake the wretch beyond the reach of law,
Deter the young, and touch the bold with awe,
To raiſe the fall'n, to hear the ſufferer's cries,
And ſanctify the virtues of the wiſe,
Old Satire roſe from probity of mind,
The nobleſt ethics to reform mankind.
As Cynthia's orb excels the gems of night:
So Epic Satire ſhines diſtinctly bright.
Here genius lives, and ſtrength in every part,
And lights and ſhades, and fancy fix'd by art.
A ſecond beauty in its nature lies,
It gives not things, but beings to our eyes,
Life, ſubſtance, ſpirit animate the whole;
Fiction and fable are the ſenſe and ſoul.
The common dulneſs of mankind, array'd
In pomp, here lives and breathes, a wond'rous maid:
The poet decks her with each unknown grace,
Clears her dull brain, and brightens her dark face:
See! Father Chaos o'er his firſt-born nods,
And Mother Night, in majeſty of gods!
See Querno's throne, by hands pontific riſe,
And a fool's Pandæmonium ſtrike our eyes!
Ev'n what on C—l the public bounteous pours,
Is ſublimated here to golden ſhow'rs.
A Dunciad or a Lutrin is complete,
And one in action; ludicrouſly great.
Each wheel rolls round in due degrees of force;
E'en epiſodes are needful, or of courſe:
Of courſe, when things are virtually begun
E'er the firſt ends, the Father and the Son:
Or elſe ſo needful, and exactly grac'd,
That nothing is ill-ſuited, or ill-plac'd.
True epic's a vaſt world, and this a ſmall;
One has its proper beauties, and one all.
Like Cynthia, one in thirty days appears,
Like Saturn one, rolls round in thirty years.
There opens a wide tract, a length of floods,
A height of mountains, and a waſte of woods:
Here but one ſpot; nor leaf, nor green depart
From rules; e'en nature ſeems the child of art.
As unities in epic works appear,
So muſt they ſhine in full diſtinction here.
Ev'n the warm Iliad ſhoves with ſlower pow'rs:
That forty days demands, this forty hours.
Each other Satire humbler arts has known,
Content with meaner beauties, though its own:
Enough for that, if rugged in its courſe
The verſe but rolls with vehemence and force;
Or nicely pointed in th' Horatian way
Wounds keen, like Syrens miſchievouſly gay.
Here, all has wit, yet muſt that wit be ſtrong,
Beyond the turns of epigram or ſong.
The thought muſt riſe exactly from the vice,
Sudden, yet finiſh'd, clear, and yet conciſe,

One harmony muſt firſt with laſt unite;
As all true paintings have their place and light.
Tranſitions muſt be quick, and yet deſign'd,
Not made to fill, but juſt retain the mind:
And ſimiles, like meteors of the night,
Juſt give one flaſh of momentary light.
As thinking makes the ſoul, low things expreſt
In high-rais'd terms, define a Dunciad beſt.
Books and the man demands as much, or more,
Than he who wander'd to the Latian ſhore:
For here (eternal grief to Duns's ſoul,
And B——'s thin ghoſt!) the part contains the whole:
Since in mock-epic none ſucceeds, but he
Who taſtes the whole of epic poeſy.
The moral muſt be clear and underſtood;
But finer ſtill, if negatively good:
Blaſpheming Capaneus obliquely ſhows
T' adore thoſe gods Æneas fears and knows.
A fool's the hero; but the poet's end
Is, to be candid, modeſt, and a friend.
Let claſſic learning ſanctify each part,
Not only ſhow your reading, but your art.
The charms of parody, like thoſe of wit,
If well contraſted, never fail to hit;
One half in light, and one in darkneſs dreſt,
(For contraries oppos'd ſtill ſhine the beſt.)
When a cold page half breaks the writer's heart,
By this it warms and brightens into art.
When rhet'ric glitters with too pompous pride,
By this, like Circe, 'tis undeify'd.
So Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the ſky,
(Deck'd in rich robes, of trees, and plants, and flow'rs,
And crown'd illuſtrious with an hundred tow'rs)
O'er all Parnaſſus caſts her eyes at once,
And ſees an hundred ſons—and each a Dunce.
The language next: from hence new pleaſure ſprings;
For ſtyles are dignify'd, as well as things.
Though ſenſe ſubſiſts, diſtinct from phraſe or ſound,
Yet gravity conveys a ſurer wound.
The chymic ſecret which your pains would find,
Breaks out, unſought for, in Cervantes' mind;
And Quixot's wildneſs, like that king's of old,
Turns all he touches into pomp and gold.
Yet in this pomp diſcretion muſt be had;
Tho' grave, not ſtiff; tho' whimſical, not mad:
In works like theſe, if fuſtian might appear,
Mock-epics, Blackmore, would not coſt thee dear.
We grant that Butler raviſhes the heart,
As Shakſpeare ſoar'd beyond the reach of art;
(For nature form'd thoſe poets without rules,
To fill the world with imitating fools.)
What burleſque could, was by that genius done;
Yet faults it has, impoſſible to ſhun:
Th' unchanging ſtrain for want of grandeur cloys,
And gives too oft the horſe-laugh mirth of boys:
The ſhort-legg'd verſe, and double-gingling ſound,
So quick ſurpriſe us, that our heads run round:
Yet in this work peculiar life preſides,
And wit, for all the world to glean beſides.
Here pauſe, my muſe, too daring and too young!
Nor raſhly aim at precepts yet unſung.
Can man the maſter of the Dunciad teach?
And theſe new bays what other hopes to reach?
'Twere better judg'd, to ſtudy and explain
Each ancient grace he copies not in vain;
To trace thee, Satire, to thy utmoſt ſpring,
Thy form, thy changes, and thy authors ſing.
All nations with this liberty diſpenſe,
And bid us ſhock the man that ſhocks good ſenſe.
Great Homer firſt the mimic ſketch deſign'd;
What graſp'd not Homer's comprehenſive mind?
By him who virtue prais'd, was folly curſt,
And who Achilles ſung, drew * Dunce the Firſt.
Next him Simonides, with lighter air,
In beaſts, and apes, and vermin, paints the fair:
The good Scriblerus in like forms diſplays
The reptile rhymeſters of theſe later days.
More fierce, Archilochus! thy vengeful flame;
Fools read and dy'd: for blockheads then had ſhame.
The † comic-ſatiriſt attack'd his age,
And found low arts, and pride, among the ſage:
See learned Athens ſtand attentive by,
And Stoics learn their foibles from the eye.
‡ Latium's fifth Homer held the Greeks in view;
Solid, though rough, yet incorrect as new.
Lucilius, warm'd with more than mortal flame,
Roſe next § and held a torch to ev'ry ſhame.
See ſtern Menippus, cynical, unclean;
And Grecian Cento's, mannerly obſcene.
Add the laſt efforts of Pacuvius' rage,
‖ And the chaſte decency of Varro's page.
See Horace next, in each reflection nice,
Learn'd, but not vain, the foe of fools, not vice.
Each page inſtructs, each ſentiment prevails,
All ſhines alike; he rallies, but ne'er rails:
With courtly eaſe conceals a maſter's art,
And leaſt expected ſteals upon the heart.
Yet ¶ Caſſius felt the fury of his rage,
(Caſſius, the We——d of a former age)
And ſad Alpinus, ignorantly read,
Who murder'd Memnon, though for ages dead.
Then Perſius came, whoſe line, though roughly wrought,
His ſenſe o'erpaid the ſtricture of his thought.
Here in clear light the ſtoic-doctrine ſhines,
Truth all ſubdues, or patience all reſigns.
A mind ſupreme! impartial, yet ſevere:
Pure in each act, in each receſs ſincere!
Yet rich ill poets urg'd the ſtoic's frown,
And bade him ſtrike at dulneſs and a crown **.
The vice and luxury Petronius drew,
In Nero meet: th' imperial point of view:
The Roman Wilmot, that could vice chaſtiſe,
Pleas'd the mad king he ſerv'd to ſatirize.
The †† next in Satire felt a nobler rage,
What honeſt heart could bear Domitian's age?
See his ſtrong ſenſe and numbers maſculine!
His ſoul is kindled, and he kindles mine:

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* *Margites.* † *Ariſtophanes.*
‡ *Ennius.*
§ —— *clarumq. facem præferre pudori,*
Juv. S. 1.
‖ *See Varro's character in Cicero's Academics.*
¶ *Alludes to this couplet in his ſecond Satire,*
Compoſitum jus faſq. animi ſanctiq. receſſus,
Mentis, et incœſtum generoſo pectus honeſto;
** *See his firſt Satire of Nero's Verſes.*
†† *Juvenal.*

Scornful of vice, and fearleſs of offence,
He flows a torrent of impetuous ſenſe.
Lo! ſavage tyrants who blaſphem'd their God
Turn ſuppliants now, and gaze at * Julian's rod.
Lucian, ſevere, but in a gay diſguiſe,
Attacks old faith, or ſports in learned † lies;
Sets heroes and philoſophers at odds;
And ſcourges mortals, and dethrones the gods.
Then all was night—But Satire roſe once more
Where Medici and Leo arts reſtore.
Taſſonè ſhone fantaſtic, but ſublime:
And he, who form'd the Macaronic-rhyme:
Then weſtward too by ſlow degrees confeſt,
Where boundleſs Rabelais made the world his jeſt;
Marot had nature. Regnier force and flame,
But ſwallow'd all in Boileau's matchleſs fame!
Extenſive ſoul! who rang'd all learning o'er,
Preſent and paſt—and yet found room for more.
Full of new ſenſe, exact in every page,
Unbounded, and yet ſober in thy rage.
Strange fate! Thy ſolid ſterling of two lines,
Drawn to our Tinſel, through whole pages ſhines! ‡
In Albion then, with equal luſtre bright,
Great Dryden roſe, and ſteer'd by nature's light.
Two glimmering orbs he juſt obſerv'd from far,
The ocean wide, and dubious either ſtar,
Donne teem'd with wit, but all was maim'd and bruis'd,
The periods endleſs, and the ſenſe confus'd:
Oldham ruſh'd on, impetuous, and ſublime,
But lame in language, harmony, and rhyme.
Theſe, (with new graces) vig'rous nature join'd
In one, and center'd 'em in Dryden's mind.
How full thy verſe? Thy meaning how ſevere?
How dark thy theme? yet made exactly clear.
Not mortal is thy accent, nor thy rage,
Yet mercy ſoftens, or contracts each page.
Dread bard! inſtruct us to revere thy rules,
And hate like thee, all rebels, and all fools.
His ſpirit ceas'd not (in ſtrict truth) to be;
For dying Dryden breath'd, O Garth! on thee,
Bade thee to keep alive his genuine rage,
Half-ſunk in want, oppreſſion and old age;
Then, when thy § pious hands repos'd his head,
When vain young lords and ev'n the flamen fled.
For well thou knew'ſt his merit and his art,
His upright mind, clear head, and friendly heart.
Ev'n Pope himſelf (who ſees no virtue bleed
But bears th' affliction) envies thee the deed.
O Pope! inſtructor of my ſtudious days,
Who fix'd my ſteps in virtue's early ways:
On whom our labours, and our hopes depend,
Thou more than patron, and ev'n more than friend!
Above all flattery, all thirſt of gain,
And mortal but in ſickneſs, and in pain!
Thou taught'ſt old Satire nobler fruits to bear,
And check'd her licence with a moral care:
Thou gav'ſt the thought new beauties not its own,
And touch'd the verſe with graces yet unknown.
Each lawleſs branch thy level eye ſurvey'd,
And ſtill corrected nature as ſhe ſtray'd:

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* *The Cæſars of the Emperor Julian.*
† *Lucian's True Hiſtory.*
‡ *Roſcommon, Revers'd.*
§ *Dr. Garth took care of Mr. Dryden's funeral, which ſome noblemen, who undertook it, had neglected.*

Warm'd Boileau's ſenſe with Britain's genuine fire,
And added ſoftneſs to Taſſone's lyre.
Yet mark the hideous nonſenſe of the age,
And thou thyſelf the ſubject of its rage.
So in old times, round godlike Scæva ran
Rome's daſtard ſons, a million, and a man.
Th' exalted merits of the wiſe and good
Are ſeen, far off, and rarely underſtood.
The world's a father to a Dunce unknown,
And much he thrives, for, Dullneſs! he's thy own.
No hackney brethren e'er condemn him twice;
He fears no enemies, but duſt and mice.
If Pope but writes, the devil Legion raves,
And meagre critics mutter in their caves:
(Such critics of neceſſity conſume
All wit, as hangmen raviſh'd maids at Rome.)
Names he a ſcribler? all the world's in arms,
Auguſta, Granta, Rhedecyna ſwarms:
The guilty reader fancies what he fears,
And every Midas trembles for his ears.
See all ſuch malice, obloquy, and ſpite
Expire ere morn, the muſhroom of a night!
Tranſient as vapours glimm'ring through the glades,
Half-form'd and idle, as the dreams of maids,
Vain as the ſick man's vow, or young man's ſigh,
Third-nights of bards, or H———'s ſophiſtry.
Theſe ever hate the poet's ſacred line:
Theſe hate whate'er is glorious, or divine.
From one eternal fountain beauty ſprings,
The energy of wit, and truth of things, [tend,
That ſource is God: from him they downwards
Flow round—yet in their native centre end.
Hence rules, and truth, and order, Dunces ſtrike;
Of arts, and virtues, enemies alike.
Some urge, that poets of ſupreme renown
Judge ill to ſcourge the refuſe of the town.
Howe'er their cauſiſts hope to turn the ſcale,
Theſe men muſt ſmart, or ſcandal will prevail.
By theſe the weaker ſex ſtill ſuffer moſt:
And ſuch are prais'd who roſe at honour's coſt:
The learn'd they wound, the virtuous, and the fair,
No fault they cancel, no reproach they ſpare:
The random ſhaft, impetuous in the dark,
Sings on unſeen, and quivers in the mark.
'Tis juſtice, and not anger, makes us write.
Such ſons of darkneſs muſt be drag'd to light:
Long-ſuff'ring nature muſt not always hold;
In virtue's cauſe 'tis gen'rous to be bold.
To ſcourge the bad, th' unwary to reclaim,
And make light flaſh upon the face of ſhame.
Others have urg'd (but weigh it, and you'll find
'Tis light as feathers blown before the wind)
That poverty, the curſe of providence,
Atones for a dull writer's want of ſenſe:
Alas! his dullneſs 'twas that made him poor;
Not *vice verſa*: We infer no more.
Of vice and folly poverty's the curſe,
Heaven may be rigid, but the man was worſe,
By good made bad, by favours more diſgrac'd,
So dire th' effects of ignorance miſplac'd!
Of idle youth, unwatch'd by parents eyes!
Of zeal for pence, and dedication lies!
Of conſcience modell'd by a great man's looks!
And arguings in religion—from no books!
No light the darkneſs of that mind invades,
Where Chaos rules, enſhrin'd in genuine ſhades;
Where, in the dungeon of the ſoul enclos'd,
True Dullneſs nods, reclining and repos'd.

Senſe, grace, or harmony, ne'er enter there,
Nor human faith, nor piety ſincere;
A midnight of the ſpirits, ſoul, and head,
(Suſpended all) as thought itſelf lay dead.
Yet oft a mimic gleam of tranſient light
Breaks through this gloom, and then they think they write;
From ſtreets to ſtreets th' unnumber'd pamphlets fly,
* Then tremble Warner, Brown, and Billingſly.
O thou moſt gentle deity appear,
Thou who ſtill hear'ſt, and yet art prone to hear;
Whoſe eye ne'er cloſes, and whoſe brains ne'er reſt,
(Thy own dear Dullneſs bawling at thy breaſt)
Attend, O patience, on thy arm reclin'd,
And ſee wit's endleſs enemies behind!
And ye, our muſes, with a hundred tongues,
And thou, O Henley! bleſt with brazen lungs;
Fanatic Withers! fam'd for rhimes and ſighs,
And Jacob Behmen! moſt obſcurely wiſe;
From darkneſs palpable, on duſky wings
Aſcend! and ſhroud him who your offspring ſings.
The firſt with Egypt's darkneſs in his head
Thinks wit the devil, and curſes books unread.
For twice ten winters has he blunder'd on,
Through heavy comments, yet ne'er loſt nor won:
Much may be done in twenty winters more,
And let him then learn Engliſh at threeſcore.
No ſacred Maro glitters on his ſhelf,
He wants the mighty Stagyrite himſelf.
See vaſt † Coimbria's comments pil'd on high,
In heaps ‡ Soncinas, Sotus, Sanchez lie:
For idle hours, § Sa's idler caſuiſtry.
Yet worſe is he, who in one language read,
Has one eternal jingling in his head,
At night, at morn, in bed, and on the ſtairs....
Talks flights to grooms, and makes lewd ſongs at pray'rs.
His pride, a pun: a guinea his reward,
His critic, G-ld-n, Jemmy M-re his bard.
What artful hand the wretch's form can hit,
Begot by Satan on a M——ly's wit:
In parties furious at the great man's nod,
And hating none for nothing, but his God:
Foe to the learn'd, the virtuous, and the ſage,
A pimp in youth, an atheiſt in old age:
Now plung'd in bawdry and ſubſtantial lies,
Now dabbling in ungodly theories;
But ſo, as ſwallows ſkim the pleaſing flood,
Grows giddy, but ne'er drinks to do him good:
Alike reſolv'd to flatter, or to cheat,
Nay worſhip onions, if they cry, come eat:
A foe to faith, in revelation blind,
And impious much, as Dunces are by kind.
Next ſee the maſter-piece of flatt'ry riſe,
Th' annointed ſon of Dullneſs and of Lies.
¶ Whoſe ſofteſt whiſper fills a patron's ear,
Who ſmiles unpleas'd, and mourns without a tear.
Perſuaſive, though a woful blockhead he:
Truth dies before his ſhadowy ſophiſtry.

* For well he knows the vices of the town,
The ſchemes of ſtate, and int'reſt of the gown;
Immoral afternoons, indecent nights,
Enflaming wines, and ſecond appetites.
But moſt the theatres with Dullneſs groan,
Embrio's half-form'd, a progeny unknown:
Fine things for nothing, tranſports out of ſeaſon,
Effects un-caus'd, and murders without reaſon.
Here worlds run round, and years are taught to ſtay,
Each ſcene an elegy, each act a play †.
Can the ſame pow'r ſuch various paſſions move?
Rejoice or weep, 'tis every thing for love.
The ſelf-ſame cauſe produces heav'n and hell:
Things contrary as buckets in a well;
One up, one down, one empty, and one full:
Half high, half low, half witty, and half dull.
So on the borders of an ancient wood,
Or where ſome poplar trembles o'er the flood,
Arachne travels on her filmy thread,
Now high, now low, or on her feet or head.
Yet theſe love verſe, as ‡ croaking comforts frogs,
And mire and ordure are the heaven of hogs.
As well might nothing bind immenſity,
Or paſſive matter immaterials ſee,
As theſe ſhould write by reaſon, rhime, and rule,
Or he turn wit, whom nature doom'd a fool.
If Dryden err'd, 'twas human frailty once,
But blundering is the eſſence of a Dunce.
Some write for glory, but the phantom fades;
Some write as party, or as ſpleen invades;
A third, becauſe his father was well read,
And murd'rer-like, calls bluſhes from the dead.
Yet all for morals and for arts contend——
They want 'em both, who never prais'd a friend.
More ill, than dull; for pure ſtupidity
Was ne'er a crime in honeſt Banks, or me.
See next a crowd in damaſks, ſilks, and crapes,
Equivocal in dreſs, half-belles, half-trapes:
A length of night-gown rich Phantaſia trails,
Olinda wears one ſhift, and pares no nails:
Some in C——l's cabinet each act diſplay,
When nature in a tranſport dies away:
Some more refin'd tranſcribe their opera-loves
On iv'ry tablets, or in clean white gloves:
Some of Platonic, ſome of carnal taſte,
Hoop'd, or un-hoop'd, ungarter'd, or unlac'd.
Thus thick in air the wing'd creation play,
When vernal Phœbus rouls the light away,
A motley race, half inſects and half fowls,
Looſe-tail'd and dirty, May-flies, bats, and owls.
Gods, that this native nonſenſe was our worſt!
With crimes more deep, O Albion! art thou curſt.
No judgment open prophanation fears,
For who dreads God, that can preſerve his ears?

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* *Three bookſellers.*

† *Coimbria's comments. Colleg. Conimbricenſe a ſociety in Spain, which publiſhed tedious explanations of Ariſtotle.*

‡ *Soncinas, a ſchoolman.*

§ *Sa (Eman. de) See Paſchal's Myſtery of Jeſuitiſm.*

¶ *Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire ſuſurro. Juv. S. 4.*
Flet, ſi lacrymas aſpexit amici, Nec dolet. S. 3.

* ——— *Neverat ille*
Luxuriam Imperii veteris, noctesq; Neronis
Jam medias, aliamq; famem. Juv. S. 4.

† *Et chaque Acte enſa piece et une piece entiere. Boil.*

‡ *When a poor genius has labour'd much, he judges well not to expect the encomiums of the public: for theſe are not his due. Yet for fear his drudgery ſhould have no recompenſe, God (of his goodneſs) has given him a perſonal ſatisfaction. To envy him in this would be injuſtice beyond barbarity itſelf: Thus the ſame deity (who is equally juſt in all points) has given frogs the comfort of croaking, &c.*

Le Pere Gereſſe Sommes Theol. L. 2.

Oh ſave me, Providence, from vice refin'd,
That worſt of ills, a ſpeculative mind *!
Not that I blame divine philoſophy,
(Yet much we riſk, for pride and learning lie.)
Heav'n's paths are found by nature more than art,
The ſchoolman's head miſleads the layman's heart.
What unrepented deeds has Albion done?
Yet ſpare us heav'n! return, and ſpare thy own.
Religion vaniſhes to types, and ſhade,
By wits, by fools, by her own ſons betray'd!
Sure 'twas enough to give the dev'l his due,
Muſt ſuch men mingle with the prieſthood too?
So ſtood Onias at th' Almighty's throne,
Profanely cinctur'd in a harlot's zone.
Some Rome, and ſome the Reformation blame;
'Tis hard to ſay from whence ſuch licenſe came;
From fierce enthuſiaſts, or Socinians ſad?
C——ns the ſoft, or Bourignon the mad?
From wayward nature, or lewd poet's rhimes?
From praying, canting, or king-killing times?
From all the dregs which Gallia could pour forth,
(Thoſe ſons of ſchiſm) landed in the north?—
From whence it came, they and the d—l beſt know,
Yet thus much, Pope, each atheiſt is thy foe.
O decency, forgive theſe friendly rhimes,
For raking in the dunghill of their crimes.
To name each monſter would make printing dear,
Or tire Ned Ward, who writes ſix books a-year.

* *Plato calls this an ignorance of a dark and dangerous nature, under appearance of the greateſt wiſdom.*

Such vicious nonſenſe, impudence, and ſpite,
Would make a hermit, or a father write.
Though Julian held the world, and held no more
Than deiſt Gildon taught, or Toland ſwore,
† Good Greg'ry prov'd him execrably bad,
And ſcourg'd his ſoul, with drunken reaſon mad.
Much longer, Pope reſtrain'd his awful hand,
Wept o'er poor Nineveh, and her dull band,
'Till fools like weeds roſe up, and chok'd the land.
Long, long he ſlumber'd e'er th' avenging hour;
For dubious mercy half o'er-rul'd his pow'r:
'Till the wing'd bolt, red-hiſſing from above
Pierc'd millions thro'——For ſuch the wrath of Jove.
Hell, chaos, darkneſs, tremble at the ſound,
And proſtrate fools beſtrow the vaſt profound:
No Charon wafts 'em from the farther ſhore,
Silent they ſleep, alas! to riſe no more.
Oh Pope, and ſacred criticiſm! forgive
A youth who dares approach your ſhrine and live!
Far has he wander'd in an unknown night,
No guide to lead him, but his own dim light.
For him more fit, in vulgar paths to tread,
To ſhow th' unlearn'd what they never read,
Youth to improve, or riſing genius tend
To ſcience much, to virtue more, a friend.

† *Gregory Nazianz: a father at the beginning of the fourth century. He writ two moſt bitter ſatires (or invectives) againſt the Emperor Julian.*

TRANSLATIONS, PARAPHRASES, &c.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE. FROM OVID.

ARGUMENT.

In a religious aſſembly at the temple of Diana in Delos, Acontius was much enamour'd with Cydippe, a lady of remarkable wit and beauty. Beſides this, her fortune and family were much above his own: which made him ſolicitous how to diſcover his paſſion in a ſucceſsful manner. At laſt he procured a very beautiful apple, upon which he wrote a diſtic to this purpoſe, "I ſwear by chaſte Diana I will for ever be thy "wife." So ſoon as he had written it, he threw the apple directly at the feet of Cydippe, who imagining nothing of the deceit, took it up, and having read the inſcription, found herſelf obliged by a ſolemn oath to marry Acontius. For in thoſe times all oaths which were made in the temple of Diana, were eſteemed inviolable. Some time afterwards, her father, who knew nothing of what had happen'd eſpouſed her to another lover. The marriage was juſt upon the point of celebration, when Cydippe was ſeized with a violent fever. Acontius writes to her, he reminds her of a former ſolemn obligation, and artfully inſinuates that her diſtemper is inflicted as a juſt puniſhment from Diana.

Once more, Cydippe all thy fears remove,
'Tis now too late to dread a cheat in love.
Thoſe roſy lips in accents half divine,
Breath'd the ſoft promiſe in the Delian ſhrine;
Dear awful oath! enough Cydippe ſwore,
No human ties can bind a virgin more.
So may kind heav'n attend a lover's pray'r,
Soften thy pains, and comfort my deſpair.
See, the warm bluſh your modeſt cheeks inflame;
Yet is there cauſe for anger or for ſhame!
Recall to mind thoſe tender lines of love,
Deny you cannot——though your heart diſprove.
Still muſt I wait in impotent deſires,
And only hope revive the fainting fires?
Yet did'ſt thou promiſe to be ever mine——
A conſcious horror ſeem'd to ſhake the ſhrine,
The pow'r conſenting bow'd; a beam of light
Flaſh'd from the ſkies, and made the temple bright.
Ah! then Cydippe, dry thy precious tears:
The more my fraud, the more my love appears.
Love ever-watchful, ev'n by nature charms;
Inflames the modeſt, and the wiſe diſarms?
Fair yet diſſembling, pleaſing but to cheat
With tender blandiſhment, and ſoft deceit.
Kind ſpeaking motions, melancholy ſighs,
Tears that delight, and eloquence of eyes.
Love firſt the treach'rous dear deſign inſpir'd
My hopes exalted, and my genius fir'd:
Ah! ſure I cannot——muſt not guilty prove;
Deceit itſelf is laudable in love!
Once more inſpir'd ſuch tender lines I ſend,
See, my hand trembles leſt my thoughts offend.
Heroes in war inflam'd by beauty's charms,
Tear the ſad virgin from her parents arms;
I too, like theſe, feel the fierce flames of love;
Yet check my rage, and modeſtly reprove.

Ah, teach me, heav'n, ſome language to perſuade,
Some other vows to bind the faithleſs maid;
O love all-eloquent, you only know
To touch the ſoul with elegies of woe!
If treach'ry fail, by force I urge my right,
Sheath'd in rough armour, formidably bright:
So Paris ſnatch'd his Spartan bride away,
A half denying, half conſenting prey;
I too reſolve——whate'er the dangers be,
For death is nothing when compar'd to thee,
Were you leſs fair, I then might guiltleſs prove,
And moderate the fury of my love.
But ah! thoſe charms for ever muſt inſpire,
Each look, each motion ſets my ſoul on fire.
Heavn's! with what pleaſing ecſtaſies of pain
Trembling I gaze, and watch thy glance in vain.
How can I praiſe thoſe golden curls that deck
Each glowing cheek, or wave around thy neck.
Thy ſwelling arms, and forehead riſing fair,
Thy modeſt ſweetneſs, and attractive air;
Adjoin to theſe a negligence of grace,
A winning accent, and enchanting face.
Dear matchleſs charms! I ceaſe to name the reſt,
Nor wonder thou that love inflames my breaſt.
Since all alike to Hymen's altars bend,
Ah, bleſs at once the lover, and the friend!
Let envy rage, and int'reſt diſapprove,
Envy and int'reſt muſt ſubmit to love.
By pray'rs and vows Heſione was won
To ſhare the joys of hoſtile Telamon.
Soft gen'rous pity touch'd the * captive dame
Who warm'd Achilles with a lover's flame.
To bleſs the wretched, ſhows a ſoul divine——
Be ever angry——but be ever mine.
Yet can no pray'rs thy firm reſentment move?
Wretch that I was ſo ill to fix my love!
See, at thy feet deſpairing wild I roul,
Grief ſwells my heart, and anguiſh racks my ſoul,
There fix my doom; relentleſs to my ſighs,
And lifted hands, and ſupplicating eyes.
Then wilt thou ſay (for pity ſure muſt move
A virgin's breaſt) "how patient is his love!
"Ev'n my heart trembles, as his tears I ſee;
"The youth who ſerves ſo well, is worthy me."
Still muſt I then in ſad diſtraction moan?
My cauſe unheeded, and my grief unknown.
Ah, no——Acontius cannot write in vain;
Sure ev'ry wretch has licenſe to complain!
But if you triumph in a lover's woe,
Remember ſtill Diana is your foe!
Diana liſten'd to the vows you made,
And trembled at the change her eyes ſurvey'd.
Ah, think, repent, while yet the time is giv'n,
Fierce is the vengeance of neglected heav'n!
By Dian's hand the Phrygian matron fell,
Sent with her race, an early ſhade to hell.
Chang'd to a ſtag, Acteon pour'd away,
In the ſame morn the chaſer and the prey.
Althæa rag'd with more than female hate,
And hurl'd into the flames the brand of fate.
Like theſe offenſive, puniſh'd too like theſe.
Heav'n blaſts thy joys, and heightens the diſeaſe.
Nor think Cydippe (as my fears foreſee)
A thought unworthy of thyſelf, or me!
Think not I frame this ſeeming truth, to prove
Thy ſtern diſdain, a pious fraud in love;

Rather than ſo, I yet abjure thy charms,
And yield thee ſcornful, to another's arms!
Alas, for this pale ſickneſs haunts thy bed,
And ſhooting aches ſeem to tear thy head;
A ſudden vengeance waits thy guilty loves;
Abſent is Hymen, Dian diſapproves.
Think then, repent—recall the parting breath
O'er thy lips hov'ring in the hour of death.
See, on thy cheeks the fading purple dies,
And ſhades of darkneſs ſettle on thy eyes.
But whence, ye pow'rs, or wherefore roſe th
Still muſt I mourn in abſence, or deſpair; [pray'
Forc'd, if ſhe dies, the promiſe to reſign——
Ev'n if ſhe lives, I muſt not call her mine!
Like ſome pale ghoſt around thy houſe I rove
Now burn in rage, and now relent with love;
A thouſand needleſs meſſages I make,
A thouſand mournful ſpeeches give, and take.
O that my ſkill the ſov'reign virtues knew
Of ev'ry herb that drinks the early dew,
Then might I hear thy moans, thy ſickneſs ſee,
Nor were it ſure a crime to gaze on thee.
Perhaps ev'n now, (as far foreſees too well)
The wretch I curſe, deteſt, avoid like hell,
Beſide thee breathes a love-dejected ſigh,
And marks the ſilent glances of thy eye.
Some faint excuſe he raiſes, to detain
Thy ſwelling arm, and preſs the beating vein:
Now o'er thy neck his glowing fingers rove,
Too great a pleaſure for ſo mean a love!
Villain beware! the ſacred nymph reſign——
Avoid, deteſt her, dread whate'er is mine;
Elſewhere a lover's preference I give,
But ceaſe to rival here, or ceaſe to live.
The vows you claim by right of human laws,
At beſt but ſerve to vindicate my cauſe.
To thee alone by duty is ſhe kind;
Can parents alienate a daughter's mind?
Firſt weigh the crime, the vengeange next explo
The father promis'd, but the daughter ſwore
That merely vain on human faith relies;
But this obteſts the ſanction of the ſkies.
Here ceaſe my woes——ah, whither am
A woman's triumph, and a rival's ſcorn? [bor
Vain are my vows, unheeded is my pray'r,
The ſcatt'ring winds have loſt 'em all in air;
Yet think Cydippe, e'er thy lover dies!
Baniſh that wretch for ever from thy eyes;
Scorn, envy, cenſures are conferr'd on me,
And pain,—and death is all he brings to thee.
Gods! may ſome vengeance crimes like theſe
And ſnatch his life, to mediate for thy own [to
Nor think to pleaſe avenging Cynthia's eyes
With ſtreams of blood in holy ſacrifice:
Heav'n claims the real, not the formal part,
A troubled ſpirit, and repenting heart.
For eaſe, and health the patient oft requires
The piercing ſteel, and burns alive in fires;
Not ſo with you——ah, but confirm the vow!
One look; one promiſe can reſtore thee now;
Again thy ſmiles eternal joys beſtow,
And thy eyes ſparkle, and thy bluſhes glow.
Suppoſe from me for ever you remove,
Once muſt you fall a ſacrifice to love;
And then, ah, then will angry Cynthia cloſe
Thy wakeful eyes, or eaſe a matron's throes?
Yet wilt thou ever find a cauſe for ſhame?
No ſure——a mother cannot, muſt not blame

*Briſeis.

Tell her the vow, the place, the ſacred day
I gaz'd on thee, and gaz'd my heart away:
Then will ſhe ſurely ſay (if e'er ſhe knew
But half that tender love I feel for you)
" Ah, think Cydippe, and his conſort be;
" The youth who pleas'd Diana, pleaſes me!
Yet if ſhe aſks (as women oft require)
Tell her my life, my nation, and my ſire:
Not void of youthful vanities I came,
Nor yet inglorious in the world of fame;
From ancient race I drew my gen'rous blood,
Where Cea's iſle o'erlooks the watery flood:
Add, that I ſtudy ev'ry art to pleaſe,
Bleſt in my genius, born to live at eaſe.
Wit, merit, learning cannot fail to move,
And all thoſe dearer bleſſings loſt in love!
Ah! had you never ſworn, 'twere hard to chooſe
A love like mine——and will you now refuſe?
In midnight dreams when wakeful fancy keeps
Its deareſt thoughts, and ev'n in ſlumber weeps,
Diana's ſelf theſe mournful ſtrains inſpir'd,
And Cupid when I wak'd, my genius fir'd.
Methinks, ev'n now, his piercing arrows move
My tender breaſt, and ſpread the pains of love.
Like me beware, unhappy as thou art!
Direct at thee Diana aims her dart
To drink the blood that feeds thy faithleſs heart.
The loves thou never can'ſt enjoy, reſign;
Nor raſhly loſe another life with thine,
Then will we, eager as our joys, remove
To Dian's ſhrine, the patroneſs of love!
High o'er her head in triumph ſhall be plac'd
The golden fruit, with this inſcription grac'd;
" Ye hapleſs lovers, hence, for ever know
" Acontius gain'd the nymph who caus'd his woe!"
Here ceaſe my hand——I tremble, leſt each line
Should wound a ſoul ſo griev'd, ſo touch'd as thine.
No more my thoughts th' ungrateful toil purſue;
Pleaſure farewell, and thou, my dear, adieu!

PART OF PINDAR'S FIRST PYTHIAN ODE PARAPHRASED.

Χρυσία φόρμιγξ Ἀπολλων——

ARGUMENT.

This Ode is addreſſed to Hieron king of Sicily, as is alſo the firſt of the Olympics. Pindar takes occaſion to begin with an encomium on muſic, finely deſcribing its effects upon the paſſions. We muſt ſuppoſe this art to be one of his hero's more diſtinguiſhable excellencies; as it appears from ſeveral paſſages in the Ode above. From thence he expatiates in the praiſe of poetry; and inveighs very ſeverely upon thoſe who either contemn, or have no taſte for that divine ſcience. Their misfortunes and puniſhments are inſtanced by thoſe of Typhœus: whom the poets imagine to be impriſoned by Jupiter under mount Ætna. The digreſſions in this Ode are the moſt inartificial and ſurpriſing of any in the whole author. We are once more in the hero's native country; every thing opens agreeably to the eye, and the poem proceeds after Pindar's uſual manner.

STROPHE I.

Gentle lyre, begin the ſtrain;
Wake the ſtring to voice again.
Muſic rules the world above;
Muſic is the food of love.
Soften'd by the pow'r of ſound,
Human paſſions melt away:
Melancholy feels no wound,
Envy ſleeps, and fears decay.
Entranc'd in pleaſure Jove's dread eagle lies,
Nor graſps the bolt, nor darts his fiery eyes.

ANTISTROPHE I.

See, Mars awak'd by loud alarms
Rolls o'er the field his ſanguine eyes,
His heart tumultuous beats to arms,
And terrors glare, and furies riſe!
Hark the pleaſing lutes complain,
In a ſoftly breathing ſtrain;
Love, and ſlumber ſeal his eye
By the gentle charms oppreſt:
From his rage he ſteals a ſigh,
Sinking on Dione's breaſt.

EPODE I.

Verſe, gentle verſe from heav'n deſcending came,
Curſt by the wicked, hateful to the vain:
Tyrants and ſlaves profane its ſacred name,
Deaf to the tender lay, or vocal ſtrain.---
In fires of hell Typhœus glows,
Impriſon'd by the wrath of Jove;
No eaſe his reſtleſs fury knows,
Nor ſounds of joy, nor pleaſing love,
Where, glitt'ring faintly on the eye,
Sicilian Ætna props the ſky
With mountains of eternal ſnow;
He darts his fiery eyes in vain,
And heaves, and roars, and bites his chain
In impotence of woe.

STROPHE II.

Angry flames like ſcarlet glowing
Fiery torrents ever flowing,
Smoke along the with'ring plain
Ere they ruſh into the main.
When the ſable veil of night
Stretches o'er the ſhaded ſky,
Fires of ſulphur gleam with light,
Burning rocks diſparted fly.
Sudden, by turns the flaſhing flames ariſe,
Pour down the winds, or tremble up the ſkies.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In fair Sicilia's rich domain,
Where flow'rs and fruits eternal blow,
Where plenty ſpreads her peaceful reign,
And ſeas ſurround, and fountains flow,
Bright religion lifts her eye,
Wand'ring through the kindred-ſky.
Hail thou, everlaſting Jove,
Parent of th' Aonian quire;
Touch my raptur'd ſoul with love,
Warm me with celeſtial fire!

EPODE II.

The pious mariner when firſt he ſweeps
The foaming billows, and exalts his ſails,
Propitiates ev'ry pow'r that rules the deeps,
Led by new hopes and borne by gentle gales.
So e'er the muſe diffus'd to ſing,
Emblazons her fair hero's praiſe:
(What time ſhe wakes the trembling ſtring,
Attemper'd to the vocal lays;
Proſtrate in humble guiſe ſhe bends,
While ſome celeſtial pow'r deſcends

To guide her airy flights along;
God of the silver bow, give ear;
(Whom Tenedos, and Chrysa fear)
Observant of the song!

STROPHE III.

Gentle wishes, chaste desires,
Holy Hymen's purer fires:
Lives of innocence and pleasure,
Moral virtue's mystic treasure;
Wisdom, eloquence, and love,
All are blessings from above.
Hence regret, distaste, dispraise,
Guilty nights, uneasy days:
Repining jealousies, calm friendly wrongs,
And fiercer envy, and the strife of tongues.

ANTISTROPHE III.

When virtue bleeds beneath the laws,
Or ardent nations rise in arms,
Thy mercies judge the doubtful cause,
Thy courage ev'ry breast alarms.
Kindling with heroic fire
Once again I sweep the lyre.
Fair as summer's evening skies,
Ends thy life serene, and glorious;
Happy hero, great and wise,
O'er thy foes, and self victorious.

THE EPISODE OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,

Translated from the fourth Georgic of Virgil.

At chorus æqualis Dryadum,——

HER sudden death the Mountain-Dryads mourn'd,
And Rhodope's high brow the dirge return'd:
Bleak Orythya trembled at their woe,
And silver Hebrus murmur'd in his flow.
While to his mournful harp, unseen, alone,
Despairing Orpheus warbled out his moan.
With rosy dawn his plaintive lays begun,
His plaintive voice sung down the setting sun.
Now in the frantic bitterness of woe
Silent he treads the dreary realms below,
His loss in tender numbers to deplore, [sore.
And touch the souls who ne'er were touch'd be-
Mov'd with the pleasing harmony of song,
The shadowy spectres 'round the poet throng:
Num'rous as birds that o'er the forest play,
(When evening Phœbus routs the light away:
Or when high Jove in wintery seasons pours
A sudden deluge from descending show'rs.)
The mother's ghost, the father's rev'rend shade,
The blooming hero, and th' unmarry'd maid:
The new-born heir who soon lamented dies,
And feeds the flames before his parent's eyes;
All whom Cocytus' sable water bounds,
And Styx with thrice three wand'ring streams surrounds.
See, the dread regions tremble and admire!
Ev'n Pain unmov'd stands hark'ning to the lyre.
Intent, Ixion stares, nor seems to feel
The rapid motions of the whirling wheel.
Th' unfolding snakes around the furies play,
As the pale sisters listen to the lay.
Nor was the poet's moving suit deny'd,
Again to realms above he bears his bride.
When (stern decree!) he turns his longing eyes,
'Tis done, she's lost, for ever ever flies---
Too small the fault, too lasting was thy pain,
Could love but judge, or hell relent again!
Amaz'd he stands, and by the glimpse of day
Just sees th' unbody'd shadow flit away.
When thus she cry'd---ah, too unthoughtful spouse
Thus for one look to violate thy vows!
Fate bears me back, again to hell I fly,
Eternal darkness swims before my eye:
Again the melancholy plains I see,
Ravish'd from life, from pleasure, and from thee!
She said, and sinking into endless night,
Like exhalations vanish'd from the sight.
In vain he sprung to seize her, wept, or pray'd,
Swift glides away the visionary shade.
How wilt thou now, unhappy Orpheus, tell
Thy second loss, and melt the pow'rs of hell?
Cold are those lips that blest thy soul before,
And her fair eyes must roll on thine no more.
Sev'n tedious moons despairing, wild he stood,
And told his woes to Strymon's freezing flood.
Beneath his feet eternal snows were spread,
And airy rocks hang nodding o'er his head,
The savage beasts in circles round him play,
And rapid streams stand list'ning to the lay.
So when the shepherd-swain with curious eyes
Marks the fair nest, and makes the young his prize:
Sad Philomel, in poplar shades alone,
In vain renews her lamentable moan.
From night to morn she chaunts her tender love.
And mournful music dies along the grove.
No thoughts of pleasure now his soul employ,
Averse to Venus and the nuptial joy:
Wild as the winds o'er Thracia's plains he roves,
O'er the bleak mountains, and the leafless groves.
When stung with rage the Bacchanalian train
Rush'd to the bard, and stretch'd him on the plain;
(Nor sounds, nor pray'rs their giddy fury move,
And he must cease to live, or learn to love)
See, from his shoulders in a moment flies
His bleeding head, and now, ah now he dies!
Yet as he dy'd, Eurydice he mourn'd,
Eurydice, the trembling banks return'd;
Eurydice, with hollow voice he cry'd,
Eurydice ran murmuring down the tide.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY HERTFORD,

UPON THE BIRTH OF LORD BEAUCHAMP.

ONCE more inspir'd, I touch the trembling string;
What muse for Hertford will refuse to sing?
Thine are the favourite strains, and may they be
Sacred to praise, to beauty, and to thee!
Sudden, methinks, in vision I survey
The glorious triumphs of th' expected day:
Fair lovely sights in opening scenes appear,
And airy music trembles on my ear;
Surrounding eyes devour the beauteous boy,
And ev'ry bosom beats with sounds of joy.
Rise from thy slumbers, gentle infant, rise!
Lift thy fair head, unfold thy radiant eyes,
Whose lovely light must other courts adorn,
And wound the hearts of beauties yet unborn,
Subdue the sex that triumphs in its pride,
And humble those, who charm the world beside.

Deſcend ye gentle nine! deſcend, and ſpread
Laurels and bays around his infant-head.
Bid noble paſſions in his boſom roll,
And beams of piety dawn upon his ſoul;
In ſoften'd muſic bid his accents flow,
Piercing, and gentle as deſcending ſnow;
Bid him be all that can his birth commend:
A daring patriot, and unſhaken friend:
A mild, yet humble, modeſt, though ſevere,
Abroad obliging, and, at home ſincere;
Good, juſt, and affable in each degree:
Such is the father, ſuch the ſon ſhall be!
These humble ſtrains, indulgent Hertford, ſpare;
Forgive the muſe, O faireſt of the fair!
First in thy ſhades (where ſilver Kennet glides,
Fair Marlbro's turrets trembling in his tides:
There peace and plenty hold their gentle reign,
And laviſh nature decks the fruitful plain:
There the fam'd mountain lifts its walks on high,
(As varying proſpects open on the eye)
To love's ſoft theme I tun'd the warbling lyre,
And borrow'd from thy eyes poetic fire.

September 30th.
1725. W. HARTE.

THE ARMY OF ADRASTUS, AND HIS ALLIES,

MARCHING FROM ARGOS TO THE SIEGE OF THEBES.

From the fourth Thebaid of Statius.

Jamq. ſuos circum———

AROUND the pomp in mourning weeds array'd,
Weeps the pale father, and the trembling maid:
The ſcreaming infants at the portals ſtand,
And claſp, and ſtop the ſlow-proceeding band.
Each parting face a ſettled horror wears,
Each low-held ſhield receives a flood of tears.
Some with a kiſs (ſad ſign of future harms)
Round the clos'd beaver glue their claſping arms,
Hang on the ſpear, detain 'em as they go,
With lifted eyes, and eloquence of woe.
Thoſe warlike chiefs, whom dread Bellona ſteel'd,
And arm'd with ſouls unknowing once to yield,
Now touch'd with ſorrows, hide their tearful eyes,
And all the hero melts away and dies.
So the pale ſailor, launching from the ſhore,
Leaves the dear proſpects that muſt charm no more:
Here ſhrieks of anguiſh pierce his pitying ears---
There ſtrangely wild, a floating world appears---
Swift the fair veſſel wings her watery flight,
And in a miſt deceives the aching ſight:
The native train in ſad diſtraction weep,
Now beat their breaſts, now tremble o'er the deep,
Curſe ev'ry gale that wafts the fleet from land,
Breathe the laſt ſigh, and wave the circling hand.
You now, fair ancient truth! conduct along
Th' advent'rous bard, and animate his ſong:
Each godlike man in proper lights diſplay,
And open all the war in dread array.
You too, bright miſtreſs of th' Aonian quire,
Divine Calliope! reſume the lyre:
The lives and deaths of mighty chiefs recite,
The waſte of nations, and the rage of fight.

A SIMILE,

UPON A SET OF TEA-DRINKERS.

So fairy elves their morning-table ſpread
O'er a white muſhroom's boſpitable head:
In acorn cups the merry goblins quaff
The pearly dews, they ſing, they love, they laugh;
Melodious muſic trembles through the ſky,
And airy ſounds along the green-wood die.

THE SAME,

DIVERSIFIED IN ANCIENT METRE.

So, yf deepe clerkes in tymes of yore ſaine trew,
Or poets eyne, perdie, mought ſothly vew,
The dapper Elfins thyr queint feſtes bedight
Wyth mickle pleſaunce on a muſhrome lite:
In acorne cuppes thy quaffen daint liquere,
And rowle belgardes, and defflie daunce yfere;
Ful everidele they makin muſike ſote,
And ſowns aeriall adowne the grene woode flote.

A SOLILOQUY,

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASS-HOPPER.

HAPPY inſect! ever bleſt
With a more than mortal reſt,
Roſy dews the leaves among,
Humble joys and gentle ſong!
Wretched poet! ever curs'd,
With a life of lives the worſt,
Sad deſpondence, reſtleſs fears,
Endleſs jealouſies and tears.
In the burning ſummer, thou
Warbleſt on the verdant bough,
Meditating cheerful play,
Mindleſs of the piercing ray;
Scorch'd in Cupid's fervors, I
Ever weep, and ever die.
Proud to gratify thy will,
Ready nature waits thee ſtill:
Balmy wines to thee ſhe pours,
Weeping through the dewy flow'rs:
Rich as thoſe by Hebe giv'n
To the thirſty ſons of heav'n.
Yet alas! we both agree,
Miſerable thou like me!
Each alike in youth rehearſes
Gentle ſtrains, and tender verſes;
Ever wand'ring far from home;
Mindleſs of the days to come,
(Such as aged winter brings
Trembling on his icy wings)
Both alike at laſt we die;
Thou art ſtarv'd, and ſo am I!

THE STORY OF ARETHUSA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection to the former

The poet deſcribes Ceres wandering over the world in great affliction, to ſearch after her

daughter Proſerpina, who was then loſt. At laſt Arethuſa (a river of Sicily) informs the goddeſs that her daughter was ſtolen away by Pluto, and carried down into hell. Now it was ordained by fate, that Proſerpine ſhould return again, if ſhe taſted not of any fruit in the other world. But temptations were ſtrong, and the woman could not reſiſt eating ſix or ſeven kernels of a pomegranate. However, to mitigate the ſentence, Jupiter decreed that ſhe ſhould reſide but half the year with Pluto, and paſs the reſt with her mother. Upon theſe terms Ceres is very well pacified, and in complaiſance deſires Arethuſa to relate her life, and for what reaſons ſhe was changed into a river.

Hush'd in ſuſpenſe the gath'ring waters ſtood,
When thus began the parent of the flood:
What time emerging from the wave, ſhe preſt
Her verdant treſſes drooping on her breaſt.
Of all the nymphs Achaia boaſts (ſhe ſaid),
Was Arethuſa once the faireſt maid.
None lov'd ſo well, to ſpread in early dawn
The trembling meſhes o'er the dewy lawn:
Though dreſs and beauty ſcarce deſerv'd my care,
Yet ev'ry tongue confeſs'd me to be fair.
The charms which others ſtrive for, I reſign,
And think it ev'n a crime to find them mine!
It chanc'd one morn, returning from the wood,
Weary I wander'd by a ſilver flood:
The gentle waters ſcarce were ſeen to glide,
And a calm ſilence ſtill'd the ſleeping tide;
High o'er the banks a grove of watery trees
Spread its dark ſhade, that trembled to the breeze.
(My veſt ſuſpended on the boughs) I lave
My chilly feet, then plunge beneath the wave;
A ruddy light my bluſhing limbs diſpread,
And the clear ſtream half glows with roſy-red.
When from beneath in awful murmurs broke
A hollow voice, and thus portentous ſpoke:
" My lovely nymph, my Arethuſa ſtay,
" Alpheüs calls; it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay"—
Naked and ſwift I flew (my clothes behind),
Fear ſtrung my nerves, and ſhame enrag'd my mind.
So wing'd with hunger the fierce eagle flies,
To drive the trembling turtles through the ſkies:
So wing'd with fear the trembling turtles ſpring,
When the fierce eagle ſhoots upon the wing.
Swift bounding from the god, I now ſurvey
Where breezy Pholoë and Cyllenè lay:
Thro' fair ſtructures open'd on my eyes;
And waving Erymanthus cools the ſkies,
At length unequal for the rapid chaſe
Tremble my limbs, the god maintains the race:
O'er hills and vales with furious haſte I flew;
O'er hills and vales the god behind me drew.
Now hov'ring o'er, his lengthening ſhadow bends,
(His length'ning ſhadow the low ſun extends)
And ſudden now, his ſounding ſteps drew near;
At leaſt I ſeem'd his ſounding ſteps to hear.
Now ſinking, in ſhort ſobs I gaſp'd for breath,
Juſt in the jaws of violence and death.
Ah, Cynthia help! ('twas thus in thought I pray'd)
Ah, help a raviſh'd, miſerable maid!
The virgin-pow'r conſenting to my pray'r,
Diffus'd around a veil of clouded air:
Loſt in the gloom he wanders o'er the plain,
And Arethuſa calls, but calls in vain
In miſty ſteams th' impervious vapours riſe,
Perplex his gueſſes, and deceive his eyes.
What fears I felt as thus enclos'd I ſtood,
What chilling horrors trembled through my blood
So pants the fawn in ſilence and deſpair,
When the grim wolf runs howling through the lair
So ſits the lev'ret, when the hound purſues
His trembling prey, and winds the tainted dews.
Sudden my cheek with flaſhing colour burns,
Pale ſwoons, and ſickly fears ſucceed by turns:
Cold creeps my blood, its pulſes beat no more:
Big drops of ſweat aſcend from every pore;
Adown my locks the pearly dews diſtill,
And each full eye pours forth a guſhing rill;
Now all at once my melting limbs decay,
In one clear ſtream diſſolving faſt away.
The god ſoon ſaw me floating o'er the plain,
And ſtrait reſum'd his watery form again—
Inſtant, Diana, ſmote the trembling ground;
Down ruſh my waters with a murm'ring ſound!
Thence darkling through th' infernal regions ſtra
And in the Delian plains review the day,

ANGERIANUS DE CÆLIA,

(EPIG. 40.)

Quum dormiret Amor, rapuit clam pulchra ph
retram
Cælia, ſurreptâ flevit Amor pharetrâ.
Noli (Cypris ait) ſic flere Cupido; pharetram
Pulchra tibi rapuit Cælia, reſtituit.
Non opus eſt illi calamis, non ignibus urit
Voce, manu, greſſu, pectore, fronte, oculis.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

FROM THE SPORTS OF CUPID, WRITTEN BY ANGERIANUS.

Imitated and enlarged.

As faſt beſide a murmuring ſtream,
In bliſsful viſions Cupid lay,
Chloe, as ſhe ſoftly came,
Snatch'd his golden ſhafts away.

From place to place in ſad ſurpriſe
The little angry godhead flew:
Trembling in his ruddy eyes
Hung the pearly drops of dew.

So on the roſe (in blooming May,
When purple Phœbus riſes bright)
Liquid gems of ſilver lay,
Pierc'd with glitt'ring ſtreams of light.

Fair Venus with a tender languiſh
Smiling, thus her ſon addreſt,
As he murmur'd out his anguiſh
Trembling on her ſnowy breaſt:

Peace, gentle infant, I implore,
Nor laviſh precious tears in vain;
Chloe, when the jeſt is o'er,
Brings the uſeleſs ſhafts again.

Can Chloe need the ſhafts of love,
Young blooming, witty, plump and fair?

Charms and raptures round her move,
Murm'ring ſighs, and deep deſpair.

Millions for her unheeded die,
Millions to her their bleſſings owe;
Ev'ry motion of her eye
Murders more than Cupid's bow.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH MR. FENTON'S MISCELLANY.

THESE various ſtrains, where ev'ry talent charms,
Where humour pleaſes, or where paſſion warms:
(Strains! where the tender and ſublime conſpire,
A Sappho's ſweetneſs, and a Homer's fire)
Attend their doom, and wait with glad ſurpriſe
Th' impartial juſtice of Cleora's eyes.
'Tis hard to ſay, what myſteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.
The party-ſlave will wound 'em as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bleſs'd in each ſtrain, in ev'ry art renown'd:
Miſlead by pride, and taught to ſin by pow'r,
Still ſearch around for thoſe they may devour:
Like ſavage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who cruſh all might that can invade their own.
Others who hate, yet want the ſoul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux's deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear their ſoft deceits employ;
Smiling they wound, and praiſe but to deſtroy.
Theſe are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the beſt of poets hope for praiſe?
How ſmall a part of human bleſſings ſhare
The wiſe, the good, the noble, or the fair!
Short is the date unhappy wit can boaſt,
A blaze of glory in a moment loſt.
Fortune ſtill envious of the great man's praiſe,
Curſes the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female quire,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the ſilver lyre.
Attend ye Britons! in ſo juſt a cauſe
'Tis ſure a ſcandal, to with-hold applauſe;
Nor let poſterity reviling ſay,
Thus unregarded Fenton paſs'd away!
Yet if the muſe may faith or merit claim,
(A muſe too juſt to bribe with venal fame)
Soon ſhalt thou ſhine * "in majeſty avow'd;
"As thy own goddeſs breaking through a cloud."
Fame, like a nation debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty int'reſt muſt at laſt be paid.
Like Vinci's ſtrokes, thy verſes we behold;
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender ſigh,
And the ſoft ſorrow ſteals from ev'ry eye.
Here Spenſer's thoughts in ſolemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton ſeems to lift the ſoul.
There ſprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With ſtories quient, and gentle roundelay
Muſe! at that name each thought of pride recall,
Ah, think how ſoon the wiſe and glorious fall!
What though the ſiſters ev'ry grace impart,
To ſmooth thy verſe, and captivate the heart:
What though your charms, my fair Cleora! ſhine
Bright as your eyes, and as your ſex divine:
Yet ſhall the verſes, and the charms decay,
The boaſt of youth, the bleſſing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could ſurvive the rage
Of waſting envy, and devouring age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we ſee;
Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus ſhall be!

* *Epiſtle to Southerne.*

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

ON HIS PASSING THROUGH OXFORD, ON HIS RETURN FROM BATH.

AT length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'ſt, O Naſſau, providence's care!
Life's ſun, which lately with a dubious ray
Gave the laſt gleams of a ſhort glorious day,
Again with more than noon-tide luſtre burns
The dial brightens, and the line returns.
Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate preſides,
Whoſe eye unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder ſtreams with new felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionleſs Bethesda ſtood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.
Lo, while our iſle with one loud pæan rings,
Equal, though ſilent, homage Iſis brings;
Hers is the taſk of reaſon, not of art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart!
And ſure that unbought praiſe which learning brings,
Outweighs the vaſt acclaim that deafens kings;
For ſouls, ſupremely ſenſible and great,
See through the farce of noiſe, and pomp of ſtate;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wiſe rejoice,
And judge exactly between ſound and voice.
Hail, and proceed! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor ſlight thoſe laurels thou wert born to wear:
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefathers worth, and give them thine.
Bleſt with each gift that human hearts can move,
In ſcience bleſt, but doubly bleſt in love.
Power, beauty, virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public ſuffrage, and each private voice.

TO MR. POPE.

To move the ſprings of nature as we pleaſe,
To think with ſpirit, but to write with eaſe:
With living words to warm the conſcious heart,
Or pleaſe the ſoul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian ſoar'd in epic ſtrains,
And ſofter Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenſer felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton ſtrung his heav'nly lyre.
'Tis yours, like theſe, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace,
How nature's ſelf with living luſtre ſhines;
How judgment ſtrengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conſcious ſenſe of fame,
And force a pleaſure which we dare not blame:
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the ſtrains;

Led by ſome law, whoſe pow'rful impulſe guides
Each happy ſtroke, and in the ſoul preſides:
Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
T' inſpire mankind, itſelf deriv'd from heav'n.
O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe;
Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays!
Add that the ſiſters ev'ry thought refine:
Or ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line;
Yet envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
Obſcures the virtue, and defames the muſe.
A ſoul like thine, in pains, in grief reſign'd,
Views with vain ſcorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets prove unjuſt:
And are they blam'd who ſin becauſe they muſt?
Yet ſure not ſo muſt all peruſe thy lays;
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praiſe.
A thouſand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's ſoft ſweetneſs, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's ſtudious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's eaſier air.
So ſeems ſome picture, where exact deſign,
And curious pains, and ſtrength and ſweetneſs join:
Where the free thought its pleaſing grace beſtows,
And each warm ſtroke with living colour glows:
Soft without weakneſs, without labour fine,
Wrought up at once with happineſs and care.
How bleſt the man that from the world removed
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope approves;
Whoſe taſte exact each author can explore,
And live the preſent and paſt ages o'er:
Who free from pride, from penitence, or ſtrife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and ſuch my fortunes be,
To live by reaſon, and to write by thee!
Nor deem this verſe, though humble, thy diſgrace;
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name;
And trace his footſteps in the paths to fame.
The muſe who now this early homage pays,
Firſt learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A muſe as yet unhonour'd, but unſtain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd:
Unbiaſs'd or to cenſure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend
Perhaps too fond to make thoſe virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE SIXTH THEBAID OF STATIUS.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH. WITH NOTES.

Curritur ad vocem jucundam, et carmen amicæ
Thebaïdos, lætam fecit cum Statius urbem,
Promiſitque diem: tantâ dulcedine captos
Afficit ille animos——— JUV. SAT. VII.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE WHOLE THEBAID.

Œdipus the ſon of Laius, king of Thebes, was, in his infancy, expoſed to wild beaſts upon the mountains; but, by ſome miraculous preſervation, he eſcaped this danger, and, afterwards, by miſtake, ſlew his own father, as they contended for the way. He then married Jocaſta, Queen of Thebes, whom he knew not to be his mother, and had by her two ſons, Etheocles and Polynices; who, after their father had put out his eyes, and baniſhed himſelf from Thebes, agreed between themſelves to govern year by year interchangeably. But this agreement was ill obſerved. Etheocles, when his date of government was expired, refuſed to reſign it to Polynices; who, in his rage, fled to Adraſtus, King of Argos, to implore aſſiſtance againſt his brother. Adraſtus received the young prince with all imaginable tenderneſs, and gave him in marriage to his fair daughter Deipyle, as the oracles had appointed. He then, with the aſſiſtance of his allies, undertakes to ſettle Polynices on the throne, and to depoſe Etheocles. Upon this, Thebes is beſieged, and, after ſeveral encounters, the difference is at laſt decided by the duel and death of the two brothers. This is the main action of the poem.

Beſides this, by way of an under action, the poet has interwoven another diſtinct ſtory. The goddeſs Venus is reſolved to revenge herſelf upon the Lemnians, becauſe they neglected all ſacrifices to her. She firſt diſguſts the men with their wives, and then, in return, ſpirits up the women into a reſolution of murdering their huſbands. This horrible deſign was executed by each of them, except Hypſipyle, who ſaved her father Thoas. Some time afterward this alſo was diſcovered. Hypſipyle, to avoid the fury of the women, fled to the ſea-ſhore, where ſhe was taken by the pirates, and preſented by them to King Lycurgus, who made her nurſe to his ſon Archemorus. The dominions of this prince lay directly in the way from Argos to Thebes. As Adraſtus and his Allies were marching thither, the troops were ready to periſh for want of water. They chanced in a wood to meet

Hypſipyle, who, pitying their misfortunes, lays down in haſte her young child, and ſhows them a ſpring that could never be drained. She receives the thanks of Adraſtus; and having, at his requeſt, related her own adventures, returns back, and finds the young infant Archemorus juſt killed by a ſerpent. Her confuſion and fears are deſcribed in an excellent ſpeech upon that occaſion. The Grecians kill the ſerpent; and, in honour of the dead prince, perform all the rites of burial; which is the ſubject of this preſent book.

Firſt of all, it begins with an hiſtorical account of the Nemeæan games, then follows the funeral, with a more particular deſcription of hewing the foreſts, and offering their hair to the deceaſed. The anguiſh of Adraſtus, the lamentations of Eurydice, and the ſilence of Hypſipyle, are extremely well adapted to nature. A monument is erected to the memory of Archemorus, which is ornamented with the whole ſtory in ſculpture. After this ſucceed the funeral games; the chariot-race, the foot-race, the diſcus, the fight with the cæſtus, the wreſtling, and ſhooting with arrows; which laſt ends with a prodigy, foreboding that none of the confederate princes ſhould return from the war except Adraſtus.

Soon mournful fame through ev'ry town pro-
The rites of ſepulture, and Grecian games: [claims
What mighty chiefs ſhould glory give or gain,
Prepar'd to combat on the liſted plain.
Theſe honours firſt the great Alcides paid
To pleaſe old Pelops' venerable ſhade.
What time near Piſa he inhum'd the dead,
And bound with olive wreaths his duſty head.
Theſe, with new hopes, glad Phocis next beſtow'd,
When Python ſunk beneath her bowyer god.
Theſe ſtill religion to Palæmon pays,
(Religion blinded with a length of days)
When hanging o'er the deep in anguiſh raves
His * royal mother to the ſounding waves;
O'er either Iſthmus floats the mingled moan,
And diſtant Thebe anſwers groan for groan.
The pious games begin, with loud alarms,
Here the young warriors firſt prelude in arms:
Each blooming youth Aonia ſends to fame,
And each dear object to the Tyrian dame;
Who once imbru'd in blood, ſhall heap around
High hills of ſlain, and deluge all the ground.
The youthful ſailors thus with early care
Their arms experience, and for ſea prepare:
On ſome ſmooth lake their lighter oars eſſay,
And learn the dangers of the wat'ry way;
But once grown bold, they launch before the wind
Eager and ſwift, nor turn their eyes behind.
Aurora now, fair daughter of the day,
Warm'd the clear orient with a bluſhing ray;
Swift from mankind the pow'r of ſlumbers flew;
And the pale moon her glimm'ring beams with-drew.
O'er the long woods the mattin dirges run,
And ſhrieks of ſorrow wake the riſing ſun.
Th' unhappy father, father now no more,
His boſom beat, his aged hairs he tore:
Beſide him lay each ornament of ſtate,
To make him wretched, as they made him great.
With more than female grief the mother cries,
And wringing both her hands, obteſts the ſkies;
Bending ſhe weeps upon th' extended ſlain,
Bathes ev'ry wound, returns, and weeps again.
But when the kings in ſad and ſolemn woe,
Enter'd the dome, majeſtically ſlow:
(As if juſt then the trembling babe was found,
And life's laſt blood came iſſuing through the wound)
Breaſt took from breaſt the melancholy ſtrain,
And pauſing nature wept, and ſob'd again.
Confus'd each Grecian hangs his guilty head,
And weeps a flood of tears to wail the dead.
Meanwhile Adraſtus bears the friendly part,
And with kind words conſoles the father's heart.
He marks th' eternal orders of the ſky,
And proves that man was born to grieve and die;
Now tells him heav'n will future children ſend
To heir his kingdom, and his years defend.
In vain the charmer pleads, unbounded flow
The parent's tears, in violence of woe.
He hears no more than ſtorms that thund'ring riſe,
Regard the ſailors vows, or piercing cries,
And the wild horror of their ſtony eyes.
Apart, a crowd of friends the bier beſtrow
With cypreſs boughs; then place the ſtraw below:
The ſecond rank with ſhort-liv'd flow'rs they ſpread,
Which ſoon muſt fade, and wither like the dead.
Arabian odours from the third diffuſe
A grateful ſmoke, and weep in fragrant dews.
Above from heaps of gold bright colours ſtream,
And deeper purple ſhoots a ſanguine gleam.
Inwoven on the pall, young Linus lay
In lonely woods, to mangling dogs a prey.
Heart-wounded at the ſight, in anguiſh ſtands
Eurydice, and ſpreads her trembling hands;
Then turns her eyes, half dying with a groan,
For kindred miſeries ſo like her own.
Arms, ſceptres, jewels, on the dead they throw,
And ſacrifice all grandeur to their woe.
As if the hero, deck'd with warlike ſpoil,
Was born in triumph to the fun'ral pile.
Yet as due rites with kind affection paid,
Can add ſome honours to the infant ſhade;
Hence roſe magnificence, and ſolemn tears,
With preſents ſuited to maturer years.
Long time with early hopes Lycurgus fed
A breed of courſers ſacred to the dead.
A glitt'ring helm was ſafely plac'd apart,
And purple trappings of Sidonian art:
And conſecrated ſpears (a deadly ſtore),
Radiant and keen, as yet unſtain'd with gore.
The pious mother thus, deceiv'd too late,
Like her fond ſpouſe, reſerv'd a crown of ſtate,
And royal robes, o'erwrought with riſing flow'rs;
The ſilent growth of ſolitary hours.

Leucothöe.

Thefe and the reſt at once, the furious fire
Dooms in diſtraction to the greedy fire.
Meanwhile, aſſembled by the ſeer's commands,
To raiſe the pire, crowd thick the Grecian bands,
From Nemea theſe, and Tempe's lofty crown,
Tumble whole heaps of crathing foreſts down:
Their airy brows the naked hills diſplay,
And earth once more beholds the face of day.
Deep groan the groves: On ruſsling pinions riſe
Birds after birds; the angry ſalvage flies.
Sacred through time, from age to age it ſtood,
A wide-ſpread, gloomy, venerable wood.
Older than man, and ev'ry ſylvan maid,
Who haunts the grot, or ſkims along the glade.
Stretch'd o'er the ground the tow'ring oaks were ſeen,
The foodful beech, and cypreſs ever green:
The nuptial elm, and mountain-holm entire,
The pitchy tree that feeds the fun'ral fire:
The reſin ſoft, and ſolitary yew,
Forever dropping with unwholeſome dew;
The poplar trembling o'er the ſilver flood,
The warrior aſh that reeks in hoſtile blood,
Th' advent'rous fir that ſails the vaſt profound,
And pine, freſh bleeding from th' odorous wound—
All at one time the nodding foreſts bend,
And with a craſh together all deſcend.
Loud as when bluſt'ring Boreas iſſues forth,
To bring the ſweeping whirlwind from the north:
Sudden and ſwift as kindling flames ariſe,
Float o'er the fields, and blaze unto the ſkies.
The ſinking grove reſounds with frequent groans,
Sylvanus ſtarts, and hoary Pales moans.
Trembling and ſlow the guardian nymphs retire,
Or claſp the tree, and periſh in the fire.
So when ſome chief (the city ſtorm'd) commands
Revenge and plunder to his furious bands:
E'er yet he ſpeaks the domes in ruin lay;
They ſtrike, they level, ſeize, and bear away.
Sacred to heav'n and hell, the mourners rear
Two maſſy altars, pointing in the air.
The pious rites begin, in mournful ſtrains
The muſic of the Phrygian fife complains;
Whoſe pow'rful ſounds th' unwilling ghoſts obey,
And pale, and ſhiv'ring, mount the realms of day.
Firſt Pelops taught theſe melancholy ſtrains,
When Niobe's fond offspring preſt the plains:
Six blooming youths, and ſix fair virgins fell,
Sent by fierce Cynthia to the ſhades of hell.
Incenſe and oil upon the pile they throw,
And mighty monarchs mighty gifts beſtow.
High rais'd in air the mournful bier is borne,
Dejected chiefs Lycurgus' train adorn;
The female ſex around the mother crowd,
And weep, and ſob, and vent their griefs aloud:
Behind Hypſipyle's ſoft ſorrows flow
Silent, and faſt, in eloquence of woe.
Each heaving boſom draws a deeper ſigh,
And the big paſſion burſts from ev'ry eye.
Thus while the cryſtal tears unbounded ran,
In piercing ſhrieks Eurydice began.
Ah! deareſt child! amid theſe mournful dames
I never thought to give thee to the flames!
How could I dream of ſorrows and of death,
In the firſt moments of thy infant breath?
How could I dread theſe bloody wars to ſee;
Or deem that Thebes ſhould ever murder thee?
What ſudden vengeance wing'd with wrath di-
vine
Purſues me ſtill, and curſes all my line?
Yet Cadmus' ſons in eaſe and plenty live,
Bleſt with each joy th' indulging pow'rs can give;
No mourning dames in ſable weed appear,
To bathe the laſt cold aſhes with a tear.
Wretch that I was, too fondly to believe
A faithleſs ſlave, a wand'ring fugitive!
Pious ſhe told the melancholy tale
With fair invention, pow'rful to prevail;
Is this that guardian of the Lemnian ſtate,
Who ſnatch'd her father from the jaws of fate?
Ah no! herſelf the bloody furies join'd,
And vow'd like thoſe, deſtruction to mankind!
Is this her care; to leave in woods alone
Her prince, nay more, an infant not her own?
Suppoſe through pity or neglect ſhe ſtray'd,
(While my dear child lay trembling in the ſhade)
Unknowing of the monſters wild and vaſt,
Who haunt the gloomy groves, or dreary waſte;
Each murm'ring fount that quivers to the breeze,
Each dying gale that pants upon the trees,
Sudden by turns diſtract an infant's ears,
And death attends th' imaginary fears.
Hail thou dear infant! wretched, early ghoſt,
Murder'd by her who ought to love thee moſt.
Whoſe hands ſuſtain'd thee, and whoſe muſic charm'd,
Whoſe eye o'erſaw thee, and whoſe boſom warm'd;
Who dry'd thy cheeks with ſtreams of chryſtal drown'd,
And taught thy voice to frame the fault'ring ſound.
Ungrateful wretch, may grief thy years conſume,
And pains eternal bend thee to the tomb!
Tear her, ye warriors, tear her from my eyes.
Deaf to her vows, her penitence, or cries:
Deep in her boſom drive th' avenging dart,
To drink the blood that feeds her faithleſs heart.
In the ſame moment I'll reſign my breath,
Satiate with fury, and content in death!
She ſpake, and ſtarting ſaw the Lemnian maid,
As in the ſilence of her ſoul ſhe pray'd:
Sudden her rage rekindles at the view,
And trickling down her cheeks deſcends the drops of dew.
Bear, oh ye chiefs, this female curſe away,
Who adds a horror to the fun'ral day,
Who with a ſmile profanes the matron's moan,
And triumphs in misfortunes not her own.
She ſaid, and ſinking drew a fainter ſigh,
Rage ſtopp'd her voice, and grief o'erwhelm'd her eye;
Thence ſlowly moving through the crowd ſhe went
By ſilent ſteps, in ſullen diſcontent.
So when the holy prieſt with curious eyes,
Dooms ſome fair heifer to the ſacrifice,
Or the gaunt lion bears her through the wood,
As down her ſide diſtils the life-warm blood:
The mother-beaſt dejected, and alone
Pours to the winds her lamentable moan,
With mournful looks ſhe paces from the plain,
And often goes, and often turns again.
The father now unbares his rev'rend head;
His ſilver locks he ſcatters o'er the dead:
Then with a ſigh, the venerable man
Thus to the parent of the gods began.
If Jove's almighty wiſdom can deceive,
Curſt is the man who fondly will believe!

These sacred hairs, long from the razor free,
Here, a pious gift reserv'd for thee:
What Opheltes' youthful cheeks resign
Their tender down, an off'ring at thy shrine.
In vain——the sullen priest refus'd my pray'r,
And scatt'ring winds dispers't it all in air.
Tear them my fingers, tear them from my head,
The last sad office to the worthy dead!
Meanwhile the kindling brand awakes the fire,
Th' unwilling parents silently retire:
High-lifted shields, that intercept the light
In one dark circle, hide the mournful sight.
The flying em'ralds crackle in the blaze,
And fiery rubies stream with sanguine rays.
In shining rills the trembling silver flows,
And clearer gold with flaming lustre glows.
In balmy clouds Arabia's odours rise,
To waft their grateful fragrance to the skies.
Rich urns of milk, tott'ring, their streams incline,
Mingling with blood, and ting'd with sable wine.
Sev'n mournful cohorts (as their chieftains lead)
With arms reverst pace slowly round the dead;
Now moving to the left, enclose the pyre,
And scatter heaps of dust to sink the fire;
Thrice join their spears, thrice clash their sounding shields; [the fields.
Four times the females shriek, and clamour fills
Remote from these, another fire they feed
With firstling victims of the woolly breed.
Intent in thought the pious augur stands,
Approves the rites, inspires the fainting bands:
Calmly dissembling in his anxious mind
Each sad presage of miseries behind.
Returning from the right with loud alarms,
Again the warriors beat their clatt'ring arms;
Shields, lances, helms, the sinking flames o'erspread,
A friend's last pledges to the warlike dead.
Full on the winds the swelling music floats,
And Nemeæ's shades pour back the length'ning notes.
So when the trumpeter with lab'ring breath
Shakes the wide fields, and sounds the charge of death:
The blood fermenting feels a gentle heat,
Quick roll the eyes, and fast the pulses beat:
E'er yet their rage the martial god controuls,
Nor swells their nerves, nor rushes on their souls.
Now careful night in sober weeds array'd,
O'er the clear skies extends her dusky shade.
They bend the copious goblet o'er the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
Nine times his course bright Lucifer had roll'd,
And ev'ning Vesper deck'd his rays with gold:
Now o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And raise a monument to grace the dead.
Here in relief the Lemnian virgin stands,
Who points the grateful spring to Grecia's bands:
There young Opheltes breathes his dying moan,
And seems to shiver, and turn pale in stone;
In waving spires the serpent floats along,
And rolls his eyes in death, and darts his forky tongue.
By this, the pleas'd spectators in a row,
Throng the green circus, and enjoy the show.
Deep in the bosom of a vale it stood,
Sacred to sports, and overhung with wood:
A darker green its grassy surface crowns,
And smoothly swims the car along the downs.
Long e'er the dawn of morn the mingling throng
Spreads o'er the plain, and man bears man along:
(Not half such numbers crowd the sacred space,
Where yearly honours dead Palæmon grace;)
Confus'd delight! the fair, the gay, the sage,
And boastful youth, and deep-discerning age.
Twice fifty steers along the plains they drew,
As many mother-cows of sable hue;
As many heifers raise their youthful horns,
Whose front as yet, no blaze of white adorns.
High o'er the people, wrought with lively grace,
Shine the fair glories of their ancient race:
Each speaking figure seems to touch the soul,
And life and motion animate the whole.
Here lab'ring Hercules with anguish prest
The roaring lion to his manly breast.
Inspir'd with art th' historic figures rise,
And ev'n in sculpture live, and meet the eyes.
Here rev'rend Inachus extends his side
O'er the green margin of his silver tide:
Transform'd, behind him fearful Io stood,
And cropt the grass besides her father's flood;
She mixes with the herd her mournful cries,
And often turns, and watches Argus' eyes.
Her, from the Pharian coast indulging Jove
Transferr'd immortal, to the realms above:
Still in her fanes the sable Memphian bows,
And eastern Magi pay their early vows.
Here Tantalus amid the pow'rs divine
Lifts the deep goblet crown'd with sparkling wine:
Nor stands (as poets sing) in streams below,
Still curst with life, yet fated still to woe,
The wretch for ever pines, the streams for ever flow.
There Pelops lashes on with loosen'd reins
Neptune's fleet coursers o'er the smoking plains:
Behind his rival o'er the rapid steed
Hangs imminent——and drives with equal speed.
Acrysius here in thoughtful posture stands:
There brave Chorœbus lifts his bleeding hands.
Here am'rous Jove descending as of old,
Impregnates Danae with a show'r of gold.
Her blushes Amymone strives to hide,
Compress by Neptune in the silver tide.
Alcmena there young Hercules admires,
As her head blazes with three lambent fires.
Here Belus' sons at Hymen's altars stand,
And join with hearts averse the friendly hand:
A faithless smile of ill-dissembled grace
Seem'd most to flatter in Egysthus' face:
As the calm villain with severe delight
Acts in his mind the murders of the night.
Now ev'ry bosom beats with hopes, or fear,
The clamours thicken, and the crowd draws near,
Inspire the muse, to sing each hero's deeds,
O pow'r of verse! and name, and gen'rous steeds.
Before, afar, Arion beats the plain;
Loose to the breeze high danc'd his floating mane:
Immortal steed! whom first th' earth-shaker's hand
Tam'd to the lash, and drove along the strand:
Though restless as the wintery surges roll,
And furious still, and unsubdu'd of soul.
Mix'd with his watery steeds the god he bore
To Lybian Syrtes, or th' Ionian shore:
Swift flew the rapid car, and left behind
The noise of tempests, and the wings of wind.

To glory next great Hercules he drew,
O'er hills, and vales, and craggy rocks he flew:
Then to Adraſtus' government was giv'n
Th' immortal courſer, and the gift of heav'n.
The royal hand by due degrees reclaim'd,
And length of years his ſtubborn ſpirit tam'd:
Him now with many a wiſh and many a pray'r,
Adraſtus lends to Polynices' care;
Shows him to urge his fiery foul along
With tim'rous hand, and gentleneſs of tongue:
The reins to guide, the circling laſh to wield,
And drive victorious o'er the duſty field.
So ſad Apollo with a boding ſigh
Told his fond child the dangers of the ſky:
Careful the parent, ſuch advice to give! [lieve!
Could fate be chang'd, or headſtrong youth be-
Th' Œbalian prieſt moves ſecond o'er the plain,
Who boaſts his courſers of immortal ſtrain:
Sprung from fair Cyllarus in days of yore;
(The guilty product of a ſtoll'n amour)
When Caſtor griev'd in bitterneſs of ſoul,
Where ſeas ſcarce flow beneath the Scythian pole.
White were the ſteeds that drew him o'er the field,
White was his helm, his ribbands, and his ſhield.
Next, bold Admetus whirling from above
The ſounding ſcourge, his female courſers drove:
Nor ſtrokes, nor blandiſhment their rage controuls,
They bound and ſwell with more than female ſouls,
Sprung from the cloud-born Centaurs, ſuch their force,
Their luſtful heat, and fury in the courſe.
Then fair Hypſipile's bold offspring came,
Two lovely twins, alike intent on fame,
Their ſteeds, their chariots, and their arms the ſame.
(This Thoas call'd, the name his grandſire bore;
And Euneos that, to ſail from ſhore to ſhore,
Each wiſh'd the glorious victory his own,
If not——his brother to be bleſt alone.
Laſt Chromis and Hippodamus ſucceed,
Each checks the reins, and each inſpires his ſteed:
Alike with martial eminence they ſhone,
Œnomaus' this, and that Alcides' ſon;
One drove the courſers e'rſt at Piſa bred,
And one the ſavage ſteeds of Diomed.
Whence firſt they ſtart, a ſtony fragment ſtands,
Of old, a limit to contiguous lands.
An aged oak of leaves and branches bare,
Preſents a goal to guide the circling car.
Their diſtance ſuch, as the wing'd arrow flies
Thrice from the bow ſent hiſſing through the ſkies.
Meanwhile, high-thron'd amid th' Aonian quire
Divine Apollo ſtrikes the ſilver lyre;
He ſung the wars on Phlegra's fatal plain,
And Python o'er Caſtalia's fountain ſlain.
He ſung what order rules the world on high,
Who bids the thunder roar, and lightning fly:
Who feeds the ſtars, or gave the winds to blow:
What ſprings eternal ſwell the ſeas below;
Who ſpread the clouds, who rolls the lamp of light
O'er heav'n's blue arch, or wraps the world in night.
Here ceas'd th' harmonious god, his lyre he laid
With decent care beneath a laureat ſhade;
Then in rich robes his beauteous limbs he dreſt:
A ſtarry zone hung blazing o'er his breaſt.
Sudden a ſhout confus'dly ſtrikes his ears——
He bends his awful eyes, the crowd appears.
Each chief he knows, and honours each but moſt
The * prieſt, and † ruler of Theſſaly moſt.
What pow'r (he cries) has fir'd with thirſt of fame
Theſe two adorers of Apollo's name?
Equally dear and good, alike renown'd
For piety, alike with favours crown'd.
When once a ſwain the lowing herds I drove,
(Such was the doom of fate, and wrath of Jove)
Still did Admetus' pious altars blaze,
And every temple rung with hymns of praiſe;
While at my ſhrine Amphiaraus ſtands,
And lifts his eyes, and ſpreads his trembling hands;
O deareſt, beſt of men; alas no more——
Black fate impends, and all thy joys are o'er.
Soon muſt the Theban earth in ſunder rend
Her opening jaws, and thou to hell deſcend!
Admetus' life to diſtant times ſhall laſt,
And ev'ry year add glories to the paſt:
Unknowing of repentance, cares, and ſtrife,
Theſe hands ſhall guide him to the verge of life.
Each bird of omen told the fatal day——.
He ſaid, and weeping turn'd his eyes away:
Then ſudden from Olympus' airy height,
To Nemeæ's ſhade precipitates his flight;
Swift as a ſudden flaſh of lightning flies,
Bending he ſhoots adown the ſhining ſkies:
Ev'n while on earth the god purſues his way,
Behind, aloft the ſtreams of glory play,
Dance on the winds, or in a blaze decay.
Now in his helm impartial Prothous throws
The flying lots, and as the lots diſpoſe,
Around him rang'd in beauteous order came
Each ardent youth, a candidate for fame.
Here wild miſtruſt, and jealouſies appear,
And pale ſurpriſe, and ſelf-ſuſpecting fear:
Reſtleſs impatience, cold in every part,
And a ſad dread that ſeems to ſink the heart.
There ſhouts of triumph rend the vaulted ſky,
And fame and conqueſt brighten ev'ry eye.
" Th' impatient courſers pant in ev'ry vein,
" And pawning ſeem to beat the diſtant plain:
The burning foam deſcends, the bridles ring,"
And from the barrier-bounds in thought they ſpring;
" The vales, the floods appear already croſt,
" And ere they ſtart, a thouſand ſteps are loſt."
T' exalt their pride, a crowd of ſervants deck
Their curling manes, and ſtroke the ſhining neck.
Inſtant (the ſignal given), the rival throng
Starts ſudden with a bound—and ſhoots along.
Swift as a veſſel o'er the waters flies,
Swift as an arrow hiſſes through the ſkies:
Swift as a flame devours the crackling wood,
Swift as the headlong torrents of a flood.
Now in one cloud they vaniſh from the eye,
Nor ſee, nor know their rivals as they fly:
They turn the goal again with rapid pace
The wheels roll round, and blot their former trace;
Now on their knees they ſteer a bending courſe,
Now hang impatient o'er the flying horſe.
From groaning earth the mingling clamours riſe,
Confuſion fills their ears, and darkneſs blinds their eyes.

* *Amphiaraus, and* † *Admetus.*

Inſtinct with preſcience, or o'erawed by fear,
A[illegible]n feels an unknown charioteer
Poſ[illegible]he reins; to ſudden thought reſtor'd,
He dreads th[illegible] fury of his abſent lord:
Enrag'd now [illegible]us at random, and diſdains
To bear a ſtran[illegible]r: wonder fills the plains.
All think the ſteed too eager for the prize;
The ſteed breathes vengeance, from the driver flies,
And ſeeks his maſter round with wiſhful eyes.
The next, though mighty far the next, ſucceeds
Amphiaraus with his ſnow-white ſteeds:
Cloſe by his ſide Admetus whirls along,
Euneos and Thoas join the flying throng:
Next Chromis and Hippodamus appear,
Who wage a dreadful conflict in the rear:
Skill'd of themſelves, in vain they urge the chaſe,
(Their ſteeds too heavy for ſo ſwift a race)
Hippodamus flew firſt, and full behind
Impatient Chromis blows the ſultry wind.
Admetus now directs the ſide-long horſe
To turn the goal, and intercept the courſe:
His equal art the prieſt of Phœbus tries,
The goal he bruſhes, as his chariot flies;
While mad Arion wanders o'er the plain,
Nor minds the race, nor hears the curbing rein.
Unable to controul, the trembling chief
Sits ſadly ſilent, and indulges grief:
Pleas'd with his liberty, the ſea-born horſe
Springs with a bound, and thunders o'er the courſe:
Loud ſhouts the multitude; in wild debate
Of fears and terrors Polynices fate,
Flings up the reins, and waits th' event of fate.
So ſpent with toils, and gaſping after breath,
Pants the pale ſailor in the arms of death;
In ſad deſpair gives ev'ry labour o'er,
And marks the ſkies and faithleſs winds no more.
Now horſe with horſe, to chariot chariot clos'd,
Wheels claſh'd with wheels, and chief to chief oppos'd.
War, war it ſeem'd! and death ten thouſand ways—
So dreadful is the ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Each chief by turns his panting courſers fires,
With praiſe now pleaſes, now with rage inſpires.
By fair addreſs Admetus ſoothes along
Iris the ſwift, and Pholöe the ſtrong.
Amphiaraus haſtens with a blow
Fierce Aſchetos to ruſh before the foe,
And Cycnus whiter than the new-fall'n ſnow.
With vows and pray'rs Hippodamus excites
Slow-moving Calydon, renown'd in fights:
Strimon encourag'd by bold Chromis flies,
And ſwift Æchion ſtarts at Euneos' cries:
And fair Podarce fleck'd with purple ſtains,
By Thoas ſummon'd, beats the ſounding plains.
In ſilence Polynices drives alone,
Sighs to himſelf, and trembles to be known.
Three times the ſmoking car with rapid pace
Had turn'd the goal, the fourth concludes the race.
Faſt and more faſt the panting courſers blow,
And ſtreams of ſweat from ev'ry member flow.
Now fortune firſt the crown of conqueſt brings,
(Suſpending in mid air her trembling wings)
Intent to hurl Admetus to the plain,
Revengeful Thoas gives up all the rein;
Hippodamus ſurvey'd the fraud from far:
Full in its courſe he met the driving car,
Loud claſh'd the wheels; Hippodamus withdrew,
To turn the chariot ardent Chromis flew
Inſtant before, in angry fight oppos'd,
Chief ſtrove with chief, to chariot chariot clos'd.
In vain th' impatient courſers urge along,
Lock'd in th' embrace indiſſolubly ſtrong.
So when the ſummer winds in ſilence ſleep,
And drowſy Neptune ſtills the watery deep:
O'er the clear verdant wave extended lies
Th' unmoving veſſel, till the gales ariſe.
Again the warriors ſtrive, the fields reſound:
Hippodamus, all ſudden with a bound
Shock'd—from his chariot tumbled to the ground.
The Thracian courſers (but their chief withſtood)
Spring to devour his limbs, and drink his blood:
Inſtant the gen'rous victor turn'd away,
And gain'd more glory though he loſt the day.
Meanwhile the god, who gilds th' ethereal ſpace
Deſcends, himſelf a partner of the race:
(Juſt where the ſteeds their ſtretching ſhade extend,
And the long labours of the circus end)
A Gorgon's head aloft in air he bore,
Horrid with ſnakes, and ſtain'd with human gore:
One ghaſtly look were able to diſmay
The ſteeds of Mars, or thoſe that lead the day:
Ev'n hell's grim guardian might forceaſe to roar
And furies fear, unknown to fear before.
Sudden Arion ey'd the fight from far,
And loudly ſnorting ſtopp'd the driving car:
Cold darts of ice ſhot trilling through his blood,
His fearful fleſh all trembled as he ſtood:
Abruptly ſhock'd, and mindleſs of the rein,
The Aonian hero tumbled to the plain;
Again recover'd, fleeter than the wind
Arion flies, and leaves his chief behind.
Beſide the proſtrate chief, the rival throng
Obliquely bending, ſwiftly ruſh'd along.
Slow from the duſt he roſe, and ſadly went
Through the long crowd in ſullen diſcontent.
O happy hour! had fate but deign'd to cloſe
Thy eyes in death; the period of our woes!
Thee Thebes ſhould honour, and her tyrant ſhed
Some tears in public to bewail the dead.
Lariſſa's groves ſhould fall, to raiſe thy pyre:
And Nemeæ's woods augment the funeral fire.
All Greece a nobler monument ſhould raiſe
Than this, now ſacred to Opheltes' praiſe.
Furious the prophet drove with rapid pace,
Sure of the prize, yet ſecond in the race:
Before, afar the ſea-born courſer drew
His empty chariot rattling as he flew.
Yet ſtill the prophet thunders o'er the plain,
Eager of praiſe, amaz'd, enrag'd,——in vain;
The pow'r of wiſdom more than mortal ſtrong,
Swells ev'ry nerve to laſh the ſteeds along:
Inſtinct with rage divine his ſteeds renew
The rapid labour bath'd in ſtreams of dew.
The glowing axle kindles as they fly,
And drifts of riſing duſt involve the ſky.
Earth opening ſeems to groan, (a fatal ſign!)
Still they ruſh on, advancing in a line:
Now with redoubled ſwiftneſs Cycnus flies,
But partial Neptune the whole palm denies:
Arion won the race, the prophet bore the prize.
A maſſy bowl (the pledge deſign'd to grace
The gen'rous chief victorious in the race)

Two youths preſent him: antique was the mold,
Blazing with gems and rough with riſing gold:
In this, Alcides each revolving night
Was wont to crown the labours of the fight:
Grav'd on the ſides was ſeen the dreadful fray
When brutal Centaurs ſnatch'd the bride away.
With living terrors ſtare the chiefs around,
Theſe aim the dart, and thoſe receive the wound:
Each in diſtorted poſtures heaves for breath,
And ſeems to threaten in the pangs of death.
A coſtly veſture was reſerv'd to grace
Admetus, next in merit as in place;
Embroider'd figures o'er the texture ſhine,
And Tyrian purple heightens the deſign.
Here pale and trembling with the wintery air,
Leander ſtands, an image of deſpair.
Now bending from the beach, he ſeems to glide
With eyes up-lifted through the rolling tide;
Aloft, alone the melancholy dame
Eyes the rough waters, and extends the flame.
Half-weeping Polynices takes his prize,
A beauteous handmaid with celeſtial eyes.
Auguſt rewards are deſtin'd next to grace
The ſprightly youth contending in the race.
A blameleſs ſport! and ſacred ſure the praiſe
To grace a feſtival in peaceful days:
Nor yet unuſeful in th' embattl'd plain
When death is certain, and reſiſtance vain.
First cheerful Idas in the liſts appears,
Idas, a lovely boy in blooming years
(Idas who late his honour'd temples bound
With palms that flouriſh'd on th' Olympian ground)
Loud ſhouts each chief that from high Elis leads
His native train, and Piſa's watery meads:
Then Phædimus proclaim'd in Iſthmian games,
And Alcon firſt of Sicyonian names;
Next aged Dymas roſe, whoſe youthful ſpeed
Surpaſs'd the ſwiftneſs of the flying ſteed:
And laſt in infamous diſorder came
A clam'rous multitude unknown to fame.
But ev'ry voice cheers Atalanta's ſon,
And ev'ry eye devours him ere they run.
Lives there a warrior in the world of fame,
Who never heard of Atalanta's name?
Like Cynthia's ſelf ſhe ſeem'd, a ſylvan grace:
Matchleſs alike in beauty or the race.
The mother's glories all their thoughts employ,
And raiſe expectance from the lovely boy.
He too in ſpeed outſtrips the wings of wind,
As through the lawns he drives the panting hind:
Or when he catches ſudden with a bound
The flying jav'lin ere it touch the ground.
The modeſt youth unbinds with decent care
His damaſk veſture dancing to the air:
Then by degrees unveils to public view
His ſnowy limbs like marble, vein'd with blue.
His roſy cheeks that glow'd with warmth before,
His treſſes wav'd in ringlets pleaſe no more;
A thouſand charms appear! in ſtupid gaze
The crowd devours him, ſilent with amaze.
Conſcious he ſtands, his head declining down,
And bluſhes oft; and chides them with a frown:
Decent confuſion! mindful of the toil
He bathes his ſhining limbs in ſtreams of oil;
Alike the chiefs——Intent, th' encircling hoſt
Admires 'em all, Parthenopeus moſt.
So when the night in ſolemn ſilence reigns,
And one clear blue o'erſpreads th' ethereal plain
The glittering ſtars with living ſplendours glow,
And dance, and tremble on the ſeas below;
High o'er them all exalted Heſper reigns,
Itſelf a ſun, and gilds the diſtant plains.
The next in beauty, as in ſpeed appears
Fair Idas in the ſtrength of youthful years:
A party-colour'd down but juſt began
To ſhade his chin the promiſe of a man.
A ſignal ſounds. The ready racers ſtart
Double their ſpeed, and ſummon all their art.
Low at each ſtep their ſtraining knees they bend
Then ſpringing with a bound, again aſcend,
Swifter than thought; nor ſeem to run, but fly,
Stretch on the winds, half-vaniſh'd from the eye.
Now ſide by ſide, or breaſt to breaſt they cloſe,
While each alike by turns outſtrips his foes.
Scarce half ſo ſwiftly o'er the Nemean plains
Juſt now, the courſer pour'd with looſ'ned reins.
Each like an arrow from the Parthian yew
Sent with full force, aleng the circus flew.
So when a tim'rous herd of liſt'ning deer
The roaring lion hears, or ſeems to hear:
(What time the lordly ſavage haunts the wood
And longs to bathe his thirſty jaws in blood)
Cloſe and more cloſe they join, a trembling train,
And wildly ſtare, and ſcour along the plain.
Yet furious ſtill, Parthenopeus flies;
Him ſtep by ſtep impatient Idas plies,
And pants aloud with vengeance in his eyes;
Now hanging o'er, his hov'ring ſhade is ſeen,
That lengthens ſtill, and floats along the green:
And ſudden now, by unperceiv'd degrees
Full on his neck he blows the ſultry breeze.
Next Phedimus and aged Dymus paſt
Along the circus, Alcon came the laſt.
As the fair offſpring of the ſylvan grace
With matchleſs ſwiftneſs ſpeeds along the race:
His golden treſſes wav'd in curls, behind
Flow looſely down, and dance upon the wind:
(Theſe from a child with pious hopes he bore
Sacred to her who treads the * Delian ſhore;
What time from Thebe's diſtant plain he came
Renown'd for conqueſts of immortal fame:
Too fondly pious! in a Theban urn
Soon muſt thou ſleep, ah, never to return!)
Theſe vengeful Idas ſaw with ardent eyes:
Reſolv'd by force or fraud t'obtain the prize;
Sudden he ſtretch'd his impious arm, and drew
Supine on earth the ſtripling, as he flew:
Then ſtarting reach'd the goal, and claim'd the prize.
Arms! arms! aloud th' Arcadian nation cries:
Vengeance at once they vow, or elſe prepare
To leave the circus and renounce the war.
Tumultuous murmurs echo through the crowd,
Thoſe praiſe the fraud, and theſe deteſt aloud.
Slow-riſing from the plains the youth appears,
His eyes half angry, and half drown'd with tears,
He binds his head, the tears in ſilence flow:
A mournful image, beautiful in woe!
Now beats his boſom, frantic with deſpair:
And rends the ringlets of his golden hair.
A buſy murmur deafens ev'ry ear,
Nor yet the crowd the royal judgment hear.

Diana.

At laſt Adraſtus roſe with awful grace,
And thus beſpoke the rivals in the race.
Ye wond'rous youths! once more your fortunes try,
In ſep'rate paths each ſtarting from the eye.
So ſpake the king, and ſudden from the view,
In ſep'rate paths the ready racers flew.
But firſt th' Arcadian youth with lifted eyes
Thus ſent his ſoul in whiſpers to the ſkies.
Queen of the ſilver bow, and wood-land glades;
The heaven's fair light, and empreſs of the ſhades:
Sacred to thee alone, with decent care
I nurs'd theſe curls of long-deſcending hair;
At thy deſires I fell, yet hear my pray'r!
If e'er my mother pleas'd thee in the chaſe,
If e'er I pleas'd thee——baniſh my diſgrace;
Nor let theſe omens prophefy my fall
(As ſure they muſt) beneath the Theban wall!
So pray'd the youth. The goddeſs heard his pray'r,
Rapid he ſhot along, half poiz'd in air:
Faſt and more faſt the flying fields withdrew;
Scarce roſe the duſt beneath him as he flew.
Shouting, he reach'd the goal, with tranſport fir'd
Soon fought Adraſtus, and his right requir'd.
Panting and pale he ſeiz'd the palm. At hand
To cloſe the game the ready prizes ſtand.
Th' Arcadian youth a braſs-hoof'd courſer gain'd:
A buckler fraudful Idas next obtain'd,
But Lycian quivers for the reſt remain'd.
Adraſtus next demands what chiefs prepare
To whirl the maſſy diſcus through the air.
A herald bending with the burthen, threw
Th' enormous circle down in public view.
Starts every Grecian ſpeechleſs with ſurpriſe;
Much wondering at the weight and ſhapeleſs ſize.
Firſt two Achaians round the labour came
With ardent Phlegyas, candidates for fame:
An Arcarnanian next accepts the toil,
And three brave chieftains from Ephyre's ſoil,
With numbers more——but eager of renown,
Sudden Hippomedon flings thundering down
A diſk of double weight; amaz'd they ſtand,
The vaſt orb rings, and ſhakes the trembling land.
Warriors (he cries) in fighting fields renown'd,
Whoſe arms muſt ſtrike Thebe's bulwarks to the ground:
On taſks like theſe your mighty proweſs try,——
Boaſtful he ſpoke, and whirl'd it up the ſky.
Amaz'd each chief the wond'rous caſt admires,
And conſcious of th' event betimes retires.
Piſæan Phlegyas only keeps the field,
With great Meneſteus, yet untaught to yield:
Brave warriors each, too noble to diſgrace
By one mean act the glories of their race.
The reſt inglorious leave the lifted ground,
And tremble to ſurvey th' enormous round.
Firſt Phlegyas roſe the mighty toil to try:
Dumb was each voice, attentive ev'ry eye;
He rolls the quoit in duſt with prudent care,
And poiſes oft, and marks its courſe in air.
Ev'n from a child, where old Alphæus leads
His mazy ſtream through Piſa's lowly meads)
Not only when with mighty chiefs he ſtrove
At ſacred games to pleaſe Olympian Jove:
Thus with full force the maſſy weight he threw
Far o'er the ſtream, half-ſhaded as it flew.
At firſt he marks the ſkies and diſtant plain,
Then ſummons all his ſtrength from every vein.
Couch'd on his knees the pond'rous orb he ſwung
High o'er his head, along the air it ſung.
Now waſting by degrees, with hollow ſound
Fell heavily, and ſunk beneath the ground.
Fond of his art and ſtrength in days of yore,
Well pleas'd he ſtands, and waits th' event once more:
Loud ſhout the Greeks, and dwell on Phlegyas' praiſe.
Hippomedon with ſcorn the chief ſurveys.
Some nobler arm the pond'rous orb muſt throw
With care, directly in a line below.
But fortune ſoon his mighty hopes withſtood,
Fortune ſtill envious to the brave or good!
Alas, can man confront the pow'rs on high?
While diſtant fields are meaſur'd in his eye,
Juſt when his arm he ſtretch'd at full extent:
Couch'd on one knee, his ſide obliquely bent.
Struck by ſome force unſeen, th' enormous round
Dropt from his hand, and idly prints the ground.
Much griev'd the pitying hoſt, yet griev'd not all:
Some inly ſmil'd to ſee the diſcus fall.
Next, ſage Meneſtheus ſtands prepar'd to fling
The diſk, and rolls it in the duſty ring:
Intent of mind he marks its airy way,
And much implores the progeny of May.
Well-aim'd it flew half o'er the cirque; at laſt
Heavy it fell. An arrow mark'd the caſt.
Slow roſe Hippomedon, and e'er he roſe
Much weigh'd the fate and fortune of his foes.
He pois'd and rear'd the mighty orb on high;
Swung round his arm, and whirl'd it through the ſky,
Forth-ſpringing with the caſt. Aloft it ſung
Far o'er the mark where er'ſt Meneſtheus flung:
And o'er thoſe hills with graſſy verdure crown'd,
Whoſe airy ſummits ſhade the circus round——
There ſunk, and ſinking ſhook the trembling ground.
So Polyphemus more than mortal ſtrong,
Hurl'd a huge rock to cruſh th' Ulyſſean throng:
Blind as he was, the vengeful weight he threw,
The veſſel trembled and the waters flew.
Soon good Adraſtus riſes, to repay
With ſumptuous gifts the labours of the fray.
Safe for Hippomedon apart was roll'd
A tyger's ſkin, the paws o'erwrought with gold.
His Gnoſſian bows and darts Meneſtheus took;
Then thus to Phlegyas with a mournful look
He ſaid: This ſword, unhappy chief, receive;
(A boon ſo juſt Hippomedon might give:)
This ſword which once immortal honours gain'd,
Which ſav'd Pelaſgus, and his pow'r maintain'd.
A warlike toil Adraſtus next demands,
In iron gloves to ſheath their hardy hands:
Firſt Capaneus prepar'd for combat ſtands;
A mighty giant, large, and tow'ring high,
Dreadful in fight, and hideous to the eye.
Around his wriſts the hard bull-hides he binds,
And vaunts his ſtrength, and deals his blows in winds:
Stand forth ſome chief, he cries (if ſuch there be,
Who dares oppoſe an enemy like me!)
Yet might ſome Theban ſink beneath my blow;
Glorious and ſweet is vengeance on a foe.
So ſpake the chief. Half-trembling with amaze
In ſpeechleſs horror all the circle gaze.

At laſt Alcidimas, with gen'rous ire
Sprung forth, unaſk'd. The Doric bands admire.
All but his friends. They knew the daily care
Which Pollux us'd, to train him to the war.
(He taught him firſt to bind the gauntlets round
His nervous wriſts, and aim the craſhing wound:
Oppos'd in fight, he heav'd him high, or preſt
The youth loud panting on his naked breaſt.)
Him Capaneus ſurvey'd with ſcornful eyes,
Inſults his years, and claims a nobler prize.
Provok'd, he turns to fight. Each warrior ſtands
At full extent, and lifts his iron hands.
Well temper'd caſques their hardy brows ſurround,
To break at leaſt the fury of the wound.
This tow'rd like Tytius on the Stygian ſhore,
When the fierce vultures ceaſe to drink his gore:
So high in air his ſpreading ſhoulders riſe,
So ſwell his muſcles, and ſo flame his eyes;
That at his ſide in blooming youth appears,
Yet promis'd wonders from maturer years;
The favours of the crowd alike ſucceed
On either ſide: none wiſh'd the chiefs to bleed.
Low'ring at firſt they met, nor ſilence broke,
Each lifts his arm, and only aims the ſtroke.
Some moments thus they gaz'd in wild ſurpriſe,
A haſty fury ſparkled in their eyes;
Now conſcious fear ſucceeds. The chiefs eſſay
Their arms, and ſlowly firſt provoke the fray.
This on nice art and diffidence relies,
That on mere courage, and ſtupendous ſize;
Void of all fear, and without conduct brave,
He waſtes that ſtrength himſelf has pow'r to ſave:
Still blindly drives where fury leads the way,
And ſtorms, and falls the victor and the prey.
With ſtedfaſt glances this ſurveys his foe,
And either ſhuns or wards th' impending blow:
Now lowly bends (his elbow o'er him ſpread)
The ſtroke impetuous ſings above his head.
Now nearer draws, the more he ſeems to fly;
So much his motion varies from his eye!
Now with full force he aims a pond'rous blow,
And tow'ring high o'erſhades his mighty foe.
Thus in ſome ſtorm the broken billows riſe
Round the vaſt rock, and thunder to the ſkies.
Once more with wary footſteps wheeling round,
Full on his front he deals a mortal wound:
Craſhing it falls——unfelt the trickling blood
Spreads o'er his helmet in a crimſon flood.
A ſudden whiſper murmurs round; alone
To Capaneus the cauſe remains unknown.
At laſt he lifts his hand on high, the gore
Forth-welling faſt, diſtains his caeſtus o'er.
Grief ſwells his heart, and vengeance and diſdain—
So foams the lion, monarch of the plain:
And loudly roaring with indignant pride,
Gnaws the barb'd jav'lin griding in his ſide:
Now ſprings with rage; ſupine along the ground
Pants the bold youth whoſe hand infix'd the wound.
Faſt and more faſt his lifted arms he throws
Around his head, and doubles blows on blows.
Part waſte in air, part on the caeſtus fall
With mighty force; his foe returns 'em all.
Still ſeems to fear him with diſſembling eyes,
Yet ſtill perſiſts, and combats, while he flies.
Panting they reel; the youth retreats more ſlow,
The weary giant ſcarcely aims a blow,
They ſink at once---ſo ſailors on the main
Who long have toil'd through adverſe wave in vain,
All drop their hands. The ſignal ſounds once more
Again they ſtart, and ſtretch the labo'ring oar.
Thus roſe the chiefs, with recollected might
Ruth'd Capeneus like thunder to the fight.
Low bends Alcidimas with watchful eyes:
Short of his aim the giant o'er him flies;
Up ſtarts the youth and as he ſtagger'd round
Claſp'd firm his neck, and bow'd him to the ground
As riſing from th' inglorious plain contends
Fierce Capaneus, a ſecond blow deſcends
Full on his head: beneath the ſtroke he bent;
The youth turn'd pale, and trembled at th' event
Loud ſhout the Greeks: the ſhore and foreſt rings.
Then thus in haſte exclaims the king of kings.
(As from the ground the furious Argive roſe,
And vow'd and aim'd intolerable blows)
Seize him, ye chiefs, his bloody hands reſtrain,
Give all the palm, but lead him from the plain.
Haſte, ſee, he raves! ah, tear him from my eyes,
He lives, he riſes, the Laconian dies!
He ſaid. Hippomedon, and Tydeus roſe:
Scarce both their hands reſtrain his mighty blows.
Then thus they ſpoke. The prize is thine, forgive.
'Tis double fame to bid the vanquiſh'd live;
A friend, and our ally---he ſtorms the more,
Rejects the prize, and thus devoutly ſwore.
By all this blood, at preſent my diſgrace;
Theſe hands ſhall cruſh that more than female face;
Theſe hands ſhall daſh him headlong to the plain---
To Pollux then he weeps, but weeps in vain,
He ſaid. By force they turn'd his ſteps away.
Stubborn he ſtill perſiſts, nor yields the day.
Far off in ſecret, the Laconian hoſt
Smile at his fury, and their hero boaſt.
Meanwhile with conſcious virtue Tydeus burns,
Renown and praiſe inflame his heart by turns:
Swift in the race he ſtill the guerdon bore,
Now toſs'd the diſcus, now the gauntlets wore;
But moſt for Pales' active arts renown'd,
To hurl his foe ſupine, along the ground.
By Hermes tutor'd, on th' Œtolian plain,
He made whole nations bite the duſt in vain.
Full terrible he look'd. For arms he wore
The ſavage trophies of a mountain-boar,
Once Calydonia's dread! the briſtly hide [pride,
Broad o'er his ſhoulders hung with barb'rous
Unbound, he flings it down, then waits his foes.
Beſides him tow'ring, huge Agylleus roſe,
A monſtrous giant, dreadful to mankind;
Yet weak he ſeem'd, his limbs were looſely join'd,
Low Tydeus was. What nature there deny'd,
Strong nerves, and mighty courage well ſupply'd
For nature never ſince the world began,
Lodg'd ſuch a ſpirit in ſo ſmall a man!
Soon as their ſhining limbs are bath'd in oil,
Down ruſh the heroes to the wreſtling toil.
Deform'd with duſt (their arms at diſtance ſpread)
Each on his ſhoulder half reclines his head.
Now bending 'till he almoſt touch'd the plain,
Tydeus the giant heav'd, but heav'd in vain,
The mountain-cypreſs thus, that firmly ſtood
From age to age, the empreſs of the wood,

By ſome ſtrong whirlwind's ſudden blaſt declin'd,
Bends ariſing down, and nods before the wind:
The deep roots tremble till the guſt blows o'er,
And then ſhe riſes, ſtately as before
So vaſt Agylle, ſcarcely mov'd below,
Hangs imminent upon th' Ætolian foe. [ſound,
Breaſts, ſhoulders, thighs, with mighty ſtrokes re-
And all appears an undiſtinguiſh'd wound.
On tiptoe rais'd, their heads obliquely bent,
Each hangs on each, ſtretch'd out at full extent.
Not half ſo bloody, or with half ſuch rage,
Two furious monarchs of the herd engage.
Apart the milk-white heifer views the fight,
And waits to crown the victor with delight.
Their cheeks they gore, the mighty ſhock reſounds;
Love ſwells their hate, and heals the gaping wounds.
So ſhaggy bears in ſtrict embraces roll, [ſoul.
And from each corſe ſqueeze forth th' unwilling
Thus Tydeus ſtorm'd; nor heats nor toils aſ-
His furious ſtrength, or mitigate his rage, [ſuage
Agylleus pants aloud, nor ſcarce contends;
Black'ned with duſt a ſtream of ſweat deſcends.
Tydeus preſs'd on, and ſeem'd to aim a blow
Full at his neck: the force was meant below
Where well-knit nerves the knees firm ſtrength ſupply;
Short of their reach, his hands the blow deny.
He ſinks; o'er him, like ſome vaſt mountain fell
Agylleus, and half ſqueez'd his ſoul to hell.
So when th' Iberian ſwain in ſearch of oar
Deſcends, and views the light of heav'n no more:
If ſome ſtrong earthquake rocks the mould'ring ground,
(High o'er him hung) down ruſh the ruins round;
Deep under earth his batter'd carcaſe lies,
Nor breathes its ſpirit to congenial ſkies.
Full of diſdain Ætolian Tydeus roſe;
No peace, no bounds his fierce reſentment knows:
Swift from th' inglorious hold he ſprings like wind,
And circles round, then firmly fix'd behind.
His hand embrac'd his ſide, his knees ſurround
The giant's knees, and bend 'em to the ground.
Nought boots reſiſtance now. Agylleus makes
One more eſſay. That moment Tydeus takes,
And rears him high. The mingling ſhouts ariſe,
And loud applauſe runs rattling through the ſkies.
So Hercules, who long had toil'd in vain,
Heav'd huge Anthëus from the Lybian plain;
Erect in air th' expiring ſavage hung, [ſprung,
Nor touch'd the kindred earth, from whence he
Long Tydeus held him thus. At length he found
The point of time, and hurl'd him to the ground
Side-long——Himſelf upon the giant lies,
And graſps his neck and firmly locks his thighs.
Prone o'er th' inglorious duſt, Agylleus quakes
Half-dead: his ſhame alone reſiſtance makes:
Then roſe at laſt, and ſtagg'ring through the throng
Slowly he trail'd his feeble legs along.

When Tydeus thus. (His nobler hand ſuſtain'd
The palm, his life the warlike gifts he gain'd:)
What though my blood o'erflow'd yon guilty ground,
When ſingly arm'd, whole numbers preſs'd me round;
(So prov'd all contracts with the Theban name,
Their honour ſuch) yet Tydeus lives the ſame.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking ſent the prize away,
Aſide, a breaſt-plate for the vanquiſh'd lay.
Others in arms their manly limbs encloſe;
To combat Epidaurian Agreus roſe:
Him with the ſhining blade the Theban waits,
An exile ſtill by unrelenting fates.
Then thus Adraſtus. Gen'rous youths give o'er;
Preſerve all rage: and thirſt for hoſtile gore.
Ye Gods! what ſlaughter and what combats call;
Then waſte your fury, Thebes demands it all!
But you, O prince! a kinſman, and our friend!
Whoſe cauſe ſuch numbers with their lives defend:
For whom, our natives, towns and countries lay,
Unpeopled half, to other foes a prey;
Truſt not th' event of fight; nor bleed, to pleaſe
Th' inhuman hopes of baſe Etheocles!
Avert it heav'n! the ready chiefs obey'd.
Their brave attempt a glitt'ring helm repaid.
Howe'er in ſign of conqueſt and renown,
He bids the warriors Polynices crown
With wreaths, and hail him victor——no portent,
(So will'd the ſiſters) prophecy'd the event.
Him too the chiefs with kind perſuaſions pray
To riſe, and cloſe the honours of the day:
(And left one victory he loſt) to throw
The miſſile lance, or bend the Lycian bow.
Well-pleas'd Adraſtus to the plain deſcends
In pomp, his ſteps a youthful crowd attends.
Behind, a ſquire the royal quiver bore,
Deep fill'd with ſhafts, a formidable ſtore.
'Tis plain. Shall man deny? Each human cauſe
Proceeds unſeen from heav'n's eternal laws.
All fate appear'd: the chiefs perverſely blind
Neglect the ſign, nor ſee th' event behind.
We deem from chance unerring omens flow;
While fate draws near, and aims a ſurer blow.
By this the monarch ſtrain'd the bending yew:
Full on its mark the feather'd weapon flew,
Nor enter'd there. Th' impaſſive aſh reſounds:
Again with double force the ſhaft rebounds,
In the ſame line wing'd back its airy way,
Then prone on earth before Adraſtus lay.
Each reaſons, as his wayward thoughts decree;
Theſe think the ſhaft rebounded from the tree;
And thoſe, that winds with unreſiſted force
Drove clouds on clouds, to intercept its courſe.
Meanwhile th' event and dreadful omen lies
Deep wrapt in night, nor ſeen by human eyes.
One chief in ſafety muſt return alone,
Through woes, and blood, and dangers yet unknown.

NOTES UPON THE SIXTH THEBAID OF STATIUS.

Mr. Dryden, in his excellent preface to the Eneid, takes occaſion to quarrel with Statius, and calls the preſent book an ill-timed and unjudicious Epiſode. I wonder ſo ſevere a remark could paſs from that gentleman, who was an admirer of our author even to ſuperſtition. I own I can ſcarce forgive myſelf, to contradict ſo great a poet, and ſo good a critic; *talium enim virorum ut admiratio maxima, ita cenſura difficilis.* However, the preſent caſe may admit of very alleviating circumſtances It may be replied in general, that the deſign of this book was to give a reſpite to the main action, introducing a mournful, but pleaſant variation from terror to pity. It is alſo highly probable, that Statius had an eye to the funeral obſequies of Polydore and Anchiſes, mentioned in the third and fifth books of Virgil. We may alſo look upon them as a prelude, opening the mind by degrees to receive the miſeries and horror of a future war. This is intimated in ſome meaſure by the derivation of the word Archemorus.

Beſides the reaſons above mentioned, we have a fine opportunity of remarking upon chief of the heroes who muſt make a figure hereafter; this is repreſented to the eye in a lively ſketch that diſtributes to each perſon his proper lights, with great advantage.

It muſt certainly be an infinite pleaſure to peruſe the moſt ancient piece of hiſtory now extant, excepting that in holy ſcripture. This remark muſt be underſtood of the action of the Thebaid only, which Statius, without queſtion, faithfully recited from the moſt authentic chronicles in his own age. The action of the Iliad and Odyſſey happened ſeveral years after. This is evident from Homer's own words. Agamemnon, in the 4th Iliad, recites with great tranſport the expedition of Tydeus: and Ulyſſes mentions the ſtory of Jocaſta (or Epicaſte, as he calls her) in a very particular manner. It is in his deſcent to hell, Odyſſey XI.

Μητέρα δ' Οιδιπόδαο ἴδον, καλὴν Επικάστην,
Ἣ μέγα ἔργον ἔρεξεν ἀϊδρείῃσι νόοιο,
Γημαμένη ᾧ υἱῖ. ὁ δ' ὧν πάλιν ἐξεναρίξας
Γῆμεν.
Ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν Θήβῃ πολυηράτῳ ἄλγεα πάσχων
Καδμείων ἤνασσε, θεῶν ὀλοὰς διὰ βουλάς.
Ἣ δ' ἔβη εἰς ἀΐδαο πυλάρταο κρατεροῖο
Ὠι ἀχεϊ σχομένη, τῷ δ' ἄλγεα κάλλιπ' ὀπίσσω
Πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσα τε μητρὸς ἐρινύες ἐκτελέσσι.

The antiquity of the Thebaid may be conſidered alſo in another view. As the poet was obliged to conform the manners of his heroes to the time of action, we in juſtice ought not to be ſo much ſhocked with thoſe inſults over the dead which run through all the battles. This ſoft a little the barbarity of Tydeus, who expi gnawing the head of his enemy; and the impi of Capaneus, who was thunderſtruck while blaſphemed Jupiter. Whoever reads the bo of Joſhua and Judges will find about th times the ſame ſavage ſpirit of intolence *fierte*.

Ver. 4. *The Nemeæan Games.*] I beg to excuſed from giving a long account of the N meæan games. What the world calls learni differs very little from pedantry; and I am ſi ſible many an honeſt man may deſerve that im tation when he means no manner of harm much harder it is to conceal knowledge, than get it. The beſt and moſt ancient informat now extant is to be collected from Pindar's o in general. However, I muſt juſt take notice funeral oration ſpoken in honour of Archemor as it is mentioned by Clemens Alexandrinus, his Admonit. ad Gentes.

Ver. 23. The youthful ſailors thus with early ca
Their arms experience——

It is worth while here to take notice of Sta us's ſimiles in general. They are ſometimes p per, but not often: a common fault with m young authors, who can reject nothing; thou a more judicious writer at the ſame time wo either ſuppreſs the thought, or at moſt conte himſelf with a metaphor. I am apt to think miles muſt ſeldom be uſed, except they con to the mind ſome very pleaſing, or ſtrong piece painting. For all ſimiles are deſcriptions (pictures) whoſe only beauty proceeds from an cellence in the imagery. In theſe caſes, painti muſt always be conſulted.

Another overſight in Statius, is want of pur in the circumſtances: but this is owing to the regularity of his genius, which was above inſiſti upon particulars, and gave only ſome bold ſtro of likeneſs.

If a tranſlator can leave out ſuch ſimiles (other paſſages) in Statius as are not proper, wi out violating the context: or if he can ſupply a of their defects in a very ſhort compaſs, I thi he ought. Though theſe liberties are not to taken with more correct writers.

Ver. 31. Swift from mankind the pow'r of flu
bers flew.

This place is not tranſlated exactly to the l ter, nor indeed would our language bear it. T original is extremely poetical, and correſponde to the beſt paintings in thoſe times.

——cornu fugiebat ſomnus inani.

For Somnus (or ſleep) was repreſented as a dei pouring dews out of a horn, over the temples

the [illegible]ng perſon. Statius alludes to this in another paſſage upon the ſame occaſion.

——cornu perfuderat omni.

This remark I owe to Lactantius, who has given us the only tolerable comment upon Statius. Care has been taken to read him entirely over, though to little purpoſe. His notes are learned, ſhort, and clear, but ſeldom poetical. Moſt of them are like the old Scholia upon Homer, explaining one word by another. He is full of apoſtrophes and exclamations, yet gives no reaſons. Such as *exquiſite dictum! pictum egregie!* &c.

Ver. 51. Meanwhile Adraſtus bears the friendly part,
And with kind words conſoles, &c.

Chaucer, who was perhaps the greateſt poet among the moderns, has tranſlated theſe verſes almoſt word for word in his Knight's Tale. I ſhall make this remark once for all: As nothing particularizes the fine paſſages in Homer more than that Virgil vouchſafed to imitate them: ſo ſcarce any thing can exalt the reputation of Statius higher, than the verbal imitations of our great countrymen. I prefer this to a volume of criticiſms; no man would imitate, what he could exceed.

Ver. 70. Inwoven on the pall, young Linus lay
In lonely woods——

Linus was the ſon of Apollo, and the nymph Pſamathe. No picture could be introduced with more propriety; his death was almoſt exactly the ſame with that of Archemorus. The ſtory is related at large by Adraſtus in the firſt Thebaid; and admirably tranſlated by Mr. Pope.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah! how unworthy thoſe of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries;
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries,
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give!
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the riſing day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapt the gore.

Ver. 90. The pious mother thus, deceiv'd too late
Like her fond ſpouſe——

I ſcarce ever met with a more incoherent paſſage than this, in any author. The ſenſe is fine, and eaſily apprehended by the context: the words are obſcure to a fault, and the tranſition too ſudden and violent.

Namque illi & pharetras, brevioraque tela dicarat
Feſtinus voti pater, inſonteſque ſagittas.
Jam tunc & notâ ſtabulis de gente probatos
In nomen paſcebat equos, cinctuſque ſonantes,
Armaque majores expectatura lacertos——
Spes avidæ! quas non in nomen credula veſtes
Urgebat ſtudio? &c.

Spes avidæ muſt certainly be ſpoken of the mother, or elſe *credula* has nothing to agree with. In ſhort, it muſt never be defended, but by one of theſe two excuſes, either that Statius left his poem unfiniſhed, or that the verſe immediately preceding is now loſt. It might mean perhaps no more than this, "Thus too was the unhappy mo-"ther deceived! With what cure—&c." This conſideration clears the ſenſe, and ſolves all objections at once. However 'tis a mere conjecture, and may be truer to the author's reputation, than his firſt meaning.

All grave readers will reject this as a whimſical young man's notion; nor do I lay any ſtreſs upon it. To ſhow I can be ſerious upon occaſion, I ſhall juſt refer them to Virgil's Third Georgic, where will be found a tranſition from horſes to cows, as obſcure almoſt as this in Statius.

Gronovius (without any authority) thinks we ſhould read *ſpes avidi*, inſtead of *avidæ*, ſtill preſerving the context, and referring *credula* to *ſpes*. I cannot approve of this emendation for many reaſons; we at once loſe half the beauty. Beſides, the repetition of *in nomen* would be tautology, if it did not refer to another perſon: nor can *urgere veſtes* be ſo properly applied to the father.

Whoever reads this poſitive Dutchman's Preface to Ammianus Marcellinus, will never think him to be a man of ſenſe or candour.

Ver. 108. Stretch'd o'er the ground the tow'ring oaks were ſeen, &c.

This deſcription is inimitably beautiful, and I might ſpend a whole page in admirations. 'Twere eaſy alſo, by drawing parallel places (a common, but unfair practice), to prefer Statius to all the ancients and moderns. Moſt of the poets have exerciſed their genius upon this occaſion; particularly Ovid in the 10th book of his Metamorphoſis.

——Non Chaonis abfuit arbos,
Non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus eſculus altis:
Non tiliæ molles, non fagus, & innuba laurus,
Et coryli fragiles, & fraxinus utilis haſtis,
Enodiſque abies, curvataque glandibus ilex,
Et platanus genialis, acerque coloribus impar,
Amnicolæque ſimul ſalices, & aquatica lotos.

As alſo Claudian, in the rape of Proſerpina, Book II. Chaucer ſeems to have a particular eye to this paſſage throughout all his poems. See his Knight's Tale, the Aſſembly of Fowls, and Complaint of the Black Knight. I am alſo much pleaſed to find this paſſage finely imitated by two other of our ancient Engliſh poets. I ſhall firſt cite Fairfax, who underſtood the harmony of numbers better than any perſon then living, except Spenſer. All the world knows his excellent verſion (or paraphraſe rather) of Taſſo's *Gieruſalem liberata*. The other, whom I mean, is Mr. Drayton, whoſe Fairy-tale is a maſterpiece in thoſe groteſque writings.

Down fall the ſacred palms, and aſhes wild—
The funeral cypreſs, holly ever green,

The weeping fir, thick beech, and ſailing pine,
The married elm fell with his fruitful vine;
The ſhooter-yew, the broad-leav'd ſycamore,
The barren platane, and the walnut found:
The myrrh that her foul ſin doth ſtill deplore,
The alder, owner of all wat'riſh ground,
Sweet juniper, whoſe ſhadow hurteth ſore,
Proud cedar; oak, the king of foreſts crown'd.
FAIRFAX.

The tufted cedar, and the branching pine . . .
Under whoſe covert, (thus divinely made)
Phœbus' green laurel flouriſh'd in the ſhade;
Fair Venus' myrtle, Mars his warlike fir,
Minerva's olive, and the weeping myrrh;
The patient palm that ſtrives in ſpite of hate,
The poplar to Alcides conſecrate, &c.
DRAYTON.

I aſk pardon for the tedioufneſs of this note, and the reader in juſtice ought to acknowledge I writ it to gratify my pleaſure, rather than my vanity; and ſurely no perſon who has the leaſt taſte can be diſpleaſed with ſo much variety. I inſiſt only to produce one deſcription more out of Statius. The verſes are extremely natural, and carry ſomething with them as awful and venerable as the ſubject.

Sylva capax ævi, validaque incurva ſenectâ,
Æternum intonſæ frondis, ſtat pervia nullis
Solibus.
Subter opaca quies, vacuuſque ſilentia ſervat
Horror, & excluſæ pallet mala lucis imago,
Nec caret umbra Deo.
THEBAID IV.

Ver. 131. Sacred to heav'n and hell the mourners rear
Two maſſy altars——

It may be aſked why the Grecians raiſed two altars. Lactantius anſwers that one only was for Archemorus, and the other for the ſerpent that killed him.

If the reader ſuppoſes this to be too much honour for the latter, it muſt be remembered, that thoſe creatures were almoſt always eſteemed by the ancients, as ſacred to ſome deity. But Statius mentions this in particular. See the death of Archemorus, in the 5th Thebaid.

——Nemoris ſacer horror Achæi
Erigitur Serpens.

And a little afterwards,

——Inachio ſanctum dixêre Tonanti
Agricolæ——

So Virgil, ſpeaking of the two ſerpents that ſtrangled Laocoon, Æneid the 2d.

Their taſk perform'd, the ſerpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet they lie protected there
By her large buckler, and protended ſpear.
DRYDEN.

Ver. 137.——In mournful ſtrains
The muſic of the Phrygian fife com[illegible]

The Phrygian meaſure in muſic was made [illegible] of, to call the ſpirits of the deceaſed from Had Pelops was the firſt perſon who invented, and it to the lyre, and from him it came to the Gre ans.
LACTANTIU

Ver. 147. Behind Hypſypile's ſoft ſorrows flow
Silent, and faſt——

Nothing can be more finely imaged than t character of Hypſypile; it ſeems a perfect pictu of beauty in diſtreſs. Her very ſilence is eloquer She knows her innocence, but muſt not ſpeak o word to defend it. She moves along by herſ the very laſt of them all, while every eye ſeems threaten and accuſe her. And even after all th there is ſtill a dejected ſweetneſs, a tenderneſs, confuſion that cannot be expreſſed. I know n how to make the reader any ways ſenſible of q own images, except I refer him to the character Briſeïs in Homer's firſt Iliad, and the picture of S ſigambis in Darius's tent.

This puts me in mind of ſome fine ſtrokes Spenſer, though upon a different occaſion. Wh I mean is the ſilence and confuſion of Eritoma when the red-croſs knight diſcovers her to be lady, and inquires after her adventures.

Thereat ſhe ſighing ſoftly, had no pow'r
To ſpeak a while, ne ready anſwer make,
But with heart-thrilling throbs, and bitte ſtow'r,
As if ſhe had a fever-fit, did quake,
And ev'ry dainty limb with horror ſhake;
And ever and anon the roſie red
Flaſh'd through her face, as it had been a flak
Of lightning, through bright heaven fulmined.
FAIRY QUEEN, Lib. III. Cant. ii

See alſo the ſame canto, ſtanza the 15th.

Ver. 153. Speech of Eurydice.

Statius has equally ſhown his conduct in thi ſpeech of Eurydice. She is injured, and indeed deſerves a liberty to reſent it. She condoles, ſh repents, ſhe heightens her misfortunes, and ther ſeems to wonder why providence ſhould inflict them. This ſhe aggravates by conſidering the proſperity of her neighbours, which certainly gives the deepeſt remorſe in all afflictions. Nothing can be finer than theſe two laſt particulars. They ariſe immediately from human nature, and give a lively picture of ſelf-reſpect, and indulgence to our own frailties. What follows is more abrupt and violent; ſhe draws the author of her miſery in the moſt diſagreeable colours, makes her treacherous, negligent, and even inſenſible of gratitude or pity.

Ver. 185. Whoſe hands ſuſtain'd thee, and whoſe muſic charm'd,
Whoſe eye o'erſaw thee——

I am far from being diſguſted with theſe little particularities that attend the moſt ſerious and noble paſſions. Nothing has a better effect in

poetry or painting. An incident may be ſmall, and at the ſame time not trifling. This puts me in mind of an obſervation in Longinus: it is made upon Sappho's love-ode, tranſlated afterwards by Catullus. "The poeteſs (ſays he) has aſſembled "with admirable ſkill all the little accidents to "that paſſion. Her heart beats faſt, her tongue "trembles, her ſight ſeems to ſwim, and her co-"lour vaniſhes all in one moment."

This confuſion ſuits admirably well with the wandering irreſolutions of the ſoul upon ſuch occaſions.

LONGINUS, Chap. viii.

Ver. 209. So when the holy prieſt with curious eyes
Dooms ſome fair heifer.

I muſt not forget that Statius has copied this ſimile from Lucretius. 'Tis hard to ſay which is the more excellent. Lucretius's lines are theſe, after he has deſcribed the young heifer ſlain in ſacrifice.

At mater virideis ſaltus orbata peragrans,
Omnia conviſens oculis loca, ſi queat uſquam
Conſpicere amiſſum fœtum, completque querelis
Frondiferum nemus adſiſtens, & crebra reviſit
Ad ſtabulum, deſiderio perfixa juvenci,
Non teneræ ſalices, atque herbæ rore vigentes
Fluminave ulla queunt ſummis labentia ripis
Oblectare animum, ſubitamque avertere curam:
Nec vitulorum aliæ ſpecies per pabula læta
Derivare queunt alio, curâve levare.

Lib. ii.

Ver. 217. The father now unbares his rev'rend head;
His ſilver locks he ſcatters o'er the dead.

The practice of cutting off the hair, and ſtrewing it over the deceaſed, was ſo common with the ancients, that all teſtimonies are needleſs. It prevails among the Sclavonians to this day, who (as Lord Buſbeque obſerves in his Epiſtles), *neque modo capitiot, ſed etiam ſupercilia ſibi (in luctu) demunt.*

Ver. 221. If Jove's almighty wiſdom can deceive,
Curs'd is the man who fondly will believe!

This apoſtrophe contains a fine picture of human nature in diſtreſs. Heaven itſelf cannot eſcape our cenſure: its unerring juſtice is called into queſtion, and we fancy more to be inflicted on us than we ought to ſuffer.

Much of this kind is the ſpeech of Aſius in Homer's 12th Iliad. Euſtathius makes a very moral remark upon it, which I ſhall tranſcribe, as I find it admirably tranſlated to my hands. "The ſpeech "of Aſius is very extravagant: He exclaims "againſt Jupiter for a breach of promiſe, not be-"cauſe he had broken his word, but becauſe he "had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. "This conduct, though very blameable in Aſius, "is very natural to perſons under diſappoint-"ments, who are ever ready to blame heaven, "and turn their misfortunes into a crime." Thus far Euſtathius.

Æneas (whoſe chief character is piety) could not help accuſing men and gods when he loſt Creüſa. Though in juſtice to Virgil it ought to be obſerved, that he ſoftens, or rather diſapproves of the impiety at the ſame time; for ſo the word *amens* muſt be underſtood.

Quem non incuſavi, amens, hominumque deorumque?

As this note is capable of very ſerious reflections, it may not perhaps be amiſs to look a little into the holy ſcriptures. The impatience of Job's wife, as alſo the diffidence and irreſolutions of David in the lxxiii pſalm, are extraordinary inſtances of this ſort. But Jeremiah carries it yet farther: He proceeds to an expoſtulation with his Maker. "Let me talk with thee, O Lord, of thy "judgments. Thou haſt planted (the wicked) "yea, they have taken root: they grow, yea, "they bring forth fruit. But thou, O Lord, "knoweſt me, thou haſt ſeen me, and tried my "heart towards thee. I have forſaken my houſe, "&c." Chap xii. 1, 2, 3, & 8.

Lactantius ſolves the extravagance of this ſpeech of Lycurgus very oddly, by a reflection on his prieſthood. His words are theſe: "Prieſts may "be as angry as they will," for ſo muſt he be underſtood according to the purport of the original. I much queſtion whether his name ſake would have allowed this conceſſion to the clergy: and if the tranſlator may have leave to give his opinion, he thinks them to have leſs need of it, than any other part of the nation.

Ver. 271. Nine times his courſe bright Lucifer had roll'd,
And ev'ning Veſper deck'd his rays with gold.

This particularity is ſo far from being ornamental, that it preſerves a valuable piece of antiquity; namely, the cloſing of the funeral games after nine days end: which ceremony the old Romans called *Novemdialia.*

BERNARTIUS.

Ver. 297. High o'er the people wrought with lively grace,
Shine the fair glories of their ancient race.

I do not remember any thing more noble, or judicious than this hiſtorical picture. The deſcription of a ſhield was already worn out: it was impoſſible to add any thing of moment after Homer and Virgil. Nor is it introduced merely for ornament; it contains no leſs than the ſtory of their anceſtors, *magnanimum ſeries antiqua parentum.* Its effects are viſible: to inſpire them with courage in the funeral games. Beſides, it happily avoids moſt of the objections that have been made againſt the ſhields of Achilles and Æneas. Its ſize anſwers all multiplicity of figures; and even every figure bears a plain reference to the ſubject of action. The rules of painting are exactly preſerved: we have not only a contraſt of paſſions in different perſons, but variety of place in each diſtinct compartiment.

It is reaſonable to think our author deſigned this as a compliment to a common ceremony then

among the Romans, who uſed at all ſolemn funerals to carry before the corpſe of the deceaſed the pictures of their anceſtors. Thus Horace, Epode the 8th.

——Funus atque imagines
Ducunt triumphales tuum.

See alſo Cicero's oration for Milo, and the 35th book of Pliny. Perhaps Statius owed the firſt hint of his hiſtorical picture to the cuſtom we now mention.

Ver. 324. ——Brave Choræbus lifts his bleeding hands—

Lactantius gives two meanings to this hemyſtic; the venerable or undaunted figure of Choræbus. I have choſen the latter, becauſe it agrees beſt with his character in the firſt Thebaid. The ſtory is too long to be tranſcribed.

Ver. 331. Here Belus' ſons at Hymen's altars ſtand,
And join with hearts averſe the friendly hand.

The contract of Danaus and Egyptus is too well known to be repeated. However, for the ſake of the curious, I ſhall not paſs by the Epiſtle of Hypermneſtra to Linus, and ſome remarkable paſſages in Pindar's ninth Pythian Ode. Statius ſeems pleaſed with this ſtory, and has choſen it in another place to ornament the ſhield of Hippomedon. There is ſomething very maſterly in the expreſſion, and the *Tout-enſemble* makes a fine piece of night-painting.

——humeros, & pectora latè
Flammeus orbis habet——vivit in auro
Nox Danai, fontes furiarum lampade nigrâ
Quinquaginta ardent thalami, pater ipſe cruentis [ſes.
In foribus, laudatque nefas, atque inſpicit en-
THEBAID IV.

Ver. 349. Swift flew the rápid car, and left behind
The noiſe of tempeſts, and the wings of wind.

Theſe verſes are ſomewhat too bold in the original.

——ſtupuêre relicta
Nubila, certantes Eurique Notique ſequuntur.

Whoever tranſlates Statius muſt have liberty to ſoften ſome of theſe hyperboles. Yet Lactantius was of another opinion, who admires this place in the true ſpirit of criticiſm. *Divine dictum! dedit illis victoriæ votum, ſed ademit effectum.* His remark is not worth tranſlating.

Ver 363. So ſad Apollo with a boding ſigh
Told his fond child——

We may perceive ſomething very remarkable in this ſimile, not without a fine commiſeration for unhappy Polynices. Inſtead of accuſing the raſhneſs or folly of Phæton, all is attributed to fatal deſtiny. As much as to ſay, Polynices loſt not the race through his own imprudence, but by the interpoſition of a deity.

Ver. 431. *Admetus' Life, &c.*] This allude chiefly to the ſtory of Alceſte, Admetus's wife who was ſo honourable, it ſeems, as to lay down her own life to atone for her huſband's. Juvenal makes an agreeable uſe of this female gallantry.

——ſpectant ſubeuntem fata mariti
Alceſten. LACTANTIUS.

Euripides has written a tragedy upon this occaſion. I am afraid few modern ladies would give ſuch an example, but indeed huſbands are much altered ſince the days of Admetus. I may add that Statius takes notice of the death of Alceſte in his Sylva, intituled, The Tears of Etruſcus lib. iii. I the rather cite this poem becauſe it contains ſome fine ſtrokes of humanity, and filial affection. Of the ſame nature is his Epicedion in Patrem. I wonder theſe two admirable copies have never yet been tranſlated.

Ver. 454. "Th' impatient courſers pant in every vein,
"And pawing ſeem to beat the diſtant plain:
"The vales, the floods appear already croſt,
"And ere they ſtart, a thouſand ſteps are loſt."

The Latin of theſe verſes is wonderfully fine, as Mr. Dryden acknowledges in his preface to Du Freſnoy. He cites them as a true image of our author.

Stare adeò miſerum eſt, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Which would coſt me, ſays he, an hour to tranſlate, there is ſo much beauty in the original. Since that, Mr. Pope has imitated theſe verſes almoſt verbatim in his Windſor-Foreſt: And I thought fit to tranſfer them hither, rather than expoſe my own weakneſs. I never was heartily mortified before; I juſt know how to admire him, and to deſpiſe myſelf! The reader may be aſſured, I durſt not preſume to do this without that gentleman's conſent, who not only gave me leave to uſe his tranſlation, but alſo to alter any circumſtances that might not correſpond with the original. I remember a paper in the Guardian that conſiſts chiefly of parallel deſcriptions upon this occaſion; and thither I refer the curious.

Balde the Jeſuit has ſome bold ſtrokes in an ode whoſe title I forget, though it is written partly in imitation of the war-horſe in Job. I mention this, purely to do juſtice to that poet's memory, who, notwithſtanding ſome extravagancies, came nearer to the ſpirit and abruptneſs of Pindar, than any of his contemporaries.

Ver. 600. Earth opening ſeem'd to groan (a fatal ſign!)

Becauſe Amphiaraus was afterwards to be ſwallowed under ground. See the latter end of the ſeventh Thebaid.

Illum ingens haurit ſpecus, et tranſire parentes
Mergit equos: non arma manu, non fræna remiſit
Sicut erat, rectos defert in Tartara currus:

Reſpexitque cadens cœlum, campumque coire
Ingemuit——

I take this to be one of the moſt noble deſcriptions I ever met with in any language.

Ver. 639. Loud ſhouts each chief that from high Elis leads
His native train; &c.

I have opened this paſſage a little, but with due reſpect to geography. See the fourth Theb. *Reſupina* Elis, *demiſſa* Piſa.

Ver. 649. Lives there a warrior in the world of fame,
Who never heard of Atalanta's name?

The commentators are all mighty merry upon theſe verſes. It ſeems Statius has confounded the hiſtory of Atalanta (there being two of that name) and takes the wife of Hippomenes for that of Pelops; the famous racer in days of yore. This, ſay they, is a remarkable overſight, and very few of them can heartily forgive it. The matter is hardly worth debate: Poets were never thought infallible. Whoever reads the critical diſcourſe upon the Iliad, will find many errors even in Homer; though not ſo many as La Motte fancied. Ariſtotle, Cicero, and Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, were ſeldom right in their quotations. Macrobius tells, that Virgil ran into many palpable miſtakes, purely to diſengage himſelf from too much exactneſs, and to imitate Homer. Monſ. la Mothe le Vayer has written an entire treatiſe upon this ſubject; and I think it worth reading, merely as a mortification for human vanity.

In deference to the above mentioned criticiſm, I thought fit to leave out, *veſtigia cunctis indeprenſa procis;* for there lies all the confuſion.

Ver. 766. *Foot-race.*] I muſt own, I think this foot-race an inimitable piece of poetry. The deſign itſelf is equally as juſt; the circumſtances perhaps are more beautiful than thoſe upon the ſame ſubject in the Greek or Roman poet. Had Statius given the prize to Idas (than which nothing was more eaſy), I cannot but think the moral would have been highly defective. Yet Enryalus in Virgil wins the race by downright fraudulence. In the deſcriptive parts our author borrows nothing conſiderable from either of the above cited poets. I wiſh he had taken one circumſtance from Homer, which pleaſes me much. It is the paſſage where Ulyſſes follows Ajax:

——ἀυτὰρ ὀπιθεν
Ἴχνια τύπτε ποδοῖσι πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.

——His foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep, e'er the duſt can riſe.

Ver. 929. Thus in ſome ſtorm the broken billows riſe
Round the vaſt rock——

'Tis with great judgment the poet introduces this ſimile, which admirably paints the ſize and unmoveableneſs of Capaneus. I have endeavoured to give it this turn, adding the epithet vaſt, to ſtrengthen the idea. A tranſlator can ſeldom do his author this juſtice, and I ſee no reaſons againſt it, if the deviation exceeds not one word. However, it is manifeſt the original alludes only to the noiſe and ſudden overflowing of the waters. It is impoſſible to give a more lively image of Alcidamas. Statius has compriſed himſelf alſo into a ſhorter compaſs than uſual, that the mind might not be too much ſuſpended in the midſt of ſo important an action. Beſides, there is a particular beauty in the verſification: it ſeems to run by ſtarts, ſhort and violent:

Aſſilit, ut præceps cumulo ſalit unda, minaces
In ſcopulos, et fracta redit——

Ver. 966. *The fight of the cæſtus.*] I have taken notice in the Foot-race, that Statius has varied from Virgil with admirable judgment. The ſame may be advanced here in reſpect to Homer, who, in his fight of the cæſtus, rewards inſolence and pride, inſtead of puniſhing them. There is an exact parity of character between Capaneus and Epeus: but not the ſame ſucceſs. The boaſter in this place meets with the moſt manifeſt diſadvantage: A great improvement of the moral.

Upon the whole, it may be required I ſhould attempt ſomething like a compariſon between the deſcriptions of this game in Homer, Virgil, and Statius. To ſpeak my own ſentiments, I cannot but prefer the latter, not only for its greater variety of incidents, but for the character of arrogance, which is wrought up to much more perfection: it was this they all laboured at. Capaneus is ſo far blinded with his own admiration, that he ſtill fancies himſelf the conqueror, though the odds appeared viſibly againſt him; ſo apt is pride to magnify. This is ſuperadded to the characters in Homer and Virgil, and I think it a moſt natural improvement.

Ver. 994. The mountain-cypreſs thus, that firmly ſtood
From age to age——
Originally,
Ille autem Alpini veluti regina cupreſſus
Verticis——

I have read in one of our modern critics, or in ſome book of travels, that no cypreſſes grow upon the Alps. The author upon this takes occaſion to fall foul upon an eminent Roman poet, and wonders at his ignorance. It is no matter where I met with this remark, it not being of much conſequence: Yet I thought fit to leave out Alpinus, and added a more indefinite epithet.

Since my writing this note, I chanced to read Bernartius's comment upon Statius. He is much chagrined at this overſight. As a ſpecimen of his humanity and taſte for criticiſm, I ſhall tranſcribe his own words at length: "Attigit ut "videtur Papinius hic guttam è flumine Lethes. "Nam in Alpibus nuſquam cupreſſi: niſi forte "ſpeciem pro genere poſuit, quod non inepte af"firmare poſſumus."

Ver. 1006. Not half ſo bloody, or with half ſuch rage,
Two mighty monarchs of the herd engage.

Statius ſeems to have copied this ſimile from the combat of Hercules and Achelous, in the ninth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes. I ſhall

pleaſure the reader with them both. And firſt Ovid:

Non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros,
Cum pretium pugnæ, toto nitidiſſima ſaltu
Expetitur conjux. ſpectant armenta, paventq.
Neſcia quem tanti maneat victoria regni.

Non ſic ductores gemini gregis, horrida tauri
Bella movent: medio conjux ſtat candida prato
Victorem expectans; rumpunt obnixa furentes
Pectora——

The latter, in my opinion, is far more natural than the former. There is a beautiful contraſt, or variation of numbers, very tender and flowing, in

——medio conjux——&c.

Which is ſomewhat faintly preſerved in the tranſlation.

Spenſer has a ſimile ſomething of this nature in the combat between the Red-Croſs Knight and Sanſjoy, Lib. I. Canto ii.

Ver. 1029. Nor breath'd its ſpirit to congenial ſkies.

Or to congenial ſtars more literally, according to the philoſophy of Pythagoras. The wicked, ſays Lactantius, were puniſhed by their ſtars (*ab ipſis aſtris, ſtelliſq.* are his words) the good enjoyed their light for ever. For a farther explication of this ancient doctrine, I refer the reader to Servius and Ræus's notes upon the 227th line of Virgil's fourth Georgic, *Syderis in numerum*, &c. See alſo Plato in Timæo.

Ver. 1040. So Hercules, who long had toil'd in vain,
Heav'd huge Antheus.

I cannot but admire this noble ſimile; beſides the parity of circumſtances, the ſavage character of Antheus ſuits admirably well with the brutal fury of Agylleus: nor is it a ſmall compliment to little Tydeus, to compare him with Hercules for ſtrength. I fancy Spenſer drew the ſtory of Malleger at large from this picture. I am the more inclined to think ſo, becauſe in the combat of Prince Arthur and Pyrrhocles, he tranſlates almoſt literally from Statius thoſe verſes that deſcribe Agylleus after his fall; though it muſt be owned, he has interwoven a ſimile that much improves them.

Nought booted it the paynim then to ſtrive,
But as a bittour in an eagle's claw,
That may not hope by flight to 'ſcape alive,
Still hopes for death, with dread and trembling awe,
So he now ſubject to the victor's law
Did not once move, nor upwards caſt his eye.

Here end the funeral games, which are put off (as in Virgil) by a prodigy, foreboding that none of the ſeven captains ſhould return, except Adraſtus: As that in Virgil foretold the burning of the ſhips by the Trojan matrons.

To conclude, whoſoever will read the original impartially, will find Statius to be a much better poet than the world imagines. What the tranſlation is, I know not; nor can the notes be extraordinary, when no body has written any thing tolerable before me. The reader may believe or diſbelieve them as he pleaſes; I deliver conjectures, not doctrines. If my preſent verſion has the fortune to pleaſe, I may perhaps proceed farther: if not, I cannot but think myſelf happy in reviving, at leaſt, ſo fine a piece of poetry. I have but juſt given the ſketch of a picture, it remains for others to deepen the ſtrokes, and finiſh the whole. Whoever can take ſuch pains, will oblige me, as much as the world.

DIVINE POEMS.

DEDICATION.

To the Reverend Mr. Hildrop, Maſter of Marlborough-School (under whom I had the honour of receiving my education) theſe Divine Poems are humbly dedicated by his
moſt obliged,
and obedient Servant,
W. HARTE.

PSALM CIV. PARAPHRASED.

AWAKE, my ſoul! in hallow'd raptures praiſe
Th' Almighty God, who in th' empyreal height
Majeſtic ſhines, too glorious to behold.
Methinks the broad expanſion of the ſky
O'erſpreads thy throne: in air thy chambers hang
Eternal, and unmov'd. Clouds roll'd on clouds
Thy chariot form; in thund'rings wrapt and fires
Thou walk'ſt, incumbent on the wings of wind.
Active as flames, all intellect, God forms
Angels of eſſence pure, whoſe finer parts
Inviſible, and half diſſolv'd in light,
Should fleet through worlds of air. Th' Almighty hand
Fix'd earth's eternal baſis, and preſcrib'd
Its utmoſt limits to the raging main.
Forth from their deeps a world of waters roſe
And delug'd earth. He ſpoke, the waves obey'd
In peace, ſubſiding to their ancient ſprings.
Part murmur headlong down the mountain's ſides:
Part through the vales in flow meanders play,
As pleas'd, yet loath to leave the flow'ry ſcene.
Thither by inſtinct ſavage beaſts repair
To ſlake their thirſt. Along the margin trees
Wave in the wat'ry gleam, amid whoſe boughs

The winged ſongſters chaunt their Maker's pow'r.
God with prolific dews, and genial rain
Impregnates earth, then crowns the ſmiling fields
With lively green: the vegetative juice
Flows briſkly through the trees; the purple grape
Swells with nectareous wines t' inſpire the ſoul.
With verdant fruits the cluſt'ring olive bends,
Whoſe ſprightly liquor ſmooths the ſhining face.
On Lebanon the ſacred cedar waves,
And ſpiry fir-tree, where the ſtork conceals
Her clam'rous young. The rocks bare, unadorn'd,
Have uſes too: there goats in queſt of food
Hang pendulous in air, there rabbits form
Their mazy cells—In conſtant courſe the moon
Nocturnal ſheds her kindly influence down,
Marks out the circling year, and rules the tides.
In conſtant regularity the ſun
Purples the roſy eaſt, or leaves the ſkies.
Then awful night o'er all the globe extends
Her ſable ſhades: the woods and deſarts ring
With hideous yell, what time the lions roar
And tear their prey; but when the glimm'ring morn
Dawns o'er the hills, their depredations ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns. Then painful man
Commences with the ſun his early toil,
With him retires to reſt O pow'r ſupreme,
How wonderful thy works! the bounteous earth
Pours from its fruitful ſurface plants and herbs
Adapt for ev'ry uſe: its bowels hold
Rich veins of ſilver, and the golden ore.
Unnumber'd wonders in the deeps appear,
Incredible to thought There tow'rs of oak
Float o'er the ſurges; there enormous whales
In awkward gambols play, th' inferior fry
Sportive through groves of ſhining coral glide.
Theſe with obſervance due, when hunger calls
Expect their meat from God, who ſometimes gives
A juſt ſufficiency, or more profuſe
Show'rs down his bounty with a copious hand.
When God withholds his all-ſuſtaining care,
To duſt, their former principle, they fall.
Then thy prolific ſpirit forms anew
Each undecaying ſpecies. Mighty God,
How great, how good thy pow'r; that was, and is,
And e'er ſhall be immutably the ſame!
Earth at thy look with reverential fear,
Ev'n to the centre ſhakes: the mountains blaze
Beneath thy touch! Hail awful pow'r of heav'n,
Eternal Three and One! The ſlaves of vice
Thy vengeance, like a ſudden whirlwind's rage,
Sweeps from mankind. My muſe, thrice glorious task!
While my bleſt eyes behold the cheerful ſun,
While life ſhall animate this mortal frame,
In heavenly flights ſhall ſpread a bolder wing,
And ſing to him, who gave her firſt to ſing!

PSALM CVII. PARAPHRASED.

MORTALS, rejoice! with raptures introduce
Your grateful ſongs, and tell what mercies God
Deigns to beſtow on man: but chiefly you
The progeny of David, whom the Lord
Selected from each region of the globe
Beneath the Arctic or Antarctic pole:
Or where the purple ſun with orient beams
Strikes parallel on earth, or prone deſcends
T' illumine worlds beyond th' Heſperian main.
With weary feet, and mournful eyes they paſs'd
Erroneous through the dreary waſte of plains,
Immeas'rable: the broad expanſe of heav'n
Their canopy, the ground of damp malign
Their bed nocturnal. Thus in wild deſpair
Anxious they ſought ſome hoſpitable town.
In ſhame and bitterneſs of ſoul, once more
They recogniz'd the Lord, and trembling cry'd
Have mercy on us! he, the ſource of mercy,
Kindly reviſited his fav'rite race,
Conſol'd their woes, and led the weary train
Through barren wilds to the long promis'd land,
Then plac'd 'em there in peaceful habitations.

Chorus

" O that the ſons of men in grateful ſongs
" Would praiſe th' unbounded goodneſs of the
" Lord,
" Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r!"

He cheers the ſad, and bids the famiſh'd ſoul
Luxuriant feaſt till nature craves no more.
He often ſaves th' impriſon'd wretch that lies
Tortur'd in iron chains no more to ſee
The cheerful light, or breathe the purer air.
(The due reward imperious mortals find,
When ſwell'd with earthly grandeur they deſpiſe
The pow'r ſupreme) thus jeſſe's ſacred ſeed
Elated with the num'rous gifts of heav'n,
Slighted the giver: then the wrathful Lord
Withheld his hand They impotent to ſave
Their forfeit lives, in piercing accents cry'd
Help Lord, we die! he ſoon with aſpect mild
Commiſerates their anguiſh, and reliev'd
Thoſe limbs, which ſedentary numbneſs erſt
Had crampt, when they in doleful ſhades of death
Sate inconſolable—" O then that men
" Would praiſe th' unbounded goodneſs of the
" Lord,
" Declare his miracles, and laud his power!"
Man, thoughtleſs of his end, in anguiſh reaps
The fruits of folly, and voluptuous life.
Sated with luxury his ſtomach loaths
Moſt palatable meats: with heavy pain
His eyes roll ſlowly; if he drops to reſt,
He ſtarts delirious, and ſtill ſeems to ſee
Horrible fiends, that tear him from mankind.
His fluſhing cheeks now glow like flames of fire:
Now chill'd, he trembles with extremes of cold
That ſhoots, like darts of ice, through every vein:
Ev'n then, when art was conquer'd, pray'rs and vows
Lenient of anger ſoon appeas'd the Lord,
Whoſe ſaving providence reſtor'd his health,
And ſnatch'd th' expiring from the jaws of death.
But mottly they who voyage o'er the deeps
Obſerve the works of God. Sudden, from high
Down pours a ruſhing ſtorm, more dreadful made
By darkneſs: ſave what light the flaſhing waves
Diſcloſe. The veſſel rides ſublime in air
High on the ſurging billows, or again
Precipitous through yawning chaſms deſcends.
Heart-thrilling plaints and hands up-rear'd to heav'n
Speak well their anguiſh, and deſires to live.
Shock'd by each burſting wave that whirls 'em round,

They ſtagger in amaze, like reeling men
Intoxicated with the fumes of wine.
Yet when they cry to God, his ſaving pow'r
Huſhes the winds, and bids the main ſubſide.
Inſtead of ſtorms the whiſp'ring zephyrs fan
The ſilent deep, and wave their pendent ſails.
Then ev'ry heart exults: joyous repoſe
Diſmiſſes each terrific thought, when once
(At heav'n's command) the weary veſſel makes
Her long-expected haven. "O that men
"Would praiſe th' unbounded goodneſs of the
"Lord,
"Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r!"
To him once more addreſs your ſongs of praiſe
In every temple ſacred to his name,
Or where the reverend ſenators conven'd
In council ſit. He turns the limpid ſtreams,
And flow'ry meadows to a dreary waſte.
Where corn has grown, and fragrant roſes fill'd
The ſkies with odoriferous ſweets, he bids
The baleful aconite uplift its head.
(The curſe of impious nations) and again
In lonely deſarts at his high beheſts
Soft-purling rills in ſportive mazes glide
Meander'd through the valleys: there he bids
The hungry ſouls increaſe and multiply.
His bounteous hand the while pours goodneſs down
Ineffable, and guards their num'rous herds.
Though thouſands fall, his mercy ſtill renews
The never-ending race——When tyrants, proud
Of arrogated greatneſs, without law
Unpeople realms, and breathe, but to deſtroy;
Then God his high prerogative aſſerts,
Reſumes his pow'r, and blaſts their guilty heads:
Then raiſes from the duſt the humble ſoul
Who meekly bore indignities and woe.

TO MY SOUL.

FROM CHAUCER.

FAR from mankind, my weary ſoul retire,
Still follow truth, contentment ſtill deſire.
Who climbs on high, at beſt his weakneſs ſhows,
Who rolls in riches, all to fortune owes.
Read well thyſelf, and mark thy early ways,
Vain is the muſe, and envy waits on praiſe.

Wav'ring as winds the brea[illegible] fortune blows,
No pow'r can turn it, and [illegible]ay'rs compoſe.
Deep in ſome hermit's ſolitary cell
Repoſe and eaſe and contemplation dwell.
Let conſcience guide thee in the days of need;
Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's
deed.

What heav'n beſtows with thankful eyes receive;
Firſt aſk thy heart, and then through faith believe.
Slowly we wander o'er a toilſome way,
Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.
"Who wreſtles in this world, receives a fall;
"Look up on high, and thank thy God for all!"

FABLES, VISIONS, EMBLEMS, &c.

——DEUS ORA MOVET; SEQUAR ORA MOVENTEM
RITE DEUM!——

PREFACE.

I SHALL not trouble the public with excuſes for venturing to ſend theſe Religious Poems into the world; having long ſince obſerved, that all apologies made by authors, far from gaining the end propoſed, ſerve only to ſupply an ill-natured critic with weapons to attack them. This being the caſe, it ſhall ſuffice me to ſay, that I drew up the preſent writings for my own private conſolation, under a lingering and dangerous ſtate of health, which it has pleaſed God to make my portion: Nor had I any better opportunity or power of diſcharging the duties of my profeſſion to mankind. The goodneſs of my cauſe may perhaps ſupply the defects of my poetry; ſince, in this ſenſe, the very gleanings of the grapes of Epraim will be better than the vintage or Abiezer. I promiſe my readers no extraordinary art in compoſition or ſtyle; but flatter myſelf they will find ſome nature, ſome flame, and ſome truth.

Parables, Fables, Emblematic Viſions, &c. are the moſt ancient method of conveying truth to mankind. Upwards of forty of the fineſt and moſt poetical parts of the Old and New Teſtament are of this caſt, and force their way upon the mind and heart irreſiſtibly, though they are written in proſe.

From a juſt ſenſe of this humble ſimplicity, I have here tranſlated the plaineſt and leaſt figurative parable that our bleſſed Saviour has delivered to us, relating only to a few unornamented circumſtances in agriculture.

To expreſs ſuch humble alluſions with clearneſs, propriety, and dignity, was, it muſt be confeſſed, one of the hardeſt pieces of poetry I ever yet undertook; nevertheleſs, I flattered myſelf that I was in ſome degree maſter of one part of the ſubject, [namely, the culture of land] upon which the parable is founded.

Yet the great and real difficulty ſtill recurred:

Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere.——

How far I have ſucceeded in this, or any other particular, is more than I ſhall take upon me to conjecture. Nor ſhall it be diſſembled, but that I had a great inclination to give a paraphraſe (or metaphraſe rather) of the xxviiith chapter of Deuteronomy; which, I believe, hath never yet been turned into Engliſh verſe. It is doubtleſs one of the nobleſt pieces of poetry in holy ſcripture; being at the ſame time ſublime, and yet plain; ſeemingly familiar, and yet richly diverſified.

In this chapter, the change of ideas and events from a ſtate of obedience to a ſtate of diſobedience, exhibits a power of language, imagery, and juſt thinking, which no uninſpired writings ever have ſaid claim to with juſtice, or ever ſhall. *But, when* I came to take a cloſer view of the precipice and its dangers, my heart trembled, as Job ſays, and was moved out of its place; I threw down the pencil in deſpair, and left the undertaking to ſome abler hand; namely, to ſome future Milton, Dryden, or Pope.

Upon the whole, I may perhaps venture to perſuade myſelf, that the intention of the preſent work is commendable, and that the work, when peruſed, may prove uſeful (more or leſs) to my fellow Chriſtians.

Conſcious of my own inabilities, and being deſirous that the reader may receive ſome advantage by caſting his eyes over theſe poems, I have added, in a few notes, the moſt remarkable paſſages I had an eye to in the holy ſcriptures, and in the writings of the primitive fathers; they being the only compaſs and charts which I have made uſe of in my navigation.

A mixture of pleaſing and inſtructive poetry cannot fail to engage the attention of all rational and ſerious readers. For, as it is hurtful to drink wine, or water alone; and as wine mingled with water is pleaſant, and delighteth the taſte; even ſo ſpeech, finely framed, delighteth the ears of them that read the ſtory.

2 Maccab. ch. ult. v. ult.

CHRIST's PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

I will incline mine ear to a parable: I will open my dark ſaying upon the harp. Pſalm xlix. 4.

All theſe things ſpake Jeſus unto the multitude in parables. Withoutt a parable ſpake he not unto them. Matth. xiii, 34.

A wiſe man will hear, and increaſe learning, and a man of underſtanding ſhall attain unto wiſe counſels: To underſtand a proverb (a parable) and the interpretation; the words of the wiſe, and their dark ſayings. Prov. i. 5. 6.

INTRODUCTION.

Long e'er th' Aſcrean * bard had learnt to ſing,
Or Homer's fingers touch'd the ſpeaking ſtring;
Long e'er the ſupplemental arts had found
Th' embroid'ry of auxiliary ſound;

* *Heſiod.*

The heav'n-born muſe the paths of nature choſe:
Emblems and fables her whole mind diſcloſe,
Victorious o'er the ſoul with energy of proſe!
True poetry, like Ophir's gold, endures
All trials, yet its purity ſecures;
Invert, diſjoint it, change its very name,
The eſſence of the thoughts remains the ſame.
Something there is, which endleſs charms affords;
And ſtamps the majeſty of truth on words.
The ſon of Gideon *, 'midſt Cherizim's ſnow,
Unſkill'd in numbers taught the ſtream to flow,
With conſcious pride diſdain'd the aids of art,
And pour'd a full conviction on the heart:
His cedar, fig-tree, and the brier convey
The higheſt notions in the humbleſt way †.
In Nathan's fable ſtrong and mild conſpire,
The ſuppliant's meekneſs and the poet's fire:
Till waken'd nature bade the tears to flow,
And David's muſe aſſum'd the voice of woe ‡.
The wiſe, all-knowing Saviour of mankind
Mix'd eaſe with ſtrength, and truth with emblem join'd:
Omniſcience, veſted with full pow'r to chooſe,
O'erlooks the ſtrong, nor does the weak refuſe §.
Leaves pageantry of means to feebler man,
And builds the nobleſt, on the plaineſt plan:
Divine ſimplicity the work befriends,
And humble cauſes reach ſublimeſt ends.
True flame of verſe, O ſanctifying fire ‖!
Warm not my genius, but my heart inſpire!
On my cleans'd lips permit the coals to dwell
Which from thy altar on Iſaiah fell ¶!
Cancel the world's applauſe; and give thy grace
To me, the meaneſt of the tuneful race.
Teach me the words of Jeſus to impart
With energy of pow'r, but free from art.
Thy emanations light and heat diſpenſe;
The ſucklings ſpeech, to children eloquence!—
Like Habakkuk **, I copy, not indite;
Tim'rous like him, I tremble whilſt I write!
But Jeremiah with new boldneſs ſung,
When inſpiration ruſh'd upon his tongue ††
The pow'rs of ſacred poeſy were giv'n
By him, that bears the ſignature of heav'n ‡‡

PARABLE.

When vernal ſhow'rs and ſunſhine had unbound
The frozen boſom of the torpid ground,
When breezes from the weſtern world repair
To wake the flow'rs and vivify the air,
Th' induſtrious peaſant left his early bed,
And o'er the fields his ſeeds for harveſt ſpread.

* *Jotham.*

† *See the whole parable, Judg.* ix. 7, 21.

‡ *On this occaſion David compoſed the* 50*th pſalm.*

§ *It is the uniform doctrine of ſcripture,* "*That ſlight ſhall periſh from the ſwift, and the ſtrong ſhall not ſtrengthen his force, neither ſhall the mighty deliver himſelf.*" *Amos* ii. 14.

‖ *Rom.* xv. 16. 2 *Theſſ.* ii. 13. 1 *Pet.* i. 2.

¶ *Iſaiah* vi. 6.

** *Hab.* ii. 2.

†† *Jer.* i. 6, &c. 8, 9.

‡‡ *John* vi. 27.

With equal hand, and at a diſtance due,
(Impartially to ev'ry furrow true)
The life-ſupporting grain he juſtly threw *.
As was the culture, ſuch was the return;
Of weeds a foreſt, or a grove of corn.
But, where he dealt the gift on grateful ſoils,
Harveſts of induſtry o'er-paid his toils.
Some ſeeds by chance on braſhy † grounds he threw,
And ſome the winds to flinty head-lands blew:
Sudden they mounted, premature of birth,
But pin'd and ſicken'd, unſupply'd with earth:
Whilſt burning ſuns their vital juice exhal'd,
And, as the roots decay'd, the foliage fail'd.
Some ſeeds he ventur'd on ungrateful lands,
Tough churliſh clays, and looſe unthrifty ſands;
The ſtep-dame ſoil refus'd a nurſe's care:
The plants were ſickly, juiceleſs, pale, and bare.
On trodden paths a caſual portion fell:
Condemn'd in ſcanty penury to dwell,
And half-deny'd the matrix of a cell:
While other ſeeds, leſs fortunate than they,
Slept—ſtarv'd and naked on the hard high-way,
From froſts defenceleſs, and to birds a prey.
Here daws with riotous exceſſes feed,
And choughs, the cormorants of grain, ſucceed;
Next wily pigeons take their ſilent ſtand,
And ſparrows laſt, the gleaners of the land.
Another portion mock'd the ſeedſman's toil,
Diſpens'd upon a rich, but weedy ſoil:
Fat unctuous juices gorg'd the rank-fed root;
And plethories of ſap produc'd no fruit.
Hence, where the life-ſupplying grain was ſpread,
The rav'nous dock uprears its miſcreant head;
Inſatiate thiſtles, tyrants of the plains;
And, lurid hemlock, ting'd with pois'nous ſtains.
What theſe might ſpare, th' encroaching thorns demand;
Exhauſt earth's virtue, and perplex the land ‡.
At laſt, of precious grain a choſen ſhare
Was ſown on predilected land with care:
(A cultur'd ſpot, accuſtom'd to receive
All previous aids that induſtry can give;)
The well-turn'd ſoil with auburn brightneſs ſhone,
Mellow'd with nitrous air and genial ſun:
An harmony of mold, by nature mixt!
Not light as air, nor as a cement fix'd:
Juſt firm enough t' embrace the thriving root,
Yet give free expanſe to the fibrous ſhoot;
Dilating, when diſturb'd by lab'ring hands,
And ſmelling ſweet, when ſhow'rs refreſh the lands.
Scarce could the reapers' arms the ſheaves contain,
And the full garners ſwell'd with golden grain;
(Unlike the harveſts of degen'rate days,)
One omer ſown, one hundred fold repays:
Rich product, to a bountiful exceſs;——
Nor ought we more to aſk, nor more poſſeſs!

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* "*Bleſs God, who hath given thee the two denarii, namely, the law and the goſpel, in recompenſe for thy ſubmiſſion and labour.*" CHRYSOST. *Hom. in Luc.* 10.

† *Braſhy lands, in an huſbandry-ſenſe, ſignify lands that are dry, ſhallow, gravelly, and pebbly. Such ſort of grounds the old Romans called glareous:*

——*Jejuna quidem clivoſi glarea ruris.*

VIRG. *Georg.* II.

‡ *See Hoſea* x. 4. and 8.

The harveſt overcomes the reapers' toil:
So feeble is the hind, ſo ſtrong the ſoil *.
Man's Saviour thus his parable expreſs'd;
He that hath ears to hear, may feel the reſt.

INTERPRETATION.

THE gift of knowing is to all men giv'n †;
All know, but few perform, the will of heav'n;
They hear the ſound, but miſs the ſenſe convey'd,
And loſe the ſubſtance, whilſt they view the ſhade.
When ſpecious doctrines hover round a mind
Which is not vitally with heav'n conjoin'd,
The viſionary objects float and paſs
Tranſient as figures, gliding o'er a glaſs:
Each but a momentary viſit makes,
And each ſupplies the place, the laſt forſakes.—
Satan for ever fond to be employ'd,
(And changing minds ev'n aſk to be deſtroy'd ‡),
Marks well th' infirm of faith; and ſoon ſupplies
Phantoms of truth, and ſubſtances of lies:
Killing the dying, he a conqueſt gains;
And, from a little, ſteals the poor remains.
Reaſon, man's guardian, by neglect, or ſleep
Loſes that caſtle, he was meant to keep.
The ſeeds upon a flinty ſurface caſt,
Denote the worldly-wiſe, who think in haſte:
Who change, for changing's ſake, from right to wrong,
Conſtant to nothing, and in nothing long;
To-day they hear the word of God with joy,
To-morrow they the word of God deſtroy;
Indiff'rent, to aſſert, or to deny:
With zeal they flatter, and with zeal decry.
Such is the fool of wit! who ſtrives with pains
To loſe that paradiſe the peaſant gains.——
Whenever adverſe fortune chokes the way,
When danger threats, or clouds o'ercaſt the day,
This plant of caſualty, unfix'd at root,
Shakes with the blaſt, and caſts his unripe fruit;
But, when the ſtorms of poverty ariſe,
And perſecution ev'ry virtue tries,
Mindleſs of God, and truſting to himſelf ‖,
He ſtrands heav'n's freightage on a dang'rous ſhelf.
Averſe to learn, and more averſe to bear,
He ſinks, the abject victim of deſpair!
The men of pow'r and pomp reſemble ſeeds
Sown on rich earth, but chok'd with thorns and weeds.
Religion ſtrikes them, but they ſhun the thought;
Behold the profit, and yet profit nought.

---

* *Imbecillior colonus quàm ager.* COLUMELLA.

† "*To ſin againſt knowledge is a greater offence than an ignorant treſpaſs, in proportion as a fault, which is capable of no excuſe, is more heinous than a fault which admits of a tolerable defence.*" J. MART. *Reſp. ad Orthod.*

"*Ignorance will not excuſe ſin, when it is a ſin in itſelf.*" Anon. Vet.

‡ *He that is idle tempts Satan to ſet him to work.*" CHRYSOST. *Hom.*

Pious Jeremy Taylor once ſaid to a lady, "*Madam, if you do not employ your children, the devil will.*" *The ſon of Sirach gives alſo the following advice: Send thy ſon to labour, that he be not idle; for idleneſs teacheth much evil.*" C. xxxiii. V. 27.

‖ "*We are all careful about ſmall matters, and negligent in the greateſt; of which this is the reaſon, we know not where true felicity is.*" St. HIERON.

Heav'n's high rewards they ſtiently contemn,
And think the preſent world ſuffices them.
Meanwhile ambition leads the ſoul aſtray,
Far from its natal walk, th' ethereal way;
Int'reſt aſſaſſins friendſhip ev'ry hour,
Truth warps to cuſtom, conſcience bends to pow'r,
Till all the cultivating hand receives
Is empty bloſſom, and death-blaſted leaves.
Idiots in judgment; baffled o'er and o'er;
Still the ſame bait, ſtill circumvented more;
Self-victims of the cunning they adore!
Wiſe without wiſdom, buſy to no end;
Man ſtill their foe, and heav'n itſelf no friend!
The choſen ſeed, on cultur'd ground, are they
Who humbly tread the evangelic way.
The road to heav'n is uniform and plain:
All other paths are ſerpentine and vain.
The true diſciple takes the word reveal'd,
Nor ruſhes on the ſanctuary conceal'd,
Whilſt empty reas'ner's emptieſt arts employ;
Nothing they build, and all things they deſtroy!
The provident of heav'n unlocks his ſtore,
To clothe the naked, and to feed the poor:
To each man gen'rous, and to each man juſt,
Conſcious of a depoſitary truſt.
Patient of cenſure, yet condemning none;
Placid to all, accountable to one.
Ev'n in proſperity he fears no loſs,
Expects a change, and ſtarts not at the croſs.
All injuries by patience he ſurmounts;
All ſuff'rings God's own med'cines he accounts *;
Studious of good, and penitent for ill,
Still ſhort of grace, yet perſevering ſtill;
As juſt and true as erring nature can,
(For imperfection ſets its ſtamp on man.)
Heav'n marks the ſaint, her manſions to adorn,
And, having purg'd the chaff, accepts the corn.

* *The Preacher writes beautifully upon this ſubject.* *Eccluſ.* ii.

In like manner St. Chryſoſtom informs us, "*That, in proportion as God adds to our tribulation, he adds likewiſe to our retribution.*"

THE ASCETIC: OR, THOMAS A KEMPIS.

A VISION.

In omnibus requiem quæſivi, et nuſquam inveni, niſi in angulis, et libellis.
Symbol. Kempiſian.

At nunc, diſcuſſa rerum caligine, verum
Aſpicis; illo alii rurſus jactantur in alto,
At tua ſecuros portus, blandamque quietem
Intravit, non quaſſa ratis. STAT. *Sylv.* L. II.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

AT the end of the XIIth ſtanza in this poem, I had ſeveral inducements for venturing to change the ode into heroic meaſure. The firſt was, that I might diverſify the doctrinal part from the deſcriptive. The ſecond was, that our excellent and moſt learned poet, Cowley, had given me his authority for making this change, in his poem *de Plantis*. But the third and truer reaſon was, that I found it next to impracticable, to deliver ſhort, unadorned, didactical ſentences conſiſtently with the copiouſneſs, irregularity, and enthuſiaſm peculiar to ode-writing---Let the reader only make the experiment, and I flatter myſelf he will join with me in opinion.---Nor have I departed any further than in a metaphor or two from that original ſimplicity which characterizes my author, however difficult and ſelf-denying ſuch an undertaking might be in a poetical compoſition. What gave me warning was, that Caſtalio and Stanhope had both ſpoiled Thomas à Kempis by attempting to adorn him with flowery language, falſe elegance, and glaring imagery. And, by the way, to this cauſe may be attributed the miſcarriages of many poets (otherwiſe confeſſedly eminent) in their paraphraſes of the pſalms of David, the book of Job, &c. The grandeur of ſcriptural ſublimity, or ſimplicity, admits of few or no embelliſhments. George Sandys, in the reign of Charles I ſeems only to have known this ſecret.

And in the morning, riſing up a great while before day, he went and departed into a ſolitary place, and there prayed. MARK i. 35.

DEEP in a vale, where cloud-born * Rhyne
Through meads his alpine waters roll'd,
Where panſies mixt with daiſies ſhine,
And aſphodels inſtar'd with gold;
Two foreſts, ſkirting round the feet
Of everlaſting mountains, meet,
Half-parted by an op'ning glade;
Around Hercynian oaks are ſeen.---
Larches †, and cypreſs ever-green,
Unite their hoſpitable ſhade.
Impearl'd with dew, the roſy morn
Stood tip-toe * on the mountain's brow;

* *This river takes its riſe from one of the higheſt ice-mountains in Switzerland.*

† *The ſpecies of larch-tree here meant is called Sempervirens: the other larches are deciduis foliis.*

* *Tip-toe. Shakſpeare.*

Gleams following gleams the heav'ns adorn,
And gild the theatre below:
Nature from needful ſlumber wakes,
And from her miſty eye-balls ſhakes
The balmy dews of ſoft repoſe:
The pious lark with grateful lays
Aſcends the ſkies, and chants the praiſe
Which man to his Creator owes †.

When lo! a venerable ſire appears,
With ſprightly footſteps haſt'ning o'er the plain;
His treſſes bore the marks of fourſcore years,
Yet free from ſickneſs he, and void of pain:
His eyes with half their youthful clearneſs ſhone ‡.
Still on his cheeks health's tincture gently glow'd,
His aged voice retain'd a manly tone,
His peaceful blood in equal tenor flow'd;
At length, beneath a beechen ſhade reclin'd,
He thus pour'd forth to Heav'n the tranſports of his mind.

"Come unto me" (Meſſiah cries.)
"All that are laden and oppreſs'd:"

"To thee I come" (my heart replies)
"O Patron of eternal reſt!"
"Who walks with me" (rejoins the voice)
"In pureſt day-light ſhall rejoice,
"Incapable to err, or fall."
With thee I walk, my gracious God;
Long I've thy painful footſteps trod,
Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of all *!

Heav'n in my youth beſtow'd each good
Of choicer ſort: in fertile lands
A decent patrimony ſtood,
Sufficient for my juſt demands.
My form was pleaſing; health refin'd
My blood; a deep-diſcerning mind
Crown'd all the reſt; ---The fav'rite child
Of unaffected eloquence,
Plain nature, unſcholaſtic ſenſe---
And once or twice the muſes ſmil'd!

Bleſt with each boon that ſimpler minds deſire,
Till Heav'n grows weary of their nauſeous pray'rs,
I made the nobler option to retire †,
And gave the world to worldlings and their heirs;
The warrior's laurels, and the ſtateſman's fame,
The vain man's hopes for titles and employ,
The pomp of ſtation, and the rich man's name,
I left for fools to ſeek, and knaves t' enjoy ‡;
An early whiſper did its truths impart,
And all the God conceal'd irradiated my heart.

Happy the man who turns to Heav'n,
When on the landſcape's verge of green
Old-age appears, to whom 'tis giv'n
To creep in ſight, but fly, unſeen!
Stealer of marches, ſubtile foe,
Sinon of ſtratagem and woe!
Thy fatal blows ah! who can ward?
Around the lurks a motely train
Of wants, and fears, and chronic pain,
The hungry Croats of thy guard.

(Thus on the flow'r-enamel'd lawn,
Unconſcious of the leaſt ſurpriſe,
In thoughtleſs gambols ſports the fawn,
Whilſt veil'd in graſs the tygreſs lies.
The ſilent trait'reſs crouches low,
Her very lungs furceaſe to blow:
At length ſhe darts on hunger's wings;—
Sure of her diſtance and ſucceſs,
Where Newton could but only gueſs,
She never miſſes, when ſhe ſprings §.)

---

† "*Before we engage in worldly buſineſs, or any common amuſements of life, let us be careful to conſecrate the firſt-fruits of the day, and the very beginning of our holy thoughts unto the ſervice of God.*" ST. BASIL.

‡ *Thomas à Kempis had no manifeſt infirmities of old age, and retained his eye-ſight perfect to the laſt.*

All that I have ever been able to learn in Germany, upon good authority, concerning him, is as follows: he was born at Kempis, or Kempen, a ſmall walled town in the dutchy of Cleves, and dioceſe of Cologn. His family-name was Hamerlein, which ſignifies, in the German language, a little hammer. We find alſo that his parents were named John and Gertrude Hamerlein. He lived chiefly in the monaſtery of Mount St. Agnes; where his effigy, together with a proſpect of the monaſtery, was engraven on a plate of copper that lies over his body. The ſaid monaſtery is now called Bergh-Clooſter, or, as we might ſay in Engliſh, Hill Cloyſter. Many ſtrangers in their travels viſit it. Kempis was certainly one of the beſt and greateſt men ſince the primitive ages. His Book of the Imitation of Chriſt has ſeen near forty editions in the original Latin, and above ſixty Tranſlations have been made from it into modern languages.

Our author died Auguſt the 8th, 1471, aged 92 years.

In the engraving on copper above-mentioned, and lying over his grave, is repreſented a perſon reſpectfully preſenting to him a label, on which is written a verſe to this effect:

"*Oh! where is Peace? for Thou its paths haſt trod.*"—

To which Kempis returns another ſtrip of paper, inſcribed as follows:

"*In poverty, retirement, and with God.*"

He was a canon regular of Auguſtins, and ſub-prior of Mount St. Agnes' monaſtery. He compoſed his treatiſe On the Imitation of Chriſt, in the ſixty-firſt year of his age, as appears from a note of his own writing in the library of his convent.

* *Imitation of Chriſt*, Lib. I. C. i.

† "*Solitude is the beſt ſchool wherein to learn the way to Heaven.*" ST. JEROM.

"*Worldly honours are a trying ſnare to men of an exalted ſtation; of courſe their chief care muſt be, to put themſelves out of the reach of envy by humility.*". NEPOTIAN.

"*The pleaſures of this world are only the momentary comforts of the miſerable, and not the rewards of the happy.*" ST. AUGUST.

‡ *Cætera ſolicitæ ſpecioſa incommoda vitæ*
Permiſi ſtultis quærere, habere malis.
COULEIUS *de Plant.*

§ *This parentheſis was inſerted by way of imitating the famous parentheſis in Horace's Ode which begins*

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c.

More truly wife the man, whofe early youth *
Is offer'd a free off'ring to the Lord,
A ſelf-addicted votary to truth,
Servant through choice diſciple by accord!
Heav'n always did th' unblemiſh'd turtle chooſe,
Where health conjoin'd with ſpirit moſt abounds.
Heav'n ſeeks the young, nor does the old refuſe,
But youth acquits the debt, which age compounds!
Awkward in time, and four'd with ſelf-diſgrace,
The ſpendthrift pays his all, and takes the bankrupt's place.

Thus ſpoke the venerable ſage,
Who ne'er imbib'd Mæonian lore,
Who drew no aids from Maro's page,
And yet to nobler flights could ſoar.
Taught by the Soliméan maid;
With native elegance array'd
He gave his eaſy thoughts to flow;
The charms which anxious art deny'd
Truth and ſimplicity ſupply'd,
Melodious in religious woe.

Poet in ſentiment! He feels
The flame; nor ſeeks from verſe's aid!
The veil which artful charms conceals,
To real beauty proves a ſhade.
When nature's out-lines dubious are,
Verſe decks them with a flight cymarr †;
True charms by art in vain are dreſt.
Not icy proſe could damp his fire:
Intenſe the flame and mounting high'r,
Brightly victorious when oppreſt!

By this time morn in all its glory ſhone;
The ſun's chaſte kiſs abſorb'd the virgin dew:
Th' impatient peaſant wiſh'd his labour done,
The cattle to th' umbrageous ſtreams withdrew:
Beneath a cool impenetrable ſhade,
Quiet, he mus'd. So Jonas ſafely ſate
(When the ſwift gourd her palmy leaves diſplay'd)
To ſee the tow'rs of Ninus bow to fate ‡.
Th' Aſcetic then drew forth a parchment-ſcroll,
And thus pour'd out to Heav'n th' effuſions of his ſoul.

THE MEDITATION OF THOMAS A KEMPIS.

(1.) 'Tis vanity to wiſh for length of days;
The art of living well is wiſe men's praiſe.
If death, not length of life, engag'd our view,
Life would be happier, and death happier too (*a*).
Nature foreſhows our death: 'tis God's decree;
The king, the inſect dies: and ſo muſt we.
What's natural, and common to us all,
What neceſſary,— none ſhould evil call.
Check thy fond love of life, and human pride;
Shall man repine at death, when Chriſt has dy'd?

(2.) He that can calmly view the maſk of death,
Will never tremble at the face beneath:
Probationer of Heav'n, he ſtarts no more
To ſee the laſt ſands ebb, than thoſe before*.
(3.) In vain we argue, boaſt, elude, deſcant;—
No man is honeſt that's afraid of want.
No blood of confeſſors that boſom warms †,
Which ſtarts at hunger, as the worſt of harms. (*b*)
(4.) The man with Chriſtian perſeverance fir'd‡,
Check'd but not ſtopp'd; retarded but not tir'd;
Straiten'd by foes, yet ſure of a retreat,
In Heav'n's protection reſts ſecurely great §:
Hears ev'ry ſharp alarm without diſmay;
Midſt dangers dauntleſs, and midſt terrors gay;
Indignant of obſtruction glows his flame,
And, ſtruggling, mounts to Heav'n, from whence it came:
Oppreſs'd it thrives; its own deſtroyers tires,
And with unceaſing fortitude aſpires (*c*).
When man deſponds (of human hope bereft,
Patience and Chriſtian heroiſm are left (*d*).
Let patience be thy firſt and laſt concern;
The hardeſt taſk a Chriſtian has to learn ‖!
Life's pendulum in th' other world ſhall make
Advances, on the ſide it now goes back.
By force, a virtue of celeſtial kind
Was never ſtorm'd; by art 'tis undermin'd ¶.
(5.) All ſeek for knowledge. Knowledge is no more
Than this; to know ourſelves, and God adore.
Wouldſt thou with profit ſeek, and learn with gain?—
Unknown thyſelf, in ſolitude remain (*e*).
Virtue retires, but in retirement blooms,
Full of good works, and dying in perfumes **,

---

* "*Even from the flower till the grape was ripe, hath my heart delighted in wiſdom.*"
Eccl. li. 15.

† *A thin covering of the gauſe, or ſarcenet-kind.*
Dryd. *Cymon & Iphigen.*

‡ Jonah, iv. 6.

(*a*) *This and the following paſſages marked with a note of reference are extracted almoſt verbatim from Kempis's Book of the Imitation of Chriſt.* Lib. I. C. 1. 2. *See alſo* Lib. I. C. 19. 23.

* "*Death, when compared to life, ſeems to be a remedy, and not a puniſhment.*" St. Macar.
On the ſame point another primitive Chriſtian hath obſerved, "*That the Supreme Being made life ſhort; ſince, as the troubles of it cannot be removed from us, we may the ſooner be removed from them.*" St. Bernard.

† "*Doſt thou fear poverty? Chriſt calls the poor man bleſſed.---Art thou afraid of labour? Pains are productive of a crown.---Art thou hungry? A true confidence in God fears no famine:---for the Supreme Governor of the world beholds thy warfare; and prepares for thee a crown of glory and everlaſting reſt.*"---
Hieron. *in Epiſt.*

(*b*) L. II. *Thom. à Kempis.*

‡ "*Perſeverance is an image of eternity.*"
St. Bernard.

§ "*The greateſt ſafety man can have is to fear nothing but God.*" Senec.
"*Human fear depreſſes, the fear of God exhilarates.*" Gassian.

(*c*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. III. C. 5. *Ibid.* C. 19. No. 1.

(*d*) *Ibid.* C. 35. No. 2. *Ibid.* C. 18. No. 2.

‖ *See alſo Cauſſin's Holy Court*, Part I. L. 3. Sect. 32. Fol. 1650.

¶ "*True Chriſtian piety was never made a real captive; it may be killed, but cannot be conquered.*" St. Jerom.

(*e*) *Imitat. of Chriſt.* L. I. C. 20. L. II. C. 10.

** "*The retired Chriſtian, in ſeeking after an*

In thy own heart the living waters riſe *;
Good conſcience is the wiſdom of the wiſe (*f*)!
Man's only confidence, unmixt with pride,
Is the firm truſt (*g*) that God is on his ſide †!
Like Aaron's rod the faithful and the juſt,
Torn from their tree, ſhall bloſſom in the duſt.
(6.) God, ſays the chief of penitents ‡, is one
Who gives Himſelf, his Spirit, and his Son.
"Is hunger irkſome?—Thou by him art fed
"With quails miraculous, and heav'nly bread.
"Is thirſt oppreſſive?—Lift thy eyes, and ſee
"Cat'racts of water fall from rocks for thee.
"Art thou in darkneſs?—Uncreated light
"Is all thy own, and guides thy erring ſight.
"Is nakedneſs thy lot?—Yet ne'er repine,
"The veſtments of eternity are thine.
"Art thou a widow?—God's thy conſort true.
"Art thou an orphan?—He's thy father too."
(7.) The men of ſcience aim themſelves to ſhow ‖.
And know juſt what imports them not toknow (*h*).
(Once having miſs'd the truth, they farther ſtray:
As men ride faſteſt who have loſt their way);
While the poor peaſant that with daily care
Improves his lands, and offers heav'n his pray'r,
With conſcious boldneſs may produce his face
Where proud philoſophers ſhall want a place (*i*).
Philoſophy in anxious doubts expires:
Religion trims her lamp, as life retires (*k*).
True faith, like gold, into the furnace caſt,
Maintains its ſterling pureneſs to the laſt.

---

happy life, actually enjoys one; and poſſeſſes that already which he only fancies he is purſuing."
ST. EUCHER.

* "*Drink waters out of thine own ciſterns.* PROV. v. 15. *See alſo* REV. xxii. 1. "*And he ſhowed me a pure river of water of life, clear as cryſtal.*" *See* JOHN. vii. 38.

(*f*) *Imitat. of Jeſus Chriſt.* L. I. C. 5.

(*g*) *Imitat. of Jeſus Chriſt.* Lib. II. C. 10.

† "*The only means of obtaining true ſecurity is to commit all our intereſts to God, who conſtantly knows, and is ever willing to beſtow good things on them that aſk him as they ought.*" CASSIAN.

"*Security is no-where but in the love and ſervice of God. It is neither in heaven, nor paradiſe, much leſs in the preſent world. In heaven the angels fell from the divine preſence: In paradiſe Adam loſt his abode of pleaſure: In the world Judas fell from the ſchool of our Saviour.*"
ST. BERNARD.

‡ *St. Auguſt. The ten lines marked with inverted commas are a literal tranſlation from him.*

‖ "*It is good to know much and live well: but if we cannot attain both, it is better to deſire piety than learning; for knowledge makes no man truly happy, nor doth happineſs conſiſt in intellectual acquiſitions. The only valuable thing is a religious life.*" *Sti.* GREG. *Magn. Moral.*

Analogia. "*That only is the beſt knowledge which makes us better.*"

(*h*) *Imitat of Chriſt.*

(*i*) *Ibid.*

(*k*) *Imitat. of Jeſus Chriſt*, L. II. C. 10.

Conſcience will ev'ry pious act atteſt *†.
A ſilent panegyriſt, but the beſt!
(8.) All chaſtiſements for private uſe are giv'n;
The revelations perſonal of heav'n (*l*) ‡:
But man in miſery miſtakes his road,
Sighs for loſt joys, and never turns to God (*m*).
Heav'n more than meets her child with ſorrow try'd;
Her dove brings olive, e'er the waves ſubſide (*n*).
Man gives but once, and grudges when we ſue;
Heav'n makes old gifts the precedents for new.
(9.) Afflictions have their uſe of ev'ry kind;
At once they humble and exalt the mind:
The ferment of the ſoul by juſt degrees
Refines the true clear ſpirit from the lees (*o*).
Boaſt as we will, and argue as we can,
None ever knew the virtues of a man,
Except affliction ſifts the flour from bran (*p*):
Say, is it much indignities to bear,
When God for thee thy nature deign'd to wear?
If ſlander vilifies the good man's name,
It hurts not, but prevents a future ſhame.
The cenſure and reproaches of mankind
Are the true Chriſtian mentors of the mind.
No other way humility is gain'd;
No other way vain-glory is reſtrain'd.
Nor worſe, nor better we, if praiſe or blame
Lift or depreſs—The man is ſtill the ſame (*q*).
The happy, if they're wiſe, muſt all things fear;
Nor need th' unhappy, if they're good, deſpair.
(10.) Hard is the talk 'gainſt nature's ſtrength to ſtrive:
Perfection is the lot of none alive;
Or grant frail man could tread th' unerring road,
How could we ſuffer for the ſake of God (*r*)?
Affliction's ordeal, ſharp, but brightly ſhines;
Sep'rates the gold, and ev'ry vice calcines.
In adverſe fortune, when the ſtorm runs high,
And ſickneſs graves death's image on the eye,

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* *As in water face anſwereth to face, ſo the heart of man to man* PROV. xxvii. 19. "*Thou canſt avoid, ſooner or later, whatever moleſteth thee, except thy own conſcience.*"
AUGUSTIN. *in Pſalm* xxx.

(*l*) *Imitat. of Jeſus Chriſt*, L. I. C. 13.

† *Job* xxxvii. 13. "*It is the work and providence of God's ſecret counſel, that the days of the elect ſhould be troubled in their pilgrimage. This preſent life is the way to our eternal abode: God therefore in his ſecret wiſdom afflicts our travel with continual trouble, leſt the delights of our journey might take away the deſire of our journey's end.*" *Sti.* GREG *Mag.*

"*No ſervant of Chriſt is without affliction. If you expect to be free from perſecution, you have not yet ſo much as begun to be a Chriſtian.*"
ST. AUGUST.

(*m*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. I. C. 11.

(*n*) *Imitat. of Chriſt, ibid. See alſo Gen.* viii. 11.

(*o*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. I. C. 13.

(*p*) *Ibid.* Lib. I. C. 16. Lib. III. C. 12. *See alſo Amos* ix. 3. *and Luke* xxii. 31.

(*q*) *Ibid.* L. III. C. 5.

(*r*) *Ibid.*

Nor wealth, nor rank, nor pow'r, aſſuage the grief,
Aſk God to ſend thee patience or relief (*s*).
The infant Moſes 'ſcap'd his watery grave *.
Heav'n half-o'erwhelms the man it means to ſave!
(11) Th' ambitious and the covetous deſire
More than their worth deſerves, or wants require:
Not merely for the profit things may yield,
But ah, their neighbour's pittance maims their field:
Thus, gain'd by force, or fraudulent deſign,
The grapes of Naboth yield them blood for wine †.
(12.) Nothing but truth can claim a laſting date (*t*);
Time is truth's ſureſt judge, and judges late:
And, for thy guide, be he alone believ'd,
Who never can deceive, nor is deceiv'd ‡!
Thus ſafe through waves the ſons of Iſ'rel trod;
Their better magnet was the lamp of God:
And thus heav'n's ſtar, earth's humble ſhepherds led
To their Meſſiah in his humbler bed.
(13) Flatt'ry and fame at death the vain forſake,
And other knaves and fools their honours take ‖.
(14) Teaze not thy mind; nor run a reſtleſs round
In ſearch of ſcience better loſt than found.
Still teach thy ſoul a ſober courſe to try,
And ſhun the track of ſingularity!
(15.) Preſumptuous ſlights and ſceptical debates
Foretel (Caſſandra like) the fall of ſtates.
So Greece and Rome ſoon moulder'd to decay,
When Epicurus ſyſtem gain'd the day.
But thoſe who make profaneneſs ſtand for wit,
Deſp'rate apply the pigeons to their feet:
Bankrupts of ſenſe, and impudently bad;
Their judgment ruin'd, and their fancy mad!
Like Daniel's ¶ Goat in ** th' inſolence of youth,
Stars they diſplace, and overturn the truth.
(16.) He, who adopts religions, wrong or right,
Is not a convert, but an hypocrite:

(*s*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. iii. C. 5.

* *Exod* ii. 5.

† "*Ahab's excuſe to Naboth, when he ſaid, Give me thy vineyard that I may make it a garden of herbs, repreſents in a lively manner the pretences that avaricious and ambitious men uſe, when they want to make new acquiſitions. They lie to their conſciences; aſking a ſeeming trifle, and meaning to obtain ſomething very valuable*"
ST AMBROSE.

(*t*) *Imitat. of Jeſus Chriſt*, L. I C. 3.

‡ —— *Neque decipitur, neque decipit unquam.*
MANIL.

‖ "*There is no work that ſhows more art and induſtry than the texture of a ſpider's web. The delicate threads are ſo nicely diſpoſed, and ſo curiouſly interwoven one with another, that you would think it produced by the labour of a celeſtial being; yet nothing in the event is more fragil and unſubſtantial. A breath of wind tears it to pieces, and carries it away. Juſt ſo are worldly acquiſitions made by men in exalted ſtations, and reputed wiſe and cunning.*" ORIGEN.

¶ *Dan.* VIII. 10. 11

** *The prophet here means, by the Goat, the king of Greece, the region of vain philoſophy.*

Him, ſeeming what he is not, man eſteems;
God hates him, for he is not what he ſeems.
The bull-ruſh thus a ſpecious outſide wears,
Smooth as the ſhining rind the poplar bears:
But ſtrip the cov'ring of its poliſh'd ſkin,
And all is unſubſtantial ſponge within.
When not a whiſper breathes upon the trees,
Unmov'd it ſtands, but bends with every breeze.
It boaſts th' ablution of a ſilver flood,
But feeds on mire, and roots itſelf in mud.
(17.) Self-love is fooliſh, criminal, and vain *;
Therefore, O man, ſuch partial views reſtrain:
And often take this counſel for a rule,
To pleaſe one's ſelf is but to pleaſe one fool †.
(18.) The alms we give, we keep: The alms we ſave
We loſe: Poſſeſſing only what we gave ‡.
But if vain-glory prompts the tongue to boaſt,
In vain we ſtrive to give, the gift is loſt
Wealth, unbeſtow'd, is the fool's alchymy;—
Miſers have wealth, but taſte it not;—and die.
In ev'ry purſe that th' avaricious bears,
There's ſtill a rent, which wily Satan tears ‖:
A man may mend it, at returning light,
But the arch fiend undarns the work at night.
Uſeleſs, O miſer, are thy labours found;
And all thy vintage leaks on thirſty ground §.
Chimeric nonſenſe! Riches unemploy'd
In doing good, are riches unenjoy'd
The ſlave who ſets his ſoul on worthleſs pelf,
Is a mere Diocleſian to himſelf,
A wretched martyr in a wretched cauſe;
Alive, unhonour'd; dead, without applauſe!
Boaſt not of homage to earth's monarchs giv'n;—
A Paula's ** name is better known in heav'n.
(19.) Riches no more are ours, than are the waves
Of yonder Rhyne, which our Mount-Agnes †† laves.

* "*He that loveth himſelf moſt, hath of all men the happineſs of finding the feweſt rivals*"
ANON *Vet.*

† "*He that pleaſeth himſelf, pleaſeth a fool.*"

‡ "*The riches which thou treaſureſt up, are loſt; thoſe which thou charitably beſtoweſt, are truly thine.*" ST. AUGUST.

‖ *Haggai* i. 6.

§ —— —— —— *Ibi omnis*
Effuſus labor —— VIRG.

** *Paula was a Roman lady deſcended from the Gracchi and Scipios. Her huſband was of the Julian race. After his deceaſe ſhe gave moſt of her poſſeſſions to the poor, and retired from Rome to a ſolitude at Bethlehem. That incomparable virgin Euſtochium was her daughter. Both their hiſtories are drawn at large by St. Jerom, and addreſſed to Euſtochium. Paula has written ſome excellent verſes on religious ſubjects.*

She built a temple at Emmaus in honour of our bleſſed Saviour. Her tombs at Bethlehem. The inſcription for her and her daughter was written by St. Jerom.
SANDY'S TRAV. Fol. 135, 139. &c.

†† *The name of the monaſtery where Kempis reſided.*

Th' impatient waters no continuance make;
Adopt new owners, and their old forſake.
As thoſe who call for wines, beyond their ſhare,
Refund the draughts which nature cannot bear;
(Whilſt bile and gall corroding in their breaſt
Demand a paſſage, and admit no reſt:)
Juſt ſo rapacious miſers ſwell their ſtore;
To di'monds di'monds add, and ore to ore;
They gulp down wealth, and, with heart-piercing pain,
And clay-cold qualms, diſcharge the load again.
Death burſts the caſket, and the farce is o'er;
(Curſt is that wealth, which never eas'd the poor!
Whilſt fools and ſpendthrifts ſweep it from the floor.
The gold of Ophir * dazzles their weak eyes,
Turquoiſes † next their weaker minds ſurpriſe,
Rich, deeply azur'd, like Italian ſkies.
Then are the fiery rubies ‡ to be ſeen,
And em'ralds § tinctur'd with the rainbow's green:
Tranſlucent beryl ‖, flame-ey'd chryſolite ¶,
And ſardonyx ** refreſher of the ſight;
With theſe th' empurpled amethiſt combines ††,
And opaz ‡‡, vein'd with riv'lets, mildly ſhines.
All firſt turns into riot, then to care:——
Whirl'd down th' impetuous torrent, call'd an heir.
(19.) Religion's harbour, like th' Etrurian bay §§,
Secure from ſtorms is land-lock'd ev'ry way.
Safe, 'midſt the wreck of worlds, the veſſel rides,
Nor minds the abient rage of winds and tides:
Whilſt from his prow the pilot, looking down,
Surveys at once God's image and his own ‖‖;
Heav'n's favour ſmoothes th' expanſe, and calmneſs ſleeps
On the clear mirror of the ſilent deeps (*u*).
(20.) No man at once two Edens can enjoy ¶¶:
Nor earth and heav'n the ſelf-ſame mind employ.

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* *Gold of Ophir. See* 1 *Kings* ix. 28. 1 *Chron.* xxix. 4. 2 *Chron.* viii. 18. *Pſalm* xlv. 9. *Iſaiah* xiii. 12.

† *Turquoiſes.* "*The true oriental turquoiſe comes out of the old rock in the mountains of Piriſkua, about eighty miles from the town of Moſcheda.*"

HIST. OF GUST. ADOLPH. Vol. II. p. 342.

‡ *Rubies.* "*Nazarites, more ruddy than rubies.*" LAM. iv. 7.

§ *Emeralds.* "*A rainbow in ſight like an emerald.*" REV. iv. 3.

‖ *Beryl.* DAN. x. 6. REV. xxi. 20.

¶ *Chryſolite.* EZEK. xxviii.

** *Sardonyx.* REV. xxi. 20.

†† *Amethiſt.* *Exod.* xxviii. 19. *Ibid.* xxxix. 12.

‡‡ *Ezek.* xxviii. 13. *and Rev.* xxi. 20.

§§ *The port of Leriche, in Tuſcany.*

‖‖ *One way to know God is perfectly to know one's ſelf.* HUGO *de anima.*

Why doſt thou wonder, O man, at the height of the ſtars, or depth of the ſea? Examine rather thine own ſoul, and wonder there. ISIDOR.

(*u*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. II. C. 1—3.

¶¶ *It is not only difficult, but impoſſible to enjoy heaven here and hereafter; or, in other words, to live in pleaſure and diſſipation, and at the ſame time attain ſpiritual happineſs. No man hath paſſed from one paradiſe to another: No man hath been the mirror of felicity in both worlds, nor ſhone with equal glory in earth and in heaven.* HIERON.

Two diff'rent ways th' unſocial objects draw:
Fleſh ſtrives with ſpirit, nature combats law:
Reaſon and revelation live at ſtrife,
Though meant for mutual aid, like man and wife (*w*).
Religion and the world can ne'er agree:
One eye is ſacrific'd, that one may ſee.
Canals, for pleaſure made, with pleaſure ſtray;
But drain at length the middle ſtream away.
(21.) Life's joys and pomp at diſtance ſhould appear,
Poſſeſſion brings the vulgar dawbing near.
Who can rejoice to tread a devious road,
Led by falſe views, and ſerpentine from God (*x*)
Would'ſt thou be vitally with Chriſt conjoin'd?
Copy his deeds, and imitate his mind (*y*).
No man can worldly happineſs enſure;
Heav'n's conſolation all men may procure (*z*).
(22.) When paſſions reign with arbitrary ſway,
Reſiſtance, not compliance, wins the day (*a*).
Here av'rice, there ambitious ſchemes prevail;
Who can quench flames when double winds aſſail?
Boaſt as we will, our Chriſtian glories lie
In humble ſuff'ring, not proud apathy (*b*).
Submiſſion an eternal crown procures;
Heav'n's hero conquers moſt, who moſt endures.——
Like the four cherubs in Ezekiel's dream *,
(What time the prophet ſlept by Chebar's ſtream)
The Chriſtian, mov'd by energy divine,
Walks forward ſtill, in one unvarying line †:
Nor wealth, nor pow'r, attract his wand'ring ſight;
He ſwerves not to the left hand, nor the right.
Humbly he eats, and finds the proffer'd ſcroll
Sweet to the taſte, inſpiring to the ſoul ‡.
So when Saul's weary'd ſon his faſting broke
With honey dropping from Philiſtian oak,
Returning ſtrength and ſprightlineſs ariſe,
Glow on his cheeks, and ſparkle in his eyes §.
When fortune ſmiles within doors and without,
Man's heart, well-pleas'd, may think itſelf devout:
But, when ill days, and nights of pain, ſucceed,
Let him bear well, and he's devout indeed (*c*).
(23.) Thoſe who revenge a deed that injures them,
Copy the very ſin, which they condemn ‖.
Impiouſly wand'ring from the Chriſtian road,
They ſnatch God's own prerogative from God!

(*w*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. I. C. 24.

(*x*) *Ibid.* L. I. C. 21.

(*y*) *Ibid.*

(*z*) *Ibid.*

(*a*) *Ibid.* L. I. C. 6.

(*b*) *Ibid.* L. II. C. 3.

* *See Ezek.* i.

† *Ezek.* i. 12. ‡ *Ibid.* iii. 1, 2, 3.

§ 1 *Sam.* xiv. 29.

(*c*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. II. C. 3.

‖ *To return one injury for another is to revenge like man: Whereas to revenge like God is to love our enemies. It is a great happineſs not to be able to hurt ones neighbour, nor to have the power and parts to do miſchief. The*

Michael in bitterneſs of ſtrife conſign'd
The final verdict to th' unerring mind *.——
From turbulence of anger wiſely keep;
The hind who ſoweth winds, ſhall whirlwinds reap †.

(24.) The worldling, temper of himſelf, purſues
Idols of his own making; idiot's views;
Unhappy wretch! wrapt up in thin diſguiſe!
(Where all *that is not impious, is unwiſe!*)
See, how he broods from night to morning's dawn,
On eggs of baſiliſks, and ſcorpion-ſpawn ‡:
And, after all the care he can impart,
His foſter'd miſcreants ſting him to the heart;
Swift through each vein the myſtic poiſons roll,
Fatal alike to body and to ſoul §!

(25.) Perfect would be our nature and our joy
If man could ev'ry year one vice deſtroy (*d*) ‖.
Withdraw thee from the ſins that moſt aſſail,
And labour where thy virtues leaſt prevail (*e*).

(26.) Falſe joys elate, and griefs as falſe con-
The little piſmire with an human ſoul ¶: [troul
Oh, were he like th' unreas'ning ant, who ſtrives
For ſolid good, and but by inſtinct lives.

(27.) To wail and not amend a life miſpent
Means to confeſs, but means not to repent:
Tongue-penitents, like him who too much owes,
Run more in debt, and live but to impoſe.

(28.) Deem not th' unhappy, vicious; nor devote
To ſarcaſm and contempt the thread-bare coat.
Oft have we ſeen rich fields of genuine corn
Edg'd round with brambles, and begirt with thorn.
The pow'rs of Zeuxis' pencil are the ſame,
Enclos'd in gilded, or in ſable frame.

(29.) The down that ſmoothes the great man's anxious bed,
Was gather'd from a quiet poor man's ſhed:
Content and peace are found in mean eſtate,
And Jacob's dreams on Jacob's pillow wait.
So Tekoa's ſwain, by no vain glories led,
Nurtur'd his herds with leaves, and humbly fed **.

(30.) Good turns of friends we ſcribble on the ſand,
But injuries engrav'd on marble ſtand ††.

(31.) With pray'rs thy ev'ning cloſe, thy morn begin;
But heav'n's true Sabbath is to reſt from ſin.

(32.) An hermit once cry'd out in private pray'r,
"Oh, if I knew that I ſhould perſevere!"
An angel's voice reply'd, in placid tone,
"What would'ſt thou do, if the great truth were known?
"Do now *, what thour intendeſt then to do,
"And everlaſting ſafety ſhall enſue." (*f*)——
To chooſe, implies delay; whilſt time devours
The ſickly bloſſoms of preceding hours.
Repentence, well perform'd, confirms the more;
As bones, well ſet, grow ſtronger than before.

(33.) When heav'n excites thee to a better way,
Catch the ſoft ſummons, and the call obey;
Thus Mary left her ſolitude and tears,
When Martha whiſper'd, Lo thy Chriſt appears (*g*)!

(34.) The virtues of the world, which moſt men move,
Are lay'rs from pride, or graftings on ſelf-love †:
Whatever for itſelf is not eſteem'd,
Proves a falſe choice, and is not as it ſeem'd ‡.

(35.) The tract to heav'n is intricate and ſteep;
Narrow to tread, and difficult to keep:
On either hand ſharp precipices lie,
And our ſteps faulter with the ſwerving eye;
That paſſage clear'd, a level road remains,
Through quiet valleys and refreſhing plains (*h*).

(36.) Moſt would buy heav'n without a price or loſs;
They like the paradiſe, but ſhun the croſs (*i*).
Many participate of Chriſt's repaſt;
Few chooſe his abſtinence, or learn to faſt (*k*).
Few reliſh Chriſtianity; and moſt [coaſt §:
(In private wiſh their Lord would leave their
Thouſands may counterfeit th' apparent part;
And thouſands may be Gergeſenes at heart ‖.

---

ingenuity of (what we call) men of the world, conſiſts in knowing how to injure others, and revenge ourſelves when injured. Whereas, on the contrary, not to return evil for evil is the true honour and vital principle of the goſpel. LEON.

* *Jude* 9. *Zech.* iii. 2.

† *Hoſea* vii. 7. *Hind is the head ſervant in huſbandry matters. Chaucer, Dryden, and in the weſt of England at preſent.*

‡ *Iſaiah* lix. 4.

§ *Matth.* x. 28.

(*d*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. I. C. xi. L. II. C. xxiii.

‖ *Inſtead of ſtanding ſtill, going backward, or deviating, always add, always proceed: Not to advance, in ſome ſenſe is to retire. It is better to creep in the right way, than fly in the wrong way.* St. AUGUST. *in Serm.*

(*e*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. I. C. xxv.

¶ *Man.* ** *Amos* vii. 14.

†† *Kempiſii dictum commune. Beneficia pulveri; ſi quid mali patimur, marmori inſculpimus.*

* *A Chriſtian hath no to-morrow; that is to ſay, a Chriſtian ſhould put off no duty till to-morrow.* TERTULL.

(*f*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. I. C. 25.

(*g*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. II. C. 28. *See John* ii. 28.

† *There is a ſort of ſeeming good, which, if a rational mind loves, it ſinneth; inaſmuch as it is an object beneath the conſideration of ſuch a mind.* St. AUGUST. *de Ver. Relig.*

Whatever is not loved on account of its own intrinſic worth, is not properly loved. IDEM *in Soliloq.* L. I. C. 13.

‡ *In this life there is no virtue but in loving that which is truly amiable. To chooſe this, is prudence; to be averted from it by no terrifying circumſtances, is fortitude. To be influenced by no ſort of temptation, is temperance; and to be affected by no ambitious views, is conſidering the thing with impartial juſtice as we ought to do.* IDEM, *de Ver. Felicitat.* L. II.

(*h*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. II. C. II. N°. 1.

(*i*) *Ibid.*

(*k*) *Ibid.*

§ *Matth.* viii. 34. ‖ *Ibid.*

It is common for man to aſk every bleſſing that God can beſtow, but be rarely deſires to poſſeſs God himſelf. AUGUST. *in Pſalm* lxxvi.

All in Chriſt's kingdom would the thrones partake;
Few have the faith to ſuffer for his ſake. (*l*)

His taſteful bread by many mouths is ſought;
Few chooſe to drink his paſſion's bitter draught. (*m*)

(*l*) *Imitat. of Chriſt*, L. II. C. 2. N°. 1.

(*m*) *Ibid. See alſo* C. 12.

CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY, AND ACQUIESCENCE UNDER THE DIVINE WILL.

AN ODE.

Written in the Alpine parts of Carniola, 1749.

The wilderneſs and ſolitary place ſhall be glad for them (the children of the Lord): and the deſert ſhall rejoice and bloſſom like the roſe. It ſhall bloſſom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and ſinging: The glory of Lebanon ſhall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: They ſhall ſee the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

ISAIAH XXXV. 1, 2.

WHY dwells my unoffended eye
On yon blank deſart's trackleſs waſte;
All dreary earth, or cheerleſs ſky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vaſt?
There Lyſidor's enamour'd reed
Ne'er taught the plains Eudoſia's praiſe:
There herds were rarely known to feed,
Or birds to ſing, or flocks to graze.
Yet does my ſoul complacence find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind *!

The high arch'd church is loſt in ſky,
The baſe † with thorns and bry'rs is bound;
The yawning fragments nod from high,
With cloſe encircling ivy crown'd:
Heart-thrilling echo multiplies
Voice after voice, creation new!
Beaſts, birds obſcene, unite their cries:
Graves ope, and ſpectres frees the view.
Yet nought diſmays; and thence we find
'Tis all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Compoſer of the mind!

Earth's womb, half dead to Ceres' ſkill,
Can ſcarce the cake of off'ring give;
Five acres' corn can hardly fill
The peaſant's wain, and bid him live.
The ſtarving beldame gleans in vain,
In vain the hungry chough ſucceeds:
They curſe the unprolific plain,
The ſcurf-grown moſs, and tawdry weeds.
Yet ſtill ſufficiency we find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

December's Boreas iſſues forth,
In ſullen gloom and horror dreſt,
Charg'd with the nitre of the north,
Abhorr'd by man, by bird, and beaſt.
All nature's lovely tint embrown'd
Sickens beneath the putrid blaſt:
Deſtruction withers up the ground,
Like parchment into embers caſt *.
Yet health, and ſtrength, and eaſe we find:
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Compoſer of the mind!

Tremble, and yonder Alp behold †,
Where half dead nature gaſps below,
Victim of everlaſting cold,
Entomb'd alive in endleſs ſnow.
The northern ſide is horror all;
Againſt the ſouthern Phœbus plays;
In vain th' innoxious glimm'rings fall,
The froſt outlives, out-ſhines the rays.
Yet conſolation ſtill I find;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Bleſs me! how doubly ſharp it blows,
From Zemblan and Tartarian coaſts!
In ſullen ſilence fall the ſnows,
The only luſtre nature boaſts;
The nitrous pow'r with tenfold force
Half petrifies earth's barren womb,
High arch'd caſcades ſuſpend their force,
Men freeze alive, and in the tomb.
Yet warmth and happineſs we find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Compoſer of the mind!

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* *To be ſatisfied is the higheſt pitch of art man can arrive to.* St. GREGOR. *Hom.*

† *Baſe for baſis. See Zeebar. v. 2.*

* ——— *inamabile frigus Adurit.* VIRG

Much to the ſame purpoſe is a paſſage in the Son of Sirach: ——"*It devoureth the mountain, and burneth the wilderneſs, and conſumeth the graſs with fire.* Chap xliii. 19. 21.

† *A glaceiere, or ice-mountain.*

Cuncta gelu, canaque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Æthenii facies, ſurgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas neſcit flammis mollire pruinas.

SIL. ITAL.

Then, in exchange, a month or more
The ſun with fierce ſolſticial gleams
Darting o'er vales his raging pow'r,
Like ray-collecting mirrors, beams.
Torrents and cataracts are dry,
Men ſeek the ſcanty ſhades in vain:
The ſolar darts like lightning fly,
Tranſpierce the ſkull, and ſcorch the brain.
Yet ſtill no reſtleſs heats we find;
All from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

For nature rarely form'd a ſoil
Where diligence ſubſiſtence wants:
Exert but care, nor ſpare the toil,
And all beyond, th' Almighty grants.
Each earth at length to culture yields,
Each earth its own manure * contains:
Thus the Corycian nurſt his fields †,
Heav'n gave th' increaſe, and he the pains.
Th' induſtrious peace and plenty find;
All due to thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Compoſer of the mind!

Scipio ſought virtue in his prime,
And, having early gain'd the prize,
Stole from th' ungrateful world in time,
Contented to be low and wiſe!
He ſerv'd the ſtate with zeal and force,
And then with dignity retir'd;
Diſmounting from th' unruly horſe,
To rule himſelf, as ſenſe requir'd.
Without a ſigh, he pow'r reſign'd.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

When Dioclefian ſought repoſe,
Cloy'd and fatigu'd with nauſeous pow'r,
He left his empire to his foes,
For fools t' admire, and rogues devour:
Rich in his poverty, he bought
Retirement's innocence and health,
With his own hands the monarch wrought,
And chang'd a throne for Ceres' wealth.
Toil ſooth'd his cares, his blood refin'd——
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Compoſer of the mind!

He *, who had rul'd the world, exchang'd
His ſceptre for the peaſant's ſpade,
Poſtponing (as through groves he rang'd)
Court ſplendour to the rural ſhade.
Child of his hand, th' engrafted thorn
More than the victor laurel pleas'd:
Heart's eaſe †, and meadow ſweet ‡, adorn
The brow, from civic garlands eas'd.
Fortune, however poor, was kind.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Thus Charles, with juſtice ſtyl'd the great §
For valour, piety, and laws;
Reſign'd two empires to retreat,
And from a throne to ſhades withdraws;
In vain (to ſooth a monarch's pride)
His yoke the willing Perſian bore:
In vain the Saracen comply'd,
And fierce Northumbrians ſtain'd with gore.
One Gallic farm his cares confin'd;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Compoſer of the mind!

Obſervant of th' almighty will,
Preſcient in faith, and pleas'd with toil,
Abram Chaldea left, to till
The moſs-grown Haran's flinty ſoil ‖:
Hydras of thorns abſorb'd his gain,
The commonwealth of weeds rebell'd,
But labour tam'd th' ungrateful plain,
And famine was by art repell'd;
Patience made churliſh nature kind.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Formidine nulla;
Quippè in corde Deus.——
Stat. Theb. IV. v. 489.

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* *Du Hamel; Elem. d'Agricult. Pattullo; Meliorat. des Terres.*

† *Virg. Georg.* IV. 127, *&c.*

* *Dioclefian.*

† *Heart's-eaſe*, viola tricolor; *called alſo by our old poets, love and idleneſs; Panſy (from the French* penſee, *or the Italian* penſieri:*) Three faces under a hood, Herb Trinity, Look up and kiſs me, Kiſs me at the gate, &c.*

‡ Spiræa, *named alſo in ancient Engliſh poetry, Mead-ſweet, Queen of the meads, Bride-wort, &c.*

§ *Charlemagne.*

‖ Gen. xii. 31. Nehem. ix. 7. Judith v. 7. Acts vii. 2—11.

THE VISION OF DEATH.

Imperfecta tibi elapſa eſt, ingrataque vita:
Et nec opinanti Mors ad caput adtitit, ante
Quam fatur, ac plenus poſſis diſcedere rerum. LUCRET.

Mille modis lete miſeros Mors una fatigat.
STAT. Theb. IX. v. 280.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As this poem is an imperfect attempt to imitate Dryden's manner, I have of courſe admitted more triplets and Alexandrine verſes than I might otherwiſe have done. Upon the whole, many good judges have thought (and ſuch was the private opinion of my much honoured friend Elijah Fenton in particular) that Dryden has too many Alexandrines and triplets, and Pope too few. The one by aiming at variety (for his ear was excellent) was betrayed into a careleſs diffuſion; and the other, by affecting an over ſcrupulous regularity, fell into ſameneſs and reſtraint.

We ſpeak this with all due deference to the two capital poets of the laſt and preſent century; and ſay of them, as the ſucceſſor of Virgil ſaid of Amphiaraus and Admetus:

AMBO BONI, CHARIQUE AMBO.——
Theb. vi.

INTRODUCTION.

DRYDEN, forgive the muſe that apes thy voice,
Weak to perform, but fortunate in choice.
Who but thyſelf the mind and ear can pleaſe
With ſtrength and ſoftneſs, energy and eaſe;
Various of numbers, new in ev'ry ſtrain,
Diffus'd, yet terſe, poetical, though plain:
Diverſify'd 'midſt uniſon of chime;
Freer than air, yet manacled with rhyme?
Thou mak'ſt each quarry which thou ſeek'ſt thy prize,
The reigning eagle of Parnaſſian ſkies;
Now ſoaring 'midſt the tracts of light and air,
And now the monarch of the woods and lair *.—
Two kingdoms thy united realm compoſe,
The land of poetry, and land of proſe.
Each orphan-muſe thy abſence inly mourns;
Makes ſhort excurſions, and as quick returns:
No more they triumph in their fancy'd bays,
But, crown'd with woodbine dedicate their lays.
Thy thoughts and muſic change with ev'ry line;
No ſameneſs of a prattling ſtream is thine,
Which with one uniſon of murmur flows;
Opiate of inattention and repoſe!
(So Huron-leeches, when their patient lies
In fev'riſh reſtleſſneſs, with unclos'd eyes,
Apply with gentle ſtrokes their oſier rod,
And tap by tap invite the ſleepy god †.)

No—'tis thy pow'r (thine only), though in rhyme,
To vary ev'ry pauſe, and ev'ry chime;
Infinite deſcant *! ſweetly wild and true,
Still ſhifting, ſtill improving, and ſtill new!——
In queſt of claſſic-plants, and where they grow,
We trace thee, like a lev'ret in the ſnow.
Of all the pow'rs the human mind can boaſt,
The pow'rs of poetry are lateſt loſt:
The falling of thy treſſes at threeſcore,
Gave room to make thy laurels ſhow the more †.
This prince of poets, who before us went,
Had a vaſt income, and profuſely ſpent:
Some have his lands, but none his treaſur'd ſtore,
Lands unmanur'd by us, and mortgag'd o'er and o'er!
"About his wreaths the vulgar muſes ſtrive,
"And with a touch their wither'd bays revive ‡!"
They kiſs his tomb, and are enthuſiaſts made;
So Statius ſlept, inſpir'd by Virgil's ſhade §.
To Spenſer much, to Milton much is due;
But in great Dryden we preſerve the two.

---

* Layer, lair, *and* lay, *the ſurface of arable or graſs-lands. Chaucer, Folkingham*, 1610; *Dryden. Laire alſo ſignifies the place where beaſts ſleep in the fields, and where they leave the mark of their bodies on young corn, graſs, &c.*

† *Voyages du Baron La Hontan.*

* *Milton.*

† *The verſes of Robert Waring (a friend of Dr. Donne's) on a poet in the beginning of the laſt century, may be applied to Dryden:*

" *Younger with years, with ſtudies freſher grown,*
" *Still in the bud, ſtill blooming, yet full-blown.*"

‡ *Dryden's prologue to Troilus and Creſſida.*

§ ——— tenues ignavo *pollice chordas*
Pulſo, Maroneique ſedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, et magni *tumulis accanto* magiſtre. SYLV. *Lib.* IV.

What muſe but his can nature's beauties hit,
Or catch that airy fugitive call'd wit?
From limbs of this great Hercules are fram'd
Whole groups of pigmies, who are verſe-men nam'd:
Each has a little ſoul he calls his own,
And each enunciates with a human tone:
Alike in ſhape; unlike in ſtrength and ſize;
One lives for ages, one juſt breathes and dies.
O thou, too great to rival or to praiſe;
Forgive, lamented ſhade, theſe duteous lays.
Lee had thy fire, and Congreve had thy wit;
And copyiſts here and there, ſome likeneſs hit;
But none poſſeſs'd thy graces and thy eaſe;
In thee alone 'twas natural to pleaſe!
More ſtill I think, and more I wiſh to ſay;
But buſ'neſs calls the muſe another way.

In thoſe fair vales by nature form'd to pleaſe,
Where Guadalquiver ſerpentines with eaſe,
(The richeſt tract the Andaluſians know,
Fertile in herbage, grateful to the plough),
A lovely villa ſtood (ſuppoſe it mine),
Rich without coſt, and without labour fine;
Indulgent nature all her beauties brought,
And art withdrew, unaſk'd for, and unſought.
For lo, th' Iberians by tradition found
That the whole diſtrict once was claſſic ground;
Here Columella firſt improv'd the plains,
And ſhow'd Aſcrean arts to ſimple ſwains:
Taught by the Georgic muſe the lyre he ſtrung,
And ſung what dying Virgil left unſung *.
Fatigu'd with courts, and votary to truth,
Hither I fled, philoſopher, and youth:
And, leaving Olivarez to ſuſtain
Th' encumbering faſces of ambitious Spain,
(As once raſh Phaeton uſurp'd a day,
Miſled the ſeaſons, and miſtook his way),
I choſe to wander in the ſilent wood,
Or breathe my aſpirations to the flood,
Studying the humble ſcience to be good.
From the brute beaſts humanity I learn'd,
And in the panſy's life God's providence diſcern'd.
'Twas now the joyous ſeaſon of the year:
The ſun had reach'd the Twins in bright career;
Nature, awaken'd from ſix month's repoſe,
Sprung from her verdant couch; and active roſe
Like health refreſh'd with wine; ſhe ſmil'd, array'd
With all the charms of ſun-ſhine, ſtream, and glade,
New dreſt, and blooming as a bridal maid.
Yet all theſe charms could never lull to reſt
A peeviſh irkſomeneſs which teaz'd my breaſt;
The vernal torrent, murm'ring from afar,
Whiſper'd no peace to calm this nervous war;
And Philomel, the ſyren of the plain,
Sung ſoporific uniſons in vain.
I ſought my bed, in hopes relief to find;
But reſtleſſneſs was miſtreſs of my mind.
My wayward limbs were turn'd, and turn'd in vain,
Yet free from grief was I, and void of pain.
In me, as yet, ambition had no part;
Pride had not ſour'd, nor wealth debas'd my heart.

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* ——— *Et quæ*
Virgilius nobis poſt ſe memoranda reliquit.
COLUM. *de Hortis.* L. X.

I knew nor public cares, nor private ſtrife;
And love, the bleſſing, or the curſe of life,
Had only hover'd round me like a dream,
Play'd on the ſurface, not diſturb'd the ſtream.
Yet ſtill I felt, what young men often feel;
(Impoſſible to tell, or to conceal),
When nothing makes them ſick but too much wealth,
Or wild o'erboiling of ungovern'd health;
Whoſe grievance is ſatiety of eaſe,
Freedom their pain, and plenty their diſeaſe.
By night, by day, from pole to pole they run;
Or from the ſetting ſeek the riſing ſun:
No poor deſerting ſoldier makes ſuch haſte,
No doves purſu'd by falcons fly ſo faſt;
And when Automedon at length attains
The place he fought for with ſuch coſt and pains,
Swift to embrace, and eager to purſue,
He finds he has no earthly thing to do;
Then yawns for ſleep, the opium of the mind,
The laſt dull refuge indolence can find *.
Moſt men, like David, wayward in extremes,
Languiſh for Ramah's ciſterns, and her ſtreams:
The bev'rage ſought for comes; capricious, they
Lothe their own choice, and wiſh the boon away †.
Such was my ſtate. "O gentle Sleep," I cry'd,
"Why is thy gift to me alone deny'd?
"Mildeſt of beings, friend to ev'ry clime,
"Where lies my error, what has been my crime?
"Beaſts, birds, and cattle feel thy balmy rod;
"The drowſy mountains wave, and ſeem to nod:
"The torrents ceaſe to chide, the ſeas to roar,
"And the huſh'd waves recline upon the ſhore."
Perhaps the wretch, whoſe God is wealth and care,
Rejects the precious object of my pray'r:
Th' ambitious ſtateſman ſtrives not to partake
Thy bleſſings, but deſires to dream awake:
"The lover rudely thruſts thee from his arms,
"And like Ixion claſps imagin'd charms.
"Thence come to me.—Let others aſk for more;
"I aſk the ſlighteſt influence of thy pow'r:
"Swifteſt in flight of all terreſtrial things,
"Oh only touch my eyelids with thy wings ‡!"

---

* *Currit agens mannos ad villam* hic *præcipitanter,*
Auxilium tectis quaſi ferre ardentibus inſtans.
Oſcitat extemplò tetigit cum limina villa,
Aut abit in ſomnum gravis, atque oblivia quærit.
LUCRET. L. III. v. 1076.

† *See Sandys's Trav.* p. 137, *and* 1 Chron. xi. 17, &c.

‡ *All the verſes in this paragraph marked with inverted commas are imitated from a famous paſſage in Statius, never yet tranſlated into our language. The original perhaps is as fine a morſel of poetry as antiquity can boaſt of.*

Crimine quo merui juvenis placidiſſime divum,
Quove errore miſer, donis ut ſolus egerem
Somne tuis? Tacet omne pecus, volucreſque, feræque;
Et ſimulant feſſos curvata cacumina ſomnos.
Nec trucibus fluviis idem ſonus. Occidit horror
Æquoris, et terris maria acclinata quieſcunt.
At nunc heus aliquis longa ſub nocte puellæ
Brachia nexa tenens, ultro te Somne repellit.

So ſpoke I reſtleſs; and, then ſpringing light
From my tir'd bed, walk'd forth in mere deſpite.
What impulſe mov'd my ſteps I dare not ſay;
Perhaps ſome guardian angel mark'd the way.
By this time Phoſpher had his lamp withdrawn,
And riſing Phœbus glow'd on ev'ry lawn.
The air was gentle (for the month was May),
And ev'ry ſcene look'd innocent and gay.
In pious matins birds with birds conſpire,
Some lead the notes, and ſome aſſiſt the choir.
The goat-herd, gravely pacing with his flocks,
Leads them to heaths and bri'rs, and craggs and rocks.
Th' impatient mower with an aſpect blythe
Surveys the ſainfoin-fields *, and whets his ſcythe.
Ynoiſa, Sanchia, Beatrix, prepare
To turn th' Alfalfa-ſwarths † with anxious care.
(No more for Mooriſh ſarabands they call,
Their caſtanets hang idle on the wall:)
Alfalfa, whoſe luxuriant herbage feeds
The lab'ring ox, mild ſheep, and fiery ſteeds;
Which ev'ry ſummer, ev'ry thirtieth morn,
Is ſix times reproduc'd, and ſix times ſhorn.
The Cembran pine-trees ‡ form an awful ſhade,
And their rich balm perfumes the neighb'ring glade;
(Whilſt humbler olives, intermix'd between,
Had chang'd their fruit to ſilamotte from green;)
The Punic granate § op'd its roſe-like flow'rs;
The orange breath'd its aromatic pow'rs.
Wand'ring ſtill on, at length my eyes ſurveyd
A painted ſeat, beneath a larch-tree's ſhade.
I ſate, and try'd to doſe, but ſlumber fled;
I then eſſay'd a book, and thus I read ‖:

" Suppoſe, O man, great nature's voice ſhould call
To thee, or me, or any of us all;
What doſt thou, mean, ungrateful wretch! thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain?
If all the bounteous bleſſings I could give
Thou hadſt enjoy'd; if thou hadſt known to live,
(And pleaſure not leak'd through thee like a ſieve;)
Why doſt thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feaſt,
Cramm'd to the throat with life, and riſe and take thy reſt?
But, if my bleſſings thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted joys paſs'd through and would not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labours end,
Lay down thy burthen, fool! and know thy friend.
To pleaſe thee, I have empty'd all my ſtore,
I can invent and can ſupply no more:
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame ſcene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldſt thou ever live;
For life is ſtill but life, there's nothing new to give.
What can we plead againſt ſo juſt a bill?
We ſtand convicted, and our cauſe goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppreſs'd by fate,
Should beg of nature to prolong his date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him, with more diſdain;
Be ſtill, thou martyr-fool, thou covetous of pain.
But if an old decrepid ſot lament;
What, thou! ſhe cries, who haſt outliv'd content?
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my ſtore?—
But this is ſtill th' effect of wiſhing more!
Unſatisfy'd with all that nature brings,
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent things.
From hence it comes, thy vain deſires at ſtriſe
Within themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy life;
And ghaſtly death appear'd before thy ſight
E'er thou haſt gorg'd thy ſoul and ſenſes with delight.
Now leave thoſe joys, unſuiting to thy age,
To a freſh comer, and reſign the ſtage. [thy head.
" Meantime, when thoughts of death diſturb
Conſider, Ancus, great and good, is dead:
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality *?"

Charm'd with theſe lines of reaſon and good ſenſe,
(No matter who the author was, nor whence),
I ſtopp'd, and into contemplation fell;
Amaz'd an impious wit ſhould think ſo well;
Who often (to his own and reader's coſt)
To ſhow the atheiſt, half the poet loſt.
(Knowing too much, makes many a muſe unfit;
'Tis not the bloom, but plethory of wit.—)
At length a drowſineſs arreſted thought,
And ſleep (as is her cuſtom) came unſought.
Now liſten to the purport of my tale.
Methought I wander'd in a fairy vale:
Replete with people of each ſex and age;
Good, bad, great, ſmall, the fooliſh, and the ſage:
Whilſt on the ground promiſcuouſly were laid
Stars, mitres, rags, the ſceptre, and the ſpade.
At length a haughty dame approach'd my view;
Whom by no ſingle attribute I knew;
For all that painters feign, and bards devize,
Is mere mock-imag'ry, and artful lyes.
Boldly ſhe look'd, like one of high degree;
Yet never ſeem'd to caſt a glance on me;

Inde veni. Nec te totas infundere pennas
Luminibus compello meis (hoc turba precatur
Lætior); extremo me tange cacumine virgæ
Sufficit; aut leviter ſuſpenſo poplite tranſi.
SYLV. L. V.

* *The beſt ſpecies of this graſs, hitherto known, is in Andaluſia.*

† Alfalfa (*from the old Arabian word* alfalfafat) *Lucerne-graſs. At preſent the Spaniards call it alſo Ervaye.*

‡ *A ſort of ever-green laryx:* Pinus Cembra. *This beautiful tree grows wild on the Spaniſh Appenines, and is raiſed by culture in leſs mountainous places. What name the natives give it I have forgotten; but the French in the Briançois call it* meleze, *and the Italians in the biſhoprick of Trente, in Fiume, &c. give it the name of* cirmoli, *not* lariché.

§ *The Pomegranate.*

‖ *The Spaniſh author introduces the following paſſages from Lucretius.*

* *Lucret.* L. III. *tranſlated by Dryden.*

At which I inly joy'd; for truth to ſay,
I felt an unknown awe, and ſome diſmay.
She paſs'd me: her ſide-face was ſmooth and fair;
(Much as fine women, turn'd of forty, are):
When, turning ſhort, and unperceiv'd by me,
She graſp'd my throat, and ſpoke with ſtern authority:
" Him whom I ſeek, art thou! Thy race is run:
" My journey's ended, and thy buſineſs done.
" Surrender up to me thy captive-breath,
" My pow'r is nature's pow'r, my name is Death!"
Have you e'er ſeen th' affrighted peaſant graſp
(Searching for flow'rs or fruits) th' envenom'd aſp?
Or have you ever felt th' impetuous ſhock,
When the ſwift veſſel ſplits upon a rock?
Or mark'd a face with horror overſpread,
When the third apoplex invades the head?
Then form ſome image of my ghaſtly fright;
Fear ſtopp'd my voice, and terror dimm'd my ſight:
My heart flew from its place * in conſternation,
And nature felt a ſhort annihilation: [eyes
Then—with a plunge—I ſobb'd;—and with faint
Look'd upwards, to the ruler of the ſkies †.
At length—recov'ring—in a broken tone—
Princeſs—I cry'd,—Thy priſ'ner is undone.—
Deſpair and miſery ſucceed to fear:——
Oh had I known thy preſence was ſo near!
Abrupt th' inexorable pow'r reply'd, [ſide:)
(Then turn'd her face, and ſhow'd the hideous
Fool! 'tis too late to wiſh, too late to pray:
Thou hadſt the means, but not the will to pay;
Each day of human life is warning-day.
The preſent point of time is all thou haſt,
The future doubtful, and the former paſt!
Yet, as I read contrition in thy eyes,
And thy breaſt heaves with terror and ſurprize,
(I, who as yet was never known to ſhow
Falſe pity to premeditated woe)
Will graciouſly explain great nature's laws,
And hear thy ſophiſms in ſo plain a cauſe.
There is a reaſon, (which to time I leave)
Why I give thee alone this ſhort reprieve ‡.
Baniſh thy fears, urge all thy wit can find,
Suppoſe me what I am, ſuppoſe thyſelf mankind!
She ſpoke, and led me by a private way,
Where a ſmall winding path half-printed lay:
Then turning ſhort, an avenue we 'ſpy'd,
Long, ſmoothly pav'd, magnificently wide.
Dark cypreſſes the ſkirting ſides adorn'd,
And gloomy yew-trees, which for ever mourn'd:
Whilſt, on the margin of the beaten road,
Its pallid bloom ſick-ſmelling henbane ſhow'd;
Next emblematic roſemary appear'd,
And lurid hemlock its ſtain'd ſtalks uprear'd,
(God's ſignature to man in evil hour!—)
Nor were the night-ſhades wanting, nor the pow'r
Of thorn'd Stramonium, nor the ſickly ſlow'r
Of cloying mandrakes; the deceitful root
Of the monk's fraudful cowl *, and Plinian fruit †.
Hypericon was ‡ there, the god of war,
Pierc'd through with wounds, and ſeam'd with many a ſcar:
Add pale nymphea § with her clay-cold breath;
And poppies which ſuborn the ſleep of death.
This avenue (myſterious to relate)
Surpriz'd me much, and warn'd me of my fate.
Its length at firſt approach enormous ſeem'd;
Full half a thouſand ſtadia ‖ as I deem'd:
But then the road was ſmooth and fair to ſee:
(With ſuch inſenſible declivity)
That what men thought a tedious courſe to run,
Was finiſh'd oft the hour it firſt begun.
Sudden, arriving at a palace-gate,
I ſaw a ſpectre in the portal wait:
An ill-ſhap'd monſter, hideous to be ſeen;
She ſeem'd, methought, the mother of the queen ¶.
Opening their valves, ſelf-mov'd on either ſide,
The adamantine doors expanded wide:
When death commands they cloſe, when death commands divide.
Then quick we enter'd a magnific hall,
Where groups of trophies over-ſpread the wall.
In ſable ſcrawls I Nero's name perus'd,
And Herod's, with a ſanguine ſtain ſuffus'd;
While Numa's name adorn'd a radiant place,
And that of Titus deck'd a milk-white ſpace.
Now, cry'd the Pow'r of Death, ſurvey me well:
Thy ſhame, remorſe, and diſappointment tell;
Why doſt thou tremble ſtill, and whence thy dread?
Why ſhake thy lips, and why thy colour fled?
Speak, vaſſal, recognize thy ſov'reign queen:
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen me? Know'ſt thou not me, ſeen?
" Liege-miſtreſs, whom the greateſt kings adore,
I own my homage, and confeſs thy pow'r.
Alone, that ſov'reignty on earth is thine,
Which juſtly proves its claim to right divine:
Thine is the old hereditary ſway,
Which mortals ought, and mortals muſt obey.
But, empreſs, thou haſt not the form I deem'd:
Velaſquez ⸸ painted lies, and Camoens ⸸ dream'd:
I thought to meet, (as late as heav'n might grant!)
A ſkeleton, ferocious, tall, and gaunt;

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* *Job* xxxvii. 1.

† *From Statius.*

Stabat anhela metu, ſolum natura tonantem
Reſpiciens———— Achil. 1 ver. 487.

‡ *The reaſon is, that what here happens is a viſion, and not a reality.*

* *Napellus; monk's-hood, friar's-cowl; the moſt dangerous ſort of aconite.*

† *Amomum Plinii.*

‡ *St. John's Wort. See Gondibert, L. I. Canto 6. This plant is called by us the herb of war, not merely becauſe its juice is of a bloody colour, but becauſe it is one of the principal vulnerary herbs uſed in making the famous arquebuſade water.—And again, as its leaves are full of little punctures and holes, it is named by Latin writers* Poroſa, *and* Perfoliata: *the French call it* Mille Pertuis, *and the Italians* Perforata.

§ *Water-lily.*

‖ *About threeſcore and ten miles: emblematical of the Pſalmiſt's duration of human life.*

¶ *Sin.*

⸸ *Two Spaniards, the one a famous painter, and the other a celebrated poet.*

Whoſe looſe teeth in their naked ſockets ſhook,
And grinn'd terrific, a Sardonian look *.
I thought, beſides, thy right-hand aim'd a dart,
Reſiſtleſs, to tranſpierce the human heart,
And that thy likeneſs of a head ſuſtain'd
A regal crown †: but all was falſe, or feign'd.
" I ſee thee now, deluſive as thou art,
Without one ſymbol to alarm the heart:
Not ev'n upon thy flowing veſt is ſhown
An emblematic dart, or charnal-bone;
I rather ſee it, glorious to behold,
With rubies edg'd, and purfled o'er with gold:
Gay annual flow'rs adorn each vacant ſpace,
Of ſhort-liv'd beauty, and uncertain grace.—
Artificer of fraud and deep diſguiſe!
Prompt to perform, ingenious to ſurprize:
In ev'ry light (as far as man can ſee
By thy conſent) ſupreme hypocriſy!
Puniſh thy hopeleſs captive if he lies.——
Inſtead of a ſcalp'd ſkull, and empty eyes,
Bones without fleſh, and (as we all ſuppoſe)
Vacuity of lips, and cheeks, and noſe,
(So dextrous is thy ſorcery and care!)
I ſee a woman tolerably fair.
" Inſtead of ſable robes and mournful geer,
Cameleon-like, a thouſand garbs you wear,
Nor bear the black and ſolemn thrice a year;
Dreſt in gay robes, whoſe ſhifting colours ſhow
The varying glories of the ſhow'ry bow,
Glowing with waves of gold; ſea-tinctur'd green,
Rich azure, and the bloomy grideline ‡.
" Thus in appearances you cheat us all,
Plan our diſgraces, and contrive our fall;
Something you ſhow, that ev'ry fool may hit,
With mirth you treat, and bait that mirth with wit:
Falſe hopes, the loves and graces of your train,
(Pimps to the great, th' ambitious, and the vain,)
Summon your gueſts, and in attendance wait;
While you, like eaſtern queens, conceal'd in ſtate,
O'erlook the whole: th' audacious jeſt refine,
Smile on the feaſt §, and ſparkle in the wine.
Arachne thus in ambuſh'd covert lies;
Wits, atheiſts, jobbers, ſtateſmen, are the flies.
Doom'd to be loſt, they dream of no deceit,
And, fond of ruin, overlook the cheat;
Pride ſtands for joy, and riches for delight:—
Weak men love weakneſs, in their own deſpite;
And, finding in their native funds no eaſe,
Aſſume the garb of fools, and hope to pleaſe.—
Wretches, when ſick of life, for ratſbane call:
'Twere worth our while to give them foolbane all:
Since by degrees each miſconceiving elf,
Is ruin'd, not by nature, but himſelf.

" Too late I ſee thy fraudful face entire:
One half halfmimics health; halfmeans deſire;
And, though true youth and nature have no part,
Yet paint enlivens it, and wiles, and art;
Colours laid on with a true harlot-grace;
They only ſhow themſelves, and hide the face.
The other half is hideous to behold,
Ugly as grandame-apes, and full as old.
There time has ſpent the fury of his courſe,
And plough'd and harrow'd with repeated force:
One blinking eye with ſcalding rheum ſuffus'd,
A leg contracted, and an arm diſus'd;
An half-liv'd emblem, fit for man to ſee;
An hemiplegia of deformity!
" But, princeſs, to thy cunning be it known,
This emblematic ſide is rarely ſhown;
Man would ſtart back if wedded to the crone.
Side-long it is your cuſtom to advance,
Show the fair half, and hide the foul, aſkance;
And, like a vet'ran tempter, caſt an eye
Of glancing blandiſhment in paſſing by.
" By ſtealing ſide-ways with a ſilent pace,
Man rarely ſees the moral of your face:
And (what's the dang'rous frenzy of the whim)
Concludes, you've no immediate call for him.
Adjoin to this, your necromantic pow'r,
Contracting half an age to half an hour.
Juſt ſo the cyphers from the unit fled,
When Malicorn the demon's contract read *.
The unit in the foremoſt column ſtood,
And the two cyphers were obſcur'd with blood †.
" Two other miſtreſs-arts you make your own;
To Circe and Urganda arts unknown:
When men look on you, and your ſteps ſurvey,
You ſeem to glide aſlant another way:
But the firſt moment they withdraw their eye,
Swift you take wing, and like a vulture fly,
Which ſnuffs the diſtant quarry in the wind,
And marks the carcaſe ſhe is ſure to find.——
The next deception is more wondrous ſtill;
O grand artificer of fraud and ill!
When the ſick man up-lifts the ſaſh t' inhale
Th' enlivening breezes of the weſtern gale,
To ſnatch one glimpſe of eaſe from flow'ry fields,
And (fancying) taſte the joy which nature yields;
Far as the landſcape's verge admits his view,
He ſees a phantom, and concludes it you.
A gleam of courage then relieves his breaſt,
Be calm my ſoul, he cries, and take thy reſt ‡:
When at that moment, dreadful to relate,
(For all but he that ought obſerve his fate),

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* *According to the ancients the* herba ſardoa, *or* apium riſus, *(by ſome ſuppoſed to be the water crow-foot) brought on, after being eaten, ſuch horrid convulſions, that the party died grinning, through the extremity of agony.*

† *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*, L. II. v. 672.

‡ *Dryden's Flower and Leaf.* " *Bright crimſon and pure white, ſweetly mixed in waves and melting one into the other, make the colour which our ancient poets called grideline.*"

§ *In ſpeculis mors atra ſedet, dominique ſilentis*
Adnumerat populos.——
Stat. Theb. L. IV. v. 527.

* *D. of Guiſe, a Tragedy. Dryden.*

† *Malicorn was an aſtrologer advanced in years, but, being ambitious of making a great figure in this world, made over his ſoul to Satan, upon condition that he enjoyed earthly grandeur for* 100 *years more. The contract was written, ſigned and ſealed in due form, when lo, at the expiration of one year, the evil ſpirit entered Malicorn's chamber, preceded by thunder and lightning, and demanded him as his forfeit. The aſtrologer was exceedingly terrified, and, after making many remonſtrances, inſiſted on ſeeing the original contract; but the cyphers in number* 100 *were written with evaneſcent ink, and the figure* 1 *only remained legible. The moral of this fiction is incomparable. See Act* V. *Sc.* 5.

‡ LUKE xii. 13.

The wife, the ſon, the friend perceive thee ſtand
Behind his curtains with up-liſted hand,
Thee, real thee! to drive the deadly dart,
And at one ſudden ſtroke tranſpierce the heart!"
" Culprit, thou haſt thy piteous ſtory told,
As trite as Priam's tale, and twice as old,
Reply'd the Queen: painters and bards, 'tis true,
Have neither ſung me right, nor juſtly drew:
I am not the gaunt ſpectre they deviſe [eyes.—
With chop-fall'n mouth, and with extinguiſh'd
Whether enlighten'd with a heavenly ray,
Or whether thou haſt better gueſs'd than they,
I ſay not; yet thus much I muſt confeſs,
Thy knowledge is ſuperior, or thy gueſs.
I own the feign'd retreat, th' oblique advance,
The flight I take unſeen, th' illuſive glance,
The blandiſhments of artificial grace,
The ſound, the palſy'd limbs, and double face.
All I contend for (there the queſtion lies)
Is this; let men but look through wiſdom's eyes,
And death ne'er takes them by a falſe ſurpriſe.
" Did not thy Maker, when he gave thee birth,
Create thee out of periſhable earth?
Where hot, and cold, the rough, and lenient fight,
The hard, and ſoft, the heavy, and the light:
Whilſt ev'ry atom fretted to decay
The heterogeneous lump of jarring clay?—
Was not juſt death entail'd on thee and all,
(Such the decree of heav'n) in Adam's fall?
The parent-plant receiv'd a taint at root,
Hence the weak branches, hence the ſickly fruit.
" Thus with ſpring's genial balm and ſunſhine fed
The annual flowret lifts its tender head,
In ſummer blooming, and at winter dead;
Nay, if by chance a laſting plant be found,
Whoſe roots pierce deep th' inhoſpitable ground;
Whoſe verdant leaves (life's common autumn paſt)
Bid fair t' outlive the bitter wintry blaſt,
And green old age predicts a vernal ſhoot;—
I lend my hand to pluck both branch and root.—
Man is no more perennial than a flow'r;
Some may live years, ſome months, and ſome an hour.
When firſt thou gav'ſt the promiſe of a man,
When th' embryon-ſpeck of entity began,
Was not the plaſtic atom at a ſtrife,
'Twixt death ambiguous and a twilight life,
Struggling with dubious ſhade and dubious light,
Like the moon's orb; whilſt nations in affright
Hope for new day, but fear eternal night?
When motionleſs the half-form'd fœtus lay,
And doubtful life juſt gleam'd a glimm'ring ray,
When nature bade the vital tide to roll,
I cloth'd with cruſt of fleſh that gem the ſoul;
My mortal dart th' immortal ſtream defil'd,
And the ſire's frailties flow'd into the child.
The very milk his pious mother gave
Turn'd poiſon, and but nurs'd him for the grave *.
In ev'ry atom that his frame compos'd
I weak to ſtrong, unſound to ſound oppos'd.
Cruel, and proud of a deputed reign,
I ting'd the limpid ſtream with gloomy pain;

Nor yet contented, in the current threw
Diſcolour'd ſickneſs of each diſmal hue.
Thus from the ſource which firſt life's waters gave,
Till their laſt final home the ocean-grave,
Infection blends itſelf in ev'ry wave:
Maraſmus, atrophy, the gout, and ſtone;
Fruits of our parent's folly, and our own!
" To live in health and eaſe you idly feign;
Man's ſprightlieſt days are intermitting pain.
Changing for worſe, and never warn'd by ill,
Still the ſame bait, the ſame deception ſtill!
Youth has new times for change, and may command;
Age ventures all upon a loſing hand.
The liberty you boaſt of is a cheat:
Licentiouſneſs lurks under the deceit.
Plenty of means you have and pow'r to chooſe;
Yet ſtill you take the bad, the good refuſe.
The freedom of the tempeſts you enjoy,
Born to o'erturn, and breathing to deſtroy.
Theſe injure not themſelves, the reas'ning elf
Injures alike both others and himſelf.
Sour'd in his livelieſt hours, infirm when ſtrong.
Unſure at ſafeſt, and but ſhort when long.
" Haſt thou with anxious care and ſtricteſt thought
Made that nice eſtimate of time you ought?
Time, like the precious di'mond, ſhould be weigh'd:
Carats, not pounds, muſt in the ſcale be laid.
Know'ſt thou the value of a year, a day,
An hour, a moment, idly thrown away?
Then had thy life been bleſſedly employ'd,
And all thy minutes ſenſibly enjoy'd!
What are they now, and whither are they flown?
Th' immortal pain ſubſiſts, the mortal pleaſure's gone!
Canſt thou recall them?—Impotent and vain!
Or have they promis'd to return again?
Call (if thou canſt) the winged arrow back,
Which lately cut through air its viewleſs track;
Or bid the cataract aſcend its ſource, [courſe;
Which pour'd from Alpine heights its furious
Ah no—Time's vaniſh'd! and you only find
A cold, unſatisfying ſcent behind!
" Foe to delays, œconomiſt of time,
Thrice happy Titus, virtuous in thy prime!
In whom the noon-day—or the ſetting ſun
Ne'er ſaw a work of goodneſs left undone.—
Old age compounds, or (more provoking yet)
Sends a ſmall gift, when heav'n expects the debt.
Bring not the leavings of thy faint deſires
To Him who gives the beſt, and beſt requires;
Man mocks his Maker, and derides his law:
Satan has the full ears, and God the ſtraw.
" Behold the wretch, who long has health enjoy'd,
With gold unfated, and with pow'r uncloy'd;
Salmoneus-like, to fancy'd greatneſs rais'd,
With ſlaves ſurrounded, and by flatt'rers prais'd:
See him againſt his nature vainly ſtrive,
The buſieſt, perteſt, proudeſt thing alive!
(As if beyond the patriarchal date
Exceptive mercy had prolong'd his fate).
When lo, behind the variegated cloud,
Enwrapt in miſts, and muffled in a ſhrowd,
The diſſolution of old age comes on,
Gouts, palſies, aſthmas, jaundice, and the ſtone;

* *Conſider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou ſhalt be after death. Thou waſt made of an impure ſubſtance, and clothed and nouriſhed in thy mother's blood.* ST. AUGUST.

An hungry, mercileſs, inſatiate band,
Eager as Croats for death's laſt command!
Which ſtill repeat their mercenary ſtrain,
Lead us, to add the living to the ſlain. [well:
" Then mark the worldling, and explore him
His grief, his ſhame, and ſelf-conviction tell;
Weak were my joys, he cries, and ſhort their ſtay:
Pride mark'd the race, and folly pick'd the way.
Can I revoke my miſdirected pow'r? [hour?
Where's my loſt hope, and where the vaniſh'd
Curſt be that greatneſs which blind fortune lent;
Curſt be that wealth which ſprung not from content!
Still, ſtill, my conſcious memory prevails;
And underſtanding paints where mem'ry fails!
" Allow me next with confidence to ſay,
(As ſafely with the ſtricteſt truth I may;)
Why doſt thou, ideot, ſenſeleſsly complain,
(Fond of more life, and covetous of pain,)
That I, a tyrant, ſeize thee by ſurprize?—
Flames, as ſhe ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from her eyes.
Dotard! I gave the warning ev'ry hour;
Announc'd my preſence, and proclaim'd my pow'r.
One only buſineſs in the world was thine,
Born but to die! T' exact the payment mine.
If, atheiſt-like, you blame the juſt decree,
Attack thy maker, but exculpate me!
Mortality's coeval with thy breath;
Life is a chain of links which lead to death.
Sleep—wake—run—creep—alike to death you move;
Death's in thy meat, thy wine, thy ſleep, thy love.
Know'ſt thou not me, my warnings, and alarms?
Thou who ſo oft haſt ſlumber'd in my arms!
For ever ſeeing, canſt thou nought deſcry?
Dead ev'ry night, and yet untaught to die?
" How dar'ſt thou give thy impious murmurs vent,
Thyſelf a breathing, ſpeaking monument? [ſtrive,
No death is ſudden to a wretch like thee,
The emblem of his own mortality!
Above, beneath, within thee, and without,
All things foreſhow the ſtroke, and clear the doubt.
The very apoplex, thy ſwifteſt foe,
Forewarns his coming; and approaches ſlow;
Sudden confuſions interrupt thy brain, [pain;
Swift through thy temples ſhoots the previous
Suſpicion follows, and miſgiving fear,—
Death always ſpeaks, if man would ſtrive to hear.
" Acquit me then of fraudulent ſurprize:
Leave ſophiſtry to wits; be truly wiſe;
For, as the cedar falls, it ever lies *!
Start not at what we call our lateſt breath;
The morning of man's real life is death †."
So ſpake the pow'r, who never felt controul.
Fear ſmote my heart, and conſcience ſtung my ſoul;
Remorſe, vexation, ſhame, and anger ſtrive.—
I wak'd:—and (to my joy) I wak'd alive.
Never was human tranſport more ſincere;—
And the beſt men may find inſtruction here.

MORAL.

Who puts off death to the laſt moments driv'n,
Is near the grave, but very far from heav'n ‡.
He who repents, and gains the wiſh'd reprieve,
Was fit to die, and is more fit to live.
Chooſe a good convoy in an hoſtile courſe;
Right foreſight never makes a danger worſe.

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* Eccles. xi. 3.

† ——— *Steriles tranſmiſſimus annos;*
Hæc ævi mihi prima dies: hæc limina vitæ.
Stat. Sylv. L. 4.

‡ *A ſaying of pious Jeremy Taylor.*

THE COURTIER AND PRINCE:

A FABLE.

Put not your truſt in princes, nor in the ſon of man, in whom there is no help.
Psalm cxlvi. 3.

Now behold, thou truſteſt upon the ſtaff of a bruiſed reed—on which if a man lean, it will go through his hand and pierce it: ſo is Pharaoh, king of Egypt, unto all that truſt in him.
2 Kings, xviii. 21.

With diffidence, O muſe, awake the ſtring;
Proba *, herſelf a muſe, commands to ſing:

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* *A Roman young lady of quality and a Chriſtian convert. She afterwards married Adelphus, who was a proconſul in the reign of Honorius and Theodoſius jun. She compoſed an hiſtory of the Old and New Teſtament in verſe. Her epiſtle to her huſband is much admired. Both pieces were printed at Francfort in* 1541.
Her name at length was Proba Valeria Falconia.

Diveſt thyſelf of thy pretended bays, [lays;
And crown'd with ſhort-liv'd flow'rs preſent thy
From female archives ſtol'n, a tale diſcloſe,
Verſe tortur'd into rhymes from honeſt proſe.
Short fables may with double grace be told;
So ſmalleſt glaſſes ſweeteſt eſſence hold.
Antonia ſomewhere * does a tale report,
Of no ſmall uſe to riſing men at court:
(Who ſeek promotion in the worldly road,
And make their titles and their wealth their god);
Antonia! who the hermit's ſtory fram'd †:
A tale to proſe-men known ‡, by verſe-men fam'd ‖.

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* *Traité ſur la pieté ſolide. Epit.* xx. *par Madam Antoinette de Bourignon.*

† *Epit. de Bourignon. Partie Seconde, Epit.* xvii.

‡ *Dr.* Patrick's *Parable of the Pilgrim.*

‖ Parnelle's *Hermit.*

A courtier of the lucky thriving ſort,
Roſe like a meteor, and eclips'd the court;
By chance or cunning ev'ry ſtorm outbraves:
Topmoſt he rode, midſt ſhoals of fools and knaves,
Triumphant, like an eygre *, o'er the waves:
Caſually lucky, fortunately great,
Ten times his planet overcame his fate.
Riches flow'd in; and accidents were kind;
Health join'd her opium to delude the mind †;
Whilſt pride was gratify'd in ev'ry view,
And pow'r had ſcarce an object to purſue;
Cramm'd to the throat with happineſs and eaſe,
Till nature's ſelf could do no more to pleaſe.—
Vain-glorious mortal, to profuſion bleſt!
And almoſt by proſperity diſtreſt!
Whilſt poets, the worſt pandars of the age,
Hymn'd his no-virtues in each flatt'ring page;
True paraſitic plants ‡, which only grow
Upon their patron-trees, like miſſelto:
So pella-mountain on the flax appears,
And thyme, th' epithimy §, (her baſtard) rears;
Juſt ſo th' agaric from the larix ſprings,
And fav'rites fatten on perſpiring kings.—
More might be ſaid; but this we leave untold,
That better things their proper place may hold.
Our mirror of *good luck, whom Chance had* claim'd
As her own offspring, was Amariel nam'd.
At his firſt horoſcope the goddeſs ſmil'd,
And wrapp'd in her own mantle her own child;
Then, as a wit upon th' occaſion ſaid
(Not leſs a wit, we hope, for being dead),
" Gave him her bleſſing, put him in a way,
" Set up the farce, and laugh'd at her own play."
Fortune, the miſtreſs of the young and bold,
Eſpous'd him early, but careſs'd him old;
Duteous and faithful as an Indian wife,
She made appearance to be true for life:

* *The tenth wave, when rivers are ſwollen by floods, or agitated by ſtorms, is called in ſome parts of England an eygre.* *See* DRYDEN's Threnod. Auguſt.

† *Proſperous health and uninterrupted eaſe are often the occaſion of ſome fatal misfortunes. Thus a long peace makes men unguarded, and ſometimes unmindful, in matters of war: It being obſerved, that the moſt ſignal overthrow is uſually given us, when an unexpected enemy ſurpriſeth us in the deep ſleep of peace and ſecurity.*"
ST. GREGOR. *the Great.*

‡ *Paraſitical plants, according to the language of botaniſts, will not grow in the common matrix of the earth; but their ſeeds, being diſperſed by winds, take root in the excrementitious parts of a decayed tree, or ariſe as an excreſcence from the exſudations of ſome tree or plant. Thus the dodder (cuſcuta) formerly called pella-mountain, grows uſually on flax; and therefore the Italian peaſant calls it podagra di linio.*

§ *The Arabians and Italians (imitating the Greek word* ἐπιθυμία*) call this adſcititious plant* efitimo *and* epithimio; *but very few of our Engliſh botaniſts make mention of it. As far as I have hitherto ſeen, only one of our herbaliſts has touched upon it, namely Peter Treveris, who flouriſhed about the reign of Henry VII. He calls it epithimy. For my own part, not caring to invent new words in poetry, I have thought proper to retain the word which he (Treveris) has uſed, as it is well-ſounding, and not inelegant.*

And kept her love alive and like to laſt,
Beyond the date her Pompey was diſgrac'd.
But nothing certain (as the wiſe man * found)
Is to be deem'd on ſublunary ground.
Join'd to good fortune, 'twas our courtier's lot
To ſerve a prince who ne'er his friends forgot:
Humane, diſcreet, compaſſionate, and brave;
Not milder when he lov'd, than when forgave.
Gen'rous of promiſe, punctual in the deed;
Grac'd with more candor than moſt monarchs need.
A milkineſs of blood his heart poſſeſs'd;
With grief he puniſh'd, and with tranſport bleſs'd †.
As nobleſt metals are moſt ductile found,
Great ſouls with mild compaſſion moſt abound.
The golden dye with ſoft complacence takes
Each ſpeaking lineament th' engraver makes,
And wears a faithful image for mankind,
True to the features, truer to the mind:
Whilſt ſtubborn iron (like a barren ſoil
To lab'ring hinds) eludes the artiſt's toil;
To ev'ry ſtroke ungrateful and unjuſt,
Corrodes itſelf, or hardens into ruſt.
Good-nature, *in the language from above* ‡,
Is univerſal charity and love:
Patient of wrongs, and enemy to ſtrife;
Baſis of virtue, and the ſtaff of life!
Whilſt av'rice, private cenſure, public rage,
Are th' old man's hobby-horſe, and crutch of age.
Party conducts us to the meaneſt ends;
Party made Herod and a Pilate friends §.
Scorn'd be the bard, and baniſh'd ev'n from ſchools,
Who firſt immortaliz'd man-killing fools;
Blockheads in council, bloody in command:
Warriors—not of the head, but of the hand;
True brethren of the iron-pated Swede ‖:
They fight like Ajax, and like Ajax read.
Of all the great and harmleſs things below,
Only an elephant is truly ſo.
(Thus writes a wit ¶, well-known a cent'ry paſt;
Forgotten now; yet ſtill his fame ſhall laſt).
Kings have their follies; ſtateſmen have their arts;
Wealth ſpoils the great; beauty enſnares our hearts;
And wits are doubly dup'd by having parts.
Some have ten times the parts they ought to uſe;
" A great wit's greateſt work is to refuſe ‡!"
Never, O bards, the warning voice deſpiſe;—
To add is dang'rous, to retrench is wiſe.
Poets, inſtead of ſaying what they could,
Muſt only ſay the very thing they ſhould.
This mighty ΕΥΡΗΚΑ reſerv'd for few,
Virgil and Boileau, Pope and Dryden knew.
(Thus by the way.) Now, Muſe, reſume thy courſe;
There is no wand'rer like the poet's horſe:

* *Son of Sirach.*

† "*Bountifulneſs is a moſt beautiful garden, and mercifulneſs endureth for ever.*" ECCLUS.

‡ Εὐδοκία. MATTH. ii. 14.

§ LUKE xxii. 12.

‖ *Demir-baſh, or iron-headed: A name given by the Turks to Charles XII. of Sweden.*

¶ *Dr. Donne's Letters in Proſe*, 12mo, Lond. 1501.

‡ *Sir John Birkenhead's Epiſtle to Cartwright*, 1638.

Who quits the ſolid road, and well-beat lanes,
(Sick of his track, and puniſh'd for his pains),
To mimic galloping on green-ſwarth plains.
So, in the daily work ſhe labours at,
The ſwallow toils, and riſes with a gnat.—
It chanc'd as through his groves our monarch ſtray'd,
T' enjoy the coolneſs of a ſummer ſhade,
Wrapt up in virtuous ſchemes of means and ends,
To reconcile his foes or bleſs his friends,
He ſpy'd a figure, which by ſhape he knew,
In a lone grotto half-conceal'd from view:
Thither the prudent wanderer had retir'd,
As modeſty and well-bred ſenſe requir'd:
Studious of manners, fearful to intrude
On precious hours of royal ſolitude.
Amariel, cry'd the Prince, I know thee well,
Invelop'd in the umbrage of a cell:
I like thy modeſty, with manners fraught;
But, as my ſpirits aſk a pauſe from thought,
Walk with thy maſter, and with him inhale
The cooling freſhneſs of the weſtern gale.
Amariel, added he, and gently ſmil'd,
This grove's my kingdom, and each tree my child:
(Forgive the vanity, which thus compares
Myſelf to Cyrus, and his rural cares) *;
My ready pencil ſketch'd the firſt deſign,
Theſe eyes adjuſted ev'ry ſpace and line;
Theſe hands have fixt th' inoculated ſhoots,
Train'd the looſe branches, and reform'd the roots.
Happy the monarch of the town and field,
Where vice to laws, and weeds to culture yield!
My human realms a ten-fold care demand;
Reluctant is the ſtaple † of the land:
Sour are the juices, churliſh is the ſoil,
Of rule impatient, and averſe to toil.
In vain I cheriſh, and in vain replace; [face.
Th' ungrateful branch flies back, and wounds my
Courtiers are like th' hyena, never tame;
No bounties fix them, and no arts reclaim:
Frontleſs they run the muck ‡ through thick and thin;
Not poorer, if they loſe;—and they may win.
Patriots of their own int'reſt, right or wrong:
Foes to the feeble, flatt'rers to the ſtrong.
Stiff complaiſance thro' their beſt homage ſpreads,
So turn-ſoles § court the ſun with 'wry-neck'd heads.
True as a dial, when their patrons ſhine;
But blank, if the ſaid patrons pow'r reſign.
Like good Sir Martin ‖, when he loſt his man,
They grieve—and get another as they can.
Yet, (though ſmall real comfort is enjoy'd
Where man the ruler is, and men employ'd),
Of all my friends and ſervants, you alone
Have pleas'd me beſt, and moſt reliev'd the throne.
Whatever then my bounty can provide;
Whatever by my friendſhip be ſupply'd;
As far as faith can bind, or ſpeech can ſay,
Aſk, and I meet thy wiſhes half the way.
The ſervant bow'd, and gratitude expreſs'd;
Such gratitude as dwells in courtier's breaſt:
Pleas'd to the height of tranſport he retir'd;
His fears were calm'd, and his ambition fir'd.
Unhappy man, in both his objects wrong;
The weak he truſted, and forgot the ſtrong.
Six years were paſt, when lo, by ſlow degrees,
A fever did his limbs and ſpirits ſeize:
Advancing gently, no alarm it makes,
(Like murd'ring Indians gliding through the brakes:)
But, having mark'd her ſure approaches well,
She ſtorms, and nothing can her force repell.
Inſtant, a liquid fire inflames the blood,
Whilſt ſpaſms impede the ſelf-refining flood:
Petechial ſpots th' approach of death proclaim,
Redd'ning like comets with vindictive flame;
Whilſt wand'ring talk, and moppings wild, preſage
Moon-ſtruck illuſion, and conclude in rage.
Inevitable death alarms the heart;
Nature ſtands by, and bids her aim the dart.
The ſick man, ſtupify'd with fear and woe,
Had hardly words to ſpeak, or tears to flow;
At length in broken ſounds was heard to cry,
Grant me to ſee my maſter, ere I die.
The maſter came Ah, prince, Amariel ſaid,
Now keep thy promiſe, and extend thy aid;
Unfurl my tangled thread of human breath,
And call me back one year, before my death.
The prince (for he was wiſe, and good withall)
Stood like a ſtatue, mortiz'd to the wall:
At length, recov'ring from amazement, broke
An awful ſilence, and thus gravely ſpoke:
Amariel, ſure thy pangs diſturb thy brain:
The boon you aſk is blaſphemous and vain;
Am I a god, to alter death's decree?
That's the prerogative of heav'n, not me!
Then, cried Amariel, with a haſty tone,
Gain me a week, three days, or gain me one.
Impoſſible again! the prince reply'd;
Sure thy diſeaſe to madneſs is ally'd:
Aſk me for riches—freely I reſign
A third or half, and bid thee make them thine.
Whate'er the world can human greatneſs call,
Pow'r, rank, grants, titles, I'll beſtow them all.
Then die in peace, or with contentment live,
Nor aſk a gift no mortal pow'r can give.
With eyes that flaſh'd with eagerneſs and fire
The ſick man then propos'd a new deſire:
" As deaths dread tyranny has no controul,
" Can you enſure the ſafety of my ſoul?"
Anxious and doubtful for my future ſtate,
I read the danger, but I read too late.
The prince ſtood mute; compaſſion and amaze
Tore his divided heart ten thouſand ways:
And, having rightly weigh'd the ſick man's pray'r
Thus he replied in ſorrow and deſpair:
" Salvation of the ſoul by grace is giv'n;—
" Unalienable is the grace of Heav'n.
" I tremble at the rath requeſt you make,
" Which is not mine to grant, or yours to take.
Amariel then, with diſappointment ſpent,
Turn'd from his prince in mournful diſcontent,

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* XENOPHONT. *Oeconomic.* C. iv. *&c.*

† *The ſtaple of the ſoil, in a huſbandry-ſenſe, is the upper earth, which lies within the reach of the plough and influence of the atmoſphere.*

Thus we call wool, with relation to England, a ſtaple commodity.

‡ *Dryden's Hind and Panther.*

§ *The Heliotrope, or ſun-flower, called by the Italians,* orologio dei cortegiani.

‖ *Sir Martin Marr-all, in a comedy of Dryden's writing.*

And, lifting up to heav'n his hands and eyes,
Thus in a flood of tears obteſts the ſkies:
" Wretch that I am, unworthy of my breath;
" Deceiv'd when living, and deceiv'd in death!
" Why did I waſte my ſtrength, my cares, my
fame
" To ſerve a maſter——maſter but in name?
" An ethnic idol, for deluſion made;
" Eyes without ſight, protection without aid?
" Unable to beſtow the good we want,
" And ready, what avails us not, to grant!
" Deceitful, impotent, unuſeful pow'r;
" Which can give di'monds, but not give an hour!
" At Rimmon's ſhrine no longer will I bow,
" But thus to th' all-pow'rful King addreſs my
vow:
" O thou, the only great, and good, and wiſe,
" Ruler of earth, and monarch of the ſkies;
" Thou whom th' intents of virtuous actions pleaſe;
" Whoſe laws are freedom, and whoſe ſervice
eaſe *:
" Whoſe mercy waits th' offender to the grave,
" Willing to hear; omnipotent to ſave!
" Who ne'er forgot one meritorious deed,
" Nor left a ſervant in the hour of need.
" To mercy and to equity inclin'd;
" Who mind'ſt the heart and tenor of the mind †.
" Forgive my error, and my life reſtore;
" Thee will I ſerve alone, and thee adore!
" Farewell earth's deities and idols all!
" Moloch and Mammon, Chion ‡, Dagon, Baal:
" Whoſe Chemarims § tread their fantaſtic rounds
" O'er Aven's ‖ plains, and dance to Tyrian ſounds.
" Hence falſe Aſtarte ¶, who the world ſuborns;
" Life's lambent meteor gliſt'ring round her horns.
" Let Thammuz moan his ſelf inflicted pain,
" And Sidon's ſtream run purple to the main.
" No ſtar of Remphan ** ſhall attract my ſight,
" Shorn of its beams, and gleaning ſickly light:
" Malignant orb! which tempts bewilder'd ſwains
" To gulfs, to quickſands, and waſte trackleſs
plains!
" By thee the falſe Achitophel was led; ſbed.
" And Haman †† dy'd aloft, and made a cloud his
" From worldly hopes and falſe dependance
freed,
" I'll ſeek no ſafety from a ſplinter'd reed;
" Which cauſes thoſe to fall, who wiſh to ſtand;
" Or, if it aids the ſteps, gangrenes the hand ‡‡.
" How vain is all the chemic wealth of pow'r!
" Sought for an age, and ſquander'd in an hour;
" Full late we learn, in ſickneſs, pains, and woe,
" What in high health 'twas poſſible to know.

" Two ages may have two Eliſhas ſeen;
" Groups of Gehazis * choke the ſpace between:
" Who live unthinking and obdurate die,
" Nor heed their own or children's leproſy †.
" Sin-born and blind! Who change, proteſt, and
" ſwear,
" With the ſame eaſe they draw the vital air.
" Proud of the wit, and heedleſs of the ſin,
" They ſtrip, and ſell the Chriſtian to the ſkin ‡.
" Charms irreſiſtible the dupes behold
" In vineyards, farms, and all compelling gold.
" Others (ſtill weaker) ſet their truth to ſale
" For a mere ſound, and cut of heav'n's entail:
" Whilſt he, who never fails his imps, ſupplies
" Prompt treachery, and freſh created lies.——
" Time-ſervers are at ev'ry man's command
" For loaves and fiſh on Dalmanthua's ſtrand §."
He ſpoke: And, with a flood of tears oppreſs'd
Gave anguiſh vent, and felt a moment's reſt.
Heav'n with compaſſion heard the ſick man
grieve;
And Hezekiah gain'd the wiſh'd reprive ‖.
Once more his blood with equal pulſes flow'd
And health's contentment on his viſage glow'd.
Places and honours he with joy reſign'd;
(Peace-offerings to procure a tranquil mind ¶!)
Gave all his riches to the ſick and poor,
And made one patriarch-farm his only ſtore.
To groves and brooks our new Elijah ran,
Far from the monſter world, and traitor man.
Thus he ſurviv'd the tempeſt of the day,
And ev'ning ſunſhine ſhot a glorious ray.
Diſeaſes, ſickneſs, diſappointments, ſorrow,
All lend us comfort, whilſt they ſeem to borrow.
Here I might paint him in a life retir'd,
Ennobled by the virtues he acquir'd;
But the true tranſports of the wiſe and good
Are beſt by implication underſtood;
Except the muſe with Dryden's ſtrength could
ſoar:——
Me, humble prudence whiſpers ** to give o'er.
A ſafe retreat; plann'd and perform'd with care;
Stands for a vict'ry in poetic war.
So when the warbling lark has mounted high
With up-right flight, and gain'd upon the ſky,
Grown giddy, ſhe contracts her flick'ring
wings:
Thrids her deſcending courſe in ſpiral rings,
Leſſ'ning her voice; but to the ground ſhe
ſings:
Reſolving, on a more auſpicious day,
Higher to mount, and chaunt a better lay ††.

---

* *Idicero ſervi ſumus, ut liberi eſſe poſſimus.*
CICERO.

† *Biſhop Jer. Taylor.*

‡ *Chiun, probably from* KΥΩΝ: *Qu. if not Anubis. See alſo* AMOS v. 26. 1 KINGS xi. 32.

§ *For the Chemarims of Baal ſee* HOSEA x. 5. *in Marg.* 2 KINGS. xxiii. 5.

‖ *Aven.* HOSEA x. 8. *Plains of Aven.* AMOS i. 5.

¶ *Perhaps the ſame as Aſtaroth, or Venus, the Goddeſs of the Sidonians.*

** ACTS viii. 43.

†† ESTHER vii. 9.

‡‡ ISAIAH xxxvi. 6.

* 2 KINGS v. 20.

† *Ibid. ult.*

‡ " *They pull off the robe with the garment.*" MIC. ii. 8.

§ MARK viii. 10.

‖ 2 KINGS xx.

¶ *Tranquil mind.* SHAKES.

** *Me, mea Calliope, cura leviore vagantem,*
Jam revocat, parvoque jubet decurrere gyro.
COLUMEL. *de Hortis*, L. 10.

†† ——————*noſtra fatiſcit,*
Laxaturq. chelys: viris inſtigat, alitq.
Tempeſtiva quies; major poſt otia virtus.
SYLV. L. 2.

How few can ſtill their readers mind engage?—
One Pope is the ſlow child-birth of one age.
Others write verſes, but they write unbleſt;
Some few good lines ſtand ſponſers for the reſt:
They miſs wit's depth, and on the ſurface ſkim;
(He who ſeeks pearls, muſt dive, as well as ſwim.)
Bad bards, worſe critics——Thus we multiply
Poems and rules, but write no poetry.
Ev'n Pope, like Charlemagne, with all his fire
Made Palladins——but not an hoſt entire *.
Far as its pow'rs could go, thy genius went:
Good ſenſe ſtill kept thee in thy own extent †.

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* *An anſwer made by Boccace, when it was objected to him, that ſome of his novels had not the ſpirit of the reſt.*

† *Amongſt Mr. Pope's great intellectual abilities, good ſenſe was his moſt diſtinguiſhing character: For he knew preciſely, and as it were by a ſort of intuition, what he had power to do, and what he could not do.*

He often uſed to ſay, that for ten years together he firmly reſiſted the importunity of friends and flatterers, when they ſolicited him to undertake a tranſlation of Virgil after Dryden. Nor did he ever miſtake the extent of his talents, but in the following trivial inſtance; and that was, when he writ his Ode to Muſic on St. Cecilia's day, induced perhaps by a ſecret ambition of rivalling the inimitable Dryden. In which caſe, if he hath not exceeded the original (for there is always ſome advantage in

Rare wiſdom! both t' enjoy and know thy ſtore;——
Moſt wits, like miſers, always covet more.
Leave me, lov'd bard, inſtructor of my youth,
Leave me the ſounds of verſe, and voice of truth;
So when Elias dropp'd his mantle, ran
Eliſha, and a prophet's life began *.
Add, that the muſes, nurſt in various climes,
Yield diff'rent produce, and at diff'rent times.
Italian plants, in nature's hot-bed plac'd,
Bear fruits in ſpring, and riot into waſte.
French flow'rs leſs early (and yet early), blow;
Their pertneſs is a green-houſe from the ſnow.
Cold northern wits demand a longer date;
Our genius, like our climate, ripens late.
The fancy's ſolſtice is at forty o'er,
The tropic of our judgment ſees threeſcore.
Thus ſummer codlings yield a poignant draught,
Which friſks the palate, but ne'er warms the thought:
Rough cackagées (four months behind them caſt),
Take all bad weather, and through autumn laſt:
Mellow'd from wild auſterity, at length
They taſte like nectar, and adopt its ſtrength

---

writing firſt), he hath at leaſt ſurpaſſed (and perhaps ever will ſurpaſs) thoſe that come after him, and attempt to make the ſame experiment.

* 2 KINGS ii.

THE ENCHANTED REGION; OR, MISTAKEN PLEASURES.

The miſtreſs of witchcrafts. NAHUM iii. 4.

Draw near hither, ye ſons of the ſorcereſs.
ISAIAH lvii. 3.

According to their paſture, ſo were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted: Therefore have they forgotten ME.
HOSEA xiii. 6.

EMPTY, illuſory life,
Pregnant with fraud, in miſchiefs riſe *;
Form'd t' enſnare us, and deceive us:
Nahum's enchantreſs! which beguiles
With all her harlotry of wiles!
Firſt ſhe loves, and then ſhe leaves us!

Erring happineſs beguiles
The wretch that ſtrays o'er Circe's iſles;

---

* "*Art thou arrived to maturity of life? Look back and thou ſhalt ſee the frailty of thy youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the ſenſeleſs diſſipation of thy infancy!——Look forward and thou ſhalt behold the inſincerity of the world and cares of life, the diſeaſes of thy body and the troubles of thy mind.*" HANON. VET.

"*In this world death is everywhere, grief everywhere, and deſolation everywhere. The world flieth us, and yet we follow it: It falleth, and we adhere to it, fall with it, and attempt to enjoy it falling.*"
St. GREGOR. Hom.

All things ſmile, and all annoy him;
The roſe has thorns, the doves can bite;
Riot is a fatigue till night,
Sleep an opium to deſtroy him.

Louring in the groves of death
Yew trees breathe funereal breath,
Brambles and thorns perplex the ſhade:
Aſphaltic waters creep and reſt;
Birds in guady plumage dreſt,
Scream unmeaning through the glade*.

Earth fallacious herbage † yields,
And deep in graſs its influence ſhields;
Acrid juices, ſcent annoying;
Corroſive crow-feet choke the plains,
And hemlock ſtrip'd with lurid ſtains,
And lucious mandrakes, life-deſtroying.

Gaudy bella-donna ‖ blowing,
Or with gloſſy berries glowing,
Lures th' unwiſe to tempt their doom:

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* *It is remarkable that birds adorned with rich plumage, as peacocks, parrots, &c. have, generally ſpeaking, unmuſical voices.*

† ——————*fallax herba veneni.* VIRG.

‖ *The bella-donna lily, or deadly night-ſhade. (Attropa Linnæi.)*

Love's apple * masks the fruit of death;
Sick henbane murders with her breath,
Actea † with an harlot's bloom.

One plant ‡ alone is wrapt in shade;
Few eyes its privacy invade;
Plant of joy, of life, and health!
More than the fabled lotos fam'd,
Which (tasted once) mankind reclaim'd
From parents, country, pow'r, and wealth §.

On yonder Alp I see it rise,
Aspiring to congenial skies,
But cover'd half with ivy-walls;——
'There, where Eusebio ‖ rais'd a shrine,'
Snatch'd from the gulf by pow'r divine,
Where Reiga's tumbling torrent falls ¶.

Compar'd with thee, how dimly shows
Poor Anacreon's lifeless rose?
What is Homer's plant ** to thee?——
In vain the Mantuan poet try'd
To paint Amellus' starry †† pride,
Emblem of wit's futility!

Men saw, alas, and knew not thee,
Mystic evangelic tree!
Thou hadst no charms for paynim-eyes;
Till, guided by the lamp of heav'n,
To chaste Urania pow'r was giv'n
To see, t'admire, and moralize.

All-beauteous flow'r, whose centre glows
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows
Ray-like effulgence. Next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfring'd with an impurpled blue,
And streak'd with young Pomona's green *.

High o'er the pointal, deck'd with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold),
A radiant cross its form expands;——
Its op'ning arms appear t' embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuge of all men in all lands!

Grant me, kind heav'n, in prosp'rous hour
To pluck this consecrated flow'r,
And wear it thankful on my breast;
Then shall my steps securely stray,
No pleasures shall pervert my way †,
No joys seduce, no cares molest.

Like Tobit (when the hand, approv'd
By heav'n, th' obstructing films remov'd ‡)
I now see objects as I ought:
Ambition's ** hideous; pleasure vain
Av'rice ** is but a blockhead's gain,
Possessing all, bestowing nought.

Passions and frauds surround us all,
Their empire is reciprocal:
Shun their blandishments and wiles;
Riches but serve to steel the heart;
Want has its meanness and its art;
Health betrays, and strength beguiles.

In highest stations snares misguide;
Midst solitude they nurture pride,
Breeding vanity in knowledge;
A poison in delicious meat,
Midst wines a fraud, midst mirth a cheat,
In courts, in cabinet, and college.

The toils are fixt, the sportsmen keen:
Abroad unsafe, betray'd within,
Whither, O mortal! art thou flying?
Thy resolutions oft are snares,
Thy doubts, petitions, gifts, and pray'rs;——
Alas, there may be snares in dying!

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* *Amomum Plinii.*

† *Actæa; Herb Christopher.*

‡ *The passion flower.*

§ *See Homer's Odyssey* L. ix. 94. *&c.*

‖ *The Baron de Bottoni.*

¶ *This alludes to a well-known fact in the dutchy of Carniola, where the present ode was written.*

About the year 1675, *a nobleman was riding at night upon a road which goes near the edge of the precipice here mentioned. Mistaking his way (and that for a few steps only) his horse stopped short, and refused to go on; upon which the rider, who, in all probability was heated with liquor (otherwise he ought to have known the precipice better, it being not far from his own castle), lost both his temper and prudence, and spurred the horse with great anger; upon which the poor beast took a desperate leap, intending, as was imagined, to have reached another angle of the precipice on the same side which the road lay. The horse fell directly into the torrent, two or three hundred feet beneath, and was hurried away with such rapidity that the body was never found. The nobleman was discovered next day in an opening of the rock, about half-way down, where a few bushes grew; and as the saddle was found not far from him, it was supposed that the horse, by the violence of the effort he made, burst the saddle-girths. The rider lived many years after this wonderful escape, and, out of gratitude to God, erected a beautiful chaple on the edge of the precipice, dedicated (if I mistake not) to St. Anthony of Padua.*

I made a drawing of the chaple, precipice, torrent, and nobleman's castle; of which a copy was taken afterwards by the celebrated draftsman Visentini, at Venice, in 1750.

** *Molly.* HOMER'S ODYSSEY, L. XI. 305.

†† *Aster Atticus, or (purple Italian) star-wort.*
GEORG. IV. 271.

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* *Alluding to that particular species of green called by the French pomme-verte, or apple-green.*

† "*My heart is a vain and wandering heart, whenever it is led by its own determinations. It is busy to no purpose, and occupied to no end, whenever it is not guided by divine influence: It seeketh rest and findeth none: It agreeth not with itself: It alters resolutions, changeth judgment, frames new thoughts, and suppresses old ones; pulls down every thing, and rebuildeth nothing; in short, it never continueth in the same state.*"
St. BERNARD. Medit.

"*Seest thou the luminary of the greater world in the highest pitch of meridian glory; where it continueth not, but descends in the same proportion as it ascended? Look next and consider if the light of this lower world is more permanent? Continuance is the child of eternity, and not of time.*" *Ex.* VET. ASCET.

‡ TOBIT iii. 17.

** "*All vices wax old by age: Covetousness (and ambition) alone grow young.*"
E. VET. ASCET.

Deceiving none, by none enſnar'd,
O Paraclete *, be thou my guard,
Patron of ev'ry juſt endeavour!

* ΠΑΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΣ: *The Comforter; the Holy Spirit.* JOHN xiv. 16—26.

Dryden firſt introduced the word Paraclete into the Engliſh language, in his tranſlation of the hymn Veni Creator Spiritus: as alſo in his Britannia Rediviva:

The croſs of Chriſt is man's reward *:
No heights obſtruct, no depths retard;
Chriſtian joys are joys for ever!

" *Laſt ſolemn ſabbath ſaw the church attend;*
The Paraclete in fiery pomp deſcend.
But when his wond'rous octave roll'd again.'

* ROM. viii. 39.

EULOGIUS: OR, THE CHARITABLE MASON.

AN HISTORICAL FABLE:

Taken from the Greek of Paulus Syllogus, Lib. III.

——— Nos, vilis turba, caducis
Deſervire bonis, ſemperq; optare parati,
Sparginur in caſus. STAT. Sylvæ. L. II.

God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than thoſe which we deſire.
DRYD. Palam. & Arc.

GIVE me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: Leſt I be full and deny thee, and ſay, Who is the Lord? Or leſt I be poor and ſteal, and take the name of my God in vain. AGUR's *Prayer*.
Prov. xxx. 8, 9.

INTRODUCTION.

PERMIT me, Stanhope *, as I form'd thy youth
To claſſic taſte and philoſophic truth,
Once more, thy kind attention to engage,
And, dying, leave thee comfort for old age;
This hiſt'ry may eternal truths ſuggeſt:——
I've ſeen thee learn'd, and would leave thee bleſt!
One grain of piety avails us more
Than Pruſſia's laurels, or Potoſi's ſtore.
How blindly to our miſery we run;
Dup'd by falſe hopes, and by our pray'rs undone!
We want, we wiſh; we change, we change agen;
Yet know not how to aſk, nor what, nor when.
Juſt ſo, miſled by liquor, drunkards ſtray,
They know they have a road, but miſs their way;
Th' exiſtence of their home admits no doubt;
Th' uncertainty——is where to find it out †.
Zimri aſk'd wealth, and wealth o'erturn'd his parts.——
Parents for children pray, which break their hearts.
Contractors, agio-men, for villas ſigh;
To-day they purchaſe, and to morrow die.

* *Philip Stanhope, Eſq. late member of parliament for St. Germain's in Cornwall, and at preſent envoy extraordinary to the Court of Dreſden and the circle of Lower Saxony, &c.*

† *Væ tempori illi quando non Deum cognovimus!*
AUGUST. *Soliloq.* C. 31.

Six cubic feet of earth are all their lot *;
Mourn'd with hypocriſy, with eaſe forgot.
Their Chriſtian-heirs the pagan-rites employ,
And give the fun'ral ilicet with joy.
Lelio † would be th' Angelic ‡ of a ſchool;
Kneels down a wit, and riſes up a fool.
Weak hands affect to hold the ſtateſman's ſcale:
As well the ſhrimp might emulate a whale.——
Clamb'ring, with ſtars averſe, to fortune's height
Ambitious Omri roſe, and dropp'd down-right.
His paunch too heavy, and his head too light.
Like fall'n Salmoneus, he perceiv'd, at length,
The mean hypocriſy of boaſted ſtrength:
To deal like Dennis his vain thunder round,
And imitate inimitable ſound.——
Both ways deceitful is the wine of pow'r,
When new, 'tis heady, and, when old, 'tis ſow'r.
Ianthé pray'd for beauty; luckleſs maid!——
An idiot-mind th' angelic form betray'd.
Nature profuſely deck'd the out-ſide pile,
But ſtarv'd the poor inhabitant the while.

* " *Hic tibi mortis erunt metæ; Domus alta ſub Ida*
Lyrneſſi domus alta;—Solo Laurente ſepulchrum.
VIRG. *Æneid.* XII.

" *A ſmall ſpace of ground after death contains both rich and poor. Nature produceth us all alike, and makes no diſtinction at death. Open the grave, view the dead bodies, move the aſhes, you will find no difference between the patrician and the peaſant, except thus far; that by the magnificence of the tomb of the former, you may perceive he had much more to reſign and leſe than the latter.*'
ST. AMBROSE.

† *Late Lord B***.* ‡ *Doctor Angelicus.*

)'Avenant implor'd the muſes for a tongue:
'he muſes lent him theirs. He ſweetly ſung;
nd—(but for Milton *) had more ſweetly
† ſwung.
earn hence, he cry'd, "my merry brethren all ‡,"
'yburn's agáric ſtanches wit, and gall.
Others mount Pegaſus, but loſe their feat:
nd break their necks, before they end the heat.
ibanius try'd the ſtreams of eloqueuce,
ut plummet-deep he ſunk, unbuoy'd with ſenſe.
ncinas §-ſk'd the knack of plotting treaſon
Againſt the crown and dignity of reaſon ‖."
y his own art th' artificer was try'd,
nd lawyers beat him on the quibbling ſide.
ow haſten, poet, to begin thy ſong:
A tale," ſays Prior, "ne'er ſhould be too long."
l-judging is the bard, who ſlacks his pace
nd ſeeks for flow'rs, when he ſhould run the
race;
r, wand'ring to enchanted caſtles, ſleeps
n beds of down; or Cupid's vigils keeps;
'hilſt the main action is by pleaſures croſt,
nd the firſt purport of th' adventure loſt.
reat wits may ſcorn the dry poetic law;
or from the critic, but from nature, draw;
ach ſeeming trip, and each digreſſive ſtart,
iſplays their eaſe the more, and deep-plann'd
art:
ll ſtudy'd blandiſhments t' allure the heart.)
ike Sanuel's ¶ ſtream, gliding through flow'ry
plains,
h' effects are ſeen: The ſource unknown remains.

ancient times, ſcarce talk'd of, and leſs known,
'hen pious Juſtin ** fill'd the eaſtern throne,
a ſmall dorp †† till then for nothing fam'd,
nd by the neighb'ring ſwains Thebais nam'd,
ulogius liv'd: an humble maſon he;
nothing rich, but virtuous poverty.
rom noiſe and riot he devoutly kept,
gh'd with the ſick, and with the mourner wept;
alf his earn'd pittance to poor neighbours went.
'hey had his alms, and he had his content.
till from his little he could ſomething ſpare
'o feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare.

He gave, whilſt aught he had, and knew no bounds;
The poor man's drachma ſtood for rich men's
pounds,
He learnt with patience, and with meekneſs taught
His life was but the comment of his thought.
Hence, ye vain-glorious Shafteſburys, allow
That men had more religion then than now,
Whether they nearer liv'd to the bleſt times
When man's Redeemer bled for human crimes;
Whether the hermits of the deſart fraught
With living practice, by example taught;
Or whether, with tranſmiſſive virtues fir'd,
(Which Chryſoſtoms all-eloquent inſpir'd,)
They caught the ſacred flame—I ſpare to ſay.
Religion's ſun ſtill ſhot an ev'ning-ray.
On the ſouth aſpect of a ſloping hill,
Whoſe ſkirts meand'ring Penus waſhes ſtill,
Our pious lab'rer paſs'd his youthful days
In peace and charity, in pray'r and praiſe.
No theatres or oaks around him riſe, [ſkies;
Whoſe roots earth's centre touch, whoſe head the
No ſtately larch-tree there expands a ſhade
O'er half a rood * of Lariſſéan gladé:
No lofty poplars catch the murm'ring breeze,
Which loit'ring whiſpers on the cloud-capp'd trees;
Such imag'ry of greatneſs ill became
A nameleſs dwelling, and an unknown name!
Inſtead of foreſt-monarchs, and their train,
The unambitious roſe bedeck'd the plain:
Trifoliate cytiſus reſtrain'd its boughs
For humble ſheep to crop, and goats to browze.
On ſkirting heights thick ſtood the cluſt'ring vine
And here and there the ſweet-leav'd eglantine;
One liliac only, with a ſtatelier grace,
Preſum'd to claim the oak's and cedar's place,
And, looking round him with a monarch's care,
Spread his exalted boughs to wave in air.
This ſpot, for dwelling fit, Eulogius choſe,
And in a month a decent home-ſtall roſe,
Something, between a cottage and a cell.——
Yet virtue here could ſleep, and peace could dwell,
From living ſtone (but not of Parian rocks),
He chipp'd his pavement, and he ſquar'd his blocks:
And then, without the aid of neighbours' art,
Perform'd the carpenter's and glazier's part.
The ſite was neither granted him, nor giv'n;
'Twas nature's; and the ground-rent due to
heav'n.
Wife he had none: Nor had he love to ſpare;
An aged mother wanted all his care.
They thank'd their Maker for a pittance ſent,
Supp'd on a turnip, ſlept upon content.
Four rooms, above, below, this manſion grac'd,
With white-waſh deck, and river-ſand o'er-caſt:
The firſt, (forgive my verſe if too diffuſe,)
Perform'd the kitchen's and the parlour's uſe:
The ſecond, better bolted and immur'd,
From wolves his out-door family ſecur'd:
(For he had twice three kids, beſides their dams;
A cow, a ſpaniel, and two fav'rite lambs:)
A third, with herbs perfum'd, and ruſhes ſpread,
Held, for his mother's uſe, a feather'd bed:
Two moſs-matraſſes in the fourth were ſhown;
One for himſelf, for friends and pilgrims one.

---

* *Milton interceded, and ſaved Davenant, when he was ſtate-priſoner at Cowe's caſtle in the Iſle of Wight, anno* 650: *Davenant, in return, preſerved Milton at the reſtoration.*

† *Alluding to a paſſage in Dryden:* "*A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife ſaid of his ſervant, of a plain piece of work, bare hanging; but, to make a malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her huſband.*"
DEDICATION *to Juvenal.*

‡ *From an Old Poem.* § *A Spaniſh Caſuiſt.*

‖ *Logic: So defined by our venerable poet Francis Quarles*, 1638.
Alluding to his famous inſcription:
Quæ dat aquas ſaxo latet hoſpita nympha ſub imo;
Sic tu, cum dederis dona, latere velis.
SANTOL. *Poem.*

** *About the year* DXXVI.

†† *Dorp, a village, or more properly an hamlet.*
DRYDEN.
It is a German word, and adopted by our beſt writers in the beginning and middle of the laſt century.

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* *See the note to page* 880.

A ground-plot ſquare five hives of bees contains;
Emblems of induſtry and virtuous gains*!
Pilaſter's jas'mines 'twixt the windows grew,
With lavendar beneath, and ſage and rue.
Pulſe of all kinds diffus'd their od'rous powers,
When nature pencils butterflies† on flow'rs:
Nor were the cole-worts wanting, nor the root
Which after-ages call Hybernian fruit.
There, at a wiſh, much chamomile was had;
(The conſcience of man's ſtomach good or bad;)
Spoon-wort‡ was there, ſcorbutics to ſupply;
And centaury to clear the jaundic'd eye;
And that§, which on the baptiſt's vigil ſends
To nymphs and ſwains the viſion of their friends.
Elſe phyſical and kitchen-plants alone
His ſkill acknowledge, and his culture own.
Each herb he knew, that works or good or ill,
More learn'd than Meſva‖, half as learn'd as Hill;
For great the man, and uſeful, without doubt,
Who ſeaſons pottage—or expels the gout;
Whoſe ſcience keeps life in, and keeps death out!
No fleſh from market-towns our peaſant ſought;
He rear'd his frugal meat, but never bought:
A kid ſometimes for feſtivals he ſlew;
The choicer part was his ſick neighbour's due:
Two bacon-flitches made his Sunday's cheer;
Some the poor had, and ſome out-liv'd the year:
For roots and herbage, (rais'd at hours to ſpare),
With humble milk, compos'd his uſual fare.
(The poor man then was rich, and liv'd with glee;
Each barley-head untaxt, and day-light free:)
All had a part in all the reſt could ſpare,
The common water¶, and the common air**.
Meanwhile God's bleſſings made Eulogius thrive,
The happieſt, moſt contented man alive.
His conſcience cheer'd him with a life well-ſpent,
His prudence a ſuperfluous ſomething lent,
Which made the poor who took, and poor who gave, content.
Alternate were his labours and his reſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.
Such kindneſs left men nothing to require,
Prevented wiſhing, and out-ran deſire.
He ſought, not to prolong poor lives, but ſave:
And that which others lend, he always gave.
Uſ'ry, a canker in fair virtue's roſe,
Corrodes, and blaſts the bloſſom e'er it blows:

So fierce, O lucre, and ſo keen thy edge:——
Thou tak'ſt the poor man's mill-ſtones for a pledge*!

Euſebius, hermit of a neighb'ring cell,
His brother Chriſtian mark'd, and knew him well:
With zeal unenvying, and with tranſport fir'd,
Beheld him, prais'd him, lov'd him, and admir'd.
Convinc'd, that noiſeleſs piety might dwell
In ſecular retreats, and flouriſh well;
And that Heavn's king (ſo greater a maſter he)
Had ſervants ev'rywhere, of each degree.
"All-gracious pow'r," he cries, "for forty years
"I've liv'd an anchorete in pray'rs and tears:
"Yon' ſpring, which bubbles from the mountain's ſide,
"Has all the luxury of thirſt ſupply'd:
"The roots of thiſtles have my hunger fed,
"Two roods† of cultur'd barley give me bread,
"A rock my pillow, and green moſs my bed.
"The midnight-clock atteſts my fervent pray'rs,
"The riſing ſun my oriſons declares,
"The live-long day my aſpirations knows,
"And with the ſetting ſun my veſpers cloſe!
"Thy truth, my hope: Thy providence my guard:
"Thy grace, my ſtrength: Thy heav'n, my laſt reward!"
"But, ſelf-devoted from the prime of youth
"To life ſequeſter'd, and aſcetic truth,
"With faſting mortify'd, worn out with tears,
"And bent beneath the load of ſev'nty years,
"I nothing from my induſtry can gain
"To eaſe the poor man's wants, or ſick man's pain:
"My garden takes up half my daily care,
"And my field aſks the minutes I can ſpare;
"While bleſt Eulogius from his pittance gives
"The better half, and in true practice lives.
"Heav'n is but cheaply ſerv'd with words and ſhow,
"I want that glorious virtue—To beſtow!
"True Chriſtianity depends on fact:
"Religion is not theory, but act.
"Men, ſeraphs, all, Eulogius' praiſe proclaim,
"Who lends both ſight and feet to blind and lame
"Who ſoothes th' aſperity of hunger's ſighs,
"And diſſipates the tear from mournful eyes;
"Pilgrims or wand'ring angels entertains;
"Like pious Abraham on Mamre's plains.
"Ev'n to brute beaſts his righteous care extends‡,
"He feels their ſuff'rings, and their wants befriends;
"From one ſmall ſource ſo many bounties ſpring,
"We loſe the peaſant, and ſuppoſe a king;
"A king of heav'n's own ſtamp, not vulgar make;
"Bleſſed in giving, and averſe to take! [live,
"Not ſuch my pow'r! Half-uſeleſs doom'd to
"Pray'rs and advice are all I have to give:
"But all, whate'er my means or ſtrength deny,
"The virtues of Eulogius can ſupply.
"Each, in the compaſs of his pow'r, he ſerves;
"Nor ever from his gen'rous purpoſe ſwerves:
"Ev'n enemies to his protection run,
"Sure of his light, as of the riſing ſun.

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* "*Nullus, cum per cœlum licuit, otio periit dies.*"
PLIN. *Hiſt. Natural.* L. I.

† *All leguminous plants are, as the learned ſay, papilionaceous, or bear butterflied flowers.*

‡ *Cochlearia, Spoon-wort is the old Engliſh word for ſcurvy-graſs.*

§ *In imitation of Virgil:*
"——*Conon, & quis fuit alter*
"*Deſcripſit radio? &c.*"

‖ *An Arabian phyſician, well ſkilled in botany.*

¶ "*Quid prohibetis aquas? Uſus communis aquarum eſt.*"
OVID. *Met.*

** "——*Et cunctis undamque auramque patentem.*"
VIRG. *Æn.* vii.
But Ovid is ſtill more explicit. Met. I.
"——*Campum*
"*Communemq; prius, ceu lumina ſolis, & auræ.*"

* "*No man ſhall take the nether or upper mill-ſtone to pledge; for he taketh a man's life to pledge.*"
Deut. xxiv. 6.

† *Two roods*, i. e. *half an acre.*

‡ "*The righteous man regardeth the life of his beaſt.*"
Prov. xii. 10.

" What pity is it that ſo great a ſoul,
" An heart ſo bountiful, ſhould feel controul?
" Warm in itſelf, by icy fortune dampt,
" And in the effort of exertion crampt;
" Beneficent to all men, juſt, and true:
" As nature bounteous, and impartial too.
" Thus ſometimes have I ſeen an angel's mind
" In a weak body wretchedly confin'd:
" A mind, O Conſtantine, which from thy throne
" Can take no honours, and yet add her own!
" Then hear me, gracious Heav'n, and grant
" my pray'r;
" Make yonder man the fav'rite of thy care:
" Nouriſh the plant with thy celeſtial dew,
" Like manna let it fall, and ſtill be new:
" Expand the bloſſoms of his gen'rous mind,
" Till the rich odour reaches half mankind.
" Give him Bizantium's wealth, which uſeleſs ſhines,
" Sicilian plenty, and the Indian mines;
" Inſtead of Peneus, let Pactolus lave
" His garden's precincts with a golden wave;
" Then may his ſoul its free-born range enjoy,
" Give deed to will, and ev'ry pow'r employ:
" In him the ſick a ſecond Luke ſhall find;
" Orphans and widows, to his care conſign'd,
" Shall bleſs the father, and the huſband kind:
" Juſt ſteward of the bounty he receiv'd
" And dying poorer than the poor reliev'd!"

So pray'd he, whilſt an angel's voice from high
Bade him forceaſe to importune the ſky:
Fate ſtopp'd his ears in an ill-omen'd day,
And the winds bore the warning ſounds away;
Wild indiſtinction did their place ſupply;
Half heard, half loſt, th' imperfect accents die.
Little fore-ſaw he that th' Almighty pow'r,
Who feeds the faithful at his choſen hour,
Conſults not taſte but wholeſomeneſs of food,
Nor means to pleaſe their ſenſe, but do them good.
Great was the miracle, and fitter too,
When draughts from Cherith's brook Elijah drew *:
And wing'd purveyors his ſharp hunger fed
With frugal ſcraps of fleſh, and maſlin-bread †.
On quails the humble prophet's pride might ſwell,
And high fed lux'ry prompt him to rebell.

Nor dreamt our anchorite, that, if his friend
Should reach, O virtuous poverty! thy end,
That conſcience and religion ſoon might fly
To ſome forſaken clime and diſtant ſky.
Ign'rant of happineſs, and blind to ruin,
How oft are our petitions our undoing!
Jephtha, with greater ſenſe of vict'ry fir'd,
Made a raſh vow, and thought the vow inſpir'd:
In piety the firſt, his daughter ran,
To hail with duteous voice the conqu'ring man:
Well-meaning, but unconſcious of her doom,
She ſought a bleſſing, and ſhe found a tomb *!
The pow'r ſupreme (my author ſo declares),
Heard with concern the erring hermit's pray'rs:
Heard diſapproving; but at length inclin'd
To give a living leſſon to mankind;
That men thence forward ſhould ſubmiſſive live;
And leave omniſcience the free pow'r to give.—
For wealth or poverty, on man beſtow'd,
Alike are bleſſings from the hand of God!
How often is the ſoul enſnar'd by health?
How poor in virtue is the man of wealth?
The hermit's pray'r permitted, not approv'd;
Soon in an higher ſphere Eulogius mov'd:
Each ſluice of affluent fortune open'd ſoon,
And wealth flow'd in at morning, night, and noon.
One day, in turning ſome uncultur'd ground,
(In hopes a free-ſtone quarry might be found),
His mattock met reſiſtance, and behold
A caſket burſt, with di'monds fill'd, and gold.
He cramm'd his pockets with the precious ſtore,
And ev'ry night review'd it o'er and o'er;
Till a gay conſcious pride, unknown as yet,
Touch'd a vain heart, and taught it to forget:
And, what ſtill more his ſtagg'ring virtue try'd,
His mother, tut'reſs of that virtue, dy'd.
A neighb'ring matron, not unknown to fame
(Hiſtorians give her Teraminta's name),
The parent of the needy and diſtreſs'd,
With large demeſnes and well ſav'd treaſure bleſt;
(For like th' Egyptian prince † ſhe hoarded ſtore
To feed at periodic dearths the poor);
This matron, whiten'd with good works and age,
Approach'd the ſabbath of her pilgrimage;
Her ſpirit to himſelf th' Almighty drew;——
Breath'd on th' alembic, and exhal'd the dew.
In ſouls prepar'd, the paſſage is a breath
From time t' eternity, from life to death ‡.
But firſt, to make the poor her future care,
She left the good Eulogius for her heir.
Who but Eulogius now exults for joy?
New thoughts, new hopes, new views his mind employ.
Pride puſh'd forth buds at ev'ry branching ſhoot,
And virtue ſhrunk almoſt beneath the root.

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* 1 *Kings* xvii. 4. *&c.*

† *Maſlin bread, i. e. miſcellane, or miſcellaneous bread, an ancient Engliſh word, given to a plain ſort of houſehold bread. When people in a middling ſtation uſed it, they generally mixed two gallons of oats and rye, with ſix gallons of wheat. The poorer people mixed in equal quantities wheat, barley, oats, rye, buck-wheat, pulſe, &c. But ſuch is the luxury of the preſent age (even amongſt the poor), that not only the thing, but the very name is forgotten; and a preference given to a whiter, but more unwholeſome ſort of bread, if alum enters into the compoſition; which, indeed, cannot be concealed.*

One of the firſt cares of a prime-miniſter (who ought alſo to be conſidered as proveditor-general of a kingdom), is to ſee the people ſupplied with bread, and of an wholeſome nature, at as reaſonable price as poſſible.

Hence the great Guſtavus uſed to ſay, "That it required more talents to feed a large army in the field, upon eaſy terms, in times of war, than to conduct the fighting part."

* *Judges* xi. 31.

† *Gen.* xli. 35. &c.

‡ *The time in which we now live is borrowed from the ſpace of our exiſtence: What is paſt is dead and vaniſhed; what remaineth is daily made leſs and leſs; inſomuch that the whole time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death."*

ST. AUGUST. *de Civitat. Dei*, X.

High rais'd on fortune's hill, new Alps he ſpies,
O'erſhoots the valley which beneath him lies,
Forgets the depths between, and travels with his eyes.

The tempter ſaw the danger in a trice,
(For the man ſlidder'd upon fortune's ice):
And, having found a corpſe half dead, half warm,
Reviv'd it, and aſſum'd a courtier's form:
Swift to Thebais urg'd his airy flight;
And meaſur'd half the globe in half a night.
With flowing manners exquiſitely feign'd,
And accent ſoft, he ſoon admiſſion gain'd:
Survey'd each out-work well, and mark'd apart
Each winding avenue that reach'd the heart;
Diſplaying, like th' illuſive fiend of old,
Thrones deckt with gems, and realms of living gold *,
Bad ſpirits oft intrude upon the good;
Adonis' grot near Chriſt's preſepio ſtood †.
Th' artificer of fraud (though here he fail'd),
Strait chang'd approaches, and the ear aſſail'd;
This only chink acceſſible he finds;
For flatt'ry's oil pervades ev'n virtuous minds.
Virtue, like towns well fortify'd by art,
Has (ſpite of foreſight) one deficient part.
With lenient artifice, and fluent tongue.
(For on his lips the dews of Hybla hung),
Libanius like ‡, he play'd the ſophiſt's part,
And by ſoft marches ſtole upon the heart:
Maintain'd that ſtation gave new birth to ſenſe,
And call'd forth manners, courage, eloquence:
Then touch'd with ſpritely daſhes here and there,
(Correctly ſtrong, yet ſeeming void of care),
The maſter-topic, which may moſt men move,
The charms of beauty and the joys of love!
Eulogius faulter'd at the firſt alarms,
And ſoon the 'waken'd paſſions buzz'd to arms;
Nature the clam'rous bell of diſcord rung,
And vices from dark caverns ſwift up ſprung.
So, when hell's monarch did his ſummons make,
The ſlumb'ring demons ſtarted from the lake.
Eulogius ſaw with pride, or ſeem'd to ſee,
(Not yet in act, but in the pow'r to be),
Great merit lurking dormant in his mind:
He had been negligent——but nature kind:
Till by degrees the vain, deluded elf,
Grew out of humour with his former ſelf.
He thought his cottage ſmall, and built in haſte;
It had convenience, but it wanted taſte.
His mien was awkward; graces he had none;
Provincial were his notions and his tone;
His manners emblems of his own rough ſtone.
Then, ſlaviſh copyiſt of his copying friend,
He ap'd him without ſkill, and without end:
Lariſſa's gutturals convuls'd his throat;
He ſmooth'd his voice to the Bizántine note.

With courtly ſuppleneſs unfurl'd his face;
Or ſcrew'd it to the *bonno mine* of grimace;
With dignity he ſneez'd, and cough'd with grace.

The pious maſon once, had time no more
To mark the wants and mis'ry of the poor!
Suſpicious thoughts his penſive mind employ,
A ſullen gratitude, and clouded joy.
In days of poverty his heart was light:
He ſung his hymns at morning, noon, and night.
Want ſharpens poeſy, and grief adorns;
The ſpink * chaunts ſweeteſt in a hedge of thorns †.
Tir'd of an houſe too little for his pride,
Tir'd of himſelf, and country friends beſide,
He ſometimes thought to build a manſion fit
For ſtate, and people it with men of wit;
Knowing (by fame) ſmall poets, ſmall muſicians,
Small painters, and ſtill ſmaller politicians;
Nor was the fee of ten ſcore minæ wanting,
To purchaſe taſte in building and in planting.
A critic too he was, and rul'd the ſtage;
The faſhionable judgment ‡ of his age:
When Crito once a panegyric ſhow'd,
He beat him with a ſtaff § of his own ode.
Ah what, he cry'd, are Pindar's flights to me?
I love ſoft home made ſing-ſong, duty free.
Write me the ſtyle that lords and ladies ſpeak;
Or give me paſtorals on Doric Greek:
I read not for inſtruction, but for eaſe;
The opium of the pen is ſure to pleaſe: [bright;
Where limpid ſtreams are clear, and ſunſhine
Where woos and coos, and loves and doves unite;
Where ſimply married epithets are ſeen,
With gentle Hyphen keeping peace between,
Whipt cream; unfortify'd with wine or ſenſe!
Froth'd by the flattern muſe, indifference;
And deck'd (as after ages more ſhall ſee)
With poor hedge-flow'rs, y-clept ſimplicity!
Pert, and yet dull; tawdry and mean withall;
Fools for the future will it nature call.
He learnt his whims, and high flown notions too,
Such as fine men adopt, and fine men rue:
(Mere ſingularity the point in view.)
Julian with him was ſtateſman, bard and wit;
Julian, who ten times miſs'd, and one time hit;
Who reaſon'd blindly, and more blindly writ.
Julian, who lov'd each ſober mind to ſhock;——
Who laugh'd at God, and offer'd to a cock.
He learn'd no ſmall regard for Arius too:
And hinted what,—nor he, nor Arius knew.
But moſt (as did his pregnant parts become)
He lov'd th' old pageantry of pagan Rome.
Pompous idolatry with him was faſhion;
Nay, he once dream'd of tranſubſtantiation.—

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* *Matth.* v. 8.

† *See Sandys's Travels into the Holy Land, fol.* p. 138.

Preſepio is an Italian word, taken from the Latin, and ſignifies a ſtable or manger. It is now become a term of art, and denotes any picture, drawing, or print, where Chriſt is repreſented as born in a ſtable, or lying in the manger.

‡ *A famous Greek rhetorician in the fourth century, whoſe orations are ſtill extant.*

* *Spink, the old poetical name for finches of every ſort. See Country Farm, by Surflet and Markham, folio, printed in* 1616.

† *Sic Orig.*

‡ *Critics in the reign of Charles* II. *called themſelves judgments. Hence Dryden ſays,*

——" *A brother judgment ſpare,*
" *He is, like you, a very wolf, or bear.*"

§ *Staff, i. e. Stanza. See Shakſpeare, Cowley, and Dryden's Rival Ladies, Act* I. *Scene* 2.

Now, muſe, return, and tread thy courſe again;
I only tell the ſtory of a ſwain.
Piraſmus (for that name the demon bore
Who nurs'd our ſpark in faſhionable lore)
Lik'd well this wayward vanity of mind,
But thought a country ſtage a niche confin'd;
Too cold for fax'ry, nor to folly kind:
Bizantium's hot-bed better ſerv'd his uſe,
The ſoil leſs ſtubborn, and more rank the juice.
My Lord, he cries, (with looks and tone compoſed
Whilſt he the miſchief of his ſoul diſclos'd),
Forgive me, if that title I afford
To one, whom nature meant to be a lord;
How ill mean neighbourhood your genius ſuits?
To live like Adam midſt an herd of brutes!
Leave the mere country to mere country ſwains,
And dwell where life in all life's glory reigns.
At ſix hours diſtance from Bizantium's walls,
(Where Boſphorus into the Euxine falls)
In a gay diſtrict, call'd th' Elyſian vale *,
A furniſh'd villa ſtands, propos'd for ſale:
Thither, for ſummer ſhade, the great reſort;
Each nymph a goddeſs, and each houſe a court:
Be maſter of the happier Lares there,
And taſte life's grandeur in a rural air.
He ſpoke. Eulogius readily agreed,
And ſign'd with eager joy the purchaſe deed.
Div'd in the Theban vales an home-ſpun ſwain,
And roſe a tawdry fop in Aſia's plain.
Dame nature gave him comelineſs and health,
And fortune (for a paſſport) gave him wealth.
The beaus extoll'd him, the conquets approv'd:
For a rich coxcomb is by inſtinct lov'd.
Swift Atalanta (as the ſtory's told †)
Felt her feet bird-lim'd to the earth with gold:
The youth ‡ had wealth, with no unpleaſing face;
That, and the golden apples, won the race:
Had he been ſwifter than the ſwifteſt wind,
And a poor wit—He ſtill had ſigh'd behind.—
Here Satan vaniſh'd:——He had freſh commands—
And knew his pupil was in able hands.
And now, the treaſure found, and matron's ſtore,
Sought other objects than the tatter'd poor;
Part to humiliated Apicius went,
A part to gaming confeſſors was lent,
And part, O virtuous Thais, paint thy rent.
Poor folks have leiſure hours to faſt and pray;
Our rich man's buſ'neſs lay another way:
No farther intercourſe with heav'n had he,
But left good works to men of low degree:
Warm as himſelf pronounc'd each ragged man,
And bade diſtreſs to proſper as it can:
Till, grown obdurate by mere dint of time,
He deem'd all poor men rogues, and want a crime §.

By chance he ancient amities forgot,
Or elſe expung'd them with one wilful blot:
Nor knew he God nor man, nor faith nor friends,
But for bye purpoſes and worldly ends.
No ſingle circumſtance his mind diſmay'd,
But his low extract, and once humble trade;
Theſe thoughts he ſtrove to bury in expence,
Rich meats, rich wines, and vain magnificence:
Weak as the Roman chief, who ſtrove to hide
His father's cot (and once his father's pride),
By caſing a low ſhed of rural mold
With marble walls, and roof adorn'd with gold *.
Who but Eulogius now is prais'd and known,
The very *ignus fatuus* of the town?
Our ready ſcholar in a ſingle year
Could he, forget, ſwear, flatter, and forſwear †.
Rough to the tim'rous, timid with the brave;
'Midſt wits a witling, and with knaves a knave.
Fame, not contented with her broad highway,
Delights for change, through private paths to ſtray;
And, wand'ring to the hermit's diſtant cell,
Vouchſaf'd Eulogius' hiſtory to tell.
At night a dream confirm'd the hermit more;
He ſtarted, ſcream'd, and ſweat from every pore.
He dream'd that on his throne th' Almighty ſat
In th' awful valley of Jehoſhaphat ‡,
Where, underneath a ſpreading cedar's ſhade,
He 'ſpy'd his friend on beds of roſes laid;
Round him a crowd of threat'ning furies ſtands,
With inſtruments of vengeance in their hands.
The Judge Supreme ſoon caſt a ſtedfaſt eye,
(Stern, yet attemper'd, with benignity),
On the raſh hermit, who with impious pray'r
Had been the ſponſor of another's care.
" Wretch, thou art loſt in part, and in the whole:
" Is this the mortgage for thy brother's ſoul?"
An apoplex of dread Euſebius ſhook:
Deſpairing Judas glar'd in all his look.
Trembling he fell before th' Almighty throne;
Importunate as Abraham § t' atone
For others crimes: O Power Supreme ſaid he,
Grant me once more, th' ungrateful wretch to ſee:
Suſpend thy doom till then: on Chriſtian ground
No graceleſs monſter, like my friend, is found.
He ſpoke, and wak'd aghaſt: He tore his hair,
And rent his ſackcloth garments in deſpair;
Walk'd to Conſtantinople, and inquir'd
Of all he met; at length the houſe deſir'd

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* *Sic Orig.*

† *Ovid Met.* L. x. 666.

‡ *Hippomenes.*

§ *Why doſt thou doat on the image of a king ſtamp'd on coin, and deſpiſeth the image of God that ſhines in human nature?* St. Auguſt

Minutius Felix addreſſes himſelf very pathetically to great and opulent men devoid of charity and almſgiving

" *A man,*" *ſays he,* " *aſks bread of you.—Whilſt your horſes champ upon bridles whoſe bits are gilt with gold, the people die with hunger:—whereas one of your diamonds might ſave the lives of an hundred families.*"

* *Sic Orig.*

† *Theſe who are accuſtomed to ſwear often, may ſometimes by chance, happen to forſwear: as he that indulges his tongue in talking frequently ſpeaks that which he bluſhes for in ſilence.*

St Chryſost.

Again, St. Jerom adds, Let thy tongue be a ſtranger to lying and ſwearing; on the contrary, let the love of truth be ſo ſtrongly in thee, that thou count'ſt whatever thou ſayeſt to be ſealed with an oath.

‡ *Joel* iii. 12.

§ *Gen.* xviii. 23.—33.

By chance he found, but no admiſſion gain'd;
A Thracian ſlave the porter's place maintain'd,
(Sworn foe to thread-bare ſuppliants), and with pride
His maſter's preſence, nay, his name, deny'd.
There walk'd Euſebius at the dawn of light,
There walk'd at noon, and there he walk'd at night.
In vain.—At length, by providence's care,
He found the door unclos'd, nor ſervants near.
He enter'd, and through ſev'ral rooms of ſtate
Paſs'd gently; in the laſt Eulogius ſat.
Old man, good morrow, the gay courtier cry'd;
God give you grace, my ſon, the ſire reply'd;
And then, in terms as moving and as ſtrong,
As clear, as ever fell from angel's tongue,
Beſought, reprov'd, exhorted, and condemn'd:—
Eulogius knew him, and, though known contemn'd.
The hermit then aſſum'd a bolder tone;
His rage was kindled, and his patience gone.
Without reſpect to titles or to place,
I call thee (adds he) miſcreant to thy face.
My pray'rs drew down heav'n's bounty on thy head,
And in an evil hour my wiſhes ſped.
Ingratitude's black curſe thy ſteps attend,
Monſter to God, and faithleſs to thy friend!
With all the rage of an inſulted man
The courtier call'd his ſlaves, who ſwiftly ran;
"Androtion, Geta, ſeize this aged fool,
"See him well ſcourg'd, and ſend him back to ſchool.
"Teach the Old Chronicle, in future times
"To bear no mem'ry but of poor rogues' crimes."
The hermit took the chaſtiſement, and went
Back to Thebais full of diſcontent;
Saw his once-impious raſhneſs more and more,
And, victim to convinc'd contrition, bore
With Chriſtian thankfulneſs the marks he wore.
And then on bended knees with tears and ſighs
He thus invok'd the Ruler of the ſkies:
"My late requeſt, All-gracious Power forgive!
"And—that yon miſcreant may repent, and live,
"Give him that poverty which ſuits him beſt,
"And leave diſgrace and grief to work the reſt."
So pray'd the hermit, and with reaſon pray'd.—
Some plants the ſunſhine aſk, and ſome the ſhade.
At night the nare-trees ſpread, but check their bloom
At morn, and loſe their verdure and perfume.
The virtues of moſt men will only blow,
Like coy auriculas, in Alpine ſnow *:
Tranſplant them to the equinoctial line,
Their vigour ſickens, and their tints decline.—
Heav'n to its predilected children grants
The middle ſpace 'twixt opulence and wants.
Meanwhile Eulogius, unabaſh'd and gay,
Purſu'd his courtly tract without diſmay:
Remorſe was hood-wink'd, conſcience charm'd away.
Reaſon the felon of herſelf was made,
And nature's ſubſtance hid by nature's ſhade!
Our fine man, now completed, quickly found
Congenial friends in Aſiatic ground.

Th' advent'rous pilot in a ſingle year
Learn'd his ſtate cock-boat dext'rouſly to ſteer;
Verſatile, and ſharp-piercing like a ſcrew,
Made good the old paſſage, and ſtill forc'd a new;
For, juſt as int'reſt whiſſled on his mind,
He Anatolians left, or Thracians join'd;
Caught ev'ry breeze, and ſail'd with every tide;
But ſtill was mindful of the leeward ſide:
Still mark'd the pinnacle of fortune's height,
And bark'd—to be made turnſpit of the ſtate.
By other arts he learns the nack to thrive;
The moſt obſequious paraſite alive:
Chamelion of the court, and country too;
Pays Ceſar's tax, but gives the mob their due;
And makes it, in his conſcience, the ſame thing
To crown a tribune, or behead a king:
All things to all men;——and (himſelf to pleaſe)
Aſſimulates * each colour which he ſees.
If patriots pay him, willow-wreaths he bears,
And coats of filamotte † complexion wears;
If ſtateſmen pay him better, a freſh hue
Brightens his garb; more brilliant as more new;
Court-turquoiſe, and indeliable of blue.
Thus weather-cocks by ev'ry wind are blown,
And int'reſt oils a motion, not their own.
How ſtrangely crowds miſplace things, and miſcall
Madneſs in one is liberty in all!
On leſs important days, he paſs'd his time
In virtuoſo-ſhip, and crambo-rhyme:
In gaming, jobbing, fidling, painting, drinking,
And ev'ry art of uſing time, but thinking.
He gives the dinners of each upſtart man,
As coſtly, and luxurious, as he can;
Then weds an heireſs of ſuburbian mold,
Ugly as apes, but well endow'd with gold;
There fortune gave him his full doſe of ſtrife.
A ſcolding woman, and a jealous wife!
T' increaſe this load, ſome ſycophant report
Deſtroy'd his int'reſt and good grace at court.
At this one ſtroke the man look'd dead in law:
His flatt'rers ſcamper, and his friends withdraw ‡.
Some men (as holy writ foretelleth right)
Have one way's entrance, but *have ſev'n ways* flight §.
"I never lik'd the wretch," ſays one: another
Opines in the ſame ‖ language with his brother:
A third, with myſtic ſhrug and winking eye,
Suſpects him for a derviſe and a ſpy.

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* *This flower was firſt diſcovered under the ſnow, at the foot of ſome ice mountains amongſt the Alps.*

* "*Protinus aſſimulat tetigit quoſcunque colores.*" OVID. *Met.* XV. 411.

† *Fillamotte* (*Dryden*) *is that* "*clouded mixture of crimſon, yellow, and umber colours, which are ſeen in the beginning of winter on a falling leaf.*" *Filamotte, quaſi feüeille morte. Thus Iſabella colour denotes a certain grave colour worn by the Infanta Iſabella Clara, Eugenia, Arch-ducheſs of Auſtria, &c, 1623. For grideline, ſee the Viſion of Death.*

‡ "*A friend cannot be known in proſperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adverſity.*" ECCLUS. xii.

§ DEUT. xxviii. 7.

‖ *Opines, i. e. given his opinion. Mr. Pope, from the French.*

" Pray, Sir, the crime?"---The monarch frown'd
——No more,
The fellow's guilty, and his bus'neſs o'er *.
And now (to ſhorten my diſaſt'rous tale)
Storms of affronts pour'd in as thick as hail.
Each ſcheme for ſafety miſchievouſly ſped,
And the drawn ſword hung o'er him by a thread.
Child he had none. His wife with ſorrow dy'd;
Few women can ſurvive the loſs of pride.
Meanwhile the demon, who was abſent far,
(Engag'd elſewhere in leſs work than civil war)
Perceiv'd the approaching wreck; and, in a trice
Appearing, gave both comfort and advice.
" Great geniuſes," he cry'd, " muſt ne'er deſpair;
" The wiſe and brave uſurp on fortune's care!
" The unexhauſted funds of human wit
" Oft miſs one object, and another hit:
" The man of courts, who truſts to one poor hole,
" Is a low fooliſh fool †, and has no ſoul:
" Diſgraces my reſpected patronage, [age ‡!
" And, gaining Heav'n, becomes the jeſt of th'
" Court-loyalty is a precarious thing: [king,
" When the king's trump, time-ſervers ſerve the
" But, when he's out of luck, they ſhift their ſail,
" And popularity's the fav'rite gale:
" Vain popularity! which fancy ſhrouds,
" Like Juno's ſhade, in party-colour'd clouds.
" Each man will go a mile to ſee you crown'd
" With civic wreaths, till earth and ſkies reſound;
" And each man will go two to ſee you drown'd.
" Whoever hopes in dang'rous times to riſe,
" Muſt learn to ſhoot ſwift fortune as ſhe flies:
" Capricious phantom! never at a ſtay;
" Juſt ſeen, and loſt; when neareſt, far away!
" But, to be brief, (and mark my judgment well);
" Your fortune's totter'd, when old Juſtin fell;
" His ſucceſſor *, as you and all men know,
" Is kind, when friend; and unappeas'd, when foe;
" Some ſly court-vermin, wriggling in his ear,
" Has whiſper'd, what predicts your ruin near:
" Then caſt thy die of fortune all at once;
" Learn to be any thing but dupe or dunce.
" Fortune aſſiſts the brave. Plunge boldly in;
" T' attempt, and fail, is a poor ſneaking ſin.
" Hypatius (with pretenſions not the worſt)
" Affects the throne: be thou to join the firſt:
" 'Tis not a crime too worldly-wiſe to be;——
" Or (if it is) diſcharge the crime on me."
Thus weak Eulogius, by falſe greatneſs aw'd,
Liſten'd---unto th' artificer of fraud:
The doctrine came not from th' all-righteous throne:
When Satan tells a lie, 'tis all his own † [throne:
He ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Swift Eulogius fled,
And to the Emulous of empire ſped.
Here, were it not too long I might declare
The motives and ſucceſſes of the war,
The proweſs of the knights, their martial deeds,
Their ſwords, their ſhields, their ſurcoats ‡ and their ſteeds;
Till Beliſarius at a ſingle blow
Suppreſs'd the faction and repell'd the foe.
By a quick death the traitors he reliev'd;
Condemn'd, if taken; famiſh'd, if repriev'd.
Now ſee Eulogius (who had all betray'd
Whate'er he knew) in loathſome dungeon laid:
A priſ'ner, firſt of war, and then of ſtate:
Rebel and traitor aſk a double fate!
But good Juſtinian, whoſe exalted mind
(In ſpite of what Piraſmus urg'd, inclin'd
To mercy, ſoon the forfeit-life forgave,
And freed it from the ſhackles of a ſlave.
Then ſpoke with mild, but in majeſtic ſtrain,
Repent, and haſte thee to Lariſſa's plain,
Or wander through the world, another Cain.
Thy lands and goods ſhall be the poor man's lot,
Or feed the orphans, you've ſo long forgot.
Forſaken, helpleſs, recogniz'd by none,
Proſcrib'd Eulogius left th' unproſp'rous town:
For ſuccour at a thouſand doors he knock'd;
Each heart was harden'd, and each door was lock'd.
A pilgrim's ſtaff he bore, of humble thorn;
Pervious to winds his coat, and ſadly torn:
Shoes he had none: a beggar gave a pair,
Who ſaw feet poorer than his own, and bare.
He drank the ſtream, on dew-berries he fed,
And wildings hath ſupply'd the place of bread;
Thus homeward urg'd his ſolitary way;
(Four years had he been abſent to a day.)
Fame through Thebaïs his arrival ſpread,
Half his old friends reproach'd him, and half fled:
Of help and common countenance bereft,
No creature own'd him, but a dog he left.
Compunction touch'd his ſoul, and, wiſer made
By bitter ſuff'rings, he reſum'd his trade: [pelf,
Thank'd Heav'n for want of pow'r and want of
That he had loſt the world, and found himſelf.
Conſcience and charity reviv'd their part,
And true humility enrich'd the heart,

' ——*Nunquam, ſi quid mihi credis, amavi* [ne? *Quiſquam*
" *Huncce hominem. Sed quo cecidit ſub crimi- Delator? Quibus indiciis, quo teſte probavit? Nil horum. Verboſa, et grandis epiſtola venit A Capreis. Bene habet, nil plus interrogo.*"----
JUVEN. *Sat.* X. 68.

To ſuch ſort of worldly connections may be applied the golden ſaying of St. Chryſoſtom, " meum *and* tuum *are almoſt incompatable words.*"
ORAT. *in* PHILAGON.

† " *A fool in his folly.*"
PROV. *of* SOLOM. xvii. 12.

‡ *The ſon of Sirach, in oppoſition to theſe falſe and dangerous notions, juſtly remarks:* " *Obſerve the opportunity, and beware of evil: be not aſhamed when it concerneth thy ſoul.*"
ECCLUS. lv. 20.

Iſaiah's advice is very noble: " *Fear not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings; for the moth ſhall eat them up as a garment, and the worms ſhall eat them like wool; but my ſalvation ſhall be for ever.*" Ch. li. 7, 8.
" *I, even I, am he that comforteth you. Why ſhouldeſt thou be afraid of a man that ſhall die, and forgetteſt the Lord thy Maker, who ſtretcheth forth the heavens?*" *Ibid.* 12, 13.

* *Juſtinian.* † JOHN viii. 44.
‡ *Surcoat, an upper garment of defence.*
DRYDEN.

While grace celeſtial with enliv'ning ray
Beam'd forth, to gild the ev'ning of his day.
His neighbours mark'd the change, and each man ſtrove
By ſlow degrees t' applaud him, and to love.
So Peter, when his tim'rous guilt was o'er,
Emerg'd, and ſtood twice firmer than before *.
Euſebius, who had long in ſilence mourn'd,
Rejoic'd to hear the prodigal return'd:
And, with the eagerneſs of feeble age,
Made haſte t' expreſs his joy and griefs aſſuage.
" My ſon," he cry'd, " once more contemplate me:
" Behold th' unhappy wretch that ruin'd thee;
" My ill-judg'd pray'rs (in luckleſs moments ſped)
" Brought down the curſe of riches on thy head.
" No language can expreſs one ſingle part
" Of what I felt, and what ſtill racks my heart.
" Vainly I thought, that, to increaſe thy ſtore,
" Was to increaſe Heav'n's manna for the poor.
" Man's virtue cannot go beyond its length;
" God's gifts are ſtill proportion'd to our ſtrength.
" The Scripture-widow † gives her well-ſav'd mite
" With affluent joy, nor fears to ſuffer by't:
" Whilſt Dives' heaps (the barter of his ſoul)
" Lie buried in ſome baſe inglorious hole,
" Or on the wings of pomp and luxury fly,
" Accurſt by Heav'n, and dead to charity ‡!
" The charitable few are chiefly they
" Whom fortune places in the middle way §;
" Juſt rich enough, with œconomic care,
" To ſave a pittance, and a pittance ſpare:
" Juſt poor enough to feel the poor man's moan,
" Or ſhare thoſe ſuff'rings which may prove their own!——
" Great riches, with inſinuating art,
" Debaſe the man, and petrify the heart.
" Let the falſe friend, like Satan, be withſtood,
" Who wiſhes us more wealth---to do more good!
" To this great trial ſome are equal found;
" Moſt in th' unnavigable ſtream are drown'd*."
He ſpoke: and, with a flood of tears oppreſt,
Left his Eulogius to divine the reſt.
" Father," he cry'd, (and with complacence [ſmil'd)
" Heav'n's trials have at length reclaim'd its child.
" Omniſcience only can our wants foreknow,
" And all-beneficence will beſt beſtow.
" Some few God's bounty on the poor employ:
" There are---whom to promote, is to deſtroy!
" Rough, thorny, barren, is pale virtue's road;
" And poiſons are true cures when giv'n by God.
" Spontaneous I reſign, with full accord,
" The empty nothings wealth and pow'r afford;
" My mind's my all, by Heav'n's free grace reſtor'd.
" O Pow'r Supreme! unſearchable thy views!
" Omniſcient, or to give, or to refuſe!
" Grant me, as I begun, to end my days
" In acts of humble charity and praiſe;
" In thy own paths my journey let me run;
" And, as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done!"
Thus he maintain'd Almighty Wiſdom's cauſe.
The ſun ſhone forth.---The hermit pleas'd withdraws---
And nature wore an aſpect of applauſe.

---

* *See* LUKE xxii. 55---62.

" *Peter ſtood more firmly, after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell.*" ST. AMBROSE.

† LUKE. xxi. 2. 2. COR. viii. 12.

‡ " *God is not honoured with our expending that money which is bedewed with the tears of the oppreſſed.*" ST. CHRYSOST.

§ *The truly charitable man (who happens to be neither rich nor poor), is well painted by an ancient claſſic. I quote the verſes, becauſe I never ſaw them quoted:*

" *Cujus* [*ſemper*
" *Non frontem vertêre minæ; ſed candida*
Gaudia, & in vultu curarum ignara voluptas.
Non tibi ſepoſitas infelix ſtrangulat arca
Divitias; avidêve animum diſpendia torquent
Fœnoris expoſiti cenſus; ſed docta fruendi
Temperies," &c.

* *Hugo, in his excellent treatiſe De Anima, makes the following remark upon greatneſs and ambition:*

" *The human heart is a ſmall thing, and yet deſireth great matters. It is barely ſufficient for a kite's dinner, and yet the whole world ſufficeth it not.*"

MACARIUS: OR, THE CONFESSOR.

Da vocem magno, Pater, ingeniumque dolori. STAT. Epiced. Patris.

AN EPISTLE TO THE REV. DR. ROBERT HORT,

CANON OF WINDSOR.

ALL ſober poets with thy bard * agree,
Who ſung, " That truth was trueſt poetry."---
Alike to me, and the deceas'd, a friend;
O Hort, to theſe my pious ſtrains attend.

---

* COWLEY. *See his Davideis.*

Thou knew'ſt the man; and thy good ſenſe is ſuch,
I dare not ſay too little, or too much.——
Under his eye the ſelf-ſame views combin'd
Our ſtudies, and one horoſcope conjoin'd.
He check'd th' impatient wand'rings of our youth,
And grafted on our fancy facts and truth.
Together we amus'd our youthful prime,
Days ſeem'd but hours, and time improv'd on time

Mindleſs of cares (and how they paſs'd or came),
Our ſports, our labours, and our reſt the ſame *.
See'ſt thou yon' yews, by penſive nature made
For tears, and grief, and melancholy ſhade;
Wide o'er the church they ſpread an awful light,
Than day more ſerious, half-compos'd as night,
(There, where the winding Kennet gently laves
Britannia's Lombardy † with ſilver waves);
There ſleeps Macarius, foe to pomp and pride;
Who liv'd contented, and contented dy'd.
Say, ſhall the lamp where Tullia was entomb'd,
Burn twice ſeven ages, and be unconſum'd?
And not one verſe be ſacred to a name
Endear'd by virtuous deeds and ſilent fame?
True fame demands not panegyric aid;
The fun'ral torch burns brighteſt in the ſhade;
Too faſt it blazes, fann'd by public air;——
Thus bloſſoms fall, before their tree can bear.
True fame, like porc'lain earth, for years muſt lay
Bury'd, and mix'd with elemental clay ‡.
His younger days were not in trifling ſpent,
For pious Hall ‖ a kind inſpection lent:
He ſhow'd him what to ſeek, and what to ſhun:——
Harcourt § with him the thorny journey run,
Companion of his ſtudies; and a friend
Sincere in youth, and ſtedfaſt to the end.
Courts and the world he knew, but not admir'd;
He travell'd through them wiſely, and retir'd:
Giving to ſolitude and heav'nly care
Thoſe moments which the worldling cannot ſpare,
Thus, half a century, his courſe he run
Of pray'r and praiſes, daily, like the ſun:
Happy! Who truth invariably purſues,
And well-earn'd fame by better fame renews ¶!
His books, like friends were choſen, few and good;
Conſtantly us'd and truly underſtood.
The Sacred Scriptures were his chief delight **;
Taſk of the day, and viſion of the night:

Truth's ſecond ſources he with care ſurvey'd,
And walk'd with Hermas in the rural ſhade *.
Cyprian with awful gravity he ſought;
And true ſimplicity Ignatius brought;
Lively Minucius did his hours beguile;
Lactantius charm'd with elegance of ſtyle:
But moſtly Chryſoſtom engag'd his mind:
Great without labour, without art refin'd!
Now ſee his gentle elocution flows,
Soft as the flakes of heav'n-deſcending ſnows;
Now ſee him, like th' impetuous torrent, roll;
Pure in his diction, purer in his ſoul:
By few men equall'd, and ſurpaſs'd by none;
A Tully and Demoſthenes in one †!
Something at cheerful intervals was due
To Roman claſſics, and Athenian too.
Plato with raptures did his ſoul inſpire;
Plotinus fann'd the Academic ‡ fire.
Then came the Stagyrite;---whoſe excellence
Beams forth in clearneſs, brevity, and ſenſe!
Next, for amuſement's ſake, he turn'd his eyes
To them, whom we deſpoil, and then deſpiſe:
Foremoſt of theſe, unrivall'd Shakſpeare ſtands;
With Hooker, Raleigh, Chillingworth, and Sands §;——
(For in thoſe days "were giants in our lands!")

---

* *These eight lines are imitated from a famous paſſage in Perſius, Sat.* V. *too well known to be reprinted It begins——*

"*Geminos horoſcope*" *&c.*

† *Berkſhire.*

‡ *It is reported that the Chineſe beat and mix thoroughly together the compoſition that makes porcelain, and then bury it in a deep bed of clay for an hundred years. See Dr. Donne's letters. See alſo the diſcovery of Hidden Treaſure,* 4to, *London* 1656, p. 89; (*a very ſcarce and curious work, by the famous Gabriel Plattes.*)

‖ *Mr. John Hall, maſter of Pembroke College, Oxford, in* 1667, *and Rector of St. Aldate's in the ſame univerſity. Created D. D. in* 1669; *elect-Margaret Profeſſor in* 1676; *and conſecrated Biſhop of Briſtol the* 12*th of June,* 1691. *All which preferments he enjoyed together.*

§ *Mr. Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor Harcourt, offered him a Biſhoprick from Queen Anne, many years after the Revolution; but the favour was declined with grateful acknowledgements.*

‖ *Wiſd. of Sol.* xiii. 1.

** *He employed ten or twelve hours a-day in ſtudy, without any interruption (but that of casual ſickneſs), for fifty years ſucceſſively. His principal buſineſs was in referring every difficult part of Scripture to thoſe particular paſſages in the Fathers, and eminent modern divines, who had explained them expreſsly or occaſionally.*

* *Alluding to a work intituled the Shepherd of Hermas. Hermas was contemporary with ſome of the Apoſtles.*

† *In order to judge a little of theſe two aſſertions, be pleaſed only to read St. Chryſoſtom's Homily on St. Matthew; and his Orations to the People of Antioch* ΠΕΡΙ ΑΝΔΡΙΑΝΤΩΝ.

See alſo Ferrarius de Concione Veterum, and the Eloquence Cretienne of M. Giſbert: The laſt of which works was a favourite book with the late Lord Somers, and wrought a great effect on his future way of thinking.

This anecdote was imparted to me by the late Mr. Elijah Fenton, as matter of fact, on his own knowledge.

‡ *Academic is uſed in the Horatian ſenſe of the word:*

"*Atque inter ſylvas Academi quærere verum.*"

§ *Edwyn Sandys, Archbiſhop of York, was one of the firſt eminent Reformers, not only of our holy religion (which almoſt every perſon knows), but of our language (which circumſtance few perſons are apprized of). His ſermons (the time when he preached them being duly conſidered), may be looked upon as a maſterpiece of eloquence and fine writing. They were chiefly preached between the years* 1550 *and* 1570.

His ſon George (and here let me be underſtood to refer chiefly to his Paraphraſe on Job) knew the true harmony of the Engliſh Heroic Couplet long before Denham and Waller took up the pen; and preſerved that harmony more uniformly. Variety perhaps was wanting; which Dryden afterwards ſupplied, but not till he came to the for-

Thus, like the bee, he ſuck'd from ev'ry flow'r,
And hour ſurpaſs'd the predeceſſor-hour.
Latimer's father * was his type of yore;
Little he had, but ſomething for the poor:
And oft on better days the board was ſpread
With wholeſome meat and hoſpitable bread.
Poor in himſelf, men poorer he reliev'd,
And gave the charities he had receiv'd.
The midnight-lamp, in cryſtal caſe enclos'd,
Beams bright; nor is to winds nor rains expos'd:
A watch-tow'r to the wand'rers of mankind;
Forlorn, belated, and with paſſions blind †,
Who tread the fooliſh round their fathers trod,
And, 'midſt life's errors, hit on death's by-road ‡.
'Midſt racking pains § his mind was calm and ev'n;
Patience and cheerfulneſs to him were giv'n;
Patience! the choiceſt gift on this ſide Heav'n!
His ſtrength of parts ſurviv'd the ſev'ntieth year,
And then, like northern fruits, left off to bear;
Nought but a Veſtal fire ſuch heat contains;
Age ſeldom boaſts ſo prodigal remains ‖.
Some few beyond life's uſual date are caſt:
Prime cluſters of the grape ¶ till winter laſt.
To theſe a ſacred preference is giv'n:
Each ſhaft is poliſh'd, and th' employer Heav'n **.
Jeffries (if that were poſſible) reſtrain'd
His fury, when you mournfully complain'd ††.

And Kirk's barbarians, hard as harden'd ſteel,
Forgot their Lybia, and vouchſaf'd to feel.
When crowns were doubtful, and when numbers ſteer'd
As honour prompted, or ſelf-int'reſt veer'd;
(Times! when the wiſeſt of mankind might err,
And, loſt in ſhadows, wrong or right, prefer);
The tempter, in a vapour's form, aroſe,
And o'er his eyes a dubious twilight throws,
To lead him, puzzling, o'er fal. cious ground,
Suborn his paſſions, and his ſenſe confound:
Pomp to foretaſte, and mitres pre-q.icry;
(For miſts at once enlarge and multiply):
Our hero paus'd---and, weighing either ſide,
Took poverty; and conſcience for his guide:
For he, who thinks he ſuffers for his God,
Deſerves a pardon, though he feels the rod.
Yet blam'd he none: (Himſelf in honour clear);
That were a crime had coſt his virtue dear!
Thus all he lov'd; and party he had none,
Except with charity, and Heav'n alone.
In his own friends ſome frailties he allow'd;
Theſe were too ſingular, and thoſe too proud.
Rare ſpirit! In the midſt of party-flame,
To think well-meaning men are half the ſame!
B—— ſometimes would to thy cottage tend;
An artful enemy, but ſeeming friend:
Conſcious of having plann'd thy worldly fate ‡,
He could not love thee, and he durſt not hate.
But then ſeraphic Ken was all thy own;
And he ‡, who long declin'd Ken's vacant throne
Begging with earneſt zeal to be deny'd;---
By worldlings laught at, and by fools decry'd:
Dodwell was thine, the humble and reſign'd;
Nelſon, with Chriſtian elegance of mind;

---

ty-fifth year of his age; namely, till the time he publiſhed Aurengzebe.

* *Biſhop Hugh Latimer (whom I quote only by memory, not having the original at hand) ſays, in one of his ſermons preached at St. Paul's Croſs, about the year ——, "that though his father "poſſeſſed no more than 40 acres of free land, or "thereabouts, yet he had always ſomething to "give to the poor, and now and then entertained "his friends;---that he portioned out three daugh-"ters, at 5 l. a-piece, and bred up a ſon at the "univerſity; otherwiſe," adds he, "I ſhould "not have had the honour of appearing in this "pulpit before the King's majeſty."*

Note, The original edition ſays 4 acres, which muſt be an error of the preſs, inſtead of 40 acres. Old Latimer lived in good repute about the year 1470, in which year his ſon Hugh was born.

† *Palantesque homines paſſim, ac rationis egentes,*
Deſpectare procul. OVID. MET.

Sed nil dulcius eſt, bene quàm munita tenere
Edita doctrina Sapientum templa ſerena,
Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.
LUCRET. L. II. 6.

‡ *Wiſdom of Solomon*, i. 12.

§ *In the laſt years of his life Macarius was grievouſly afflicted with nephritic pains*

‖ ——"*Cui vix certaverit ulla*
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos."
VIRG. Georg. 2.

¶ 2 *Eſdras* xii. 42.

** *Iſaiah* xlix. 2.

†† *When Judge Jeffries came to Taunton-aſſizes, in the year 1685, to execute his commiſſion upon the unfortunate people concerned in Monmouth's rebellion, the perſon here ſpoken of, being miniſter of St. Mary Magdalen's Church at Taunton, waited on him in private, and remonſtrated much againſt his ſeverities. The judge liſtened to him calmly, and with ſome attention; and, though he had never ſeen him before, advanced him in a few months to a Prebendal Stall in the Cathedral Church of Briſtol.*

* *See Sandys's Paraphraſe on Job, where Satan ariſes in form of an exhalation.*

† *Biſhop Ken uſed to ſay, that King William and Queen Mary would gladly have permitted the nonjuring biſhops and clergy (who had juſt before ſignalized themſelves in a ſteady oppoſition to popery) to have enjoyed their preferments till death, upon their parole of honour given, that they would never diſturb the government; which favour would have been thankfully accepted of, and complied with, by the aforeſaid biſhops, &c.; but ſomebody here alluded to (at leaſt as Macarius thought) traverſed their majeſties gracious intentions. In proof of this, Biſhop Ken performed the funeral ſervice over Mr. Kettlewell in the year 1695, and prayed for King William and Queen Mary.*

‡ *Dr. George Hooper. N B. It muſt here alſo be remembered, that Dr. Beveridge refuſed to ſucceed Biſhop Ken in 1691, and then the offer was made to R. Kider, D. D.*

And he *, whoſe tranquil mildneſs from afar
Spoke him a diſtant, but a brilliant ſtar.
Theſe all forſook their homes---Nor ſigh'd nor wept;——
Mammon they freely gave, but God they kept.
Ah, look on honours with Macarius' eyes,
Snares to the good, and dangers to the wiſe!
In ſilence for himſelf, for friends in tears,
He wander'd o'er the deſart forty † years.
The cloud and pillar (or by night or day)
Reviv'd his ſteps, and aſcertain'd the way ‡.
His ſandals fail'd not; and his robes untorn,
Eſcap'd the bramble and entangling thorn §.
Heav'n purify'd for him th' embitter'd well ‖,
And manna from aërial regions fell ¶.
At length, near peaceful Piſgah ** he retir'd,
And found that reſt his pilgrimage requir'd:
Where, as from toils he ſilently withdrew,
Half Paleſtina †† open'd on his view:
Go, pious hermit, groves and mountains cry'd;
Enter, thou faithful ſervant, Heav'n reply'd.
Mild as a babe reclines himſelf to reſt,
And ſmiling ſleeps upon the mother's breaſt,
Tranquil, and with a patriarch's hopes, he gave
His ſoul to Heav'n, his body to the grave;
And with ſuch gentleneſs reſign'd his breath,
That 'twas a ſoft extinction, and not death.
Happy! who thus, by unperceiv'd decay,
Abſent themſelves from life, and ſteal away §§.

Accept this verſe, to make thy mem'ry live,
Lamented ſhade!---'Tis all thy ſon can give.
Better to own the debt we cannot pay,
Than with falſe gold thy fun'ral rites defray.
Vainly my muſe is anxious to procure
Gifts unavailing, empty ſepulture *.
As vainly ſhe expands her flutt'ring wings:
She is no ſwan, nor, as ſhe dies, ſhe ſings.
He, that would brighten ancient diamonds, muſt
Clear and repoliſh them with diamond-duſt:
That taſk is not for me: The Muſes lore
Is loſt;---For Pope and Dryden are no more!
O Pope! too great to copy, or to praiſe;
(Whom envy ſinks not, nor encomiums raiſe);
Forgive this grateful tribute of my lays.
Milton alone could Eden loſt regain;
And only thou portray Meſſiah's reign.
O early loſt! with ev'ry grace adorn'd!
By me (ſo Heav'ns ordain it) always mourn'd.
By thee the good Macarius was approv'd:
Whom Fenton honour'd, and Philotheus lov'd †.
My firſt, my lateſt bread, I owe to thee:
Thou, and thy friends, preſerv'd my muſe and me.
By proxy, from a gen'rous kindred ſpread,
Thy Cragg's bounty fell upon my head ‡:
Thy Mordaunt's § kindneſs did my youth engage,
And thy own Cheſterfield protects my age.

---

* *Mr. John Kettlewell, Vicar of Coleſhill in Warwickſhire.*

† *See Exodus paſſim. Pſalm* xcv. 10. *Hebrews* iii. 17.

‡ *Exod.* xiii. 21.

§ *Deut.* viii. 4.

‖ *Waters of Marah. Exod.* xv. 23---25.

¶ *Ibid.* xvi. 15 *and* 35.

** *Deut.* xxxiv. 1.

†† *Paleſtina is the ſcripture-word for Paleſtine. Iſaiah twice*, xiv. 29, 31. *Exod.* xv. 14.

§§ *Macarius (who was born the* 28*th of October* 1650) *was diſpoſſeſſed of his preferments in* 1691, *and remained deprived till the time of his death, which happened in February* 1735; *and (which is remarkable enough) the biſhops Kidder, Hooper, and Wynne, all contrived that Macarius ſhould receive the little profits from his prebend of Wells as long as he lived. A circumſtance to their honour as well as his.*

* " *Hunc ſaltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani*
" *Munere.* VIRG.

† *Philotheus, Biſhop Ken.*

‡ *The late Mrs. Nugent——and Edward Eliot of Port-Eliot, Eſq. &c. &c.*

§ *Charles late Earl of Peterborough, General in Spain, &c.*

BOETIUS; OR, THE UPRIGHT STATESMAN.

A SUPPOSED EPISTLE FROM BOETIUS TO HIS WIFE RUSTICIANA.

——————Pectore magno
Spemque metumque domat, vitio ſublimior omni;
Exemptus fatis; indignantemque repellit
Fortunam; dubio quem non in turbine rerum
Depréndit ſuprema dies, ſed abire paratum,
Ac plenum vitâ. STAT. SYLV. Lib. I.

ARGUMENT.

BOETIUS flouriſhed in the former part of the ſixth century. He was deſcended from the Manlian family, and was one of the firſt perſons of Rome in fortunes and dignity. He received his education at Athens; after which he was thrice conſul, and always renowned for his eloquence in the ſenate. He was upon all occaſions inflexibly honeſt and veracious.

His book, intituled the Conſolation of Philoſophy, may be looked upon as a maſter-piece of fine writing. The poetry of it is equal to moſt compoſitions in the Auguſtan age; and that even in the claſſical purity of ſtyle: but ſomething, which manifeſts the declenſion of the Roman language, may be diſcovered in the proſe part.

In his proſe writings he made Ariſtotle his model; and, like him, is always clear, though conciſe: leaving an infinite fund for the mind of the reader to work upon. Many works paſs under his name: ſome are genuine; and ſome are looked upon as ſupoſititious.

This book of Philoſophical Conſolation (from which a large part of the preſent epiſtle is extracted) has been univerſally admired in all ages, inſomuch that there are many more fine manuſcripts extant of it, than of Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, all taken together. The work we here ſpeak of has been the particular delight and ſtudy of princes and good politicians. Chaucer tranſlated it into our language, and afterwards it was tranſlated by Queen Elizabeth, &c.

Boetius had two wives: The firſt was Helpés a Sicilian *, whoſe conjugal affection is celebrated by him in an epitaph ſtill extant. His ſecond wife (to whom the following letter is ſuppoſed to be addreſſed) was Ruſticiana, the daughter of Symmachus, a Roman ſenator and conſul; one of the moſt virtuous, learned, and amiable perſons of that age. As to Ruſticiana, hiſtorians give her all perfections of mind and body. By her Boetius had ſeveral children: and two of his ſons, when young, had the honour to be publicly carried to the ſenate-houſe in a conſular chair, by way of extraordinary compliment to their father.

When Theodoric the Goth made himſelf maſter of the kingdom of Italy, he wiſely made choice of Boetius to be the director of his councils, and governed for many years, to the univerſal ſatisfaction of his ſubjects. From a principle of ſelf-intereſt, he had long concealed his inclination for Arianiſm; but a ſeries of proſperous government made him ambitious, ſelf-confident, and jealous of Boetius's glory. In addition to this, the Gothic chieftains that belonged to him were uneaſy to ſee all power in the hands of a Roman; and one of them in particular, named Trigilla, having gained a new and great aſcendency over the king, contrived our ſtateſman's ruin, by ſuborning falſe witneſſes, and deviſing treaſonable letters between him and Juſtin, emperor of the Eaſt.

Boetius was firſt baniſhed to Pavia, and, after four years confinement, privately executed in priſon. His father-in-law, Symmachus, incurred the ſame fate. Theodoric ſoon afterwards died with remorſe, under all the agonies of a diſturbed mind.

It has been looked upon by many good Chriſtians as no ſmall misfortune, that Boetius, in his Conſolation, has not derived his arguments from divine wiſdom, as well as prophane philoſophy. One may perceive here and there ſeveral hints taken from Scripture, but nothing, as I remember, *in totidem verbis:* Yet his general belief of Chriſtianity has never been ſuſpected, nor even his orthodoxy; for he writ an expreſs treatiſe on the conſubſtantiality of the Trinity, which is ſtill preſerved, and looked upon to be genuine.

Theſe circumſtances induced me to conclude this Epiſtle in a manner not unworthy of our philoſopher, and highly agreeable to his imitator.

It has often been thought, that a Second Part added to Boetius's Conſolation, written in the ſame manner of a Viſion, and conſiſting of verſe and proſe interchangeably, where Divine Wiſdom is introduced as the ſpeaker and comforter, would afford us one of the fineſt and moſt inſtructive works that could be compoſed. The Sieur de Ceriziers, almoner to Louis the XIIIth, made an attempt of this kind about the year 1636, and executed it with ſome degree of ſucceſs.

Boetius was commented upon by no leſs a perſon than Thomas Aquinas, who was one of the cleareſt and pureſt writers of his time. This ſhews the eſteem in which the ſcholaſtic ages held him.

In our country, King Alfred was the firſt who tranſlated the Conſolation of Philoſophy; and this tranſlation is ſtill extant. Chaucer, as we have already hinted, gave us another verſion and a third, I think, was publiſhed by the Monks of Taviſtock, at the ſecond preſs that was eſtabliſhed in England. A fourth tranſlation was made (as ſome ſay) by Queen Elizabeth; and one or two more preceded the verſion publiſhed by Lord Preſton.

I have nothing farther to add, but that my worthy friend, to whom this elegy is addreſſed, will be pleaſed to bear in memory theſe beautiful verſes of antiquity; which may be applied (not improperly) both to him and me.

——————Nos facta aliena canendo
Vergimur in ſenium; propriis tu pulcher ab annis
Ipſe canenda geres, patriæque exempla parabis;
Poſcit avus: præſtatque domi novitate triumphos---
Jamque vale, & penitùs noti tibi Vatis amorem
Corde exire veta.——

---

* *Edward Philips, who writ one of the beſt accounts we have of the Poets, ancient and modern, ſays, ſome authors aſſert that Helpes was daughter of a Sicilian king, and that ſhe writ hymns in honour of the Apoſtles, after ſhe embraced Chriſtianity.*

Philips's authority carries weight with it: For Milton was the inſtructor of his youthful ſtudies, and afterwards reviſed the work we here allude to; Philips's mother being Milton's ſiſter.

Philips's book was publiſhed in 12mo, 1665, *and intituled,* Theatrum Poetarum. *One Winſtanley, a barber, tranſcribed the lives of the Engliſh Poets from our author's work, almoſt* verbatim, *and publiſhed them in* 1687. *A moſt notorious plagiariſm; it being but* 22 *years after the Theatrum Poetarum was publiſhed.*

And it came to paſs from the time that he (Potiphar) had made him overſeer in his houſe, and over all that he had, that the Lord bleſſed the Egyptian's houſe for Joſeph's ſake; and the bleſſing of the Lord was upon all he had in the houſe, and in the field.

GENESIS xxxix. 5.

INTRODUCTION.

THE man, that truly read in virtue's laws,
Improves from cenſure, and diſtruſts applauſe.
Firm in his hope, he yields not to deſpair *;
The cube revers'd is ſtill erect and ſquare †.
Eliot ‡, to whom kind nature did impart
The cooleſt head, and yet the warmeſt heart:
Bleſt in thy nuptials, bleſt in thy retreat,
Privately good, and amiably great;
Accept with candour theſe ſpontaneous lays,
And grant me pardon, for I aſk not praiſe.---
In proof the Muſe true oracles recites,
Hear what Boetius to his conſort writes.
Mark well the man, and Heav'n thy labour bleſs;——
In all be like him, but unhappineſs!
Thus he aſpir'd on meditation's wings,
And, to the beſt of conſorts, thus he ſings:

RUSTICIANA, loveliеſt of thy kind,
Moſt in my eyes, and ever in my mind;
Exil'd from all the joys the world can give,
And---(for my greater grief!) allow'd to live:
(By him §, I train'd to glory, baſely left);
Of all things, but my innocence, bereft:
Patrician, conſul, ſtateſman but in name;
Of honour plunder'd, and proſcrib'd in fame:
(Betray'd by men my patronage had fed,
And curs'd by lips to which I gave their bread);
To thee I breathe my elegies of woe;
For thee, and chiefly thee, my ſorrows flow:
Partner of my life, my heart's relief;
Alike partaker of my joys or grief!
All-bounteous God, how gracious was the care
To mix thy antidote with my deſpair!
Ruſticiana lives to ſmooth my death,
And waft with ſighs to Heav'n my parting breath.
Hence hope and fortitude inſpire my breaſt:
Be her's the earthly part, and thine the reſt!
Still I am happy, human and divine;
Th' aſſiſtant angel ſhe, th' aſſiſtance thine.
O wife, more gentle than the weſtern breeze,
Which (loth to part) dwells whiſp'ring on the trees:
Chaſte as the lamb th' indulgent paſtor leads
To living ſtreams through Sharon's flow'ry meads;
Mild as the voice of comfort to deſpair;
Fair as the ſpring, and yet more true than fair *;
Delightful, as the all-enlivening ſun;
Brighter than rills, that glitter as they run,
And mark thee ſpotleſs;---air thy purity
Denotes, thy clearneſs fire, and earth thy conſtancy †.
Weep not to read theſe melancholy ſtrains:
Change courts for cells, and coronets for chains.——
No greatneſs can be loſt, where God remains!
Say, what avails me, that I boaſt the fame
And deathleſs honours of the Manlian name;
Th' unſoil'd ſucceſſion of renown'd deſcent,
Equal to time's hiſtorical extent ‡?
One of my anceſtors receiv'd his doom
There, where he ſav'd the liberties of Rome!
Did not another plunge into the wave
The Gauliſh champion, and his country ſave?
Did not a third (and harder was his fate)
Make his own child a victim for the ſtate?
And did not I my wealth and life conſume,
To bleſs at once Theodoric and Rome?---
But all is cancell'd and forgotten ſince;
Paſt merits were reproaches to my prince!
As my own glory ſerv'd to ruin me,
Thy birth from Symmachus avails not thee:
Thy meekneſs, prudence, beauty, innocence,
Thy knowledge, and thy virtues, gave offence.
When excellence is eminent, like thine,
Our eyes are dazzled with too bright a ſhrine;
Death muſt the medium give, that makes it mildly ſhine.
What viſionary hope the wretch beguiles,
Who founds his confidence on Princes ſmiles?
True to their int'reſt, mindleſs of their truſt,
Convenient is the regal term for juſt.
The plant, my cultivating hands had made
A ſpreading tree, oppreſs'd me with its ſhade;
Ambition puſh'd forth many a vig'rous ſhoot,
And rancid jealouſy manur'd the root:
Ingratitude a willing heart miſled,
And ſycophants the growing miſchief fed,

---

* "*Quis te feliciſſimum conjugis pudore non prædicavit?*"

PHILOSOPHIÆ *Verba ad* BOETIUM. *De Conſolat.* L. II. Proſ. 3.

"*Vivit Uxor ingenio modeſta, pudicitiæ pudore præcellens, et, ut omnes ejus dotes breviter includam, Patri (Symmacho) ſimilis. Vivit inquam, tibique tantum, vitæ huius exoſa, ſpiritum ſervat. Quoque uno felicitatem minui tuam vel ipſa conceſſerim, tui deſiderio lachrymis ac dolore tabeſcit.*"

Ejuſd Verba. Ibid Proſ. 4. Edit. Juntarum 1521.

† *This paſſage was written in imitation of Ovid's famous deſcription of Galatea,* MET. L. XIII. *and improved by an hint taken from Dr. Donne's Poems. Page* 96, 12*mo*

‡ "*Quod ſi quid in nobilitate bonum, id ſolum eſſe arbitror, ut impoſita nobilibus neceſſitudo videatur, ne a majorum virtute degenerent.*"

L. III. Proſ. 6.

* "*The fortitude of a juſt man conſiſts in contemning the flatteries of proſperity, and overcoming the fears of poverty.*"

Sti. GREGOR. *Moral.* L. viii.

"*Compoſitus, ſemperque ſuus.*"

STAT. *Sylvæ,* L. ii.

Edward Eliot, Eſq. of Port-Eliot.

The Emperor Theodoric.

Till th' Arian ſophiſt * crept through all reſtraint;
The tempter ply'd him, and there ſplit the ſaint.
Th' aſſaſſin-hand which Odoácer ſlew,
Once more, diſtain'd with blood, appear'd to view:
Not foe by foe in hoſtile fields oppreſt,
But friend with friend, th' inviter and the gueſt †.
And Θ, how weak my ſkill, how vain my toils,
To ſow religion's ſeeds in courtly ſoils!
The few ſurviving plants that fix'd their root,
O'ercharg'd with ſpecious herbage, bore no fruit,
Gorg'd to ſatiety with unctuous juice
From a fat earth, and form'd for bulk, not uſe;
Till all the cultivating hand receives
Is ſteril plenty of luxuriant leaves ‡.---
Or, where we ſow'd the grain of life, ſucceeds
A copious harveſt of pernicious weeds.
Where corn once ſtood, th' inſatiate thiſtle ſtands,
And deleterious hemlock choaks the lands.
If errors purely human are forgiv'n,
I dare preſent my laſt appeal to Heav'n.
Religion and clear honeſty, combin'd,
Made up the ſhort full ſyſtem of my mind.
Nicely I mark'd the quickſands of the ſtate,
The crown's encroachments, and the people's hate:
Fore-warn'd my prince of arbitrary ſway,
And taught his ſubjects willingly t' obey:
Thus ev'ry thing conſpir'd to one great end,
The nation was my child, the king my friend.
Both ſtill I ſerv'd with uniform intent,
The good of both, with equal fervour meant;
And, whereſoe'er th' infraction firſt aroſe,
Still judg'd th' aggreſſors man's and nature's foes.
Monarchs, ſometimes, diſcard, through fear or hate,
Thoſe whoſe good ſenſe and virtues poiſe the ſtate:
So mariners, when ſtorms the ocean ſweep,
Commit their guardian-ballaſt to the deep.
Methinks, in theſe my ſolitudes, I hear
Tricilla whiſp'ring in the tyrant's ear §,
Aſſert the glories which are all thy own;
And lop the branch that overſhades the throne;
When he and malice know, I taught no more
Than ev'ry righteous ſtateſman taught before.
I ſhow'd my prince ‖---" The firſt of regal arts
Was to reign monarch of the people's hearts:
(Swift to encourage, eager to redreſs,
The ſteward of a nation's happineſs);
Taught him, each gift he gave, by truth to ſcan
T' adapt the man to place, not place to man;
To guard the public wealth with anxious care,
Studious of peace, but ſtill prepar'd for war:
Taught him, that princes of celeſtial kind,
Like Numa, cultivate the field and mind *:
Warn'd him 'gainſt pow'r, which ſuffers no controul;
But moſtly that, which perſecutes the ſoul:
Then by examples, or from reaſon, ſhow'd,
That none are true to man who're falſe to God
And that our lives, except by freedom bleſt,
Are a dull paſſive ſlavery at beſt."
Hence righteous kings of ſofter clay are made;
Not for their ſubjects mis'ry, but their aid ‡.
True liberty, by pious monarchs giv'n,
Is emblematic manna rain'd from heav'n:
Without it, ev'ry appetite is pall'd,
The body fetter'd, and the mind enthrall'd §.
Thus when by chance ſome ruſtic hand invades
The nightingale's receſs in poplar ſhades,
And bears the priſ'ner with offenſive care
To Nero's houſe of gold, and Nero's fare;
Th' aërial choriſter, no longer free,
Wails and deteſts man's civil cruelty:
Still dumb th' impriſon'd ſylvan bard remains;
(Your human bards make muſic with their chains)
And when from his exalted cage he ſees
The hills, the dales, the lawns, the ſtreams, the trees,
He looks on courtly food with loathing eyes,
And ſighs for liberty, and worms, and flies ‖.

---

* *Theodoric in his heart was ſtrongly inclined to Arianiſm.*

† *Odoacer and Theodoric had divided, by agreement, the kingdom of Italy between them. The latter invited the former to a banquet, and killed him with his own hand.*

‡ ——————" *neſcia falcis*
" *Sylva comam tollit, fructumque expirat in*
" *umbras.*"

STAT. *Sylv.*

§ L. I. Proſ. 4.

‖ *The precepts of government, compriſed in the following lines, and recommended by Boetius, are extracted almoſt* verbatim *from Caſſiodorus's Letters. Caſſiodorus was ſecretary to Theodoric and Athalaric, kings of the Goths. He was a ſtateſman of great genius, and an author of wonderful invention.*

An ancient writer of the Church has juſtly marked out the difference betwixt a king and a tyrant: " *They have both,*" (ſays he), " *abſolute power, and abundance of people under their command; but exert their authority and govern in a very different manner: For the former ſeeks only the good of thoſe whom he governs, and hazards all, even his life, that they may live in peace and ſafety.*" *He then gives the contraſt of their characters in more full detail.*

SYNESIUS, *Biſhop of Cyrene to the Emperor Arcadius.*

* OVID. *Met.* XV. v. 482.

† *A ſaying of Conſtantius Chlorus, the father of Conſtantine the Great.*

‡ *The character of a juſt and pious prince is finely marked by Iſaiah,* XVI. 5. " *In mercy ſhall the throne be eſtabliſhed, and he ſhall ſit upon it in truth, in the tabernacle of David; judging and ſeeking judgment, and haſting righteouſneſs.*"

§ *Much to this purpoſe is a paſſage in the Son of Sirach:*—" *As long as thou liveſt, and haſt breath in thee, give not thyſelf over to any. In all thy works keep to thyſelf the pre-eminence, and leave not a ſtain in thine honour.*"

ECCLUS. XXXII.

‖ " *Quæ canit altis garrula ramis*
Ales, caveæ clauditur antro.

Such truths my crimes! But Charity's ſoft veil
Shall ſhade the hateful remnant of the tale.
The daughter of a Symmachus * diſdains
Vindictive plaints and acrimonious ſtrains;
Make the ſolemnity of grief appear
Magnificently dumb, without a tear!
Brave as our ſex, and as thy own reſign'd;
Unconquer'd, like thy beauty, be thy mind!---
Wretch that I was, now dar'd I to complain?
Heav'n's chaſtiſements are never dealt in vain!
In ſomething, my pride or frailty err'd,
And my juſt doom was certain, though deferr'd.
The miſts of twilight-ſunſhine, and eſteem,
Made me not greater grow, but greater ſeem.
When I the paths of human grandeur trod,
Might not my alien-heart diverge from God?
Might I not raiſe my kinsfolk and my friends
From private reaſons, and for private ends;
Excluſive of the better few, who ſtay
Far from the ſolar walk, and court's high-way †?
Might I not ſwell too much on earthly pow'r,
Man's idiot-play-thing, gewgaw of an hour?
Or might nor falſe compliance, flatt'ry, art,
Unhinge my truth, unchriſtianize my heart?
Why nam'd I in theſe lines my wealth, my race,
The conſul's ſtation, or the ſtateſman's place;
The confidence I gain'd, the truſts I bore?—
See, my heart ſickens to review them more!
Boaſt as we will, diſſemble as we can,
A pious peaſant is the greater man.
How hard the conteſt, and how ſharp the ſtrife,
To part the great from pageantry of life!
To wean the bearded infant from his toys,
Vain hopes, vain honours, and ſtill vainer joys!
See the proud demigod in triumph ſit,
With nauſeous incenſe choak'd, and hireling-wit;
Hymn'd by a chorus of ſelf-ſerving tools,
The Niſroch ‖ of his knaves, and calf ¶ of fools!---
I'll dwell no longer on this angry theme **;---
But ſketch the moral picture of a dream ††.

Huic licet illita pocula melle
Largaſque dapes dulci ſtudio
Ludens hominum cura miniſtret;
Si tamen alto ſaliens tecto
Nemorum gratas viderit umbras,
Sparſas pedibus proterit eſcas;
Sylvas tantum mæſta requirit."

BOET. *de Conſolat.* L. III. Metr. 2.

* " *Pretioſiſſimum generis humani decus, Symmachus ſocer;*
Vir totus ex ſapientia, vertutibuſque factus."

BOET. *de Conſolat.* L. II. Proſ. 4.

" *Sacer Symmachus, ſanctus, atque actu ipſo reverendus.*" *Ibid.* L. I. Proſ. 4.

† " *In chooſing men who are to diſcharge the higheſt , the ſafeſt conduct is to take the man who goes of his way in order to decline it, and not the man who intrudes boldly for it.*" ST. BERNARD.

‖ 2 *Kings* xix. 37.

¶ *Exod.* xxxii. 4. 1 *Kings* xii. 28.

** " *De ſceleribus ac fraudibus delatorum recte tu quidem ſtrictim attingendum putaſti, quod ea melius uberiuſque recognoſcentis omnia vulgi celebrentur.*"

PHILOSOPHIA *loquitur*, L. I. Proſ. 5.

†† *What follows is extracted from the Philoſophical Conſolation of Boetius.*

One night, with grief o'ercharg'd, with cares oppreſt,
Like a ſick child, I moan'd myſelf to reſt:
When lo, a figure of celeſtial mien,
(Known indiſtinctly once, and faintly ſeen)
Approach'd me; fair and graceful as a queen.
Now, (ſtrange to tell)! ſhe ſeem'd of human ſize,
And now, her form auguſt half reach'd the ſkies *.
Sweet-ſmiling, with an accent, ſoft ſhe ſaid,
" Is this Boetius? Or Boetius' ſhade?
" What ſudden ſtroke of unexpected woe
" Congeals thy tears, and wants the pow'r to
" flow?
" Incapable of comfort or relief,
" See a dumb image petrify'd with grief!
" Th' impetuous ſtorm aroſe not by degrees,
" But burſts like hurricanes on Adria's ſeas †."
She ſpoke, and to my throbbing heart apply'd
Her tender hand: " My ſon, my ſon," ſhe cry'd,
" Med'cines, and not complaints, thy pangs muſt
" eaſe;
" Falſe greatneſs, and falſe pride, are thy diſeaſe."
Then with her other hand ſhe touch'd my eyes ‡,
Soft, as when Zephyr's breath o'er roſes flies:
Inſtant my ſenſe return'd, reſtor'd and whole,
To repoſſeſs its empire of the ſoul.
So, when o'er Phœbus low-hung clouds prevail,
Sleep on each hill, and ſadden ev'ry dale;
Sudden, up-ſpringing from the north, invades
A purging wind, which firſt diſturbs the ſhades;
Thins the black phalanx; till, with fury driv'n,
Swift diſappears the flying wreck of heav'n:
To its own native blue the ſky refines,
And the ſun's orb with double radiance ſhines §.
The dame celeſtial mark'd with glad ſurprize
Recover'd reaſon lab'ring in my eyes,
And, kindly ſmiling, ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
" At length, my ſon, the intellectual ray
" Juſt gleams the hopeful promiſe of a day.
" Patients like thee muſt cautiouſly be fed
" With milk diluted, and innoxious bread:
" Permit me then, in gentleſt ſtrains, to give
" Rules to die happy, and contented live;
" And, when thy ſtomach can ſtrong food digeſt,
" My prudence ſhall adminiſter the reſt ‖.
" I never leave my children on the road,
" But lead each pilgrim to his bleſt abode ¶.
" Suffice it firſt this wholeſome truth t' impart;
" Coy Fortune's abſence ſtings thee to the heart:
" A willing miſtreſs to the young and bold,
" But ſcornful of the tim'rous and the old:

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* L. I. Proſ. 1. *De Conſolat. Philoſoph.*

† *De Conſolat. Philoſoph.* L. I. Proſ. 2.

‡ L. I. Proſ. 2.

§ " *Tunc me diſcuſſa liquerunt nocte tenebræ,*
Luminibuſque prior rediit vigor.
Ut cum præcipiti glomerantur ſidera Coro
Nimboſiſque polus ſtetit imbribus:
Sol latet, ac nondum cælo venientibus aſtris
Deſuper in terram nox funditur.
Hanc, ſi Threicio Boreas emiſſus ab antro
Verberet, & clauſum reſerat diem;
Emicat & ſubito vibratus lumine Phœbus,
Mirantes oculos radiis ferit."

L. I. Metr. 3.

‖ L. I. Proſ. 2. ¶ L. I. Proſ. 3.

" Mere luſt of change compell'd her to caſhier
" Her beſt lov'd Pompey in his fiftieth year.
" The frowns of a capricious jilt you mourn,
" Who's thine, or mine, and ev'ry man's by turn:
" Were Fortune conſtant, ſhe's no more the ſame,
" But, chang'd in ſpecies, takes another name.
" Say, when that prodigy * of falſehood ſmil'd,
" And all the ſorcereſs thy heart beguil'd;
" When ev'ry joy that full poſſeſſion gave
" Roſe to the higheſt reliſh man can crave;
" Waſt thou then happy to thy ſoul's deſire?—
" Something to ſeek, and ſomething to require,
" Still, ſtill perplex'd thee, unforeſeen before.—
" Thy draughts were mighty, but thy dropſy [then?
" more †.
" 'Tis granted, fortune's vaniſh'd——and what
" Thou'rt ſtill as truely rich as all good men:
" Thy minds thy own (if that be calm and ev'n);
" Thy faith in providence, thy funds in heav'n.
" The Indian only took her jingling bells,
" Her rags of ſilk, and trumpery of ſhells:
" Virtue's a plunder of a cumb'rous make
" She cannot, and ſhe does not chooſe to take ‡.
" Accept th' inconſtant, if ſhe deigns to ſtay;
" And, if ſhe leaves thee, ſpeed her on the way;
" For where's the diff'rence, mighty reas'ner,
" ſay,
" When man by death of all things is bereft,
" If he leaves fortune, or by fortune's left §?
" Fortune to Galba's door the diadem brought;
" The door was clos'd and other ſons ſhe ſought:
" Fortune's a woman, over fond or blind;
" A ſtep dame now, and now a mother kind.
" Eſchew the luſt of pow'r, and pride of life;
" One jarring maſs of counter-working ſtrife!
" Vain hopes, which only idiot minds employ;
" And fancy builds, for fancy to deſtroy!
" All muſt be wretched who expect too much;
" Life's chemic gold proves recreant to the touch.
" The man who fears, nor hopes for earthly
" things,
" Diſarms the tyrant, and looks down on kings:
" Whilſt the depending, craving, flatt'ring ſlave
" Makes his own chain that drags him to the
" grave ‖."

The goddeſs now, with mild and ſober grace
Inclining, look'd me ſtedfaſt in the face.

" Thy exile next ſits heavy on thy mind;
" Thy pomp, thy wealth, thy villas, left behind.
" Ah, quit theſe nothings to the hungry tribe;
" States cannot baniſh thee; they may proſcribe.
" The good man's country is is in ev'ry clime,
" His God in ev'ry place, at ev'ry time;

" In civiliz'd, or in barbarian lands,
" Wherever virtue breathes, an altar ſtands *.
" A farther weakneſs in thy heart I read:
" Thy priſon ſhocks thee with unuſual dread:
" Dark ſolitude thy wav'ring mind appalls,
" Damp floors, and low hung roofs, and naked
" walls.
" Yet here the mind of Socrates could ſoar;
" And, being leſs than man, roſe to more.
" Wiſh not to ſee new hoſts of clients wait
" In rows ſubmiſſive through vaſt rooms of ſtate;
" Nor, on the litter of coarſe ruſſ'es ſpread,
" Lament the abſence of thy downy bed:
" Nor grieve thou, that thy plunder'd books af-
" No conſolation to their exil'd lord: [ford
" Read thy own heart †; its motions nicely ſcan;
" There's a ſufficient library for man ‡.
" And yet a nobler volume ſtill remains;
" The book of providence all truths contains:
" For ever uſeful, and forever clear,
" To all men open, and to all men near:
" By tyrants unſuppreſs'd, untouch'd by fire;
" Old as mankind, and with mankind t' expire §.
" Next, what aggrieves thee moſt, is loſs of fame,
" And the chaſte pride of a once ſpotleſs name:
" But mark, my ſon, the truths I ſhall impart,
" And give them on the tablets of thy heart:
" The firſt keen ſtroke th' unfortunate ſhall find,
" Is loſing the opinion of mankind ‖:
" Slander and accuſation take their riſe
" From thy declining fortunes, not thy vice.
" How rarely is a poor man highly deem'd;
" Or a rich upſtart villain diſeſteem'd?——
" From chilly ſhades the gnats of fortune run
" To buz in heat, and twinkle in the ſun;
" Till heav'n (at heav'n's appointed ſeaſon [wind,
" kind,)
" Sweeps off th' Egyptian plague with ſuch a
" That not one blood-ſucker is left behind.
" Boaſt not, nor grieve at good or evil fame ¶
" Be true to God, and thou art ſtill the ſame.
" Man cannot give thee virtues thou haſt not,
" Nor ſteal the virtues thou haſt truely got.
" And what's th' applauſe of learning or of wit,
" Critis unwrite whate'er the author writ:

---

* *Intelligo multiformes illius prodigii fucos.*
L. II. Proſ. 1.

† " *Largis cum potius muneribus fluens*
Sitis ardeſcit habendi." L. II. Metr. 2.

‡ L. II. Proſ 1.

§ *Quid igitur referre putes, tunè illam moriendo deſeras, an te illa fugiendo?* Lib. II. Proſ. 3.

‖ *Quiſquis compoſito ſerenus ævo*
Nec ſperes aliquid, nec extimeſcas,
Exarmaveris impotentis iram.
At quiſques trepidus pavet, vel optat,
Nectit, qua valeat trahi, catenam.
BOET. L. I.

* L. I. Proſ. 5. BOETIUS.——
——— *Ubicunque virtus;*
Heic, puto, templum eſt.
Jac. BALDE *Odæ.*
Heav'n, to men well diſpos'd, is ev'ry where.
Dr. DONNE

† *There are two leſſons which God inſtills ever day into the faithful: The one is, to ſee their ow faults: The other is, to comprehend the Divi goodneſs.* THOM. A KEM

‡ *The beſt looking glaſs wherein to ſee thy Ge is perfectly to ſee thyſelf.* HUGO *de Anim*

§ L. I. Proſ. 4. BOETIUS.

‖ *At vero hic etiam noſtris malis cumulus acced quod exiſtimatio plurimorum non rerum merita, ſed fo tunæ ſpectat eventum: eaque tantum judicat eſſe provi quæ felicitas commendaverit. Quo fit, ut exiſtima bona, prima omnium deſerat infelices.* BOETIUS, *Ib.*

¶ *Si vis beatus eſſe, cogita hoc primum, contemnere contemni; nondum es felix, ſi te turba non deriſerit.*
ANTISTHENES *Dictum*

To a new fate this ſecond life muſt yield,
And death will twice be maſter of the field *.
" Nor grieve, nor murmur, nor indulge deſpair,
" To ſee the villain cloth'd, and good man bare;
" To ſee impiety with pomp —enthron'd;
" Virtue unſought for, honeſty unown'd:)
" Heav'ns diſpenſations no man can explore;
" In this, to fathom God, is to be more!
" Mere man but gueſſes the divine decree;
" The moſt the Stagyrite himſelf could ſee,
" Was the faint glimm'ring of contingency.
" Yet deem not rich men happy, nor the poor
" Unproſp'rous; wait th' event, and judge no
" more.
" True ſafety to heav'n's children muſt belong:
" With God the rich are weak, the poor are ſtrong.
" Th' irrevocable ſanction ſtands prepar'd;
" Vice has its curſe, and virtue its reward †.
" Conſcience, man's centinel, forbids to ſtray,
" Nor ſhows us the great gulph for heav'n's high
" way.
" To ſerve the great, and aggrandiſe our pride,
" We barter honour, and our faith beſide;
" Mindleſs of future bliſs, and heav'nly fame,
" We ſtrip and ſell the Chriſtian to the name.
" Ambition, like the ſea, by tempeſts toſt,
" Still makes new conqueſts for old conqueſts loſt:
" Court favours lie above the common road
" By modeſty and humble virtue trod;
" Like trees on precipices, they diſplay
" Fair fruit, which none can reach but birds of
" prey.
" All men from want, as from contagion, fly;
" They weary earth, and importune the ſky;
Gain riches, and yet 'ſcape not poverty:
" The once mean ſoul preſerves its earthly part,
" The beggar's flatt'ry, and the beggar's heart.
" In ſpite of titles, glory, kindred, pelf,
" Lov'ſt thou an object better than thyſelf?
" You anſwer, no.——If that, my ſon, be true,
" Then give to God the thanks to God are due.
" No man is crown'd the fav'rite of the ſkies
" Till Heav'n his faith by ſharp affliction tries:
For chains, diſgrace, nor tyrants can controul
Th' ability to ſave th' immortal ſoul.
How oft did Seneca deplore his fate,
Debarr'd that recollection which you hate?
How often did Papinian waſte his breath
" T' implore, like your's, a pauſing time for
death *?—
" Place in thy ſight Heav'n's confeſſors reſign'd,
" And ſuffer with humility of mind:
" As thy proſperities paſs'd ſwift away,
" Juſt to thy grief ſhall make a tranſient ſtay †
" Thy life's laſt hour (nor is it far from thee)
" Is the laſt hour of human miſery.
" Extremes of grief or joy are rarely giv'n,
" And laſt as rarely, by the will of Heav'n."
So ſpake philoſophy, and upwards flew,
Inſpiring confidence as ſhe withdrew.
Here let my juſt reſentments ceaſe to flow,
Here let me cloſe my elegies of woe.
Ruſticiana, faireſt of the fair,
My preſent object, and my future care;
Be mindful of my children, and thy vows:——
And ('gainſt thy judgment) O defend thy ſpouſe,
My children are my other ſelf to thee:——
Heav'n you diſtruſt if you lament for me.
Weep not my fate: is man to be deplor'd,
From a dark priſon to free air reſtor'd?
Admir'd by friends, and envy'd by my foes,
I die, when glory to the higheſt roſe.
I've mounted to the ſummit of a ball;
If I go further, I deſcend, or fall.
Hail death, thou lenient cordial of relief;
Preventive of my ſhame and of my grief!
Kind nature crops me in full virtue's bloom ‡,
Not left to ſhrink and wither for the tomb.
Shed not a tear, but vindicate thy pow'r,
Enrich'd like Egypt's ſoil without a ſhow'r.
Fortune, which gave too much, did ſoon repine,
There was no Solſtice in a courſe like mine.
With calmneſs I my bleeding death behold;
Suns ſet in crimſon ſtreams to riſe in gold.
Farewell, and may Heav'n's bounty heap on
thee,
(As more deſerving) what it takes from me §!——
That peace, which made thy ſocial virtues ſhine,
The peace of conſcience, and the peace divine,
Be ever, O thou beſt of women, thine!
Forgive, Almighty Pow'r, this worldly part;
Theſe laſt convulſions of an huſband's heart:
Give us thy ſelf; and teach our minds to ſee
The Saviour and the Paraclete in thee!

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* *Cum ſera vobis rapiet hoc etiam dies,*
Jam vos ſecunda mors manet.

BOETIUS, L. II. Metr. 7.

† *Si ea quæ paulò ante concluſa ſunt, inconvulſa ſequantur, ipſo, de cujus nunc regno loquimur, Auctore cognoſces, ſemper quidem potentes bonos eſſe malos vero abjectos ſemper & imbecilles; nec ſine pœna unquam eſſe vitia, nec ſine præmio virtutes; bonis felicia, malis ſemper fortunata contingere.*

BOETIUS L. IV. Proſ 1. *De Conſolat. Philoſoph.*

" *Qui ſemina virtu, fama raccoglie*"

* *Boet.* L. III. *Proſ.* 5.

† " *Quod ſi idcirco te fortunatum eſſe non exiſtimas, quoniam quæ tunc læta videbantur, abierunt: non eſt quod te miſerum putes, quoniam, quæ nunc creduntur mœſta, prætereunt.*"

IDEM. L. II. PROS. 3.

‡——" *Raperis. non indigus ævi,*
Non nimius." STAT.

§ " *Pars animæ victura meæ, cui linqure poſſem,*
O Utinam! quos dura mihi rapit Atropos annos!" STAT. *Sylv.*

RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY,

AN EMBLEMATICAL ELEGY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is to be hoped the reader will pardon me, if I take the liberty of prefixing to this elegy a ſlight advertiſement, inſtead of inſerting what might ſeem too long for a note in the body of the poem.

Having ventured (and I am ſure it is *licentia ſumpta prudenter* *) to introduce three or four new expreſſions in a volume of near five thouſand lines, and one, namely, dew-ting'd ray, in the 279th page of the preſent elegy, I thought myſelf obliged to make ſome apology on that ſubject; ſince all innovations in poets like me, (who can only pretend to a certain degree of mediocrity) are more or leſs of an affected caſt, and rarely to be excuſed; inaſmuch as we have the vanity to teach others what we do not thoroughly underſtand ourſelves.

And here permit me to call that language of ours Claſſical Engliſh, which is to be found in a few choſen writers incluſively, from the times of Spencer till the death of Mr. Pope; for falſe refinements, after a language has ariſen to a certain degree of perfection, give reaſons to ſuſpect that a language is upon the decline. The ſame circumſtances have happened formerly, and the event has been almoſt invariably the ſame. Compare Statius and Claudian with Virgil and Horace: and yet the former was, if one may ſo ſpeak, immediate heir at law to the latter.

I have known ſome of my contemporary Poets (and thoſe not very voluminous writers) who have coined their one or two hundred words a man; whereas Dryden and Pope deviſed only about threeſcore words between them; many of which were compound epithets: But moſt of the words which they introduced into our language, proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being choſen and raiſed from excellent offſets †. ——Indeed the former author revived alſo a great number of ancient words and expreſſions; and this he did (beginning at Chaucer) with ſo much delicacy of choice, and in a manner ſo comprehenſive, that he left the latter author (who was in that point equally judicious and ſagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

Some few of Dryden's revived words I have preſumed to contine; of which take the following inſtances; as *gridelien*, *ſilamot*, and *carmine*, (with reference to colours, and mixtures of colours;) *cymar*, *eygre*, *trine*, ETPHKA, *Paraclete*, *panoply*, *rood*, *dorp*, *eglantine*, *oriſons*, *aſpirations*, &c. I mention this, leſt any one ſhould be angry with me, or pleaſed with me in particular places, where I diſcover neither boldneſs nor invention. ——I owe alſo to Fenton the participle *meander'd*; and to Sir W. Davenant the Latiniſm of *funeral Illicet*.

As to compound epithets, thoſe *ambitioſſe ornamenta* * of modern poetry, Dryden has deviſed a few of them, with equal diffidence and caution; but thoſe few are exquiſitely beautiful. Mr. Pope ſeized on them as family diamonds, and added thereto an equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by his own poliſhing.

Compound epithets firſt came into their great vogue about the year 1598. Shakſpeare and Ben. Johnſon both ridiculed the oſtentatious and immoderate uſe of them, in their prologues to Troilus and Creſſida, and to Every Man in his Humour. By the above named prologues it alſo appears, that Bombaſt grew faſhionable about the ſame era. Now in both inſtances an affected taſte is the ſame as a falſe taſte. The author of Hieronimo (who, as I may venture to aſſure the reader, was one John Smith †) firſt led up the dance. Then came the bold and ſelf-ſufficient tranſlator of Du Bartas ‡, who broke down all the floodgates of the true ſtream of eloquence (which formerly preſerved the river clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks) and like, the rat in the low country dikes, miſchieviouſly or wantonly deluged the whole land.

Of innovated phraſes and words; of words revived; of compound epithets, &c. I may one day or other ſay more, in a diſtinct criticiſm on Dryden's poetry. It ſhall therefore only ſuffice to obſerve here, that our two great poetical maſters never thought that the interpoſition of an hyphen, without juſt grounds and reaſons, made a compound epithet. On the contrary, it was their opinion, (and to this opinion their practice was conformable) that ſuch union ſhould only be [illegible] between two nouns, as patriot-king, [illegible] laugh, &c.——or between an adjective and [illegible] or noun and adjective, *vice verſa*, or an adject[illegible] and participle; as laughter-loving, cloud-compelling, roſy-finger'd, &c.——As alſo by an adverb uſed as part of an adjective, as you may ſee in the words well-concocted, well-digeſted, &c.——But

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* HORAT.

† *I muſt here make one exception. Dryden ſhowed ſome weakneſs, in angliciſing common French words, and thoſe not over elegant, when at the ſame time we had ſynonymous words of our own growth. Thus, for example, he introduced levée, couchée, boutefeu, ſimagres, fraicheur,* levé, couché, bouteſeu, ſimagres, fraicheur, fongue, &c. *Nor was he more lucky in the Italian* faſſaré

——"*his ſhield*
Was falſify'd, and round with jav'lins fill'd."
DRYDEN's *Virg.*

* HORAT.

† *John Smith writ alſo the Hector of Germany.*

† *Joſhua Sylveſter.*

never by a full real adverb and adjective, as inly-pining, ſadly-muſing, and, to make free with myſelf, (though, I only did it by way of irony) my expreſſion of ſimply-marry'd epithets; of which ſort of novelties modern poetry chiefly conſiſts. Nor ſhould ſuch compound epithets be looked upon as the poets making; for they owe their exiſtence to the compoſitor of the preſs, and the intervention of an hyphen.

Much of the ſame analogy by which Dryden and Pope guided themſelves in the preſent caſe, may be ſeen in the purer Greek and Roman languages: but all the hyphens in the world (ſuppoſing hyphens had been then known), would not have truly joined together the *dulce ridentem*, or *dulce loquentem*, of Horace.

In a word, ſome few precautions of the preſent kind are not unneceſſary: Engliſh poetry begins to grow capricious, fantaſtical, and affectedly luxuriant; and therefore (as Auguſtus ſaid of Haterius) *ſufflaminari paululùm debet.*

Shall not every one mourn that dwelleth therein?
AMOS viii. 8.

I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes failed with looking upwards.
ISAIAH xxxviii. 14.

Fear not thou, my ſervant, ſaith the Lord; for I am with thee. I will not make a full end of thee; but correct thee in meaſure.
JER. xlvi. 46.

PAINS and diſeaſes; ſtripes and labour too *!
" What more could Edom and proud Aſſhur do?"
Scourge after ſcourge, and blows ſucceeding blows?—
Lord, has thy hand no mercy, and our woes
No intermiſſion? Gracious Being, pleaſe
To calm our fears, and give the body eaſe!
'The poor man, and the ſlave of ev'ry kind,
'Midſt pains and toils may gleams of comfort find;
But who can bear the ſickneſs of the mind?
The pow'r of melancholy mounts the throne,
And makes the realms of wiſdom half her own †:
Not David's lyre, with David's voice conjoin'd,
Can drive th' oppreſſive phantom from the mind ‡?
No more the ſun delights, nor lawns, nor trees;
The vernal bloſſoms, or the ſummer's breeze.
No longer echo makes the dales rejoice
With ſportive ſounds, and pictures of a voice ‖:
Th' aërial choir, which ſung ſo ſoft and clear,
Now grates harſh muſic to the froward ear:
The gently murm'ring rills offend from far,
And emulate the clangour of a war:
Books have no wit, the liveliеſt wits have none;
And hope, the laſt of ev'ry friend, is gone!
Nor reſt nor joy to virtue's ſelf are giv'n,
Till the diſeaſe is rectify'd by heav'n.
And yet this Iliad of inteſtine woes
(So frail is man) from ſeeming nothings roſe:
A drop of acrid juice, a blaſt of air,
Th' obſtruction of a tube as fine as hair;
Or ſpaſm within a labyrinth of threads.
More ſubtle far than thoſe the ſpider ſpreads ¶.
What ſullen planet rul'd our hapleſs birth,
Averſe from joys, and enemy of mirth?
Wat'ry Arcturus in a luckleſs place
South'd §, and portended tears to all our race:
With him the weeping Pleiades conjoin,
And Mazzaroth made up the mournful trine ‡:
Orion added noiſe to dumb deſpair,
And rent with hurricanes the driving air;
And laſt Abſinthion ‖ his dire influence ſhed
Full on the heart, and fuller on the head.
Oft have we fought (and fruitleſs oft) to gain
A ſhort parentheſis 'twixt pain and pain;
But, ſick'ning at the cheerfulneſs of light,
The ſoul has languiſh'd for th' approach of night.
Again, immerſt in ſhades, we ſeem to ſay,
O day-ſpring ¶! gleam thy promiſe of a day §.
On this ſide death th' unhappy ſure are curſt,
Who ſigh for change, and think the preſent worſt:
Who weep unpity'd, groan without relief;
" There is no end nor meaſure of their grief!"
The happy have waſte twelvemonths to beſtow;
But thoſe can ſpare all time, who live in woe!
Whoſe liveliеſt hours are miſery and thrall;
Whoſe food is wormwood, and whoſe drink is gall **.
Baniſh their grief, or eaſe their irkſome load;
Ephraim at length was favour'd by his God ††.
Ah, what is man, that demigod on earth?
Proud of his knowledge, glorying in his birth;
Profane corrector of th' Almighty laws,
Full of th' effect, forgetful of the cauſe!

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* *The hint of this emblem is taken from our venerable and religious poet, F. Quarles*, L. III. Embl. 4. *Mr. Dryden uſed to ſay, that Quarles exceeded him in the facility of rhyming.*
Quarles's book, and the emblematical prints therein contained, are chiefly taken from the Pia Deſideria *of Hugo Hermannus. The engravings were originally deſigned by that celebrated artiſt C. Van Sichem.*

† *Dan.* iv. 34. ‡ 1 *Sam.* xvi. 23.

‖ *Agreeably to this is a lovely piece of imagery in the holy Scriptures:*
" *The earth mourneth and languiſheth; Lebanon is aſhamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderneſs; Baſhan and Carmel ſhake off their fruits.*"
ISAIAH xxxiii. 9.

* *Iſaiah* lix. 5.

† South'd, *a received term in aſtrology.*

‡ *Job* xxxviii. 31, 32. *According to Scripture-Aſtronomy, theſe three were all watery ſigns, and emblematical of grief. The fourth conſtellation, named Orion, threatened mankind with hurricanes and tempeſts. Sandys underſtood the paſſage in the ſame manner as I do. See his excellent paraphraſe on Job, folio, page* 49, *London* 1637. *Mention is again made of the Seven Stars (Pleiades), and of Orion, Amos* v. 8.— *and Job* ix. 9.

‖ *The Star of bitterneſs, called Wormwood, Rev.* viii. 10.

¶ *Job* xxxviii. 12. *Luke* i. 78. Ανατολὴ ἐξ ὕψους. *This poetical word,* day-ſpring, *expreſſing the dawn of morning, has been never adopted by our poets, as far as we can recollect.*

§ *Deut.* xxviii. 66, 67.

** *Jerem.* xxiii. 15.

†† *Ibid.* xxxi. 20.

Why boaſt of reaſon, and yet reaſon ill?
Why talk of choice, yet follow erring will?
Why vaunt our liberty, and prove the ſlave
Of all ambition wants, or follies crave?
This is the lot of him, ſurnam'd the wiſe,
Who lives miſtaken, and miſtaken dies!
The ſick leſs happy, and yet happier live;
For pains and maladies are God's reprieve:
'This reſpite 'twixt the grave and cradle giv'n,
Is th' interpos'd parentheſis of heav'n!
'Too often we complain—but fleſh is weak;
Silence would waſte us, and the heart would break.
Behold yon roſe, the poor deſpondent cries,
(Pain on his brow, and anguiſh in his eyes).
What healthy verdure paints its juicy ſhoots,
What equal circulation feeds the roots:
At morning-dawn it feels the dew-ting'd ray,
But opens all its boſom to the day.
No art aſſiſts it, and no toil it takes *,
Slumbers at ev'ning, and with morning wakes †.
Why was I born? Or wherefore born a man?
Immenſe my wiſh; yet tether'd to a ſpan!
The ſlave, that groans beneath the toilſome oar,
"Obtains the ſabbath of a welcome ſhore:"
His captive ſtripes are heal'd; his native ſoil
Sweetens the memory of foreign toil.
"Alas my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;"
My labours know no end, my pains no reſt!
Tell me, vain-glorious Newtons, if you can,
What heterogeneous mixtures form the man?
Pleaſure and anguiſh, ignorance and ſkill,
Nature and ſpirit, ſlav'ry and free-will:
Weakneſs and ſtrength, old-age and youthful prime;
Error and truth; eternity and time!—
What contradictions have for ever ran
Betwixt the nether brute and upper man ‡?
Ah! what are men, who God's creation ſcorn?
The worm their brother;— § brother elder-born!
Plants live like them, in fairer robes array'd,
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they fade.
The lab'ring ſteer ſleeps leſs diſturb'd at night,
And eats and drinks with keener appetite,—
Reſtrain'd by nature juſt t' enjoy his ſill;
Uſeful, and yet incapable of ill.
Say, man, what vain pre-eminence is thine?
Each ſenſe impair'd by gluttony and wine ‖:
Thou art the beaſt, except thy ſoaring mind
Aſpires to pleaſures of immortal kind:
Elſe, boaſted knowledge, hapleſs is thy curſe,
T' approve the better, and embrace the worſe!

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* *Matth.* vi. 28.

† *Concerning the ſleep of plants, ſee an ingenious Latin treatiſe lately publiſhed in Sweden.*

‡ *Poetical deſinition of a centaur.*

§ *Job* xvii. 14.—*There is a remarkable paſſage in the Pſalms upon this occaſion, where the worm takes place of the monarch:* "*O praiſe the Lord, ye mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beaſts and all cattle; worms and feathered fowls; kings of the earth and all people; princes and judges of the world.*"
PSALM cxlviii. 10. *Septuagint verſion.*

‖ *If we pamper the fleſh too much, we nouriſh an enemy; if we defraud it of lawful ſuſtenance, we deſtroy a good citizen.* ST. GREGOR. *Homil.*

So Annas owns the miracle, and then
(Wilfully blinded) perſecutes again *.
To minds afflicted ever has been given
A claim upon the patronage of Heav'n:
(Whilſt the world's idiots ev'ry thought employ
With hopes to live and die without annoy).
In the firſt agonies of heart-ſtruck grief,
Heav'n to our parents typify'd relief †.
Th' Almighty lent an ear to Hannah's pray'r ‡,
And bleſs'd her with each bleſſing, in an heir:
Whilſt Hezekiah §, earneſt in his cauſe
Gain'd a ſuſpenſion of great nature's laws,
And permanence to time;—For lo! the ſun
Retrac'd the journey he had lately run.—
But moſt th' unhappy wretch, aggriev'd in mind,
Rais'd pity in the Saviour of mankind ‖. [reſt;
He aſk'd for peace; heav'n gave him its own
Demons were dumb, and Legion diſpoſſeſt.
Wither'd with puſſy'd blaſts, the limbs reſume
Thy ſtrength, O manhood, and, O youth, thy bloom ¶!
Syro-Phenicia's maiden re-enjoy'd
That equal mind, which Satan once deſtroy'd **.
And, when the heav'nly Ephphatha †† was ſpoke,
The deaf-born heard, the dumb-born ſilence broke.
Th' ethereal fluid mov'd, the ſpeech return'd;
No ſpaſms were dreaded, no deſpondence mourn'd.
Then rouſe, my ſoul, and bid the world adieu,
Its maxims, wiſdom, *joys and glory too;*
The mighty ΕΥΡΗΚΑ ‡‡ appears in view.
§§ Juſt ſo, the gen'rous falcon, long immur'd
In doleful cell by oſier-bars ſecur'd,
Laments her fate; till, flitting ſwiftly by,
Th' aërial prize attracts her eager eye:
Inſtant ſhe ſummons all her ſtrength and fire;
Her aſpect kindles fierce with keen deſire;
She prunes her tatter'd plumes in conſcious pride,
And bounds from perch to perch, and ſide to ſide;
Impatient of her jail, and long detain'd,
She breaks the bounds her liberty reſtrain'd:
Then, having gain'd the point by heav'n deſign'd,
Soars 'midſt the clouds, and proves her high-born kind.
When Adam did his paradiſe forego,
He earn'd his hard-bought bread with ſweating brow.—
Give us the labour, but ſuppreſs the woe!
Merit we boaſt not: but Chriſt's ſacred ſide
Has pour'd for all its ſacramental tide.
No ſin, no guile, no blemiſhes had he;
A ſelf-made ſlave to ſet the captive free!

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* *Acts* iv. 6. 18.

† *Gen.* iii. 15.

‡ 1 *Kings* i.

§ 2 *Kings* xx.

‖ *Mark* v. 3—9. *And alſo* "*The ſpirit of the Lord is upon me (ſaith Chriſt): he ſent me to heal the broken-hearted,*" &c. *Luke* iv. 18. *Compare likewiſe Iſaiah* lxi. 1.

¶ *Matth.* iv. 24, &c. *Acts* viii. 7.

** *Mark* vii. 26.

†† *Ibid.* 34.

‡‡ *See* DRYDEN's *Relig. Laici*, *and* PRIOR's *Ode intituled, What is man?* ΕΥΡΗΚΑ *ſignifies Finding out the great point deſired.*

§§ *The hint of this ſmile is taken from Quarles.*

Yet pain and anguiſh ſtill too far preſume;
Juſt are heav'n's ways, and righteous is its doom.
All chaſtiſements, before we reach the grave,
Are bitter med'cines, kindly meant to ſave.
Thus let the rhetoric of our ſuff'rings move;
The voice of grief is oft the voice of love *!
The bed of ſickneſs, (after cares and ſtrife)
Is weak man's cradle for a ſecond life;
Death's but a moment; and, before we die,
We touch the threſhold of eternity!

* *There is ſometimes a certain pleaſure in weeping: It is a ſort of conſolation to an afflicted perſon to be thoroughly ſenſible of his affliction.* ST. AMBROSE.

So, ſtretch'd beneath the juniper's chill ſhade,
Th' afflicted prophet * in deſpondence pray'd:
"Oh, take the burthen of my life away,
Dead are my fires; nor better I than they:"
At length a ſeraph cry'd, "Ariſe and eat;
Behold thy bev'rage, and behold thy meat:
Heav'n's one repaſt ſhall future ſtrength ſupply
For forty days, till Horeb meets thy eye †."
The good man neither fears, deſponds, nor faints,
Arm'd with the heavnly panoply ‡ of ſaints.

* *Elijah.*
† 2 *Kings* xix. 4—8.
‡ *Eph.* vi. 14—17.—*Panoply (from the Greek) a complete ſuit of armour.* MR. POPE, DRYDEN.

MEDITATIONS ON CHRIST'S DEATH AND PASSION.

AN EMBLEM.

He was wounded for our tranſgreſſions, he was bruiſed for our iniquities: The chaſtiſement of our peace was upon him. ISAIAH liii. 5.

Σὸς εἰμι, ΧΡΙΣΤΕ· σῶσόν, ὡς Αὐτὸς θέλεις.
GREG. NAZ. *Carm. Iamb.*

RESPICE DUM TRANSIS, QUIA SIS MIHI CAUSA DOLORIS.

HASTE not ſo faſt, on worldly cares employ'd,
Thy bleeding Saviour * aſks a ſhort delay:
What trifling bliſs is ſtill to be enjoy'd,
What change of folly wings thee on thy way?
Look back a moment, pauſe a while †, and ſtay.
For thee thy God aſſum'd the human frame;
For thee the guileleſs pains and anguiſh try'd;
Thy paſſions ſin excepted) his became:
Like thee he ſuffer'd, hunger'd, wept, and dy'd.

Nor wealth nor plenty did he ever taſte,
The moſs his pillow, oft his couch the ground;
The poor man's bread completed his repaſt;
Home he had none, and quiet never found,
For fell reproach purſu'd, and aim'd the wound ‡:
The wiſe men mock'd him, and the learned ſcorn'd;
Th' ambitious worldling other patrons try'd;
The pow'r that judg'd him ev'ry foe ſuborn'd;
He wept unpity'd, and unhonour'd dy'd.

For ever mournful, but for ever dear,
O love ſtupendous! glorious degradation!
No death of ſickneſs, with a common tear;—
No ſoft extinction claims our ſorrows here;
But anguiſh, ſhame, and agonizing paſſion!
The riches of the world, and worldly praiſe,
No monument of gratitude can prove;
Obedience only the great debt repays,
An imitative heart and undivided love!

To ſee the image of th' All-glorious Pow'r
Suſpend his immortality, and dwell
In mortal bondage, tortur'd ev'ry hour:
A ſelf-made priſ'ner in a doleſome cell,
Victim for ſin, and conqueror of hell *!
Luſtration for offences not his own!
Th' unſpotted for th' impure reſign'd his breath;
No other off'ring could thy crimes atone:—
Then blame thy Saviour's love, but not his death.

From this one proſpect draw thy ſole relief,
Here learn ſubmiſſion, paſſive duties learn;
Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief:
Eſchew each danger, ev'ry good diſcern,
And the true wages of thy virtue earn.
Reflect, O man, on ſuch ſtupendous love,
Such ſympathy divine, and tender care †;

* *Chriſt is the way, the truth, and the life. The way wherein thou oughteſt to walk; the truth which thou deſireſt to obtain; and the life of happineſs which thou longeſt to enjoy.* ST. AUGUST.

† *If you labour for a time, you will afterwards enjoy an eternity of reſt. Your ſufferings are of a ſhort duration, your joy will laſt for ever: and if your reſolution wavers, and is going to deſert you, turn your eyes towards mount Calvary, and conſider what Chriſt ſuffered for you, innocent as he was. This conſideration will enable you to ſay in the event, that your ſufferings laſted only for a moment.* IDEM.

‡ *Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Chriſt.* ST. AUGUST.

For he (Pilate) knew that the chief prieſts had delivered him for envy." MARK XV. 10.

An ancient heathen alſo hath perſonified Envy, and painted her in a miſchievous attitude:

——— *Gnara malorum,*
Invidia infelix! animi vitalia vidit,
Ladendiq; vias.

* *Nolo vivere ſine vulnere, cum te videam vulneratum.* BONAVENT.

To know God, without knowing our miſery, creates pride: To know miſery, without knowing Chriſt, cauſes deſpondence. ST. AUGUSTIN.

† *They make a free-will offering to God, who, in the midſt of their ſufferings preſerve their gratitude and acknowledgements.* CASSIAN.

Beſeech the Paraclete * thine heart to move,
And offer up to heav'n this ſilent pray'r.

" † Great God, thy judgments are with juſtice crown'd,
To human crimes and errors gracious ſtill;
Yet, though thy mercies more and more abound,
Right reaſon ſpares not freſh-exiſting ill,
Nor can thy goodneſs counterwork thy will.
Ah, no! The gloom of ſin ſo dreadful ſhows,
That horror, guilt, and death the conſcience fill:

Eternal laws our happineſs oppoſe:
Thy nature and our lives are everlaſting foes!

" Severe thy truth, yet glorious is thy ſcheme;
Complete the vengeance of thy juſt deſire;
See from our eyes the guſhing torrents ſtream,
Yet ſtrike us, blaſt us with celeſtial fire;
Our doom, and thy decrees, alike conſpire.
Yet dying we will love thee and adore:—
Where ſhall the flaming flaſhes of thy ire
Tranſpierce our bodies? Ev'ry nerve and pore
With Chriſt's immaculate blood is cover'd o'er and o'er."

When we praiſe God we may ſpeak much, and yet come ſhort: wherefore in ſum, He is all. When you glorify him, exalt him as much as you can: for even yet he will far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your ſtrength, and be not weary: for you can never go far enough. Eccl. xliii. 27.—30.

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* *God's Holy Spirit worketh in the following manner in his rational children. It inſtructs, moves, and admoniſhes: as for example, it inſtructs the reaſon, moves the will, and admoniſhes the memory.*

St. Gregor. *in Moral.*

† *Tranſlated from the famous French ode of M. de Barreaux.*

" *Grand Dieu! Tes jugemens ſont remplis d'equite,*" &c.

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