



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries
and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-
ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH



1231

0

0

B

&





E R R A T A.

P. 41, L. 12, *Sill*, read *Still*.

P. 50, L. 19, *'was*, read *'twas*.

P. 66, L. 1, after *Formas* dele (.)

P. 67, Lines 7 and 8 transposed.

P. 295, L. 14, *sould* read *should*.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

B Y

J O H N B Y R O M, M. A. F. R. S.

S O M E T I M E

Fellow of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

And Inventor of

The Univerfal ENGLISH SHORT-HAND.

In T W O V O L U M E S.

M A N C H E S T E R :

Printed by J. H A R R O P.

M D C C L X X I I I .

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.

21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30.

31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40.

41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50.

51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60.

61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70.

71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80.

81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90.

91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110.

111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120.

121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130.

131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140.

P R E F A C E.

THE Publication of the following Sheets is in Compliance with the Request of many of Mr. *Byrom's* Friends, who were much pleased with some of his poetical Compositions, which had casually circulated in his Life-time. Much might here be said of the Author's learned, and poetical Talents; but it does not seem to be the Business of an Editor to endeavour to anticipate the Reader's Judgment—By it's own intrinsic Worth, and the candid Opinion of the Public, the following Work is left to stand, or fall.

A Deference due to the Public may however make it necessary to assure them, that the Poems here presented are the genuine Production of Mr. *Byrom*. They are carefully transcribed from his own Manuscripts; but as many of them were written rather for private, than for public Perusal, it is hoped that all favourable Allowance will be made for small Inaccuracies.

The Reader may be surprized perhaps to find in these Volumes so many learned, and critical Questions discussed in Verse—This is indeed a Singularity almost peculiar to our Author: but he had so accustomed himself to the Language of Poetry, that he always found it the easiest Way of expressing his Sentiments upon all Occasions. He himself used to give this Reason to his Friends for treating such Subjects in so uncommon a Method; and

and it is presumed, that, if they are not found deficient in other Respects, the Novelty of the Manner will be rather a Recommendation than otherwise.

At a Time when Party-Disputes are so happily subsided, it may *seem* to want an Apology, that, in the following Collection, some few Pieces are inserted, which *appear* to be tinctured with a Party-Spirit—A small Attention however will convince the warmest Partizan, that what Mr. *Byrom* has written of this Cast was intended to soften the Asperity, and prevent the Mischiefs of an over-heated Zeal. Since this was the Author's chief Motive for writing, it is imagined no other Apology will be necessary for the Publication of such Pieces.

The great Truths of Christianity had made, from his earliest Years, a deep Impression upon the Author's Mind; and as it was his Manner to commit his Sentiments, of every kind, to Verse, so he had a peculiar Pleasure in employing his Pen upon serious Subjects—To the Purposes of Instruction, and the Interests of Virtue, all his Abilities were ever made subservient. This will appear, more particularly, from the second Volume of the following Sheets, in which it was thought proper to select such Pieces as treat on Subjects of a deeper, and more important Nature—The Reader, it is not doubted, will be pleased to find that the Author's natural Talent for Wit, and Humour, has so often given place to Something more solid and substantial.

C O N T E N T S

Of the FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
<i>A Pastoral — first printed in the 8th Vol. of the Spectator.</i>	1
<i>A Description of TUNBRIDGE, in a Letter to P. M. Esq;</i>	5
<i>A full and true Account of an horrid and barbarous Robbery, committed on EPPING FOREST, on the Body of the CAMBRIDGE COACH, in a Letter to M. F. Esq;</i>	13
<i>A Letter to R. L. Esq; on his Departure from LONDON.</i>	18
<i>Verses spoken EXTEMPORE, at the Meeting of a Club, upon the President's appearing in a black Bob Wig, who usually wore a white Tye.</i>	23
<i>The Astrologer.</i>	29
<i>Contentment, or the happy Workman's Song.</i>	33
<i>The Dissection of a BEAU's HEAD, from the SPECTATOR, No. 275.</i>	37
<i>A Song.</i>	41
<i>EXTEMPORE Verses, upon a Trial of Skill between the two great Masters of the noble Science of Defence, Messrs. FIG and SUTTON.</i>	43
<i>Verses spoken at the breaking up of the FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL in MANCHESTER. — The Three Black Crows, a Tale.</i>	48
<i>Verses spoken on the same Occasion with the preceding.</i>	52
<i>The Ape and the Fox, a Fable, spoken on the same Occasion</i>	56
DULCES	

DULCES ANTE OMNIA MUSÆ, <i>spoken on the same Occasion.</i>	59
<i>The Country Fellows and the Afs, a Fable, spoken on the same Occasion.</i>	63
IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS MUTATAS DICERE FORMAS CORPORA, <i>spoken on the same Occasion.</i>	66
<i>The Pond</i>	70
<i>The Nimmers</i>	75
<i>Careless Content, in Imitation of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.</i>	78
<i>On Patience.</i>	82
<i>Remarks on Dr. AKENSIDE's and Mr. WHITE-HEAD's Verses, which were published and addressed to the People of England, in the Year 1758.</i>	87
<i>A Hint to a young Person, for his better Improvement by Reading, or Conversation.</i>	90
<i>To Lady B—— W——, upon her presenting the Author with the Moiety of a Lottery Ticket.</i>	92
<i>The Centaur Fabulous.</i>	95
<i>Thoughts on the Constitution of human Nature, as represented in the Systems of modern Philosophers.</i>	98
<i>On the Patron of England, in a Letter to LORD WILLOUGHBY, President of the Antiquarian Society.</i>	100
<i>On specious and superficial Writers.</i>	105
<i>The passive Participle's Petition to the Printer of the Gentleman's Magazine.</i>	106
<i>The Beau and the Bedlamite.</i>	108
<i>An Answer to a Letter, requesting the Author's Solution of a Rebus.</i>	109
<i>Thoughts on Rhime and Blank Verse.</i>	115
<i>St. PHILIP NERI and the Youth.</i>	119
<i>Advice</i>	

<i>Advice to the Rev. Mess. H—— and H—— to preach slow.</i>	121
<i>To the same, on preaching extempore.</i>	124
<i>On Clergymen preaching Politics, to R—— L—— Esq;</i>	127
<i>Moses's Vision.</i>	129
<i>On the Author's Coat of Arms.</i>	131
<i>Verses intended to have been spoken at the breaking up of the FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN MANCHESTER, in the Year 1748, when LAUDER's Charge of Pla- giarism upon MILTON engaged the Public Attention.</i>	133
<i>A Dialogue on Contentment.</i>	141
<i>Tom the Porter.</i>	145
<i>A Lancashire Dialogue, occasioned by a Clergyman's preach- ing without Notes.</i>	147
<i>Ditto, occasioned by the march of the Highlanders into LANCASHIRE in the Year 1745.</i>	157
<i>Ditto, about compelling a Person to take the Oaths to the Government.</i>	162
<i>A genuine Dialogue, between a Gentlewoman at DERBY and her Maid JENNY, in the Beginning of December 1745.</i>	173
<i>The Contrast between two executed Lords.</i>	177
<i>An Epistle to a Friend, on the Art of English Poetry.</i>	179
<i>To R. L. Esq; on his sending the Author a Hare according to an annual Custom.</i>	193
<i>Ditto.</i>	197
<i>On Inoculation, when it first began to be practised in Eng- land.</i>	202
<i>An Answer to some Enquiries, concerning the Author's O- pinion</i>	

<i>pinion of a Sermon preached upon the Operations of the holy Spirit.</i>	204
<i>Remarks on Dr. BROWN's ESTIMATE, written in the Character of a Lady.</i>	206
<i>Remarks on a Pamphlet, entitled EPISTLES TO THE GREAT, FROM ARISTIPPUS IN RETIREMENT.</i>	211
<i>Epilogue to HURLOTHRUMBO.</i>	215
<i>Remarks on Dr. MIDDLETON's Examination of the late LORD BISHOP OF LONDON's Discourses, con- cerning the Use and Intent of Prophecy.</i>	218
<i>Four Epistles to the Rev. Mr. L—— late VICAR OF BOWDEN, upon the Miracle at the Feast of Pentecost.</i>	261
<i>An Epistle to J. Bl——k——n, Esq; occasioned by a Dis- pute concerning the Food of St. JOHN THE BAP- TIST.</i>	281
<i>Three Epistles to G. LLOYD, Esq; on a Passage in HOMER.</i>	286
<i>Critical Remarks in English and Latin, upon several Pas- sages in HORACE.</i>	301
<i>Miscellaneous Pieces, consisting of Thoughts on various Subjects, Fragments, Epigrams, &c.</i>	332



A P A S T O R A L.

Written by the AUTHOR,

When a Student at Trinity College Cambridge, and first
printed in the 8th Vol. of the Spectator.

I.

MY Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast:
Sure never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find!
When Things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

A

With

II.

With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep :
 I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day,
 But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown ;
 So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
 And my Heart—I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

III.

The Fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the Pebbles among ;
 Thou know'st little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
 'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Music to hear :
 But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
 And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide ;
 Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain ?
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

My Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their Sporting, how happy their Time,
 When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime !
 But now, in their Frolics when by me they pass,
 I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass ;
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My

V.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
 Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me ;
 And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
 Come hither poor Fellow ; and patted his Head.
 But now, when he's fawning, I with a frow look
 Cry Sirrah ; and give him a blow with my Crook :
 And I'll give him another ; for why should not *Tray*
 Be as dull as his Master, when *Phebe's* away ?

VI.

When walking with *Phebe*, what sights have I seen !
 How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green !
 What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
 The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry Thing made !
 But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear :
 'Twas naught but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes,
 Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet *Musick* went with us both all the Wood thro',
 The Lark, Linnet, Thrush, and Nightingale too ;
 Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did Bleat,
 And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet.
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone :
 Her Voice in the Confort, as now I have found,
 Gave ev'ry Thing else its agreeable Sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
 And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
 Does ought of it's Sweetness the Blossom beguile?
 That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile?
 Ah! Rivals, I see what it was that you dress,
 And made your selves fine for—a Place in her Breast:
 You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
 To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

IX.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phebe return!
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn;
 Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread, [Lead.
 I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the
 Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
 Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay,
 Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

Will no pitying Pow'r, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
 To be cur'd, thou must, *Colin*, thy passion remove;
 But what swain is so silly to live without love?
 No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
 Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye part with your Fair.

A DE-



A DESCRIPTION of
T U N B R I D G E,
In a LETTER to P. M. Esq;

I.

DEAR *Peter*, whose Friendship I value much more,
Than Bards their own Verses, or Mifers their Store;
Your Books, and your Bus'ness, and ev'ry thing else,
Lay aside for a while, and come down to the *Wells*:
The Country so pleasant! the Weather so fine!
A World of fair Ladies! and delicate Wine!
The Proposal, I fancy, you'll hardly reject,
Then hear, if you come, what you are to expect.

II.

Some sev'n or eight Mile off, to give you the Meeting,
Barbers, Dippers, and so forth, we send to you greeting.
Soon as they set Eyes on you, off flies the Hat,
Does your *Honour* want this, does your *Honour* want that?
That being a Stranger, by this Apparatus
You may see our good Manners, before you come at us.
Now this, please your *Honour*, is what we call Tooting,
A Trick in your Custom to get the first Footing.

Conducted

III.

Conducted by these civil Gen'men to Town,
 You put up your Horse, for Rhyme sake, at the *Crown* :
 My Landlord bids welcome, and gives you his Word
 For the best Entertainment the House can afford :
 You taste which is better, his White, or his Red,
 Bespeak a good Supper, good Room, and good Bed :
 In short——just as Travellers do when they light,
 So, to fill up the Stanza——I wish you Goodnight.

IV.

But then the next Morning, when *Phæbus* appears,
 And with his bright Beams our glad Hemisphere cheers,
 You rise, dress, get shav'd, and away to the Walks,
 The Pride of the Place, of which ev'ry one talks :
 There, I wou'd suppose you a drinking the *Waters*,
 Didn't I know that you come not for any such Matters ;
 But to see the fine Ladies in their Deshabille,
 A Dress that's sometimes the most studied to kill.

V.

The Ladies you see, ay, and Ladies as fair,
 As charming, and bright as you'll see any where :
 You eye, and examine the beautiful Throng,
 As o'er the clean Walks they pass lovely along ;
 And if any, by Chance, looks a little Demurer,
 You fancy, like ev'ry young Fop, you cou'd cure her ;
 'Till from some pretty Nymph a deep Wound you receive,
 And your self want the Cure, which you thought you
 cou'd give. Not

VI.

Not so wounded howe'er, as to make you forget,
 That your *Honour* this Morn has not breakfasted yet;
 So to *Morley's* you go, look about, and sit down;
 Then comes the young Lads for your *Honour's* half Crown;
 She brings out the Book, you look wisely upon her,
 What's the Meaning of this?—*To Subscribe, please your*
Honour :

So you write, as your Betters have all done before ye,
 'Tis a Custom, and so there's an End of the Story.

VII.

And now, all this while, it is forty to one
 But some Friend or other you've happen'd upon :
 You all go to Church, upon hearing the Bell,
 Whether out of Devotion—your selves best can tell :
 From thence to the Tavern to toast pretty *Nancy*,
 Th' aforefaid bright Nymph, that had smitten your Fancy;
 Where Wine and good Victuals attend your Commands,
 And Wheatears, far better than *French Ortolans*.

VIII.

Then, after you've din'd, take a View of our Ground,
 And observe the fine Mountains that compass us round,
 And, if you could walk a Mile after your Eating,
 There's some comical Rocks, that are worth contemplating :
 You may, if you please, for their odness and make,
 Compare 'em—let's see—to the *De'el's Arse o' Peak*;
 They're

They're one like the other, except that the Wonder
Does here lye above Ground, and there it lies under.

IX.

To the Walks, about seven, you trace back your Way,
Where the Sun marches off, and the Ladies make Day;
What crowding of Charms! Gods! or rather Goddeffes!
What Beauties are here! What bright looks, airs, and
Dreffes!

In the room of the Waters had *Helicon* sprung,
And the Nymphs of the Place by old Poets been fung,
To invite the Gods hither they would have had Reason,
And *Jove* had descended each Night in the Season.

X.

If with Things here below we compare Things on high,
The Walks are like yonder bright Path in the Sky,
Where heavenly Bodies in such Clusters mingle,
Tis impossible, Sir, to describe 'em all single:
But if ever you saw that sweet Creature Miss *K——y*,
If ever you saw her, I say, let me tell ye,
Descriptions are needless; for surely to you,
No Beauty, no Graces, can ever be new.

XI.

But when to their Gaming the Ladies withdraw,
Those Beauties are fled, which when walking you saw:
Ungrateful the Scene which you there see display'd,
Chance murd'ring those Features which Heaven had made:

If

If the fair Ones their Charms did sufficiently prize,
 Their Elbows they'd spare for the sake of their Eyes;
 And the Men too---what Work! its enough, in good
 faith is't,
 Of the nonsense of Chance to convince any Atheist.

XII.

But now 'tis high Time, I presume, to bid Vale,
 Left we tire you too long with our *Tunbridgiale*;
 Which, if the four Critics pretend to unravel,
 Or at these our Verses should stupidly cavil;
 If this be the Case, tell the Critics I pray,
 That I care not one Farthing for all they can say:
 And so I conclude, with my Service, good *Peter*,
 To yourself, and all Friends—farewel Muse—fare-
 wel Metre





A FULL and TRUE

A C C O U N T,

Of an Horrid and Barbarous

R O B B E R Y,

Committed on EPPING FOREST,
Upon the Body of the CAMBRIDGE Coach.

In a LETTER to M. F. Esq;

Arma Virumque Cano.

DEAR *Martin Folkes*, dear Scholar, Brother, Friend;
And Words of like Importance without End;
This comes to tell you, how, in *Epping* Hundred,
Last *Wednesday* Morning I was robb'd, and plunder'd.
Forgive the Muse, who sings what, I suppose,
Fame has already trumpeted in Prose;
But Fame's a lying Jade: The turn of Fate
Let poor *Melpomene* herself relate:
Spare the sad Nymph a vacant Hour's Relief,
To rhyme away the Remnants of her Grief.

On *Tuesday* Night, you know with how much Sorrow
I bid the Club farewell — I go To-morrow —
To-morrow

To-morrow came, and so accordingly
 Unto the place of Rendezvous went I.
Bull was the House, and *Bishopgate* the Street,
 The Coach as full as it could cram; to wit,
 Two Fellow-Commoners *De Aula Trin*:
 And eke an honest Bricklayer of Lynn,
 And eke two *Norfolk* Dames, his Wife and Cousin,
 And eke my Worship's self made half a Dozen.

Now then, as Fortune had contriv'd, our Way
 Thro' the wild Brakes of *Epping-Forest* lay:
 With Travellers and Trunks, a hugeous Load,
 We hagg'd along the solitary Road;
 Where nought but Thickets within Thickets grew,
 No House nor Barn to chear the wand'ring View;
 Nor lab'ring Hind, nor Shepherd did appear,
 Nor Sportsman with his Dog or Gun was there;
 A dreary Landscape, bushy and forlorn,
 Where Rogues start up like Mushrooms in a Morn.

However, since we, none of us, had yet
 Such Rogues, but in a Sessions Paper, met,
 We jok'd on Fear; tho', as we past along,
 Robbing was still the Burden of the Song.
 With untry'd Courage bravely we repell'd
 The rude Attacks of Dogs — not yet beheld.
 With val'rous Talk still battling, 'till at last
 We thought all Danger was as good as past.
 Says one——too soon alas! now let him come,
 Full at his Head I'll fling this Bottle of Rum.

Scarce had he spoken, when the Brickman's Wife
 Cry'd out, Good Lord! he's here, upon my Life.
 Forth from behind the Wheels the Villain came,
 And swore such Words as I dare hardly name;
 But you'll suppose them, Brother, not to drop
 From me, but him---G-----d D-----n ye Coachman stop:
 Your Money, Z-----ds, deliver me your Money,
 Quick, D-----n ye, quick; must I stay waiting on ye?
 Quick, or I'll send---(and nearer still he rode)
 A Brace of Balls amongst ye all, by ---.

I leave you, Sir, to judge yourself what Plight
 We all were put in, by this cursed Wight.
 The trembling Females into Labour fell;
 Big with the sudden Fear, *they Pout, they Swell;*
 And soon, deliver'd by his horrid Curses,
 Brought forth two Strange and Præternatural Purfes:
 That look'd indeed like Purfes made of Leather;
 But let the sweet-tongu'd * *Maningham* say whether
 A common Purse could possibly conceal
 Shillings, Half-crowns, and Half-pence by piece-meal.

The Youth, who flung the Bottle at the Knave
 Before he came, now thought it best to wave
 Such Resolution, and preserve the Liquor;
 Since a round Guinea might be thrown much quicker:
So

* *Dr. Maningham*; who wrote a Pamphlet in Defence of the well-known Story of the *Rabbit-Woman*.

So with impetuous Haste he flung him that,
 Which the sharp Rascal parried with his Hat.
 His right-hand Man, a Brother of our Quill,
 Prudently chose to shew his own good Will
 By the same Token, and without much Scruple
 Made the Red-rugg'd Collector's Income duple.

My Heart——for Truth I always must confess——
 Did sink—— * *an Inch exactly——more or less.*
 With both my Eyes I view'd the Thief's Approach;
 And read the Case of—— *Pistol versus Coach.*
 A woeful Case, which I had oft heard quoted;
 But ne'er before in all my Practice noted.
 So when the Lawyers brought in their Report,
 Guinea *per* Christian to be paid in Court,
 Well off, thinks I, with this same Son of a Whore,
 If he prefers his Action for no more.

No more! why hang him, is not that too much,
 To pay a Guinea for his vile *High-Dutch*?
 'Tis true, he has us here upon the hank,
 With Action strong; and swears to it point blank:
 Yet why resign the yellow One Pound One?
 No, tax his Bill, and give him Silver, *John.*
 So said, so done, and putting Fift to Fob
 I flung th' apparent value of the Job,

An

* An Expression used by —— of the *Royal Society* and afterwards
 proverbially adopted in Ridicule by the *Author* and his Friends.

An Ounce of Silver, into his Receiver,
And mark'd the Issue of the Rogue's Behaviour.

He, like a thankless Wretch, that's overpaid,
Resents, forsooth, th' Affront upon his Trade;
And treats my Kindness with a——this won't do,
Look ye here, Sir, I must ha' Gold from you.
To this Demand of the ungrateful Cur,
Defendant *John* thought proper to demurr.
The Bricklayer joining in the White Opinion,
'Tender'd five Shillings to *Diana's* Minion;
Who still kept threatening to pervade his Buff,
Because the Payment was not prompt enough.

Before the Women, with their Purfes each,
Had Strength to place Contents within his reach,
One of his Pieces, falling downwards, drew
The Rogue's Attention hungrily thereto.
Strait he began to damn the Charioteer,——
Come down ye Dog, reach me that Guinea there.
Down jumps th' affrighted Coachman on the Sand,
Picks up the Gold, and puts it in his Hand:
Missing a rare Occasion, tim'rous Dastard,
To seize his Pistol, and dismount the Bastard.

Now, while in deep and serious Ponderment
I watch'd the Motions of his next Intent,
He wheel'd about, as one full bent to try
The Matter in Dispute 'twixt him and I;

And

And how my Silver Sentiments would hold
 Against that hard Dilemma, Balls or Gold.
 No Help ! said I, No Tachygraphic Pow'r,
 To interpose in this unequal Hour !
 I doubt—I must resign—— there's no defending
 The Cause against that murderous Fire-Engine.

When lo ! descending to her Champion's Aid
 The Goddess *Short-Hand*, bright Celestial Maid,
 Clad in a letter'd Vest of silver Hue *,
 Wrought by her fav'rite *Phebe's* Hand, she flew.
 Th' unfolded Surface fell exactly neat,
 In just Proportions o'er her Shape compleat ;
 Distinct with Lines of purer flaming White,
 Transparent Work, Intelligibly bright ;
 Form'd to give Pleasure to th' ingenious Mind,
 But puzzle and confound the stupid Hind.

Soon as the Wretch the Sacred Writing spy'd,
 What Conjunction-Sight is this, he cry'd !
 My Eyes mean-while the Heav'nly Vision clear'd,
 It shew'd how all his hellish Look appear'd.
 (Heav'n shield all Travellers from foul Disgrace,
 As I saw *Tyburn* in the Ruffian's Face ;
 And if aright I judge of human Mien,
 His Face ere long in *Tyburn* will be seen.)

The

* Alluding to some Short-hand Characters neatly cut in Paper by the
Author's Sister, and presented to M. F. Esq;

The Hostile Blaze soon seiz'd his miscreant Blood ;
He star'd——turn'd short——and fled into the Wood.

Danger dismiss, the gentle Goddess smil'd,
Like a fond Parent o'er her fearful Child ;
And thus began to drive the dire Surprise
Forth from my anxious Breast, in jocund wife.
My Son, said she, this Fellow is no *Weston* *,
No Adversary, Child, to make a Jest on.
With Ink Sulphureous, upon Human Skin
He writes, indenting horrid Marks therein ;
But——thou hast read his Fate——the halter'd Slave
Shall quickly sing his Penitential Stave.

Pursue thy Rout ; but when thou tak'st another,
Bestride some generous Quadruped or other.
Let this enchanted Vehicle confine,
From this Time forth, no Votaries of mine :
Let me no more see honest Short-hand Men
Coop'd up in Wood, like Poultry in a Pen.
And at *Trin: Coll:* when e'er thou art enlarging
On *Epping-Forest*, note this in the Margin :
“ Let *Cambridge* Scholars, that are not quite bare,
“ Shun the dishonest Track, and ride thro' *Ware*.”

Adieu ! my Son——resume thy wonted Jokes ;
And write Account hereof to *Martin Folkes*.

This

* *Weston*—The Inventor of a Method of Short-hand, then in some Vogue ; the great Irregularity and Defects of which our Author had often humourously exposed.

This said, she mounts——The Characters divine
Thro' the bright Path immensely brilliant shine.
Now safe arriv'd——first for my Boots I wrote——
I tell the Story——and subjoin the Note——
And lastly, to fulfill the dread Commands,
These hasty Lines presume to kiss your Hands.
Excuse the tedious Tale of a Disaster,

I am

Your Humble Servant

and

GRAND MASTER.*

* A Title usually given to the Author by his Short-hand Scholars.





A

LETTER to R. L. Esq;

ON HIS

Departure from LONDON.

I.

DEAR *Peter*,* whose Absence, whate're I may do
In a Week or two hence, at this Present I rue;
These Lines, in great Haste, I convey to the Mitre,
To tell the sad Plight of th' unfortunate Writer:
You have left your old Friend so affected with Grief,
That nothing but Rhiming can give him Relief;
Tho' the *Muses* were never worse put to their Trumps,
To comfort poor *Bard* in his sorrowful Dumps.

II.

The Moment you left us, with Grief be it spoken,
This poor Heart of mine was as thoff it were broken;
And I almost faint still if a Carriage approach
That looks like a Highgate or Barnet Stage Coach;
And really, when first that old Vehicle gap'd
To take in Friend *Pee*—so the Fare had but scap'd—
If

* R. L. Esq; generally called by his College-Acquaintance, *Sir Peter*.

If I did not half wish the Man might overturn it,
And swash it to Pieces—I am a fous'd *Gurnet*.

III.

The Rhenish and Sugar, which at your Departure
We drank, would have made me, I hop'd, somewhat
heartier;
Yet the Wine but more strongly to Weeping inclin'd,
And my Grief, I perceiv'd, was but double-refin'd:
It is not to tell how my Breast fell a throbbing,
When at the last Parting our Noses were bobbing:
Those sad farewell Accents! (I think on 'em still)
You'll remember to write JOHN?—Yes, PETER, I will.

IV.

You no sooner was gone, but this famous Metropolis,
That seem'd just before so exceedingly populous,
When I turn'd me towards it, seem'd all of a sudden
As if it was gone from the Place it had stood in:
But for Squire *Hazel's* Brother sagacious Jack,
I should hardly have known how to find my Way back;
How he brought me from *Smithfield* to *Dick's* I can't say,
But remember the *Charter-House* stood in our Way.

V.

At *Dick's* I repos'd me, and call'd for some Coffee,
And sweetn'd, and supt, and still kept thinking of ye;

But not with such Pleasure as when I came there
 To wait 'till Sir *Peter* should chance to appear:
 There, while I was turning you o'er in my Mind,
Doctor, how do you do? says a Voice from behind;
 Thought I to myself I should know that same Organ——
 And who should it be but my Friend *Doctor Morgan*.

VI.

The *Doctor* and I took a small walk, and then
 He went somewhere else, I to *Richard's* again:
 All Ways have I try'd the sad Loss to forget,
 I have saunter'd, writ Short-hand, eat Custard, *et cæ.*
 With honest *Duke Humphrey* I pass the long Day,
 To others, as yet, having little to say;
 For indeed, I must own, since the Loss of my CHUM,
 I am grown, as it were, a mere GERUND in DUMB.

VII.

But Muse! we forget that our Grief will prevent us
 From treating of Matters more high and momentous.
 Poor JONATHAN WILD!——*Clowes, Peer Williams* and I
 Have just been in waiting to see him pass by:
 Good law! how the Houses were crowded with Mobs,
 That look't like LEVIATHAN'S Picture in Hobb's;
 From the very ground Floor to the Top of the Leads,
 While JONATHAN pass thro' a *Holborn* of Heads.

VIII.

VIII.

From *Newgate* to *Tyburn* he made his Proceſſion,
 Supported by two of the nimble Profeſſion:
 Between the unheeded poor Wretches he fat,
 In his Night-gown and Wig, but without e'er a Hat;
 With a Book in his Hand he went weeping and praying,
 The Mob all along, as he paſſ'd 'em, huzzaing;
 While a Parcel of Verſes the Hawkers were hollowing,
 Of which I can only remember theſe following.

IX.

“ The cunning old Pug, ev'ry Body remembers,
 “ That when he ſaw Cheſnuts a roaſting i'th' Embers,
 “ To ſave his own Bacon, took Puſs's two Foots,
 “ And ſo out o'th' Embers he tickl'd his Nuts.
 “ Thus many a poor Rogue has been burnt in the Hand,
 “ And 'twas all Nuts to *Jonathan*, you underſtand;
 “ But he was not ſo cunning as *Æſop's* old Ape,
 “ For the Monkey has brought himſelf into the Scrape.

X.

And now, *Peter*, I'm come to the end of my Tether,
 So I wiſh you good Company, Journey, and Weather:
 When Friends in the Country enquire after *John*,
 Pray tender my Service t'em all every one,

To

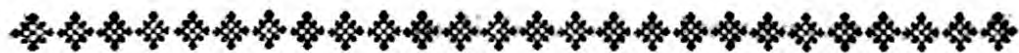
To the Ladies at *Toft*, Mr. *Legh* of *High-Legh*,
To the *Altringham* Meeting, if any there be,
Darcy Lever, *Will Drake*, Mr. *Gattell* and *Cottam*——
An excellent Rhime that, to wind up one's Bottom!

Richard's,
Monday Night
May 24, 1725.

P. S.

What News? Why the LORDS, if the Minutes say true,
Have past my Lord *Bolingbroke's* Bill three to two,
Three to one I would say; and resolved also
That the COMMONS have made good their Articles——ho!
And To-morrow, Earl *Thomas's* Fate to determine,
Their LORDSHIPS come arm'd both with Judgment and
Ermine:
The *Surgeons*, they say, have got *Jonathan's* Carcase,
If so—— I'll go see't——or it shall be a hard Case.





V E R S E S

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE,

A T T H E

M E E T I N G of a C L U B,

Upon the P R E S I D E N T's appearing in
a black B O B W I G,

Who usually wore a white T Y E.

I.

O U R P R E S I D E N T, in Days of Yore,
Upon his Head a Caxen wore;
Upon his Head he wore a Caxen,
Of Hair as white as any Flaxen;
But now he cares not of a Fig;
He wears upon his Poll a Wig,
A shabby Wig upon his Poll,
Of Hair as black as any Coal.

II.

A sad and dismal Change alas!
Choose how the Duce it came to pass:

Poor

POOR PRESIDENT! what evil Fate
 Revers'd the colour of his Pate?
 For if that lamentable Dress
 Were his own choofing, one would guefs,
 By the deep Mourning of his Head,
 His Wits were certainly *gone dead*.

III.

Sure it could ne'er be his own choofing
 To put his Head in fuch a Houfing:
 It muft be ominous, I fear;
 Some Mifchief, to be fure, is near:
 Nay, fhould that black foreboding Phiz
 Speak from that fturdy Trunk of his,
 One could not help but think it fpoke
 Juft like a Raven from an Oak.

IV.

A Caxen of fo *black* a Hue,
 On our Affairs looks plaguy *blue*:
 We do not meet with fuch an Omen
 In any Story, *Greek*, or *Roman*:
 A Comet, or a blazing Star
 Were not fo terrible by far;
 No; in that Wig the Fates have fent us
 Of all Portents the moft portentous,

Who

V.

Who does not tremble for the Club
 That looks upon his Wig——so scrub!
 Without a *Knot*! without a *Tye*!——
 What can we hang together by?
 So scrub a Wig to look upon,
 How can the dire Phænomenon
 Be long before it has undone us?
 Oh! 'Tis a cruel *Bob* upon us.

VI.

The PRESIDENT, when's Wig was white,
 He was another Mortal quite;
 Nay, when he sprinkled it with Powder,
 No Man in *Manchester* talk'd louder.
 How blest were we! but now alack!
 The wearing of a Wig so black
 Such a Disgrace has brought about——
 Burn it! 'twill never be worn out.

VII.

Thou art a Lawyer, honest Joe,
 I prithee wilt thou let *us* know
 Whether the *black* Act wont extend,
 So as to reach our worthy Friend.

D

What!

What ! can he wear a Wig so shabby,
 When Folks are hang'd from *Waltham* Abby,
 For loving Ven'son, and appearing
 So like that Head there, so like Fearing ?

VIII.

You're a Divine Sir ; I'll ask you,
 Is that a Christian, or a Jew,
 Or Turk ? Aye, Turk, as sure as Hops,
 You see the Saracen——in his Chops :
 And yet these Chops, tho' now so homely,
 Were Christian-like before, and comely :
 That wicked Wig ! to make a Face
 So absolutely void of Grace !

IX.

You Master Doctor ? will you try
 Your skill in Physiognomy ?
 Of what Disease is it a Symptom ?
 Don't look at me, but look at him *Tom*.
 Is it not *Scurvy*, think you ?——Yes,
 If any thing be *Scurvy*, 'tis :
 A Phrenzy ? or a Periwigmanie
 That over-runs his Pericranie ?

X.

It seems to me a Complication
 Of all Distempers, o' some Fashion :
 It is a *Coma*, that is plain,
 A great Obstruction of the Brain ;
 A Man to take his Brains, and bury 'em
 In such a Wig !——a plain *Delirium* :
 I never saw a human Face
 That suffer'd more by such a *Cafe*.

XI.

If you examine it, you'l see 'tis
 Pissburnt——that shows a *Diabetes*.
 Bad Weather has relaxt, you see,
 The Fibres to a great Degree :
 Certes the Head, in these black Tumors,
 Is full of vitiated Humors ;
 Of vitiated Humors full,
 Which shows a Numbness of the Scull.

XII.

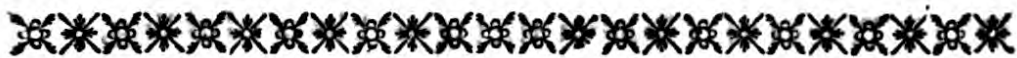
So of the rest——But now, Friend *Thomas*,
 The Cure will be expected from us ;
 For while it hangs on him, of course,
 It will, if possible, grow worse :

Habit so foul ! there is, in short,
 Nothing but Salivation for't :
 But what can Salivation do ?
 It has been fluxt, and reflux too.

XIII.

But why to Doctors do I urge on
 The Bus'ness of a Barber-Surgeon ?
 Your Barber-Surgeon is the Man
 It must be cur'd by, if it can :
 Ring for my Landlord *Lawrenson* ;
 Come let's e'en try what can be done ;
 A Remedy there may be found,
 Provided that the Brain be found.





The A S T R O L O G E R.

FELLOW Citizens all, for whose Safety I peep
All Night at the Stars, and all Day go to sleep;
Attend, while I shew you the Meaning of Fate
In all the strange Sights, we have seen here of late;
And thou, O *Astrology*, Goddess divine,
Celestial Decypherefs, gently incline
Thine Ears, and thine Aid, to a Lover of Science,
That bids to all Learning, but thine, a Defiance,

For what Learning else is there half so engaging,
As an Art where the Terms of themselves are presaging?
Which by muttering o'er, any gentle Mechanic
May put his whole Neighbourhood into a Panic;
Where a Noddle well turn'd for Prediction, and Shoes,
If it can but remember hard Words, cannot choose,
From the Prince on his Throne, to the Dairy Maid milking,
But read all their Fortunes in yonder blue Welkin.

For the Sky is a Book, where, in Letters of Gold,
Is writ all that Almanacks ever foretold;
Which he that can read, and interpret also——
What is there, which such a one cannot foreshow?
When a true Son of Art ponders over the Stars,
They reflect back upon him the Face of Affairs;

Of

Of all Things of Moment they give him an Inkling,
While Empires and Kingdoms depend on their Twinkling.

Your Transits, your Comets, Eclipses, Conjunctions,
Have all, it is certain, their several Functions;
And on this Globe of Earth here, both jointly, and singly,
Do influence Matters most astonishingly.
But to keep to some Method, on this same Occasion,
We'll give you a full and true Interpretation
Of all the Phenomena, we have rehearst;
Of which, in their Order; and first, of the first.

As for *Mercury's* travelling over the Sun,
There's Nothing in that, Sirs, when all's said and done;
For what will be, will be; and *Mercury's* Transit,
I'm pos'tive, will neither retard, nor advance it:
But when a Conjunction, or Comet takes Place,
Or a total Eclipse, that's a different Case:
They, that laugh at our Art, may here see with their Eyes,
That some Things, at least, may appear from the Skies.

A Conjunction of *Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars,*
You may turn, if you please, Gentlemen, to mere Farce:
But what if it plainly appear, that three Men
Are foretold by three Planets——what will ye say then?
Now, to prove this, I'll only make one small Request,
That is, that you'll all turn your Faces to th' East;
And then you shall see, 'ere I've done my Epistle,
If I don't make it out, ay, as clear as a Whistle.

In

In the first Place, old *Saturn*, we very well know,
 Loft his Kingdom and Provinces some while ago;
 Nor was it long after old *Saturn*'s Disgrace,
 That *Jupiter* mov'd to step into his Place;
 And *Mars* we all know was a quarrelsome Bully,
 That beat all his Neighbours most unmercifully;
 And now, who can doubt who these Gentlemen are,
Saturn, Jupiter, Mars,—Sophy, Sultan, and Czar.

But to prove, nearer Home, that the Stars have not triff'd,
 Pray have we not lost, cruel Star! **Doctor Byfield*?
 Alas! Friends at *Richard*'s, alas! what a Chasm
 Will be made in the Annals of Enthusiasm!
 As soon as the Comet appear'd in the Sky,
 Pray did not the *Doctor* straight fall sick and dye?
 I wonder how Folk could discover a Comet,
 And yet never draw this plain Consequence from it.

The Death of the *Regent* might show, if it needed,
 Why they saw it in *France* so much plainer than we did;
 And how well it forebodes to our Nobles and Princes,
 That its Tail was here shorter by several Inches:
 But so near to the *Eagle* this Comet appear'd,
 That something may happen, it is to be fear'd:

Great

* *Dr. Byfield*, a Chymist of an *extravagant* Genius, and Inventor of the
 Sal volatile oleosum: The Author had frequent Skirmishes of Wit and
 Humour with him at *Richard*'s Coffee-House, and upon his Death wrote
 the following short Epitaph impromptu.

Hic jacet *Dr. Byfield*, diu volatilis, tandem fixus.

Great Men have been known by the Arms which they bore,
But——*God bleſs the Emperor*——I ſay no more.

And now for th' Eclipse, which is ſuch an Appearance,
As perhaps will not happen this many a Year hence :
The King of *France* dy'd, the laſt total Eclipse,
Of a Mortification near one of his Hips ;
From whence by our Art may be plainly made out,
That ſome great Man or other muſt dye at this Bout :
But as the Eclipse is not yet, nor that neither,
You know 'tis not proper to ſay more of either.

Yet two, that are ſafe, I ſhall venture to name,
Men of Figure, and Parts, and of unſpotted Fame ;
Who, all Parties will own, are, and always have been
Great Ornaments to the high Station they're in ;
Admir'd of all Sides ; who will therefore rejoice,
When, conſulting the Stars, I pronounce it their Voice,
That, for all this Eclipse, there ſhall no Harm befall
Thoſe two honeſt——*Giants, that are in Guildhall,*

So much for great Men——I come now to predict
What Evils, in gen'ral, will Europe afflict :
Now the Evils, that Conjurers tell from the Stars,
Are Plague, Famine and Peſtilence, Bloodſhed and Wars,
Contagious Diſeaſes, great Loſſes of Goods,
Great Burnings by Fire, and great Drownings by Floods ;
Hail, Rain, Froſt and Snow, Storms of Lightning and
Thunder ;
And if none of theſe happen——*'twill be a great Wonder.*



C O N T E N T M E N T:
O R, T H E
H A P P Y W O R K M A N ' S S O N G.

I.

I Am a poor Workman as rich as a *Jew*,
A strange sort of Tale, but however 'tis true,
Come listen a while, and I'll prove it to you
So as No-body can deny, &c.

II.

I am a poor Workman, you'll easily grant,
And I'm rich as a *Jew*, for there's nothing I want,
I have Meat, Drink, and Cloaths, and am hearty and cant,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

III.

I live in a Cottage, and yonder it stands,
And while I can work with these two honest Hands,
I'm as happy as they that have Houses and Lands,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

E

IV. I keep

IV.

I keep to my Workmanship all the Day long,
I sing and I whistle, and this is my Song,
Thank God, that has made me so lusty and strong,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

V.

I never am greedy of delicate Fare,
If he give me enough, tho' 'tis never so bare,
The more is his Love, and the less is my Care,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VI.

My Cloaths on a working Day looken but lean,
But when I can dress me——on Sundays, I mean,
Tho' cheap, they are warm; and tho' coarse, they are clean,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VII.

Folk cry'n out hard Times, but I never regard,
For I ne'er did, nor will set my Heart up o'th' Ward,
So 'tis all one to me, bin they easy or hard,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VIII. I envy

VIII.

I envy not them that have thousands of Pounds,
 That sport o'er the Country with Horses and Hounds;
 There's nought but *Contentment* can keep within bounds,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

IX.

I ne'er lose my Time o'er a Pipe, or a Pot,
 Nor cower in a Nook like a sluggardly Sot,
 But I buy what is wanting with what I have got,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

X.

And if I have more than I want for to spend,
 I help a poor Neighbour or diligent Friend;
 He that gives to the Poor, to the Lord he doth lend,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XI.

I grudge not that Gentlefolk dressen so fine;
 At their Gold and their Silver I never repine,
 But I wish all their Guts were as hearty as mine,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XII.

With Quarrels o'th' Country, and Matters of State,
With *Tories* and *Whigs*, I ne'er puzzle my Pate;
There's some that I love, and there's none that I hate,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

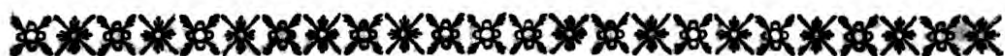
XIII.

What tho' my Condition be ever so coarse,
I strive to embrace it for better and worse,
And my Heart, I thank God, is as light as my Purse,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XIV.

In short, my Condition, whatever it be,
'Tis God that appoints it, as far as I see,
And I'm sure I can never do better than he,
Which No-body can deny, &c.





T H E

Dissection of a BEAU's HEAD,

From the Spectator, No. 275.

WE found by our Glasses, that what, at first sight,
Appear'd to be Brains was another Thing quite;
A heap of strange stuff fill'd the holes of his Skull,
Which, perhaps, serv'd the Owner as well to the full.
And as *Homer* acquaints us, (who certainly knew)
That the Blood of the Gods was not real, and true,
Only something that was very like it; just so,
Only something like Brain is the Brain of a BEAU.

The *Pineal Gland*, where the Soul's Residence is,
Smelt desperate strong of Perfumes, and Essences,
With a bright horny Substance encompast around,
That in numberless Forms, like a Diamond, was ground;
In so much that the Soul, if there was any there,
Must have kept pretty constant within its own Sphere;
Having Bus'ness enough, without seeking new Traces,
To employ all its Time with its own pretty Faces.

In the hind part o'th' Head there was *Brussels*, and
Mechlin,
And Ribands, and Fringes, and such kind of Tackling;
Billet-

Billet-doux, and soft Rhimes lin'd the whole *Cerebellum*;
 Op'ra Songs and prick'd Dances, as 'twere upon Vellum.
 A brown kind of Lump, that we ventur'd to squeeze,
 Dispers'd in plain *Spanish*, and made us all sneeze.
 In short, many more of the like kind of Fancies,
 Too tedious to tell, fill'd up other Vacancies.

On the Sides of this Head were in several Purfes,
 On the Right, Sighs and Vows; on the Left, Oaths and
 Curfes:

These each sent a Duct to the Root of the Tongue,
 From whence to the Tip they went jointly along.
 One particular place was observed to shine
 With all sorts of Colours, most wonderful fine;
 But when we came nearer to view it, in Troth,
 Upon Examination 'twas nothing but *Froth*.

A pretty large Vessel did plainly appear
 In that part of the Scull, 'twixt the Tongue and the Ear;
 With a spongy Contrivance distended it was,
 Which the French Virtuofos call *Galimatias*;
 We Englishmen *nonsense*; a Matter indeed
 That most Peoples Heads are sometimes apt to breed;
 Entirely free from it, not one Head in twenty,
 But a *Beau's*, 'tis presum'd, always has it in plenty.

Mighty hard, thick, and tough was the Skin of his Front,
 And, what is more strange, not a Blood Vessel on't;
 From whence we concluded, the Party deceas'd
 Was never much troubled with *Blushing* at least:

The

The *Os Cribriforme*, as full as could stuff,
 Was cramm'd, and in some Places damag'd, with Snuff;
 For *Beaus* with this Ballast keep stuffing their Crib,
 To preserve their light Heads in a true *Æquilib*:

That Muscle, we found, was exceedingly plain,
 That helps a Man's Nose to express his disdain,
 If you chance to displease him, or make a Demand,
 Which is oft the *Beau's* Case, that he don't understand.
 The Reader well knows, 'tis about this same Muscle,
 That the old Latin Poets all make such a Bustle,
 When they paint a Man giving his Noddle a Toss,
 And cocking his Nose, like a *Rhinoceros*,

Looking into the Eye, where the *Musculi* lay,
 Which are call'd *Amatorii*, that is to say,
 Those Muscles, in *English*, wherewith a Man ogles,
 When on a fair Lady he fixes his *Goggles*,
 We found 'em much worn; but that call'd th' *Elevator*,
 Which lifts the Eyes up tow'ards the summit of Nature,
 Seem'd so little us'd, that the *Beau*, I dare say,
 Never dazzled his Eyes much with looking that way.

The outside of this Head, for its Shape and its Figure,
 Was like other Heads, neither lesser nor bigger;
 It's Owner, as we were inform'd, when alive,
 Had past for a Man of about thirty-five.
 He eat, and he drank, just like one of the Croud:
 For the rest, he dress'd finely, laugh'd often, talk'd loud;

Had

Had Talents in's way; for sometimes at a Ball
The *Beau* shew'd his Parts, and outcaper'd 'em all.

Some Ladies, they say, took the *Beau* for a Wit,
But in his Head, truly, there lay——duce a bit :
He was cut off, alas ! in the Flow'r of his Age,
By an eminent *Cit*, that was put in a Rage :
The *Beau* was, it seems, complimenting his *Wife*,
When his extreme Civility cost him his Life ;
For his *Eminence* took up an old paring Shovel,
And on the hard Ground left my *Gem'man* to grovel.

Having finish'd our Work, we began to replace
The Brain, Such as 'twas, in its own proper Case.
In a fine Piece of scarlet we laid it in State,
And resolv'd to prepare so extraordinary a Pate ;
Which wou'd eas'ly be done, our Anatomist thought,
Having found many Tubes, that already were fraught
With a kind of a Substance, he took for *Mercurial*,
Lodg'd there, he suppos'd, long before the *Beau's* Burial.

The Head laid aside, he then took up the Heart,
Which he likewise laid open with very great Art ;
And with many Particulars truly we met,
That gave us great insight into the *Coquet* :
But having, kind Reader, already transgreft
Too much on your Patience, we'll let the Heart rest :
Having giv'n you the *Beau* for To-day's Speculation,
We'll reserve the *Coquet* for another Occasion.

A SONG.



A
S O N G.

I.

WHY, prithee now, what does it signify
For to baffle, and make such a Rout?
It is Virtue alone that can dignify,
Whether cloathed in Ermin, or Clout.
Come, come, and maintain thy Discretion;
Let it act a more generous Part;
For I find, by thy honest Confession,
That the World has too much of thy Heart.

II.

Beware, that its fatal Ascendency
Do not tempt thee to moap and repine;
With an humble, and hopeful Dependency
Sill await the good Pleasure divine.
Success in a higher Beatitude
Is the End of what's under the Pole;
A Philosopher takes it with Gratitude,
And believes it is best on the whole.

F

III. The

III.

The World is a Scene, thou art sensible,
Upon which, if we do but our best,
On a Wisdom, that's incomprehensible,
We may safely rely for the rest:
Then trust to its kind Distribution,
And however Things happen to fall,
Prithee, pluck up a good Resolution
To be chearful, and thankful in all.





Extempore V E R S E S,

Upon a Tryal of Skill between the
Two Great Masters of the Noble Science
of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sutton.

LONG was the great Figg, by the prize Fighting Swains,
Sole Monarch acknowledg'd of *Marybone* Plains;
To the Towns, far and near, did his Valour extend,
And swam down the River from *Thame* to *Gravesend*;
Where liv'd Mr. Sutton, Pipe-maker by Trade,
Who, hearing that Figg was thought such a stout Blade,
Resolv'd to put in for a Share of his Fame,
And so sent to challenge the Champion of *Thame*.

II.

With alternate Advantage two Tryals had past,
When they fought out the Rubbers on *Wednesday* last.
To see such a Contest, the House was so full,
There hardly was room left to thrust in your Skull.
With a Prelude of Cudgels we first were saluted,
And two or three Shoulders most handsomely fluted;

'Till wearied at last with inferior Disasters,
All the Company cry'd, *Come, the Masters, the Masters.*

III.

Whereupon the bold *Sutton* first mounted the Stage,
Made his Honours, as usual, and yearn'd to engage;
Then *Figg*, with a Visage so fierce and sedate,
Came and enter'd the List with his fresh shaven Pate;
Their Arms were encircled by Armigers two,
With a red Ribbon *Sutton's*, and *Figg's* with a blue.
Thus adorn'd the two Heroes, 'twixt Shoulder and Elbow,
Shook Hands, and went to't, and the Word it was *Bilbo*,

IV.

Sure such a Concern, in the Eyes of Spectators,
Was never yet seen in our Amphitheatres:
Our Commons, and Peers, from their several Places,
To half an Inch Distance all pointed their Faces;
While the Rays of old *Phæbus*, that shot thro' the Sky-
light,
Seem'd to make on the Stage a new kind of Twilight;
And the Gods, without doubt, if one could but have
seen 'em,
Were peeping there thro' to do Justice between 'em.

V. *Figg*

V.

Figg struck the first Stroke, and with such a vast Fury,
 That he broke his huge Weapon in Twain, I assure you;
 And, if his brave Rival this Blow had not warded,
 His Head from his Shoulders had quite been discarded;
Figg arm'd him again, and they took t'other Tilt,
 And then *Sutton's* Blade run away from its Hilt.
 The Weapons were frightened, but as for the Men,
 In Truth, they ne'er minded, but at it again.

VI.

Such a Force in their Blows, you'd have thought it a
 Wonder,
 Every Stroke they receiv'd did not cleave them afunder;
 Yet so great was their Courage, so equal their Skill,
 That they both seem'd as safe as a Thief in a Mill:
 While in doubtful Attention Dame *Victory* stood,
 And which Side to take could not tell for her Blood,
 But remain'd, like the As's 'twixt two Bottles of Hay,
 Without ever moving an Inch either way.

VII.

Till *Jove*, to the Gods, signified his Intention,
 In a Speech that he made them, too tedious to mention;
 But the Upshot on't was, that, at that very Bout,
 From a Wound in *Figg's* Side the hot Blood spouted out.

Her

Her Ladyship then seem'd to think the Case plain ;
 But *Figg* stepping forth with a fullen disdain,
 Shew'd the Gash, and appeal'd to the Company round,
 If his own broken Sword had not given him the Wound ?

VIII.

That Bruises and Wounds a Man's Spirit should touch,
 With Danger so little, with Honour so much !——
 Well, they both took a Dram, and return'd to the Battle,
 And with a fresh Fury they made the Swords rattle ;
 While *Sutton's* Right Arm was observed to bleed,
 By a Touch from his Rival ; so *Jove* had decreed ;
 Just enough for to shew that his Blood was not Icor,
 But made up, like *Figg's*, of the common red Liquor.

IX.

Again they both rush'd with so equal a Fire on,
 That the Company cry'd,——*Hold, enough of cold Iron.*
To the Quarter Staff, now Lads.——So first having dram'd it,
 They took to their Wood, and i'faith never sham'd it :
 The first Bout they had was so fair, and so handsome,
 That to make a fair Bargain, 'twas worth a King's Ransom ;
 And *Sutton* such Bangs to his Neighbour imparted,
 Wou'd have made any *Fibres* but *Figg's* to have smarted.

X.

Then after that Bout they went on to another,
 But the Matter must end on some Fashion or other ;

So

So *Jove* told the Gods he had made a Decree,
 That *Figg* should hit *Sutton* a Stroke on the Knee.
 Tho' *Sutton* disabled, as soon as he hit him,
 Wou'd still have fought on, but *Jove* wou'd not permit him;
 'Twas his Fate, not his Fault, that constrain'd him to yield,
 And thus the great *Figg* became Lord of the Field.

XI.

Now, after such Men, who can bear to be told
 Of your *Roman* and *Greek* puny Heroes of old ?
 To compare such poor Dogs as *Alcides*, and *Theseus*
 To *Sutton* and *Figg* would be very facetious.
 Were *Hector* himself, with *Apollo* to back him,
 To encounter with *Sutton*——zooks, how he would thwack
 him !
 Or *Achilles*, tho' old Mother *Thetis* had dipt him,
 With *Figg*——odds my Life, how he would have unript
 him !

XII.

To *Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, for want of Things juster,
 We compare these brave Boys, but 'twill never pass Muster :
 Did those mighty Fellows e'er fight Hand to Fist once ?
 No, I thank you ; they kept at a laudable Distance.
 What is *Pompey* the Great, with his Armour begirt,
 To the much greater *Sutton*, who fought in his Shirt ?
 Or is *Figg* to be par'd with a Cap-a-pee Roman,
 Who scorn'd any Fence but a jolly Abdomen ?

VERSES

V E R S E S

Spoken at the Breaking-up of the
Free Grammar School, in Manchester.

T H E

THREE BLACK CROWS.

A T A L E.

T A L E——that will raise the Question, I suppose,
What can the *Meaning* be of three black Crows?
It is a *London* Story, you must know,
And happen'd, as they say, some Time ago.
The Meaning of it *Custom* would suppress,
'Till at the *End*——but come, nevertheless,
Tho' it may vary from the Use of old,
To tell the *Moral* 'till the Tale be told,
We'll give a Hint, for once, how to apply
The Meaning *first*——and hang the *Tale* thereby.——

People, full oft, are put into a Pother,
For Want of understanding one another:
And strange, amusing Stories creep about,
That come to Nothing, if you trace them out;

That

Lies of the Day, or Month perhaps, or Year,
 That serve their Purpose, and then disappear;
 From which, meanwhile, Disputes of ev'ry Size,
 That is to say, *Misunderstandings* rise;
 The Springs of Ill, from Bick'ring, up to Battle,
 From Wars and Tumults, down to Tittle Tattle.
 Such as, for Instance, for we need not roam
 Far off to find them, but come nearer Home;
 Such, as befall by sudden misdivining
 On *Cuts*, on *Coals*, on *Boxes*, and on *Signing*,
 Or (may good Sense avert such hasty Ills
 From *this* Foundation, *this* Assembly) *Mills* : *
 It may, at least it *should*, correct a Zeal
 That hurts the public, or the private Weal,
 By eager giving of too rash Assent,
 To note, how *Meanings*, that were never *meant*,
 Will fly about, like so many black Crows,
 Of that same *Breed* of which the Story goes.

Two honest Tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other, briskly, by the Hand;
 Hark-ye, said he, 'tis an odd Story this
 About the Crows!—I don't know what it is,
 Replied his Friend.—No! I'm surpris'd at that;
 Where I come from it is the common Chat:

G

But

* Alluding to some local Matters then in Agitation at *Manchester* particularly an Application to Parliament to destroy the Custom of grinding Wheat at the School Mills.

But you shall hear; an odd Affair indeed !
 And, that it happen'd, they are All agreed :
 Not to detain you from a Thing so strange,
 A Gentleman, that lives not far from Change,
 This Week, in short, as all the *Alley* knows,
 Taking a Puke, has thrown up *Three black Crows*.

Impossible!——Nay but it's really true;
 I have it from good Hands, and so may You——
 From whose, I pray——So having nam'd the Man,
 Straight to enquire his curious Comrade ran.
 Sir, did you tell——relating the Affair——
 Yes Sir I did; and if it's worth your Care,
 Ask Mr. Such'a-one, he told it me,
 But, by the Bye, 'twas *Two* black Crows, not *Three*——

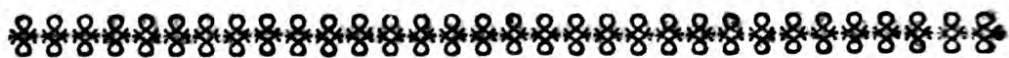
Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an Event,
 Whip, to the third, the Virtuoso went.
 Sir——and so forth——Why yes; the Thing is Fact,
 Tho' in regard to Number not exact;
 It was not *Two* black Crows, 'was only *One*,
 The Truth of *that* you may depend upon.
 The Gentleman himself told me the Case——
 Where may I find him?——Why in such a Place.

Away goes he, and having found him out,
 Sir, be so good as to resolve a Doubt——
 Then to his last Informant he referr'd,
 And beg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard;

Did

Did you, Sir, throw up a black Crow?—NOT I—
 Bless me! how People propagate a Lie!
 Black Crows have been thrown up, *Three, Two, and One*;
 And here, I find, all comes, at last, to *None*!
 Did you say *Nothing* of a Crow *at all*?—
 Crow—Crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
 The Matter over—And, pray Sir what was't?
 Why I was *horrid* sick, and, at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my Neighbour so,
 Something that was—as *black*, Sir, as a Crow.





V E R S E S

Spoken on the same Occasion with the
preceding.

'TIS not to tell what various Mischief springs
From wrong Ideas fix'd to Words, or Things;
When Men of hasty, and impatient Thought
Will not examine Matters, as they ought;
But snatch the first Appearance, nor suspect,
What is so oft the Cause, their own Defect.

Defect—which, if occasion offers, makes
The most absurd, ridiculous Mistakes,
To say no worse—for Evils to recite
Of deeper kind is not our Task to Night;
But just to verify a case, or two,
That grave Divines relate; and, when they do,
Justly remark that, in effect, the prone
To hasty Judgment make the case their own.

When MARTIN LUTHER first grew into fame,
His Followers obtain'd a double Name;
Some call'd 'em MARTINISTS, and some again
Express'd by LUTHERANS the self same Men;
Meaning the same, you see, and same the Ground;
But mark the force of Difference in the Sound:

Two zealous Profelytes to his Reform,
 Which then had rais'd an univerfal Storm,
 Meeting, by chance, upon a publick Walk,
 Soon made Religion Subject of their talk;
 It's low Condition both dispos'd to own,
 And how corrupt the Church of *Rome* was grown;
 In this preliminary Point indeed,
 Tho' Strangers to each other, they agreed;
 But, as the Times had bred some other Chiefs,
 Who undertook to cure the common Grievs,
 They were oblig'd, by farther hints, to find,
 If in their choice, they both were of a Mind:
 After some winding of their Words about,
 To seek this secondary Problem out,
 I am, declar'd the bolder of the two,
 A MARTINIST—and so, I hope, are you——
 No :——said the other, growing somewhat hot,
 But I'll assure you, Sir, that I am not;
 I am a LUTHERAN; and live, or die,
 Shall not be any thing beside, not I——
 If not a MARTINIST,——his Friend replied,
 Truly——I care not what you are beside——
 Thus Fray began; which, Critics may suppose,
 But for Spectators, would have come to Blows;
 And so they parted, Matters half discuss'd,
 All in a huff, with mutual disgust.

The prose Account in *Dr. More*, I think,
 Relates the Story of two Clowns in Drink;

The

The Verfe has cloath'd it in a different ftrain ;
 But, either way, the gentle Hint is plain,
 That——'tis a foolifh Bus'nefs to commence
 Difpute on Words, without regard to Senfe.

Such was the cafe of thefe two Partizans
 There is another of a fingle Man's
 Still more abfurd, if poffible, than this
 Muft I go on, and tell it you ? (Chorus) Yes, Yes.

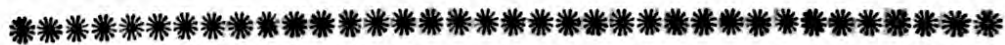
A certain Artift, I forget his Name,
 Had got for making *Spectacles* a Fame,
 Or *Helps to read*——as, when they firft were fold,
 Was writ, upon his glaring Sign, in GOLD ;
 And, for all Ufes to be had from Glafs,
 His were allow'd, by Readers, to furpafs :
 There came a Man, into his Shop, one Day,
 Are you the *Spectacle Contriver*, pray ?
 Yes Sir, faid he, I can, in that Affair,
 Contrive to pleafe you, if you want a Pair——
 Can you ? pray do then——So, at firft, he chofe
 To place a youngifh Pair upon his Nofe ;
 And Book-produc'd, to fee how they would fit,
 Ask'd how he lik'd 'em——Like 'em ?——Not a bit——
 Then Sir, I fancy, if you pleafe to try,
 Thefe in my Hand will better fuit your Eye——
 No, but they don't—— Well, come Sir, if you pleafe,
 Here is another Sort, we'll e'en try thefe ;
 Still fomewhat more they magnify the Letter ;
 Now Sir ?——Why now——I'm not a bit the better——

No !

No! Here take these that magnify still more;
How do they fit?—Like all the rest before—

In short, they tried a whole Assortment thro',
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do:
The *Operator*, much surpriz'd to find
So odd a Case, thought, sure the Man is Blind;
What sort of Eyes can you have got? said he
Why, very good ones, Friend, as you may see
Yes, I perceive the clearness of the Ball—
Pray, let me ask you—can you read at all?
No, you great BLOCKHEAD; if I could, what need
Of paying you for any HELPS TO READ?
And so he left the Maker in a heat,
Resolv'd to post him for an *arrant Cheat*.





T H E
A P E and the F O X.
A F A B L E.

Spoken on the same Occasion.

OLD Æsop so famous was certainly right
In the Way that he took to instruct, and delight,
By giving to Creatures, Beasts, Fishes, and Birds,
Nay to Things, tho' inanimate, Language and Words.
He engag'd, by his Fables, th' Attention of Youth,
And forc'd even Fiction to tell them the Truth.

Not so quickly forgot, as the Mind is more able
To retain a true Hint in the shape of a Fable;
And Allusions to Nature insensibly raise
The Reflection suggested by fabular Phrase,
That affords less exception for Cavil to find,
While the Moral more gently slides into the Mind.

Thus to hint that a Kingdom will flourish the most,
Where the Men in high Station are fit for their Post;
And disgraces attend, both on Person, and Station,
If Regard be not had to due Qualification;
He invented, they tell us, this Fable of old,
Which the Place I am in now requires to be told.

The

The BEASTS, on a Time, when the Lyon was dead,
 Met together in Council to chuse them a Head;
 And, to give to their new Constitution a Shape
 Most like to the human, they fix'd on the *Ape*;
 They crown'd, and proclaim'd him by *Parliament Plan*,
 And never was *Monkey* so like to a *Man*.

The *Fox*, being fam'd for his Cunning, and Wit,
 Was propos'd to their Choice, but they did not think fit
 To elect such a Sharper, lest, watching his Hour,
 He should cunningly creep into absolute Pow'r;
 No fear of King *Ape*, or of being so rid;
 He would mind his Diversion, and do as they did.

Sly *Reynard*, on this, was resolv'd to expose
 Poor *Pug*, whom the Senate so formally chose;
 And having observ'd, in his Rambles, a Gin,
 Where a delicate Morfel was nicely hung in,
 He let the *King* know what a Prize he had found,
 And the Waste, where it lay, was his *Majesty's* Ground,

Shew me where, said the *Ape*; so the Treasure was
 shown,
 Which he seiz'd with Paw *Royal*, to make it his own;
 But the Gin, at same time, was dispos'd to *resist*,
 And clapping together caught *Pug* by the Wrist;
 Who perceiv'd, by his Fingers laid fast in the Stocks,
 What a Trick had been play'd by his Subject the *Fox*.

Thou Traitor! said he——but I'll make thee anon,
 An Example of Vengeance——and so he went on,
 With a Rage most *Monarchical*——*Reynard*, who ey'd
 The Success of his Scheme, gave a Sigh, and reply'd,
 Well! adieu ROYAL SIR! 'twas a cruel Mishap,
 That your MAJESTY'S GRACE did not understand *Trap!*





Dulces ante omnia Musæ.

Spoken on the same Occasion.

OF all Companions, that a Man can chuse,
Methinks, the sweetest is an honest Muse;
Ready, the subject proper, and the Time,
To cheer Occasion with harmonic Rhime;
Of all the Muses, (for they tell of nine)
Melpomene, sweet flowing *Mel.* be mine.

Her's the judicious, and the friendly Part
To clear the Head, to animate the Heart;
Their kindred Forces tempering to unite,
Grave to instruct, and witty to delight;
With Judgment cool, with Passions rightly warm,
She gives the Strength to Numbers, and the Charm.

Her Lines, whatever the Occasion be,
Flow without forcing, natural, and free:
No stiff'ning of 'em with poetic Starch,
Whether her Bard is to be grave, or arch:
Of diff'rent Topics, which the Times produce,
She prompts the fittest for the present Use.

She decks, when call'd, when honour'd to attend
On sacred Piety,——her best lov'd Friend,——

Decks with a Grace, and arms with a Defence,
 Religion, Virtue, Morals, and good Sense;
 Whatever tends to better human Mind,
 Sets *Mel.* at Work, a Friend to all Mankind.

A Foe, but void of any Rancour, Foe
 To all the noisy Bufflings here below;
 To all Contention, Clamour, and Debate,
 That plagues a Constitution, Church, or State;
 That plagues a Man's ownself, or makes him will
 His other Self, his Neighbour, any Ill.

Life, as *Mel.* thinks, a short, uncertain Lease,
 Demands the fruits of Friendship, and of Peace;
 Arms, and the Man her Sister *Glio* sings,
 To her she leaves your Heroes, and your Kings;
 To found the Present, or to act the Past,
 And tread the Stage in Buskin, and Bombast.

With Nymphs, and Swains, fond *Mel.* would strow the
 Fields,
 With Flocks, and Herds, instead of Spears, and Shields;
 Recall the Scenes, that blest a golden Age,
 E'er mutual Love gave way to martial Rage;
 And Bards, high soaring above simpler Phrase,
 To genuine Light prefer'd the glaring Blaze.

She scorns alike, ignobly to rehearse
 The spiteful Satire, or the venal Verse;

Free

Free in her Praise, and in her Censure too,
 But Merit, but Amendment is her view;
 A rising worth still higher to exalt,
 Or save a Culprit from a future Fault.

No four, pedantical, abusive Rage,
 No vicious Rant defiles her freest Page;
 No vile, indecent Sally, or prophane,
 To pleasure Fools, or give the Wise a Pain;
 Her Mirth is aim'd to mend us, if we heed,
 And what the chafteft of her Sex may read.

She looks on various Empires, various Men,
 As all one Tribe, when she directs the Pen;
 She loves the *Briton*, and she loves the *Gaul*,
Swede, *Russ*, or *Turk*, she wishes well to all:
 They all are Men, all Sons of the same Sire,
 And must be all belov'd, if *Mel.* inspire.

It would rejoice her Votaries to see
 All *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa* agree;
 “ But the new World, new England’s dire Alarms!
 “ Should not Melpomene now sing to Arms?”——
 No, she must ever with all War to cease,
 While Folks are fighting, she must hold her Peace.

Content to hope that, what Events are due
 Will bless new *England*, and old *England* too;
 Friend to fair Traders, and free Navigation,
 And Friend to *Spain*, but Foe to Depredation :

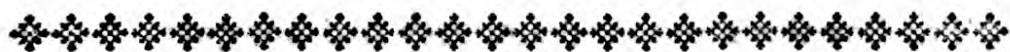
And

And Friend to *France*, but let heroic *Clio*
Demolish French Encroachments at *Ohio*.

Safe from all foreign, and domestic Foes
Be all your Liberties in Verse, or Prose:
Be safe Abroad, your Colonies, your Trade,
From *Guarda-costas*, and from *Gaſconade*:
At Home, your Lives, your Acres, and your Bags;
And Plots against ye vanish all to Rags.

But much of Safety, let concluding Line
Observe, depends upon yourselves—in fine,
Home, or Abroad, the World is but a School,
Where all Things roll to teach one central Rule,
That is, if you would prosper, and do well,
Love one another, and remember Mel.





T H E

Country Fellows and the Afs.

A F A B L E.

Spoken on the same Occasion.

A Country Fellow, and his Son, they tell
In modern Fables, had an Afs to sell:
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,
And fed so well, that, by the destin'd Day,
They brought the Creature into sleek Repair,
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring Fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural Class
Was heard to say——Look! Look there, at that Afs!
And those two Blockheads, trudging on each Side,
That have not, either of 'em, Sense to ride;
Affes all Three!——and thus the Country Folks
On Man, and Boy, began to cut their Jokes.

Th' old Fellow minded nothing that they said,
But ev'ry Word stuck in the young one's Head;
And thus began their Comment there upon,——
Ne'er heed 'em Lad——Nay, Faither, do, get on——
Not I indeed——why then, let me, I pray——
Well do; and see, what prating Tongues will say.

The

The Boy was mounted; and they had not got
 Much farther on, before another Knot,
 Juft as the Afs was pacing by, pad pad,
 Cried,—O! that lazy Looby of a Lad!
 How unconcernedly the gaping Brute
 Lets the poor aged Fellow walk a Foot.

Down came the Son, on hearing this Account,
 And beg'd, and pray'd, and made his Father mount:
 Till a third Party, on a farther Stretch,
 See! See! exclaim'd, that old hard hearted Wretch!
 How like a Justice there he fits, or Squire;
 While the poor Lad keeps wading thro' the Mire.

Stop, cried the Lad, ftill deeper vext in Mind,
 Stop Father; ftop; let me get on behind.
 Thus done, they thought they certainly fhould please,
 Escape Reproaches, and be both at Eafe;
 For having tried each practicable Way,
 What cou'd be left for Jokers now to fay?

Still difappointed, by fucceeding Tone,
 Hark ye, you Fellows! Is that Afs your own?
 Get off, for Shame! Or one of you at leaft,
 You both deferve to carry the poor Beaft;
 Ready to drop down dead upon the Road,
 With fuch an huge, unconfcionable Load.

On this, they both difmounted; and, fome fay,
 Contriv'd to carry, like a Trufs of Hay,

The

The Afs between 'em; Prints, they add, are seen,
 With Man, and Lad, and flinging Afs between:
 Others omit that Fancy in the Print,
 As over-straining an ingenious Hint.

The Copy that we follow says, the Man
 Rub'd down the Afs, and took to his first Plan;
 Walk'd to the Fair, and sold him, got his Price,
 And gave his Son this pertinent Advice——
 “ *Let Talkers talk; stick thou to what is best;*
 “ *To think of pleasing all——is all a Jest.*”





In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.

Corpora.——

Spoken on the same Occasion.

PYTHAGORAS, an ancient Sage, opin'd
That Form, and Shape were Indexes of Mind;
And Minds of Men, when they departed hence,
Would all be form'd according to this Sense:
Some Animal, or human Shape again,
Would shew the Minds of all the former Men.

Let us adopt this transmigration Plan,
And mark, how Animal exhibits Man:
Tyrants, for instance, (to begin with those,
Who make the greatest noise, the greatest woes :)
Of their Dominion Lions are the Key,
That Reign in Desarts now, and hunt their Prey;
Sometimes dethron'd, and brought upon a Stage,
Or coop'd, like *Bajazet*, within a Cage;
For Six-pence, safe from all tyrannic harms,
One may see Kings, perhaps, at the *King's-Arms*.
See savage Monarchs, who had shown before
The tusky Temper of the wildest Boar,
Vested in proper Shape, when they are dead,
Reviv'd, and caught, and shown at the *Bear's Head*.

In

In some tam'd Elephant our Eyes may scan
 The once great, rich, o'ergrown, half-reas'ning Man :
 My Lord had Sense to wind into his Maw
 All within reach, that lay within the Law ;
 What would have fed a thousand Mouths was sunk,
 To fill his own, by hugeous length of Trunk ,
 And Stones high rais'd told where he was laid low :
 He grew to monstrous Grandeur, liv'd a Show ;
 By Transmigration it appears, at least,
 That such great Man is really a great Beast.

From Animals, that once were Men, to pass
 To Men, of now almost ambiguous Class :
 Players, and Harlequins, and Pantomimes,
 Who sell their Shapes, to mimic Men and Times ;
 With all the servile, second-handed Tribe
 Of Imitators, endless to describe,
 In their own Figures when they come to range,
 With small Transition into Monkeys change :
 For now Men-Monkeys have not in their view
 What should be done by Men, but what they do,

Of Tempers, by inferior Forms express'd,
 And seen for nothing, something may be guess'd.
 When the sly Fox ensnares the silly Geese,
 Who does not see that Mind is of a piece
 With former Lawyers, who devour'd by far
 The fillier Clients, drawn into the Bar ?

Why not Physicians? Hear the Lawyer say;
Are not they too as wily in their way?
Why yes, dear Barrister; but then they own
The Shapes, in which their cunning Arts are shown:
Serpents confess, around the Rod entwin'd,
Wily, or wise the Esculapian kind.

Why not Divines? The Doctor may object;
They have Devourers too, in ev'ry Sect;
True: But if one devour, there is for him
A Transmigration more upon the grim;
In human Shape when he has spent his Years,
Stript of Sheeps Cloathing, real Wolf appears.

Plain in four footed Animals, let's try
Instance, that first occurs, in such as fly:
The Parrot shews, by its unmeaning prate,
Full many a Talker's metamorphos'd Fate,
Whose Tongue outstrips the Clapper of a Mill,
And still keeps saying the same nothing still:
As full the City, and as full the Court,
As India's Woods, with Creatures of this sort.
If rightly the gay feather'd Bird foretells
The future Shape of eloquenter Belles,
Or Beaux, transmigrated, the human Dolls
Will talk, and shine carefs'd in pretty Polls.

Belles, you may see, pursue a Butterfly,
With painted Wings, that flutter in the Sky;
And sparkling, to the Solar Rays, unfold
Red mix'd with purple, green with shining Gold;

Nor

Nor wonder at the fond Pursuit, for know
 That this same Butterfly was once a Beau ;
 And, dress'd according to the newest Whim,
 Ran after them, as they run after him.

Footed, or flying, all decypher Men ;
 Enough to add one other Instance then,
 One from a Courtier, a creeping Thing ;
 He takes new Colours, as there comes new King ;
 Lives upon airy Promises, and dies ;
 His Transmigration can be no surprize ;
 Chamelean-shape by that he comes to share ;
 Still changes Colours, and still feeds on Air.

By his ingenious Fiction, in the End,
 What could the wise *Pythagoras* intend ?
 Too wise a Man not to intend a Clue
 To change, hereafter, literally true.
 The Solar System of our boasted Age
 Was known of old to this enlightned Sage :
 So might his Thoughts on Man's immortal Soul,
 Howe'er express'd, be right upon the whole :
 He meant, one need not scruple to affirm,
 This real Truth, by Transmigration Term.

Our Tempers here must point to the degree,
 In which hereafter we design to be.
 From Vice in Minds, undoubtedly, will grow
 More ugly Shapes than any here below ;
 But sacred Virtue, Piety, and Love——
 What beauteous Forms will they produce above !

The



T H E
P O N D.

At qui tantulo eget, quanto est opus, is neque Limo

Turbatam haurit aquam, neque vitam amittit in Undis.

HOR.

O NCE, on a Time, a certain Man was found,
That had a Pond of Water in his Ground:
A fine large Pond of Water fresh and clear,
Enough to serve his Turn, for many a Year.
Yet so it was—a strange, unhappy Dread
Of wanting Water seiz'd the Fellow's Head:
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
Too much at once, for fear his Pond should sink.
Perpetually tormented with this Thought,
He never ventur'd on a hearty Draught;
Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his Store,
When half refresh'd, he frugally gave o'er;
Reviving of himself reviv'd his Fright,
Better, quoth he, to be half choakt than quite.

Upon his Pond continually intent,
In Cares and Pains his anxious Life he spent;
Consuming all his Time, and Strength away,
To make the Pond rise higher ev'ry Day:

He

He work'd and flav'd, and——oh! how flow it fills!
 Pour'd in by Pail-fulls, and took out——by Gills.

In a wet Season——he would skip about,
 Placing his Buckets under ev'ry Spout;
 From falling Show'rs collecting fresh Supply,
 And grudging ev'ry Cloud——that pass'd by;
 Cursing the dryness of the Times, each Hour,
 Altho' it rain'd as fast as it could pour.
 Then he would wade thro' ev'ry dirty Spot,
 Where any little Moisture could be got;
 And when he had done draining of a Bog,
 Still kept himself as dirty as a Hog:
 And cry'd whene'er Folks blam'd him, what d'ye mean?
 It costs——a World of Water, to be clean!

If some poor Neighbour crav'd to flake his Thirst,
 What!——rob my Pond! I'll see the Rogue hang'd first:
 A burning Shame, these Vermin of the Poor
 Should creep unpunish'd thus about my Door!
 As if I had not Frogs, and Toads enoo,
 That suck my Pond, whatever I can do.

The Sun still found him, as he rose, or set,
 Always in quest of Matters——that were wet:
 Betimes he rose to sweep the Morning Dew,
 And rested late to catch the Ev'ning too.
 With Soughs and Troughs, he labour'd to enrich
 The rising Pond, from ev'ry neighb'ring Ditch;

With

With Soughs, and Troughs, and Pipes, and Cuts, and
 Sluices,
 From growing Plants he drain'd the very Juices;
 Made ev'ry Stick of Wood upon the Hedges,
 Of good Behaviour to deposit Pledges;
 By some Conveyance, or another, still
 Devis'd Recruits from each declining Hill:
 He left, in short, for this beloved Plunder,
 No Stone unturn'd—that could have Water under.

Sometimes—when forc'd to quit his aukward Toil,
 And—fore against his Will—to rest a while;
 Then straight he took his Book, and down he sat
 To calculate th' Expences he was at;
 How much he suffer'd, at a mod'rate Guess,
 From all those Ways by which the Pond grew less;
 For as to those by which it still grew bigger,
 For them he reckon'd—not a single Figure:
 He knew a wise old Saying, which maintain'd,
 That 'twas bad Luck to count what one had gain'd.

First, for my Self—my daily Charges here
 Cost a prodigious Quantity a Year:
 Altho', thank Heaven, I never boil my Meat,
 Nor am I such a Sinner as to sweat:
 But Things are come to such a Pass, indeed,
 We spend ten Times the Water that we need:
 People are grown with washing, cleansing, rinsing,
 So finical and nice, past all convincing;

So

So many proud, fantastic Modes, in short,
Are introduc'd, that my poor Pond pays for't.

Not but I could be well enough content
With what, upon my own Account, is spent;
But those large Articles, from whence I reap
No Kind of Profit, strike me on a Heap:
What a vast deal, each Moment, at a sup,
This ever thirsty Earth itself drinks up!
Such Holes! and Gaps! Alas! my Pond provides
Scarce for its own unconscionable Sides:
Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,
So many Creatures as it keeps alive!
That creep from ev'ry Nook and Corner, marry!
Filching as much, as ever they can carry:
Then, all the Birds that fly along the Air
Light at my Pond, and come in for a Share:
Item, at ev'ry Puff of Wind that blows,
Away at once—the Surface of it goes:
The rest, in Exhalations to the Sun—
One Months fair Weather—and I am undone!

This Life he led for many a Year together;
Grew old, and grey, in watching of his Weather;
Meagre as Death itself, 'till this same Death
Stopt, as the saying is, his vital Breath;
For as th' old Fool was carrying to his Field
A heavier Burden, than he well could wield,
He mist his Footing, or some how he fuml'd
In tumbling of it in,—but in he tumbled:

Mighty desirous to get out again,
 He scream'd, and scrambl'd, but 'twas all in vain :
 The Place was grown so very deep and wide,
 Nor Bottom of it could he feel, nor Side,
 And so——i'th' Middle of his Pond——he dy'd.

}

What think ye now from this imperfect Sketch,
 My Friends, of such a miserable Wretch?——
 Why, 'tis a Wretch, we think, of your own making;
 No Fool can be suppos'd in such a taking:
 Your own warm Fancy——nay, but warm, or cool,
 The World abounds with many such a Fool:
 The choicest Ills, the greatest Torments, sure,
 Are those, which Numbers *labour* to endure——
 What! for a Pond!——why, call it an *Estate*:
 You change the Name, but realize the Fate.





T H E
N I M M E R S.

TWO Foot Companions once in deep Discourse,
 Tom, says the one——let's go and steal a Horse.
Steal! says the other, in a huge surprize,
He that says I'm a Thief——I say he lies.
Well, well, replies his Friend,——no such affront,
I did but ask ye——if you won't——you won't.
So they jogg'd on——'till, in another Strain,
The Querist mov'd to *honest Tom* again;
Suppose, says he,——for Supposition sake——
'Tis but a Supposition that I make,——
Suppose——that we should *filch* a Horse, I say?
Filch! filch! quoth *Tom*,——demurring by the Way;
That's not so bad as downright *Theft*——I own——
But——yet——methinks——'twere better let alone:
It foundeth something pitiful, and low;
Shall we go *filch* a Horse you say—— why, no——
I'll filch no filching;——and I'll tell no lye;
Honesty's the best Policy——say I.

Struck with such vast Integrity quite dumb
His Comrade paus'd——at last, says he,——come, come;
Thou art an *honest* Fellow——I agree——
Honest and poor;——alas! that shou'd not be:

And dry into the Bargain——and *no Drink* !
 Shall we go *Nim* a Horfe, *Tom*,——what doft' think ?

How clear Things are when Liquor's in the Cafe !
Tom answers quick, with caſuiſtic Grace,
Nim ? yes, yes, yes, lets *Nim* with all my Heart,
 I ſee no harm in *Nimming*, for my Part;
 Hard is the Cafe, now I look ſharp into't,
 That *Honeſty* ſhou'd trudge i'th' Dirt a Foot;
 So many empty Horſes round about,
 That *Honeſty* ſhould wear its Bottoms out;
 Befides——ſhall *Honeſty* be choak'd with Thirſt ?
 Were it my *Lord Mayor's* Horſe——I'd *nim* it firſt.
 And——by the by——my Lad——no ſcrubby Tit——
 There is the beſt that ever wore a Bit,
 Not far from hence——I take ye, quoth his Friend,
 Is not yon Stable, *Tom*, our Journey's End ?

Good Wits will jump——both meant the very Steed;
 The Top o'th' Country, both for Shape, and Speed:
 So to't they went——and, with an Halter round
 His feather'd Neck, they *nim'd* him off the Ground.

And now, good People, we ſhould next relate
 Of theſe Adventurers the luckleſs Fate:
 Poor *Tom* !——but here the Sequel is to ſeek,
 Not being yet tranſlated from the Greek:
 Some ſay, that *Tom* would *honeſtly* have peacht,
 But by his blabbing Friend was over-reacht;

Others

Others insist upon't, that both the Elves
Were, in like Manner, *halter-nim'd* themselves.

It matters not——The *Moral* is the Thing,
For which our purpose, Neighbours, was to sing,
If it should hit some few amongst the Throng,
Let 'em not lay the Fault upon the Song
Fair warning all: He that has got a Cap,
Now put it on——or else beware a Rap:
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet,
Has a long reach with it——*Videlicet*,
'*Twixt right, and wrong, how many gentle Trimmers*
Will neither steal, nor filch, but will be plaguy Nimmers!





CARELESS CONTENT.

I.

I Am Content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the World for me ;
When Fufs, and Fret was all my Fare,
It got no ground, as I could see :
So when away my Caring went,
I counted Cost, and was Content,

II.

With more of Thanks, and less of Thought,
I strive to make my Matters meet ;
To seek what antient Sages fought,
Phyick and Food, in four and sweet :
To take what passes in good Part,
And keep the Hiccups from the Heart.

III.

With good and gentle humour'd Hearts,
I choose to chat where e'er I come ;
Whate'er the Subject be that starts ;
But if I get among the Glum,
I hold my Tongue to tell the Troth,
And keep my Breath to cool my Broth.

IV. For

IV.

For Chance or Change, of Peace or Pain;
For Fortune's Favour, or her Frown;
For Lack or Glut, for Loss or Gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what Way the Ship shall swim,
Or tack about, with equal Trim.

V.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the Turn of ev'ry Tide;
If simple Sense will not succeed,
I make no Bustling, but abide:
For shining Wealth, or scaring Woe,
I force no Friend, I fear no Foe

VI.

Of *Ups* and *Downs*, of *Ins* and *Outs*,
Of *they're i'th' wrong*, and *we're i'th' right*,
I shun the Rancours, and the Routs,
And wishing well to every Wight,
Whatever Turn the Matter takes,
I deem it all but Ducks and Drakes.

VII. With

VII.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the Folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted Welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no Kind of a Complaint:
With none dispos'd to disagree,
But like them best, who best like me.

VIII.

Not that I rate myself the Rule
How all my Betters should behave;
But Fame shall find me no Man's Fool,
Nor to a Set of Men a Slave:
I love a Friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a Hank.

IX.

Fond of a true and trusty Tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Tho' if a Bus'ness budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think:
My Word, my Work, my Heart, my Hand,
Still, on a Side, together stand.

X. If

X.

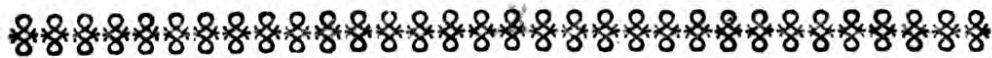
If Names or Notions make a noise,
 Whatever Hap the Question hath,
 The Point impartially I poise,
 And read, or write, but without Wrath;
 For should I burn, or break my Brains,
 Pray, who will pay me for my Pains?

XI.

I love my Neighbour as myself,
 Myself like him too, by his Leave;
 Nor to his Pleasure, Pow'r, or Pelf,
 Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
 Dame Nature doubtless has design'd
 A Man, the Monarch of his Mind.

XII.

Now taste and try this Temper, Sirs,
 Mood it, and brood it in your Breast;
 Or if ye ween, for worldly Stirs,
 That Man does right to mar his Rest,
 Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am Content, I do not care.



On P A T I E N C E.

Written at the Request of a Friend.

P A R T I.

“*A Verse on Patience?*” yes;—but then prepare
Your Mind, Friend *T---c---t*, with a reading Share;
Or else 'twill give you rather less than more,
To hear it mention'd, than you had before:
If *mine* to write, remember, 'tis *your* Task
To bear the Lines, which you are pleas'd to ask.

PATIENCE the Theme?—a blessed Inmate this!
The nursing Parent of our Bosom Bliss:
Abroad for Bliss she bids us not to roam,
But cultivate its real Fund at Home:
A noble Treasure—when the patient Soul
Sits in the Center, and surveys the whole.

The bustling World, to fetch her out from thence,
Will urge the various, plausible Pretence;
Will praise Perfections of a grander Name,
Sound great Exploits, and call her out to Fame;
Amuse, and flatter, till the Soul, too prone
To Self-activity, deserts her Throne.

Be on your Guard—the Bus'ness of a Man
Is, to be sure, to do what good he can;
But first at Home; let *Patience* rule within,
Where *Charity*, you know, must first begin:
Not *monied Love*, as fondly understood,
But calm, sedate Propensity to Good;

The genuine Product of the Virtue, Friend,
Which you oblige me here to recommend;
The Tryal, this, of all the rest beside,
For, without *Patience* they are all but *Pride*:
A strong *Ambition* shines within its Sphere,
But proves its Weakness—when it cannot bear.

There lies the Test; bring ev'ry thing to that;
It shows us plainly, what we would be at:
Of gen'rous Actions we may count the *Sum*,
But scarce the *Worth*, till Disappointments come:
Men oft are, then, most gen'rously absurd,
Their own good Actions have their own *bad Word*.

Impatience hates *Ingratitude*, forsooth!
Why?—it discovers an *ungrateful Truth*;
That having done, for *Interest*, or *Fame*,
Such, and such doings, she has lost her Aim;
While thankless People, really in her Debt,
Have all got theirs—and put her in a Fret.

Possess of *Patience*, a right humble Mind,
At all Events, is totally resign'd;

Does good for *sake of good*, not for th' *Event*,
 Leaves that to Heav'n, and keeps to its Content:
 Good, to be done, or, to be suffer'd, Ill,
 It acts, it bears, with meek, submissive Will,—

“ *Enough, enough—Now tell me, if you please,*
 “ *How is it to be had, this MENTAL EASE?*”
 God knows, I do not, how it is acquir'd—
 But this I know— if *heartily* desir'd,
 We shall be thankful for the Donor's Leave
 To ask—to hope—and wait till we receive.

P A R T II.

“ *Virtues, you say, by Patience must be tried—*
 “ *If that be wanting, they are all but Pride,*
 “ *Of Rule so strict, I want to have a Clue*”——
 Well, if you'll have the same Indulgence too,
 And take a fresh Compliance in good Part,
 I'll do the best I can, with all my Heart.

PRIDE is the grand Distemper of the Mind;
 The Source of ev'ry Vice of ev'ry Kind:
 That Love of *self*, wherein its Essence lies,
 Gives Birth to vicious Tempers, and Supplies:
 We coin a world of Names for them, but still,
 All comes to *Fondness* for our own dear Will.

We see, by Facts, upon the triple Stage
 Of present Life, Youth, Manhood, and old Age,

How,

How, to be *pleas'd*——be *honour'd*——and be *rich*——
 These three Conditions commonly bewitch :
 From young to old, if human Faults you weigh,
 'Tis *selfish Pride*, that grows from green to grey.

Pride is, indeed, a more accustom'd Name
 For quest of Grandeur, Eminence, or Fame ;
 But that of Pleasure, that of Gold betrays
 What inward Principle it is, that fways :
 The Rake's *young* Dotage, and the Miser's *old*,
 One same enslaving Love to *Self* unfold.

If *Pride* be thus the Fountain of all Vice ;
 Whence must we say that Virtue has its rise,
 But from HUMILITY ? and what the sure,
 And certain sign, that even this is pure ?
 For *Pride*, itself, will in *its* Drefs appear,
 When nothing touches that same *Self* too near.

But when provok'd, and, say, unjustly too,
 Then *Pride* disrobes ; then, what a huge ado !
 Then, who can blame the Passion of a *Pride*,
 That has got Reason, Reason of its Side ?
He's in the wrong —— and, *I am in the right* ——
Resentment come, Humility, good Night !

Now, the *Criterion*, I apprehend,
 On which, if any, one may best depend,
 Is PATIENCE ;——is the *Bear*, and the *Forbear* ;
 To which the truly virtuous adhere ;

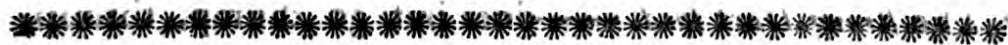
Resolv'd

Resolv'd to *suffer*, without *Pro* and *Con*,
A thousand Evils, rather than *do* one.

Not to have *Patience*, and yet not be *proud*,
Is Contradiction not to be allow'd :
All Eyes are open to so plain a Cheat,
But of the blinded by the Self-deceit ;
Who, with a like Consistency, may tell,
That nothing ails them, tho' they are not well.

Strict is the Rule ; but notwithstanding, *true* ;
However *I* fall short of it, or *you* :
Best to increase our Stock, if it be small,
By dealing in it with our Neighbours all ;
And then, who knows ? but we shall, in the End,
Learn to have *Patience with ourselves*——and mend.





R E M A R K S

U P O N

Dr. *Akenfide's* and Mr. *Whitehead's* Verses

Which were published and addrest to the People of
England, in the Year 1758.

“ *WHITHER* is EUROPE'S ancient Spirit fled?*

How came this Query in the Doctor's Head?

Whither is BRITAIN'S—one had sooner guess'd,

In Ode to his own Countrymen address'd:

But as outlandish Rivers soon infer it,

(Six, in three Lines) it must be EUROPE'S Spirit.

Of “*valiant Tenants of her Shore,*” ’tis said,

“*Who from the warrior Bow the strong Dart sped*”——

Let Bow be Warrior, and let Dart be strong;

Verse does not speed so speedily along;

“ The

* ~~versare~~ *rusticorum mascula militum*

Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus

versare glebas

Hor.

Whither is Europe's ancient Spirit fled?

Where are the valiant Tenants of her Shore?

Who from the warrior Bow the strong Dart sped,

Or with firm Hand the rapid Poleax bore?

See an Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England, by Dr. Akenfide.

“ The *strong Dart sped*”——does but go thump, thump,
thump,
That quick as thrown should pierce the Liver plump.

“ And with firm Hand the rapid Poleax bore”——
If it had been the *rapid Dart*, before,
And the *strong Poleax*, here, it had agreed
With a firm Hold as well, and darting speed :
Whither are fled from Ode-Verfification,
The ancient——*Pleasures of Imagination* ?*

Really these fighting Poets want a Tutor,
To teach them——*Ultra crepidam ne Sutor* ;
To teach the *Doctor*, and to teach the *Laureat*,
EX HELICONE *sanguinem ne hauriat* :
Tho’ Blood and Wounds infect its limpid Stream,
It should run clear before they sing a Theme.

Ye——“ BRITONS rouse to Deeds of Death!——says one,†
Whither, the next, is Europe’s Spirit gone ?
While real Warriors think it all a Farce
For them to bounce of either *Mors* or *Mars* :

Safe

* Alluding to a celebrated Poem, written by Dr. Akenfide, entitled,
the *Pleasures of the Imagination*.

† —— *Animos in martia bella*
Verfibus exacuit

Hor.

Britons, rouse to Deeds of Death!——

See *Verses to the People of England*, 1758, by William Whitehead,
Esq; Poet Laureat.

Safe as one *sacks it*, under bloodless Bay ;
And sure as t'other even *Death* must pay.

But you shall hear what *Captain ****** said,
When he had heard both Ode and Verses read :
On Mottos—*Verfibus exacuit*——
And——*Proles militum*—— he mus'd a bit ;
Then, having cast his hunting Wits about,
In quest of Rhimes, he thus, at last, broke out.——

Poh ! let my *Serjeant*, when his Dose is taken,
BRITONS STRIKE HOME ! with moisten'd Pipe rehearse,
To *Deeds of Death* 'twill sooner much awaken,
Than a Cart Load full of such Ode and Verse.

If these two Bards will, by a *tuneful* Labour,
Show, without *sham*, their Love to *killing* Life,
Let AKENSIDE go *thump* upon the Tabor ;
And WHITEHEAD grasp th' *exacuating* Fife.





A

HINT to a young Person,

For his better Improvement by Reading or Conversation.

IN reading Authors, when you find
Bright Passages that strike your Mind,
And which perhaps you may have Reason
To think on at another Season,
Be not contented with the Sight,
But take them down in *Black* and *White*;
Such a Respect is wisely shown
That makes another's Sense one's own.

When you're asleep upon your Bed
A Thought may come into your Head,
Which may be of good use, if taken
Due Notice of when you're awaken;
Of midnight Thoughts to take no heed,
Betrays a sleepy Soul indeed;
It is but dreaming in the Day
To throw our nightly Hours away.

In Conversation, when you meet
With Persons chearful, and discreet,
That speak, or quote, in Prose, or Rhime,
Things or facetious, or sublime,

Observe

Observe what paffes, and anon,
 When you come Home think thereupon;
 Write what occurs, forget it not,
 A good Thing fav'd 's a good Thing got.

Let no remarkable Event
 Pafs with a gaping Wonderment,
 A Fool's device——*Lord, who would think!*
 Commit it safe to Pen and Ink
 Whate'er deserves Attention now,
 For when 'tis pafs'd, you know not how,
 Too late you'll find it, to your Coft,
 So much of human Life is loft.

Were it not for the written Letter,
 Pray, what were living Men the better
 For all the Labours of the Dead,
 For all that *Socrates* e'er faid?
 The Morals brought from Heav'n to Men
 He would have carried back again:
 'Tis owing to his Short-Hand Youth
 That *Socrates* does now fpeak Truth.



T O

Lady B—— W——,

Upon her presenting the Author with the Moiety of a
Lottery Ticket.

THIS Ticket is to be divided——well;
To Lady Betty let these Presents tell
How much I value, Chances all apart,
This gentle token of her friendly Heart;
Without regard to Prizes or to Blanks,
My Obligation is immediate Thanks;
And here they come as hearty and as free,
As this unlook'd for Favour came to me.

Five Thousand Pounds perhaps——a handsome Sum——
Ay, but in Specie *Five* may never come——
That as you please, Dame Fortune; in my Mind
I have already taken it in kind;
Am quite contented with my present Lot,
Whether you're pleas'd to second it, or not:
Chance is but Chance; however, great or small,
The Spirit of a loving Gift is all.

“ Three Tickets offer'd to make choice of one,
“ And write the Memorandum thereupon”——

Spread

Spread in successive order, as they lie,
 May all be Prizes, for her sake, thought I!
 That, upon which my Fancy chose to fix,
 Was (let me see) Four hundred fifty-fix:
 Four, five, and fix—they are, if I can read,
 Numbers that *regularly should succeed*.

Thou backward Fortune, that in Days of Yore
 Haft read from fix to five, from five to four,
 Once, for the Lady's sake, reverse thy Spight,
 And trace a luckier Circle to the right,
 If thou art angry that I should despise
 Thy Gifts, which never dazzl'd much my Eyes;
 Now speak me fair, nor let th' Occasion slip
 Of such an honourable Partnership.

Stand still a Moment on thy Bridge's Pier,
 And the Conditions of Success let's hear;
 Say what the Bard shall offer at thy Shrine,
 Any thing less than Worship, and 'tis thine.
 If not so quite (as they relate thee) blind,
 See both our Names, which thus together join'd,
 I'd rather *share* Ten Thousand Pounds, I own,
 Than court thee for ten Millions *alone*.

“ Thousands and Millions, Sir, are pompous Sounds
 “ For Poets, seldom conversant in Pounds”——
 Yes; but I'm only looking on th' Event
 As corresponding to a kind Intent.

Should

Should it turn out its Thousands, more or less,
 I should be somewhat puzzl'd, I profess,
 And must upon a Case so new, so nice,
 Fly to my Benefactress for Advice.

What shall I do with such a monstrous Prize?
 But—we'll postpone the Question——'till it rise——
 Let it's To-morrow manage that——To-day
 Accept the Thanks which I am bound to pay;
 Enrich'd, if you permit me still to share
 Your wish of Welfare, and your gen'rous Care :
 The greatest Bliss, if I have any Skill,
 Of human Life is mutual Good-will.

This, without Question, has your Hand confest;
 This, without Flatt'ry, warms a willing Breast :
 So much good Nature shown with so much Ease ;
 Bestow your Sums, Dame Fortune, where you please :
 That kind of Satisfaction, which I feel,
 Comes not within the Compass of your Wheel ;
 No Prize can heighten the unpurchas'd Grace,
 Nor Blanks the grateful Sentiments efface.





T H E
CENTAUR fabulous.*

ZEUXIS of old a Female *Centaur* drew,
To show his Art; and then expos'd to View;
The *human* Half, with so exact a Care,
Was join'd to Limbs of a *Theſſalian* Mare,
That, ſeeing, from a different Point, the Piece,
Some prais'd the *Maid* and ſome the *Mare* of Greece,

Like to this *Centaur*, by his own Relation,
Is *Doctor Warburton's* DIVINE LEGATION:
Which ſuperficial Writers, on each Hand,
Chriſtians, and Deifts, did not underſtand;
Be cauſe they both obſerv'd, from *partial* Views,
Th' incorporated *Church* and *State* of Jews.

Th' ingenious Artiſt took the pains to draw,
Full and entire, the *Compound* of the *Law*;

The

* The delicate Poignancy of the Wit with which this allegorical Piece is enlivened, will be obvious to the Reader who is acquainted with the Writings of the celebrated Author of the *Divine Legation*; and therefore any Extracts to illuſtrate the Epithets and Alluſions which refer to them in the following Verſes, would only ſerve to ſwell the Notes into a tedious Prolixity: However, one Quotation is annexed, in order to juſtify a Charge, which might be ſuſpected of Exaggeration by thoſe, who are Strangers to the learned Writers manner of treating his Opponents.

The two Societies, the *civil* Kind,
 And the *religious*, perfectly combin'd ;
 With GOD ALMIGHTY, as a *Temp'ral* Prince,
 Governing both, as all his Proofs evince ;

Without the Doctrine of a future State——
 Here, with Opponents, lies the *main* Debate :
 They cannot reconcile to serious Thought
 GOD's Church and State——with LIFE TO COME, *un-*
taught ;
 With *Law*, or *Gospel* cannot make to suit
 VIRGIN of SION sinking down to *Brute*.

ZEUXIS the *new*, they argue, takes a Pride
 In Shapes so incompatible *alli'd* ;
 And talks away, as if he had pourtray'd
 A *real* Creature, mixt of *Mare* and *Maid* :
 All who deny th' Existence of the Pad,
 He *centaurizes* into *Fool* and *Mad*.*

If one objected to a Maiden *Hoof* ;
 Why, 'tis an *Animal*——was all his Proof :
 If to an Animal with *human* Head ;
 O! 'tis a *beauteous Woman*——ZEUXIS said :

What ?

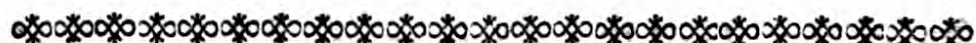
* *Who has not signalized himself against the Divine Legation? Bigots, Hutchinsonians, Methodists, Answerers, Free-thinkers, and Fanatics, have in their Turns been all up in Arms against it. The Scene was opened by a false Zealot, and at present seems likely to be closed by a Behmenist. A natural and easy Progress, from FOLLY to MADNESS. See the Dedication prefixed to the 1st V. of the 2d Part of the D. L.*

What! *Animal* and *Woman* both at once?
 Yes——that's *essential* to the *whole ye Dunce*.

His *primary*, and *secondary* Sense,
 Like *Mare* and *Maid*, support his fond Pretence;
 From joining Spot, he skips to each Extreme;
 Or *strides* to both, and guards the motley Scheme;
Solving, with like centauriformal Ease,
Law, Prophets, Gospel, quoted as you please,

Thus *both* went on, long labour'd Volumes thro'——
 Now what must fair impartial Readers do?
 Must they not grieve, if either of them treat
 On *Law*, or *Grace*, with Rudeness, or with Heat?
 Of either *Zeuxis*, they allow the skill;
 But that——*the CENTAUR is a FABLE still.*





T H O U G H T S

O N T H E

Constitution of HUMAN NATURE,

As represented in the Systems of modern Philosophers.

STRONG Passions draw, like Horses that are strong,
The Body Coach, of Flesh and Blood, along ;
While subtle Reason, with each Rein in Hand,
Sits on the Box, and has them at Command ;
Rais'd up aloft, to see and to be seen,
Judges the Track, and guides the gay Machine.

But was it made for nothing else,——beside
Passions to draw, and *Reason* to be Guide ?
Was so much Art employ'd, to drag and drive,
Nothing *within* the Vehicle, alive ?
No seated *Mind*, that claims the moving Pew,
Master of Passions, and of Reason too ?

The grand Contrivance, why so well equip
With strength of Passions, rul'd by Reason's Whip ?
Vainly profuse had *Apparatus* been,
Did not a reigning *Spirit* rest within ;

Which

Which Passions carry, and sound Reason means
To render present at pre-order'd Scenes.

They, who are loud in human Reason's Praise,
And celebrate the Drivers of our Days,
Seem to suppose, by their continual Bawl,
That Passions, Reason, and Machine, is all;
To them the Windows are drawn up, and clear
Nothing that does not outwardly appear.

Matter and Motion, and superior Man
By Head and Shoulders, form their reas'ning Plan;
View'd, and demurely ponder'd, as they roll;
And scoring Traces on the Paper Soul,
Blank, shaven white, they fill th' unfurnish'd Pate,
With *new* Ideas, none of them *innate*.

When these Adepts are got upon a Box,
Away they gallop thro' the gazing Flocks;
Trappings admir'd, and the high mettl'd Brute,
And Reason, balancing its either Foot;
While seeing Eyes discern, at their Approach,
Fullness of Skill, and emptiness of Coach.

'Tis very well that lively Passions draw,
That sober Reason keeps them all in Awe;
The one to run, the other to controul,
And drive directly to the destin'd Goal:
What Goal?—Ay, there the Question should begin;
What *Spirit* drives the willing Mind within?

Sense, Reason, Passions, and the like, are still
One self same Man, whose Action is his *Will*;
Whose Will, if right, will soon renounce the Pride
Of an *own* Reason, for an *only* Guide;
As God's unerring Spirit shall inspire,
Will still direct the *Drift* of his Desire.



O N T H E
PATRON of ENGLAND,

In a Letter to Lord Willoughby, President of the Anti-
quarian Society.

WILL you please to permit me, my very good Lord,
Some Night when you meet upon ancient Record,
Full worthily filling Antiquity's Throne,
To propose to your Sages a Doubt of my own,
A certain moot Point of a national Kind;
For it touches all ENGLAND to have it defin'd
With a little more Fact, by what Kind of a Right
Her Patron, her Saint, is a *Cappadox Knight*.

I know what our Songs, and our Stories advance,
That ST. GEORGE is for ENGLAND, ST. DENYS for
FRANCE ;

But the French, tho' uncertain what DENYS it was,
All own he converted, and taught 'em their Mass ;
And most other Nations, I fancy, remount
To a Saint, whom they chose upon some such Account,
But I never could learn, that for any like Notion,
The English made Choice of a *Knight Cappadocian*.

Their Conversion was owing (Event, one would hope,
Worth remembring at least) to a Saint, and a Pope,
To a *Gregory* known by the *First*, and the *Great*,
Who sent, to relieve them from Pagan Deceit,
St. *Austin* the Monk ; and both *Sender* and *Sent*
Had their Days in old Fasti, that noted th' Event :
Now my Lord I would ask of the Learn'd, and Laborious,
If *Ge-orgius* ben't a Mistake for *Gregorius*.

In Names so like letter'd it would be no Wonder,
If hasty Transcribers had made such a Blunder ;
And Mistake in the Names, by a Slip of their Pen,
May perhaps have occasion'd Mistake in the Men.
That this has been made, to omit all the rest,
Let a Champion of yours, your own *Selden*, attest ;
See his Book upon Titles of Honour——that Quarter
Where he treats of St. GEORGE, and the *Knights of the*
Garter.

There

There he quotes from *Froissart*, how, at first, on the
Plan

Of a Lady's blue Garter, blue Order began,
In one thousand, three hundred and forty and four,
But the Name of the Saint in *Froissart* is *Gregore*;
So the Chronicle Writer or printed, or wrote
For *George*, without Doubt, says the marginal Note:
Be it there a Mistake—but, my Lord, I'm afraid
That the same, *vice versa*, was anciently made.

For tho' much has been said by the great Antiquarian
Of an Orthodox *George*—*Cappadocian*—and *Arian*;
How the Soldier first came to be Patron of old,
I have not, says he, Light enough to behold:
A Soldier-like Nation, he guesses (for want
Of a Proof that it did so) would chuse him for Saint;
For in all his old Writings no Fragment occur'd,
That saluted him Patron, 'till EDWARD the Third.

His Reign, he had guess'd to have been the first Time,
But for old Saxon Prose, and for old English Rhyme,
Which mention a *George*, a great Martyr, and Saint,
Tho' they say not a Word of the Thing that we want;
They tell of his Tortures, his Death, and his Pray'r,
Without the least Hint of the question'd Affair;
That Light, I should guess, with Submission to *Selden*,
As he was not the Patron, he was not beheld in.

The Name in French, Latin, and Saxon, 'tis hinted,
Some three or four Times, is mis-writ or mis-printed;

He

He renders it *George*——but allowing the Hint,
 And the Justice of Change, both in Writing and Print,
 Some *George*, by like Error (it adds to the Doubt)
 Has turn'd, our Converter, ST. GREGORY out:
 He, or Auſtin the Monk, bid the faireſt by far
 To be Patron of *England*——till Garter and Star.

In the old Saxon Cuſtom of crowning our Kings,
 As *Selden* has told us, amongſt other Things
 They nam'd in the Pray'rs, which his Pages tranſplant,
 The VIRGIN——ST. PETER——and one other Saint;
 Whoſe Connection with England is alſo expreſt;
 And yields, in this Caſe, ſuch a probable Teſt,
 That, a Patron ſuppos'd, we may fairly agree,
 Such a Saint is the Perſon, whoever it be.

Now with MARY, and PETER, when Monarchs were
 crown'd,
 There is only a SANCTUS GREGORIUS found;
 And his Title——ANGLORUM APOSTOLUS——too;
 With which a ST. GEORGE can have nothing to do:
 While *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, and *France*, and *Spain* claims
 A ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRIC, ST. DENYS, ST. JAMES,
 Both Apoſtle, and Patron——for Saint ſo unknown
 Why ſhould *England* reject an Apoſtle her own?

This, my Lord, is the Matter——the plain ſimple Rhimes
 Lay no Fault, you perceive, upon Proteſtant Times:

I impute the Mistake, if it should be one, solely
 To the Pontifs succeeding, who christen'd Wars holy,
 To Monarchs, who madding around their round Tables,
 Prefer'd, to Conversion, their Fighting, and Fables:
 When Soldiers were many, good Christians but few,
 ST. GEORGE was advanc'd to ST. GREGORY's Due.

One may be mistaken—and therefore would beg
 That a *Willis*, a *Stukeley*, an *Ames*, or a *Pegge*,
 In short, that your Lordship, and all the fam'd Set
 Who are, under your Auspices, happily met,
 In perfect good Humour—which you can inspire,
 As I know by Experience—would please to enquire,
 To search this one Question, and settle, I hope,
 WAS OLD ENGLAND'S OLD PATRON A KNIGHT, OR
 A POPE?





O N

Specious and Superficial WRITERS.

HOW rare the Case, tho' common the Pretence,
To write on Subjects from a real Sense!
'Tis many a celebrated Author's Fate,
To print Effusions, just as Parrots prate:
He moulds a Matter, that he once was taught,
In various shapes, and thinks it to be Thought.
Words, at Command, he marshals in Array,
And proves whatever he is pleas'd to say;
While Learning, like a Torrent, pours along,
And sweeps away the Subject, right or wrong:
One follows, for a while, a rolling Theme,
Toss't in the middle of the rapid Stream;
Till, out of Sight, with like impetuous Force,
Torn from its Roots, another takes the Course;
While Froth and Bubble glaze the flowing Mud,
And the Man thinks all clear and understood:
A shining Surface, and a transient View,
Makes the flight-witted Reader think so too:
It entertains him, and the Book is bought,
Read, and admir'd, without Expence of Thought:
No Tax impos'd upon his Wits, his Cash
Paid without Scruple, he enjoys the Trash.

O

T H E



T H E
Passive Participle's Petition,
T O T H E
Printer of the Gentleman's Magazine.

U R B A N, or S Y L V A N, or whatever Name
Delight thee most, thou foremost in the Fame
Of Magazining Chiefs, whose rival Page
With monthly Medley courts the curious Age;
Hear a poor passive *Participle's* Case,
And, if thou can'st, restore me to my Place.

'Till just of late, good *English* has thought fit
To call me *written*, or to call me *writ*;
But what is writ, or written, by the Vote
Of Writers now, hereafter must be *wrote*:
And what is *spoken* too, hereafter *spoke*;
And Measures never to be *broken*, *broke*.

I never could be *driven*, but, in spite
Of Grammar, they have *drove* me from my Right.
None could have *risen* to become my Foes;
But what a World of Enemies have *rose*!
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about,
And, *torn* as I have been, have *tore* me out.

Passive

Passive I am, and would be, and implore
 That such Abuse may be henceforth *forbore*,
 If not *forborn*, for, by all Spelling Book,
 If not *mistaken*, they are all *mistook*:
 And, in plain English, it had been as well
 If what has *fall'n* upon me, had not *fell*.

Since this Attack upon me has *began*,
 Who knows what Lengths in Language may be *ran*?
 For if it once be *grew* into a Law,
 You'll see such Work as never has been *saw*;
 Part of our Speech, and Sense, perhaps, beside,
 Shakes when I'm *shook*, and dies when I am *di'd*.

Then let the præter, and imperfect Tense
 Of my own Words to me remit the Sense:
 Or, since we two are oft enough agreed,
 Let all the learned take some better heed;
 And leave the vulgar to confound the due
 Of Præter Tense, and Participle too.



T H E

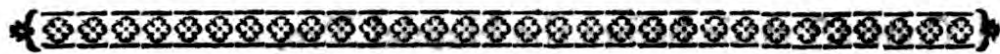
BEAU and the BEDLAMITE.

A Patient in Bedlam, that did pretty well,
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his Cell:
One Day, when they gave him that Freedom, he spi'd
A beauiſh young Spark with a Sword by his Side;
With an huge Silver Hilt, and a Scabbard for Steel,
That ſwung at due Length, from his Hip to his Heel.

When he ſaw him advance on the Gallery Ground,
The Bedlamite ran, and ſurvey'd him all round;
While a Waiter ſuppreſt the young Captain's Alarm,
With——“ *You need not to fear Sir, he'll do you no Harm.*”
At the laſt he broke out——Aye, a very fine Show!
May I aſk him one Queſtion?——What's that? ſaid the
Beau——

Pray what is that long, dangling, cumbersome Thing,
That you ſeem to be ti'd to with Ribband and String?——
Why, that is my Sword——and what is it to do?——
Kill my Enemies, Maſter, by running them thro'——
Kill your Enemies!——Kill a Fool's Head of your own;
They'll die of themſelves, if you'll let them alone.

A N



A N

Answer to the following Letter,

REQUESTING

The Author's Solution of a REBUS,
Commonly ascribed to Lord Chesterfield,

Good Mr. DIAPHANUS,

I have a very great Opinion of your Ingenuity, and I know you love to employ it: If you'll not think the asking the Favour to unravel the following Rebus, too great an Impertinence, you will by the Discovery, very much oblige

Your Friend,

Chester,

And most obedient Servant,

March 22, 1765.

A P H A N U S.

You'll please to direct to your old Acquaintance Benj. N——s.

The R E B U S.

THE noblest Object in the Works of Art,
The brightest Scene that Nature can impart,
The well-known Signal in the time of Peace,
The Point essential in the Tenant's Lease,
The Farmer's Comfort when he holds the Plough,
A Soldier's Duty and the Lover's Vow,

A Contract

A Contract made before the Nuptial Tye,
 A Blessing Riches never can supply,
 A Spot that adds new Charms to pretty Faces,
 An Engine us'd in fundamental Cafes,
 A Planet seen between the Earth and Sun,
 A Prize which Merit never yet has won,
 A Loss which Prudence seldom can retrieve,
 The Death of Judas and the Fault of Eve,
 A Part between the Ankle and the Knee,
 A Patriot's Toast, and a Physician's Fee,
 A Wife's Ambition, and a Parson's Dues,
 A Miser's Idol and the Badge of Jews.
 If now your happy Genius can divine
 The Correspondent Words to every Line,
 By the first Letters will be plainly found
 An ancient City that is much renown'd.

The A N S W E R.

PAUCIS, Friend *Aphanus*, *abhinc Diebus*,
 With no small Pleasure, I receiv'd a Rebus:
 Not that the Rebus gave it, understand,
 But old Acquaintance BENJAMIN's own Hand;
 For all the Blessings due to mortal Men,
Rebus in omnibus, I wish to BEN.

At his Request I fought for ancient City,
 That lay conceal'd in cabalistic Ditty;
 So did we all—for, when his Letter came,
 Some Friends were chair'd around the focal Flame;

But

But Rebus out not one of all could make;
Diaphanus himself was quite *opaque*,

Tho' pleas'd with pleasing, when he can do so,
 His Ingenuity he loves to show;
 If such a Thing falls out to be his Lot;
 He is as free to own when it does not:
 Here he had none, nor any *Succedaneum*,
 That could discover this same *Herculaneum*.

Altho' it seem'd to ask, when it appear'd,
 No great *Herculean* Labour to be clear'd;
 So many different Wits at work, no doubt,
 The City's Name would quickly be found out;
 But, notwithstanding *variorum* *Lecture*,
 The Name lay snug without the least Detecture.

You stand intitl'd, hereupon, to laugh
 At hapless Genius in your Friend *Diaph*.
 But in excuse for what he must confess,
 Nor Men, nor even Ladies here could guess;
 To *Variorum* seen, or *Variarum*,
 No more of ancient City than old *Sarum*.

One Thing, however, rose from this Occasion,
 It put an End to Fears of French Invasion;
 And Wits, quite frighten'd out of Dames, and Men,
 When Rebus came, came into 'em again:
 Tho' little skill'd to judge of either Matter,
 Yet the more pleasing Puzzle was the latter.

You'll

You'll think, I'm thinking, upon second Thought,
That, tho' we mist of City that was fought,
We might have told you somewhat of the Gueſſes
Of luckleſs Neighbours, and of Neighboureffes;
So let us try to give you juſt an *Item*;
For it would take a Volume to recite 'em.

I can't divine, ſaid *Chloe*, for my Part,
What the Man means by *nobleſt Work of Art*——
From Clock to Temple, Pyramid, and Ship,
And twenty diff'rent Handyworks you ſkip;
Now, I dare ſay, when all your Votes are paſt,
City, or Work——tis *Dreſden* at the laſt.

Nor I, ſaid *Phillis*, what the Man can mean
By his next Hint of——*Nature's brighteſt Scene*——
Amongſt ſo many of her Scenes, ſo bright,
Who can deviſe which of 'em is the right?
To name a Word where brighteſt Scene muſt lie,
And ſpeak my own Opinion, Sirs,——'tis *Eye*.

Peace, ſaid a Third, of I forget what Sex,
Has *well known Signal* that may well perplex;
It ſhould be Olive-Branch, to be well known,
But Rebus, unconfin'd to that alone,
May mean Abundance, Plenty, Riches, Trade——
Who knows the Signal that is here diſplay'd?

Thus they went on——but, tho' I ſtir its Embers,
It is not much that Memory remembers:

Two Ladies had a long disputing Match,
 Whether *Charm-adding Spot* was Mole or Patch;
 While none would venture to decide the Vole——
 One had a Patch and t'other had a Mole.

So *Wife's Ambition* made a parted School;
 Some said——to *please* her Husband——some, to *rule*——
 On this moot point too Rebus would create,
 As you may guess, a pretty smart Debate;
 'Till one propos'd to end it thus, with Ease;
 The only way to *rule* him——is to *please*.

Hold! I forgot——One said, a *Parson's Dues*
 Was the same Thing with rhiming *Badge of Jews*,
 And *Tithe* was it——but Corn, or Pig, or Goose;
 What Earth, or Animals of Earth produce,
 From Calf and Lamb, to Turnip and Potatoe,
 Might be the Word——which he had nought to say to.

Made for Excuse, you see, upon the whole,
 The too great Number of the Words, that poll
 For Correspondency to ev'ry Line;
 And make the meant one tedious to divine:
 But we suspect that other Points ambiguous,
 And eke unfair, contribute to fatigue us.

For first, with due Submission to our Betters,
 What ancient City could have eighteen Letters?
 Or more?——for, in the latter Lines, the Clue
 May have *one* correspondent Word, or two:

P

Clue

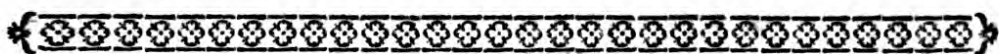
Clue should have said, if only one occur'd,
Not correspondent *Words* to each, but *Word*.

From some Suspensions of a Bite, we guess
The Number of the Letters to be less;
And, from Expression of a certain Cast,
Some Joke, unequal to the Pains at last:
Could you have said that all was right, and clever,
We should have try'd more fortunate Endeavour.

*It should contain, should this same JEU DE MOTS,
Clean-pointed Turn, short, fair, and A PROPOS;
Wit without Straining; Neatness without Starch;
Hinted, tho' hid; and decent, tho' 'tis arch;
No vile Idea should disgrace a Rebus——
SIC DICUNT MUSÆ, SIC EDICIT PHÆBUS.*

This, *Aphanus*, tho' short of Satisfaction,
Is what Account occurs of the Transaction,
Impertinent enough—but you'll excuse
What your own Postscript half enjoin'd the Muse:
*She, when she took the sudden Task upon her,
Believe me, did it to oblige your Honour.*





T H O U G H T S

On Rhime and Blank Verse.

WHAT a deal of impertinent Stuff, at this Time,
Comes out about Verses in Blank or in Rhime !
To determine their Merits by critical Prose,
And treat the two Parties, as if they were Foes !——
It's allotting so gravely, to settle their Rank,
All the Bondage to Rhime, all the Freedom to Blank,
Has provok'd a few Rhimes to step forth, and repress
The pedantical Whim, grown to such an excess :

Not to hinder the Dupes of this fanciful Wit
From retailing its Maxims, whene'er they think fit ;
But to caution young Bards, if in danger to waste
Any Genius for Verse on so partial a Taste :
That (allowing to Blank all the real Pretence
To what Freedom it has) if supported by Sense,
For Words without any, they may not neglect
Of as free flowing Rhime the delightful Effect.

Here are two special Terms which the Sophisters mingle,
To be Sauce for the rest, to wit, Fetters, and Jingle ;
And, because a weak Writer may chance to expose
Very ill-chosen Words to such Phrases as those,

The unthinking Reflecters sit down to their Rote,
 And pronounce against Rhime th' undistinguishing Vote:
 Sole Original this, in the petulant School,
 Of its idle Objections to Metre, and Rule.

For to what other Fetters are Verses confin'd,
 Whether made up of blank, or of metrical Kind?
 If a Man has not Taste for poetical Lines,
 Can't he let them alone; and say what he designs,
 Upon some other Points, in his unfetter'd Way;
 And condemn, if he will, all numerical Lay?
 But the Fashion, forsooth, must affect the Sublime,
 The Grand, the Pathetic, and rail against Rhime.

Blank Verse is the Thing——tho', whoever tries both,
 Will find of its Fetters a plentiful Growth;
 Many Chains to be needful to measure his Ground,
 And keep the Sublime within requisite Bound:
 If a laudable Product in Rhime should, perhaps,
 Extort an Applause from these exquisite Chaps,
 They express it so shily, for fear of a Fetter——
Had the Rhime been neglected, it would have been better.——

And so they begin with their Jingle (or Rattle,
 As some of them call it) the delicate Battle;
 The Sense must be cramp'd, they cry out, to be sure,
 By the Nature of Rhime, and be render'd obscure:
 As if Blank, by its Grandeur, and magnifi'd Pause,
 Was secure in its Freedom from any such Flaws;

Tho'

Tho' so apt, in bad Hands, to give Readers Offence,
By the rattling of Sound, and the darkness of Sense.

All the Arguments form'd, as they prose it along,
And twist them and twine, against metrical Song,
Presuppose the poor Maker to be but a Dunce;
For, if that be not true, they all vanish at once:
If it be, what Advantage has Blank in the Case,
From counting bad Verses by Unit, or Brace?
Nothing else can result from the critical Rout,
But,—A Blockhead's a Blockhead, with Rhime, or
without.

It came, as they tell us, from ignorant Moors,
And by Growth of fine Taste will be turn'd out o'Doors:
Two insipid Conceits, at a Venture entwin'd,
And void of all Proof both before and behind:
Too old its Reception, to tell of its Age;
Its Downfall, if Taste could but fairly presage,
When the Bees of the Country make Honey no more,
Will then certainly come—not a Moment before.

Till then it will reign, and while, here and there spread,
Blank Verse, like an Aloe, rears up its Head;
And, fresh from the Hot-house, successfully tow'rs
To make People stare at the Height of its Flow'rs;
The Variety, Sweetness, and Smoothness of Rhime
Will flourish, bedeck'd, by its natural Clime,
With numberless Beauties; and frequently shoot,
If cherish'd aright, into Blossom and Fruit.

But

But stuffing their Heads, in these classical Days,
 Full of *Homer*, and *Virgil*, and *Horace*, and *Plays*;
 And finding that Rhime is in none of the four,
 'Tis enough, the Finetafters have gotten their Lore:
 And away they run on with their Words in a String,
 Which they throw up at Rhime with a finical Fling;
 But to reach its full Sweetness nor willing, nor able,
 They talk about Taste, like the Fox in the Fable.

To the Praise of old Metre it quitted the Stage,
 In Abhorrence of tragical Ranting and Rage;
 Which with Heights, and with Depths of Distresses enrich'd,
 Verse and Prose, Art and Nature, and Morals bewitch'd;
 All the native Agreements of Language disgrac'd,
 That theatrical Pomp might intoxicate Taste;
 Still retaining poor Blank, in its Fetters held fast,
 To bemoan its hard Fate in romantic Bombast.

'Tis the *Subject*, in fine, in the Matter of Song,
 That makes a blank Verse, or a Rhime to be wrong:
 If unjust, or improper, unchaste or prophane,
 It disgraces alike all poetical Strain:
 If not, the Possessor of tunable Skill
 Unfetter'd, unjinged, may take which he will;
 Any Plan, to which Freedom and Judgment impel——
 All the Bus'ness he knows, is to *execute well*.



St. P H I L I P N E R I

A N D T H E

Y O U T H.

ST. *Philip Neri*, as old Readings say,
Met a young Stranger in *Rome's* Streets one Day;
And, being ever courteously inclin'd
To give young Folks a sober Turn of Mind,
He fell into Discourse with him; and thus
The Dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. Tell me what brings you, gentle Youth, to *Rome*?

Y. To make myself a Scholar, Sir, I come.

St. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

Y. To be a *Priest*, I hope, Sir, in the End.

St. Suppose it so——what have you next in view?

Y. That I may get to be a *Canon* too.

St. Well; and how then?

Y. Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a *Bishop*.

St. Be it so——

What then?

Y. Why, *Cardinal's* a high degree——
And yet my Lot it possibly may be.

St.

St. Suppose it was——what then ?

Y. Why, who can say
But I've a Chance for being *Pope* one Day ?

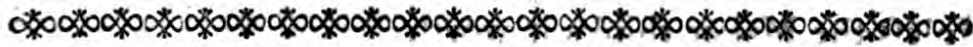
St. Well, having worn the Mitre, and red Hat,
And triple Crown, what follows after that ?

Y. Nay, there is Nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this Earth, that Wishing can procure :
When I've enjoy'd a Dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then——*I must die*

St. What ! *must* you die ? fond Youth ! and at the best
But *wish* and *hope*, and *may be* all the rest ?
Take my Advice——whatever *may* betide,
For that which *must be*, first of all provide ;
Then think of that which *may be* ; and indeed,
When well prepar'd, who knows what may succeed ?
But you may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,
Priest, Canon, Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope.



ADVICE



A D V I C E

TO THE

Rev. Messrs. H---- and H----

TO PREACH SLOW.

BRETHREN, this comes to let you know
That I would have you to preach slow;
To give the Words of a Discourse
Their proper Time, and Life, and Force;
To urge what you think fit to say,
In a sedate, pathetic Way;
Grave and delib'rate, as 'tis fit
To comment upon holy Writ.

Many a good Sermon gives Distaste,
By being spoke in too much Haste;
Which, had it been pronounc'd with Leisure,
Would have been listen'd to with Pleasure:
And thus the Preacher often gains
His Labour only for his Pains;
As (if you doubt it) may appear
From ev'ry *Sunday* in the Year.

For how indeed can one expect
The best Discourse shou'd take Effect,

Q

Unless

Unless the Maker thinks it worth
Some Care and Pains to set it forth?
What! does he think the Pains, he took
To write it fairly in a Book,
Will do the Bus'ness? not a Bit——
It must be spoke as well as writ.

What is a Sermon, good or bad,
If a Man reads it like a Lad?
To hear some People, when they preach,
How they run o'er all Parts of Speech,
And neither raise a Word, nor sink,
Our learned Bishops, one wou'd think,
Had taken School-boys from the Rod,
To make Embassadors of God.

So perfect is the Christian Scheme,
He that from thence shall take his Theme,
And Time to have it understood,
His Sermon cannot but be good:
If he will needs be preaching Stuff,
No Time indeed is short enough;
E'en let him read it like a Letter,
The sooner it is done, the better.

But for a Man that has a Head,
Like yours or mine, I'd like to have said,
That can upon Occasion raise
A just Remark, a proper Phrase;

For

For such a one to run along,
 Tumbling his Accents o'er his Tongue,
 Shows only that a Man, at once,
 May be a Scholar and a Dunce.

In point of Sermons, 'tis confest,
 Our English Clergy make the best:
 But this appears, we must confess,
 Not from the *Pulpit*, but the *Press*:
 They manage, with disjointed Skill,
 The Matter well, the Manner ill;
 And, what seems Paradox at first,
 They make the best, and preach the worst.

Wou'd they but speak as well as write,
 Both Excellencies wou'd unite,
 The outward Action being taught,
 To shew the Strength of inward Thought:
 Now, to do this, our Short-hand School
 Lays down this plain and general Rule,
Take Time enough——all other Graces
 Will soon fill up their proper Places.



To the S A M E,

O N

P R E A C H I N G E X T E M P O R E.

THE Hint I gave, sometime ago,
Brethren, about your preaching flow,
You took, it seems; and thereupon
Could make too Sermons out of one :
Now this Regard to former Lines,
Paid so successfully, inclines
To send Advice the second Part :
Try if you cannot preach by Heart—

Be not alarm'd, as if Regard
To this would prove so very hard ;
The first Admonishment you fear'd
Would so turn out, 'till it appear'd
That Custom, only, made to seem
So difficult in your Esteem,
What, upon Trial, now procures
Your Hearers Ease, and also yours.

Do but consider how the Case
Now stands in fact, in ev'ry Place,

All

All Christendom almost, around,
Except on our reformed Ground :
The greatest Part, untaught to brook
A Preacher's reading from a Book,
Would scarce advance within his reach,
Or, then, acknowledge him to preach.

Long after preaching first began,
How unconceiv'd a reading Plan !
The rise of which, whatever Date
May be assign'd to it, is late :
From all Antiquity remote
The manuscriptal reading Rote :
No Need, no Reason prompted, then,
The *Pulpit* to consult the *Pen*.

However well prepar'd before,
By pond'ring, or by writing o'er
What he should say, still it was SAID
By him that preach'd; it was not READ :
Could ancient Memory, then, better
Forbear the poring o'er the Letter,
Brethren, than yours? if you'll but try,
That Fact I'll venture to deny.

Moderns, of late, give Proofs enoo
(Too many, as it seems to you)
That Matters of religious Kind,
Stor'd up within the thoughtful Mind,

With

With any Care and Caution stor'd,
Sufficient Utterance afford,
To tell an Audience what they think,
Without the Help of Pen and Ink.

How apt to think too, is the Throng,
A *Preacher* short, a *Reader* long !
Claiming, itself, to be the Book
That should attract a Pastor's Look :
If you lament a careless Age
Averse to hear the Pulpit Page,
Speak from *within*, not from without,
And Heart to Heart will turn about.

Try it ; and if you can't succeed,
'Twill then be right for you to read ;
Altho' the Heart, if that's your choice,
Must still accompany the Voice ;
And tho' you should succeed, and take
The Hint, you must not, merely, make
Preaching *extempore* the View,
But EX ÆTERNITATE too.





O N

Clergymen preaching POLITICS.

To R—— L—— Esq;

INDEED, *Sir Peter*, I could wish, I own,
That Parsons would let *Politics* alone;
Plead, if they will, the customary Plea,
For such like Talk, when o'er a Dish of Tea:
But when they tease us with it from the Pulpit,
I own, *Sir Peter*, that I cannot gulp it.

If on their Rules a *Justice* should intrench,
And preach, suppose, a Sermon, from the Bench,
Would you not think your Brother Magistrate
Was touch'd a little in his hinder Pate?
Now which is worse, *Sir Peter*, on the total,
The *Lay Vagary*, or the *Sacerdotal*?

In ancient Times, when Preachers preach'd indeed
Their Sermons, e're the Learned learnt to read,
Another Spirit, and another Life,
Shut the Church Doors against all Party strife:
Since then, how often heard, from sacred Rostrums,
The lifeless Din of *Whig* and *Tory Nostrums*!

'Tis

'Tis wrong, *Sir Peter*, I insist upon't ;
 To common Sense 'tis plainly an Affront :
 The Parson leaves the *Christian* in the Lurch,
 Whene'er he brings his *Politics* to Church ;
 His Cant, on either Side, if he calls Preaching,
 The Man's wrong-headed, and his Brains want Bleaching.

Recall the Time from conquering *William's* Reign,
 And guess the Fruits of such a preaching Vein :
 How oft its Nonsense must have veer'd about,
 Just as the Politics were in, or out :
 The Pulpit govern'd by no Gospel *Data*,
 But new Success still mending old *Errata*.

Were I a King (God blefs me) I should hate
 My Chaplains meddling with Affairs of State ;
 Nor would my Subjects, I should think, be fond,
 Whenever theirs the *Bible* went beyond ,
 How well, methinks, we both should live together,
 If these good Folks would keep within their Tether !





M O S E S's V I S I O N.

M O S E S, to whom, by a peculiar Grace,
God spake (the Hebrew Phraze is) Face to Face,
Call'd by an heav'nly Voice, the Rabbins say,
Ascended to a Mountain's Top one Day;
Where, in some Points perplex'd, his Mind was eas'd,
And Doubts, concerning Providence, appeas'd.

During the Colloquy divine, say they,
The Prophet was commanded to survey,
And mark what happen'd on the Plain below:
There he perceiv'd a fine, clear Spring to flow,
Just at the Mountain's Foot; to which, anon,
A Soldier, on his Road, came riding on;
Who, taking Notice of the Fountain, stopt,
Alighted, drank; and, in remounting, dropt
A Purse of Gold; but as the precious Load
Fell unsuspected, he pursu'd his Road:
Scarce had he gone, when a young Lad came by,
And, as the Purse lay just before his Eye,
He took it up; and, finding its Content,
Secur'd the Treasure; and away he went:
Soon after him, a poor, infirm old Man,
With Age, and Travel, weary quite, and wan,
Came to the Spring, to quench his Thirst, and drank,
And then sat down, to rest him, on the Bank:

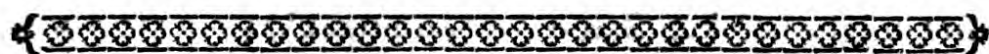
R

There

There while he sat, the Soldier, on his Track,
 Missing his Gold, return'd directly back;
 Light off his Horse, began to swear, and curse,
 And ask'd the poor old Fellow for his Purse:
 He solemnly protested, o'er and o'er,
 With Hands, and Eyes uplifted, to implore
 Heav'n's Attestation to the Truth, that he
 Nor Purse, nor Gold, had ever chanc'd to see:
 But all in vain; the Man believ'd him not,
 And drew his Sword, and stab'd him on the Spot.

Moses, with Horror and Amazement seiz'd,
 Fell on his Face——The Voice divine was pleas'd
 To give the Prophet's anxious Mind Relief,
 And thus prevent expostulating Grief——
 Be not surpriz'd; nor ask how such a Deed
 The World's just Judge could suffer to succeed:
 The Child has caus'd the Passion, it is true,
 That made the Soldier run the old Man thro;
 But know one Fact, tho' never yet found out,
 And judge how *that* would banish ev'ry Doubt——
 This same old Man, thro' Passion once as wild,
 Murder'd the Father of that very Child.





O N T H E
AUTHOR'S COAT of ARMS.

THE *Hedge-hog* for his Arms, I would suppose,
Some Sire of ours, beloved Kinsfolk, chose,
With aim to hint Instruction wise, and good,
To us Descendants of his *Byrom* Blood:
I would infer, if you be of this Mind,
The very Lesson, that our Sire design'd.

He had observ'd that Nature gave a Sense,
To ev'ry Creature, of its own Defence;
Down from the Lion, with his tearing Jaws,
To the poor Cat, that scratches with her Paws;
All shew'd their Force, when put upon the Proof,
Wherein it lay, Teeth, Talons, Horn, or Hoof,

Pleas'd with the Porcupine, whose native Art
Is said to distance Danger by his Dart;
To rout his Foes, before they come too near,
From ev'ry Hurt of close Encounter clear——
This, had not one Thing bated of its Price,
Had been our worthy Ancestor's Device.

A Foe to none; but ev'ry Body's Friend;
And loath, altho offended, to offend;
He fought to find an Instance, if it could,
By any Creature's Art, be understood,

That might betoken Safety, when attack'd ;
Yet where all Hurt should be a Foe's own Act.

At last the *Hedge-hog* came into his Thought,
And gave the perfect Emblem, that he sought:
This little Creature, all Offence aside,
Rolls up itself in its own prickly Hide,
When Danger comes; and they that will abuse
Do it themselves, if their own Hurt enfues.

Methinks, I hear the venerable Sage——
Children! Descendants all thro' ev'ry Age!
Learn, from the prudent Urchin in your *Arms*,
How to secure yourselves from worldly Harms:
Give no Offence;——to you if others will,
Firmly wrapt up within yourselves, be still.

This Animal is giv'n for outward Sign
Of inward, true Security divine:
Sharp, on your Minds, let pointed Virtues grow,
That, without injuring, resist a Foe;
Surround with these an honest, harmless Heart,
And he, that dwells in it, will take your Part.

Whatever Ills your christian Peace molest,
Turn to the Source of Grace, within your Breast:
There lies your Safety——O that all my Kin
May ever seek it——where 'tis found——*within!*
That Soul no Ills can ever long annoy,
Which makes its GOD the Centre of its Joy.

VERSES



V E R S E S

Intended to have been Spoken at the

Breaking-up of the Free Grammar-School
in Manchester, in the Year 1748,

W H E N

Lauder's charge of Plagiarism upon Mil-
ton engaged the publick Attention.

The MASTER's SPEECH.

I.

OUR worthy Founder, Gentlemen, this Day,
Orders the Youth an Hours poetic Play:
Me, on its annual Return, to chuse
One single Subject for their various Muse:
That you may see how Fancy will create
Her diff'rent Image in each Youngster's Pate,

II.

Now, since our *Milton*, a renowned Name,
Had been attack'd for stealing into Fame;

I told

I told 'em——Lads, now be upon your Guard;
Exert yourselves, and save your famous Bard:
He's call'd a Plagiary——'tis your's to show
The vain Reproach, and silence *Milton's* Foe.

III.

The Point, said I, at which ye now take Aim,
Remember, as ye rhyme, is Milton's Fame;
Fame as a Poet only, as attack't
For plund'ring Verses——ne'er contest the Fact;
Defend your Bard, tho' granted; and confine
To three times six, at most, your eager Line.

IV.

Then lend a fav'ring Ear, whilst they rehearse
Short, and almost extemporary Verse:
A Thought work'd up, that came into the Mind,
With Rhimes the first, and fittest, they could find.
Such was their Task——the Boys have done their best;
Take what you like, Sirs,——and excuse the rest.



F I R S T L A D.

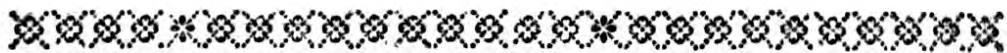
MILTON pursu'd, in Numbers more sublime,
Things unattempted yet in Prose, or Rhime:
'Tis said,——the Bard did but pretend to soar,
For such,——and such——*attempted* them before.

II.

'Tis now an Age ago since *Milton* writ;
The rest—are sunk into Oblivion's Pit:
A Critic diving to their Wrecks, perhaps,
Has, now and then, bro't up some loosen'd Scraps.

III.

We'll not dispute the Value of them now—
But, say one Thing which Critics must allow;
Which all the Nations round us will confess—
Milton alone—attempted with Success.



S E C O N D L A D.

WHEN *Milton's* Ghost into Elysium came,
To mix with Claimants for poetic Fame,
Some rose, the celebrated Bard to meet;
Welcom'd, and laid their Laurels at his Feet.

II.

Immortal Shades, said he, if aught be due
To my Attempts—'tis owing all to you:
Then took the Laurels, fresh'ning from his Hand,
And crown'd the Temples of the sacred Band.

III.

III.

Others, in Crouds, stood muttering behind,
 Who is the Guest?—He looks as he were blind——
 O! this is *Milton*, to be sure——the Man
 That stole, from others, all his rhymeless Plan;

IV.

From those conceited Gentlemen, perchance,
 That rush to hail him with such Complaisance;
 Ay——that's the Reason of this fawning Fufs;
 I like him not——he never stole from *us*.



T H I R D L A D.

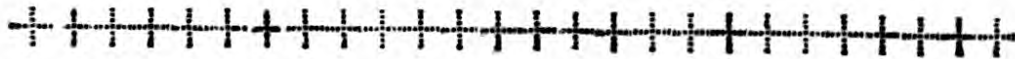
CRIME in a Poet, Sirs, to steal a Thought?
 No, that 'tis not; if it be good for aught:
 'Tis lawful Theft; 'tis laudable to boot;
 'Tis want of Genius if he does not do't:
 The Fool admires——the Man of Sense alone
 Lights on a happy Thought——and makes it all his own;

II.

Flies, like a Bee, along the Muses Field,
 Peeps in, and tastes what any Flow'r can yield,
 Free, from the various Blossom that he meets
 To pick, and cull, and carry Home the Sweets;

While

While, faunt'ring out, the heavy, stingleſs Drone
Amidſt a thouſand Sweets — makes none of 'em his own.



F O U R T H L A D.

A Critic, once, to a *Miltonian*, made
Of *Milton's* Plagiarifms a long Parade;
To prove his Work not owing to his Genius,
But to *Adamus Exul*, and *Maſenius*;
That he had ſtol'n the greater Part, by much,
Both of his Plan, and Matter, from the *Dutch* :

II.

His *Abdiel*, his fine Characters, he took
And heav'nly Scenes, from ſuch, and ſuch a Book;
His helliſh too the ſame; from ſuch a one
He ſtole his *Pandemonium*,——and ſo on——
Till *Milton's* Friend cry'd out, at laſt, quite giddy,
Poh! hold thy Tongue——he ſtole the Devil, did he?



F I F T H L A D.

WHEN *Oxford* ſaw, in her *Radclivian* Dome,
Greek ſkill, and *Roman* rival'd here at Home;
Wond'ring ſhe ſtood; 'till one judicious Spark
Addreſs'd the Crowd, and made this ſage Remark——

S

The

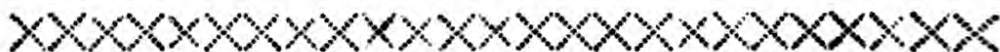
The most unlicenc'd Plagiary——this *Gibbs*——
Nothing in all his Pile, but what he cribs.

II.

The Ground, he builds upon, is not his own——
I know the Quarry whence he had his Stone——
The Forest too where all his Timber grow'd——
The Forge wherein his fused Metals flow'd——
In short, survey the Edifice intire,
'Tis all a borrow'd Work, from Base to Spire.

III.

Thus, with our Epic Architect, he deals,
Who says that *Milton* in his Poem steals:
Steals, if he will——but, without Licence? no;
Pedlars in Verse, unmeaningly, do so:
Him *Phæbus* licenc'd; and the *Muses* Nine
Help'd the rare Thief to raise up——A DESIGN.



S I X T H L A D.

*L*AUDER,——thy Authors *Dutch*, and *German*,
There is no need to disinterr, Man:
To search the mould'ring Anecdote,
For Source of all that *Milton* wrote:
We'll own——from these, and many more,
The Bard enrich'd his ample Store.

II. *Phæbus*

II.

Phæbus himself could not escape
 The Tricks of this poetic Ape;
 For, to complete his daring *Vole*,*
 From *his* enliven'd Wheels he stole,
Prometheus-like, the Solar Ray,
 That animated all his Clay.

III.

Prometheus-like, then, chain him down;
 Prey on his Vitals of Renown;
 With critic Talons, and with Beak,
 Upon his Fame thy Vengeance wreak:
 It grows again, at ev'ry Hour,
 Fast as the *Vultur* can devour.



S E V E N T H L A D.

I.

MILTONUM, Vir, O facinus nefarium!
 Exagitavit tanquam Plagiarium:
 Miramur, hanc qui protulisset Thefin,
 Quid esse, Momus, crederet Poefin.
 Num, quæso, vult ut, hâc obstetricante,
 Dicendum sit quod nemo dixit ante?

S 2

II. O

* From the French Word *Vol*, signifying Theft.

II.

O admirandam hominis versuti
 Calliditatem, quâ volebat uti !
 Dixisset ipse, nimium securus,
 Quod nemo dicet præsens, aut futurus,
 Dum Felis unguis persequentur murem,
 Miltonum, scilicet, fuisse Furem.

III.

Exulent ergo, (ejus ex Effatis)
 Quicumque Nomen usurparint Vatis ;
 Nullum vocemus, prorsus, ad Examen
 Eorum Sensum, Vim, aut Modulamen ;
 Furantur omnes——habeamus verum
 Poetam, exhinc, unicum Lauderum !



A DIALOGUE ON CONTENTMENT.

J. **W**HAT Ills, dear *Phebe*, wou'd it not prevent,
To learn this one short Lesson——*be content!*
No very hard Prescription, in effect,
This same Content; and yet, thro' its neglect,
What mighty Evils do we human Elves,
As *Prior* calls us, bring upon ourselves!
Evils that Nature never meant us for,
The Vacuums, that she really does abhor:
Of all the Ways of judging Things amiss,
No Instance shows our Weakness more than this,
That Men on Earth won't set their Hearts at rest,
When God in Heaven does all Things for the best:
What strange, absurd Perverseness!——

P. Hold good Brother,
Don't put yourself, I pray, in such a Pother;
'Tis a fine Thing to be Content; why, true;
'Tis just, and right, we know, as well as you;
And yet, to be so, after all this Rout,
Sometimes has puzzled you yourself, I doubt.
Folks in the Vigour of their Health, and Strength,
May rail at Discontent, in Words at length;
Who yet, when disappointed of their Wishes,
Will put you off with furly Humphs, and Pishes;

Let's

*Let's be content and easy ;—*gen'ral Stuff!
 Your happy People are content enough ;
 If you wou'd reason to the Purpose, shew,
 How they who are unhappy may be so ;
 How they who are in Sicknefs, Want, or Pain,
 May get their Health, Estate, and Ease again :
 How they——

J. Nay, *Phebe*, don't go on so fast ;
 Your just Rebuke now suits yourself at last ;
 Methinks you wander widely from the Fact——
 'Tis not how you, or I, or others act,
 That we are talking of, but how we shou'd——
 A Rule, tho' ill observ'd, may still be good :
 Nor did I say that a contented Will
 Wou'd hinder all, but many Sorts of Ill :
 This it will do ; and, give me Leave to say,
 Much lessen such as it can't take away ;
 You said your self, 'twas just, I think you did——

P. Yes, yes ; I don't deny it——

J. Sense forbid
 That e'er you shou'd ; it's Practice then, perchance,
 Is monstrous hard, in many a Circumstance——

P. Monstrous ? why Monstrous ? let that Word be barr'd,
 And I shan't stick to say, I think it hard,
 And very hard, nay, I cou'd almost add,
 That, in some Cases, 'tis not to be had——

J. Not

J. Not to be had ! *Content* ! it costs us nought ;
 'Tis purchas'd only with a little Thought ;
 We need not fetch it from a distant Clime,
 It may be found at Home, at any Time ;
 Our very Cares contribute to its Growth,
 It knows no Check, but voluntary Sloth ;
 None but our selves can rob us of its Fruit ;
 It finds, whene'er we use it, fresh Recruit ;
 The more we gather, still the more it thrives,
 Fresh as our Hopes, and lasting as our Lives :
 Not to be had is wrong ;——but I forgot,
 You did not say quite absolutely not,
 But cou'd *almost* have said so ; the *almost*,
 Perhaps, was meant against a florid Boast
 Of such Content as, when a Tryal came
 Severe enough, wou'd hardly own its Name——

P. Perhaps it was, and now your Fire is spent,
 You can reflect, I find, that this Content,
 Which you are fond of celebrating so,
 May, now and then, be difficult to show,
 So difficult that——

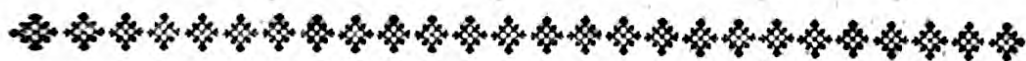
J. Hold a bit—— or ten
 To one the Chance, that I shall fire again ;
 'Tis just and right, you own, as well as me ;
 Now, for my Part, I rather chuse to see
 The Easiness of what is just and right,
 Which makes it more encouraging to Sight ;

Than

Than scarecrow Hardships, that almost declare
 Content an un-come-at-able Affair ;
 And, consequently, tempt one to distrust,
 For Difficulties, what is right and just :
 Thus I object to Hardship ; if you please,
 Show for what Reason you object to Ease——

P. Why, for this Reason,——tho' it shou'd be true,
 That what is just and right, is easy too,
 Such Ease is nothing of a talking kind,
 But of right Will, that likes to be resign'd,
 And cherishes a Grace which, with regard
 To the unpractis'd, may sometimes be hard :
 You treat Content as if it were a Weed,
 Of neither Cost, nor Culture ; when indeed,
 It is as fine a Flower as can be found,
 Within the Minds best cultivated Ground ;
 Where, like a Seed, it must have light and Air
 To help its Growth, according to the Care
 That Owners take, whose philosophic Skill
 Will much depend upon the Weather still ;
 Good shou'd not make them careless, nor shou'd bad
 Discourage——

J. Right, provided it be had,
 I'll not dispute ; but own, what you have said
 Has hit the Nail, directly, on the Head :
 Easy or hard, all Pains, within our Pow'r,
 Are well bestow'd on such a charming Flow'r.



T O M the P O R T E R.

AS *Tom* the Porter went up *Ludgate-Hill*,
A fwinging Show'r oblig'd him to stand still ;
So, in the Right-hand Passage thro' the Gate,
He pitch'd his Burden down, just by the Grate,
From whence the doleful Accent sounds away,
“ *Pity—the Poor—and Hungry—Debtors—pray.*”

To the same Garrison, from *Paul's Church-yard*,
An half-drown'd Soldier ran to mount the Guard :
Now *Tom*, it seems, the *Ludgateer*, and he
Were old Acquaintance, formerly, all three ;
And as the Coast was clear, by cloudy Weather,
They quickly fell into Discourse together.

'Twas in *December*, when the *Highland Clans*
Had got to *Derbyshire* from *Preston Pans* ;
And struck all *London* with a general Panic—
But mark the Force of Principles *Britannic*.

The Soldier told 'em fresh the City News,
Just piping hot from *Stockjobbers*, and *Jews* ;
Of *French* Fleets landing, and of *Dutch* Neutrality ;
Of Jealousies at Court amongst the Quality ;
Of *Swarston-Bridge*, that never was pull'd down ;
Of all the Rebels in full March to Town ;

T

And

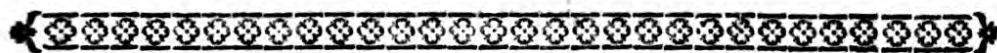
And of a hundred Things beside, that made
 Lord May'r himself, and Aldermen afraid;
 Painting with many an Oath the Case in View,
 And ask'd the Porter——what he thought to do?

Do? says he, gravely——what I did before;
 What I have done these thirty Years, and more;
 Carry, as I am like to do, my Pack,
 Glad to maintain my Belly by my Back;
 If that but hold, I care not; for my Part,
 Come as come will, 'tshall never break my Heart;
 I don't see Folks that fight about their Thrones,
 Mind either Soldiers Flesh, or Porters Bones;
 Whoe'er gets better, when the Battle's fought,
 Thy Pay nor mine will be advanc'd a Groat——
 ——But to the Purpose——now we are met here,
 I'll join, if t'will, for one full Mug of Beer.

The Soldier, touch'd a little with Surprise
 To see his Friend's Indifference, replies——
 What you say, *Tom*, I own, is very good,
 But——OUR RELIGION! (and he d——n'd his Blood)
 What will become of OUR RELIGION?——True!
 Says the Jail-Bird——and of OUR FREEDOM too?
 If the PRETENDER (rapt he out) comes on,
 OUR LIBERTIES AND PROPERTIES are gone!

And so the Soldier and the Pris'ner join'd
 To work up *Tom* into a better Mind;
 He staring, dumb, with Wonder struck and Pity,
 Took up his Load, and trudg'd into the City.

A. L. A. N.



A
LANCASHIRE DIALOGUE,*

Occasioned by a
CLERGYMAN'S preaching without Notes.

JAMES.

WUS yo at Church o' Sunday Morning, *John*?

JOHN.

Ay *Jeeams*, I wus—— and wou'd no' but ha' gone
For ne're so mich——what, wur no' yo theer then?

JAMES.

Nou; and I ha' no' mist, I know no' when.

JOHN.

Whoy, yo had e'en faoo Luck on't.

T 2

JAMES.

* It is hoped that the Wit and Humour of the following Dialogues will apologize for their being presented to the Publick, in a Stile, which perhaps may not be very intelligible, to Persons who are Strangers to the *Lancashire* Dialect.

JAMES.

So I hear,
'At maes me ash ye, whether yo wur theer.
They tell'n me that a Pairson coome, and took
His Text bi Hairt—and preacht withaoot a Book.

JOHN.

He did, for fartin—and hauf freeten'd mee—
And moor befoide—but he foon leet us see
He wanted noane.

JAMES.

Whoy, cou'd he do withaoot?

JOHN.

Yoi, better, Mon, bi hauf, for being baoot.
It gan me sich a Notion—for my Pairt,
I think 'at au true Preaching is by Hairt:
Sich as we han I do not meean to bleeame,
But conno' cau it—fairly—bi that Necame.
A Book may do at Whooam—for Larning seeake,
But—in a Pilpit—wheer a Mon shid speeake,
And look at th' Congregation i' their Feeace,
He conno' do't—for Pappers, in a Keeafe:
He ta'es fro' them what he mun fay—and then—
Juft looks—as if he gan it 'um again.

It

It is i'th Church — or one cou'd hairdly tell
But he wur conning fummat to himfel.
Monny a good Thing, theer, I ha' hard read oo'er,
But never knew what Preeaching wus befoor.

JAMES.

And prei ye, *John*, haoo done ye know it naoo?

JOHN.

Lukko——this Mon has tou't it me, fumhaoo.

JAMES.

A ready Scholar!

JOHN.

Scholar? whoy——a Dunce,
May fee, beloike, what's shown him au at wunce.

JAMES.

It ma'es me think——yo're allivated foa——
O' one that's gloppen'd, 'at has feen a Shoa.

JOHN.

Wou'd yo had feen——and hard, as weel as I——
And if I shid say——felt——I shid no' lie——

Whot

Whot it wus moy good Luck to hyear, and fee—
Yo'd a bin gloppen'd too—as weel as me.

JAMES.

Happen, I meeght—but con I understond
Onny thing on't, good *John*, at second Hond?
Yo han this preeching Seeacret, at a Hit—
Con yo remember—haoo it wus—a Bit?

JOHN.

Con yo remember—comes into mi Hyead—
Yoar telling once o' whot your Lowyer said
Agen *ou'd Hunks*—the Justice o'the Peeace,
'At wou'd ha' ta'en away your Faither's Leease;
Haoo yo discroib'd him—what a Mon o'th Lows!
What a fine Tungue! and haoo he geet the Coaze:
Haoo thooas, at wur not at the Soizes too,
Cou'd no' believe t'one hauf o' whot wus true!

JAMES.

Remember? ay! and shall do, while I'm whick,
Haoo bravely he fund aoot a knavish Trick.
He seeav'd my Faither monny a Starling Paoond,
And bu' for him I had no' bin o'th' Graoond.
That wus a Mon worth hyearing—if your Mon
Cou'd tauk loike him—I shid be gloppen'd, *John*.

But,

But, lukko' me—theeas Lowyers are au tou't
 To speeak their Nomminies, as soon as thou't:
 Haoo done yo think wou'd Judge and Jury look,
 If onny on 'um shid go tak a Book
 Aoot of his Pockett—and so read away?
 They'd'n soon think, he had no' mich to say.
 Aoor honest Lowyer had my Faither's Deed,
 But, Mon, he gan it th' Clark o'th' Coort to read—
 And then—he spooak! and if yo had bu' seen—
 Whoy, th' Judge himsel cou'd ne'er keep off his Een;
 The Jury gaup agen—and weel they meeght;
 For e'ry Word, 'at he had said, wus reeght.

JOHN.

Weel *jeeams*—and if a Mon shid be as wairm
 Abaoot his Hev'n, as yo abaoot yoar Fairm,
 Dunno' yo think, he'd be as pleeast to hear
 A Pairson mak his Reeght to hou'd it clear?
 And show the De'el to be as fause a Foe,
 As that ou'd Rogue the Justice wus to yo?

JAMES.

Naoo, *John*, I see what you been droiving at—
 And I'm o' yoar Oppinion—as to that—
 I shid no' grutch at takking a lung Wauk
 To hyear a Clargyman, that cou'd bu' tauk
 As that Mon did—cou'd farch a Thing to th' Booan—
 And in good yarneft—mak the Coaze his ooan.
 I feeldom

I feeldom mis a *Sunday* hyearing thooas,
 'At preeachen weel enough—as preeaching gooas —
 But I ha' thou't, sometimes, haooever good,
 A Sarmon meeght be better, if it wou'd :
 'At if it cou'd no' make Folks e'en to weep,
 It, fartinly — mit keep 'um aw fro' Sleep :
 Yet I ha' feen 'um nodding, Toimes enoo,
 Not ooanly Childer—but *Church-Wairdens* too.
 Cou'd yoar foine Preeacher — Morning wus too soon —
 Ha' kept Folks wakken, *John*, i'th' Afternoon?

JOHN.

I wish he wou'd ha' tri'd — and, I dare fay,
 That Morning meeght have onswer'd for aw Day :
 He must ha' ta'en a pratty Dose, I think,
 'At cou'd ha' gen that Afternoon a Wink.
 Sich looking ! and sich list'ning ! one mit read
 In e'ry Feeace — ay, *beer's a Mon indeed !*
 Some meeght ha' slept, if he had com'n agen,
 Befoor he spooak — I'm shure they cou'd no' then.

JAMES.

They wurn, its loike, whaint fond o' summut new.

JOHN.

Nea, nea — that winno' hou'd a Sarmon throo —
 Aw they that listen'd, when he first begun,

Kept

Kept list'ning moor, and moor, 'till he had done.
 Had he gone eend away—I gi' mi Word—
 He had me fast bi th' Ears—I'd not ha' stir'd.
 Naoo yo mun think, 'at he taukt weel, at leeast,
 And passing weel—'at Eich-body wur pleeast.
 They wou'd no', likly, give him au their Vooats,
 Ooanly, becofe o' Preeaching withaoot Nooats,

JAMES.

Whoy, but according to my Thinking, *John*,
 It gi's a hugeous Vontidge to a Mon,
 To preeach withaoot Book—if he con bu' do't—
 And he mun needs be better hard to boot.
 Aoor Lowyer had noane—and, I hauf con feel,
 It wus the Reecason whoy he spooak so weel:
 Yet, as yo sen—that ooanly winno' do—
 For th' Mon agen him praited like a Foo.

JOHN.

Jeeams—its een haird upon a Lowyer's Tongue;
 They hoirn it aoot to oather reeght or wrung—
 A diff'rent Keease to that o' Pairsons woide,
 They ar—or shid be—au o' the fame Soide,
 It makes, may hap, aoor Lowyers reeadier far
 To pleead withaoot Book, til aoor Pairsons are.

U

JAMES.

JAMES.

It's loike it duz——for Folks will larn to speek
 Sannner bi hauf, for Contradickshon seeak;
 And specially, if when their Tale is tou'd
 I' Truth, or Loies, they mun be paid i' Goud.
 Pairsons are paid——and, if they win, may pay
 Thir Curates, *John*, to preeach for 'um, or pray;
 And then——they do not, when they ma'en a Raoot,
 Tungue it so mich——as fling thir Book aboot.
 Yet Word o' Maooth, if it be reeght, 's no Sin;
 Whoy conno' Pairsons preeach by't, if they win?

JOHN.

I know no'——Custom's druvn to Extreeams;
 This may be one 'at they han gotten, *Jeeams*;
 Some feeamous Fellies meeght, at first, begin;
 And au the rest han follow'd 'um e're fin:
 When a Bell Weather leaps——but o'er a Stray——
 At that fame Pleck, au th' rest mun jump away.

JAMES.

Marry, I wish 'at Pairsons, one i' ten,
 Wou'd bu' jump back into th' oud Way agen.
 Some han great Books, enoo to fill a Cairt——
 Straunge! 'at they conno' lay a Thing to Hairt,
 Sich as they loiken best, and ha' the Paoor
 To dray it fro' within, for one hauf Haoor!
 Haoor coome this Mon to do't?

JOHN.

JOHN.

I conno' tell——

Do it he did——so yeeasy to himsel——
And yet wi' so mich Yarneftness, and Fooarce,
Of Tungue, and Hond, and Look, and good Discooarfe,
Aw smooth, and clear——and 'ery turn it took,
Still wounding to't, like Weater in a Brook:
'At onny Mon o' Larning, takking Aiam,
Meeght ha' larn't fro' him to ha' done the saime.

JAMES.

Larning! when Preeachers first coome in, they sen,
They wurn no' monny on 'um larned Men,
Nor Gentry nooather——

JOHN

Whoy, and they sen true——
But in aoor Days, I daoot it woono' do,
To ha' thooas preeach 'at comn so meeghty short
O' th' first Beginners, so weel fitted for't.
Wou'd but aoor Gentlemen o' Larning troy
To preeach fro' th' Hairt, and lay their Pappers bye;
We shid no' think warfe on 'um for thir Kin,
Nor loike 'um less, haooever larn'd they bin:
Aoor Folks i' Church Toime, wou'd be moor devaoot,
And moin'd the Bus'ness, 'at they wurn aboot:

And thooas good Sarmons, 'at mooast o'n 'em ma'en,
By aw good Folks wou'd be mich better ta'en.
Witnefs this Gentlemon——o' Sunday Morn——
The best 'at I e're hard fin I wur born.
But——come; I'll fay no moor —— yo'ft hear him first ——
I wish with au my Hairs he wur the worst.

JAMES.

Ay, yo may wish——but will he preeach agen?
Hao ar yo shure o' that?

JOHN.

Nay——foa they sen——
Yo're loike to tak year Chaunce, as weel as I.

JAMES.

If onny comes I'll tak it——*John*——Good bye.





A D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

Sir JOHN JOBSON and HARRY HOMESPUN,

Occasioned by the March of the Highlanders into Lancashire in the Year 1745.

Sir John. **W**AS ye not sadly frighten'd, honest *Harry*,
To see those *Highland Fellows*——

Harry. *Not I, marry,*——

Sir J. No! how comes that?——

H. *Wboy, Sur, I conno' see*
What theer wur in 'um that shid freeten me——

Sir J. So many armed Ruffians as came here,
Was there not cause enough for all to fear?——

H. *Aw whoa, Sur John? it happen mit be so*
Wi' sich foine loardly Gentlemen as yo:
But we poor Foke——

Sir J. Why, prithee, poor or rich,
Is it not much the same?

H. *nou, not so mich;*
We warken hard, as't iz, for meeat and clooas,
And cannot eem to be so feert, God knoos.

Sir J.

Sir J. But, *Harry*, to see Fire and Sword advance !
To have such Enemies as *Rome* and *France* !
Shou'd not this move alike both Rich and Poor,
To drive impending Ruin from their Door ?

H. *As for the Rich, Sur John, I conno' tell,*
But for the Poor, I'll onser for mysel ;
If Fire shid come, I ha' nout for it to brun,
Ner wark to find for oather Swoord, or Gun :
For France and Rome my feering is no greater,
They lyen, I think, o'th' tother Side o'th Weater.

Sir J. You don't confider what may be the End
Of such a strange Indifference, my Friend ;
Pray, whether you have more or less to lose,
Wou'd you not guard your Country from its Foes ?

H. *My Country, Sur ? I have, yo' understond,*
In aw the Country not one Inch o' Lond :
They that woud'n feight, and ha' Mon's Blood be spilt,
May if they win, but whoy mun I be kilt ?

Sir J. Your Country, Friend, is not the Ground alone ;
There is the King, that fits upon the Throne ;
The *Protestant Succession* lies at Stake,
That bloody-minded *Papists* want to shake :
Now you have some Religion left, I hope,
And wou'd not tamely give it to the *Pope*.

H. *He wou'd no' have it, happen, if I wou'd,*
Th' oud Mon beloike mit think his oan as gud ;
And true Religion, Sur, if I have onny,
No Mon i'th' Ward con tak it fro me, con he ?

Sir J.

Sir J. If you but knew, Friend *Harry*, what a Scene
Of Mischiefs happen'd in King *James's* Reign;
How, but for *Orange's* immortal Prince,
The *Protestants* had all been kill'd long since;
If I should tell you —

H. Nay, we aw, *Sur John*,
Known weel enough that yo're a larnid Mon;
So wus my Gronsfayther, and ore his Ale
Monny a Toime has toud another Tale;
And I darr say mi Gronsfayther toud true;
For, lukko me, th' oud Felly wus no Foo,
Nor Rebbil noather —

Sir J. And what was't he tou'd?

H. Whoy! moor a deeal than my *Brainpon* con houd.
Its like yo known as haoo Sur, th' Oliverians
Cut off th' King's Hyead —

Sir J. Yes,

H. And haoo th' *Presbyterians*
Turnt aoot his Son, and maden a Rebelution.

Sir J. They did it Man to save the Constitution;
'Twas Churchmen too that brought King *William* in,
As well as they —

H. Whoy, be they whoa they winn,
One Egg, he sed, wus ne'er moor loike another,
Than thooas two mac o' Foke, wurn like tone tother:

They

*They wurn at aw toimes En'mies to th' blood Royal,
And naoo woud'n ha' it, that none but hom are loyal :
Hao con that be Sur ?*

Sir J. Why, I'll tell thee how——

H. Nay, but yo connot——

Sir J. Well, but hear me now——
Our Kings are Stewards——

H. Sur, yo meean they wurn,
For Things, yo known, han tan another Turn ;
The Stuarts Race is——

Sir J. Poh ! thou takes me wrong——

H. Hao mun I tak o'reet ?

Sir J. I fay, so long
As Kings are our Protectors——

H. Luk ye theer !
Oud Oliver agen——

Sir J. Nay, prithee hear,
And keep thy Nonsense in, till I have done——

H. Weel, weel, I'zt hear yours first then, if I mun.

Sir J. The People, Harry, when they all agree——

H. Aw Sur !

Sir J. Be quiet——choofe them a Trustee,
And

And call him King; now, if he break his Trust,
They have a Right to turn him out, and must;
Unless they wou'd be ruin'd; dost thou think
For one Man's swimming all the rest shou'd sink?

H. *To lov'n a King, Sur, waintly; sink or swim,
No Mon, I foind, is to be dracont but him.*

*This choozen King mit happen draoon yo furst,
Then yo mit sink him after, an yo durst.*

*If Folks may tak whot Kings they han a Moind,
Whot Faut wi' aw theese Scotchmen con yo foind?*

Sir J. Hang 'em all——have they not a King already,
That keeps his Contract with the People steady?
Rebels!

H. *Whoy, ay, that's reet, for they wur byetten;
They lost the Feight; but, haoo, if they had gotten,
Wou'd yo ha' lik't it, Sur, if an Heelonder
Had toud o' Sauce for th' Goose wur Sauce for th' Gonder—*

Sir J. Thou'rt a fly Tyke, I'll talk with thee no more—

H. *Whoy, if yo pleeasen then, Sur, ween give ore,
Wishing that e'ry Mon may have his Reet,
Feight as feight winn, and so, Sur John, good Neet.*

Sir J. Thou'lt look, I find, to thy own Carcass still——

H. *Toi, Sur, as lung as ere I con, I will——*



A D I A L O G U E

Between the S A M E,

About compelling a Person to take the Oaths to the Government.

Sir John. **W**HY so grave *Harry*? what's the matter pray?
What makes thee look so sorrowful To-day?

Harry. *Whoy, Sur, I geet sore trubbl'd i' my Moind,
At whot yon Folk han tou'd me, wheer I doind.*

Sir J. Prithee what's that?

H. *They touden me, Sur John,
That yo han sent a Summons to a Mon
To tak an Ooath, a meety lung on' too;
An' they aw sen its moore till he con doo.*

Sir J. Do, or not do, what Bus'ness is't of thine?

H. *Bus'ness? whoy, he's a Naibor, Sur, o'mine;
An' yo han hard, beloike, aoor Pairson tell,
That one mun love their Naibor, as theirsel;
Besoides 'at he's a sarviseable Felly,
As onny 'at we han o'th' Bus'ness, welly.
And, then, an Ooath yo shanno' byear come aoot
O' that Mon's Maooth, Sur John, the year abaoot;
And if he be i'th' Moind, 'at he has been,
To'n foind it mich ado to cram one in.*

Sir J.

Sir J. Harry, that Matter we shall soon discuss;
Trial of Skill is now 'twixt him and us.
We must, and will subdue him, if we can,
He's a *sedition, refractory* Man.

H. Nay, if ye bin for giving, aoot o' Hond,
Hard Words, Sur, 'at one connot understond,
I'll say no moor; or else I ha' ta'en a Wauk,
That yo and I mit'n have a Bit o' Tauk:
But happen naoo yo're not ith' Humour——

Sir J. Yes;
Talk what thou wilt——

H. And' yo'n no' tak't amiss?

Sir J. No——

H. Then I'll tell 'o, Meester, whot I think.

Sir J. Sit thee down first; wilt have a little Drink?

H. Nou; nor yo noather; we'n be soaber booath,
God willing, Sur, and tauk abaoot this Ooath.

Sir J. What dost thou know about it?

H. Whoy, no' mich,
That's true enough, thank God, I'm no' so rich;
But I con guex abaoot it weel enough:
Foke, 'at han tan it, sen it's weary tough;
There's monny a one that wou'd ha' gen a Craoon
With aw his Heart, he neer had leet it daoon.

Sir J. But it shall cost this Fellow more than so,
If he don't take it, that I'll let him know.

H. Win ye, Sur ?

Sir J. Yes, I will.

H. And if yo win,
Sur John, yo're guilty of a wicked Sin.

Sir J. Am I? how so?

H. Whoy, dunnot yo maintain
That Mon may tak God's holy Name i' vain?

Sir J. No indeed, don't I; 'tis what I abhor.

H. Then, pray ye naoo, whot is this Summons for?
Is it not sent to make a Mon to swear
Summot abaoot the King, and his reet Heir?
And are not yo weel satisfy'd, to boot,
That he mun tak God's Name i' vain to do't?

Sir J. That's his Affair to look to, and not ours;
We act according to the legal Pow'rs:
If private Conscience flight the public Call,
It must e'en take the Consequence, that's all.

H. Marry, enough o'Conscience, and good Feeake
Too mich by hauf, if Consciences may specak.
What mak' han yo'—to make another Mon
T' swear agen his——what cawn ye that, *Sur John?*

Sir J.

Sir J. We cannot make him, Man, unless he will.

H. Sur, Sur, it comes to the same Mischief still,
 Or warse, if oather; for, if he fears God,
 And winno' swear, then yo tan up the Rod:
 Here's a Commandment kept, that God has spokken,
 And he mun pay—for one o' yo'rs that's brokken:
 I say agen, that shift it haoo yo win,
 Sur John, yo're guilty of a wicked Sin.

Sir J. Harry, as Justice of the Peace, I'm ty'd
 For public Peace and Safety to provide;
 So are my Brethren; now with this Intent,
 The Law directs our Summons to be sent;
 If disaffected Persons will not give
 The Constitution, under which they live,
 Proper Security, they must be made
 To feel the Force of what they wou'd evade:
 If we shou'd suffer these nonjuring Knaves,
 We shall in Time be Papists all, and Slaves.

H. Papists and Slaves! whoy, good Sur John, the Pope,
 The Deel himsel, con do no moor, I hope,
 Then tempt a Mon to utter with his Tung,
 P th' Name o' God, whot he believes is rung.
 Mun we be Papists, if we dunnot make
 A Mon belye his Maker, for aoor Sake?
 Mun we be Slaves, except we forcen Foke
 To come, and put their Necks into aoor Yoke?

Sir J.

Sir J. Thou dost not, Harry, understand the Laws——

H. *Whoy, han they, Sur, sich desperate lung Claws,
That a Mon's Conscience, hid within his Hairs,
Mun be scratch'd aoot on't by 'um? for my Pairt,
Laws, or noa Laws, I'm sure we shidden do,
As we aw wisshen to be done unto.*

Sir J. Good Faith! thou preacheest tolerably well;
But wouldst thou have thy Neighbour to rebell?
To make Disturbances in Church and State,
And not be punish'd till it is too late?
Magistrates, Man, must have a Care in Time,
And in the Bud must nip the sprouting Crime.

H. *Nip it i'th' Bud? and so it mun be doon,
To thinken then, by punishing too soon?
Magistrates, Sur, so haesty, and so hard,
Ma'en aw th' Rebellions, 'at thir ar i'th' Ward.
Let Foke be quiet, when they are so, Sur,
And noather Church nor State will mak a Stur;
But to be made to pay, or be forswaurn,
Vexes 'em booath, as sure as yo are baur'n.
Whoy mun yo mak my Naibor pay sich Scores?
His Sowl is his, as weel as yoars is yoars.*

Sir J. The Law, not I, obliges him to pay.

H. *Whoy win yo tak that Law agen him, hay?
If yo mun do't, whether yo win or not,
Are yo a Papist, or a Slave, or whot?*

*Tell me, if this faoo Play be not your oan,
What mun yo pay for letting him alooan?*

Sir J. I pay? no Law obliges me to that—
What is it, *Harry*, that thou would'st be at?

H. *Whoy, Sur, at this—When Laws ma'en mich adoo,
Monny a wise Mon is made into a Foo;
Freeten'd, o'th' sudden, aoot of his reet Sense,
He'll sell his Wits and aw, to save his Pence.
But, pray, whot Mon, with hauf o' your good Thout,
Wou'd do his Naibor an ill Turn for Nout?
When he himsel gets nere a Farthing by't,
But shaum of hurting aoot of arrant Spite:
This is the Wark, if yo'n consider weel,
Not of a Mon, Sur John, but of a Deel;
If one cud tak a Look i' that Mon's Breast,
We shudden see him what they cawn posselt.*

Sir J. Thou mak'st a Devil of me—very well!

H. *Nou, nou; it's yo that ma'en one o' yo'rsel;
I'd make a Mon o' ye, Sur, if I coud,
A gradely Mon, that seeches to do good;
And not to labbor Books, and sarch a Cawse
For hately Doings in hard favord Laws.*

Sir J. Thou sarches me, I'm sure---where hast thou had
This fame Book-searching Information, Lad?
We have, 'tis true, been studying in what Shape
We best might catch thy Neighbour in a Scrape;

But

But, by thy Talking, we might spare the Pains,
And better Bus'ness might employ our Brains.

H. *Ay marry meeght it; thooas, that lettén aoot
Their Breeans to Mischief, mit as weet be baoot;
Whoile they done so, it con be no greeat News,
That Fokes shid caw 'um summat warfe then Foos.*

Sir J. Harry, thou'rt got into a talking Cue.

H. *To gin me Leef, Sur, do not ye—*

Sir J. I do.

Now, prithee, tell me then, and talk away,
Nor mince the Matter, what do People say?

H. *I'll tell o', Sur——aor Justices, they sen,
That tan themselves to be sich loyal Men,
Makken moor Enemies to th' King and Craoon,
Till onny Twenty Men besaide i'th' Tæon;
They praisén mich this Government of aors,
Becose it has no harbittary Paoors:
For Trade, Religion, Liberties enjoy'd,
It sheds aw th' Governments i'th' Ward besaide:
His oan Oppinion e'ry Mon may take;
Noa Parsecution in't for Conscience Sake:
Monny sich Words they han, as smooth as Oyl,
And Deeds as sharp as Alegar au th' whoile;
They getten to a CORNER by 'umfels,
And there they done, i'th' Ward o' God, nowt elz,*

But

*But tan their Books, their Bacco, and their Beer,
And conjurn up poor Fellows to appear ;
And then the goss'ring, what'n ye caw it, Corum,
Mun buff and ding, and carry au before 'um,*

*Sir J. A fine Description truly ! and quite free !
But, Harry, how did it appear to thee ?
Could'st thou not find, where thou hast been to dine,
One Word to say for an old Friend of thine.*

*H. Yoi, Sur, I said as mich as e'er I coud,
But whaint ado I had to mak it good.
This Summons, Sur, this Summons ! fie upon't !
Whot arguf'd my Tung agen yoar Hondt ?
Whene'er they thrutten that into my Dish,
It strick me dumb aootreet as onny Fish :
Had I gooa on, I know, Sur, what I know,
They'd soon ha' said I wur as bad as yo.
Yo conno' think, if I may be believ'd,
Yo conno' think, Sur, haoo my Heart wus griev'd ;
I'd fain ha' yo belov'd, Sur, in yoar Turn,
As aw your Anciters before ye wurn ;
And I believe that nene o' th' Race before,
Be who they win, cou'd e'er desarve it moor ;
If thooas good Qualities, that God has gin ye,
Mit but appear withaoot, as they are in ye :
But i' this one faoo Pleck, I need mun say,
Yo generaten fro' 'um quite away.
I hope you tan it i' good Part, Sur John :
I meean to sarve ye——*

Sir J. Honest Lad, go on,
I think thou dost ; thee I shall sooner heed
Than twenty prating Wifeacres — proceed.

H. *Whoy then, Sur John, if I may be so boud,*
Good Will, when gotten, is as good as Goud :
Yoar Faither left ye here a foine Estate,
He sout his Naibors Love, and not their Hate ;
His Principles wurn of another Mack
From thooas, 'at yo han been advoisd to tak :
This greeat lung Ooath he ne'er coud understond ;
If yo bin wiser, naoo yo han his Lond,
Better for yo——and yet I conno' skill,
Haoo it shid happen——but be that as't will ;
Yet for yoar Faither's Seeake, 'at's deead and gone,
Yo shid'n consider wi' yoar sel, Sur John,
Whether its bondfom for his Son and Heir
To foorce loike-moinded Men to come and swear :
Monny han said, that seen ye so behave,
Sur John here tramples on his Faither's Grave.
If, when th' oud Mester wur alive himsel,
The Justices, for Fear he shid rebell,
Had usend him as yo done other Foke,
Yoar Wheels had wanted monny a pratty Spoke :
Had he been made, agen his oan Consent,
A Papish, Sur, by Act o' Parliament,
To woud'n ha' caw'd 'um by their proper Name,
That did the Thing, tho naoo yo done the same ;
Th' oud Mon's hard yoozitch woud ha' raisd yoar Blood——

Sir J. So really, Harry, I believe it wou'd ;

I thou'd

I shou^d not quietly have fitten still,
Had any of 'em us'd *my Father* ill.

H. *Whoy, Sur, and conno' yo think at it then,
And show some Marcy naoo to other Men?
Suppose this Mon, becofe he conno' think
Just as yo done, bad nooather Meeat nor Drink;
Coud no', becofe 'at Laws ma'en sich a Paoofe,
Wark in his Bus'ness, and maintain his Hooofe;
But aw his Children wurn to beg i'th' Street——
Wouden yo think it sich a blessed Seet?
Woud no' yo say, at seeing Rag, and Ruin,
The Deel wus in me! what wus I adoing?——
Yo gan me Leeaf to tauk, Sur——*

Sir J. So I did,
And must confes that I am fairly chid;
Thy honest Bluntness oft has made me smile,
Harry, but I ne'er hed thee all the while:
Now I believe that *thou* hast gain'd thy End,
And *I*, a better Temper tow'rds thy Friend.

H. *Eh! Sur! God send it! if yoar Heart wur oppen'd
To loving Thouts, hoo Naibors wou'd be gloppen'd!
Before this Justicing made sich a Pother,
Hoo naiburly we liven'd with t'qne t'other!
But naoo——*

Sir J. Well, *Harry*, thou hast said enough;
I hope, I shan't hereafter be so rough;
Nor sharpen, when they come within my Sphere,
Laws, of themselves, sufficiently severe;

When thou shalt see him, tell *thy Friend* from me,
 If he'll be quiet, quiet he shall be ;
 Tell all thy Neighbours that the Thing is done,
 The *Father's* Memory shan't reproach the *Son* ;
 Tho' all his Thoughts and mine were not the same,
 His Worth and Virtues shall direct my Aim.
 And now I have confest to thee, Friend *Harry*,
 We'll call another Cause, if thou canst tarry ;
 This thou hast richly merited to win :
 Here ! who's in waiting ? bring a Tankard in.

H. *Nay, Sur, yo mun excuse me, if yo pleeasen ;*
Yoar Kindness here, in harkening to Reeason,
Has made my Hairs, (dry as a Kex, Sur John,)
Weeter and leeter, till good Likkor con :
I'll go my Ways, Sur, whooam, afore it's dark,
And let aoor Naibors know o' this Day's Wark ;
I lung to see 'um, feeling whot I feel,
At present, Sur, God blefs ye ! and faraweel.





A genuine D I A L O G U E

Between a Gentlewoman at Derby, and
her Maid Jenny,

In the Beginning of December 1745.

Mrs. *JENNY* come here: I'm told that you have been
To see this Man.

Jen. *What Man?*

Mrs. Why you have seen
The young *Pretender*, Huffy, at his Lodging——
Is it not so? —— come, tell me without dodging.

Jen. *Why really, Madam, I was passing by,
Thinking no harm——not in the least——not I;
And somebody or other that I met——*

Mrs. What somebody?

Jen. *Indeed, now I forget——
Said what a handsome Man he was——and so,
Begging your Pardon, Madam, I did go,
But had no ill Intention in the Thing——
A Cat may look——as Folks say——at a KING.*

Mrs. King——do you call him? ye rebellious Slut!

Jen. *I did not call him so, good Madam, but——*

Mrs. But

Mrs. But me no butting, not another Day,
Shall any Rebel in my Service stay ;
I owe you Twenty Shillings——there's a Guinea ——
Pack up, and go about your Bufinefs, *Jenny*——
Matters are come indeed to a fine Pafs !
The next Thing, I fuppofe, you'll go to Mafs.

Jen. *To Mafs? What Road? For I don't know the Place,
Nor cou'd I tell which Way to turn my Face.*

Mrs. Turn!——you'll turn *Papift*, and believe Black's
White.

Jen. *Why, blefs me, Madam, I han't loft my Sight !*

Mrs. And then the Priest will bid you cut my Throat.

Jen. *Dear loving Miftrefs ; how you talk by Rote !
I wou'd not hurt a Hair of your dear Head,
Were all the Priests in Mafs to kill me dead ;
And I don't fay it with Design to brag,
Since I've been with you——you han't loft a Rag :
I cut your Throat ! because I faw the P——e,
And never thought of Black or White e'er fince.*

Mrs. Good ! this is you that did not call him K——g ;
And is not P——e, ye Minx, the felf-fame Thing ?

Jen. *You are fo hafty, Madam ! with your Snarles ——
Wou'd you have me call the Gentleman plain Ch——s ?*

Mrs. P—— Ch——s again !——fpeak out your Treafon
Tales ;

His R——l H——s, Ch——s, the P—— of W——s !

Jen. *Ob !*

Jen. *Oh! Madam, you say more of him than me,
For I said nothing of his Pedigree.*

Mrs. Pedigree! Fool——what would the Wench be at?
What Pedigree has any Bastard Brat?

Jen. *Nay, I'm no Harold, be he what he will,
He is a charming Man to look at, still:
When I was got in there, amongst the Throng,
His R——l H——s——*

Mrs. Huffy, hold your Tongue.

Jen. *You call'd him so yourself but just e'en now.*

Mrs. Yes, so I did——but then, the Manner how?

Jen. *And will you turn a Servant out o' Doors,
Because her Manners ben't so fine as yours?*

Mrs. Jenny! I say, you had no Buſineſs neither
To ſee the Creature, or go near him either.

Jen. Creature?---*Nay, Pardon, Madam, he's no Creature,
But a ſweet comely Chriſtian, ev'ry Feature.*

Mrs. No Creature!---Wou'd you worship him, you Dunce?

Jen. *I wou'd——you were to ſee his Worſhip once.*

Mrs. How can the Girl croſs Questions like a Fool!
Or think that I ſhould go and ſee the Tool!
Jenny!——tho' you have done ſo much amiſs,
I pity——ſuch an Ignorance as this,

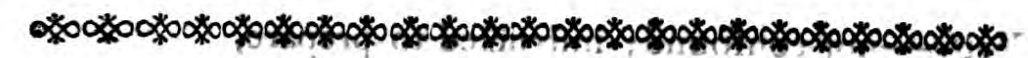
If

If you'll go mind your Work as heretofore,
And keep at home, I'll pass the Matter o'er.

Jen. *Ab! Madam, you're so good, let me but speak
My simple Mind,—or else my Heart will break —
I've such a strange foreboding in my Heart,
If you but saw him once,—we shou'd not part :
Do see him once—what harm is there in seeing ?
If after that there be not an agreeing,
Then call me twenty Rebel Sluts—if you,
When you have seen him, ben't a Rebel too.*

Now, whether Jenny did persuade her Dame,
Is not, as yet, betrumpeted by Fame :
Sometimes there happen to be secret Views,
That are not put into the publick News :
But, by Report, that private Rumour gives,
She'll never part with Jenny while she lives.





THE
C O N T R A S T

Between Two Executed LORDS.

AS Crouds attended when the fatal Blow
Took off KILMARNOCK, and BALMERINO,
Men were surpriz'd, that Warriors on a Side
Should in the common Field of Death divide;
By the same Path descending to the Grave,
In the same Cause so widely to behave!
What turns of Anger, Pity, Censure, Praise,
Did such a Contrast of Deportment raise!

ONE—struck with Horror, at Rebellion's Crime,
Seeks, by Repentance, to redeem the Time;
Begs of offended Majesty the Grace,
That future Conduct may the past efface;
Wou'd live—but—only 'till his Blood be spilt
In such a Cause—as may atone for guilt;
Wou'd die—if such shall be his Sovereign's Doom,
And, praying for his Race, approach the Tomb.

Approach he must—and be the first to bleed;
The Scene beheld—'*tis terrible indeed!*
The sable Scaffold, Coffin, Ax, and Block,
And circling Eyes on him concenter'd, flock,

Z

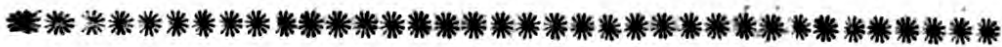
Yet—

Yet——not confound; instructed to prepare,
 He meets with Death——too serious to dare :
 Receives (his Crime avow'd, and Mercy clos'd)
 Th' impending Stroke——reluctantly compos'd.

The OTHER——firm, and steady in the Cause
 Of injur'd Monarchs, and of ancient Laws,
 By change of Conduct never stain'd his Fame,
 Child, Youth, and Man, his Principles the same :
 How greatly generous his last Adieu !
 That from his Friend one more Confession drew :
 He clears his Prince's Honour, and his own,
 And only forrows——not to die alone.

Pledge me, he cries, one Step to Heav'n, my Friends;
 And, in his wonted Dress, thereon ascends ;
 Scorning, when past through Life with Conscience clear,
 In Death to play the Hypocrite——and fear :
 His Head adorned with the *Scottish* Plaid,
 His Heart confiding upon God for Aid,
 He, as a Guest, invites his welcome Fate,
Gallant, Intrepid, Fearless, and Sedate.

What shall we say? If both of them were bad,
 The one was *Coward*——and the other *Mad* :
 If one was wrong——the other in the Right ;
 The which——'tis plain to ev'ry Party-Wight :
 If each obey'd the Dictates of his Breast,
 And of true Worth Sincerity be Test ;
 Then, to KILMARNOCK's Penitence give Quarter,
 And write BALMERINO——a valiant Martyr.



A N

EPISTLE to a FRIEND,

On the Art of ENGLISH POETRY.

THE Art of English Poetry, I find,
At present, *Jenkins*, occupies your Mind;
You have a vast Desire to it, you say,
And want my Help to put you in the Way;
Want me to tell what Books you are to read;
How to begin, at first, and how proceed——

Now, tho' in Short-hand I may well pretend
To give Directions, my *Salopian* Friend,
As having had the Honour to impart
Its full Perfection to that *English* Art;
Which you, and many a sagacious Youth,
By sure Experience, know to be the Truth;
Yet how, in Matters of poetic Reach,
Untaught myself, shall I pretend to teach?
Well I remember that my younger Breast
The same Desire, that reigns in yours, possess;
Me, Numbers flowing to a measur'd Time,
Me, sweetest Grace of *English* Verse, the Rhime,
Choice Epithet, and smooth descriptive Line,
Conspiring all to finish one Design,

Smit with Delight, full negligent of Prose,
 And, thro' mere liking, tempted to compose,
 To rate, according to my Schoolboy Schemes,
 Ten Lines in Verse worth half a hundred Themes.

Without one living Person to consult,
 The Years went on, from tender to adult ;
 And, as for poring to consult the dead,
 Truly, that never came into my Head :
 Not *Homer, Virgil, Horace!* (if you ask)
 Why, yes, the Rod would send me to the Task ;
 But all the Consultation that came out
 Had its own End—to scape the whipping Bout.
 Beside, if Subject wanted to be sung,
 The Muse was question'd in the vulgar Tongue ;
 Who, if she could not answer well in that,
 Would hardly mend herself in *Greek* or *Lat.*

But poor Encouragement for you to hope
 That my Instructions will attain the Scope :
 Yet since the Help, which you are pleas'd to seek,
 Does not concern the *Latin*, or the *Greek* ;
 In ancient Classics, tho', but little read,
 I know, and care as little what they said,
 In plain, familiar *English*, for your Sake,
 This untri'd Province I will undertake ;
 And Rules, for Verse, as readily instill,
 As if Ability had equall'd Will :
 Fair Stipulation, first, on either Side,
 In Form, and Manner, here annex'd, imply'd—
 Conditions

Conditions are—that, if the Muse should err,
 You gave th' Occasion, and must pardon her ;
 If aught occur, on sitting down to try,
 That may deserve the casting of your Eye ;
 If Hint arise, in any Sort, to suit
 With your Intent—you shall be welcome to't.

You may remember, when you first began
 To learn the truly tachygraphic Plan,
 How tracing, Step by Step, the simplest Line,
 We grounded, rais'd, and finish'd our Design :
 How we examin'd Language, and its Pow'rs,
 And then adjusted ev'ry Stroke to ours :
 Whilst the same Method, follow'd, in the main,
 Made other Matters more concisely plain ;
 Made *English, French, Italian*—*Hebrew* too—
 Appear the clearest in a Short-hand View ;
 Which, in all Points, where Language was concern'd,
 Explain'd how best, and soonest they were learn'd ;
 Shew'd where to end, as well as to commence,
 At that one, central, point of View—Good Sense.

There fix your Eye then,—if you mean to write
 Verse that is fit to read, or to recite :
 A Poet, flighting this initial Rule,
 Is but, at best, an artificial Fool ;
 Of learning Verse quite needless the Expence,
 Plain Prose might serve to show his want of Sense.

But

But you, who have it, and would give to Prose
 The Grace, that English Poetry bestows,
 Consider how the Short-hand Scheme, in Part,
 May be appli'd to the poetic Art :
 To write, or read in that, you understood,
 There must be Sense, and Sense that must be good ;
 The more that Words were proper, and exact,
 In Book, or Speech, the more we could contract :
 The *Hand*, you know, became a kind of Test,
 In this Respect, what Writings were the best :
 If incorrect the Language, or absurd,
 It cost the fuller noting of each Word ;
 But, when more apt, grammatical, and true,
 Full oft, a Letter for a Word would do.

Form to yourself, directly, the Design
 Of so constructing a poetic Line ;
 That it may cost, in writing it *our* Way,
 The least Expence of Ink, as one may say ;
 That Word, or Phrase—in Measure that you please,—
 May come the nearest to prosaic Ease :
 You'll see the Cases from the Rule exempt,
 Whilst it directs, in gen'ral, your Attempt ;
 How Word, or Sentence, you may oft transpose,
 And Verse be, still, as natural as Prose.

As natural—for, tho' we call it Art,
 The Worth in Poetry is Nature's Part :
 Here—*Artis est celare artem*—here,
 Art must be hid that Nature may appear ;

So

So lie conceal'd behind the shining Glafs,
 That Nature's Image may the best repafs :
 All o'er, indeed, must Quickfilver be spread,
 But all its uselefs Motion must lie dead.

The Art of Swimming——next that comes to Mind——
 Perhaps may shew you what is here design'd :
 A young Beginner struggling, you may see,
 With all his Might——'twas so at least with me ——
 With all the Splutter of his Limbs to swim,
 And keep his Brains, and Breath, above the Brim ;
 Whilst, the more eager he to gain his Art,
 The sooner ev'ry Limb is thrown athwart ;
 Till by Degrees he learns, with less Ado,
 And gentler Stroke, the Purpose to pursue ;
 To Nature's Motions posing he conforms,
 Nor puts th' unwilling Element in Storms ;
 Taught, as the smoother Wave shall yield, to yield,
 And rule the Surface of the watry Field.

Soon as you can then, learn to lay aside
 All wild Endeavours against Nature's Tide ;
 Which Way she bends take Notice, and comply ;
 The Verse that will not, burn, or throw it by :
 May be the Subject does not suit your Skill——
 Dismiss, dismiss——till one comes up that will :
 If Sense, if Nature succour not the Theme,
 All Art and Skill is Strife against the Stream ;
 If they assist to waft your Verses o'er,
 Stretch forward, and possess the wish'd-for Shore.

'Twas

'Twas from a certain native Sense, and Wit,
 That came——*Poeta nascitur, non fit*——
 Adage forbidding any rhiming Blade,
 That was not born a Poet, to be made :
 For if to sing, (in Music) or to hear,
 Require a natural good Voice, or Ear ;
 If Art and Rule but awkwardly advance,
 Without a previous, pliant Shape, to dance,
 Well may the Muse, before she can inspire,
 Versatile Force of supple Wit require.

Of this if Critics should demand a Sign,
 Strong Inclination should be one of mine ;
 A fair Desire is seldom known to spring,
 But where there is some Fitness for the Thing :
 Tho', by untoward Circumstances check'd,
 There lies a Genius, but without Effect ;
 Many a fine Plant, uncultivated, dies ;
 And worse, with more Encouragement, may rise :
Des Mécénates——what had Maro been,
 Had not *Mécénas* rais'd the Muse within ?

Yours, honest Pupil, when you are inclin'd,
 May verify, according to your Mind ;
 She has no Reason, to no Patron ty'd,
 To prostitute her Favours to a Side ;
 Nor to false Taste, if any such the Age
 Shall run into, to sacrifice her Page ;
 Much less, with any vicious Topic vile,
 An Art of chaster Offspring to defile :

All Verse unworthy of an English Muse,
Of Short-hand Race, she may, and must refuse,

Ancient, and modern Aptitude to run
Into some Errors, which you ought to shun,
Will now and then occasion, I foresee,
In Place, or out, a Præcipe from me:
When this shall happen, never stand to try
The *Where* of its Appearance, but the *Why*;
Left, by Authorities, or old, or new,
You should be tempted to incur them too;
Since the most celebrated Names infer
No Sort of Privilege in you to err;
Far from it — even, where they may excell,
Barely to imitate is not so well;
Much less should their Authority prevail,
Or warrant you to follow, where they fail.

'Tis not to search for Precedents alone,
But how to form a Judgment of your own;
In writing Verse that is your main Affair,
Main End of all my monitory Care,
Who hate Servility to common Law,
That keeps an equitable Right in Awe;
By Use and Custom justifies its Lot,
Its Modes, and Fashions, whether right, or not;
Cramps the free Genius, clips the Muse's Wing,
And to one Poet ties another's String;
Producing, from their hardly various Lines,
So many Copies, and so few Designs.

By neither Names, nor Numbers, be deter'd;
Nor yield to mix amongst the fervile Herd:
Exert the Liberty, which all avow,
Tho' Slaves in Practice—and begin just now,
Begin with me, and construe what I write,
Not to preclude your Judgment, but excite;
Just as you once examin'd what I taught,
From First to last, with unaddicted Thought,
So while, at your Request, I venture here
To play the Master, see that all be clear;
Preserve the Freedom, which you always took,
Nor, if it teach amiss, regard the Book.

Thus, unencumber'd, let us move along,
As Road shall lead us, to the Mount of Song;
Still keeping, so far by Agreement ti'd,
Good Verse in Prospect, and good Sense for Guide.

SENSE presuppos'd, and resolute Intent
To regulate thereby poetic Bent,
Let us examine Language once again,
As erst we did to regulate the Pen;
And then observe how the peculiar Frame
Of Words, in English, may assist your Aim.

The End of Speech, vouchsaf'd to human Kind,
Is to express Conceptions of the Mind:
By painted Speech, or Writing's wond'rous Aid,
The Lines of Thought are legibly display'd;

In any Place, at any Time appear,
 And silent Figure speaks to mental Ear ;
 Surprizing Permanence of Meaning, found
 For distant Voice, and momentary Sound :
 Whether by Heav'n, at first, the huge Effect
 Reveal'd, or by inventive Wit — reflect
 What good may follow, if a Man exert
 The Talent right, what Ill, if he pervert ;
 And to Exertion, whether good, or bad,
 What Strength engaging Poetry may add ;
 That, if successful in your present Drift,
 You may not risk to desecrate the Gift.

You see, in speaking, or by Sound, or Ink,
 The grand inceptive Caution is——to think ;
 To measure, ponder, ruminare, digest,
 Or Phrase whatever, that betokens best
 A due Attention to make Art, and Skill,
 Turn all to Good, or least of all to Ill ;
 Never to give, on any warm Pretence,
 To just Observers Cause of just Offence :
 To Truth, to Good, undoubtedly, belong
 The Skill of Poets, and the Charms of Song.

In Verse, or Prose, in Nature, or in Art,
 The Head begins the Movement, or the Heart ;
 If both unite, if both be clear and sound,
 Then may Perfection in a Work be found ;
 Then does the Preacher, then the Poet shine,
 And justly take the Title of Divine.

By common Sense the World has been all led
 To make Distinction of the Heart and Head;
 Distinction worthy of your keenest Ken,
 In passing Judgment upon Books, and Men;
 Upon Yourself, before you shall submit
 To other Judges what Yourself has writ.

The Heart, the Head, it may suffice to note,
 Two diff'rent Kinds of Poetry promote;
 One more sublime, more sacred, and severe,
 That shines in Poetry's celestial Sphere;
 One of an usefull, tho' an humbler Birth,
 That ornaments its lower Globe of Earth;
 These we shall here ascribe, if you think fit,
 One to good Sense, the other to good Wit;
 And grant that, whichsoever be display'd,
 It must have something of the others Aid;
 Without some Wit Solidity is dull,
 As bad the sprightly Nonsense, to the full.

To clothe them both in Language, and by Rule,
 Let us again revise the Short-hand School,
 And trace the branching Stamens of Discourse
 From their most plain and *primerly* Resource.
 Four Parts of Speech, you know, we us'd to make
 The best Arrangement, for Enquiry's Sake;
 And how, spontaneous, to determine those,
 The Noun, and Adnoun, Verb, and Adverb rose.
 Occurring Hints, but to no Stiffness ti'd
 Of formal Method, let these four divide;

They

They do, in Fact, partition out, you know,
 The Sense of Words, as far as Words can go;
 For of a Thing the clear ideal Sense,
 The Properties that really spring from thence,
 Actions, and Modes of Action that ensue,
 Must all unite to make the Language true;
 If false, some one or other of these four
Unvails Delusion ent'ring at its Door;
 But——wonted Lessons I shall here pass by,
 Trusting to your Remembrance——and apply.

The Noun, the Name, the Substantive, the Thing,
 Let represent the Subject that you sing;
 The main, essential Matter, whereupon
 You mean to set the Muse at Work anon:
 E'er you begin the Verse that you intend,
Respice finem——think upon its End;
 One single Point, on which you are to fix,
 Must govern all that you shall intermix;
 Before you quest for Circumstances round,
 Peg down, at first, the Center of your Ground;
 Each periodic Incident when past,
 Examine gently whether *that* be fast:
 How can you help, if it should e'er come out,
 Mistaking quite the Point you are about?
 How, with no Tether fix'd to your Designs,
 Help incoherent, loose, unmeaning Lines?

You need not ask of classic Rome, or Greece,
 Whether your Work should all be of a Piece;

The

The Thing is plain — and all that Rule can tell
 Is — Memorandum to observe it well ;
 To frame, whatever you shall intersperse
 Of Decoration, well connected Verse ;
 That shall, whatever may across be spread,
 From End to End, maintain an equal Thread ;
 That Botch, or Patch, or clumsy, awkward Seam
 Mar not poetic Unity of Theme.

This Theme, or Subject, for your English Muse
 Belongs, of right, to you and her to choose :
 Your own unbiass'd Inclinations best
 The *freer* Topics for a Verse suggest ;
 All, within Bound of Innocence, is free ;
 And you may range, without consulting me,
 The just, delightfull, and extensive Sphere ;
 All else——what need of Caution to forbear ?
 None——if the Bards, and some of them renown'd,
 Had not transgress'd, and overleap'd the Bound ;
 This may indeed bid you to have a Care,
 Me, to renew the Warning to beware ;
 While, unrestrain'd, you set yourself the Task,
 Let it be harmless, and 'tis all I ask.

Some, to be sure, more excellent, and grand,
 Your practis'd Genius may in Time demand ;
 To these in View, no Doubt, you may, in Will,
 Devote, at present, your compleater Skill ;
 And whilst, in little Essays, you express,
 Or clothe a Thought in versifying Dress,

On fair Ideas they may turn, and juſt,
 And pave the Way to ſomething more auguſt :
 If well your earlier Specimens intend,
 From ſmall Beginnings you may greatly end ;
 Write what the Good may praiſe, as they peruſe,
 And bleſs, with no unfruitfull Fame, the Muſe.

A youthfull Muſe, a ſprightly one, may crave
 To intermix the Chearfull with the Grave——
 Indulge her Choice, nor ſtop the flowing Stream,
 Where Verſe adorns an inoffenſive Theme.
 Unwill'd Endeavour is the ſame as faint,
 And Briſk will languish if it feel Constraint :
 From Task impos'd, from any Kind of Force,
 A ſtiff, and ſtarch'd Production comes, of courſe ;
 Unleſs it ſuit, as it may chance to do,
 The preſent Humour of the Muſe, and you :
 Sooner, ſo ask'd, that willing Numbers flow,
 The more acceptable, and *a propos* ;
 Tho' prompt, if proper the Occaſion riſe,
 Her nimbler Aid no gen'rous Muſe denies ;
 But if a fair, and friendly Call invite,
 Speeds on the Verſe to opportune Delight ;
 Cuts all Delays to Satisfaction ſhort,
 When Friends, and Seasons are in Temper for't :
 As, by this preſent Writing, one may ſee,
 Dear Muſe of mine, is juſt the Caſe with thee.

A gen'rous Muſe, I muſt again repeat,
 Diſdains the poor, poetical Conceit

Of

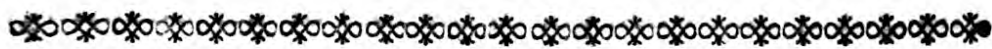
Of poaching Verse, for personal Repute,
 And writing — only to be thought to do't ;
 Without regarding one of its chief Ends,
 At once to profit, and to pleasure Friends.
 Tho' to the Bard she dictate first the Line,
 The Readers Benefit is her Design :
 Mistaken Poets seek for private Fame ;
 'Tis gen'ral Use that sanctifies the Name.

Be free, and choose what Subject then you will,
 But keep your Readers in Remembrance still,
 Your future Judges—— tho' 'tis in your Choice
 In what Committees who shall have a Voice :
 Their Satisfaction if the Muse prefers,
 And their Esteem, who justly merit hers,
 They who do not, however prompt of Throat,
 Stand all excluded from the legal Vote.
 Verse any Readers, for whom Verse is writ,
 May to the Press, or to the Flames commit :
 A Poet signs the Judgment on his Verse,
 If Readers, worthy to be pleas'd, rehearse ;
 But, when the Blockheads meddle in the Cause,
 Laughs at their Blame, and smiles at their Applause.

'Twill add to future versifying Ease
 To think on Judges, whom you ought to please ;
 To fancy some of your selected Friends
 Discussing Points, to which a Subject tends ;
 By whom you guess it would be well discuss'd,
 And Judgment form'd, that you might safely trust ;

If

If you conceive them sitting on the Bench,
Hints, what is fit to add, or to retrench,
Anticipating Fancy may supply,
And save the Trouble to the real Eye :
Judgment awaken'd may improve the Theme
With righter Verdict, tho' the Court's a Dream.



To R. L. Esquire.

On his sending

The A U T H O R a H A R E,

According to an annual Custom.

* **W**HAT! another Hare *Peter*! well, so much the better;
I acknowledge myself to be doubly your Debtor;
Shou'd ha' thank'd you indeed for the last afore now,
But the Forelock of Time has been short, of somehow:
I hope you wont take it, Sir, as an Affront;
'Twas an excellent good one, for what there was on't;
But since, by your Favour here, two at a Time;
Let that be for Sense, and this other for Rhime.

B b

II. Indeed

* N. B. The Author had, this Year, received two Hares from his Friend, and wrote the following Verses in Answer to the Receipt of the latter.

II.

Indeed when old *Jackson* your Namefake, and Neighbour,
 Had brought, what you call'd there, the Fruits of your
 Labour,
 Of a whole Days whole Labour! so labour'd the Mountain,
 Thought I, and when got to the End of her Counting,
 While the Neighbours all round her, with Wonder struck
 dumb,
 Stood to see what huge Monster was coming to come,
 At last, and with much ado, bro't forth a Hero,
 When drest, wou'd have made much the same Bill of
 Fare-o.

III.

Not that I lik'd your Present one Penny the worse;
 No, if you think so, you are out of your Course;
 Your Intention had had the same Courtesy in't, if
 The Fruits of your Labour were ne'er so dimin'tive:
 Nor should I have fail'd of my Thanks, if old *Jackson*
 Had not told me, that he was oblig'd to go back soon;
 I began once to write, but I could not proceed in't,
 And indeed, as it happens——'tis well that I didn't.

IV.

Had I answer'd your *Minor*, perhaps, 'tis a Wager
 Whether ever, or no, I had heard of your *Major*;

But

But now, having laid down your *Premises* twain,
 The *Conclusion* is good, and the *Consequence* plain:
 For as old *Aristotle* said, some Time ago,
 Two Hens, and two Bacons are better than one;
 Second Hares are the best, as a Body may say,
 D'ye take Sir the Force of the Argument? hay?

V.

But as after your short Hare you sent a long Ditto,
 So you shou'd by your Letter, and lengthen out it too:
 You made me to cry, with your bit of a Scrawl,
 Like our *Trinity* Friend, you know who——is this all!
 I expected to find an Account of Miss Pufs
 As long as my Arm, and to fob me off thus!——
 I thought, when a *Cheshire Squire* sent a Hare hither,
 That, at least, he'd ha' sent——the Hare's Pedigree with
 her.

VI.

*Sir *Peter* of *Chester* wou'd ne'er have been hind'red
 From searching of Writings, to find out their Kindred;
 The *Field* they were in he'd ha' blazon'd, I trow;
 And ha' show'd if your *Hares* had been *Cohairs*, or no;
 With many such Questions, so nice, and so knotty,
 Of which you have said——not a Syllable ——
 Yet you fancy that I shou'd have somewhat to say t'em,
 As if I had an'thing to do——but to eat 'em.

B b 2

VIII. “ Dr.

* Sir *P. Leicester*, who published the *Antiquities of Cheshire*,

VII.

“ Dr. JOHN, 'tis long since I receiv'd any Poetry, Argol I've sent Hare and Service unto ye.”
Very good, Master Peter; you think, I suppose,
That Verses, with me, are as common as Prose——
“ I send you a Hare——send you me a Conceit”——
Is the old Grammar Rule then gone out of your Pate?
Did your Master ne'er tell you, amongst other Stories,
The Diff'rence betwixt *Lepōres*, and *Lepōres*?

VIII.

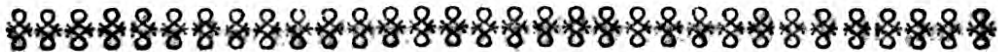
The last Time, indeed, that you sent me a Hare,
My Fury was mov'd with another Affair;
And the Creature arriv'd just as I had my Head full
Of a **Butcher-Hall* Challenge, so dire, and so dreadful——
But now our dear Friend is remov'd to *Cheapside*,
With right Hand, and left Hand, and Pen laid aside;
And, for fear I shou'd take his *Bread* from him, has
fled streight,
From *Butcher-Hall Lane*, to the Corner of *Bread-street*.

IX. Having

* Alluding to an Advertisement appearing, at that Time, in the public News-papers, wherein Weston (concerning whom see the Note P. 16.) asserted the superior Excellence of his own Method of writing Short-hand, in point of Expedition; and offered to make Tryal of Skill therein with our Author or any of his Scholars.

IX.

Having put our Antagonist therefore to Flight,
 I return to the Hare here——adzooks what a Weight!
 The last that you sent us was presently gone,
 But this, o' my Word, is a Whopper o' one——
 Adzookus, whene'er we begin to see th' End on't,
 We'll remember, old *Arnold*! thy worthy Descendant;
 With Knives, and with Forks, and with Spoons we will
 thump her,
 And then to the *Ladies* of *Toft*——in a Bumper.



To the S A M E,

In Answer to the following Letter,

DEAR BYROM,

A Toft Hare was used in former Days to produce a Copy of Verses, and I hope you still like Hares as well as I do Verses; be that as it will, I shall be glad to hear in Verse or Prose that you are as well as I could wish you to be. I grow old, stir little from home, and lament I am not able to put myself in your way as formerly.

P. S. K. George and Mr. Pitt are it seems at present the Darlings of the Nation. I shall hereafter be surpris'd at nothing.

Killed 13th Nov.

DEAR

DEAR *Peter*, this tells you, as soon as it cou'd,
 That the Hare, which you sent us, was tender, and good;
 And we send you thanks for it——You say, “ *a Toft Hare*
Was wont to produce a Verse copied Affair ”——
 Which is true, in the main; but Philosophers, oft,
 Give Effects to wrong Causes; it neither was *Toft*,
 Nor Hare, that was really productive of Metre;
 But, as here you may see by Self-evidence——*Peter*.

II.

The Hare was no more than occasional *Item*,
 That, if Verses were willing, one might as well write 'em;
 And *Toft*, tho' within but a few *Mille Passus*,
 Was as fit for the Purpose, as foreign *Parnassus* :
 It's good-natur'd Owner was proximate Cause
 Of the free-flowing Rhime, and its modifi'd Pause;
 The *Phæbus*, at whose *Innuendo*, the Muse
 Her Assistance, *jam nunc*, knows not how to refuse.

III.

Still, it seems, *you like Verse, as you hope I like Hare*——
 Ay, for Intercourse sake, not the worth of the Ware :
 Shops would answer your Taste with a much better Line;
 And Shambles, with full as good Provender, mine :
 Nay, if one shou'd reflect upon Cruelty's Source,
 In the Gentlemen Butchers, the HUNT, and the COURSE,
'Twere

'Twere enough to prevent either Pudding, or Jelly,
From storing such Carcasses within a Man's Belly.

IV.

Still I think of old *Elwall*, invited to sup
At your *Chester* Abode, when a Hare was cut up,
How he gave me this Answer, concerning this Prog,
— — *Dost thou ever eat Hare? — Do'st thou ever eat Dog? —*
Don't think that, hereby, one intends to degrade
The Presentment, *Sir Peter*, which now you have made;
I would only suggest that the Thanks, which I render,
Stand up, on their Feet, not to Hare, but Hare-sender;

V.

Whose Case you describe so exactly like mine,
That it runneth almost in a parallel Line;
You grow old — I grow older — stir little from home —
I less; and abroad more unable to roam —
You lament that you cannot come in a Friend's way,
As you formerly could — the same also I say.
Now, the Case being common, how should it affect us?
Seeing — *Aliter non fit, Avite, Senectus —*

VI.

With *Gratitude* first, as I take it — a Truth,
Which is common, indeed, both to Age, and to Youth;
But

But, if Youth has neglected to fill up that Page,
 (My case) it belongs to *Excutor Age*
 To supply the defect, which, tho' negligent, still,
 We suppose the said Youth to have had in its *Will*;
 Old *Senectus* is ti'd then, for Benefits lent us,
 To pay the just Debts of *Testator Juventus*.

VII.

With *Temperance* next——since if Gratitude binds,
 For the sake of past Youth, our *Senescence* Minds,
 They must, in a Body more subject to Phthisic,
 Guard against all Excess, and turn Food into Physic:
 One sees how corpuscular Eating, and Drinking,
 Make Youth, in its Mentals, so stout, and unthinking;
 Age, therefore, altho' not so paunchful, or pateful,
 Will be much better off, being sober, and grateful.

VIII.

Two Helps, without which the meer animal Pow'r,
 In young or old Blood, grows insipid, or sour:
 If the two Ventilators of Life do not mix,
 Old Age would, I find, be as cross as two Sticks:
 O grant me, ye Pow'rs both of Verse, and of Prose,
 To be thoughtful, and thankful, choose how the World
 goes!
 Not (tho' the old Man should become twice a Child)
 To be peevish and fretful, but placid and mild.

IX. Now

IX.

Now as touching K. GEORGE, and his Pensioner PITT,
 Your two present Darlings of national Wit;
 And the strange Alterations, that seem, in your Eyes,
 So great, as if nothing henceforth could surprize;
 If you have not yet seen Men, and Matters so vary,
 As to bring you, before, to a *Nil admirari*,
 In this changeable Island, one need not be told
 That you are but a Youngster—but newly grown old.

X.

What a Pleasure to come has our Coming to Age,
 To emancipate Thought from so shifting a Stage!
 And to fix it on Matters, that will, in all Cases,
 Stand firm on their solid, immoveable Bases;
 Real Objects!—Your Epitaph, else, on the Hare—
 KILL'D *November* 13th—is but one of a Pair
 With a poor hunted Peer's, DECOLLAT. such a Day—
 What more than the *Puffs* has the *Peerage*, I pray?

XI.

It would else be too true, what comes into my Mind,
 How our old Master *Bentley* divided Mankind—
 He was talking of Short-Hand, and how an erroneous
Natare the Blockheads had made *Suetonius*
 To write, for *Notare*—the World, he then said,
 Was made up of two Sorts—*Worriers*—*Worried*—

Dick, he told me, should learn, and amidst the World's
Hurry,
As the potenter Choice, be a *Lawyer*——and worry.

XII.

You see now, old Friend, how intentional Aim
Sets out, to comply with your *Copyhold* Claim;
And how Age would run on, if the Muse did not fix
The Rythmus of Daçtyls to ninety and fix;
And prompt what the Household requires me to add——
That, to hear of *Toft* Wellfare, they always are glad;
Being always possess'd of a competent Stock
Of the best of good Wishes for all your whole Flock.



ON INOCULATION.

Written when it first began to be practised in ENGLAND.

I.

I Heard two Neighbours talk, the other Night,
About this new Distemper-giving Plan,
Which some so wrong, and others think so right;
Short was the Dialogue——and thus it ran.

II. If

II.

If I had twenty Children, of my own,
I would inoculate them ev'ry one. —

Ay, but should any of them die! what Moan
Would then be made, for vent'ring thereupon?

III.

No; I should think that I had done the best;
And be resign'd, whatever should befall. —

But could you really be so quite at Rest?
I could — Then why inoculate at all?

IV.

Since to resign a Child to God, who gave,
Is full as easy, and as just a Part,

When sick, and led by Nature to the Grave,
As when in Health, and driv'n to it by Art.





A N

ANSWER to some ENQUIRIES,

C O N C E R N I N G

The A U T H O R ' s O p i n i o n o f a S E R M O N preach-
ed at—— upon the Operation of the Holy Spirit.

SAY to the Sermon? — Why, you all were by,
And heard its whole Contents, as well as I——
Without discussing what the Preacher said,
I'll tell you, Sirs, what came into my Head.

While he went on, and learnedly perplext
The genuine Meaning of his chosen Text,
I cast my Eyes above him, and explor'd
The Dove-like Form upon the sounding Board.

That Bird, thought I, was put there as a Sign
What Kind of Spirit guides a good Divine :
Such as, at first, taught Preachers to impart
The pure and simple Gospel to the Heart :

A perfect, plain, intelligible Rule,
Without the dark Distinctions of the School ;

That,

That, with a nice, sophistical Disguise,
Hide the clear Precepts from the People's Eyes.

Whatever Doctrine in one Age was true
Must needs be so in all succeeding too ;
Tho' Circumstance may change——its inward Aim,
Thro' ev'ry outward State, is still the same.

No thinking Christian can be pleas'd to hear
Men, who pretend to make the Scripture clear,
With low Remarks, upon the Letter play,
And take the Spirit of it quite away.

Be Time, or Place, or Person, or what will,
Urg'd in Support of such a wretched Skill,
It all amounts but to a vain Pretence,
That robs the Gospel of its real Sense,

Taught by the SAVIOUR, and by holy Men,
'Tis, now, the very same that it was then ;
Not to be alter'd by unhallow'd Pains ;
The World may vary, but the Truth remains.

Its consecrated Phrases, one would think,
That Priests, and Pulpits, were not made to sink ;
Profaner Wits can do it that Disgrace——
What Need of *holy Orders* in the Case ?

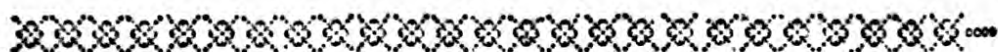
The modish, critical Haranguer, heard,
May be admir'd ; may be perhaps prefer'd ;

Who

Who sinks the Dictates of the sacred Page
Down to the Maxims of the present Age.

But, o'er his founding Canopy, why bring
The harmless Dove to spread its hov'ring Wing?
How, in the Church, by such a Shape, exprest
Fullness of Brain, and Emptiness of Breast?

Of Heads so fatten'd, and of Hearts so starv'd,
A different Emblem should, methinks, be carv'd;
The *Owl of Athens*, and not *Sion's Dove*,
The Bird of Learning, — not the *Bird of Love*.



Remarks on Dr. BROWN's Estimate,

Written in the Character of a Lady.

I.

THE Book appears, to my perusing Sight,
So rambling, scrambling, florid, and polite,
That, tho' a manly skill may trace the Clue,
A simple Female knows not what to do;
Where to begin Remark, or where to close,
Lost in a thousand — Beauties, I suppose.

II. One

II.

One seeming Proof of such a Coalition
Of num'rous Beauties is—a fifth Edition ;
As, reading Authors, I have just now found
In the *Whitehall* —Price Three and Six-pence bound :
Many a good Book, but less of Print concise,
Less clean of Margin, sells for half the Price.

III.

So that the Nation grows in Books, 'tis plain,
* *Luxurious, effeminate and vain :*
That is, the Purchasers—or, if I durst,
I would have said the Writers of 'em first ;
And the luxuriant Framer of this Plan,
First of the first, should be the leading Man.

IV.

Somewhere, before the Middle of the Book,
It seems, the AUTHOR, whom I really took
But for a POLITICIAN, was in fine,
To my Surprise, a PROTESTANT DIVINE :

A

* *We may with Truth and Candour conclude that the ruling Character of the present Times is that of a vain, luxurious, and selfish Effeminacy. Brown's Estimate, Sect. 6th.*

A PROTESTANT DIVINE! in whose high Flight

*The *Question capital* is— who shall fight?

V.

Not who shall *pay*—as some Divines have plan'd,
One has heard tell, the *capital Demand*:
Both needless Questions, when Divines arose,
Who neither su'd their Friends, nor fought their Foes.
Now, what more *vain, effeminate, luxurious,*
Than Parson's Talk, so *capitally* furious?

VI.

Truly, the Works of Distaff, and of Needle
Are worth whole Volumes of courageous Tweedle;
With the Sum total—" BRITONS! all be free;
" Take the BROWN MUSKET up, and follow me:
" Let us be *strong, be hardy, sturdy, rough;*
" TILL WE ARE ALL BEATIFI'D IN BUFF.

I. With

* It hath been urged indeed as a Proof that the natural Spirit of Defence is not yet extinguished, that we raised such large Sums during the Rebellion, and still continue such plentiful Supplies for the support of our Fleets and Armies. This is weak Reasoning: For will not Cowardice at least, as soon as Courage, part with a Shilling, or a Pound, to avoid Danger?—The capital Question therefore still remains—" Not who shall pay, but who shall fight? Sect. 6th.

I.

* **W** I T H Manners just the same, as we are told,

Men are effeminate, and Women bold :

† If aught like Satire, or like Ridicule,

Should seem to rise, we must apply this Rule

To solve the Case——and so, I think, we may——

“ It comes from Folly’s natural Display.”

II.

Person and Dress is left us to apply,

And little else, to know the Sexes by :

Characteristics, formerly made out,

Are now confounded by a present Rout :

All would be lost, if, as the Cassock warm,

With Rage as just, the Petticoat should arm.

III.

But while Men fight, both clergyfi’d and lay,

Who left but Women to cry——*Let us pray !*

D d

While

* *The Sexes have now little other apparent Distinction beyond that of Person and Dress : Their peculiar and characteristic Manners are confounded and lost : The one Sex having advanced into Boldness, as the other have sunk into Effeminacy. Sect. 5.*

† *Thus we have attempted a simple Delineation of the ruling Manners of the Times : If any Thing like Ridicule appears to mix itself with this Review, it ariseth not from the Aggravation, but the natural Display of Folly. Sect. 5.*

While Men are marshalling in *Prose Pindaric*
Religion, Virtue, Warburton, and Garrick,
Women must pray, that Heav'n would yet annex
Some little Grace to the Talk-valiant Sex.

IV.

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY is the manly Sound,
That clads, in Armour, all the Virtues round :
Where is this lovely Country to be sought ?
Why, 'tis GREAT BRITAIN, in their LITTLE Thought :
And the two States, which these Divines advance,
The *Heav'n* of *England*, and the *Hell* of *France*.

V.

Women must pray—and, if Divines can reach
No higher a Theology—must preach.
This World—this Sea-bound Spot of it—may seem
The central Paradise, in Men's Esteem,
Who have great Souls ; but Women, who have none,
Have other Realms to fix their Hearts upon.

VI.

If such there be—the only certain Scheme
To guard against each possible Extreme,
Is to put on, amidst the World's Alarms,
With a good Heart, our *real* Country's Arms ;
FAITH, HOPE, and PATIENCE, from the Tow'rs above,
ALL-BEARING MEEKNESS, AND ALL-CONQU'RING LOVE.

REMARKS



REMARKS on a PAMPHLET,
ENTITLED,

* EPISTLES to the GREAT,
From ARISTIPPUS in Retirement.

In a LETTER to Dr. S——.

DOCTOR, this new poetic Species

Semel may do; but never *decies*:

For a *Chapelle*, or a *Chaulieu*,

The new devis'd Conceit may do;

In rambling Rhimes, *La Farre*, and *Gresset*,

And easy Diction, may express it;

Or Madam's Muse, *Deshoulières*,

Improve it farther still than theirs:

But, in the Name of all the Nine,

Will an epistolary Line,

In English Verse, and English Sense,

Admit, to give them both Offence,

D d 2

" *The*

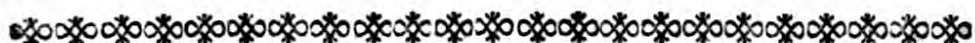
* These Epistles were published in the Year 1757.—" *The Species of Poetry, (says the Editor) in which they are written, has been used with great Success among the French, by CHAPELLE, CHAULIEU, LA FARRE, GRESSET, Madam DESHOULIERES, and Others.*"—To quote from them all the Expressions alluded to in the following Verses, would but swell out the Notes to an unnecessary Length. It is thought sufficient therefore to distinguish such Allusions by Italic Characters.

" *The Gaulbred Insipiditee*

Of this new fangl'd Melodee?
 Indeed it won't—if Gallic Phrase
 Can bear with such enervate Lays,
 Nor *Pleasure*, nor *Pain-pinion'd Hours*
 Can ever suffer them in ours;
 Or, *Ivy-crown'd*, endure a Theme
Silver'd with *Moonshine's Maiden Gleam*:
 Not tho' so garlanded, and flowry,
 So soft, so sweet, so *Myrtle-bowry*;
 So balmy, palmy—and so on—
 As is the Theme here writ upon:
 Writ in a Species that, if taking,
 Portends sad future Verse unmaking:
Brown's Estimate of Times, and Manners,
 That paints Effeminacy's Banners,
 Has not a Proof, in its Detail,
 More plain than this, if this prevail:
 Forbid it sense, forbid it Rhime,
 Whether familiar, or sublime;
 Whether ye guide the Poets Hand
 To easy Diction, or to grand;
 Forbid the Gallic Namby Pamby
 Here to repeat its crazy Crambe:
 One Instance of such special Stuff,
 To see the Way on't, is enough;
 Excus'd for once; if *Aristippus*
 Has any more within his *Cippus*,
 Let him suppress;—or sing 'em He
 With " *gentle Muse, sweet Euterpe* ;

Free to salute her, while they chirp,
 For easier Rhiming——*sweet Euterpe* :
 It is allow'd that Verse, to please,
 Should move along with perfect Ease ;
 But this coxcombically mingling
 Of Rhimes, unrhiming, interjingling,
 For Numbers genuinely British,
 Is quite too finical, and skittish ;
 But for the masculiner *Belles*,
 And the polite He *Me'moiselles* ;
 Whom *Dryads*, *Naiads*, *Nymphs*, and *Fauns*,
Meads, *Woods*, and *Groves*, and *Lakes*, and *Lawns*,
 And *Loves*, and *Doves*——and fifty more
 Such jaded Terms, besprinkl'd o'er
 With compound Epithets uncooth,
 Prompt to pronounce 'em Verse, forsooth !
 Verse let 'em be ; tho', I suppose,
 Some Verse as well might have been Prose,
 That "*England's common Courtesy*
Politely calls good Poetry :"
 For, if the Poetry be good,
 Accent, at least, is understood ;
 Number of Syllables, alone,
 Without the proper Strefs of Tone,
 Will make our Metre flat, and bare,
 As *Hebrew Verse* of Bishop *Hare* :
 Add, that Regard to Rhime is gone,
 And Verse, and Prose, will be all one ;
 Or, what is worse, create a Pother,
 By Species neither one nor t'other :

A Cafe, which there is Room to fear,
 From Dupes of *Aristippus* here— —
 The fancied Sage, in feign'd Retreat,
 Laughs at the Follies of the Great,
 With Wit, Invention, Fancy, Humour
 Enough to gain the Thing a Rumour;
 But if he writes resolv'd to shine
 In unconfin'd, and motley Line,
 Let him pindaric it away,
 And quit the lazy labour'd Lay;
 Leave to *La Farre*, and to *La France*,
 The warbling, soothing *Nonchalance*——
 When will our Bards unlearn, at last,
 The puny Stile, and the Bombast?
 Nor let the pitifull Extremes
 Disgrace the Verse of English Themes;
 Matter, no more, in Manner paint
 Foppish, affected, queer, and quaint;
 Nor bounce above Parnassian Ground,
 To drop the Sense, and catch the Sound:
 Except——in writing for the Stage,
 Where Sound is best for buskin'd Rage;
 Except——in Operas, where Sense
 Is but superfluous Expence:
 Be then the Bards of founding Pitch
 Consign'd to *Garrick*, and to *Rich*;
 To *Tweedledums*, and *Tweedledees*,
 The sngy songing *Euterpees*.



E P I L O G U E

To Hurlothrumbo, or the Supernatural.*

Enter Hurlothrumbo.

LADIES and Gentlemen, my Lord of *Flame*
Has sent me here to thank you in his Name;
Proud of your Smiles, he's mounted many a Story
Above the tip-top Pinnacle of Glory:
Thence he defies the Sons of Clay, the Criticks;
Fellows, says he, that are meer Paralyticks,
With Judgments lame, and Intellects that halt,
Because a Man outruns them—they find fault.
He is indeed, to speak my poor Opinion,
Out of the reach of *critical* Dominion.

[Enter Critick.

Adso! here's one of 'em.—

Cr. A strange odd Play, Sir;

[Enter Author, pushes Hurlothrumbo aside.

Au. Let me come to him—Pray, what's that you say?
Sir?

Cr. I say,

* This Play was written by Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, a Dancing Master, of *Cheshire*, and performed in the Year 1722, at the little Theatre, in the *Hay-market*, where it had a Run of above 30 Nights—We must refer the Reader to the Piece itself, to give him a just Idea of the Humour and Propriety

Cr. I say, Sir, Rules are not observ'd here——

Au. Rules,
Like Clocks and Watches, were all made for Fools.
Rules make a Play? that is——

Cr. What, Mr. Singer?

Au. As if a Knife and Fork should make a Finger.

Cr. Pray Sir, which is the *Hero* of your Play?

Au. Hero? why they're all Heroes in their Way.

Cr. But, here's no *Plot!* or none that's understood.

Au. There's a *Rebellion* tho'; and that's as good.

Cr. No Spirit, nor Genius in't.

Au. Why didn't here

A *SPIRIT*, and a *GENIUS* both appear?

Cr. Poh, 'tis all Stuff and Nonsense——

Au. Lack-a-day!

Why, that's the very *Effence* of a Play.
Your Old-House, New-House, Opera, and Ball,
'Tis NONSENSE, *Critick*, that supports 'em all.

As

priety of the following Epilogue; which was written by our Author, with a friendly Intention to point out to Mr. *Johnson* the Extravagance and Absurdity of his Play—Mr. *Johnson*, however, so far from perceiving the Ridicule, received it as a Compliment, and had it both spoken, and printed.

As you yourselves ingeniously have shown,
Whilst on their Nonsense you have built your own.

Cr. Here wants——

Au. Wants what? why now, for all your canting,
What one Ingredient of a Play is wanting?
Music, Love, War, Death, Madnes without Sham,
Done to the Life, by *Persons* of the *Dram*:
Scenes and Machines, descending and arising;
Thunder and Lightning; ev'ry thing surprizing!

Cr. Play, Farce, or Opera is't?

Au. No matter whether,
'Tis a REHEARSAL of 'em all together.
But come Sir, come, troop off, old Blundermonger,
And interrupt the *Epilogue* no longer.
[*Author drives the Critic off the Stage.*]

Hurlo, proceed——

Hurlo. Troth! he says true enough,
The Stage has given Rife to wretched Stuff:
Critick, or Player; a *Dennis*, or a *Gibber*,
Vie only which shall make it go down glibber;
A thousand murd'rous Ways they cast about
To stifle it——but Murder like——'twill out.
Our Author fairly, without so much Fuss,
Shows it——in *puris Naturalibus*;
Pursues the Point beyond its highest Height,
Then bids his Men of fire, and Ladies bright,
Mark, how it looks! when it is out of fight.

E c

}
So

So true a *Stage*, so fair a Play for Laughter,
 There never was before, nor ever will come after :
 Never, no never; not while vital Breath
 Defends ye from that *long-liv'd mortal* Death.
 Death!—something hangs on my prophetick Tongue,
 I'll give it Utterance—be it right or wrong :
Handel himself shall yield to *Hurlotbrumbo*,
 And *Bononcini* too shall cry—*Succumbo*.
 That's if the *Ladies* condescend to Smile;
 Their Looks make Sense, or Nonsense, in our Isle.



R E M A R K S

O N

“ Dr. MIDDLETON's Examination of the Lord Bishop
 of *London's* Discourses concerning the Use and Intent
 of Prophecy.”

2 PETER i. 19.

“ *We have also a more sure Word of Prophecy; whereunto ye do
 well that ye take Heed, as unto a Light that shineth in a
 dark Place, until the Day dawn, and the Day-Star arise in
 your Hearts.*”

THIS Passage, Sir, which has engag'd, of late,
 So many Writers in such high Debate,
 About the Nature of prophetic Light,
 Has not, I think, been understood aright :

Nor

Nor does the Critic *Middleton's* new Tract
Relate the Meaning fairly, or the Fact.

5

Peter, you know, Sir, by his own Account,
Was with our Saviour in the holy Mount ;
Where he, and two Apostles more, beheld
The *Shechinah*, or Glory that excell'd ;
Saw that divine Appearance of our Lord,
Which Three of the Evangelists record ;
His Face a Sun, and Light his whole Array ;
Prophetic Glimpse of that eternal Day,
Wherein, the Glance of Sun and Moon supprest,
God shall, himself, enlighten all the blest ;
Shall from his Temple, from the sacred Shrine
Shine forth of human Majesty divine.
To this grand Vision, which the chosen Three
Were call'd, before they tasted Death, to see,
Was added Proof to the astonish'd Ear,
That made presential Deity appear ;
And, by a Voice from God the Father's Throne,
His well beloved Son was then made known.

10

20

Now search of Mysteries the whole Abyss,
What more intire Conviction, Sir, than this ?
Of human Reason search the wide Pretence,
What more miraculous, and plain to Sense ?
But Reason oft interprets past Event
Just as the human Heart, and Will is bent :
The *Doctor*, whom his own Productions call
No hearty Friend to Miracles, at all,

30

Disguises this, to bring his Point about,
 As if both Sight, and Hearing left a Doubt;
 Left some Perplexity on *Peter's* Mind,
 Quite against all that he himself defin'd.

* “ *This wond'rous Apparition, Sir, might leave*
“ Something too hard precisely to conceive;
“ And Circumstances raise, within his Soul,
“ Suspense about the Nature of the whole.”

40

What Kind of saunt'ring Spirit could suggest
 Such groundless Cavil to a Christian Breast?
 What Christian Priest, at least, would choose to paint
 His Saviour's Glory in a Light so faint? —
 But let this suit the Priesthood, if you will,
 Pray what Foundation for his critic Skill?
 For *Peter's* doubting what he *saw* and *heard*——
 For Scruples——first imagin'd, then infer'd?

The Reason here assign'd is “ *Fear and Dread,* 50
“ So great that Peter knew not what he said;
“ He, and his Partners in the Vision too,
“ Fell on their Faces at its awfull View;

Nor

* *This wonderfull Apparition and heavenly Voice might be accompanied with such Circumstances, as would naturally leave some Doubt and Perplexity on the Mind, concerning the precise Manner, and Nature of the whole Transaction. For Peter, as we read, was in such a Fright and Amazement, at what he saw and heard, that he knew not what he said: And both he and the two other Apostles then with him, James and John, were so greatly terrified, that they fell upon their Faces to the Ground, and durst not so much as look up, 'till Jesus, when the Vision was over, came to raise and encourage them.—Doctor Middleton's Treatise, p. 55.*

“ *Nor durst look up, ’till Jesus, at the last,
 “ Came to, and rais’d them, when ’twas overpast.”*

O vain Suggestion ! could they see and hear
 Without an Adoration ? without Fear ?
 If they were struck with more than mortal Awe,
 Their very *Fear* was *Proof* of what they saw ;
 For Strength to see, and Weakness to sustain,
 Made, both alike, the heav’nly Vision plain : 60
 Nor has he once attempted to devise
 What else should strike them with so great Surprise.

If, overcome with reverential Dread,
 Th’ amaz’d Apostle wist not what he said,
 Unbias’d Reason would itself confess
 A greater Light diminishing its less.
 Thus, in the sacred Books, if we recall
 The first recorded Presence since the Fall,
 Themselves from God when our first Parents hid,
 It might be said, they wist not what they did : 70
 Yet were they taught their comfortable Creed,
 The Promise of the Woman’s conqu’ring Seed ;
 As here, th’ Apostles were empower’d to see
 That *Jesus* God’s beloved Son was he.

If, when God spake, each fell upon his Face——
 How oft, in ancient Times, was this the Case ?
 What Prophet, Sir, to whom he spake of Yore,
 His Voice, or Vision unsupported bore ?

Moses

Moses himself, when unawares he trod
 On holy Ground, and heard the Voice of God, 80
 Tho' turn'd aside, on purpose, to enquire
 What kept the Bush unburnt amidst the Fire,
 Stop'd, in his Search, by the divine Rebuke,
 Strait hid his Face, and was afraid to look.

Abram, the covenanted Sire of all,
 Who, in his Faith, upon the Lord should call,
 When he receiv'd the Seal of it, the Sign
 Of Circumcision, from the Voice divine,
 Fell on his Face—and must we then conceit
 His Proofs, that God talk'd with him, incomplete? 90

Read how *Isaiah* thought himself undone,
 When he had seen God's Glory in his Son;
 Until the Seraph, with a living Coal
 From off the Altar, purg'd the Prophet's Soul.
 Read how *Ezekiel* too, with like Surprise,
 When Heav'n was open'd to his wond'ring Eyes,
 Fell on his Face, at the same glorious Sight;
 Till, by God's Spirit, made to stand upright.
 Thus *Daniel* prostrate, thus the great Divine
 Who saw th' Apocalyptic Scenes—in fine, 100
 Thus human Strength, alone, could never stand,
 When God appear'd, unaided by his Hand.
 To urge a Reason then from *Fear*, to doubt
 The glorious Fact, that could not be without,
 Only befits a feeble, faithless Mind,
 To heav'nly Voice, and Vision deaf, and blind.

The

The learned Prelate, against whose Discourse
 This Gentleman has aim'd his present Force,
 Thought it absurd, in any one, to make
 St. *Peter*, for his own Conviction's Sake, 110
 Say, that old Prophecies should be prefer'd
 To God's immediate Voice, which he had heard:
 Such a Comparifon, he thought, became
 No sober Man——much lefs the Saint——to frame;
 Concluding it impoffible, from hence,
 That this could ever be St. *Peter's* Senfe.

* Tho' *"'tis not only poffible, it feems,*
" But weak, moreover, (as the Doctor deems)
" To doubt it——a Comparifon fo juft
" Peter not only might have made, but muft—— 120
 And then he cites rabbinical Remarks,
 To prove the *Paradox* from learned Clerks:
 Not that he minds what any of them writes,
 But moft defpifes whom he chiefly cites.
Lightfoot's Authority, to inftance one,
 Is firft, and laft, and moft infifted on;

" The

* P. 47. *Let us now return to the Bifhop's Difcourfes, in which he goes on to demonftrate the Inconfiftency of the Author's (Collins) Expoftition, by telling us, " That it makes Peter to fay, in his own Perfon, that the dark Prophecies of the Old Teftament were a furer and more certain Evidence to himfelf, than the immediate Voice of God, which he had heard with his own Ears. And is it poffible, (adds he) that St. Peter, or any Man in his Wits, could make fuch a Comparifon?" To which Queftion, fo fmartly and confidently put, I readily answer, That it is not only poffible, that St. Peter might make fuch a Comparifon, but even weak to imagine that he could make any other.*

* “ *The Soundness of whose Faith, he interjects,*
 “ *And Erudition Nobody suspects :*”
 Or if the Reader wants a full Display
 † Of these Endowments——“ *Lightfoot shows the Way*
 “ *How, by assuming Liberty to take*
 “ *For granted, strait, what Premises we make ;*
 “ *Whatever Notions, or Opinions, tend*
 “ *To favour that which we would recommend,*
 “ *We may demonstrate, by such Arts as these,*
 “ *A Doctrine true, divine, or what we please.*”

This, Sir, is his Description of *sound Faith* ——
 Let us now see what *Argument* it hath :
 This trusty Evidence, amongst the rest,
 Is call'd to prove a Voice from Heav'n a Jest ;

140

The

* P. 52. Doctor Lightfoot also, the Soundness of whose Faith and Erudition is allowed by all, speaks still more precisely to my present Purpose, and says,
 “ That if we observe two Things, first, that the Jewish Nation, under the
 “ second Temple, was given to magical Arts beyond Measure ; we may safely
 “ suspect that those Voices, which they thought to be from Heaven, and noted
 “ with the Name of Bath-Kol, were either formed by the Devil in the Air,
 “ to deceive the People, or, by Magicians with Devilish Art, to promote their
 “ own Affairs :” From which he draws this Inference, which I would recommend to the special Consideration of this eminent Prelate : Hence, adds he, the Apostle Peter saith with good Reason, that the Word of Prophecy was surer than a Voice from Heaven.

† P. 141. Now by the same Method of Reasoning, and the Liberty which his Lordship every where assumes, of supposing whatever Premises he wants, and taking every Thing for granted, which tends to confirm his Hypothesis, we may prove any Doctrine to be true, or divine, or whatever we please to make of it. Dr. Lightfoot has shewn us the Way.

The Jews *Bath Kol*, a cunning acted Part,
 A Fable, Phantasy, or Magic Art ;
 Voice of the Devil, or of Devilish Elves,
 To cheat the People, and promote themselves :
 And hence th' Apostle (is the Inf'rence drawn,
 " *That claims the special Notice of the Lawn ;*"
 That comes to clear this famous Prelate's Sight)
 With Reason good prefer'd prophetic Light.

So, introduce an Hebrew, foreign Term ;
 Take, all for true that quoted Lines affirm ; 150
 And then assume that the Apostle too
 Just thought, and argued, as these Critics do ;
 And we may prove, from *Peter's* own Design,
 That GOD the Father's Voice was not divine.

But should the Prelate think it mere Grimace
 To talk of Fable, in St. *Peter's* Case,
 Whose Words exclude it, and expressly speak
 Of heav'nly Truth ; how frivolous and weak,
 In his more sober and sedate Esteem,
 Must all this Patch-work Erudition seem ! 160
 * How will a Christian Bishop, too, conceive
 Of what the Doctor's Margins interweave,

Touching

* P. 48. N. B. *Thus when Jesus, a little before his Death, was addressing himself to the Father, in the midst of his Disciples and People of Jerusalem, and saying, " Father, save me from this Hour ; Father, glorify thy Name : " There came a Voice from Heaven, saying, " I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." Upon which the People, that stood by, and heard it, said*

F f

that

Touching that Scripture, where our Saviour pray'd,
 And Heav'n the glorifying Answer made !
 While from his Note, Sir, nothing can be learn'd
 But casual Thunder, or *Bath-Kol* concern'd.

Will he not ask——Is it this Author's Aim,
 Under his *Bath Kol* Figments, to disclaim
 All Faith in Voices of an heav'nly Kind ?
 Is that the Purpose of his doubting Mind ? 170
 You see th' Apostle is extremely clear,
 That such a Voice himself did really hear :
 He also had such wondrous Proofs beside,
 That Voice concurrent cannot be deny'd.
 And, when our LORD had been baptis'd, there came
 A Voice from Heav'n, in Words the very fame.
 Here, in his answer'd Prayer, tho', by Mistake,
 Some said it thunder'd, some, an Angel spake,
 We have his own Authority divine ;
 This Voice, said he, came for your Sakes, not mine. 180

Would not the Bishop rightly thus oppose
 Plain Scripture Facts to Learning's empty Shows ?
 What signifies it then, upon the whole,
 How poor blind Jews have talk'd about *Bath-Kol* ?
 What jarring Critics of a later Day,
 Or *Lightfoot*, here thrice ridicul'd, may say ?

Or

that it thundered; others said, that an Angel spake to him, [John xii. 28.] That is, Part of the Company believed it to be nothing more, than an accidental Clap of Thunder; while others took it to be the Bath-Kol, or the Voice of GOD, or of an Angel, which was accompanied always with Thunder.

Or *Middleton* himself—whose pious Care
 For giftless Churches prompts him to compare
 *Voices from Heav'n, in his assuming Page,
 To Miracles beyond th' Apostles Age : 190
 Taking for granted, without more ado,
 His wild Hypothesis about *them* too.

Prodigious Effort ! see obstructed quite
 The Gospel Promise, and the Christian Right ;
 Cut off, at once, miraculous Supply ;
 All Healing ceases, when Apostles dye :
 No Tongue inspir'd, no Demon dispossess'd ;
 With them the working Spirit went to rest :
 Forgot the Prophecies that *Christ* had made,
 And left Believers without *signal* Aid : 200
 Altho' no Limit, in what Scripture saith,
 Be put to Miracles, but want of Faith ;
 Altho', without one, foolish to pretend
 To know their Nature, or to fix their End ;
 Yet if a daring Genius advertise
 That all but Scripture Miracles are Lies,
 What Clouds embrace the new Belief, and Hope !
 It suits their Taste—and saves them from the *Pope*.
 Others contend that wond'rous Gifts survive
 The first three Centuries—or four—or five— 210

F f 2

Then,

* P. 142, 145, 171. P. 50. *The Reality of this Oracular Voice* (Bath-Kol) is attested, as I have said, by all the Jewish Writers, after the Cessation of Prophecy, in the same positive Manner, as the miraculous Gifts of the Christian Church by the primitive Fathers, after the Days of the Apostles.

Then, Sir, they close their jealous, partial View,
 And grudge diviner Influence its Due :
 Take diff'rent Stations in the *Doctor's* Track,
 Blaming, and backing his more close Attack ;
 All Miracles, beyond his *earlier* Fence,
 Are Want of Honesty, or Want of Sense :
 All Faith in Bishops, Confessors, and Saints,
 Who witness Facts, a Christian Priest recants :
 They must—he *says* they must—be Fables all,
 That pass the Bounds of his gigantic Wall. 220

Such strange Delusion if a Man embrace,
 Without some Voice, some Miracle of Grace,
 It is in vain, to Reas'ners of his Cast,
 To urge the Evidence of Ages past :
 With Minds resolv'd to disbelieve, or doubt,
 Small is the Force of History throughout.
 Freedom of Thought exerted, and of Will,
 To claim the Privilege of judging ill,
 Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs cannot move,
 Nor holy Church, throughout the World, disprove. 230

But to return—how does his first Affault
 On Miracles defend a second Fault !
 Or Rabbies, or rabbinical Divines,
 Help *Lightfoot's* Comment, or his own Designs !
Lightfoot, without detracting from his Skill,
 Wrote, in this Instance, with a careless Quill :
 Such Inf'rence, else, had never been annex ;
 He must have seen that the Apostles Text

Could

Could not, with Reason either good, or great,
 Compare the *Prophets* with a *dev'lish Cheat*. 240
 This learned Writer, Sir, did not attend
 To *Peter's* Meaning, or, not apprehend ;
 Or, if Excuse may for his Haste atone,
 He did not well, perhaps, exprefs his own.

Since, by his present Citer here, you see
 How quite forgetfull learned Men may be :
 For, after all the Scraps he had amafs'd,
 And this triumphant Inference at last
 * “ *The Text, he says, had, in St. Peter's Views,*
 “ *No Ref'rence to himself—but to the Jews.*” 250
 Not, in his Haste, aware that what he said
 Knock'd all the *Bath-Kol* Pedantry o' th' Head ;
 That what, he thought, his borrow'd Pages won,
 His own gave up, as soon as he had done.
 For if “ *St. Peter's Words do not imply,*
 “ *What he himself was most persuaded by ;*
 “ *But*

* P. 53. Yet *St. Peter's Words*, after all, as they are expounded by the free-thinking Author above mentioned, do not necessarily imply him to mean, that Prophecy was a surer Argument to himself, than the Voice from Heaven, but to the Jewish Converts in general, who did not hear that Voice, but received it only from the Report of others. It was not his View in this Epistle to declare what Sort of Arguments was the most convincing to himself, but to propose such, as were most worthy of the Attention of those, to whom he was writing.—
 P. 54. When *St. Peter* therefore says, We have a more sure Word of Prophecy ; the Occasion of his Words oblige us to interpret them, as spoken, not with any particular Reference to himself, but to the general Body of the Jewish Converts.

" *But only show what Arguments were fit*
" *For their Attention, Sir, to whom he writ ;*"
The Bishop's Reas'ning, which he strives to cloud,
Is not unanswer'd only, but allow'd : 260
The very Thing pretended to be shown
Is, by his own Confession, overthrown.

Do but observe the Point in Question, Sir,
On which the Doctor makes this learned Stir ;
* How he, who talks of "*its perpetual Change*
" *By others,*" takes the Liberty to range :
When a Comparison was judg'd absurd,
Peter could make no other, was the Word ;
Then by a Contradiction plain and flat,
Peter's Comparison could *not* be *that* ; 270
And then again—supposing that it could,
Thus he attempts to make the Matter good.

† " *Let Peter be himself assur'd, says he,*
" *As fully, as 'twas possible to be,*
" *Of*

* P. 62. *And thus the Apostle's Sense, as it is expounded by the Author, [Colins] is clear and consistent, not liable to any Exception but what flows from that Perplexity, in which his Lordship has involved it, by his Use of equivocal Terms, and perpetual Change of the Point in Question.*

† P. 52. *Let Peter be as perfectly assured, as we can suppose him to be of every Circumstance, which passed in the Mount, he might still take Prophecy, considered as a standing Evidence, always lying open to the cool and deliberate Examination of Reason to be a firmer Argument on the whole, and to carry a more permanent Conviction with it to the sober Senses of Men, than the Vision with which he here compares it.*

“ *Of ev’ry Circumstance that past ; he might*
 “ *Have still prefer’d the old prophetic Light :*
 “ *This was a standing Evidence, and lay*
 “ *Open to cool, delib’rate Reason’s Sway ;*
 “ *A firmer Argument, that brought along*
 “ *Conviction, Sir, more permanent and strong,*
 “ *To Men of sober Senses, and sedate,*
 “ *Than could the Vision which his Words relate.”*

280

Set the perplext Equivocation by
 “ *That’s here involv’d,*” how easy the Reply
 To Reasons void, if we distinguish right
 Betwixt a *real*, and *reported* Sight :
 For *be* the Proof, that Prophecies procure,
 More, to the *Jews*, comparatively sure,
 As, oft, the Text is commented upon,
 (Thro’ a Mistake, as will appear anon)
 Yet *his* Conviction vacates the Pretence
 Of Reason, Argument, and sober Sense ;
 Because the Prophets, here to be compar’d,
 As Evidences of what God declar’d,
 Could but, originally, *hear*, and *see* ;
 And be as fully satisfy’d as he.

290

The Use of Reason has, I apprehend,
 When full Assurance is attain’d, an End :
 When we are certain that we see, and hear,
 And ev’ry Circumstance is plain, and clear,
 What can Examination teach, or learn ?
 By what Criterion, Sir, shall we discern,

300

When

When Reason comes to be so deadly cool,
The sage Deliberator from the Fool ?

Conceive St. *Peter*, if you can, entic'd
(Eye-Witness of the *Majesty* of *Christ* ;
Of what the *Father*, in the Mount, had done
By showing forth the *Glory* of the *Son*)
To disbelieve his Senses, and to pore
Some ancient standing Evidences o'er ; 310
To see if that, which, on the holy Spot,
He saw and heard, was seen and heard, or not :
Would such a cool deliberating Plan
Have made him pass for a more sober Man ?
If so, then *Middleron* has hit the White ;
Sherlock, if not, is thus far in the right ;
And well may say that no Man, in his Wits,
Could be attack'd by such cold reas'ning Fits.

But thus the frigid Argument is brought,
Why *Peter* might, in full persuaded Thought, 320
Prefer Predictions in the ancient Law
To what himself most surely heard, and saw :
* “ For, after all the full convincing Scene,
“ Which he had witness'd, how did he demean ? —
“ With Faith infirm, he shamefully deny'd
“ His Master, seen so greatly glorify'd.”

Yes;

* P. 56. For after all the Conviction which he himself had receiv'd from it, we know, that his Faith was still so infirm, as to betray him into a shamefull Denial of his Master, whom he had seen so wonderfully glorified.

Yes; so he did—and gave an humbling Stroke
 To human Confidence in Reason's Cloak :
 Enough to lay all Syllogizing Trust
 In bare Conclusions only in the Dust ;
 An ample Proof that, in a trying Hour,
 Ev'n Demonstration loses all its Pow'r ;
 That, without Grace, and God's assisting Hand,
 In Time of Need, no Evidence can stand.

330

Suppose a Person of the clearest Head,
 In Logic Arts well grounded, and well read ;
 If, with a selfish Love to Truth, alone,
 He arm himself with Weapons all his own,
 When a Temptation comes—alas ! how soon
 The valiant Reas'ner turns a mere Poltroon !

340

Peter, tho' void of Learning, and of Art,
 Had a courageous, had an honest Heart ;
 Had natural Abilities, beyond
 All those of which the Critics are so fond :
 Had hidden Qualities, beyond their Ken ;
 They fish for Words—he was to fish for Men.
 His Faith, in outward Evidence, was such
 That *Peter* trusted to himself too much :
 When his Denial plainly was foretold,
 What should have humbled made him grow more bold : 350
 “ *Tho' all should be offended—yet not I—*
 “ *Not Death itself shall tempt me to deny.*”

We see in him, Sir, what the utmost Height
 Of boasted Reason, Evidence, and Light,
 Of Courage, Honesty, and even *Love*
 Could do, without Assistance from above :
 It could to humbler Thoughts resist the Call ;
 It proudly could prefer itself to all :
 It could, in short, upon Conclusions true,
 Do all that Numbers upon false ones do ;
 Rest on itself, be confident and bounce ;
 And, when the Call to Suff'ring came——renounce.

360

As human Resolution, Courage, Skill,
 Conviction, Evidence, or what you will,
 Can, in their Nature, only reach so far
 As Things are subject to an human Bar ;
 All these, tho' actuating *Peter's* Zeal,
 To Christian Doctrine could not set the Seal.
 God-like Humility——the sacred Root
 Whence ev'ry Virtue branches into Fruit,
 Lays the Foundation of the Christian Life ;
 As Reason governs that of human Strife.
 And, I appeal, Sir, setting Grace aside,
 How oft is human Reason human Pride ?
 Human Desire of Victory, or Fame ?
 A *Babel* tow'ring to procure a Name ?
 A self Assurance ? an untutor'd Boast ?
 That can but form Intention, at the most ;
 Which, tho' directed right, must humbly ask
 Divine Assistance to perform its Task.

370

380

This

This *Peter* fail'd in—and a Servant Maid
 Made him, with all his bold Resolves, afraid ;
 With all his sure Convictions, he began
 To curse, and swear, and did not know the Man.
 'Till, for a Lesson, wond'rously addrest
 To sink full deep into his humbled Breast,
 The Cock pronounc'd, by an awakening Crow,
Peter the Man, whom *Peter* did not know.

But how, Sir, did his coward Speech betray
 Doubt of his Maker's glorious Display ? 390
 By what Account in Hist'ry are we taught
 That e'er it came into his frightened Thought ?
 Or, since 'tis certain that he did deny,
 What *Prophecy* did he *prefer* thereby ?
 'Tis then a cold Absurdity to draw,
 From *Peter's* Weakness, this pretended Flaw ;
 To hint Delusion in the god-like Sight,
 Because the Man was put into a Fright :
 If, from Distrust of Evidence, his Fears,
 From whence his bitter penitential Tears ? 400
 Whence was it that the *holy Pris'ner* shook
 The Soul of *Peter*, with one gracious Look ?
 No *Glory* then, to credit, or distrust ;
 And yet th' Apostle's Penitence was just ;
 And he himself but Proof, upon the whole,
 That Grace alone can fortify a Soul.

“ * 'Tis urg'd that, “ *on the other Hand, we find,*
 “ *With Faith confirm'd, and with enlighten'd Mind,*
 “ *After the Mission of the Holy Ghost,*
 “ *That Argument which he apply'd the most* 410
 “ *Was what he calls (for so the Doctor too,*
 Takes here a vulgar Error to be true)
 “ *This more sure Word of Prophecy, the chief*
 “ *Of all his Motives to enforce Belief;*
 “ *From whence he prov'd that Jesus was, of old,*
 “ *Describ'd by all the Prophets, and foretold.”*

Peter's Condition, Sir, is that of all
 Who, from the Heart, obey the Christian Call :
 They, by Experience, have the triple Sight
 Of Weakness, Penitence, and heav'nly Light ; 420
 While others wrangle about outward Show ;
 Nature, and Grace, and Miracle they know :
 Tho' not inspir'd like *Peter*, and th' Eleven ;
 Or struck, like *walking Paul*, by Voice from Heav'n,
 They meet, what others foolishly evade,
 The real Mission of celestial Aid :
 Of which, howe'er the *Tokens* are perceiv'd,
 No faithful Soul can ever be bereav'd.

What

* P. 56. *We know on the other Hand, that after our Lord's Ascension, when his Faith was more fully confirmed, and his Understanding enlightened by the Mission of the Holy Ghost, the chief Argument, which he applied in all his Sermons, to evince the Truth of the Gospel, was this more sure Word of Prophecy, as he calls it; from which he demonstrated to the Jews, how the Character, Doctrine and Mission of Jesus were foretold and described by the Mouths of all their Prophets.*

What does the Share of it that *Peter* had
 To all the Doctor's forc'd Refinements add ? 430
 Might not the Bishop, justly, give him back
 Some Compliments bestow'd in his Attack ?
 * Such as " *the nothing but an empty Strain*
 " *Of Rhet'ric, insignificant, and vain——*
 " *The choosing not to see, of any Theme,*
 " *More than may suit his preadopted Scheme——*
 " *The passing over what he should confute,*
 " *With Matters foreign to the main Dispute*"——
 And such-like Flow'rs, upon his Pages thrown,
 That, full as well, become the Doctor's own. 440

For, has the Bishop, in his Book, deny'd
 That Prophecy was properly apply'd ?
 No——but that *Peter* did a Thing so odd,
 As to prefer it to the Voice of God.
 This was the Point requir'd to be explain'd,
 In Contradiction to what he maintain'd ;
 That which the Doctor undertook to clear,
 And make the Pref'rence of the Saint appear :

But

* P. 60. Yet all this Pomp of Words; this solemn Appeal to the whole College of the Apostles and Evangelists, is nothing else but an empty Strain of Rhetoric, without any Argument or Significancy in it whatsoever.—P. 34. One would be apt to suspect, that his Lordship never chooses to see more of any Subject, than what may serve that particular Hypothesis which he comes prepared to support.—P. 39. It is this alone, which the Nature of the Subject required him to confute, and what he had undertaken to confute; but instead he changes the Question upon us, and when we were expecting Reasons, &c.

But while we look'd what Reasons he would bring
 For so incomprehensible a Thing, 450
 As common Sense must reckon an Appeal
 From what th' Almighty should himself reveal,
 Shifting the Circumstances, Time, and Place,
 In short, the Question, to another Case,
 He tells us—not of Prophecy prefer'd
 To Voice from Heav'n, which he had just aver'd,
 But—how the Saint apply'd, in his Discourse,
 Prophetic Words, to give the Gospel Force ;
 How *Peter* argued from them, he relates,
 And proves full well—what Nobody debates. 460

How gravely, Sir, from Fallacy so crude,
 He prompts th' amused Reader to conclude
 * *That any Man, especially a Jew,*
 (As *Peter* was) *might think the Pref'rence due !*
And what himself had heard th' Almighty speak
Might be esteem'd, comparatively, weak !

Under this Millstone, oft, the struggling Page
 Bestirs itself, but cannot disengage.

At

* P. 56. I might now leave it to the Reader to judge whether in Contradiction to what the Bishop maintains, a Man in his Wits, and especially a Jew, might not think Prophecy a stronger Argument in general, than a Voice from Heaven, which he himself had heard

“ * *At all Events resolving to confute,*
 “ (To use his Logic) *or at least dispute,* 470
 “ *Its Author shows great Spirit, and great Art,*
 “ *And well performs the contradicting Part ;*”
 But, in his subsequent Remarks, we find
 How lamely Confutation limps behind.

Fully resolv'd, and singly, to maintain
 A Paradox, so quite against the Grain,
 † The learned Antithaumatisist must choose
 “ *Not to instruct his Reader, but amuse ;*”
 Whene'er he touches a prophetic Clause,
 “ *Not to illustrate, but perplex the Cause,*” 480
 To speak some Truth, that shows the favour'd Side,
 And, that which gives the whole Connection, hide.
 Why, else, a total Silence on the Head
 Of *Miracles*, in what St. *Peter* said ?
 How could recited *Prophecies*, alone,
 Prove to the *Jews* that *Jesus* was foreshewn ?
 Had not there been that other previous Proof,
 To ev'ry thoughtfull *Jew*, in his Behoof ?
 Had not such wond'rous Facts struck up the Light,
 That shew'd their Application to be right ? 490
 Trace

* P. 29. This was the Ground of his Lordship's Resolution to confute, or at all Events, to contradict them (the Free-thinker's Words) which last Part he has performed with great Spirit, but how far he has succeeded in the first, will be seen in the following Remarks.

† P. 4. Proper rather (speaking of the Bishop's Works) to perplex than to illustrate the Notion of Prophecy ; and to amuse rather than instruct an inquisitive Reader.

Trace the Quotations, Sir, that *Peter* made,
 “ * *And see their Force impartially display’d;*
 “ *See what Solution stated Fact supplies,*
 “ *Without contriv’d Evasion, or Disguise.*”

The first Occasion, which th’ Apostle took
 To cite a Passage from a Prophet’s Book,
 Was at that public, wonderful Event,
 Upon the blessed Spirits first Descent :
 The faithfull Flock, that met, with one Accord,
 To wait the Gifts of their ascended Lord, 500
 Soon as the Tokens of his Presence came,
 The Sound celestial, and the sacred Flame,
 Began to speak, with holy Ardor fir’d,
 In various Hymns, by Heav’n itself inspir’d ;
 This joyfull Voice, of a diviner Laud,
 Was spread thro’ all *Jerusalem* abroad ;
 And pious Jews, from ev’ry distant Clime
 Residing there, that providential Time,
 Devout Epitome of all Mankind,
 Were drawn to witness that which God design’d : 510
 His wondrous Works as *Galileans* fung,
 All understood the spirit-utter’d Tongue ;
 Of Language, then, was no *Confusion* known ;
 Each heard this *one*, and heard it as *his own* :

God

* P. 153. *Instead of contriving any evasive Expedients, or fancifull Systems to elude the Force of such Objections, I thought it my Duty to examine seriously and impartially, what Solution of them the Subject itself, when fairly stated, would supply.*

God gave the Word himself; and all the good
 Shar'd in the promis'd Gift, and understood:
 Tho', then, astonish'd at the wond'rous Theme,
 Prepar'd to spread it to the Worlds Extreme.

Others, insensible of Grace divine,
 Mock'd at its Influence, and talk'd of Wine; 520
 Themselves intoxicated with that Pride,
 By which the deaf in Spirit still deride.
 'Twas then that *Peter*, standing up to show
 Th' absurd Reproach, gave all of them to know
 That, what these Mockers call'd a drunken Fit,
 Was God's Performance of what *Joel* writ
 Of Days, then dawning, when he would impart
 His Gospel Gifts to ev'ry faithful Heart;
 Pour out his heav'nly Spirit, and refresh
 Not single Nations only, but all Flesh; 530
 All should partake, that would, of richer Grace
 Now fully purchas'd for the human Race.

For this was what *St. Peter*, then inspir'd,
 Went on to show, and Argument requir'd;
 The Jews all knew, *Messiah* was to come;
 That this of all Prediction gave the Sum:
 The Question was, if it had been fulfill'd
 In *Jesus*? whom their wicked Hands had kill'd.

Now, to prove this, th' Apostle first applies
 The *Miracles*, perform'd before their Eyes; 540
 H h God's

God's Approbation of him, he defines,
 Was manifest by *Wonders*, and by *Signs*,
 Done in the midst of them—see here the Ground
 Prepar'd, before he offer'd to expound,
 By Arguments of such immediate Force,
 So plain, so striking, that they must, of Course,
 Make, *secondly*, to such as should take Heed,
 The Word of Prophecy more sure indeed.

And *then* he shews how the prophetic Word
 With its exact Accomplishment concurr'd: 550
 What *David* had prophetically said
 Jesus fulfill'd, in rising from the Dead;
 Whereof we all are Witnesses—here lay
 The strength of all that any Words could say:
 When Numbers present could the *Fact* attest,
 Thousands of Souls th' *accomplish'd Word* confest;
 That this was He, the Lord, the Holy One,
 Whom *David* fix'd his Heart, and Hopes upon;
 And so describ'd, as only could agree
 To him, whose *Flesh should no Corruption see*. 560
 His Resurrection, you perceive, it was
 That show'd the Prophet's Word now come to pass;
 That made th' Apostle's Intimation clear,
He shed forth this, which we now see, and hear,

Again; when *Peter* had restor'd the lame
 To perfect Soundness, in our Saviour's Name,
 He told the wond'ring Throng, that they had slain
 The Prince of Life, whom God had rais'd again;
 Whereof

Whereof we are the Witneſſes, ſays he;
 Then ſhows how all the *Prophecies* agree; 570
 All have ſucceſſively foretold theſe Days,
 And mark'd the *Prophet*, whom the Lord ſhould raiſe.

So, when the Priests and Sadducees, aggriev'd,
 That ſuch increaſing Multitudes believ'd,
 Aſk'd by what Pow'r he acted, *Peter* ſaid,
 By that of JESUS, riſen from the Dead;
 By him this healing Miracle is wrought:
 Then quotes—the *Stone, which ye have ſet at nought,*
On this, rejected by the Builders Hands,
As a ſure Baſis, all Salvation ſtands. 580
 No Priest was then ſo impotently ſkill'd,
 As to ſuggeſt the Paſſage unfulfill'd;
 All, by the wond'rous Cure, were overcome;
 The living Proof was there, and ſtruck them dumb.

In vain, a Council then, as well as now,
 To ſilence Miracles, or diſavow:
Peter and *John* could neither be deterr'd;
 They needs muſt ſpeak what they had ſeen, and heard:
 Nor Charge, nor Chains, nor meditated Death
 Could ſtop to God's Commands th' obedient Breath; 590
 His final Argument, ſtill, *Peter* brings,
We are his Witneſſes of all theſe Things.

This, you may read, Sir, was the real Path
 That *Peter* trod, in his confirmed Faith;

That all the Preachers of the Gospel told,
 When they explain'd the Oracles of God :
 Preach'd what themselves, without a learned Strife,
Saw, heard, and handled of the Word of LIFE;
 When, in their Days, so mightily it grew,
 And wrought such Proofs that Prophecy was true : 600
 Which, tho' it pointed to the future Scene,
 And oft prefigur'd the *Messiah's* Reign,
 Yet gave a Light, comparatively dim,
 That ow'd its shining Certainty to him.

Thus, Sir—to come directly to the Text,
 With which the Critics are so much perplex'd;
 Whereof the real Meaning, fairly trac'd,
 Lays heaps of Paper, printed on it, waste;
 Had they adverted that *St. Peter*, still,
 From what he saw, upon the Holy Hill, 610
 Argues Apostles not to have surmiz'd,
 Or follow'd Fables cunningly devis'd;
 But to have witness'd only what they knew,
 From their own Sight, and Hearing, to be true;
 And to have justly gathered, from thence,
 The sure Completion of prophetic Sense :
 To which the *Jews* did rightly to attend,
 'Till they themselves should see it in the End;
 Had they consider'd this, they would have found
 Of all their wide Perplexities the Ground; 620
 Have soon perceiv'd that, in the various Brawl,
 A *wrong Translation* was the Cause of all.

Peter

Peter makes no Comparison between
 Prophetic Word, and what himself had seen ;
 As if he thought the Vision in the Mount
 Less sure to him, upon his own Account.
 This is a Stretch by which the Doctor meant
 “ * *Of public Patience, sure, to try th' Extent ;*
 Or, (still to copy so polite a Clown)
 “ *To try how far his NONSENSE would go down.* 630
 “ *To say the Truth, his Pages indovout*
 “ *Have furnish'd Matter of Offence throughout ;*
 “ *But here, from knowing what the World would bear,*
 “ *Grown, without Ceremony, quite severe,*
 He would oblige his Readers to admit
 A Thing, that shocks or plain, or critic Wit ;
 That dark old Prophecy, in *Peter's* Choice,
 Was held more sure than God's immediate Voice :
 They must admit, or else they must be weak,
 Something more sure than Truth itself could speak. 640
 Nor

* P. 8. *But to say the Truth, I have never observed a stranger Instance of the public Patience and blind Deference to the Authority of a great Name, than in the Case of these very Discourses ; which though in all Parts greatly exceptionable, and furnishing Matter of Offence in every Page, have yet passed through many Editions, not only without Reproof, but with some degree even of Approbation. And it was this Experience perhaps of what the World would bear, which made his Lordship resolve to withdraw his Preface, and to treat us no longer with any Ceremony ; having seen, that notwithstanding the Consciousness, which he had declared, of being in the wrong, the Public was still disposed to think him in the right, and that his Nonsense would go down with them, without giving him the Trouble of making an excuse for it.*

Nor does St. *Peter*, as the learned gloze,
 Speaking to Jewish Converts, here suppose,
 That *they* would think comparative Distrust
 Of an Apostle's own Experience just :
 No true Construction of the Text can guide
 To such Suspicion, Sir, on either Side.

His Words import, directly, if you seek
 Their genuine meaning in the *vulgate* Greek,
 And mind the previously related Scene ;
 His Words, I say, most evidently mean, 650
We saw the Glory—heard the Voice, and thus
Have the prophetic Word made sure to us ;
 Which ye do well to follow, as a Spark
 That spreads a Ray through Places that are dark ;
 'Till ye, with us, enjoy the perfect Light,
 And want no Prophecies to set you right.

An *English* Reader may be led, indeed,
 To think, that, as th' Apostle's Words proceed
 With *we have also*—it was something more,
 Some surer Proof than what had gone before : 660
 But *also*, tho' without *Italics* read,
 Is an *Addition* to what *Peter* said :
 It only shows how our *Translation* fail'd,
 And made the Blunder, that has since prevail'd ;
 Which, tho' sufficiently provok'd to mend,
 The learned still choose rather to defend.

A Writer, whose freethinking Schemes incite
 The Bishop, and the Doctor both to write;
 Who had, it seems, in Prophecies, a Rule
 First to extol, and then to ridicule, 670
 Took, Sir, his Stand on this corrupted Place,
 From whence he both might heighten, and disgrace:
 One Point the vulgar Error gain'd, alone;
 While, for the other, he employ'd his own.
 Ingenious Authors answer'd him apace,
 But got no Triumph in this knotty Place:
 Good Sense oblig'd them wholly to reject
 St. Peter's Pref'rence, in his own Respect;
 Collins himself th' Absurdity forbore;
 That Height was left for Middleton to soar. 680
 But still some other they suppos'd there was,
 Something that Prophecy must needs surpass:
 What it was not, they easily could see;
 But what it was, scarce two of them agree:
 Intent some kind of Pref'rence to provide,
 Which *also* plainly, and *more sure* imply'd;
 All, by an Error, which the simple Thought
 Of constr'ing right had rectifi'd, were caught.

* In this Mistake the Bishop too has shar'd,
 Asserting Prophecy indeed compar'd, 690
 And,

* P. 29. His Lordship's Exposition of the Text is this; "that the Word of
 " Prophecy is compared indeed and preferred here by St. Peter to the Evidence
 " of that heavenly Voice, which he himself had heard in the Mount," yet not,
 as that freethinking Author imagines; on the Account of it's being a surer Proof,

*And, by St. Peter, to the Voice prefer'd,
Which he himself, upon the Mount, had heard:
Yet not, says he, as that Freethinker meant:
The Words relate but to that one Event,
That stands upon prophetic Record,
To wit, the glorious Coming of our Lord,*

But, one or all, to make a surer Word
Than heav'nly Demonstration is absurd;
And glaring, in the Instance that he chose,
Because that Coming, as the Context shows, 700
Was of such Majesty, as Peter knew
That Christ was really cloath'd with, in his View;
And, therefore, could not, possibly, say *We*
Have also something surer than to see:
We were Eye Witnesses of what we preach,
Yet think more certain what the Prophets teach.

He contradicts, in splitting on the Shelf
Of our Translation, *Peter*, and himself;
The Saint——by such Restriction of his own,
As was, by him, unthought of, and unknown; 710
Himself——who says that *Peter*, in this Place,
Admitting Gospel Truth to be the Case,
Far from preferring the Prophetic Test,
Has manifestly said 'twas not the best.

or better Argument for the general Truth of the Gospel, but only for the particular Article of Christ's coming again in Glory, to which case alone the Comparison relates; for with regard to the Truth of the Gospel, Peter is so far from speaking of Prophecy in this Place, as the best Evidence, that he manifestly speaks of it as not the best.

And of all Gospel Truths, that you can name,
 This *glorious Coming* is the one great Aim;
 The Sum, and Substance, with Respect to Man,
 Of heav'nly Purpose, since the World began:
 Divine Intention could no more have been
 For *Christ* to *suffer*, than for *Man* to *sin*; 720
 Tho', since that fatal Accident befell,
 Incarnate Love would save him from a Hell.
 Whereas his *glorious Reign* amongst Mankind
 Might, from their first Existence, be design'd:
 And since his suff'ring, saving Advent past,
 What Sense of Justice can deny the last?
 His reigning Glory, were the Prophets dumb,
 All Things, in Nature, cry aloud will come.

Besides, what better does the Text afford,
 To any tolerable Sense restor'd, 730
 Compare, prefer, or construe how you will,
 Than that divine Appearance on the Hill?
 That ascertaining, in a heav'nly Light,
 Our Saviour's Glory, by a present Sight;
 That *Record*, which the *Father*, thereupon,
 Gave of his *Son* to *Peter*, *James*, and *John*:
 So full of Proofs that, let what will be chief,
 Doubt is too near akin to Disbelief.

* The Doctor says, "*'tis surely no Offence*
 "*To true Religion, or to common Sense,* 740
 I i " *To*

* P. 54. *It is no Offence surely, either to Reason or Religion, to imagine that this wonderful Apparition, &c. before quoted, Line 37.*

“ *To think that, tracing Circumstances out,*
 “ *Perplext Apostles might be left in Doubt.*
 Yet may a serious Reader think it is,
 From one plain Circumstance, and that is this;
 When they descended from the sacred Place,
 After partaking of this heav’nly Grace,
 Our Saviour charg’d them that they should not tell,
 To any Man, the Vision that befell;
 ’Till he himself was risen from the Dead:
 The Vision then——if He knew what he said—— 750
 Was true, and real; while, if you compleat
 The Doctor’s Hints of *possible* Deceit,
 To give his rash Reflections any Force,
 Our *Lord* himself must be deceiv’d, or worse:
 Such Things would follow——but the horrid Train
 Is too offensive, even to explain.

In fine——these Comments, which the Learned make
 On *Peter’s* Words, are owing to Mistake:
 Those, which the Doctor has been pleas’d to frame,
 Upon his whole Behaviour, are the same. 760
 Nor is more Learning needful in the Case,
 Than to consult the untranslated Place:
 The Phrase, you’ll see, asserts what I assert,
 And leaves no Critic Room to controvert.
 * *Grotius*, whose Paraphrase the Doctor quotes,
 Gives it this Meaning in his learned Notes;

The

* P. 32. *And Grotius Paraphrases the same Words, as if the Apostle had said; The Word of Prophecy, had always great Authority with us, but now a much greater, after we have seen the Events correspond so aptly with the Predictions, concerning the Messiah.*

*The Word of Prophecy we all allow
 To be of great Authority, but now,
 With us, much greater, who have seen th' Event
 So aptly correspond with its Intent.*
 This paves the Way to a becoming Sense,
 And overthrows our Author's vain Pretence;
 " * *Vain Art and Pains, employ'd upon the Theme,*
 " *To dress up an imaginary Scheme,*
 " *Of which, the whole New Testament around,*
 " *Nor Foot, nor Footstep, Sir, is to be found.*

770

Tradition—tho' of Apostolic Kind,
 Such as was *Enoch's Prophecy*—you find
 † Contemptuously call'd, "*I know not what,*"
 Tho' by St. *Jude* so plainly pointed at:
 Because, if *Jude's* Authority be good,
 Prophets existed long before the Flood:
 That glorious Advent—set so oft in View,
 Both in the ancient Scriptures, and the new—
 Of him, who first was promis'd at the Fall,
 Hope of all Ages, was foretold in all.
 If *Enoch* and if *Noah* preach'd away,
 Was *Adam*, think ye, silent in his Day?
 Had he no Loss to tell his Children then?
 No saving Righteousness to preach to Men?

780

I i 2

Did

* P. 4. *I found much Art and Pains employed (by the Bp.) to dress up an imaginary Scheme, of which I had not discovered the least Trace in any of the four Gospels.—*

† P. 18.—*Nor do they (the Apostles) refer us, for the Evidences of our Faith, to I know not what Prophecies of Enoch.*

Did God ordain two Saviours, in the Case
 Of *ante*, and of *post* diluvian Race? 790
 Let oral mention, or let written fail,
 If good, that is, if christian Sense prevail,
 It never can permit us to reject
 Consistency of Truth, for their Defect:
 One God, one Saviour, and one Spirit still
 Recurs, let Bookworms reason as they will:
 Whatever saves a Man from being curst,
 What Man can say, God hid it from the first?
 Or, if he does, and talks as if he knew,
 Will want of Writings prove that he says true? 800
 With, or without them, Fancy can take aim;
 If wanting, triumph; or, if not, disclaim:
 Let them abound, no Miracles make out;
 Let them be silent, make Apostles doubt.

The two main Pillars of his whole Discourse,
 Whereon the Doctor seems to rest its Force,
 And begs the Reader, Sir, to recollect
 In his Conclusion, are to this Effect;
 “ * *That Gospel Proofs on Prophecies rely'd,*
 “ *Singly, and independently apply'd;* 810
 “ *And, that the first, from whom its Preachers draw*
 “ *Their Proof of CHRIST, is MOSES in the Law.*

Both which St. *Peter's* Evidence, again,
 Shows to be Slips of his too hasty Pen;
 For when th' Apostle, at the Temple Gate,
 Restor'd the Cripple to a perfect State;

And

And took Occasion, from the healed *Lame*,
 To preach the Gospel, in our Saviour's Name;
 Thus he bespake the People that stood by,
God, by the Mouth——(observe the sacred Tie) —— 820
Of all his Prophets hath foreshown his Son,
Jesus, by whom this Miracle is done.
 Which of them, singly then, did *Peter* cite?
 What Independency, where all unite?
 Where all predicted, as one Spirit bid,
 That *Christ* should suffer, as he really did,

And enter into *Glory*——for that next
 *The Preacher speaks to, in the following Text:
 Where, in his Exhortation to repent,
JESUS, he tells them, shall again be sent; 830
 Heav'ns must receive Mankinds appointed Head,
 'Till Time hath done whatever God hath said
 By all his Prophets, since the World began——
 For so the Sense, without curtailing, ran;
 Of which the Doctor, quoting but a Part,
 Has yet dissolv'd the Charm of all his Art:
 Since all the Prophets——let the World begin
 With *Moses*, if he will——are taken in;
 And join'd together, must, whate'er he thinks,
 Produce a Chain, however few the Links. 840

'Tis true, he afterwards begins to quote,
 And, first, *the Prophet* of whom *Moses* wrote:
 Adding——that all, who in Succession came,
 Had likewise spoken of the very same:

The

The same——(see how prophetic Words conspire)
God's own predicted to the Jewish Sire;
And in thy Seed, so *Peter's Words* attest,
Shall all the Kindreds of the Earth be blest :
 Proofs of our Saviour *Christ* you see him draw
 From *in*, from *after*, from *before* the Law. 850

What can be said in Answer, Sir, to this ?
 The Fact is plain, tho' *Peter* judg'd amiss ;
 * For such defect, he scruples not to own,
 " COLLINS *against th' Evangelist has shown* :
 " *The very Gospels have some Proofs assign'd*
Of loose, precarious, and uncertain Kind."
 This *Unbeliever*, (in the shocking Terms,
 In which his Cause a *Clergyman* confirms)
 " *Has Arguments unanswerably strong,*
 " *To prove their Manner of applying wrong* : 860
 " *Altho', whatever Difficulties lie*
 " *Against the Way, wherein they shall apply,*
 " *It*

* P. 151. From these two Observations, it follows, that, whatever Difficulties may be charged to the particular Applications of Prophecies, which are found in the New Testament, yet on the whole, that way of applying them must be esteemed by Christians, as the best, which the Case affords; and that the Authority of the Gospel, as far as it is grounded on Prophecy, rest on those single and independent Predictions, which are delivered occasionally here and there, in the Law and the Prophets. It must be confessed however, that the Author, against whom the Bishop's Discourses are levelled, has alledged several strong and even unanswerable Objections to some of them, which are cited by the Evangelists in Proof of the Mission of Jesus, as being of too loose and precarious a Nature, to build any solid Argument upon.

“ *It is the best, which, of all other Ways,*
 “ *The Case affords*”——so runs his rev'rend Phrase.
 So Deist, and Divine, but both in vain,
 Seek to unfasten the prophetic Chain.

Should the New Testament be treated so
 By one, whose Character we did not know,
 Might not the Language miss its aim'd Effect?
 And rather tempt the Reader to suspect 870
 That some presumptuous Mocker, and self-will'd,
 Had *Enoch's*, *Jude's*, and *Peter's* Words fulfill'd!

To clear a tortur'd Passage from abuse,
 This good Effect may, possibly, produce,
 That when a Writer, of the modern Mode,
 Shall cast Reflections on the sacred Code,
 Men will not, merely upon sudden Trust
 In bold Assertions, take them to be just;
 Since it may *be*——that he has only made
 Of great Mistakes a critical Parade; 880
 Has only spoken Evil of those Things,
 Of which he does not really know the Springs;
 Has met with Matters, high above his reach,
 And, scorning to be taught, presum'd to teach:
 Raising, about them, an affected Cry,
 That ends in nothing but a——who but I?

“ * *Bare*

- " * *Bare Prophecy, the Doctor has profest,*
" *Admits Completion only for its Test:*
" *Th Event, foretold by it, must also be*
" *What human Prudence never could foresee;*
" *Nor human Power produce; or else no Sign*
" *Could, thence, appear of Agency divine.*

890

Prophecy then, as his Descriptions own,
Can be made sure by Miracles alone:
It is, what he himself is pleas'd to call,
While unfulfill'd, no Evidence at all.
How is it, then, in his repeated Term,
Of *standing Evidence*, more sure and firm?
How is this consonant to standing still
As none at all, 'till *Miracles* fulfill?
If it has none till they are overpast,
Is not the Evidence from them at last?
From them prophetic Word, before obscure,
Becomes an Evidence confirm'd, and sure;
Its Truth is first demonstrated, and then,
Reflects its Light on Miracles again.

900

A hungry Question, therefore, to enquire,
Of two great Proofs, that actually conspire,

Which

* P. 40. *Whereas a bare Prophecy, delivered as the Proof of a divine Character in any Person or Doctrine, is incapable of any persuasive Force, or of giving any Sort of Conviction, until it be accomplished; the Completion of it being the sole Test, by which its Veracity can be determined. The Event likewise, foretold by it, must be of a Kind, which neither human Prudence could foresee, nor human Power produce; for otherwise it could not give any Assurance of a divine Interposition.*—

Which is the best; when, with united Light,
They both produce an Evidence so bright.

910

* But “ *the Freethinker, with a crafty View,*
(If what his learn’d Assistant says be true)

“ *Had rais’d prophetic Credit to Excess,*

“ *In order, more securely, to depress;*

“ *And, for this Cause, his Lordship undertook*

“ *To write, it seems, at all Events, a Book.*”

This being, then, the Motive which he had,
A Reader asks——what is there in it bad?
With what Decorum does a Priest accuse
A Bishop, writing against crafty Views?
Views of an Enemy to Gospel Truth——
Is the defending of him less uncouth?
Does such Defence, with such a Rudeness writ,
The Priest, the Bishop, or the Cause besit?
So interlarded with that loose Reproach,
Which want of Argument is wont to broach;
So deeply ting’d the Ciceronian Style
With, what the Critics commonly call, *Bile*;
That they, who thought it worth their while to seek
The Author’s Motive, judg’d it to be *Pique*.

930

K k

Soon

* P. 29. *As far as these Words go, there is certainly nothing in them but what a sincere Advocate of the Gospel might freely allow and join issue upon; but they came from an Enemy, who had a crafty View in extolling the Credit of Prophecy, in order to depress it, afterwards the more effectually: And this was the Ground of his Lordship’s Resolution to confute, or, at all Events, to contradict them, &c. quoted P. 18.*

Soon as you enter on the Work, you see
 An instant Sample what the whole will be:
 First, “ * *being jealous of the Bishop's Views,*
 “ *His Book, for Years, he dar'd not to peruse;*
 “ *Afraid to trust so eminent a Guide,*
 “ *For fear his JUDGEMENT should be warp'd aside:*
 Tho' quite secure——“ *for he had ever found*
 “ *Authority to be a treach'rous Ground;*
 “ *And even this——this capital Affair,*
 That was to lead his Judgment to a Snare, 940
 “ *He found——and just as he EXPECTED too——*
Who fear'd before a Bias from his View——
 When graciously inclin'd to see it since,
 “ *Quite of a Kind that never CAN CONVINCE:*
 Which, to be sure, afforded Reason good
 To write a *Book* against it, lest it *should*.

Had any other Author, less polite,
 With vulgar Phrase attempted thus to write;
 And, thus, begun so fine a Scheme to spin;
 “ † *The Reas'ners of this World had broken in,* 950
 “ *Rudely*

* P. 2. I knew his Lordship also to be eminently qualified to dress up any Subject into any Form, which would best serve his own Views, and was jealous of warping my Judgment by some Bias, which his Authority might be apt to imprint: For so far as my Experience had reached, I had ever found Authority a treacherous Guide to a searcher after Truth;—P. 4. Upon this Task I soon after entered, and found this capital Work of his Lordship's to be just such as I expected; exhibiting a Species of Reasoning peculiar to himself, ever subtle and refined, yet never convincing;—

† P. 106. But his Lordship being apprehensive that the Reasoners of this World might break in upon him, and rudely unravel his fine-spun Scheme;—

“ *Rudely unravel’d all his fine spun Scheme,*
And sent him forth to seek another Theme.

How suited this to any good Design,
That should engage a Christian, a Divine?

† *But what are Names——if not a single one*
Be worth Regard, for sixteen Ages gone?

If to enquire what any of them say

Be, as he thinks, but wasting Time away?

Himself excepted in the modest Creed,

Unless he writes for Nobody to read.

960

Sure, of all treach’rous Guides, the greatest Cheat
Is that of wild, unchristian Self-conceit:

Possess’d by this domestic, inbred Pride,

The wise Freethinkers scorn the Name of Guide:

Their own Sufficiency, with Eyes their own,

Clearly beheld, they trust to that alone.

Resolv’d no other Maxims to imbibe,

Than what *their Reason*, and *their Sense* prescribe;

That is *Themselves*——for what a Man calls *his*,

In such a Case, is really what *he is*:

970

Choose how refin’d an *Egotist* may be,

His Reason, Judgment, Mind, and Sense is *he*.

K k 2

In

† P. 3. *I thought it an idle Curiosity and waste of Time, to inquire, what any modern Divine had preached or written about it (viz. the Nature of Prophecy) because the whole that can be known authentically, concerning its Relation to Christianity, must be learnt from those who first planted Christianity, and were instructed by the Author of it, on what Foundation it rested, and how far the Argument of Prophecy was useful to its Propagation and Support.*

In such Confinement if he sits enthrall'd,
 No Matter by what Title he is call'd;
 Blind, as a Sadducee, to heav'nly Light,
 He *will* believe his own Conceptions right:
 No *Prophecy*, to him, can seem more sure;
 Nor *Miracle attested* work his Cure.
 That of Conversion from his own dark Mind
 Must first convince him, that he once was blind: 980
 Then may he see, with salutary Grief,
 The dire Effects of wretched Unbelief;
 Looser, and looser from all sacred Ties,
 To what strange Heights a self-taught Sophist flies.

Friendship to Doctor *Middleton*, sincere,
 Must, if exerted; wish him to forbear
 A Kind of writing on the Christian Cause,
 That gains him no desirable Applause:
 That, whether meant or not, may, unawares,
 Involve a Reader in freethinking Snares. 990
 Involve himself—If frequent the Relapse,
 A *Teacher of Divinity*, perhaps,
 May run the Risque of being quite bereft;
 Of having nothing, but the *Habit*, left.

May that, which teaches rightly to divide
 The Word of Truth, be his petition'd Guide!
 Or, if resolv'd, at present, to pursue,
 At future Leasure, a mistaken Clue;
 May future Leasure—an uncertain Date—
 If granted, find him in a better State! 1000



Baguley, August 12, 1756.

Four E P I S T L E S

To the Rev. Mr. L——, late Vicar of Bowden, upon the
Miracle at the Feast of Pentecost.

I.

O UR Folks, gone a visiting, Reverend Sir,
Having left me at home here, less able to stir,
I am thinking on Matters, that lovingly past,
Where the 'Squire of the House, and I, visited last;
At the Vicar's of *Bowden*, old Friend of us two,
And a lover of Learning, fair, honest, and true;
Especially such, as shall make to appear
Any Passage of Scripture more easy, and clear.

II.

The Scripture was writ, and is oft understood,
By Persons unlearned, but pious and good;
Who have much better Helps, than mere Learning can
yield,
Which may yet be of use, in it's own proper Field;
If it be but to mend its own Faults in a Brother;
And correct, in one Man, the Mistakes of another;

Or

Or to combat our Scruples, and fix a true Thought,
When the Head shall confirm what the Heart has been
taught.

III.

One Thing, I remember, that fell in our Way,
Was the speaking in Tongues, on the *Pentecost* Day;
Which our Friend, the Divine, had conceiv'd in a Light,
That, however so thought, does not seem to be right:
All the Comments, 'tis true, that one ever has met,
Concur with his Notions about it; but yet
The Mistake is so plain, that I wish, by some Means,
To obtain his Review of those wonderful Scenes,

IV.

It is not my Thought; for I first was appris'd
Of the Thing by a *Jacob*, too greatly despis'd;
Dipping into whose Writings, which little I knew,
Some Expression like this was presented to View——
“ *All Languages spoken by PETER in one——*
A Truth, which the Moment I enter'd upon,
All the Force of Simplicity, Fitness, and Fact,
Extorted assent, that I could not retract.

V.

If the honest old Vicar, our visited Friend,
To *St. Luke's* own Account will be pleas'd to attend,

I cannot but think, that the current Conceit
 Will yield to Solution, so clear, and complete
 Of a Number of difficult Points, that arise
 Upon viewing the Text with unprejudic'd Eyes;
 If *Speakers* were more than Apostles; and *spoken*
 But to one in fifteen was a sensible Token.

VI.

For the Names to that Number, if rightly I count
 By a Baguly Bible, of Nations amount,
 Who all understood what a *Peter*, or *John*,
 Or whoever he will, was discoursing upon:
 And to all, at one Time; for, how plain to be seen,
 That Persons, nor Place, could admit of fifteen?
 When *Parthians*, and *Medes*, *Elamites*——and the rest——
 Must be too intermix'd to be singly address'd.

VII.

Are not these——said the Men (the devout) of each
 Land,
Galileans, that speak? whom we all understand?——
 As much as to say——by what wonderful Pow'rs
 Does the Tongue *Galilean* become, to us, ours?
 While the good were so justly astonish'd, the bad,
 Whose Hearts were unopen'd, cri'd out, they are mad:
 Unaccountable Charge, if we do not recall
 That, in one single Tongue, the Apostles speak all.

VIII. For

VIII.

For separate Speakers, and Tongues, it is clear,
 Good and bad, without Madness, might equally hear;
 And surprize, in the bad, would be equally keen,
 How illiterate Men could speak all the fifteen:
 But the Miracle, wrought in the simplest of Ways,
 In both good and bad, well accounts for Amaze;
 One was sensibly touch'd with a Gift so divine,
 One stupidly rais'd the Reproach of new Wine.

IX.

When *St. Peter* stood up, and, to all the whole Throng,
 Show'd the Truth, in a Sermon so good, and so long,
 But to one fifteenth Part was it only then shown?
 To the worst, the *Jerusalem* Scoffers alone?
 Whilst all the good Strangers, not knowing one Word,
 Stood unedifi'd by? This is greatly absurd:
 God pour'd out his Spirit—that answers all Mock—
 And spake, by *St. Peter*, to all his whole Flock.

X.

The vulgar Objection, which commenting Strain
 Has made to a Thing so exceedingly plain;
~~Is—the~~ the Miracle then would not be in the Speaker,
 It would be in the Hearers—now what can be weaker?
 For the Gift, in this case, had a twofold Respect,
 And must needs be in both, to produce its Effect;

To account for the Fact, which the Comments forgot,
Why the pious could hear what the Mockers could not.

XI.

It is no where affirm'd, that th' Apostles acquir'd
Any Tongue but their own, tho' divinely inspir'd :
St. Peter, St. John are soon mention'd again,
And describ'd as unlearned, and ignorant Men :
——But enough——or too much——for the Shortness of
Time
Gives a Hint to set Bounds to the Extension of Rhime ;
Our Friend will acknowledge, tho' hasty the Letter,
This Question's Solution——or give us a better.

XII.

So I shall not, here, touch upon *Hebrew*, and *Greek*,
Where a *Rabbi*, so able, if minded to seek,
May observe other Points, in which Learning, that makes
Many Things clear enough, has occasion'd Mistakes :
Whether this be one Instance, I only desire,
That a suitable Leisure may prompt to enquire ;
For, to me, it appears, that the Miracle done
Was all by one Language——as clear as the Sun.



E P I S T L E II.

November 30, 1756.

I.

MANY Thanks have been order'd, this Day, to attend
The Receipt of your Letter, Dear Vicar, and Friend;
Which, at first, being left to your Leisure to frame,
Was sure to be welcome, whenever it came :
The Point, which the Muse had a Mind to propose
In her free spoken Rhimes, you have handled in Prose ;
All fair on both Sides, because say it, or sing,
Truth alone, in the Case, is the principal Thing.

II.

But I cannot but marvel, that much better Sight
Than my own should not see so Meridian a Light,
As that of the speaking, at Pentecost Time,
By the Spirit of God, to the good of each Clime,
In one single Tongue, by that Spirit inspir'd,
Whose Assistance did all, that could then be requir'd ;
Whose Power, it is certain, could make itself known,
By a Number of Tongues, or by one Tongue alone.

III.

So needless the Many, so simple the One,
That I wonder what Judgment can hesitate on,

Or a learned Enquiry, that finds, if it seek,
That the Tongue might be one, in Construction of Greek :
Which as Comma takes Place (as old *Gregory* said,
Nazianzen I think) either way may be read ;
They speak in our Tongues——or, as *Christalline* clear,
The Fact is, to my Understanding ——we hear.

IV.

I sent you some Reasons, from *Baguley*, why
The Tongue was but one, which you choose to pass by ;
And to comment *St. Luke* in a many-tongu'd Way,
That darkens the Light, which I took to be Day :
And Day it is still——for Account, that you give,
“ *So plain and so obvious*” is Water in Sieve ;
Which seems to be something, at first-looking View,
But by Holes *plain*, and *obvious*, it quickly runs through.

V.

* “ *The Tongues which appear'd, and which sat upon each,*
“ *All cloven, and fiery, (you argue,) may teach,*

L 1 2

“ *And*

* *The cloven Tongues like Fire, which sat upon each of the Persons mentioned (Acts 1. 15.) were a plain symbolical Notice, that by the Holy Ghost, with which they were then baptized, they should be endowed, for the Propagation of the Gospel in all Nations, with divers Languages. If this is not the Case, pray what Reason can be assigned why there should be an Appearance of fiery Tongues divided, and sitting upon each of the Apostles and Disciples?*

Mr. Lancaster's Letter to Dr. Byrom.

*“ And, by Notice symbolical, make it discern’d
 “ That they spake in such Tongues, as they never had learn’d.”*—
 Need I tell an Hebræan, that Tongue is the same,
 In Relation to Fire, as the English Word Flame?
 Which appears to be cloven, and Proof that is spun
 From the Tongues, or the Flames---has too much of the Pun.

VI.

When you ask——Pray, what Reason can else be assign’d
 For Tongues? I ask you——Pray, what Reason for Wind?
 Not to shun a fair Question; but Tongue being Flame
 May have answer’d, already, your questioning Aim:
 I think that an Air, that a Flame from above
 Both is, and betokens, the Life, and the Love,
 Which if Christians were blest with, one Language would do;
 And their whole Body fill’d with, there could not be two.

VII.

But let them be Symbols, the Tongues, if you will,
 Of the Grace, which the Spirit was pleas’d to instill;
 His Gift is as good, if, in speaking their own,
 Men made the same Truth, in all Languages, known:
 This Effect, you will grant, the good Gift to intend;
 Now, supposing two Ways of attaining one End,
 Is that Explication less likely, or just,
 Which takes the more simple, more plainly august?

VIII. Your

VIII.

Your Account is quite new, in one Thing that I meet,
 * That is——“ *That the Speakers went into the Street ;
 Or went out of the House to the Multitude met——*
 For of this going out I have never read yet ;
 Or, if ever I did, have forgotten the Book,
 And can find nothing said in th’ Account of St. Luke,
 But what should imply both profane, and devout
 Coming into the House ; and not them to go out.

IX.

May one ask what Authority, then, you have got
 For the Scene, and Succession, which here you allot
 To the speaking Disciples, in Number fifteen,
 By an Order well fancied, but, not to be seen
 In the *Acts*, or elsewhere, the New Testament through,
 Nor——what I shall just give a Hint of to you——
 Will you find an Apostle, not even a *Paul*,
 In a Tongue, not his own, ever preaching at all.

X. I

* *The Apostles and Disciples, upon the Rumour of what had happened being spread abroad, by those of the House in which they were assembled, went out to the Multitude, whom such a Report had brought together ; and then, in order, first one of them in one Language, and then another of them in another, and so on, till all the Languages of the Nations specified were used, addressed the Multitude ; who hearing illiterate Galileans speaking after such a Manner, to each different Class amongst them, in their own proper Language, in which they were born, were amazed and confounded.*

Mr. L’s Letter.

X.

I agree that “ * *the Mockers, who mock'd with the Throng,
Knew only their vulgar, JERUSALEM Tongue*”——

But when you say, farther, what cannot but strike,

“ *That the Nations, too, all understood it alike*”——

Your order'd Confusion of speaking a Store

To a Croud, out of Doors——is more puzzling, and
more!

† In the midst of such Darknefs, if you can see Light,
You need not complain of the Want of Eye Sight.

XI.

Thus, my dear old Acquaintance, I run thro' your Plan,
And defend my Conviction, as well as I can,

† As to what a *Bengelius*, or *Wesley*, may raise
From twelve hundred and sixty prophetical Days;

As

* *The Mockers appear to be such as understood the Jewish Language. St. Peter's Speech, beginning (Acts 2. 14.) is addressed to all the Multitude; and as being so, is spoke in the Jewish Language, which all of them, tho' of different Nations, understood.*

Mr. L's Letter

‡ *A much greater Complaint than this I have to make, and that is want of Eye-sight——for what appears to you as clear as the Sun, does not appear to me clear at all.*

Mr. L's Letter.

† *The Rev. Mr. John Wesley in his Explanation of the new Testament, this Year published, says that the 1260 prophetical Days in the Revelations are not, as some have supposed 1260, but 777 common Years. and that Bengelius in his German Introduction has shewn this at Large. You understand the German Language, and therefore, if Bengelius be in your Library, I desire in a few Lines, you will let me know how he makes this out.*

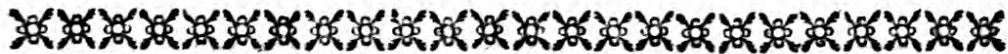
Mr. L's Letter.

As the Book is not here, if it otherwise could,
 My Skill in the *German* can do you no good;
 But the Part, that you mention, my Author foretells
 Will be put in our Tongue, by a *Doctor at Wells*.

XII.

So writes younger *Wesley*, who call'd here, and din'd,
 And to him I subscrib'd for it; tho' in my Mind,
 What Prophets have written, it's Learning in vain,
 Without some prophetic Gift, to explain;
 Nay, in Points that are clear, beyond any fair Doubt,
 It is fifteen to one—that the Learned are out,
 This Ratio, I find, in one Instance is true;
 Excuse the Presumption——

Dear Vicar, Adieu.



E P I S T L E III.

I.

I Hope that the Vicar will pardon the Haste
 With which an Occasion, once more, is embrac'd
 Of getting some Knowledge, in Points that I seek,
 From one so well vers'd both in Hebrew and Greek;
 In a Question of Fact, where a friendly Pursuit
 Has the Truth for its Object, and not the Dispute:
 Which, tho' Haste should encroach upon metrical Leisure,
 Will be sure, if it rise, to be kept within Measure.

II. It

II.

It would save much voluminous Labour, sometimes,
 If Disputes were ti'd down to dispassionate Rhimes,
 As well as to Reasons—but, not to digress—
 Having weigh'd his Responses both larger, and less;
 I resume the same Subject, same Freedom of Pen,
 To intreat for some small Satisfaction again,
 In Relation to Points, which, appearing absurd,
 Have extorted poetical Favour the third.

III.

* Three Things are laid down in Prose Favour the last,
 And Regard to his Thoughts would have none of them
 past;

To his first it was paid, to his future shall be;

But let *Veritas magis amica* be free:

First,—“ *manage the Comma, says he, how you will,*

“ SPEAK,—or HEAR—the same Sense will result from
it still”——

Yes; the Sense of the Context—*λαλεντων αυτων*——

While they speak in *their* Tongue, we all hear in *our* own.

IV. The

* You send me to Hebrew and Greek, and the Result of my enquiry is, however the Comma be managed in the Verse you mean, (Acts 2, 11.) the Sense is the same; and that *ἕως*, when used by itself, never signifies Fire or Flame. And therefore, to bring the Dispute to a short Issue, I desire your Answer to the following Query.

Were the new Tongues, which our Saviour (St. Mark 16. 17,) promised his Disciples should speak with, new Languages, i. e. such as they had never learned—or not?

Mr. L's. Letter.

IV.

The Hebrew Word לשון , or *Tongue*, says he next,
 Whene'er it is us'd, by itself, in a Text,
 Never signifies Fire, never signifies Flame——
 And believing it true, I say also the same;
 But in joint לשון אש , Tongue of Fire, or a Blaze,
 Foreign Languages claim no Symbolical Phrase;
 Tho' *Tongue* may occasion Mistake to befall,
 It has here no Relation to Language at all.

V.

Short Issue, he thinks, the Dispute will admit,
 And desires me to answer this Query, to Wit,
 Were the Tongues, the new Tongues, which a Promise
 was made
 That Disciples should speak, as *St. Mark* has display'd,
 New Languages? (such as have never been got
 By learning, before-hand, to speak them) or not?
 To which, for the present, till Some-body show
 That it must have this Meaning, my Answer is——No.

VI.

Now this, if he can, I could wish he would do,
 And prove the Construction——*new Languages*——true,
 In the Sense that he means; for, when all understood
 One Person who spake, it was really as good
 As if Numbers had spoken, or promised Grace
 Were interpreted Languages here in this Place;

The Effect was the same, and may answer the Pith
Of all that his Second has favour'd me with.

VII.

Still difficult then, if we carefully sift,
Is the Vulgar Account of the *Pentecost* Gift;
Which the Learned advance, and establish thereon
What the Vicar has built his Ideas upon,
With Additions thereto, which, as far as I see,
Not one of the Learned has added, but he;
For Example—if some, very few, I presume,
Have describ'd the Disciples as quitting the Room.

VIII.

But let them be many—what Reason, what Trace,
Do we find of their leaving the sanctifi'd Place?
Of a Wind from above did they fear at the Shake?
And the House, thro' a Doubt of its falling, forsake?
Or did they go forth to the gathering Quire,
Left the many bright Flames should have set it on Fire?
If a Thought could have enter'd of going away,
What Circumstance was not strong Motive to stay?

IX.

Then again—that the Foreigners, all of them, knew
The Language then us'd at *Jerusalem* too—
For the Miracle's Sake one would here have demurr'd,
Which is render'd so needless, improper, absurd,

That

That *Jerusalem* Mockers would really have had
 A Pretence to alledge—that the pious were mad ;
 For of speaking strange Tongues what accountable Aim,
 Or of hearing fifteen—when they all knew the same ?

X.

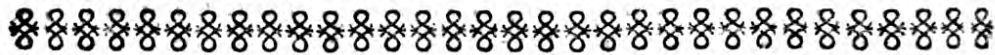
Add to this—The Disciples, the Hundred and Twenty,
 Spake, amongst one another, strange Tongues, in like
 Plenty ;
 One by one, says the Vicar, who very well saw
 What Confusion would rise, without some such a Law,
 As the Text has no Hint of ; which says—They began
 To speak by the Spirit—not—Man after Man :
 Could Time have suffic'd for so doing, yet, why
 Speak the Tongues of such Men—as were none of
 them by ?

XI.

The Vicar saw, too, that this could not attract
 Any Multitude thither—supposing it Fact—
 And so he conceiv'd, that a Rumour was spread
 By the Men of the House, of whom nothing is said—
 Now when Men, of his Learning, are forc'd to find out
 Such unchronicld Salvos to dissipate Doubt,
 One is apt to infer a well grounded Suspense ;
 And the more to look out for more natural Sense.

XII.

I wish my old Friend would consider the Case,
 And how ill it consists with Effusion of Grace
 To speak *Parthian*, and *Median*, and so of the Rest,
 To none but themselves being present address'd.
 Unless he can grant, on revolving the Point,
 That indeed there is something not rightly in Joint;
 Or solve one's Objections, or show one the Way
 How to clear up the Matter——what can a Man say?



E P I S T L E IV.

I.

I Have, with Attention, dear Vicar, repass'd
 Your obliging Reply to the Lines in my last;
 Am sorry 'tis final; yet cannot but say
 That your Patience, to hear me, has gone a great Way,
 And extinguish'd all Right to require any more,
 * If I put you to prove *Two and Two to make Four*;
 Very difficult Task, as one cannot deny,
 When there's Nothing more plain to demonstrate it by.

II. But

* *Your Answer to the Query—Were the Tongues which our Saviour (St. Mark 16. 17.) promised his Disciples they should speak with, such Languages as they then knew not? is, No. This is doing Things to the Purpose—A bold Alexandrian Stroke—And I am put upon the difficult Task of shewing, that Two and Two make Four.*

Mr. L's. Letter.

II.

But if—*Two and Two, Four*,—I am thinking, has
claim

To self-evident Truth, has this Comment the same?

—*The New Tongues, which are mention'd in Promising Page
Are the Old ones, subsisting for many an Age:—*

Is it really as plain, as that Four is twice Two,
That in no other Sense they could ever be new,
But as new to the Speaker, *John, Peter, or Paul*;
While the Tongues in themselves had no *Newness* at all?

III.

Were this a true Thesis, and right to maintain,
Yet—Two Halves are one Whole—is however more
plain;

'Till the Proof, which is wanted, shall make it appear
How the two Propositions are equally clear:

This Proof may be had from the Chapter, you say,
Which relates what was done on the *Pentecost* Day—
The best of all Proofs—but, to do the fair Thing,
Give me Leave to examine what Reasons you bring,

IV.

“ * *That γλωσσαι is Languages of, if you seek
In the Septuagint, or the New Testament Greek,*

“ *Acknowledge*

* You cannot but own that the Word γλωσσα in several Places of the old
Testament, according to the Seventy, and in many Places of the new Testament,
signifies

" *Acknowledge you must*"——Yes; 'tis really the Case——

" *ταῖς ἡμετέραις γλώσσαις*—— *in this very Place*

" *Must mean, in our Languages; Sense, you must own,*

" *Is the same as in*——*τῇ διαλεκτῇ ἡμῶν*——

" *In our Languages, or in our Dialect;*"——Yes,

Two and Two making Four is not plainer than this.

V.

But how it flows hence, that, in cited *St. Mark*,
It has no other Meaning, I'm quite in the dark:
Few Words of a Language are always confin'd
To a Meaning, precisely, of just the same Kind:
For the Roots of the Hebrew, in *Hutchinson's School*,
I remember, they had such a Kind of a Rule;
But the Reach of its Proof has been out of my Pow'r,
Tho' I've talk'd with their Master full many an Hour.

VI.

I believe, that by Grace, which the Spirit instill'd,
"*They shall speak with New Tongues*" was exactly fulfill'd
In our Saviour's Disciples; that, Grace being got,
They did so speak in Tongues, as before they could not,
With

signifies Languages. And that it does so in the above cited (St. Mark 16. 17.) may be fully prov'd from the very Chapter (Acts 2.) in which, what was done on the Day of Pentecost is related. In V. 11. the Signification of —ταῖς ἡμετέραις γλώσσαις—is evidently, in our Languages—the same as is otherwise expressed in V. 6. by—τῇ ἰδίᾳ διαλεκτῇ, and in V. 8. by τῇ διαλεκτῇ ἡμῶν.

Mr. L's. Letter.

With respect to good Strangers, partaking of Grace;
 For——“ *Speak with new Tongues*”——with new Lan-
 guages place,
 And the Promise fulfill’d we may very well call,
 By one Spirit-form’d Tongue, which instructed them all.

VII.

If the bold Alexandrian Stroke of a *No*
 Had been *Yes*, in my Last (and it would have been so,
 If the Facts had requir’d it) what could it have shown,
 Tho’ the Text had this Meaning, if not this alone?
 For how do all Languages, spoken in One,
 Disagree with the Promise insisted upon?
 I allow it fulfill’d; let the Vicar allow
 The Fulfilling, *itself*, to determine the *How*.

VIII.

God’s wonderful Works, when Disciples display’d,
 And spake by the Spirit’s omnipotent Aid,
 Ev’ry one understood, in a Language his own,
Loquentibus illis—λαλουντων αυτοων—
 While they spake——at the first; for good *Greek*, and
 good Sense,
 Forbid us to form an unwritten Pretence
 For dividing of Tongues; when the Spirit’s Descent
 Gave, at once, both to speak, and to know what was
 meant.

IX. * But

IX.

* But thus to interpret, it seems, you forbid,
 By placing the Stop, as old *Gregory* did;
 Who thought as you think; tho' you bring, I agree,
 At least, a more plausible Reason than he;
 From a Passage that suits with your Meaning alone,
 Acts the 10th——for they heard——*ηκουον γαρ αυτων*
λαλουντων——them speaking (&) *γλωσσαις*——in Tongues,
 Where, indeed, to that Greek that Construction belongs.

X.

By transposing two Words the grammatical Lot
 Shows when they are absolute; when they are not:
 But be it——“ *them speaking* ”—— as you would collect,
 “ *In our Languages* ”—— still, it will never affect
 The Force of those Reasons, from which 'tis infer'd,
 That at once they were spoken, at once they were heard;
 Nor of those, which deny that Tongues, *quatenus* new,
 Mean always precisely what Languages do.

XI.

† That Evidence, Vicar, which here you have brought,
 Cross examin'd, will certainly favour this Thought;

For

* Let me observe that the Words—*λαλουντων αυτων*——(V. 11.) are not as you would have them put absolutely, but are governed of *ακουομεν*; as *λαλουντων αυτων* (V. 6) are of *ηκουον* and as *αυτων λαλουντων γλωσσαις* are of the same Verb (Acts 10 V. 46.)
 Mr. L's Letter.

† See the last Reference, where the Vicar points to Acts 10. V. 46.

For *Cornelius* converted, and Company too,
 Without Intervention of Languages new,
 How can any one think, but from Prejudice bred.
 Tho' honest, from what he has often heard said,
 That, then, they were all on a sudden inspir'd
 To speak with strange Tongues, when no Reason requir'd?

XII.

But now being got to the End of a Tether,
 Prescrib'd to your Trouble—I leave to you, whether
 Tongues, any where else, in the Sense you assert,
 Were spoken to Purpose, that is, to convert?
 Or whether your Patience can bear to excuse
 A Reply to your Hints on the Sense that I chuse?
 In the mean Time I thank you for Favours in Hand;
 And speaking, or silent—am
 Yours to Command.



A N

EPISTLE to J. Bl---k---n, Esq;

Occasioned by a Dispute concerning the Food of St. John,
 the Baptist.

THE Point, *Mr. Bl---k---n*, disputed upon,
 Whether *Insects*, or *Herbs*, were the Food of *St. John*,

N n

Is

Is a fingular Proof, how a learned Pretence
 Can prevail with some Folks over natural Sense,
 So consistent with Herbs, as you know was allow'd;
 But the Duft that is rais'd by a critical Croud
 Has so blinded their Eyes, that plain simple Truth
 Is obscur'd by a *Posse* of *Glosses*, forsooth!

Diodorus and *Strabo*, *Solinus* and *Ælian*,
 And Authorities down from the *Aristotelian*,
 Have mention'd whole Clans, that were wont to subsist,
 In the East, upon Locusts as big as your Fift:
Ergo, so did the *Baptist* — now were it all true
 That Reporters affirm, but not one of them knew;
 What follows, but Hearsay how Savages eat?
 And how Locusts, sometimes, are Necessity's Meat?

If, amongst their old Tales, they had chanc'd to deter-
 mine,
 That the *Jews* were accustom'd to feed on these Vermin,
 It would have been something; or did they produce
 Any one single Hermit that stor'd them for Use,
 Having pick'd 'em, and dri'd 'em, and smoak'd in the Sun,
 (For this, before eating, they tell us was done;)
 The Example were patter than any they bring,
 To support such an aukward, improbable Thing.

Hermitical Food the poetical Tribe
 Of *Glosses* have happen'd sometimes to describe;
 And their native Descriptions are constantly found
 To relate, in some Shape, to the Fruits of the Ground;

If

If exception occurs, one may venture to say,
 That the Locust Conceit never came in their Way;
 Or let its Defender declare, if he knows,
 Any one single Instance, in Verse or in Prose.

But the Word, which the Text has made Use of, 'tis said,
 Means the *animal* Locust, wherever 'tis read,
 Of a Species, which *Jews* were permitted to eat;
 There is therefore no Need of a *plantal* Conceit,
 Of Tops, Summits, or Buds, Pods, or Berries of Trees,
 For to this, the sole Proof is, no Classic agrees;
 And the Latin *Locustæ* came, only from want
 Of Attention, to signify Tops of a Plant.

It would take up a Volume to clear the Mistakes,
 Which, in this single Case, classic Prejudice makes,
 Thro' Attachment to Writers, who pass a Relation,
 Which others had sign'd without Examination;
 As the Authors have done, who have read, and have writ,
 That Locusts are Food, which the *Law* did permit;
 And the Place, which they quote for a Proof that it did,
 Is one that will prove them expressly *forbid*.

I appeal to the *Hebrew*, and, for the *Greek* Word,
 To the twenty-third *Iliad*, where once it occur'd;
 And where the old Prince of the Classics, one sees,
 Never once thought of Insects, but Branches of Trees,
 As the Context evinces; tho', all to a Man,
 Translators adopt the Locustical Plan:

How the Latin *Locustæ* should get a wrong Sense
Is their Business to prove, who object the Pretence.

But the classical Greek, tho' it often confirm,
Cannot always explain, a *New Testament* Term,
Any more than an *Old* one; and therefore, to pass
All Authorities by of a paganish Clats,
Let them ask the *greek* Fathers, who full as well knew
Their own Tongue, and the Gospel, which Meaning is true?
But, for Insects, to find a plain Proof in their Greek
Will cut a Librarian out Work for a Week.

For *Herbs* here is one, which, unless it is match'd,
Ought to carry this Question as fairly dispatch'd;
Isidorus, Greek Father of critical Fame,
Has a Letter concerning this very Greek Name,
Dismissing the Doubt, which a Querist had got,
If the *Baptist* did eat Animalcules, or not,
God Forbid! says the Father, a Thing so absurd!
The Summits of Plants is the Sense of the Word.

Such an ancient Decision, so quite *a propos*,
Disperfes, at once, all the Classical Show
Of a Learning, that builds upon *Africa's* East,
And the Traunts, how wild People were fabl'd to feast
Upon fancied huge Locusts, which never appear,
Or huge, or unhuge, but five Months in the Year;
To be hoarded, and pickl'd in Salt and in Smoke:
How Saint *John* is employ'd by these critical Folk!

Where

Where the Locust could feed such an abstinent Saint,
 Of Food for his Purpose, could never have Want :
 If the Desert was sandy, and made such a Need,
 How account for the Locusts descending to feed ?
 In short, *Mr. Bl---k---n*, they cannot escape
 The Charge of absurd, in all Manner of Shape ;
 If they can, let them do it——mean while I conclude
 That *St. John's* was the *plantal*, not *animal* Food.

Thus, Sir, I have stated, as brief as I'm able,
 The friendly Debate, that we had at your Table ;
 Where the kind Entertainer, I found, was inclin'd,
 And acknowledge the Pleasure, to be of my Mind :
 Having only to add, now I make my Report,
 That, howe'er we may differ in Points of this Sort,
 Our Reception at *Orford*, all pleas'd, we review,
 And rejoice in the Health of its Master——

Adieu.



Three EPISTLES to G. Lloyd, Esq;

On the following Passage in HOMER.

Ουρας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπωχετο, καὶ κύνες ἀργαί,
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχέπευκες ἐφίεισ
Βαῖλ', αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκρῶν χθιόντο θάμνισαι

Iliad. A. lin. 50.

I.

THUS *Homer*, describing the pestilent Lot,
That amongst the *Greek Forces Apollo* had shot,
Tells how it began, and *who* suffer'd the first,
When his ill-treated Priest the whole Army had curst:
Or rather *what* suffer'd; for Custom computes,
That *Apollo's* first Shafts fell amongst the poor Brutes;
Instructing both Critics, to construe, and Schools,
Κύνες ἀργαί the Dogs—and *σπῆες* the Mules,

II.

Now, observing old *Homer's* poetical Features,
I would put in one Word for the guiltless dumb Creatures,
And the famous blind Bard; for, as far as I see,
The learn'd, in this Case, are much blinder than he:
At the Mules, and the Dogs, in his versifi'd *Greek*,
Nor *Phæbus*, nor *Priest*, had conceiv'd any Pique;

And

And I doubt, notwithstanding the common Consent,
That the Meaning is mist which *Mæonides* meant.

III.

Why the Brutes were first plagu'd, an *Eustathius*, and
others,
Have made a great Rout, with their physical Pothers,
Of the Nature, and Causes, and Progress of Plague;
And all, to the Purpose, quite foreign, and vague:
But be medical Symptoms whatever they will,
Such Matters I leave to Friend *Heberden's* Skill,
And propose a plain Fact to all cunninger Ken——
——That the Mules, and the Dogs, in this Passage, are
Men.

IV.

Just then, as they rise, to explain my Ideas——
Let the the Lexicon tell what is meant by *ὑἄνδρες*;
In plain, common Sense, without physical Routs,
The *Grecian* Outguards, the *Custodes*, or Scouts:
The Word may be Mules too, for aught that I know,
For my *Scapula* says, 'tis, *Ionice*, so;
And refers to the Lines above quoted from *Homer*,
Where Mules, I conceive, is an arrant Misnomer.

V. If

V.

If a Word has two Meanings, to critical Test,
 That which makes the Sense better is certainly best;
 The Plague is here plainly describ'd to begin
 In the Skirts of the Camp, then to enter within;
 To rage, and occasion, what *Iliad* files,
 Incessantly burning their funeral Piles;
 Which the *Greeks*, I conjecture, were hardly such Fools
 As to burn, or erect for the Dogs, and the Mules.

VI.

The common *Greek* Word, the *Homerical* too,
 For Mules is *Ἡμῶν*, where it will do;
 And there was, as it happened, no Cause to coerce
 Its Use in this Place, for it suited the Verse:
 Whereas a plain Reason oblig'd to discard,
 If this was the Point to be shewn by the Bard,
 That first to the Parties about the main Camp
Apollo dispatch'd the vindictive Damp.

VII.

Thus much for *Οὐρανός*—the meaning of *Κοῦρ*
 Is attended, I own, with a little more Newness;
 For the Sense, in this Place, will oblige us to plant
 A meaning for *Κοῦρ*, which Lexicons want:
 And, if that be a Reason for some to reject,
 'Tis no more than Correction, tho' just, may expect;

But

But if it be just, the true Critics will add,
 'Tis a Meaning that Lexicons ought to have had.

VIII.

Both *Canes* in *Latin*, and *Kuvas* in *Greek*,
 And the *Hebrew* Word for them, if Critics would seek,
 Should be rendered, sometimes, in Prose-writers, or Bards,
 By Slaves, or by Servants, Attendants, or Guards:
Oupnas and *Kuvas* have here, in my Thought,
 Much a like Kind of meaning, as really they ought;
 The Difference, perhaps, that, for Camp Preservation,
 One mov'd, or patroll'd; while the other kept Station.

IX.

Agyes, which is *white*, in the commonest Sense,
 To describe the Dogs here, has no Sort of Pretence;
 Nor here will the Lexicons help a dead Lift,
 That allow the odd Choice too of *slow*, or of *swift*:
 If the Dogs were demolish'd, 'twill certainly follow
 That *white*, *slow*, or *swift*, was all one to *Apollo*;
 Whose fam'd Penetration was rather too deep
 Than to take Dogs for Soldiers, as *Ajax* did Sheep.

X.

Why them? or why Mules? for Description allows
 That he shot at no Horses, Bulls, Oxen, or Cows;

O o

With

With a Vengeance selecting, from all other Classes,
 Poor Dogs of some Sort, and impeccant Half-Asses:
 Now granting, what Poem shows plainly enough,
 That *Homer* abounds with nonsensical Stuff,
 Yet it should, for his Sake, if it can, be confin'd
 To the *Pagan*, and not the *Poetical* Kind.

XI.

The Mules and the Dogs, being shot at, coheres
 No better with Sense, than the Bulls and the Bears:
 To exculpate old *Homer*, my worthy Friend *Lloyd*,
 Some Sort of Correction should here be employ'd;
 And, for Languages Sake, in which Matters are spread
 Of a greater Concern, if old Writers are read,
 Where it seems to be wanting, the Critics should seek
 To make out fair English for *Latin*, or *Greek*.

XII.

If the Words have a Meaning both human, and brute,
 Where *Homer* describes his *Apollo* to shoot,
 Tho' brute, in the Latin, possesses the Letter,
 I take it for granted that human is better:
 Do you think this a fair *Postulatum*?——“ I do;
 “ But you only affirm that the human is true”——
 That's all that I want in this present Epistle;
 In the next I shall prove it——as clear as a Whistle.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E II.

I.

YOUR Consent, I made bold to suppose, in my last,
To a fair *Postulatum* had readily past;
That a mulish Distemper, or that a canine,
Neither suited *Apollo's*, nor *Homer's* Design,
Like making the Subjects, who felt its first Shock,
To be Men like their Masters, tho' baser of Stock:
Now Proof, at the present, comes under the Pen,
That *σῆνες*, and *Κυρῆς*, may signify Men.

II.

You'll draw the Conclusion, so fair, and so just,
That if they may do it, they certainly must;
It would look with an unphilosophical Face,
And * *anti-Rawthmelian*, to question the Case:
Tho' the Proofs of this Point, which I formerly noted,
Have slipped my Remembrance, and cannot be quoted;
From *Homer* himself it may chance to appear,
As I promis'd to make it, no Whistle more clear.

III.

That *σῆνες* are Guards, in *Iliadal* Lore,
You may see in Book *Kappa*, Line eighty and four;
O o 2 Where

* Alluding to *Rawthmel's Coffee-House*, where several Members of the
Royal Society usually spent their Evenings.

Where the wise Commentators confess in their Rules,
 That—Here it is Guards, not Ἡμίονοι Mules :
 Being join'd with ἑταῖροι, Companions, they knew
 As ἑταῖροι were Men, that ἄρνες were too :
 Now let us illustrate the combated Place,
 As near as we can, by a Parallel Case.

IV.

Plain Sense, as I take it, if once it is shown
 That *Homer* opposes to—being alone—
 Having two Κυνες ἀργυοι along with an Hero,
 Will call 'em Companions, not Dogs, in *Homero* :
 Turn then to his *Odyssey*, *Beta*, Line ten,
 Where Dogs, as they call 'em, are certainly Men ;
 Attended by whom (he will second who seeks)
Telemachus went to a Council of *Greeks*.

V.

With his Sword buckl'd on, and a Spear in his Hand,
 He went (having summon'd) to meet the whole Band ;
 So bravely set forth, so equipt, and so shod,
 That, as *Homer* has phras'd it, he look'd like a God ;
 Not alone—to enhance the Description of Song,
 But he took with him two Κυνες ἀργυοι along :
 Two swift-footed Dogs ! yes—two Puppies, no Doubt,
 That *Apollo* had fav'd from the general Rout !—

VI. One

VI.

One can but reflect how we live in an Age
 That scruples the Sense of all sensible Page;
 Any Kind of old Nonsense more pleas'd to admit,
 If in *Homer*, or *Virgil*, or *Horace* 'tis writ;
 But yet, to do Justice to these, and the rest
 Of the poor pagan Poets, it must be confess'd,
 That Time, and Transcribing, and critical Note
 Have father'd much on them, which they never wrote.

VII.

This Place is a Proof, how the Critics made bold
 To foist their own Sense into Verses of old;
 For instead of two *Greeks* here, attending their Master,
 And footing a Pace neither slower, nor faster;
 They have made in some Places, to follow his Track,
 Of their swift-footed Dogs, an indefinite Pack;
 The Son of *Ulysses* unskilfully forcing
 To go to a Council, as Men go a Courting.

VIII.

Οὐκ οἶος — ἄνθρωπος — for Master and Dame,
 Not alone — to interpret by *Homer*'s true Aim,
 There are Places enoo to evince that Attendants
 Were Men, or were Maidens, were Friends, or Depend-
 ants :

Thus

Thus *Achilles*——*εκ οιος*——*Omega* rehearſes,
 Had two *Σεργποντες* both nam'd in the Verſes,
Automedon——*Alcimus*——whom, it is ſaid,
 He valued the moſt, for *Patroclus* was dead.

IX.

Penelope thus, in firſt *Odyſſey* Strain,
 Two *Αμφιπολοι* follow'd——two Women, 'tis plain,
 When the Dame was *εκ οιν*——and mention'd anon,
 How they ſtood to attend her, on either Side one.
 Had *Αμφιπολοι* ſignifi'd Cats in the *Greek*,
 Would not Senſe have oblig'd us new Meaning to ſeek?
 And two Dogs as unfit as two Cats, you will own,
 To deſcribe Man, or Woman——not being alone,

X.

To cloſe the plain Reaſons that riſe in ones Mind,
 Take an Inſtance from *Virgil* of ſimilar Kind;
 Wherein fair Imitation of *Homer*, no doubt,
 He deſcribes King *Evander* to dreſs, and march out;
 And diſcern, by the Help of his *Mantuan* Pen,
 How *Cuſtodes*, and *Canes*, were both the ſame Men;
 Where *Canes* are Dogs, as all Cuſtom opines——
 See *Virgil's* eighth Book——come I'll copy the Lines——

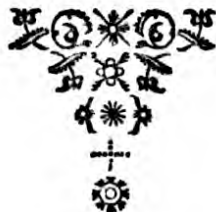
*Nec non et gemini cuſtodes limine ab alto
 Procedunt, greſſumque canes comitantur herilem ——*

XI.

Κυνες αργοι in Homer were then in his View,
 When *Virgil*, in *Latin*, thus painted the two;
 And the *Canes* in him are the very *Custodes*,
 Most aptly repeated, *dignissime Sodes*:
 Did ever Verse yet, or Prose ever, record
 Any literal Dogs, that kept Pace with their Lord?
 Proceeding——attending——how plain the Suggestion
 That Dogs, in the Case, are quite out of the Question!

XII.

And now I appeal to all critical Candour,
 If *Homer's* young Hero, or senior *Evander*,
 Had Dogs for Companions, to honour their *Gressus*,
 As Translators in Verse, and in Prose, would possess us;
 The Moderns I think (tho' a Lover of Metre)
 Sould manage with Judgment a little discreeter,
 Than to gape and admire what old Poets have fung,
 If it will not make Sense in their own Mother Tongue.





E P I S T L E I I I.

HAVING shown you the Passage, one cannot avoid
An Appendix so proper, kind Visitant *Lloyd*,
To the Mules and the Dogs, which, a little while since,
Were Guards and Piquets, as Verse fought to evince:
Whether *Kovs* attended, two footed, or four,
Upon Heroes and Kings, let the Critics explore;
But *spnas* for Mules, in old *Homer's* Intent,
I suspect that his Rhapsodies never once meant.

I I.

The Word is twice us'd in the twenty third Book,
In the Space of five Lines; where I made you to look;
I'll refresh your Attention—*Achilles*, know then,
Had desir'd *Agamemnon*, the Monarch of Men,
To exhort 'em to bring, when the Morning appear'd,
And prepare proper Wood, for a Pile to be rear'd,
For the Purpose of burning, as Custom instill'd,
The Remains of *Patroclus*, whom *Hector* had kill'd.

I I I.

When the Morning appear'd, with her rosy'd Fingers,
Agamemnon obey'd; and exhorted the Bringers,
The Mules and the Men;—as Translation presents—
Exhorted them all to come out of their Tents:

So

So the Men and the Mules lay amongst one another,
 If this be the Case, in some Hammocks or other;
 And the Men, taking with 'em Ropes, Hatchets, and
 Tools,
 Were conducted, it seems, to the Wood, by the Mules.

IV.

For the Mules went before 'em — the *Latinists* say —
 Which, a Man may presume, was to show 'em the Way;
 Or, since there was Danger, the Mules going first
 Might, perhaps, be because the Men none of 'em durst;
 For they all were to pass, in their present Employ,
 To the Woods of Mount *Ida*, belonging to *Troy*;
 And if *Trojans* fell on them, for stealing their Fire,
 The Men, in the Rear, might the sooner retire.

V.

However, both mulish, and well booted Folks
 Came safe to the Mountain, and cut down its Oaks;
 And, with more bulky Pieces of Timber cut out,
 They loaded such Mules, as were Mules without doubt:
 When you found, in the Latin, so certain a Place,
 Where the loading Description show'd Mules in the Case,
 Your Eyes to the left I saw rolling, to seek
 If the Word for these Mules was *μῆλον* in Greek.

VI.

And had they discover'd that really it was,
 Conjecture had come to more difficult Pass;
 But since it was not, since *Ἡμῶν* came,
 What else but the Meaning could vary the Name?
 Why should *Homer*, so fond, as you very well noted,
 Of repeating the Words, which his Muse had once quoted,
 Make so awkward a Change, without any Pretence
 Of a Reason suggested by Metre, or Sense?

VII.

Ἡμῶν, Mules, tho' a masculine Ender,
 Is always, in Greek, of the feminine Gender;
 But *ἄρ' αὖ*, you'll find, let it mean what it will,
 Never is of that Gender, but masculine still:
 How ridiculous then, that *ἄρ' αὖ* the Hees,
 Should become, by their Loading, *Ἡμῶν*, Shees?
 In a Latin Description would Poetry pass,
 That should call 'em *Mulos*, and then load 'em *Mulas*?

VIII.

Both the Word, and the Sense, which is really the Bard's,
 Show the Masculine Mules to be certainly Guards:
 Any Mules I desire any Critic to name,
 If *Jacks* in the Gender, that are not the same:
 One Place, which I hinted at, over our Tea,
 May be offer'd, perhaps, as a masculine Plea;

But,

But, if Folks were unbias'd, they quickly would find
A Mistake to be there, of the very same Kind.

IX.

The *Trojans* met *Priam* at one of their Gates,
With the Corps of his *Hector* — *Omega* relates —
Whom they would have lamented there, all the Day long,
Had not *Priam*, address'ing himself to the Throng,
Made a Speech — *Let me pass with the Mules* — and
so on —

For Mules drew the Hearse which the Corps lay upon:
Now the Words that he said, at the Entrance of Troy,
Were — *Ουρυσσι διελθεμεν εζατε μοι.*

X.

Priam said to the People, still hurrying down,
Let me pass thro' the Guards — (to go into the Town)
This is much better Sense, by the Leave of the Schools,
Than for *Priam* to say — *Let me pass with the Mules* —
For *Ideus* directed the Mulish Machine,
While Horses drew that in which *Priam* was seen;
Who thought of no Mules, but of reaching the Dome,
Where they all might lament over *Hector*, at Home.

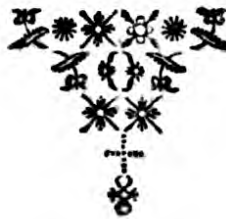
XI.

The Mules had been nam'd very often before,
In the very same Book, Times a Dozen, or more;

And the proper Term for 'em had always occur'd;
 It is only this once that we meet with this Word:
 That it signifies Guards, it is granted, sometimes,
 As I instanc'd, you know, in the *Baguley* Rhimes;
 And will Critics suppose, that the Poet would make
 Variation, for mere Ambiguity's Sake?

XII.

That *Apollo* should plague, *Agamemnon* exhort,
 These irrational Creatures is stupid, in short;
 Where no Metamorphosis, Fable, or Fiction,
 Can defend such Abuse of plain, narrative Diction——
 Perchance, as a Doctor, you'll think me unwise,
 For poring on *Homer*, with present sore Eyes;
 But a Glance, the most transient, may see, in his Plan,
 That a Mule is a Mule, and a Man is a Man.





Critical Remarks in *English* and *Latin*,

Upon several Passages in HORACE.

AN EPISTLE to a FRIEND,

Proposing a Correction in the following PASSAGE.

Si non Acrisium Virginis abditæ

CUSTODEM PAVIDUM *Jupiter et Venus*

Risissent——

Lib. 3. Ode 16.

SO then you think *Acrisius* really sold
His Daughter *Danae*, himself, for Gold;
When the whole Story of the Grecian King
Makes such a Bargain so absurd a Thing,
That neither Poetry, nor Sense could make
The Poet guilty of the vile Mistake.

No Sir; her Father, here, was rich enough;
Satire on him, for selling her, is Stuff:
Fear was his Motive to a vast Expence
Of Gates, and Guards to keep her in a Fence:
But some dull Blockhead happ'ning to transcribe,
When half asleep, has made HIM take the Bribe,
Which *Jupiter* and *Venus*, as the Bard
Had writ, made use of to corrupt the GUARD.

All

All the Remarks on Avarice are just;
But 'twas the Keeper that betray'd his Trust.

Passage from *Virgil*, which you here select us,
How Gold is cogent of *mortale pectus*;
And from *Euripides*, that Gold can ope
Gates——unattempted even by the Pope;
Show Money's Force on Subjects that are vicious;
But what has this to do with King *Acrisius*?
Who spar'd no Money to secure his Life,
Lost, if his Daughter once became a Wife:
He shut her up for fear of Death——and then
Sold her himself!——all Stuff, I say again:
Death was his dread; nor was it in the Pow'r
Of Love's Bewitchment, or of Money'd Show'r,
Of *Venus*, *Jupiter*, or all the Fry
Of *Homer's* Heav'n to hire the Man to die.

Where is his Avarice, of any Kind,
Noted, in all the Fables that you find?
Except in those of your inventing Fashion
That make him old, and Avarice his Passion?
To hide the Blunder of *Amanuenses*,
Who, writing Words, full oft unwrit the Senses:
Fact, that in *Horace*, in a World of Places,
Appears by irrecoverable Traces;
On which the Critics raise a learned Dust,
And, still adjusting, never can adjust.
Having but one of all the Roman Lyrics
To feed their Taste for flavish Panegyrics,

The

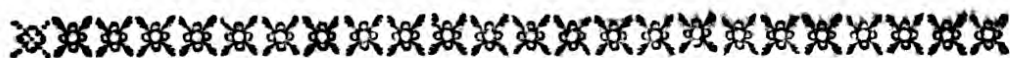
The more absurd the Manuscriptal Letter,
 They paint, from thence, some fancy'd Beauty better;
 Hunting for all the Colours, round about,
 To make the Nonsense beautifully out;
 Adorning richly, for the Poet's Sake,
 Some poor hallucinating Scribe's Mistake.

Now I would have a Short-hand Son of mine
 Be less obsequious to the Classic Line,
 Than, right or wrong, to yield his Approbation,
 Because *Homeric*, or because *Horatian*;
 Or not to see, when it is fairly hinted,
 Either original Defect, or printed.
 Not that it matters Two-pence, in Regard
 Of either *Grecian*, or of *Roman* Bard;
 If Schools were wise enough to introduce
 Much better Books for Education's Use:
 But since, by force of Custom, or of Lash,
 The Boys must wade thro' so much Traunt and Trash,
 To gain their Greek and Latin, they should learn
 True Greek, at least, and Latin to discern;
 Nor, for the sake of Custom, to admit
 The Faults of Language, Metre, Sense, or Wit:
 Because this blind Attachment, by Command,
 To what their Masters do not understand,
 Makes Reading servile, in the younger Flock,
 Of rhiming *Horace*, down to profing *Lock*:
 Knowledge is all mechanically known,
 And no innate Ideas of their own. —

But

But, while I'm rhiming to you what comes next,
 I shall forget th' *Acrisius* of the Text——
 Your Reasons then, why this *Custodem pavidum*
 Should not be chang'd to *Custodemque avidum*,
 Turn upon Avarice; you think the Father
 Fond of the Bribe; I think the Keeper rather,
 Who had no Fear from *Danae*——the Wife——
 Who could receive the Gold, and lose no Life,
 Must needs be he, and that, without the Change,
 The Verse is unpoetically strange :

You make *Acrisius* to have been the Guard,
 And to be *Pavidus*——extremely hard
 To make out either; for what other Place
 Shows that the King was Jailor in the Case?
 And is not *Pavidus* a *dictum gratis*?
 Was not his *Danae* — *munita satis*?
 Safe kept enough? If *pavidus* come after,
 The Dear Joy *Horace* must provoke ones Laughter:
 Plain common Sense suggesting, all the while,
 ——Not Fear, but fancied Safety gave the Smile:
 Safe as *Acrisius* thought himself to be,
 The *Custos avidus* would take a Fee;
 A golden shower, they knew, would break his Oath,
 And *Jupiter* and *Venus* laugh'd at both.



Sume Mæcenæ Cyathos Amici
Sospitis CENTUM——

Lib. 3. Ode 8.

A D I A L O G U E.

I.

W H A T! must *Mæcenæ*, when he sups
With *Horace*, drink a Hundred Cups?
A Hundred Cups *Mæcenæ* drink!
Where must he put them all d'ye think?
Pray have the Critics all so blunder'd,
That none of 'em correct this *Hundred*?

II.

“ Not that I know has any one
“ Had any Scruple thereupon:
“ And for what Reason pray should you?
“ The Reading, to be sure, is true;
“ A hundred Cups——that is to say——
“ *Mæcenæ* come and drink away.

III.

If that was all the Poet meant,
It is express'd without the *Cent*:

Sume Mæcenas Cyathos —

Does it full well without the Dose,
The monst'rous Dose in Cup, or Can,
That suits with neither Bard, nor Man.

IV.

“ Nay, why so monst'rous? Is it told
“ How much the *Cyathus* would hold?
“ You think perhaps it was a Mug,
“ As round as any *Jonian* Jug:
“ They drank all Night; if small the Glafs,
“ Would *Centum* mount to such a Mass?

V.

Small as you will, if 'twas a Bumper,
Centum for One would be a Thumper:
It's Bulk *Horatian* Terms define,
* *Vates attonitus* with nine;
Gratia——forbidding more than three——
They were no Thimbles you may see.

VI.

“ Not in that Ode——in this they might
“ Intend a more diminish'd Plight;
“ And then *Mæcenas* and the Bard,
“ That Night, I warrant ye, drank hard;

“ *Perfer*

* *Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 19. v. 14.*

“ *Perfer in Lucem*—Horace crys;
“ To what a Pitch might Numbers rise!

VII.

A desperate long Night! my Friend,
Before their hundred Cups could end;
Nor does the Verse invite, throughout,
Mæcenas to a drunken Bout:
Perfer in Lucem comes in View
With *procul omnis clamor* too.

VIII.

“ Was it no Bout, because no Noise
“ Should interrupt their Midnight Joys?
“ *Horace*, you read, with annual Tap,
“ Notes his escape from dire Mishap:
“ Must he, and Friends conven'd, be sober,
“ Because 'twas March, and not October?

IX.

Sober or drunk is not the Case,
But Word and Meaning to replace,
Both here demolish'd: Did they, pray,
Do nothing else but drink away?
For Friends conven'd had *Horace* got
No Entertainment, but to sot?

Q q 2

X. “ Yes,

X.

“ Yes, to be sure ; he might rehearse
“ Some new, or entertaining Verse ;
“ Might touch the Lyre, invoke the Muse ;
“ Or twenty Things that he might chuse ;
“ No doubt but he would mix along
“ With Cup, and Talk, the joyous *Song*.

XI.

Doubtless he would ; and that's the Word,
For which a *Centum* so absurd
Has been inserted, by Mistake
Of his Transcribers, scarce awake ;
Which, all the Critics, when they keep,
Are, *quoad hoc*, quite fast asleep.

XII.

“ For that's the Word ”——“ What Word d'ye mean ?
“ For Song does *Centum* intervene ?
“ Song would be——O, I take your Hint,
“ *Cantum*, not *Centum*, you would print ;
“ *Sospitis Cantum*——but the Clause
“ Can have no Sense with such a Pause.

XIII.

Pause then at *Sospitis*, nor strike
The three *Cæsuras* all alike ;

One Cup of *Helicon* but quaff,
The Point is plain as a Pikestaff;
The Wine, the Song, the Lustre's Light——
The Verse, the Pause, the Sense is right.

XIV.

“ Stay, let me read the Sapphic out
“ Both Ways, and then resolve the Doubt——

*Sume Mæcenæ cyathos Amici
Sospitis centum——et vigiles Lucernas
Perfer in Lucem——procul omnis esto
Clamor et Ira.*

*Sume Mæcenæ cyathos Amici
Sospitis——Cantum, et vigiles Lucernas
Perfer in Lucem——procul omnis esto
Clamor et Ira.*

“ Well, I confess, now I have read,
“ The Thing is right that you have said;
“ One Vowel rectify'd, how plain
“ Does *Horace's* Intent remain!





—NONUMQ. prematur in Annum.

Hor. Art poet. L. 388.

I.

YE Poets, and Critics, and Men of the Schools,
Who talk about *Horace*, and *Horace's* Rules;
Ye learned Admirers, how comes it, I wonder,
That none of you touch a most tangible Blunder?
I speak not to fervile, and sturdy Logicians,
Who will, right or wrong, follow printed Editions;
But you, that are Judges, come rub up your Eyes,
And unshackle your Wits, and I'll show where it lies.

II.

Amongst other Rules, which your *Horace* has writ,
To make his young *Piso* for Poetry fit,
He tells him, that Verses should not be pursu'd,
When the Muse (or *Minerva*) was not in the Mood;
That, whate'er he should write, “* *he should let it descend*
“ *To the Ears of his Father, his Master, his Friend;*”
And let it lie by him——now prick up your Ears——
Nonumque prematur in Annum——nine Years.

Nine

* —In Mettiii descendat Judicis Aures,
Et patris et nostras.—

III.

Nine Years! I repeat—for the Sound is enough,
 With the Help of plain Sense, to discover the Stuff.
 If the Rule had been new, what a Figure would nine
 Have made with your *Piso's*, ye Masters of mine?
 Must a Youth of quick Parts, for his Verse's Perfection,
 Let it lie for nine Years—in the *House of Correction*?
 Nine Years if his Verses must lie in the Leaven,
 Take the young Rogue himself, and transport him for
 seven.

IV.

To make this a Maxim, that *Horace* infuses,
 Must provoke all the Laughter of all the nine Muses.
 How the Wits of old *Rome*, in a Case so facetious,
 Would have jok'd upon *Horace*, and *Piso*, and *Metius*,
 If they all could not make a poetical Line
 Ripe enough to be read, 'till the Year had struck nine!
 Had the Boy been possesst of nine Lives, like a Cat,
 Yet surely he'd ne'er have submitted to that.

V.

Vah! says an old Critic, indefinite Number——
 To denote many Years——(which is just the same Lumber)
 Quotes a Length of *Quintilian* for * *Time to retouch*——
 But wisely stops short at his blaming——*too much*.

Some

* *Quint. Instit. Orat. Lib. 10th. C. 4th. de Emendatione.*

Some took many Years, he can instance—in fine,
Isocrates ten—Poet *Cinna* just nine;
 Rare Instance of taking, which, had he been cool,
 Th' old Critic had seen, never could be a Rule.

VI.

Indeed, says a young one, nine Years, I confess,
 Is a desperate While for a Youth to suppress;
 I can hardly think *Horace* wou'd make it a Point;
 The Word, to be sure, must be out of its Joint;
 Lie by with a *Nonum*!—had I been his *Piso*,
 I'd have told little *Fatty*, mine never shou'd lie so.
 Had he said for nine Months, I should think them enoo;
 This Reading is false, Sir—pray tell us the True.

VII.

Why, you are not far off it, if present Conjecture
 May furnish the Place with a probable Lecture;
 For by Copies, I doubt, either printed, or written,
 The Hundreds of Editors all have been bitten.
 Nine Months you allow—Yes — well, let us, for fear
 Of affronting *Quintilian*, e'en make it a Year:
 Give the Critics their *numque*, but as to their *no* —
 You have *one* in plain English more fit to bestow.

VIII.

I take the Correction—*unumque prematur* —
 Let it lie for one Twelvemonth—ay, that may hold Water;
 And

And Time enough too for consulting about
 Master *Piso's* Performance, before it came out.
 What! would *Horace* insist, that a Sketch of a Boy
 Should take as much Time, as the taking of *Troy*?
 They, that bind out the young one, say, when the old
 Fellow
 Took any Time like it, to make a Thing mellow;

IX.

Tho' correct in his Trifles——Young Man you say right,
 And to them that will see, it is plain, at first Sight;
 But Critics that will not, they hunt all around
 For something of fameness, in Sense, or in Sound;
 It is all one to them; so attach'd to the Letter,
 That to make better Sense makes it never the better:
 Nay, the more Sense in Readings, the less they will own 'em;
 You must leave to these Sages their *mumpsimus Nonum*.

X.

Do you think, they cry out, that with so little Wit
 Such a World of great Critics on *Horace* have writ?
 That the Poets themselves, were the Blunder so plain,
 In a Point of their Art too, would let it remain?
 For you are to consider, these critical Chaps
 Do not like to be snubb'd; you may venture, perhaps,
 An Amendment, where they can see somewhat amiss;
 But may raise their ill Blood, if you circulate this.

R r

XI. It

XI.

It will circulate, this, Sir, as sure as their Blood,
 Or, if not, it will stand—as in *Horace* it stood.
 They may wrangle and jangle, unwilling to see;
 But the Thing is as clear as a Whistle to me.
 This *Nonum* of theirs no Defence will admit,
 Except—that a Blot is no Blot, 'till it's hit;
 And now you have hit it, if *Nonum* content 'um,
 So would, if the Verse had so had it, *Nongentum*.

XII.

You'll say this is painting of Characters—true;
 But, really, good Sirs, I have met with these two:
 The first, in all Comments quite down to the *Delphin*,
 A Man, if he likes it, may look at himself in:
 The last, if you like, and, along with the Youth,
 Prefer to *Nonumque* poetical Truth,
 Then blot out the Blunder, now here it is hinted,
 And by all future Printers *Unumque* be printed.





*Nunc et CAMPUS et AREÆ
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur horâ.*

Hor. Lib. 1. Ode 9. v. 18.

BY *Campus*, and by *Areæ*, my Friends,
The Question is what *Horace* here intends?
For such Expression with the current Stile
Of this whole Ode is hard to reconcile :
Nay, notwithstanding critical Pretence,
Or I mistake, or it can have no Sense.

The Ode, you find, proceeding to relate
A Winter's Frost, in its severest State,
Calls out for Fire, and Wine, and Loves, and Dance,
And all that *Horace* rambles to inhance;
But how can this *fair Weather* Phrase belong
To such a wintry, saturnalian Song ?

A learned Frenchman quotes these very Lines
As really difficult; and thus refines——
“ We use these Words (says *Monsieur Sanadon*)
“ For nightly Meetings, *bors de la Maison*;
“ But 'tis ridiculous in Frost, and Snow,
“ Of keenest Kind, that *Horace* should do so.

Right, *Monsieur*, right; such incoherent Stuff
Is here, no Doubt, ridiculous enough :

The *Campus Martius*, and its active Scenes,
Which Commentators say th' Expression means,
Have here no Place; nor can they be akin
To Scenes, not laid without Doors, but within.

“ *Nunc* must refer (proceeds the French Remark)
“ To *Donec*——*Puer*——Age of *Taliarque*;
“ Not to the Frost; for which the Bard, before,
“ Design'd the two first Strophes, and no more;
“ As Commentators rightly should have taught,
“ Or inattentive Readers else are caught.

Now inattentive Critics too, I say,
Are caught, sometimes, in their dogmatic Way:
United here, we must divide, forsooth,
The Time of Winter from the Time of Youth;
When all Expressions of *Horatian* Growth
Do, in this Ode, 'tis plain, refer to both.

Youthful th' Amusements, and for frosty Week;
From drinking——dancing——down to——*hide and seek*:
But *Campus* comes, and *Aræa*, between,
By a Mistake too big for any Skreen:
And how nonsensically join'd with Lispers,
By Affignation met, of nightly Whispers?

Strange, how Interpreters retail the Farce,
That *Campus*, here, should mean the *Field of Mars*;
When, in their Task, they must have just read o'er
Contrast to this, the very Ode before;

Where

Where ev'ry manly Exercise, disclos'd,
To Love's Effeminacy stands oppos'd.

In this, no Thought of any Field on Earth,
But warm Fire-side, and Roman Winters Mirth:
No Thought of any but domestic *Ring*;
Where all Decembrian Customs took their Swing:
And where—but come—that Matter we'll suppress—
There should be *Something* for *Cantabs* to guess.

I'll ask anon—from what has now been said,
If Emendation pops into your Head:
Or if you'll teach me how to comprehend
That all is right; and Nothing here to mend.
Come, sharpen up your latin Wits a Bit;
What are they good for else—these Odes that *Horace* writ?

N. B. The Emendation of which the Author approved was Cantus et Alex.



*Cedes coemptis Saltibus; et Domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; et EXTRACTIS IN ALTUM
DIVITIIS potietur Hæres.*

Hor. l. 2. ode 3. v. 17.

THIS Phrase of "*Riches built on high*"
Has something in it, at first Sight,
Which, if the Latin Language try,
Must needs appear not to be right:

Produce

Produce an Instance, where before
'Twas ever us'd, I'll say no more.

Talk not of "*Riches pil'd on Heaps*,"
To justify the Latin Phrase;
For if you take such critic Leaps,
You jump into *Dog Latin* Days;
And I shall answer to that Trick
In mea mente non est sic.

That Lands were here the Poet's Thought,
And House along the River's Side,
And lofty Villa built, or bought,
Is much too plain to be deni'd.
These high extructed Spires he writ
That mortal *Dellius* must quit.

" Well Sir supposing this the Case,
" And Structures what the Poet meant;
" How will you fill the faulty Place
" With Phrase that suited his Intent?
" Meaning and Metre both arrange,
" And small, if possible, the Change?

Smaller and better, to be sure,
Into their Place Amendments fall:
What first occurs will here secure
Meaning and Metre, Change and all.
May it not be that for *Divitiis*
Th' Original had *Æ-dificiis*?

If you object that sep'rate *Æ*
 Makes in one Word an odd Division,
Horace, I answer to that Plea,
 Has more than once the like Elision:
 In short, upon Correction's Plan,
 Give us a better, if ye can.



*Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
 Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
 Decurrere, et votis pacisci,
 Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces*

*Addant avaro divitias mari;
 Tum me biremis præsidio scaphæ
 Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
 Aura FERET geminusq. Pollux.*

H. 1. 3. O. 9. v. 57.

THIS Passage, Sirs, may put ye, one would think,
 In mind of him, who, in a furious Storm
 Told, that the Vessel certainly would sink,
 Made a Reply in the Horatian Form;
 "Why let it sink then, if it will, quoth he,
 "I'm but a Passenger, what is't to me."

So, "*non est meum*," *Horace* here cries out,
 To purchase Calm with wretched Vows and Pray'rs;
 Let them who freight the Ship be thus devout,
 I'm not concern'd in any of its Wars.

May

May not one ask, if common Sense will read,
Was ever Jest, and Earnest more agreed ?

Nay but you see the Reason, 'tis repli'd,
Why he rejects the Bargaining of Pray'r;
His little Skiff will stem the raging Tide
With double *Pollux*, and with gentler Air.
This is his Moral, say his Under-pullers,
The Poor and Innocent are safe in Scullers.

Why so they may be, if they coast along,
And shun the Winds that make a *Must to moan*;
But here, according to the critic Throng,
Horace was in the Ship, tho' not his own.
Suppose a Sculler just contriv'd for him,
When the Ship funk, would his *Biremis* swim?

Can you by any construing Pretence——
If you suppose, as Commentators do,
Him in the Ship——make tolerable Sense
Of his surviving all the sinking Crew ?
With Winds so boist'rous, by what cunning Twift
Can his clear Stars, and gentle Air resist ?

“ The Gifts of Fortune *Horace* had resign'd,
“ And poor and honest, his just fancy'd Case,
“ Nothing to do had he with stormy Wind,
“ Nor in *Ægean* Seas to seek a Place.
“ How is it likely then, that he should mean
“ To paint himself in such an awkward Scene ?

Why,

Why, but, *Tum me biremis* — must suppose,
 By *then* escaping, that he sure was in't;
 And *feret* too, that comes into the Close,
 In all the Books that we have here in Print —
 Both Words are wrong tho', notwithstanding that,
Tum should be *Cum*, and *feret* be *ferat*.

The Sense, or Moral if you please, is this,
 Henceforth be Probity, tho' poor, my Lot;
 The Love of Riches is but an Abyss
 Of dangerous Cares, that now concern me not.
 Caught in it's Storms, let Avarice implore,
 I thank my Stars, I'm rowing safe to Shore.



Hor. Lib. 3. O. 18.

WHENE'ER this *Horace* comes into ones Hand,
 One meets with Words full hard to understand:
 If one consult the Critics thereupon,
 Some Places have a Note, some others none;
 And, when they take interpreting Pains,
 Sometimes the Difficulty still remains.

To you that see, good Friends, where I am blind,
 Let me propose a Case of either Kind:
 Premising first, for both relate to Weather,
 That Winter and December come together:
 The *Romans* too, as far as I remember,
 Have join'd together Winter and December.

In Book the Third of *Horace*, Ode Eighteen,
Ad Faunum—these two Sapphics here are seen :

*Ludit HERBOSO pecus omne campo,
 Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt DECEMBRIS:
 Festus in PRATIS vacat otioso
 Cum bove Pagus.*

*Inter audaces lupus errat AGNOS;
 Spargit agrestes tibi Silva FRONDES;
 Gaudet INVISAM pepulisse fossor
 Ter pede terram.*

Now in *December*, if we reason close,
 Are Fields poetically call'd *herboso*?
 Is that the Month, tho' *Faunus* kept the Fold,
 For *daring Lambs* to frisk about so *bold*?

Leaves I would add too—but the learn'd *Dacier*
 Has made this Point elaborately clear;
 As one that artful *Horace* interweaves—
 “ The Trees in *Italy* then shed their Leaves;
 “ And this the Poet's Artifice profound,
 “ The Trees themselves for *Faunus* strew'd the Ground.”

It is, we'll say, a fine *Horatian* Flight,
 But is the Herbage, are the Lambs so right?
 Is there in all the Ode a single Thing,
 That makes the Winter differ from the Spring?
 Nones of December are indeed hybernal,
 But all the rest is absolutely vernal.

Lenis

Leni: incedis per APRICA rura——

Does this begin like Winter?——but *quid plura?*
 Read how it all begins, goes on, or ends,
 Nothing but Nones is winterly, my Friends;
 Neither in human, nor in brutal Creatures,
 One Trace observ'd of Winter's stormy Features.

May not there be then, tho' the Critics make
 No Hesitation at it, a Mistake?
 The Diggers Dancing too has somewhat spiffy——
Gaudet INVISAM terram pepulisse.
 He in Revenge (say Comments) beats the Soil,
 Hated, because it gave him so much Toil.

As oft the Diggers, whom we chance to meet,
 Turn up the Ground, and press it with their Feet;
Horace himself, perhaps we may admit,
INVERSAM terram, not *INVISAM* writ;
 But this at Present our Demand postpones——
 Pray solve the Doubt on these *Decembrian Nones*.



*Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
 Dormirem et URSIS.*

Hor. Ode 4 L. 3.

HORACE, an Infant, here he interweaves,
 In rambling Ode, where no Design coheres,
 By fabl'd Stock-Doves cover'd up with Leaves,
 Kept safe from *black skin'd Vipers*, and from *Bears*:

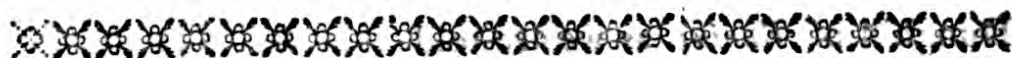
But, passing by the incoherent Ode,
I ask the Critics where the *Bears* abode ?

The Leaves indeed, that Stock Doves could convey,
Would be but poor Defence against the Snakes,
And sleeping Boy be still an easy Prey
To black Pervaders of the thorny Brakes;
The Bears, I doubt too, would have smelt him out,
If there had been such Creatures thereabout.

The Snakes were black, the Bears, I guess, were white,
(Or what the Vulgar commonly call Bulls)
Bears had there been ; another Word is right,
That has escap'd the criticising Skulls,
Who suffer Bears as quietly to pass,
As if the Bard had been of Lapland Clafs.

A Word, where Sense and Sound do so agree,
That I shall spare to speak in its Defence ;
And leave Absurdity so plain to see,
With due Correction, to your own good Sense :
Tis this in short, in these Horatian Verses,
For Bears read Goats——pro *Ursis*, lege *Hircis*.





*Romæ, principis Urbium
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros.*

Hor. l. 4. ode 3.

THIS is one Ode, and much the best of two,
Fam'd above all for *Scaliger's* Ado:
“ I rather would have writ so good a Thing
“ Than reign, Quoth he, an *Arragonian* King.”
Had he been King, and Master of the Vote,
I doubt the Monarch would have chang'd his Note;
And loading Verses with an huge Renown,
Would still have kept his *Arragonian* Crown.

This Ode, howe'er, tho' short of such a Rout;
He shew'd some Judgement, when he singl'd out;
Compar'd with others, one is at a Stand
To think how those should come from the same Hand:
For if they did, 'tis marvellous enough,
That such a Muse with such a Breath should puff;
That such a delicate harmonious Muse
Should catch the Clouds, or sink into the Stews.

But Fame has fold them to us in a Lot,
And all is *Horace*, whether his, or not.
For his, or whose you will then, let them pass,
What signifies it who the Author was?

Dunghill

Dunghill of *Ennius*, as we are told
 By ancient Proverb, might afford some Gold;
 And that's the Case of what this *Horace* fung,
 Some Grains of Gold with Tinfel mix'd, and Dung.

We'll say this Ode, allowing for the Age
 That *Horace* writ in, was a golden Page;
 The Words well chosen, easy, free, and pat,
 The Lyric Claim so manag'd—and all that——
 What I would note is, that no Critic yet,
 Of them, I mean, whose Notes my Eyes have met,
 Has seen a Blemish in this finish'd Piece,
 Outdone, they say, by neither Rome nor Greece.

Yet there is one, which it is somewhat strange,
 That none of 'em should see a Cause to change,
 But let a great Indelicacy stand,
 As if it came from *Horace's* own Hand:
 To *vatum chorus* join'd AMABILES,
 When, what he meant was *lovely jaboles*.
Meo periculo, Sirs, alter this,
 If Taste be in you, read *amabilis*.

If ye refuse, I have no more to say,
 Keep to flat Print, and read it your own Way;
 Let Fear to change a Vowel's Rote dispense
 With jingling sound, and unpoliter Sense.
 I don't expect that Critics, with their Skill,
 Will take the Hint—but all true Poets will,

Be

Be it a Test, at Present, who has got
The nicer Taste of liquid Verse, who not.



*Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisq. Phrygum, classis Achillei;
Postcertas hyemes uret ACHAICUS
IGNIS Iliacas domos.*

Hor. l. 1. O. 15.

SPONDÆO a stabili, si numeros modo
Observare velis, incipit ultimus
Versus—non poterunt Carminis et pedem
Leges ferre Trochaicum.

Castigant Pueros Archididascali,
Pro longâ fuerit syllaba si brevis;
Et credunt Critici dicere Horatium
——*Ignis Iliacas domos?*

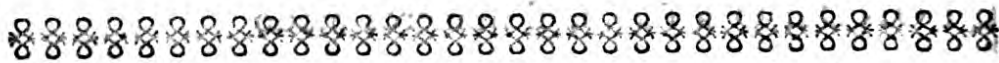
Sunt, qui, cum penitus sensus abest metro,
Pugnant, ac vitium mille modis tegunt;
Quos vocum ratio dissona plurimos
Fixis Mentibus ingerit.

Verum, Carminibus cum sua Quantitas
Defit, quam Ratio metrica postulat,
Num peccare velit, tam pueriliter,
Romanæ fidicen lyræ?

Si

Si demum parilis culpa notabitur
 Vatum, quam pariter corrigere est nefas,
 Defendat numerus; Tu tamen, interim,
 Verum restituas metrum.

Voci, quæ legitur, litera defuit
 Princeps, quam soliti pingere, forsitan,
 Haud scripsere: legas——uret *Achaicis*
Lignis Iliacas domos.



—— *Quis neget arduis*
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;
Cum tu coemptos undique nobiles
Libros Panæti, Socraticam et domum
 MUTARE *loricis Iberis,*
Pollicitus meliora, TENDIS. Hor. l. 1. O. 29.

NON esse dices, credo, poeticum
 Hoc *tendis*; et quò tenderet Iccius?
 Mutare libros?——at vicissim
 Non alios habuisse fertur.

Mutare, rursus, Socraticam domum——
 Hæc velle Sæctam linquere te docent:
 At Sæcta loricæ Iberas
 Nulla novo dederat Clienti.

Dum.

Dum vox *coemptos*, Intuitu mero,
Et quæ sequuntur verba, prioribus
Collata, fuadent hic legendum
Pollicitus meliora, *vendis*.

Libros *coemptos* vendidit Iccius,
Miles futurus, virque Scientiæ,
Quam nolit hic libris tueri,
Flaccus ait, jocularis, sed armis.

Tam discrepantis militiæ ducem
Ironiarum plena redarguit
Ode; sed extremum videtur
Multæ manus vitiâsse carmen.

Sic ipsa Flacci pinxerat, autumo,
Incertum amicum——Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;

Cum tu *coemptos* undique *nobilis*
Libros Panæti, Socraticam *ut* domum
Tutere loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, *vendis*.



Lib. 2. Ode 14. Hor.

“ **E**HEU! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram

“ Rugis, et instanti Senectæ

“ Afferet, indomitæque morti.

“ Non si TRECENIS, quotquot eunt dies,

“ Amice, places illachrymabilem

“ Plutona tauris”——Hem! trecentis?

Nolumus hanc posuisse vocem,

Foxleie, Flaccum;——quotquot eunt dies,

Tauris trecentis illachrymabilem

Placare divum! immanis, ipso

Intuitu, numerus patefcit.

Quovis trecentos lumine, Posthumum

Maſtare tauros, ſi bene finxerit

Vates, quot exactos, memento,

Myriadas feriat per annos.

Hæc inter artes norma poeticas,

——“ Famam ſequi, vel convenientiam”——

Præſcripta Flacco, quam trecentis

Immodicè violata tauris!

Vult

Vult quando *centum pocula fospitis*,
 Codex, *Amici*——tum fibi fapphicum
 Quid carmen exposcat volutans,
 Te, statuo, repetente——*Cantum*.

Idem in trecenis hæreo, fuspikor;
 Et, non jocantem, simplicius velim
 Dixisse vatem, (namque dici
 Simplicius potuit) quod arguet.

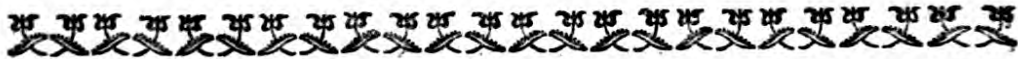
Quod, nempè, mors et regibus immínet
 Æquè ac colonis; Mors——neque Posthumus
 Vitanda *TERCENTUM* immolando
 Lux quoties nitet orta, tauros.

Ni fallor, omnis victima Posthumi
 Duntaxat unum quoque die bovem
 Macâtata Plutoni poposcit,
 Dum valuit manus ipsa Flacci:

Qui scripsit, aut qui scribere debuit,
 (Tu sicut inquis, carmine nupero;
 Quod musa, pugnax, dum refellit,
 Hoc penitus tibi subdit ausum)

“ Non si . . . quotquot eunt dies,
 “ Amice, places illachrymabilem
 “ Plutona tauris”——quos opinor
 Sic melius numerâsse carmen.

Si fana vox fit, ne moveas loco——
Si non fit——amplis ingenio viris
Immiste, dic quamam fodales
(Me tacito) repleant Hiatum?



——*Thure placaris et hornâ*
Frugè Lares avidâque porcâ. Hor, Lib. 3. O. 23.

QUÆ mens fit hujus carminis, obsecro,
Spectes; ——monenda est rustica Phidyle,
Vel thure, vel fructu, vel herbâ
Ruricolâs placuisse Divis.

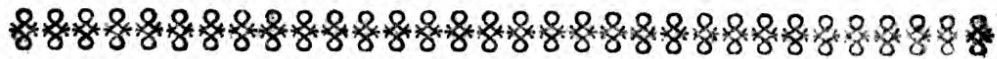
Si pura mens fit, si manus innocens,
Placare possint absque cruoribus;
Primumque et extremum poetæ
Quis negat hoc voluisse versum?

Vix ergo *Porcam* velle putaveris,
Urbane, Flaccum frugibus additam;
Nam thura, nam fruges, et omnem
Sordida Sus vitiavit herbam.

Quid parva laudat Numina, munera,
Si *Porca* tandem victima poscitur?
Quid profit immunis manusve,
Farve pium, falienisque mica?

Aut

Aut omnis ut res hæreat, indica,
Aut vile mendum corrige protinus;
Non multa mutabis legendo,
——Fruge Lares, *avidasque Parcas.*



The foregoing CRITICISM,

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

THE whole Design of this Horatian Strain
Is so exceeding obvious and plain,
That one would wonder how correcting Eyes
Could overlook a Blot of such a Size,
As *avidâque Porcâ*; when the Line,
So read, quite ruins *Horace's* Design.

He, as the Verse begins, and as it ends,
This Point to rustic *Phydile* commends,
That Innocence to Gifts the Gods prefer,
And frugal Off'rings would suffice from her;
That want of Victims was in her no Fault;
She might present Fruit, Incense, Cake and Salt.

With what Connexion could he add to these
A *greedy Swine*? in order to appease
Those very Deities, whom Ode is meant
To paint with cheap and bloodless Gifts content,

From

From pious Hands receiv'd, tho' e'er so small——
But *avidâque Porcâ* spoils it all.

What Moral meant, if they requir'd, in fine,
From rustic *Phydile*, a great fat Swine?
Why little Gods, and little Matters nam'd,
If such a Sacrifice as this was claim'd?
Porca is wrong, Sirs, whether we regard
The Gods, the Countrywoman, or the Bard.

What must be done in such a Case as this?
One must amend, tho' one should do't amiss.
I'll tell you the Correction, frank and free,
That upon reading first occur'd to me;
And seem'd to suit the Bard's Intention better,
With small Mutation of the printed Letter.

Tho' *avidaque Porca* runs along
With Verb, and Case, and Measure of the Song,
Yet, if the Poet is to be renown'd
For something more, than mere Italian Sound,
For Life and Sense, as well as Shell and Carcass;
Read——*Frugæ Lares, avidasque Parcas.*





*Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, —*

Hor. Lib. 1. O. 20.

I.

HAVE ye no Scruple, Sirs, when ye rehearse
This hissing Kind of an Horatian Verse?
To me, I own, at Sight of triple——*is*,
Suspicion said that something was amiss;
And, when one reads the triple Sapphic thro',
'Tis plain that what Suspicion said was true.

II.

Critics, as Custom goes, if one shall bring
The plainest Reason, for the plainest Thing,
Will stick to Horace, as he sticks to Print,
And say, sometimes, that there is Nothing in't,
Or, here, Mistake perhaps, may be my Lot;
Now tell me, Neighbours, if 'tis so, or not.

III.

This Ode, or (since apparently Mishap
Has lost the true Beginning of it) Scrap,
Informs *Mæcenas* that poor Sabine Wine
Shall be his Drink, in Horace's Design;

Wine

Wine which the Poet had incask'd, the Day
That People shouted for the Knight away.

IV.

This is the first Thing that it says—the next,
Without one Word of intervening Text,
Says, he shall drink (and in poetic Shape
Wine is describ'd) the very richest Grape;
My Cups *Falernian* Vintage, *Formian* Hill
(Is all that follows after) never fill.

V.

These, and these only, in the printed Code,
Are the two Periods of this pigmy Ode:
And how they stand, in Contradiction flat,
Whoe'er can construe Latin must see that.
The Critics saw it, but forsook their Sight,
And set their Wits at work, to make it right.

VI.

How they have done it—such as have a Mind
To know their Fetches, if they look, may find;
And smile thereat; one Ounce, that but coheres,
Of Mother Wit, is worth a Pound of theirs;
Who having, by their Dint of Learning, seen
That Moon is Cheese, soon prove it to be green.

VII. 'Twill

VII.

'Twill be enough to give ye just a Taste,
 From Delphin here, of criticising Haste;
 " *Mæcenæ*, setting on some Journey out,
 " Sent Horace word, before he took his Rout,
 " As *Cruquius*, *Lubin*, *Codex* too pretend,
 " That he would sup with his assured Friend.

VIII.

Horace writes back——and this, it seems, the Ode——
 'Tis mighty kind to take me in your Road;
 But you must be content with slender Fare,
 Such as my poor Tenuity can spare:
Vile potabis——Sabine wine the best——
 As learnedly *Theod. Marcil.* has guest.

IX.

So far, so good——but why should Horace, flap,
 Say you shall drink the Wines of richest Tap?
 That is, quoth Margin of the Delphin Tome,
Domi potabis——you shall drink at Home;
Hæc vina quidem bibes apud te,
 Says Note, *non ita vero apud me.*

X.

Certè, it adds, as Pliny understood,
 The Knights own Wine was exquisitely good——

Good, to be sure, tho' Pliny had been dumb;
 But how does all that has been said o'ercome
 The Contradiction? — Why, with this Assistance,
 'Tis plain they sup'd together — at a Distance.

XI.

One easy Hint, without such aukward Stirs,
 Dissolves at once the Difficulty, Sirs:
 Let Horace drink himself of his own *Vinum*——
Vile POTABO modicis Sabinum
Canth'ris — and *Mæcnas* do so too——
Tu bibes Cacubum——and all is true.

XII.

No verbal Hissing spoils poetic Grace,
 Nor Contradiction stares ye in the Face;
 But Verse Intention, without farther Tours:
 I'll drink my Wine, *Mæcnas*——and you yours.
 Should not all Judges of Horatian Letter
 Or take this Reading, or propose a better?





MISCELLANEOUS PIECES;

CONSISTING OF

THOUGHTS ON various SUBJECTS, FRAGMENTS,
EPIGRAMS, &c.

TIME that is past thou never can'st recall;
Of Time to come thou art not sure at all;
Time present only is within thy Pow'r;
Now, now improve then, whilst thou canst, the Hour.

SET not the Faults of other Folks in View,
But rather mind what thou thyself should'st do;
For twenty Errors of thy Neighbour known
Will tend but little to reform thy own.

SAFER to reconcile a Foe, than make
A Conquest of him, for the Conquest's Sake;
This tames his *Pow'r* of doing present Ill,
But That disarms him of the very *Will*.

TO give Reproof in Anger, to be sure,
Whate'er the Fault, is not the Way to cure:
Wou'd a wise Doctor offer, dost thou think,
The Sick his Potion, scalding hot to drink?

A Graceful Manner, and a friendly Ease
Will give a No, and not at all displease;
And an ill-natur'd, or ungraceful Yes,
When it is giv'n, is taken much amiss.

BUT small the Diff'rence, if *Tertullian's* right,
To do an Injury, or to requite;
He is, said he, who does it to the other,
But somewhat sooner wicked than his Brother.

MY Reason is I, and your Reason is You,
And, if we shall differ, both cannot be true:
If Reason must judge, and we two must agree,
Another third Reason must give the Decree,
Superior to our's; and to which, it is fit,
That both, being weaker, should freely submit:
Now in Reason, submitting, is plainly impli'd
That it does not pretend, of itself, to decide.

IN Truths that Nobody can miss,
It is the *Quid* that makes the *Quis*;
In such as lie more deeply hid,
It is the *Quis* that makes the *Quid*.

A Q U E R Y.

SHOULD a *good* Angel and a *bad*—between
 Th' Infirmary and Theatre be seen;
 One going to be present at the Play,
 The other, where the sick and wounded lay;
Quere—Were your Conjecture to be had—
 Which would the *good* one go to, which the *bad*?

VERSES designed for a WATCH CASE.

COULD but our Tempers move like this Machine,
 Not urg'd by Passion, nor delay'd by Spleen;
 But, true to Nature's regulating Pow'r,
 By virtuous Acts distinguish ev'ry Hour;
 Then Health and Joy would follow, as they ought,
 The Laws of Motion, and the Laws of Thought;
 Sweet Health, to pass the present Moments o'er;
 And everlasting Joy, when Time shall be no more.

An ADMONITION against SWEARING,

Addressed to an OFFICER in the ARMY.

O That the Muse might call, without Offence,
 The gallant Soldier back to his good Sense!
 His temp'ral Field so cautious not to lose;
 So careless quite of his eternal Foes.
 Soldier! so tender of thy Prince's Fame,
 Why so profuse of a superior Name?

For

For the King's Sake the Brunt of Battles bear;
But—for the King of King's Sake—Do NOT SWEAR.

To the SAME, EXTEMPORE,

Intended to allay the Violence of PARTY-SPIRIT.

GOD blefs the King, I mean the Faith's Defender;
God blefs—no Harm in bleffing—the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God blefs us all—that's quite another Thing.

On the NATURALIZATION BILL.

COME all ye foreign strolling Gentry,
Into *Great-Britain* make your Entry;
Abjure the Pope, and take the Oaths,
And you shall have Meat, Drink, and Cloaths.

On the S A M E.

WITH Languages dispers'd, Men were not able
To top the Skies, and build the Tow'r of *Babel*;
But if to *Britain* they shall cross the Main,
And meet by *Act of Parliament* again,
Who knows, when all together shall repair,
How high a Castle may be built in Air!

On

On the S A M E.

THIS Act reminds me, Ge'men, under Favour,
Of old *John Bull*, the Hair-Merchant and Shaver :
John had a Sign put up, whereof the Writing
Was strictly copied from his own inditing :
Under the painted Wigs both *Bob* and *Full*——
——*Moast Munny pade for living* HERE——

John Bull.

ADVERTISEMENT upon the SAME.

NOW upon Sale, a Bankrupt Island,
To any Stranger that will buy Land——
The *Birbright*, note, for further Satis-
faction, is to be thrown in *gratis*,

On PRIOR'S SOLOMON, an EPIGRAM.

WISE Solomon, with all his rambling Doubts,
Might talk two Hours, I guess, or thereabouts;
And yet, quoth he, my Elders, to their Shame,
Kept Silence all, nor Answer did they frame.
Dear me! what else but Silence should they keep?
He, to be sure, had talk'd them all asleep.

EPIGRAM on the Feuds between HANDEL
and BONONCINI.

SOME say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny;

Others

Others aver, that he to Handel
 Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle:
 Strange all this Difference should be,
 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

AN ANECDOTE.

THE French Ambassador had been to wait
 On James the First, in Equipage of State:
Bacon was by; to whom the King began —
 “ Well now, my Lord, what think you of the Man ? ”
 He’s a tall proper Person Sir, said he —
 “ Aye, said the King, that any one may see;
 “ But what d’ye think of Head-piece in the Case?
 “ Is he a proper Person for his Place?
 My Lord, who thought he was not, I suppose,
 Gave him this Answer, as the Story goes —
 “ Tall Men are oft like Houses that are tall;
 “ The upper Rooms are furnish’d worst of all.”

EPIGRAM.

CÆSAR Pompeium vicit — quæ Nomina! Quin tu
 Accipe quam fuerit Fama, Jacobe, nihil.
 Cæsar, id est Victor; Victor quoque Cæsar; eundem
 Fama hominem binis Vocibus ergo notat:
 Sic etiam ceu Pompeium tu dicere mavis,
 Ceu victum, Res est unica, Verba duo:
 Sensus idem nobis, id enim Nos novimus unum
 Quod quivis quendam vicerit — hic HONOR est!

In

In Calvum. Epigram.

“ PRIMUS in Orbe Deos fecit Timor ” — Hæc mihi,
Calve,

Est ubi de Sacris Quæstio, vociferas :
Cum fueris tute ipse hominum timidissimus, unde est,
Improbe, quod dubites an sit ubique Deus?

In EUNDEM.

DUM Calvum objurgo quod nunquam Templata fre-
quentet —

“ Illud plebs, inquit, carpit anilis Iter ;
“ Templata petat qui vult ; at Ego, quæcunque Sacerdos
“ Ex Cathedrâ possit dicere, jam teneo.”
Quis neget Ætatem nobis esse ingeniosam
Ingenium cum sit posse manere Domi ?

In EUNDEM.

DUM bibitur Calvus Rationem laudat Amicis,
Et quantum satis est omnibus ore trahit ;
Rectam, sinceram, cœlestem, et cœtera clamans,
Tu Ratio nobis Numen es — atque bibit ;
Donec vix tandem potis est incedere rectus,
Aut verbum rectâ de Ratione loqui :
Dum Socium intueor — “ quænam hæc Dementia Calvi
“ Tam cito quæ laudet perdere ? — sic monuit —
Define mirari ; nihil est nisi quod Rationem
Nuncupet hic aliis quod solet esse Merum.



A LETTER to R. L. Esq;

*If SENESINO do but rift
O Caro caro! that flat fifth!
I'd hang if e're an Opera Witling
Could tell CUZZONI from a Killing.*

I.

DEAR *Peter*, if thou canst descend
From *RODELIND* to hear a Friend,
And if those ravish'd Ears of thine
Can quit the shrill celestial Whine
Of gentle Eunuchs, and sustain
Thy native English without pain,
I would, if't en't too great a Burden,
Thy ravish't Ears intrude a Word in.

II.

To *Richard's* and to *Tom's* full oft
Have I stept forth, O 'Squire of *Toft*,
In hopes that I might win, perchance,
A Sight of thy sweet Countenance;
Forth have I stept, but still alas!
Richard's, or *Tom's*, 'twas all a Case;

Still

Still met I with the same Reply——
“ Saw you *Sir Peter* ?—— No, not I.”

III.

Being at length no longer able
To bear the dismal Triffyllable,
Home I retir'd in faunt'ring Wife,
And inward turning all my Eyes,
To seek thee in the friendly Breast,
Where thou hast made a kind of Nest,
The gentle Muse I 'gan invoke,
And thus the Neck of Silence broke.

IV.

Muse ! quoth I, treading on her Toes,
Thou sweet Companion of my Woes,
That whilom wont to ease my Care,
And get me now and then——a Hare——
Why am I thus depriv'd the Sight
Both of the Alderman and Knight ?
Tell me, O tell me, gentle Muse,
Where is *Sir Peter*, where is *Clowes* ?

V.

Where your Friend *Joseph* is, or goes,
Reply'd *Melpomene*, Lord knows ;

And what Place is the fairest Bidder
 For the Knight's presence——let's consider——
 Your wandering Steps you must refer to
 Rehearſal, Op'ra, or Concerto;
 At one or other of the three
 You'll find him moſt undoubtedly.

VI.

Now *Peter*, if the Muſe ſays true,
 To all my Hopes I bid adieu;
 Adieu my hopes, if Op'ramany
 Has ſeiz'd on *Peter's* Pericranie.
 Drunk with Italian Syren's Cup!
 Nay then, in troth, I give him up:
 The Man's a Quack, whoe'er pretends he
 Can cure him of that ſidling Phrenzy.



The P O E T A S T E R.

I.

WHEN a Poet, as Poetry goes now-a-days,
 Takes it into his Head to put in for the Bays,
 With an old Book of Rhimes, and a half Pint of Claret,
 To cheriſh his Brain, mounted up to his Garret,
 Down

Down he sits with his Pen, Ink and Paper before him,
And labours as hard—as his Mother that bore him.

II.

Thus plac'd, on the Candle he fixes his Eyes,
And upon the bright Flame on't looks wonderful wise;
Then snuffing it close, he takes hold of his Pen,
And the Subject not starting he snuffs it again;
'Till perceiving at last that not one single Thought,
For all his wise Looks, will come forth as it ought,
With a Bumper of Wine he emboldens his Blood,
And prepares to receive it, whenever it should.

III.

Videlicet, first he invokes the nine Muses,
Or some one of their Tribe for his Patroness chooses;
The Girl, to be sure, that, of all the long *Nomine*,
Best suits with his Rhime—as for instance, *Melpomene*.
And what signifies then this old Bard-beaten Whim?
What's he to the Muses, or th' Muses to him?
Why, the Business is this—the poor Man, lac-a-day,
At first setting out, don't know well what to say.

IV.

Then he thinks of Parnassus, and Helicon Streams,
And of old musty Bards mumbles over the Names;
Talks

Talks much to himself of one *Phæbus Apollo*,
And a Parcel of Folk that in's Retinue follow;
Of a Horse named *Pegasus*, that had two Wings
Of Mountains, and Nymphs, and a hundred fine Things;
Tho' with Mountains and Streams, and his Nymphs of
Parnass:
The Man, after all, is but just where he was.



*In Madidam Memoriam * Johs. Barrington,*
Equitis ARGENTEI, hujusce Collegii olim COMMENSALIS

AN EPI T A P H.

STAY Traveller, the Barrington lies here, who left
us poor Mortals to bewail his Loss. June 24, 1713.

He was a Philosopher of the *Plat-onic* Sect; so true a
Friend, that there never was any, but would let him into
their *Secrets* at the first Acquaintance. He was a Man
of *Metal*, and feared no Colours but § *Browne*.

He

* A Silver two-handed Cup, belonging to the Bachelors of Trinity
College, Cambridge, and called the Barrington, from the Name of the
Donor——It was usually served up to Table full of Ale——but this
Custom being forbidden, for some particular Reasons, by the Fellows of
the College, gave Occasion to the following Epitaph.

§ One of the Bachelors at that Time in College, of a remarkable
Strong Arm and Head——who is said to have lifted it full to his Mouth
with one Hand, and to have drank it off at a Draught.

He kept Company with learned Men, and was a good Critic himself, especially at the filling up an *Hiatus*. He could enter into the *Heart* of an Author immediately. He dealt much in *Fragments*. He was an excellent Physician, and could give a Man a Stool or a Vomit, a Cordial, or a sleepy Dose, just as a Man's Body required it. He understood Anatomy so well, that he could dissect a Man alive, and trace thro' every Part, and yet never hurt him. As well as he was skill'd in Optics, he never made use of any Glasses. He was a Jeweller, and has adorned many a Man with *Carbuncles* of his own making.

In short, he was every Thing; a Man of an excellent *Taste*, tho' something *frothy*. He was of an aspiring Temper, and would get to the *Head* in all Company he came into; tho' he had this Check on his Ambition, that always the higher he mounted, the lower he sunk.

He was generally very *mild*, and never in a Passion; and yet, Traveller, would not stick to *run thro'* the best Friend he had, and so *sharp* sometimes, that if a Man meddled with him, he would *cut his Throat*. He had a confounded large Mouth and Ears, but scarce any of his other Members perfect—not above four Foot high, and yet, many a one has died for Love of him.

He had such an ingenious Way of reprimanding a Man, that if he hit you in the Teeth with a Thing, you would not take it ill. He was a comical Blade enough; had no Eyes himself, but would have made thee stare.

He

He had never a Hand, yet would have knockt thee down. Sometimes he had a Head, and sometimes none; and when he had, what is falsely reported of a certain Saint is true of him, that he carried it in his Mouth. When he was drunk, he had not a drop of Liquor in him, quite contrary to other Men. He would often change his Inside, but never his Outside. I could tell thee more Wonders, Traveller, but thou art puzzled already. In short, he had that in him, which thou wouldest wish to have in thee, and so fare thee well.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

