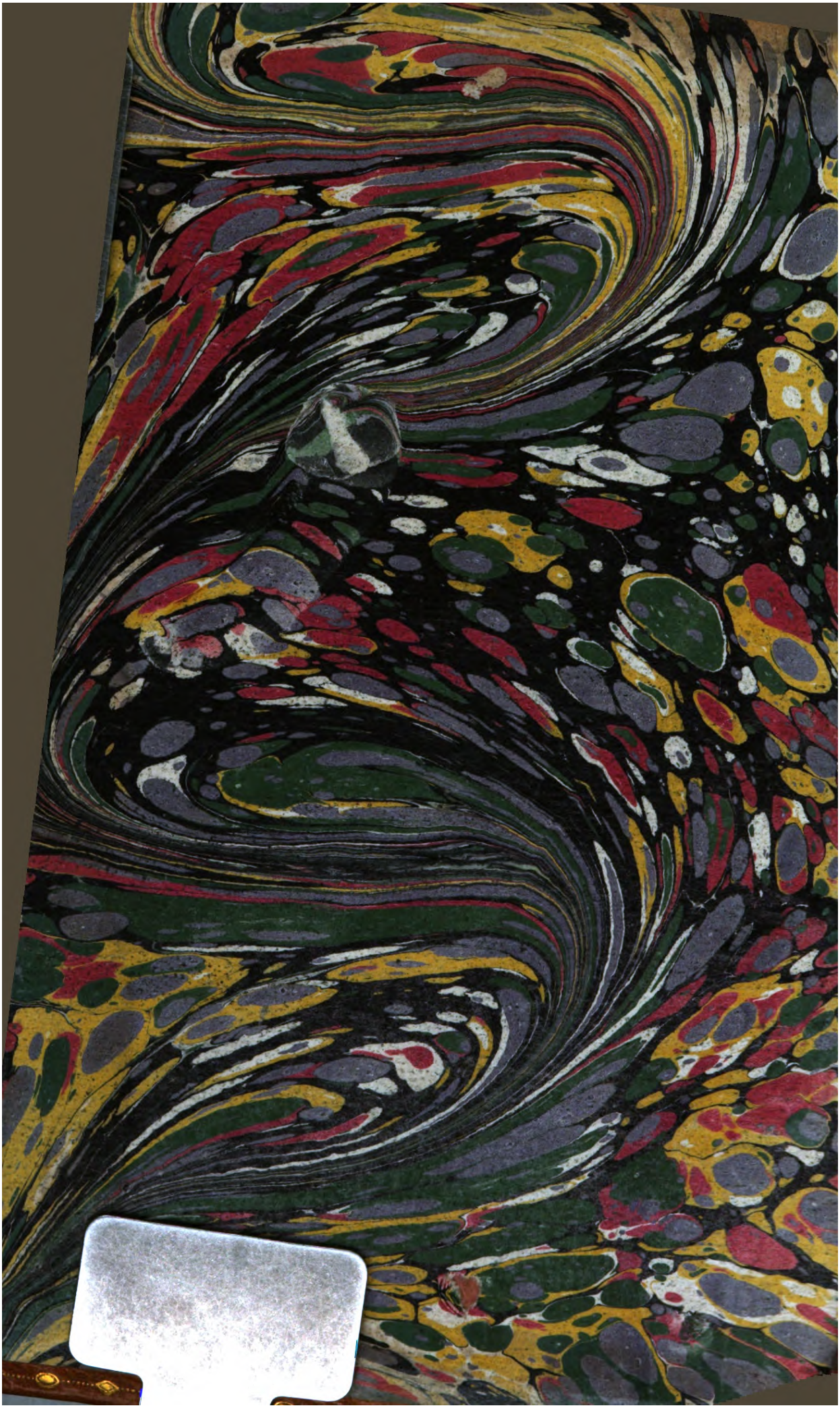

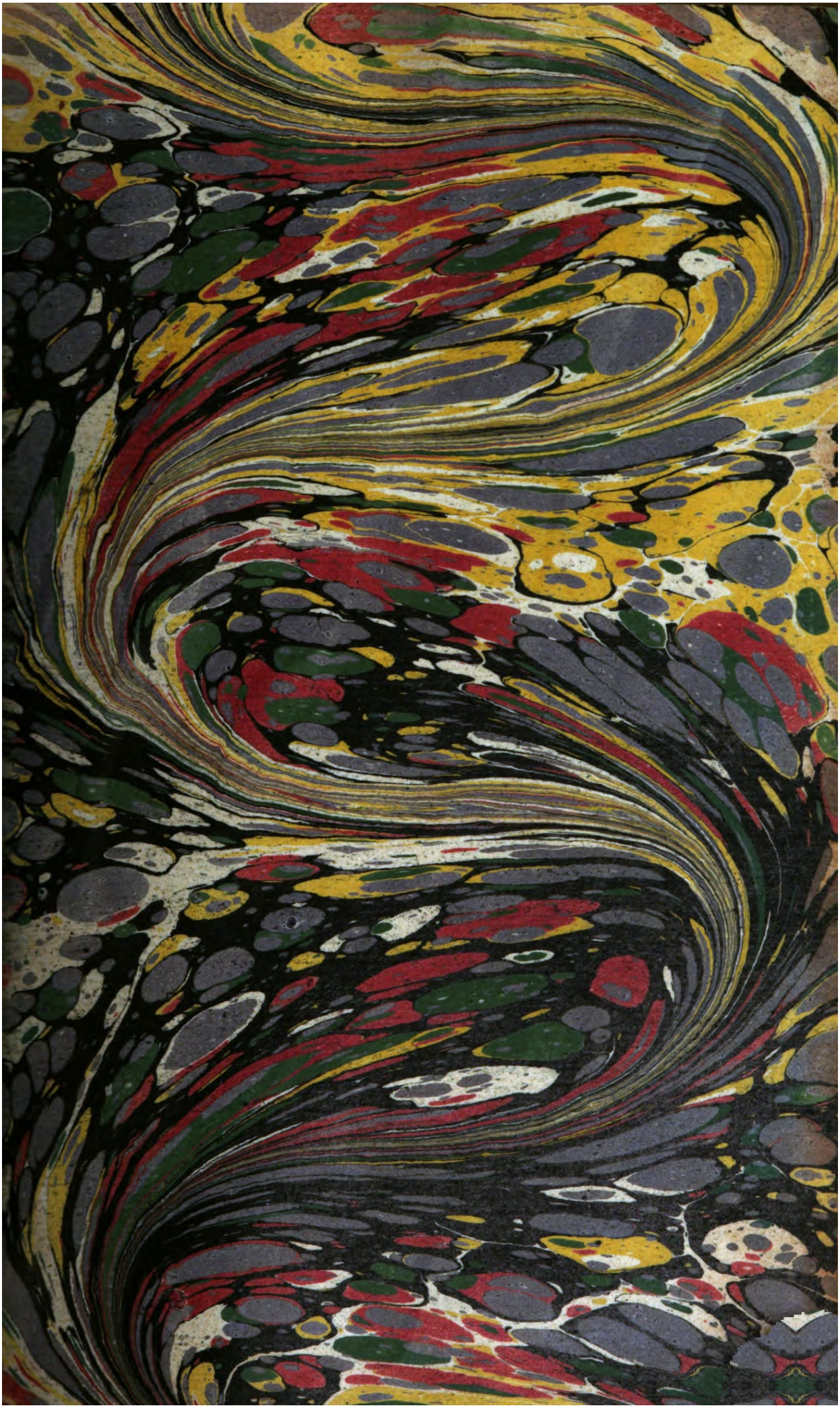

THE

# ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

VOL. II.

THE

# ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

## VOLUME THE SECOND.

DULCE EST DECERPERE FLORES.

OVID.

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# CONTENTS,

AND

# AUTHORITIES.

## VOL. II.

THE

# ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

## PART THE FIRST

CONTINUED.

## GRONGAR HILL.

BY JOHN DYER, LL. B. *

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things, 5
While the yellow linnet ſings;

* *Born* 1700; *dyed* 1758.

Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe; 10
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells 15
Sweetly muſing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the ev'ning ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill, 20
Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill, 25
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day: 30
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,

Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies, 35
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill. 40
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene
Does the face of nature ſhow, 45
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies! 50
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks: 55
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew, 60
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad-ſpread boughs.

And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn, 65
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood, 70
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an aweful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind 75
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds, 80
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds.
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow, 85
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's-day, 90

Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
  And ſee the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow, 95
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is Nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought; 100
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.
  Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow, 105
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r; 110
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
  See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide, 115
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!

A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem ; 120
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glaſs ;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to thoſe who journey near, 125
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee: 130
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid ;
For, while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul ;
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air, 135
And miſers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ; 140
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſick fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high. 145
Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill :

Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there; 150
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide: 155
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

# HORACE,

## BOOK II. ODE XVI.

### IMITATED.

### TO THE HON. PHILIP YORKE, ESQ.

### SOON AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION IN 1747.

### BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.*

For quiet, Yorke, the ſailor cries,
When gathering ſtorms obſcure the ſkies,
  The ſtars no more appearing;
The candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
  Of bleſt electioneering.

Who thinks, that from the Speaker's chair
The Serjeant's man can keep off care,
  Is wond'rously miſtaken:
Alas! he is not half ſo bleſt
As thoſe, who've liberty, and reſt,
  And dine on beans and bacon.

* *Born* 170¾; *dyed* 1787.

Why ſhould we then to London run,
And quit our chearful country ſun
For buſineſs, dirt, and ſmoke? 15
Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourſelves get rid of, or our care?
In troth 'tis all a joke.

Care climbs proud ſhips of mightieſt force,
And mounts behind the General's horſe, 20
Outſtrips huſſars and pandours;
Far ſwifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or Cope * before th' Highlanders.

A man, when once he's ſafely choſe, 25
Should laugh at all his threatening foes,
Nor think of future evil;
Each good has its attendant ill;
A ſeat is no bad thing, but ſtill
Elections are the devil. 30

Its gifts, with hand impartial, Heav'n
Divides: to Orford it was giv'n
To die in full-blown glory;
To Bath indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate 35
Purſu'd by Whig and Tory.

* General Cope, in the year 1745, had made a very precipitate retreat, before the rebel army, from Preſton Panns to 'Haddington.'

The gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted ſeats, and parks, and land;
  Brocades and ſilks you wear;
With claret and ragouts you treat, 40
Six neighing ſteeds, with nimble feet,
  Whirl on your gilded car.

To me they've giv'n a ſmall retreat,
Good port and mutton, beſt of meat,
  With broad-cloth on my ſhoulders, 45
A ſoul that ſcorns a dirty job,
Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
  I mean who a' n't freeholders.

## THE WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

BY THE SAME.

Poor Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,
Having by man been led aſtray,
  To nunn'ry dark retir'd;
There liv'd, and look'd ſo like a maid,
So ſeldom eat, ſo often pray'd, 5
  She was by all admir'd.

The lady Abbeſs oft would cry,
If any ſiſter trod awry,
  Or prov'd an idle ſlattern;
See wiſe and pious mrs. Jane,
A life ſo ſtrict, ſo grave a mien,
  Is ſure a worthy pattern.

A pert young ſlut at length replies,
Experience, madam, makes folks wiſe,
  'Tis that has made her ſuch; 15
And we, poor ſouls, no doubt ſhou'd be
As pious, and as wiſe, as ſhe,
  If we had ſeen as much.

A

# PIPE OF TOBACCO:

IN IMITATION OF

SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.*

## IMITATION I.

[COLLEY CIBBER, POET LAUREAT.]

*Laudes egregii Cæsaris—*
*Culpâ deterere ingenî.* HOR.

### A NEW YEAR'S ODE.

'RECITATIVO.'

OLD Battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her head.
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

* *Born* 1705; *dyed* 1760.

AIR.

When ſummer ſuns grow red with heat, 5
TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' ire,
When wintry ſtorms around us beat,
TOBACCO chears with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful ſpring,
In thy praiſes jointly ſing. 10

RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN fleets,
Fraught wlth TOBACCO's balmy ſweets:
Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's pow'r,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal! he who knows 15
Pleaſure which a PIPE beſtows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boaſt,
While waſtes of war deform the teeming coaſt; 20
BRITANNIA, diſtant from each hoſtile ſound,
Enjoys a PIPE, with eaſe and freedom crown'd;
E'en reſtleſs Faction finds itſelf moſt free,
Or if a ſlave, a ſlave to Liberty.

AIR.

Smiling years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the ſun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.
BRITAIN's ſons no longer now
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
Nor of crimſon combat think,
But ſecurely ſmoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the ſun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.

## IMITATION II.*

[AMBROSE PHILIPS.]

*Tenues fugit ceu fumus in auras.* VIRG.

LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm deſire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire:

* *This imitation was ſupplyed, and the plan ſuggeſted, by dr. John Hoadley. See abp Herrings "Letters to W. Duncombe, eſq." p.* 33.

And thy ſnowy taper waiſt, 5
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty ſwelling creſt,
With my little ſtopper preſt,
And the ſweeteſt bliſs of bliſſes,
Breathing from thy balmy kiſſes. 10
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy men;
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns;
When agen the cricket's gay, 15
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed,
With the fragrant INDIAN weed:
Pleaſure for a noſe divine,
Incenſe of the god of wine. 20
Happy thrice and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy men.

## IMITATION III.

[THOMSON.]

*—Prorumpit ad æthera nubem.*
*Turbine fumantem picco.* VIRG.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Heſperian ſuns,
TOBACCO, fountain pure of [a] *limpid truth*,

[a] Poem on Liberty, ver. 12.

*That looks the very ſoul*; whence pouring thought
*Swarms all the mind*; abſorpt is yellow care,
[b] *And at each puff imagination burus.* 5
Flaſh on thy bard, and with exalting fires,
Touch the myſterious lip, that chaunts thy praiſe
In ſtrains to mortal ſons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with [c] *plaſtic virtue* form'd, 10
And glaz'd magnifick o'er, I graſp, I fill.
From [d] *Pætotheke* with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,
[e] *Itſelf one tortoiſe all, where ſhines imbib'd,*
*Each parent ray*; then rudely ram'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling ſheet, 15
[f] *Mark'd with Gibſonian lore* r forth iſſue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirſt-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires: I all the while,
Lolling at eaſe, [g] *inhale* the breezy balm.
But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join* 20
*In genial ſtrife* and orthodoxal ale,
[h] *Stream life and joy into the Muſes bowl,*
Oh be thou ſtill *my great inſpirer*, thou
*My Muſe*; oh fan with me thy zephyrs boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle ſhrin'd, 25
Burſt forth all oracle and myſtick ſong.

[b] Poem on Liberty, ver. 16. [c] Ibid. ver. 104. [d] A poetical word for a tobacco box. [e] Poem on Liberty, ver. 243. 245. [f] Ibid. ver. 247. [g] Ibid. ver. 309. [h] Ibid. ver. 171.

## IMITATION IV.

[YOUNG.]

*—Bullatis mihi nugis,*
*Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.* PERS.

CRITICKS avaunt; TOBACCO is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
POLLIO, with flame like thine, my verse inspire, 5
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
Lord FOPLIN smokes not—for his teeth afraid:
Sir TAWDRY smokes not—for he wears brocade. 10
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town:
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he 15
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him—spit.
CITRONIA vows it has an odious stink;
She will not smoke (ye gods!) but she will drink: 20

And chaſte PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)
Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
Yet crouds remain, who ſtill its worth proclaim,
While ſome for pleaſure, ſmoke and ſome for fame:
Fame, of our actions univerſal ſpring, 25
For which we drink, eat, ſleep, ſmoke,—ev'ry thing.

## IMITATION V.

[POPE.]

——— *Solis ad ortus*
*Vaneſcit fumus.* LUCAN.

BLEST leaf! whoſe aromatick gales diſpenſe
To templars modeſty, to parſons ſenſe:
So raptur'd prieſts, at fam'd DODONA's ſhrine,
Drank inſpiration from the ſteam divine.
Poiſon that cures, a vapour that affords 5
Content, more ſolid than the ſmile of lords:
Reſt to the weary, to the hungry food,
The laſt kind refuge of the WISE and GOOD.
Inſpir'd by thee, dull cits adjuſt the ſcale
Of Europe's peace, when other ſtateſmen fail. 10
By thee protected, and thy ſiſter, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor leſs the critick owns thy genial aid,
While ſupperleſs he plies the piddling trade.

What tho' to love and ſoft delights a foe, 15
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet ſocial freedom, long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taſte thee unexercis'd by kings. 20

## IMITATION VI.

[SWIFT.]

*Ex fumo dare lucem.* HOR.

BOY! bring an ounce of FREEMAN's beſt,
And bid the vicar be my gueſt:
Let all be plac'd in order due,
A pot wherein to ſpit or ſpue,
And London Journal, and Free Briton, 5
Of uſe to light a pipe, or * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
This village, unmoleſted yet
By troopers, ſhall be my retreat: 10
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for *.
Far from the vermin of the town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a pipe, whoſe vapour bland 15
In ſweet oblivion lulls the land;

Of all which at Vienna paſſes,
As ignorant as * * Braſs is :
And ſcorning raſcals to careſs,
Extol the days of good Queen Bess, 20
When firſt Tobacco bleſt our iſle,
Then think of other Queens—and ſmile.

Come jovial pipe, and bring along
Midnight revelry and ſong ;
The merry catch, the madrigal, 25
That echoes ſweet in City Hall ;
The parſon's pun, the ſmutty tale
Of country juſtice o'er his ale.
I aſk not what the French are doing,
Or Spain to compaſs Britain's ruin : 30
Britons, if undone, can go
Where Tobacco loves to grow.

## FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

### WRITTEN IN LORD WESTMORLAND'S HERMITAGE.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.*

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
Beſtow'd with 'pyes' of perigord;
Ne power, ne ſuch like idle fancies;
Sweet Agnes grant to father Francis.
Let me ne more myſelf deceive;
Ne more regret the toys I leave,
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
Corruption's and Ambition's train;
But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
'Gainſt them I make ne vow, ne pray'r;
But ſuch aye welcome to my cell,
And oft, not always, with me dwell.
Then caſt, ſweet ſaint, a circle round,
And bleſs from fools this holy ground;
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton old, and homely youth,

* *Born* 1706; *dyed* 1756.

The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
Oh baniſh theſe; and, by my fay,
Right well I ween that, in this age,
Mine houſe ſhall prove an hermitage.

## AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH theſe moſs-grown roots, this ruſtick cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, ſequeſter'd dwell;
Say you, who dare our hermitage diſdain,
What drawing-room can boaſt ſo fair a train?

## AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET bird, that ſing'ſt on yonder ſpray,
Purſue unharm'd thy ſylvan lay;
While I, beneath this breezy ſhade,
In peace repoſe my careleſs head;
And joining thy enraptur'd ſong,
Inſtruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmleſs breaſt
In ſolitude itſelf is bleſt.

# VERSES,

MAKING

PART OF AN EPITAPH,

ON 'HIS' LADY.

BY GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.*

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind, 5
With gentle female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong; 10
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dreſs'd,

* *Born* 1708; *dyed* 1773.

# LONDON.

## IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.*

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

THO' grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now reſolves, from vice and LONDON far, 5
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand? 10
There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:

* *Born* 1709; *dyed* 1784.

*V.* 2. THALES *is Richard Savage (ſee vol.* 1. *p.* 339.) *who "left London in July* 1739, *and parted from the author with tears in his eyes." See his Life.*

Here malice, rapine, accident conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay, 15
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.

While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains, 20
On Thames's banks, in ſilent thought we ſtood,
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood:
Struck with the ſeat that gave * Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew, 25
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.
Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt. 30

A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate days 35
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;
In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſooths to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs; 40

* Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich.

While yet my ſteady ſteps no ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;
Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play, 45
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;
Where once the harraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some ſecret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live. 50
Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth, 55
And lend a lye the confidenee of truth.
Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age. 60
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall hold?
What check reſtrain your thirſt of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To ſuch, a groaning nation's ſpoils are giv'n, 65
When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?

Who ſcarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing; 70
A ſtateſman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at H——Y's jeſt.
Others with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art, 75
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong, 80
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears?
Who ſhares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune ſhares.
But thou, ſhould tempting villainy preſent, 85
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving-day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay, 90
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, ſee!
Mark whom the great careſs, who frown on me!
LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common ſhore of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate, 95
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.

Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
Illuſtrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey; 100
Nor hope the Britiſh lineaments to trace,
The ruſtick grandeur, or the ſurly grace,
But loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe, and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Since, freedom, piety, refin'd away, 105
Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politicks import; 110
Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they play.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, and cure a clap;
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows, 115
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tales of HENRY's victories; 120
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery ſubdues when arms are vain?
Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:

Still to his int'reſt true, where-e'er he goes, 125
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye, 130
And gain a kick for aukward flattery.
Beſides, with juſtice, this diſcerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the ſtage:
Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part; 135
Practis'd their maſter's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild abſurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To ſhake with laughter ere the jeſt they hear, 140
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To ſhake in dog-days, in December ſweat.
How, when competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly virtue hope to fix a friend? 145
Slaves that with ſerious impudence beguile,
And lye without a bluſh, without a ſmile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taſte in ſnuff, your judgement in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and ſwear 150
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like theſe prefer'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
They firſt invade your table, then your breaſt;

Explore your ſecrets with inſidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ranſack all the heart; 155
Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues, 160
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling Muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways. 165
Of all the 'griefs' that harraſs the diſtreſs'd,
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.
Has heaven reſerv'd, in pity to the poor, 170
No pathleſs waſte, or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more. 175
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd, 180
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultous cries
Roll through the ſtreets and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and power,
Some pompous palace, or ſome bliſsful bow'r, 185
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aking ſight
Suſtain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam, 190
For where can ſtarving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes.
Should heaven's juſt bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground, 195
Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,
And publick mournings pacify the ſkies;
The laureat tribe in ſervile verſe relate,
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the penſion'd band 200
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden wealth the riſing dome;
The price of boroughs and of ſouls reſtore,
And raiſe his treaſures higher than before: 205
Now bleſs'd with all the baubles of the great,
The poliſh'd marble, and the ſhining plate,

Orgilio ſees the golden pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.
  Could'ſt thou reſign the park and play content, 210
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,
Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat;
And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,
For leſs than rent the dungeons of the Strand; 215
There prune thy walks, ſupport thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the dainties of a venal lord;
There ev'ry buſh with nature's muſick rings, 220
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours ſecurity ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thy evening walk and morning toil.
  Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home. 225
  Some fiery fop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.
  Yet ev'n theſe heroes, miſchievously gay, 230
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;
Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,
Their prudent inſults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And ſhun the ſhining train, and golden coach. 235

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest, 240
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the k—g.
A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd, 250
Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land: 255
Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid, 260
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

## LOVE ELEGIES.

BY JAMES HAMMOND, ESQ.*

### HE UPBRAIDS AND THREATENS THE AVARICE OF NEÆRA, AND RESOLVES TO QUIT HER.

SHOULD Jove deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill wou'd heave for more,
Not all the gods cou'd ſatisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain 5
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey:

May all the youths, like me, by love deceived,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom; 10
And, when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be grieved,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
Tho' ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade, 15
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find:

* *Born* 1710; *dyed* 1742.

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep : 20

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year,
Shall ſtrow the grave where truth and ſoftneſs reſt,
Then, home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

TO HIS FRIEND, WRITTEN UNDER THE CONFINEMENT OF A LONG INDISPOSITION.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer-day,
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractiſed maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray :

The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled, 5
Lonely and ſick on death is all my thought,
Oh, ſpare, Perſephone *, this guiltleſs head,
Love, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace ; 10
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face :

* The goddeſs of death.

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred fane;
I ne'er diſturb'd the gods' eternal reſt 15
With curſes loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand;
Ah, why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear?
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand. 20

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy ſhades below
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wand'ring view the baleful rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh, let me ſtill enjoy the cheerful day;
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we loved, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with feſtive garlands crown'd,
In chaſe of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend, 30
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleaſing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your abſent friend.

# VERSES

## TO MR. BROOKE, ON THE REFUSAL OF A LICENCE TO HIS PLAY OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

BY PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.*

WHILE *Athens* glory'd in her free-born race,
And Science flouriſh'd round her fav'rite place,
The Muſe unfetter'd trod the *Grecian* ſtage;
Free were her pinions, unreſtrain'd her rage:
Bold and ſecure ſhe aim'd the pointed dart, 5
And pour'd the precept poignant to the heart,
Till dire Dominion ſtretch'd her lawleſs ſway,
And *Athens'* ſons were deſtin'd to obey:
Then firſt the Stage a Licens'd Bondage knew,
And Tyrants quaſh'd the ſcene they fear'd to view: 10
Fair *Freedom's* voice no more was heard to charm,
Or *Liberty* the *Attic* audience warm.

Then fled the Muſe, indignant, from the ſhore,
Nor deign'd to dwell where *Freedom* was no more:
Vain then, alas! ſhe ſought *Britannia's* iſle, 15
Charm'd with her voice, and cheer'd us with her [ſmile.
If *Gallic* laws her gen'rous flight reſtrain,
And bind her captive with th' ignoble chain;

* *Born* 1710; *dyed* 1774.

Bold and unlicens'd, in ELIZA's days,
Free flow'd her numbers, flouriſh'd fair her bays; 20
O'er *Britain's* Stage majeſtic, unconfin'd,
She tun'd her Patriot leſſons to mankind;
For mighty Heroes ranſack'd ev'ry age,
Then beam'd them glorious in her SHAKESPEARE's page.

SHAKESPEARE's no more!—loſt was the Poet's name, 25
Till Thou, my friend, my genius, ſprung to Fame;
Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,
You boldly ſnatch'd the trophy from his tomb,
Taught the declining Muſe again to ſoar,
And to *Britannia* gave one Poet more. 30

Pleas'd, in thy lays we ſee GUSTAVUS live;
But, O GUSTAVUS! if thou can'ſt, forgive.
*Britons*, more ſavage than the tyrant *Dane*,
Beneath whoſe yoke you drew the galling chain,
Degen'rate *Britons*, by thy worth diſmay'd, 35
Prophane thy glories, and proſcribe thy ſhade.

# ELEGY.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.*

HE ARRIVES AT HIS RETIREMENT IN THE COUNTRY, AND TAKES OCCASION TO EXPATIATE IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY. TO A FRIEND.

For rural virtues, and for native ſkies,
I bade Auguſta's venal ſons farewel;
Now 'mid the trees, I ſee my ſmoke ariſe;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that Genius, which ſecures my reſt, 5
Preſerve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the ſordid breaſt;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unſincere!

Far from theſe paths, ye faithleſs friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hoſtile name! 10
Hence! the faint verſe that flows not from the heart,
But mourns, in labour'd ſtrains, the price of fame!

O lov'd ſimplicity! be thine the prize!
Aſſiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltleſs of diſguiſe, 15
Contemns the pow'r, the dull reſource to feign!

* *Born* 1714; *dyed* 1763.

Still may the mourner, laviſh of his tears
  For lucre's venal meed, invite my ſcorn!
Still may the bard diſſembling doubts and fears,
  For praiſe, for flatt'ry ſighing, ſigh forlorn! 20

Soft as the line of love-ſick Hammond flows,
  'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could Aonia's hill diſcloſe
  So fair a fountain, or ſo lov'd a ſtream.

Ye loveleſs bards! intent with artful pains 25
  To form a ſigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
  Survey Camilla's charms, and grow ſincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful ſoul
  Love's gentle tyrant ſeats his aweful throne, 30
While from thy boſom—let not art controul
  The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleaſing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace
  The forms our pencil, or our pen deſign'd!
" Such was our youthful air, and ſhape, and face!
  " Such the ſoft image of our youthful mind!

Soft whilſt we ſleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
  The loves and graces ſteal unſeen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
  We wake to wintry ſcenes of chill decay! 40

Curſe the ſad fortune that detains thy fair;
  Praiſe the ſoft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud ſcorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
  When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Œnone thou haſt worn the day, 45
  Near fount or ſtream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Œnone lov'd to ſtray,
  The faithful Muſe ſhall meet thee in the grove.

THE

## SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY THE SAME.

"*Auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,*
"*Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.*" VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

AH me! full ſorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modeſt worth neglected lies;

While partial fame doth with her blaſts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp diſguiſe;
Deeds of ill ſort, and miſchievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddeſs! let me try
To ſound the praiſe of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to eſpy,
Loſt in the dreary ſhades of dull obſcurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little ſpire, 10
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly ſhed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we ſchool-miſtreſs name;
Who boaſts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven ſore, in piteous durance pent, 15
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentleſs dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or taſk unconn'd, are ſorely ſhent.

And all in ſight doth riſe a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did ſtowe; 20
Whilom a twig of ſmall regard to ſee,
Tho' now ſo wide its waving branches flow;
And work the ſimple vaſſals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs ſhudder'd, and their pulſe beat low; 25
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And ſhap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I ſeen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeleſs phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave, 30
Of ſport, of ſong, of pleaſure, of repaſt;
They ſtart, they ſtare, they wheel, they look aghaſt;
Sad ſervitude! ſuch comfortleſs annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taſte!
Ne ſuperſtition clog his dance of joy, 35
Ne viſion empty, vain, his native bliſs deſtroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch ſo green,
On which the tribe their gambols do diſplay;
And at the door impris'ning board is ſeen,
Leſt weakly wights of ſmaller ſize ſhould ſtray; 40
Eager, perdie, to baſk in ſunny day!
The noiſes intermix'd, which thence reſound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where ſits the dame, diſguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around. 45

Her cap, far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for ſcepter, ſhe does wield 50
Tway birchen ſprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark diſtruſt, and ſad repentance fill'd;

And ſtedfaſt hate, and ſharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chaſtiſement unkind,

Few but have ken'd, in ſemblance meet pourtray'd, 55
The childiſh faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auſter * : theſe in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or ſky, or main,
Were the ſtern god to give his ſlaves the rein?
And were not ſhe rebellious breaſts to quell, 60
And were not ſhe her ſtatutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A ruſſet ſtole was o'er her ſhoulders thrown;
A ruſſet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air; 65
'Twas ſimple ruſſet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock ſo fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, ſooth to ſay, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe, did term it paſſing rare; 70
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, ſhe been the greateſt wight on ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, goſſip, n'aunt, forſooth, 75
Or dame, the ſole additions ſhe did hear;

* The ſouth-weſt, ſouth, &c. &c.

Yet theſe ſhe challeng'd, theſe ſhe held right dear:
Ne would eſteem him act as mought behove,
Who ſhould not honour'd eld with theſe revere:
For never title yet ſo mean could prove, 80
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen ſhe took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the buſy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her ſchool, begirt with chickens, came; 85
Such favour did her paſt deportment claim:
And, if neglect had laviſh'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, ſhe would collect the ſame;
For well ſhe knew, and quaintly could expound,
What ſin it were to waſte the ſmalleſt crumb ſhe found. 90

Herbs too ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak
That in her garden ſip'd the ſilv'ry dew;
Where no vain flow'r diſclos'd a gaudy ſtreak;
But herbs for uſe, and phyſick, not a few,
Of grey renown, within thoſe borders grew: 95
The tufted baſil, pun-provoking thyme,
Freſh baum, and mary-gold of chearful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would ſing, diſdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphraſy may not be left unſung, 100
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;

And pungent radiſh, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjra'm ſweet, in ſhepherd's poſie found;
And lavender, whoſe ſpikes of azure bloom 105
Shall be ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidſt the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim roſemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintieſt garden of the proudeſt peer; 110
Ere, driven from its envy'd ſite, it found
A ſacred ſhelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring ſkirts appear.
Oh waſſel days! O cuſtoms meet and well!
Ere this was baniſh'd from its lofty ſphere: 115
Simplicity then ſought this humble cell,
Nor ever would ſhe more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on ſabbath's decent eve,
Hymned ſuch pſalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, ſhe to her hearth did cleave, 120
But in her garden found a ſummer-ſeat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Iſrael's ſons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a ſong intreat,

All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry ſtring, 125
Uphung their uſeleſs lyres—ſmall heart had they
to ſing.

For ſhe was juſt, and friend to virtuous lore,
And paſs'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in thoſe elfins' ears, would oft deplore [130
The times, when truth by popiſh rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And ſimple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny ſaints in ſmould'ring flames did burn:
Ah! dereſt lord, forefend, thilk days ſhould e'er
return. 135

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem,
By the ſharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſov'reign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,
The matron ſate; and ſome with rank ſhe
grac'd, 140
(The ſource of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redreſs'd affronts, for vile affronts there paſs'd;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well ſhe knew each temper to deſcry; 145
To thwart the proud, and the ſubmiſs to raiſe;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And ſome entice with pittance ſmall of praiſe;

And other ſome with baleful ſprig ſhe 'frays:
Ev'n abſent, ſhe the reins of pow'r doth hold, 150
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd ſhe ſways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whiſper in her ear, and all the ſcene unfold.

Lo now with ſtate ſhe utters the command!
Eftſoons the urchins to their taſks repair; 155
Their books of ſtature ſmall they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn ſecured are;
To ſave from finger wet the letters fair:
The work ſo gay, that on their back is ſeen,
St. George's high atchievements does declare; 160
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleaſing ſight, I ween!

Ah luckleſs he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil ſtar! it irks me whilſt I write!
As erſt the * bard by Mulla's ſilver ſtream, 165
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he ſung, and did in tears indite.
For brandiſhing the rod, ſhe doth begin
To looſe the brogues, the ſtripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty ſkin, 170
Fair as the furry coat of whiteſt ermilin.

O ruthful ſcene! when, from a nook obſcure,
His little ſiſter doth his peril ſee,

* Spenſer.

All playful as ſhe ſate, ſhe grows demure ;
She finds full ſoon her wonted ſpirits flee ; 175
She meditates a pray'r to ſet him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her ſad grief that ſwells in either eye,
And wrings her ſo that all for pity ſhe could die. 180

No longer can ſhe now her ſhrieks command ;
And hardly ſhe forbears, thro' aweful fear,
To ruſhen forth, and, with preſumptuous hand,
To ſtay harſh juſtice in its mid career.
On thee ſhe calls, on thee her parent dear ! 185
(Ah ! too remote to ward the ſhameful blow !)
She ſees no kind domeſtic viſage near,
And ſoon a flood of tears begins to flow ;
And gives a looſe at laſt to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his loud laments explain ? [190
The form uncouth of his diſguiſed face ?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
The plenteous ſhow'r that does his cheek diſtain ?
When he, in abject wiſe, implores the dame, 195
Ne hopeth aught of ſweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high ſhe levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling ſtroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghaſt, with ſore diſmay,
Attend, and conn their taſks with mickle care: 200
By turns, aſtony'd, ev'ry twig ſurvey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wiſt, how each the ſame may ſhare;
'Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known cheſt the dame repair; 205
Whence oft with ſugar'd cates ſhe doth 'em greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly ſweet!

See to their ſeats they hye with merry glee,
And in beſeemly order ſitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he 210
Abhorreth bench and ſtool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjuſt beheſt; 215
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

His eye beſprent with liquid cryſtal ſhines,
His blooming face that ſeems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All ſmear'd and ſully'd by a vernal ſhow'r. 220
O the hard boſoms of deſpotic pow'r!
All, all, but ſhe, the author of his ſhame,
All, all, but ſhe, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, ſhall claim,
If ſo I deem aright, tranſcending worth and fame. 225

Behind ſome door, in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns;
And deems it ſhame, if he to peace inclines; 223
And many a ſullen look aſcance is ſent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he deſigns;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her haviour paſt reſent.

Ah me! how much I fear leſt pride it be! 235
But if that pride it be, which thus inſpires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice diſcernment ſee,
Ye quench not too the ſparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the muſes' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat; 240
The firm fixt breaſt which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot ſoul; more juſtly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry falſe deceit.

Yet nurs'd with ſkill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now ſagacious foreſight points to ſhow 245
A little bench of heedleſs biſhops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard ſublime, if bard may e'er be ſo, [die!
As Milton, Shakeſpear, names that ne'er ſhall
Tho' now he crawl along the ground ſo low, 250
Nor weeting how the muſe ſhould ſoar on high,
Wiſheth, poor ſtarv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline, 255
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer, 260
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff [is here?"
But now Dan Phoebus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han.cover'd o'er 265
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun. 270

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs. 275
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each ſprite ſome various bent appear! 280
Theſe rudely carol moſt incondite lay;
Thoſe ſaunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the ſtranger paſſing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the ſtanding lake their courſes bend, 285
With pebbles ſmooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's ſav'ry cottage tend,
In paſtry kings and queens th' allotted mite to ſpend.

Here, as each ſeaſon yields a different ſtore,
Each ſeaſon's ſtores in order ranged been; 290
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full ſore th' unmoney'd wight, are ſeen;
And gooſe-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween. 295
O may no wight e'er pennyleſs come there,
Leſt ſmit with ardent love he pine with hopeleſs care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread ſo white in tempting poſies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round, 300
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aſide;
And muſt be bought, tho' penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each ſeaſon do thoſe cakes abide, [305
Whoſe honour'd names * th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's iſle Salopia's praiſes known.

* Shrewſbury cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd, [310
Her daughters lovely, and her ſtriplings brave:
Ah! midſt the reſt, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whoſe art did firſt theſe dulcet cates diſplay!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who chearleſs o'er her darkling region ſtray;
Till reaſon's morn ariſe, and light them on their way.

## INSCRIPTION.

### ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC ALCOVE.

BY THE SAME.

O YOU that bathe in courtlye blyſſe,
Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
Do not too raſhlye deeme amyſſe
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet diſdeigne the ruſſet ſtoale, 5
Which o'er each careleſſe lymbe he flyngs:
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In whyche he quaffs the lympid ſprings.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
  Devoide of worldlye cark he ſtray : 10
Or all beſide ſome flowerye lawne,
  He waſte his inoffenſive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and ſtrife,
  If ſuch in courtlye haunt he ſee :
For faults there beene in buſye life, 15
  From whyche theſe peaceful glennes are free.

# ODE

## TO THE

# TIBER.

ON ENTERING THE CAMPANIA OF ROME,
AT OTRICOLI,

MDCCLV.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

POET LAUREAT.*

I.

HAIL ſacred ſtream, whoſe waters roll
  Immortal thro' the claſſic page!
To Thee the Muſe-devoted ſoul,
  Tho' deſtin'd to a later age
And leſs indulgent clime, to thee, 5
  Nor thou diſdain, in Runic lays
Weak mimic of true harmony,
    His grateful homage pays.
Far other ſtrains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear, 10
When he, who ſtrung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire

* *Born* 1715; *dyed* 1785.

From Mantua's reedy lakes with oſiers crown'd,
Taught echo from thy banks with tranſport to re-
ſound.
Thy banks ?—alas, is this the boaſted ſcene, 15
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where ſick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
And Deſolation ſpreads her torpid reign ?
Is this the ſcene where Freedom breath'd,
Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd, 20
And health at opening day
Bade all her roſeate breezes fly,
To wake the ſons of induſtry,
And make their fields more gay ?

II.

Where is the villa's rural pride, 25
The ſwelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant ſide,
And tremble in thy golden ſtream ?
Where are the bold, the buſy throngs,
That ruſh'd impatient to the war, 30
Or tun'd to peace triumphal ſongs,
And hail'd the paſſing car ?
Along the ſolitary * road,
Th' eternal flint by Conſuls trod,
We muſe, and mark the ſad decays 35
Of mighty works, and mighty days !

* The Flaminian way.

For thefe vile waftes, we cry, had Fate decreed
That Veii's fons fhould ftrive, for thefe CAMILLUS bleed?
Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The mufing fhepherd from Soracte's height 40
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples rife, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deferted plain
The hero ftrove, nor ftrove in vain;
And here the fhepherd faw 45
Unnumber'd towns and temples fpread,
While Rome majeftic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

III.

Yes, Thou and Latium once were great.
And ftill, ye firft of human things, 50
Beyond the grafp of time or fate,
Her fame and thine triumphant fprings.
What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,
And ftrow the defart earth beneath,
Tho' ivy round each nodding wall 55
Entwine it's fatal wreath,
Yet fay, can Rhine or Danube boaft
The numerous glories thou haft loft?
Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy fhore,
Or Nile, with all his myftic lore, 60
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?

Ev'n now the Muſe, the conſcious Muſe is here;
From every ruin's formidable ſhade
Eternal muſic breathes on fancy's ear, 65
And wakes to more than form th' illuſtrious dead.
Thy CÆSARS, SCIPIOS, CATOS riſe,
The great, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
In ſolemn ſtate advance!
They fix the philoſophic eye, 70
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The light'ning of the lance.

IV.

But chief that humbler happier train,
Who knew thoſe virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of chance or pain 75
Secure, th' hiſtorian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory ſtill ſurvives. 80
Thro' deep ſavannahs wild and vaſt,
Unheard, unknown thro' ages paſt,
Beneath the ſun's directer beams,
What copious torrents pour their ſtreams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn, 85
No annals ſwell their pride, or grace their ſtoried urn.
Whilſt thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her ſpear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,

Canſt tell the waves, canſt tell the paſſing wind,
Thy wond'rous tale, and chear the liſt'ning
waſte. 90
Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling North
Pour'd all his legion'd tempeſts forth,
Yet ſtill thy laurels bloom :
One deathleſs glory ſtill remains,
Thy ſtream *has* roll'd thro' Latian plains, 95
*Has* waſh'd the walls of Rome.

# AN ODE

## ON THE

## DEATH OF MR. PELHAM.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.*

*An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God!* POPE.

LET others hail the riſing ſun,
I bow to that whoſe courſe is run,
Which ſets in endleſs night;
Whoſe rays benignant bleſs'd this iſle,
Made peaceful Nature round us ſmile, 5
With calm, but chearful light.

No bounty paſt provokes my praiſe,
No future proſpects prompt my lays,
From real grief they flow;
I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears, 10
My ſorrows fall with Britain's tears,
And join a nation's woe.

See —— as you paſs the crowded ſtreet,
Deſpondence clouds each face you meet,
All their loſt friend deplore: 15
You read in every penſive eye,
You hear in ev'ry broken ſigh,
That Pelham is no more.

* *Born* 1716; *dyed* 1779.

If thus each Briton be alarm'd,
Whom but his diſtant influence warm'd, 20
What grief their breaſts muſt rend,
Who in his private virtues bleſs'd,
By Nature's dearest tyes poſſeſs'd
The Huſband, Father, Friend.

What! mute ye bards?—no mournful verſe, 25
No chaplets to adorn his hearſe,
To crown the good and juſt?
Your flowers in warmer regions bloom,
You ſeek no penſions from the tomb,
No laurels from the duſt. 30

When pow'r departed with his breath,
The ſons of Flatt'ry fled from death:
Such inſects ſwarm at noon.
Not for herſelf my Muſe is griev'd,
She never aſk'd, nor e'er receiv'd, 35
One miniſterial boon.

Hath ſome peculiar ſtrange offence
Againſt us arm'd Omnipotence,
To check the nation's pride!
Behold th' appointed puniſhment! 40
At length the vengeful bolt is ſent,
It fell —— when Pelham dy'd!

Uncheck'd by ſhame, unaw'd by dread,
When Vice triumphant rears her head,
Vengeance can ſleep no more; 45
The evil angel ſtalks at large,
The good ſubmits, reſigns his charge,
And quits th' unhallow'd ſhore.

The ſame ſad morn * to church and ſtate,
(So for our ſins 'twas fix'd by fate) 50
A double ſtroke was giv'n;
Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
St. J—n's fell Genius iſſu'd forth,
And Pelham fled to heav'n!

By angels watch'd in Eden's bow'rs, 55
Our parents paſs'd their peaceful hours,
Nor guilt nor pain they knew;
But on the day which uſher'd in
The hell-born train of mortal ſin,
The heav'nly guards withdrew. 60

Look down, much honour'd ſhade, below!
Still let thy pity aid our woe;
Stretch out thy healing hand;
Reſume thoſe feelings, which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth, 65
And ſav'd a ſinking land,

* The 6th of March, 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the works of a late lord, and the death of Mr. Pelham.

Search, with thy more than mortal eye,
The breaſts of all thy friends : deſcry
What there has got poſſeſſion.
See if thy unſuſpecting heart 70
In ſome for truth miſtook not art,
For principle, profeſſion.

From theſe, the peſts of human kind,
Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
Protect our parent King : 75
Unmaſk their treach'ry to his ſight,
Drag forth the vipers into light,
And cruſh them ere they ſting.

If ſuch his truſt and honours ſhare,
Again exert thy guardian care, 80
Each venom'd heart diſcloſe ;
On Him, on Him, our all depends,
Oh ſave him from his treach'rous friends,
He cannot fear his foes.

Whoe'er ſhall at the helm preſide, 85
Still let thy prudence be his guide,
To ſtain the troubled wave ;
But chiefly whiſper in his ear,
" That GEORGE is open, juſt, ſincere,
" And dares to ſcorn a knave." 90

No ſelfiſh views t' oppreſs mankind,
No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,
To purchaſe fame with blood;
Thy boſom glow'd with purer heat;
Convinc'd that to be truly great 95
Is only to be good.

To hear no lawleſs paſſion's call,
To ſerve thy King, yet feel for all,
Such was thy glorious plan!
Wiſdom with gen'rous love took part, 100
Together work thy head and heart,
The Miniſter and Man.

Unite, ye kindred ſons of worth;
Strangle bold faction in its birth;
Be Britain's weal your view! 105
For this great end let all combine,
Let virtue link each fair deſign,
And Pelham live in you.

## AD AMICOS.

BY RICHARD WEST, ESQ.*

YES happy youths, on Camus' ſedgy ſide,
You feel each joy that friendſhip can divide;
Each realm of ſcience and of art explore,
And with the antient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend 5
To raiſe, the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloyſter'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where ſocial oft, and oft alone, ye chuſe
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muſe. 10
Mean time at me (while all devoid of art
Theſe lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the pow'r that comes or ſoon or late,
Or aims, or ſeems to aim, the dart of fate;

* *Born* 1716; *dyed* 1742. *This poem is in imitation of the* 5*th Elegy of the* 3*d book of Tibullus, and of a letter of Mr. Pope, in ſickneſs, to Mr. Steel.* " *Almoſt all Tibullus's Elegy,*" *Mr. Maſon obſerves,* " *is imitated in this little piece, from whence the tranſition to Mr. Popes letter is very artfully contrived, and beſpeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. Weſt's years.*" *It was written before* 21. *The reader may compare this with another imitation of the ſame elegy by Mr. Hammond.* (*See p.* 35.)

From you remote, methinks, alone I ſtand 15
Like ſome ſad exile in a deſert land;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their hearts with mine.
Or real pains, or thoſe which fancy raiſe,
For ever blot the ſunſhine of my days; 20
To ſickneſs ſtill, and ſtill to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her roſy face away.

Juſt heav'n! what ſin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand againſt a brother's life 25
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the ſlanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know? 30
As yet juſt ſtarted from the liſts of time,
My growing years have ſcarcely told their prime;
Uſeleſs, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleaſures taſted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing ſuns appear, 35
Would pluck the promiſe of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluſter from the mourning ſpray.
Stern Power of Fate, whoſe ebon ſceptre rules
The Stygian deſerts and Cimmerian pools, 40
Forbear, nor raſhly ſmite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;

Ah, ſtay till age ſhall blaſt my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the ſhaft, then meditate the blow, 45
And to the dead my willing ſhade ſhall go.

How weak is Man to Reaſon's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aſpire. 50
In vain our plans of happineſs we raiſe,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praiſe;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conqueſt, or a throne,
Are what the wiſe would fear to call their own.
Health is at beſt a vain precarious thing, 55
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the ſtream, beſide whoſe wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
Nurs'd by the wave the ſpreading branches riſe,
Shade all the ground, and flouriſh to the ſkies; 60
The waves the while beneath in ſecret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his fooliſh pride, 65
And ſinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine, does life deſerve my ſigh?
Few will lament my loſs whene'er I die.
For thoſe the wretches I deſpiſe or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate. 70

For me, whene'er all-conquering Death ſhall ſpread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not; though this face be ſeen no more
The world will paſs as cheerful as before,
Bright as before the day-ſtar will appear, 75
The fields as verdant, and the ſkies as clear;
Nor ſtorms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor ſigns on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and ſilent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death. 80
Yet ſome there are (ere ſpent my vital days)
Within whoſe breaſts my tomb I wiſh to raiſe.
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praiſe would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may theſe fond lines my name endear, 85
Not from the Poet but the Friend ſincere.

# ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

# ETON COLLEGE.

BY THOMAS GRAY, ESQ.*

Ἄνθρωπος' ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυςυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

Ye diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY'S † holy Shade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow 5
Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way. 10

Ah happy hills, ah pleaſing ſhade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,

* *Born* 1716; *dyed* 1771.

† King Henry the ſixth, founder of the college.

Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow, 15
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring. 20

Say, Father THAMES, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race
Diſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave 25
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chace the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball? 30

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain 35
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,

They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom health of roſy hue; 45
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn. 50

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet ſee how all around 'em wait 55
The Miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men! 60

Theſe ſhall the fury Paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſculks behind;

Or pineing Love ſhall waſte their youth, 65
Or Jealouſy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart. 70

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy;
The ſtings of Falſhood thoſe ſhall try, 75
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe. 80

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins, 85
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age. 90

To each his ſuff'rings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why ſhould they know their fate ? 95
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more ; where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe. 100

THE

# BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.[a]

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

'RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs King !
'Confuſion on thy banners wait,

[a] This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the 1ſt, when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

'Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
'They mock the air with idle ſtate.
'Helm, nor [b] Hauberk's twiſted mail, 5
'Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
'To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the ſounds, that o'er the creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay, 10
As down the ſteep of [c] Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.
Stout [d] Glo'ſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance:
To arms! cried [e] Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

[b] The Hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion.

[c] *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welch themſelves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire as far eaſt as the river Conway. R. Hygden, ſpeaking of the caſtle of Conway, built by king Edward the firſt, ſays, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi caſtrum forte."

[d] Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, earl of Glouceſter and Hertford, ſon in law to king Edward.

[e] Edmond de Mortimer, lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow 15
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
(Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air) 20
And with a Maſter's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave, 25
'Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That huſh'd the ſtormy main: 30
'Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whoſe magic ſong
'Made hugh Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'[f] On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie, 35
'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:

[f] The ſhores of Caernarvonſhire oppoſite to the iſle of Angleſey.

'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
'The famiſh'd [g] Eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.
'Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes, 40
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a griesly band.
'I ſee them ſit, they linger yet, 45
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony [h] they join, [line!
'And [h] weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy

g 'Camden,' and others obſerve, that eagles uſed annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as ſome think) were named by the Welſh *Craigian eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the higheſt point of Snowdon is called *the eagle's neſt*. That bird is certainly no ſtranger to this iſland, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Weſtmoreland, *&c.* can teſtify: it even has built its neſt in the Peak of Derbyſhire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. publiſhed by Ray.]

h See the Norwegian Ode, that follows. *The ſubject of this ode ought not, perhaps, to have been followed in The Bard. The Gothic manners had little, if any thing, in common with thoſe of the Celts, who do not appear to have been even acquainted with the Runic mythology. Beſides, in the time of Edw. I. it is well known, that theſe Welſh or Britiſh poets muſt, like the reſt of their nation, have profeſſed Chriſtianity, with which the incantations here deſcribed ſeem altogether incompatible.*

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding-ſheet of Edward's race. 50
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" [i] When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright
" The ſhrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that ring; 55
" Shrieks of an agonizing King!
" [k] She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
" [l] From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The ſcourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him wait! 60
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" [m] Low on his funeral couch he lies!

i Edward the ſecond, cruelly butchered in Berkley-caſtle.

k Iſabel of France, Edward the ſecond's adulterous queen.

l Triumphs of Edward the third in France.

m Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his laſt moments by his courtiers and his miſtreſs.

" No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65
" A tear to grace his obſequies.
" Is the ſable [n] Warrior fled?
" Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the Dead.
" The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn. 70
" Fair [o] laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded Veſſel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
" Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway, 75
" That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

" [p] Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare:
" Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair 80

n Edward the Black Prince, dead ſome time before his father.

[o] Magnificence of Richard the ſecond's reign. See Froiſſa ;and other contemporary writers.

p Richard the ſecond (as we are told by archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate lords in their manifeſto, by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by ſir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled Gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of [q] battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe!
" Long Years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe, 85
" And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
" Ye Towers of Julius [r], London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his [s] Conſort's faith, his Father's [t] fame,
" And ſpare the meek [u] Uſurper's holy head. 90
" Above, below, the [w] roſe of ſnow,
" Twin'd with her bluſhing foe we ſpread:
" The briſtled [x] Boar in infant-gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.

q Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.

r Henry the ſixth, George duke of Clarence, Edward the fifth, Richard duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæſar.

s Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown.

t Henry the fifth.

u Henry the ſixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.

w The white and red roſes, devices of York and Lancaſter.

x The ſilver Boar was the badge of Richard the third; whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom, 95
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
" doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
" [y] Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)" 100
' Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
' They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
' But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
' Deſcending ſlow their glittering ſkirts unroll?
' Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight,
' Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
' No more our long-loſt [z] Arthur we bewail,
' All-hail, ye genuine [a] Kings; Britannia's Iſſue,
hail!

[y] Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

[z] It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that king Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.

[a] Both Merlin and Talieſſin had prophesied, that the Welch ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the houſe of Tudor.

III. 2.

' Girt with many a Baron bold
' Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
' And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old
' In bearded majeſty, appear.
' In the midſt a Form divine! 115
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
' Her lyon port[b], her awe-commanding face,
' Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
' What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air!
' What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play! 120
' Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin[c], hear;
' They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
' Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
' Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many colour'd
' wings.

III. 3.

' The verſe adorn again 125
' Fierce War, and faithful Love,

[b] Speed, relating an audience given by queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinſki, ambaſſador of Poland, ſays, ' And thus ſhe, lion-like riſing, daunted the malapert orator no leſs with her ſtately port and majeſtical deporture, than with the tartneſſe of her princelie checkes'.

[c] Talieſſin, chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the VIth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

'And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
'In [d] buſkin'd meaſures move
'Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
'With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breaſt. 130
'A [e] Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;
'[f] And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
'That loſt in long futurity expire. [cloud, 135
'Fond impious Man, think'ſt thou, yon ſanguine
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: With joy I ſee
'The different doom our Fates aſſign. 140
'Be thine Deſpair, and ſcept'red Care,
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

d Shakeſpeare.
e Milton.
f The ſucceſſion of poets after Milton's time.

THE

# FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.*

BY THE SAME.

Now the Storm begins to lower,
(Haſte, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron-fleet of arrowy ſhower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

* To be found in the ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, folio: and alſo in BARTHOLINUS,

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

... For the better underſtanding 'this ode,' the reader is to be informed that in the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, earl of the Orkney-iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a conſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of *Sictryg with the ſilken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithneſs,

Glitt'ring lances are the loom, 5
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griesly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,) 10
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore, 15
Keep the tissue close and strong.

in Scotland, saw at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the *Valkyriur*, female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to '*Valhalla*' the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Mista black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory. 20

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war) 25
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our Friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field: 30
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reigns to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live. 35
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain. 40

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head; 45
Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of Immortality! 50

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death;
Siſters, ceaſe; the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands! 55
Songs of joy and triumph ſing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong. 60
Scotland, thro' each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence with ſpurs of ſpeed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed. 65
Hurry, hurry to the field.

## ELEGY

### WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY THE SAME.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight, 5
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain 10
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.
Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.
The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.
Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield, 25
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!
Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure; 30
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.
The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour. 35
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye Proud, impute to Theſe the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn 'aiſle' and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe. 40
Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;

*V.* 39. iſle.

Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll; 50
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.
Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen, 55
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.
Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood. 60
Th' applauſe of liſtening ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone 65
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame, 70
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;

Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life 75
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh. 80
Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.
For who, to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey, 85
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?
On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires; 90
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires.
For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led, 95
Some kindred Spirit ſhall inquire thy fate,
Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn. 100
'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,

'His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn, 105
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.
'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree; 110
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
'The next with dirges due in ſad array [115
'Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him born.
'Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone, beneath yon aged thorn.'*

## THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;

* Between this line and the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inſerted a very beautiful ſtanza, which was printed in ſome of the firſt editions, but afterwards omitted; becauſe he thought (and in my own opinion very juſtly) that it was too long a parentheſis in this place. The lines however, are, in themſelves, exquiſitely fine, and demand preſervation.

There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
By hands unſeen are ſhow'rs of violets found;
The redbreaſt loves to build and warble there,
And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

MASON.

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own. 120
Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe, 125
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

THE

# BLACK BIRD.

## A MAKARONY FABLE.

BY JOHN HALL STEPHENSON, ESQ.*

In concert with the curfew bell,
An Owl was chaunting Vespers in his cell;
Upon the outside of the wall,
A Black Bird, famous in that age,
From a bow window in the hall, 5
Hung dangling in a wicker cage;
Instead of psalmody and pray'rs,
Like those good children of St. Francis,
He secularized all his airs,
And took delight in Wanton Fancies. 10
Whilst the bell toll'd, and the Owl chaunted,
Every thing was calm and still;
All nature seem'd rapp'd and enchanted,
Except the querelous, unthankfull rill;
Unawed by this imposing scene, 15
Our Black Bird the enchantment broke;
Flourish'd a sprightly air between,
And whistled the Black Joke.

* *Born* 1718; *dyed* 1785.

This lively unexpected motion
Set nature in a gayer light; 20
Quite over-turn'd the Monks devotion,
And ſcatter'd all the gloom of night.
I have been taught in early youth,
By an expert Metaphyſician,
That ridicule's the teſt of truth, 25
And only match for ſuperſtition.
Impoſing rogues, with looks demure,
At Rome keep all the world in awe;
Wit is profane, learning impure,
And reaſoning againſt the Law. 30
Between two tapers and a book,
Upon a dreſſer clean and neat,
Behold a ſacerdotal Cook,
Cooking a diſh of heavenly meat!
How fine he curtſies! Make your bow; 35
Thump your breaſt ſoundly, beat your poll;
Lo! he has toſs'd up a Ragout,
To fill the belly of your ſoul.
Even here there are ſome holy men,
Would fain lead people by the noſe; 40
Did not a Black Bird, now and then,
Benevolently interpoſe.
My good Lord Biſhop, Mr. Dean,
You ſhall get nothing by your ſpite;
Triſtram ſhall whiſtle at your ſpleen, 45
And put Hypocriſy to flight.

*Grazie a gl' inganni tuoi,*
*Alfin respiro, O Nice;*
*Alfin d' uno infedele*
*Ebber gli dei pietà.* Metastasio.

TO MISS ——

BY THE SAME.

THANKS to your wiles, deceitful fair,
The gods, so long in vain implor'd,
At last have heard a wretch's prayer;
At last I find myself restor'd,

From thy bewitching snares and thee: 5
I feel for once this is no dream;
I feel my captive soul is free;
And I am truly what I seem.

I cannot now, as heretofore,
Put on indifference or disdain, 10
To smother flames, that burn no more,
To hide a passion void of pain.

Without a blush your name I hear,
No transient glow my bosom heats;
And, when I meet your eye, my dear, 15
My fluttering heart no longer beats.

I dream, but I no longer find
  Your form ſtill preſent to my view;
I wake, but now my vacant mind
  No longer waking dreams of you. 20

Abſent, for you, no more I pine,
  But wander careleſs day or night;
Preſent, no word, no look, no ſign,
  Argues diſturbance or delight.

I hear your praiſe, no tender flame 25
  Now thrills reſponſive through my veins;
No indignation, only ſhame,
  For all my former wrongs remains.

I meet you now without alarms,
  Nor longer fearful to diſpleaſe, 30
I talk with eaſe about your charms,
  E'en with my rival talk with eaſe.

Whether in angry mood you riſe,
  Or ſweetly ſit with placid guile,
Vain is the lightning of your eyes, 35
  And vainer ſtill your gilded ſmile.

Loves, in your ſmiles, no longer play;
  Your lips, your tongue, have loſt their art;
Thoſe eyes have now forgot the way
  That led directly to my heart. 40

Whether with grief the mind's diſeaſed,
  Or the unburthen'd ſpirits glad;
No thanks to you, when I am pleaſed,
  You have no blame, when I am ſad.

Hills, woods, and lawns, and bleating flocks, 45
  Without you, captivate me ſtill,
But dreary moors and naked rocks,
  Tho' with you, make my blood run chill.

Hear me; and judge if I'm ſincere;
  That you are beauteous ſtill I ſwear; 50
But oh! no longer you appear
  The faireſt, and the only fair.

Hear me; but let not truth offend,
  In that fine form, in many places,
I now ſpy faults, my lovely friend, 55
  Which I miſtook before for graces.

And yet, tho' free, I thought at firſt,
  With ſhame my weakneſs I confeſs,
My agonizing heart would burſt,
  The agonies of death are leſs. 60

Who would not, when his ſoul's oppreſs'd,
  Gladly poſſeſs himſelf again?
To pluck a ſerpent from his breaſt,
  Who would not bear the ſharpeſt pain?

The little ſongſter thus you ſee 65
Caught in the cruel ſchool boy's toils,
Struggling for life, at laſt, like me,
Eſcapes, and leaves his feather'd ſpoils.

His plumage ſoon reſumes its gloſs,
His little heart ſoon waxes gay; 70
Nor falls, grown cautious from his loſs,
To artifice again a prey.

Perhaps you think I only feign,
I do but ſtrive againſt the ſtream;
Elſe why for ever in this ſtrain? 75
Why talk upon no other theme?

It is not love, it is not pique,
That gives my whole diſcourſe this caſt;
'Tis nature, that delights to ſpeak
Eternally of dangers paſt. 80

Carouſing o'er the midnight bowl
The ſoldier never ceaſing prates,
Shews every ſcar to every ſoul,
And every hair-breadth 'ſcape relates.

Thus the poor galley ſlave, releaſed 85
From pains as great and bonds as ſtrong,
On his paſt ſufferings ſeems to feaſt,
And hug the chain he dragg'd ſo long.

To talk is all that I deſire;
  When once I let my larum go, 90
I never ſtop, nor once enquire
  Whether you're 'entertain'd' or no.

Which of us has moſt cauſe to grieve?
  Which ſituation would you chooſe?
I, a capricious tyrant leave, 95
  And you, a faithful lover loſe.

I can find maids in every rout,
  With ſmiles as falſe, and forms as fine;
But you muſt ſearch the world throughout,
  To find a heart as true as mine. 100

# ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.*

## HASSAN; OR THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand, 5
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view! 10
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind, 15
The thirſt, or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſwage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?

* *Born* 1720; *dyed* 1756.

Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine? 20
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know, 25
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way."

Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lilly peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown, 35
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd? 40
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold, 45
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?

"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe, 50
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain, 55
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tygers in his train:
Before them Death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor, 65
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O, hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!

Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
" Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
" Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
" No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O, let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day, 85
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

## AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high, 5
And paſt in radiance thro' the cloudleſs ſky;

Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away. 10
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
'Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey, 15
Trace our ſad flight thro' all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we tried!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide! 20

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!
Still as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand, 25
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian lands their fleecy care. 30

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd, 35
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſooth his mind:
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat. 40
Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale, 45
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kinds products of a bounteous year; 50
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd!
But Ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:

In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair, 55
Their eyes blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains, that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war; 60
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred, 61
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe. 70

He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds, thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

*V.* 56. eye's.

# ODE

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY THE SAME.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

I.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds, 5
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell, 10
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

* The harp of ÆOLUS, of which ſee a deſcription in the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar, 15
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening * ſpire,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep. 20

VI.

But Thou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye 20
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine, glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd Siſters now attend, 30

* Richmond church [*where Mr. Thomſon is buryed*].

Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
  Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And ſee, the fairy valleys fade,
  Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade, 35
  Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

*The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
  Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs
  With ſimple hands thy rural tomb. 40

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
  Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall He ſay,
  In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

* Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſometime before his death.

# ODES.

BY MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.*

## ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M.D.CC.XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains;
Soon to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his ſteady reins.
Now, piercing half Potoſi's height, 5
Prone ruſh the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's ſilver ſtores:
While, in ſome cavern's horrid ſhade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores. 10

II.

But lo, on this deſerted coaſt
How pale the ſun! how thick the air!
Muſtering his ſtorms, a ſordid hoſt,
Lo, Winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their lateſt bloom; 15
No more the breezes waft perfume,

* *Born* 1721; *dyed* 1770.

No more the ſtreams in muſic roll:
But ſnows fall dark, or rains reſound;
And, while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human ſoul.

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire:
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs
Againſt the ſpiteful heaven conſpire.
Meantime perhaps with tender fears 25
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is ſunk and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay. 30

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl the aërial waſte, 25
Be earth with keener cold imbrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's night,
With flowers and dews and ſtreaming light,
Already decks the newborn ſpring. 40

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hovering tempeſt fly, 45
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain! 50

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er Nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſovran cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings 55
Through this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-ſubduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every ſtate below. 60

VII.

How pleaſing wears the winter night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!

While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
Where chiefs or legiſlators lie, 65
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now i taſte the Ionian ſong,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Reſounding through the olive ſhade. 70

VIII.

But ſhould ſome chearful, equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page awhile,
Let mirth on wiſdom then attend,
And ſocial eaſe on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful ſhrine, 75
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the ſlow-returning May! 80

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
The auſpicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold, 85
As in the happy garden old,

She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Ye tender ſmiles, ye chaſte deſires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair. 90

X.

And if believing Love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, o charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:
Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd 95
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong:
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And echo, down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong. 100

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

I.

To-night retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion ſtays:
And now to Heſper is it given

Awhile to rule the vacant ſky,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply 5
A ſtream of brighter rays.

II.

O Heſper, while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy path ſurrounds,
Oh liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere 10
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine:
So may the bride's unmarried train 15
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With luſtre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows muſt i prefer
To thy indulgent power. 20
Alaſs, but now i paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in queſt i roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious ſend thy golden ray, 25
Thou pureſt light above:
Let no falſe flame ſeduce to ſtray
Where gulph or ſteep lie hid for harm:
But lead where muſic's healing charm
May ſooth afflicted love. 30

VI.

To them, by many a grateful ſong
In happier ſeaſons vow'd,
Theſe lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon ſilver ſtream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd, 35
Beneath yon copſes ſtood.

VII.

Nor ſeldom, where the 'beechen' boughs
That rooſleſs tower invade,
We came while her inchanting Muſe
The radiant moon above us held: 40
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the ſolemn ſhade.

VIII.

But hark; i hear her liquid tone.
Now, Heſper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moſs o'ergrown,

Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whoſe hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green ſpace: on either hand
Inlarg'd it ſpreads around: 50
See, in the midſt ſhe takes her ſtand,
Where one old oak his awful ſhade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note 55
She now prolongs her lays:
How ſweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The ſtars ſhine out: the foreſt bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this ſequeſter'd ſpot,
If then the plaintive Syren ſing,
Oh ſoftly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's diſpoſing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal ſtage,
  What mournful ſcenes ariſe:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe: 70
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
  How ſwiftly pleaſure flies.

XIII.

O ſacred bird, let me at eve,
  Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counſel oft receive, 75
Bear witneſs to thy penſive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
  Till i forget my own.

## INSCRIPTIONS.

BY THE SAME.

WHOE'ER thou art whoſe path in ſummer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imboſoms. there dwells Albert, generous lord

Of all the harveſt round. and onward thence 5
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Faſt by a ſilent riv'let. Humbly walk,
O, ſtranger, o'er the conſecrated ground;
And on that verdant hilloc, which thou ſee'ſt
Beſet with oſiers, let thy pious hand 10
Sprinkle freſh water from the brook and ſtrew
Sweet-ſmelling flowers. for there doth Edmund reſt,
The learned ſhepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for ſongs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithleſs pride 15
Of fair Matilda ſank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But ſoon did righteous heaven
With tears, with ſharp remorſe, and pining care,
Avenge her falſhood. nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith 20
From Edmund to a loftier huſband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aſide
The ſtrokes of death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful ſtory. haply ſome fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught 25
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

Me tho' in life's ſequeſter'd vale
The Almighty ſire ordain'd to dwell,

Remote from glory's toilſome ways,
And the great ſcenes of public praiſe;
Yet let me ſtill with grateful pride 5
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early muſic to my tongue ſupply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And, This be thy concern, he ſaid, 10
At once with Paſſion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleaſurable charms,
And ſacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of Man;
Till under one unblemiſh'd plan, 15
His Reaſon, Fancy, and his Heart unite.

# ODE

ON THE FIFTH OF DECEMBER, BEING THE BIRTH-DAY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART. *

I.

HAIL, eldeſt of the monthly train,
  Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whoſe iron reign
  Expires the chequer'd Year.
Huſh all the bluſt'ring blaſts that blow, 5
And proudly plum'd in ſilver ſnow,
  Smile gladly on this bleſt of Days.
The livery'd clouds ſhall on thee wait,
And Phœbus ſhine in all his ſtate
  With more than ſummer rays. 10

II.

Tho' jocund June may juſtly boaſt
  Long days and happy hours,
Tho' Auguſt be Pomona's hoſt,
  And May be crown'd with flow'rs;

* *Born* 1722; *dyed* 1770.

Tell June, his fire and crimſon dies, 15
By Harriot's bluſh, and Harriot's eyes,
  Eclips'd and vanquiſh'd, fade away:
Tell Auguſt, thou canſt let him ſee
A richer, riper fruit than he,
  A ſweeter flow'r than May.

# AN EPISTLE

## FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE, 1757.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.*

VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now
In private life's calm ſtation plac'd,
Let heav'n for nature's wants allow,
With cold indiff'rence would I view
Departing Fortune's winged haſte, 5
And laugh at her caprice like you.
Th' inſipid farce of tedious ſtate,
Imperial duty's real weight,
The faithleſs courtier's ſupple bow,
The fickle multitude's careſs, 10
And the great Vulgar's Littleneſs,
By long experience well I know :
And, tho' a Prince and Poet born,
Vain blandiſhments of glory ſcorn.
For when the ruthleſs ſhears of Fate 15
Have cut my life's precarious thread,
And rank'd me with th' unconſcious dead,
What wil't avail that I *was* great,

* *Born* 1722; *dyed* 1769.

Or that th' uncertain tongue of Fame
In Mem'rys temple chaunts my name? 20
One blisful moment whilst we live
Weighs more than ages of renown;
What then do Potentates receive
Of good, peculiarly their own?
Sweet Ease and anaffected Joy, 25
Domestic Peace, and sportive Pleasure,
The regal throne and palace fly,
And, born for liberty, prefer
Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,
To, what we Monarchs buy so dear, 30
The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
On fickle Fortune's casual flight,
For, whether she's my foe or friend,
In calm repose I'll pass the night; 35
And ne'er by watchful homage own
I court her smile, or fear her frown.
But from our stations we derive
Unerring precepts how to live,
And certain deeds each rank calls forth, 40
By which is measur'd human worth.
Voltaire, within his private cell,
In realms where ancient honesty
Is patrimonial property,
And sacred Freedom loves to dwell, 45
May give up all *his* peaceful mind,
Guided by Plato's deathless page,

In ſilent ſolitude reſign'd
To the mild virtues of a Sage;
But I, 'gainſt whom wild whirlwinds wage 5
Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
Muſt be, to face the tempeſt's rage,
In thought, in life, in death, a King.

## A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON:

AN ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF THE OLD SONG TO WINIFREDA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

BY THE SAME.

——— *aſpice vultus*
*Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes*
*Inſerere, et patrias intus dependere curas.*
OVID. METAM.

DEEP in a grove by cypreſs ſhaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom ſhone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted muſe's moan,

A ſwain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending 5
Sat ſorrowing at the cloſe of day,
At whoſe fond ſide a boy attending
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung, 10
Till, what his throbbling heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue.

" My youth's firſt hopes, my manhood's treaſure,
" My prattling Innocent, attend,
" Nor fear rebuke, or ſour diſpleaſure, 15
" A father's lovelieſt name is friend.

" Some truths, from long experience flowing,
" Worth more than royal grants receive,
" For truths are wealth of heav'n's beſtowing,
" Which kings have ſeldom power to give. 20

" Since from an ancient race deſcended
" You boaſt an unattainted blood,
" By yours be their fair fame attended,
" And claim by birth-right to be good.

" In love for ev'ry fellow-creature, 25
" Superior riſe above the crowd;
" What moſt ennobles human nature
" Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

" Be thine the gen'rous heart that borrows
" From others' joys a friendly glow, 30
" And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows
" Throbs with a ſympathetic woe.

" This is the temper moſt endearing;
" Tho' wide proud Pomp her banners ſpreads,
" An heav'nlier pow'r good-nature bearing 35
" Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

" Taſte not from fame's uncertain fountain
" The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow,
" Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain
" Look down upon the world below. 40

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
" Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
" By winds, long brav'd, at laſt aſſaulted,
" Is headlong whirl'd in duſt to lie;

" Whilſt the mild roſe more ſafely growing 45
" Low in its unaſpiring vale,
" Amidſt retirement's ſhelter blowing,
" Exchanges ſweets with ev'ry gale.

" Wiſh not for beauty's darling features
" Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r, 50
" For faireſt forms 'mong human creatures
" Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I ſaw, the pride of all the meadow,
" At noon, a gay narciſſus blow
" Upon a river's bank, whoſe ſhadow 55
" Bloom'd in the ſilver waves below;

" By noon-tide's heat its youth was wafted,
" The waters, as they paſs'd, complain'd:
" At eve its glories all were blaſted,
" And not one former tint remain'd. 60

" Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
" Lead you from wiſdom's path aſtray;
" What genius lives renown'd in ſtory
" To happineſs who found the way?

" In yonder mead behold that vapor 65
" Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play,
" Far off it ſeems a friendly taper
" To guide the traveller on his way;

" But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch purſuing
" Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow, 70
" He'd find, too late his raſhneſs rueing,
" That fatal quickſands lurk below.

" In life ſuch bubbles nought admiring,
" Gilt with falſe light and fill'd with air,
" Do you, from pageant crowds retiring, 75
" To peace in virtue's cot repair;

" There ſeek the never-waſted treaſure,
" Which mutual love and friendſhip give,
" Domeſtic comfort, ſpotleſs pleaſure,
" And bleſs'd and bleſſing you will live. 80

" If heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
" As mine its bounty does with you,
" In fondneſs fatherly excelling
" Th' example you have felt purſue."

He paus'd—for tenderly careſſing 85
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now Night her mournful mantle ſpreading,
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round, 90
And dank dews from her treſſes ſhedding
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying,
'Midſt cuſtom's ſlaves he liv'd reſign'd,
His face, array'd in ſmiles, denying 95
The true complexion of his mind;

For ſeriously around ſurveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human ſtage, 100

(Peaceful himſelf and undeſigning)
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtrife,
And felt each ſecret wiſh inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated 105
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul,
For what all bounteous heav'n created,
He thought heav'n only ſhould controul.

## THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1744.

BY SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, KT.*

ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE COMMON PLEAS.

As, by ſome tyrant's ſtern command,
A wretch forſakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endleſs exile from his home;
Penſive he treads the deſtin'd way, 5
And dreads to go, nor dares to ſtay;
'Till on ſome neighb'ring mountain's brow
He ſtops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a laſt tear, and bids adieu: 10
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft ſtop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age, 15
Serenely gay, and ſweetly ſage,
How blithſome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill, or ſhady grove,

* *Born* 1723; *dyed* 1780.

Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice, 20
And aged elms with aweful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapſe of gliding floods,
Chear'd by the warbling of the woods,
How bleſt my days, my thoughts how free, 25
In ſweet ſociety with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleaſing dream is o'er,
Theſe ſcenes muſt charm me now no more. 30
Loſt to the field, and torn from you,—
Farewel!—a long, a laſt adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and ſtubborn Law,
To ſmoak and crowds, and cities draw;
There ſelfiſh Faction rules the day, 35
And Pride and Av'rice throng the way:
Diſeaſes taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Looſe Revelry and Riot bold
In frighted ſtreets their orgies hold; 40
Or, when in ſilence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks her lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celeſtial Nymph, adieu!
Shakeſpear no more, thy ſylvan ſon, 45
Nor all the art of Addiſon,

Pope's heav'n-ſtrung lyre, nor Waller's eaſe,
Nor Milton's mighty ſelf muſt pleaſe:
Inſtead of theſe, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me ſtand; 50
With ſounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the ſoul of harmony,
Each pedant ſage unlocks his ſtore
Of myſtic, dark, diſcordant lore;
And points with ſtott'ring hand the ways 55
That lead me to the thorny maze?
There, in a winding, cloſe retreat,
Is Juſtice doom'd to fix her ſeat,
There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the Law,
She keeps the wond'ring world in awe, 60
And there, from vulgar ſight retir'd,
Like eaſtern queens is more admir'd.
O let me pierce the ſecret ſhade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe, 65
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her ſacred page,
(Th' united boaſt of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wiſdom of a thouſand years) 70
In that pure ſpring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the ſordid ſcribe;

Obſerve how parts with parts unite 75
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countleſs wheels diſtinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing ſoul
Pervades, and regulates the whole. 80
Then welcome buſineſs, welcome ſtrife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The viſage wan, the pore-blind ſight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the ſolemn prate, 85
The pert diſpute, the dull debate,
The drowſy bench, the babling Hall,
For thee, fair Juſtice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be paſt,
Yet let my ſetting ſun, at laſt, 90
Find out the ſtill, the rural cell,
Where ſage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taſte the homefelt bliſs
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe; 95
Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour, and my conſcience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace deſcend! 100

THE

# TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY

# ISIS AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1749.

BY THOMAS WARTON THE YOUNGER,

POET LAUREAT.*

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum* TYBRIDE, *Romam*
*Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,*
*Hanc Urbem insano Nullus qui Marte petivit,*
*Lætatus violasse redit. Nec Numina Sedem*
*Destituunt.——* CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade, 5
O'er ISIS' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.

* *Born* 1728; *dyed* 1790.

When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd ſudden ſplendors o'er the ſhadowy ſtream;
And from the wave aroſe its guardian queen,
Known by her ſweeping ſtole of gloſſy green;
While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the ſmooth ſurface of the dimply flood
The ſilver-ſlipper'd virgin lightly trod,
From her looſe hair the dropping dew ſhe preſs'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild addreſs'd.
No more, my ſon, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling ſtrain of empty joy; 20
No more thy love-reſounding ſonnets ſuit
To notes of paſtoral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majeſtic walls,
To the dear Muſe afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee ſing, 25
Why ſtays thy hand to ſtrike the ſounding ſtring?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phebus' ſpite,
The venal ſons of ſlaviſh CAM unite;
To ſhake yon towers when Malice rears her creſt,
Shall all my ſons in ſilence idly reſt? 30
Still ſing, O CAM, your favorite Freedom's cauſe;
Still boaſt of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your ſongs of Gratulation pay,
To courts addreſs ſoft flattery's ſervile lay.
What' though your gentle MASON's plaintive verſe
Has hung with ſweeteſt wreaths Muſeus' herſe;

What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my ſtream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet ſtrove his Muſe, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a Siſter's head? 40
Miſguided youth! with rude unclaſſic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that ſullies e'en thy guiltleſs lays,
And blaſts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let *** boaſt the patrons of her name, 45
Each ſplendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her ſhine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, ſanctified and ſleek: 50
Still let the drones of her exhauſtleſs hive
On rich pluralities ſupinely thrive:
Still let her ſenates titled ſlaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty ſong, 55
Once heard ſage Milton's manly tones among,
Where CAM, meandering thro' the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his grove of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my ſon, to deal the ſacred bay,
Where honour calls, and juſtice points the way; 60
To wear the well earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And ſnatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and ſcorn'd by courts, yon Muſe's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor ſeeks, the ſmile of power.

Though wakeful Vengeance watch my chryſtal
ſpring, 65
Though Perſecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon ſpiry temples as ſhe flies,
" Theſe deſtin'd ſeats be mine" exulting cries;
Fortune's fair ſmiles on Iſis' ſtill attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven deſcend 70
Unaſk'd, unſeen, in ſtill but copious ſhow'rs,
Her ſtores on me ſpontaneous Bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's ſtrain my fairy ſhades reſound;
My Muſe divine ſtill keeps her cuſtom'd ſtate, 75
The mien erect, and high majeſtic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal ſmiles,
And ſtill the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic ſpires in ancient glory riſe,
And dare with wonted pride to ruſh into the ſkies. 80
E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auſpicious ſhone in Iſis' happy plain; [ſhrine,
When yon proud * dome, fair Learning's ampleſt
Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame, 85
To Radcliffe due, and Iſis' honour'd name?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the feſtive day,
Nor bluſh'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breaſt with honeſt ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd; 90

* The Radcliffe Library.

While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!
O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile, 95
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky; 100
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave, 105
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.
But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crouded theatres are hush'd in peace. 110
See, on yon Sage * how all attentive stand,
To catch his darting eye and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart.
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.

* *Dr. W. King, principal of St. Mary Hall.*

'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with ſenſe to warm; 120
Untaught in flowery periods to diſpenſe
The lulling ſounds of ſweet impertinence:
In frowns or ſmiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe;
Bids happier days to Albion be reſtor'd, 125
Bids ancient Juſtice rear her radiant ſword;
From me, as from my country, claims applauſe,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cauſe.

While arms like theſe my ſtedfaſt ſages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable ſhield; 130
Say, ſhall the Puny Champion fondly dare
'To' wage with force like this ſcholaſtic war?
Still vainly ſcribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, ſhall I foſter this domeſtic peſt, 135
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breaſt?

Thus in ſome gallant ſhip, that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore,
By chance, beneath her cloſe ſequeſter'd cells
Some low-born worm, a lurking miſchief, dwells; 140
Eats his blind way, and ſaps with ſecret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile.
In vain the foreſt lent its ſtatelieſt pride,
Rear'd her tall maſt, and fram'd her knotty ſide;
The martial thunder's rage in vain ſhe ſtood, 145
With every conflict of the ſtormy flood;

More ſure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.
  Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes ſublime,
Ye towers that wear the moſſy veſt of time! 150
Ye maſſy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloiſters pale, that lengthening to the ſight,
To contemplation, ſtep by ſtep, invite; [155
Ye high arch'd walks, where oft the whiſpers clear
Of harps unſeen have ſwept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;
Lo! your lov'd Iſis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondneſs bids you hail!— 160
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the ſeat;
Nurſe of each brave purſuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in ſcience and in liberty, 165
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!
  Ev'n now, confeſt to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted ſons ariſe.
Tuning to knightly tale his Britiſh reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads: 170
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celeſtial fire.
With graceful ſtep ſee Addiſon advance,
The ſweeteſt child of Attic elegance:

See Chillingworth the depths of Doubt explore, 175
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reaſon, his majeſtic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And ſpread the treaſur'd ſtores of Truth divine, 180
All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And beſt the labours plann'd of letter'd eaſe;
Who taught with truth, or with perſuaſion mov'd;
Who ſooth'd with numbers, or with ſenſe improv'd;
Who rang'd the powers of reaſon, or refin'd, 185
All that adorn'd or humanis'd the mind;
Each prieſt of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and ſtay the fleeting ſoul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the ſky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial tranſport cry. 190
And ſee yon ſapient train! with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of ſlaviſh ſway
To ſhed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each muſing feature glows, 195
And well-weigh'd counſels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! theſe the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers ſhine.
Theſe from thy ſource the bold contagion caught,
Their future ſons the great example taught: 200
While in each youth, th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguiſh'd and the ſame!

Nor all the talks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the ſage.
I ſee the ſable-ſuited prince advance 205
With lilies crown'd, the ſpoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The Muſes in yon cloiſter's ſhade
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the ſteel for Britiſh freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Creſſy ſaw. 210
And ſee, great father of the ſacred band,
The * Patriot King before me ſeems to ſtand.
He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That chear'd with lively green the ſhaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid, 215
The Muſe in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpleſs virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly ſhore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his foſtering hand,
Soon ſtream'd her bleſſings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though ſimple was the dome, where firſt to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now ſhe holds her ſtate in ſculptur'd bowers,
And proudly lifts to heaven her hundred towers,
'Twas Alfred firſt, with letters and with laws, 225
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cauſe:
He bade relent the Briton's ſtubborn ſoul,
And ſooth'd to ſoft ſociety's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny: 230

* Alfred.

Serene he ſmiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of Learning's reign:
Himſelf he marks in each ingenuous breaſt,
With all the founder in the race expreſt:
Conſcious he ſees, fair Freedom ſtill ſurvive 235
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddeſs pour'd the beam
Unſullied on his ancient diadem;)
Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian ſprings
She reſts her weary feet, and plumes her wings; 240
That here at laſt ſhe takes her deſtin'd ſtand,
Here deigns to linger, ere ſhe leave the land.

## ODE.

## THE HAMLET.

### WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

BY THE SAME.

THE hinds how bleſt, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the croud, nor tempt the main,
For ſplendid care, and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam 5
Strikes their low thatch with ſlanting gleam,

They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the ſcythe in fragrant dew:
The ſheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding ſhades a craggy dell. 10
  Midſt gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds, 15
They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds:
And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray,
Acroſs the glen, the ſcreaming jay:
Each native charm their ſteps explore
Of Solitude's ſequeſter'd ſtore. 20
  For them the moon with cloudleſs ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary ſpirits to relieve,
The meadows incenſe breathe at eve.
No riot mars the ſimple fare 25
That o'er a glimmering hearth they ſhare:
But when the curfeu's meaſur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the diſtant town,
They wiſh no beds of cygnet-down, 30
No trophied canopies, to cloſe
Their drooping eyes in quick repoſe.
  Their little ſons, who ſpread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,

Or through the primros'd coppice ſtray, 35
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowſlip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or haſten from the ſultry hill
To loiter at the ſhady rill; 40
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy creſt
To rob the raven's antient neſt.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's ſhade embowers:
From the trim garden's thymy mound 45
Their bees in buſy ſwarms reſound:
Nor fell Diſeaſe, before his time,
Haſtes to conſume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The ſilver crown of treſſes hoar; 50
As ſtudious ſtill calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they ſleep.

THE

# CONTEMPLATIST:

A

## NIGHT PIECE.

BY JOHN CUNNINGHAM.*

*Nox erat———*
*Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.*

I.

THE Queen of CONTEMPLATION, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her ſilver-veſted train.

II.

'Tis ſtrange, the many marſhal'd ſtars; 5
That ride yon ſacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A ſilence ſo profound!

* *Born* 1729; *dyed* 1773.

III.

A kind, a philoſophic calm,
  The cool creation wears! 10
And what Day drank of dewey balm,
  The gentle Night repairs.

IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
  The feather'd race how ſtill!
How quiet now the gameſome kid, 15
  That gambol'd round the hill!

V.

The ſweets, that bending o'er their banks,
  From ſultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
  And ſcent the weſtern wind. 20

VI.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
  That bade the clouds retire,
Appears amongſt the tufted trees,
  A Phœnix neſt on fire.

VII.

But ſoft - - - the golden glow ſubſides! 25
  Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in ſilver'd pomp, ſhe rides
  Pale regent of the ſky!

VIII.

Where TIME upon the wither'd tree,
Hath carv'd the moral chair, 30
I ſit, from buſy paſſions free,
And breathe the placid air.

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the ſky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthleſs TIME, 35
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanſe:
It glows ſerenely gay!
Come, SCIENCE, by my ſide, advance,
We'll ſearch the Milky Way. 40

XI.

Let us deſcend - - - - The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And SCIENCE, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

XII.

What are thoſe wild, thoſe wand'ring fires, 45
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours.——How like the vague deſires
That cheat the heart of MAN!

XIII.

But there's a friendly guide!——a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed, 50
Enlivens, with a gladſome beam,
The hermit's oſier ſhed.

XIV.

Among the ruſſet ſhades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the duſk; ſo bright, 55
It ſeems a ſilver ſtar!

XV.

In coverts (where the few frequent)
If VIRTUE deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, CONTENT,
Gives luſtre to her cell. 60

XVI.

How ſmooth that rapid river ſlides
Progreſſive to the deep!
The Poppies, pendent o'er its ſides,
Have charm'd the waves to ſleep.

XVII.

PLEASURE's intoxicated ſons! 65
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect——for as the river runs,
Life wings its tractleſs way.

XVIII.

That branching grove of dusky green
  Conceals the azure sky ; 70
Save, where a starry space between,
  Relieves the darken'd eye.

XIX.

Old ERROR, thus, with shades impure,
  Throws sacred Truth behind :
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure, 75
  She bursts upon the mind.

XX.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
  They lock the shepherd's fold !
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
  'Tis lost upon the wold ! 80

XXI.

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
  An unresisting prize !
For having trod a devious way,
  The little rambler dies.

XXII.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot, 85
  Whom pleasure once misguides :
When hurried from the halcion cot,
  Where INNOCENCE presides——

XXIII.

The paſſions, a relentleſs train!
To tear the victim run: 90
She ſeeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd——and undone.

XXIV.

How bright the little inſects blaze,
Where willows ſhade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays 95
Could emulate the Day!

XXV.

'Tis thus, the pigmy ſons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade! 100

XXVI.

The ſoft ſerenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform!
The ſilver hoſt that ſhone ſo bright
Is hid behind a ſtorm;

XXVII.

The angry elements engage! 105
An oak (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough wind's noiſy rage,
And ſhields me from the ſhower.

XXVIII.

The rancour, thus, of rushing fate,
I've learnt to render vain: 110
For whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

XXIX.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought! 115
Reflect upon the tomb.

XXX.

The tomb!——The consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to PEACE!
The port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race! 120

XXXI.

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night; 125
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental sight
The temporary dead.

XXXIII.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep; 130
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,
To meet my final sleep.

XXXIV.

'Tis peace——(The little chaos past!)
The gracious moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast, 135
That through the forest roar'd!

XXXV.

The Nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And HOPE (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains. 140

XXXVI.

Yes——When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze, 145
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigour to the mind.

A

# LANDSCAPE.

BY THE SAME.

*Rura mihi & irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes.*

VIRG.

I.

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
  Frolicks where the winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
  We command the landscape round.

II.

Nature in the prospect yields 5
  Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths,—and fields
  Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

III.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
  Fearless, with their kidlings brouse! 10
Here a flock of snowy sheep!
  There an herd of motly cows!

IV.

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales, the ſober ſhade 15
Softens to an evening grey.

V.

Where the rill, by ſlow degrees,
Swells into a cryſtal pool,
Shaggy rocks and ſhelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool. 20

VI.

Shiver'd by a thunder-ſtroke,
From the mountain's miſty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farm-houſe, forms a bridge.

VII

On her breaſt the ſunny beam 25
Glitters in meridian pride;
Yonder as the virgin ſtream
Haſtens to the reſtleſs tide:—

VIII.

Where the ſhips, by wanton gales
Wafted, o'er the green-waves run, 30
Sweet to ſee their ſwelling ſails
Whiten'd by the laughing ſun!

IX.

High upon the daiſied hill,
  Riſing from the ſlope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill 35
  Labour in the buſy breeze!

X.

Cheerful as a ſummer's morn,
  (Bouncing from her loaded pad)
Where the maid preſents her corn,
  Smirking, to the miller's lad, 40

XI.

O'er the green a feſtal throng
  Gambols, in fantaſtic trim!
As the full cart moves along,
  Hearken—'tis their harveſt hymn!

XII.

Linnets on the crouded ſprays 45
  Chorus,—and the wood-larks riſe,
Soaring with a ſong of praiſe,
  'Till the ſweet notes reach the ſkies.

XIII.

Torrents in extended ſheets
  Down the cliffs, dividing, break: 50
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
  Settling in a ſilver lake!

XIV.

From his languid flocks, the ſwain,
By the ſunbeams ſore oppreſt,
Plunging on the wat'ry plain, 55
Plows it with his glowing breaſt.

XV.

Where the mantling willows nod,
From the green bank's ſlopy ſide,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide! 60

XVI.

On the iſles, with oſiers dreſt,
Many a fair-plum'd halcion breeds!
Many a wild bird hides her neſt,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

XVII.

Fork-tail'd pratlers as they paſs 65
To their neſtlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glaſs,
Seem to kiſs the mimick'd flock.

XVIII.

Where the ſtone Croſs lifts its head,
Many a ſaint and pilgrim hoar, 70
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

XIX.

Guardian of a ſacred well,
  Arch'd beneath yon reverend ſhades,
Whilome, in that ſhatter'd cell, 75
  Many an hermit told his beads.

XX

Sultry miſts ſurround the heath
  Where the gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
  Tott'ring with a load of years. 80

XXI.

Turn to the contraſted ſcene,
  Where, beyond theſe hoary piles,
Gay, upon the riſing green,
  Many an attic building ſmiles!

XXII.

Painted gardens—grots—and groves, 85
  Intermingling ſhade and light!
Lengthen'd viſtas, green alcoves,
  Join to give the eye delight.

XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and ſpires,
  Scatter'd on the landſcape lie, 90
'Till the diſtant view retires,
  Cloſing in an azure ſky.

THE

# DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheared the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, 10
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day, 15
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed; 20

* *Born* 1729; *dyed* 1774.

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And ſlights of art and feats of ſtrength went round;
And ſtill as each repeated pleaſure tired,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpired;
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown 25
By holding out to tire each other down;
The ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter tittered round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove! 30
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village; ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught even toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bowers their chearful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms---But all theſe charms are fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, loveliest of the lawn, 35
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bowers the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain; 40
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But, choaked with ſedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies, 45
And tires their ecchoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to haſtening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride, 55
When once deſtroyed, can never be ſupplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life required, but gave no more: 50
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn, where ſcattered hamlets roſe, 65
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repoſe;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſked but little room, 70
Thoſe healthful ſports that graced the peaceful ſcene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
Theſe far departing ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blifsful hour, 75
Thy glades forlorn confefs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my folitary rounds,
Amidft thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapfed, return to view
Where once the cottage ftood, the hawthorn grew, 80
Remembrance wakes with all her bufy train,
Swells at my breaft, and turns the paft to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs---and GOD has giv'n my fhare---
I ftill had hopes my lateft hours to crown, 85
Amidft thefe humble bowers to lay me down;
To hufband out life's taper at the clofe,
And keep the flame from wafting by repofe:
I ftill had hopes, for pride attends us ftill,
Amidft the fwains to fhew my book-learned fkill, 90
Around my fire an evening groupe to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I faw;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns purfue,
Pants to the place from whence at firft fhe flew,
I ftill had hopes, my long vexations paft, 95
Here to return---and die at home at laft.

O bleft retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never muft be mine,
How bleft is he who crowns, in fhades like thefe,
A youth of labour with an age of eafe; 100
Who quits a world where ftrong temptations try,
And, fince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate, 105
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way; 110
And, all his proſpects brightening to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!

Sweet was the ſound, when oft at evening's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There, as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow, 115
The mingling notes came ſoftened from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool, 120
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whiſpering wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind,
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And filled each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail, 125
No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring; 130
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train, 135
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmiled,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe. 140
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wiſhed to change his place;
Unpractiſed he to fawn, or ſeek for power, 145
By doctrines faſhioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More ſkilled to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long remembered beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruined ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay, 155
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and ſhewed how fields were
won.
Pleaſed with his gueſts, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings leaned to Virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offſpring to the ſkies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beſide the bed where parting life was layed,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmayed,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his control,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt faultering accents whiſpered praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remained to pray. 180
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;

Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile,
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt, 185
Their welfare pleaſed him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule, 195
The village maſter taught his little ſchool;
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face; 200
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper, circling round,
Conveyed the diſmal tidings when he frowned:
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught, 205
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And even the ſtory ran that he could gauge. 210

In arguing too, the parſon owned his ſkill,
For even tho' vanquiſhed, he could argue ſtill;
While words of learned length, and thundering ſound,
Amazed the gazing ruſtics ranged around,
And ſtill they gazed, and ſtill the wonder grew, 215
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.

But paſt is all his fame. The very ſpot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye, 220
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpired,
Where grey-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retired,
Where village ſtateſmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace 225
The parlour ſplendours of that feſtive place;
The white-waſhed wall, the nicely-ſanded floor,
The varniſhed clock that clicked behind the door;
The cheſt contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day; 230
The pictures placed for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhew, 235
Ranged o'er the chimney, gliſtened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart; 240
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play, 255
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, 260
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen who ſurvey 265
The rich man's joys encreaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and an happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore; 270
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride, 275
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupplied;
Space for his lake; his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horſes, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth; 280
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorned for pleaſure, all 285
In barren ſplendor feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes: 290
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She then ſhines forth, ſollicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed; 295
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt arrayed,
But verging to decline, its ſplendours riſe;
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurprize;
While, ſcourged by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band; 300
And while he ſinks without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms---a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah where, ſhall Poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtrayed, 305
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city ſped---What waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare; 310
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade, 315
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here while the proud their long drawn pomps
diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where Pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train; 320

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare.
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts?---Ah, turn thine eyes 325
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn; 330
Now loſt to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town, 335
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, ſweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they aſk a little bread! 340

Ah, no. To diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
When half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before, 348
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore;

Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day ;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling ; 350
Thoſe poiſonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey, 355
And ſavage men, more murderous ſtill than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landſchape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green, 360
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſheltered thefts of harmleſs love.

Good heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt, 365
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſhed in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main ;
And ſhuddering ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Returned and wept, and ſtill returned to weep. 370
The good old ſire, the firſt prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe ;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſhed for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where every pleaſure roſe; 380
And kiſt her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſpt them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the ſilent manlineſs of grief.

O luxury! Thou curſt by heaven's decree, 385
How ill exchanged are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions, with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own; 390
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

Even now the devaſtation is begun, 395
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety, with wishes placed above, 405
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; 410
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel, 415
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell, and O where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest, 425
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

## A BALLAD.*

BY THE SAME.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way,
"To where yon taper cheers the vale,
"With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread, 5
"With fainting steps and slow;
"Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
"Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom; 10
"For yonder faithless phantom flies
"To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
"My door is open still;
"And tho' my portion is but scant, 15
"I give it with good will.

* *The original idea of this elegant poem was suggested by a beautiful old ballad, printed in the "Reliques of ancient English poetry," volume the second.*

" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe. 20

" No flocks that range the valley free
" To ſlaughter I condemn:
" Taught by that power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide 25
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong: 30
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends, 35
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray. 40

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
  Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
  Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire 45
  To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
  And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
  And gayly preſt, and ſmil'd; 50
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
  The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
  Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth; 55
  The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
  To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
  And tears began to flow. 60

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
  With anſw'ring care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
  "The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitations ſpurn'd, 65
"Reluctant doſt thou rove;
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
"Are trifling and decay; 70
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things
"More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame, 75
"But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
"The modern fair one's jeſt,
"On earth unſeen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's neſt. 80

"For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
"And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But, while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe, 85
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
  Alternate spread alarms, 90
The lovely stranger stands confest
  A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
  " A wretch forlorn," she cry'd,
" Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude 95
  " Where heaven and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,
  " Whom love has taught to stray;
" Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
  " Companion of her way. 100

" My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
  " A wealthy lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
  " He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms, 105
  " Unnumber'd suitors came;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
  " And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
  " With richest proffers strove: 110
" Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
  " But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth nor power had he;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had, 115
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day,
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay
" To emulate his mind. 120

" The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art, 125
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" 'Till, quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride; 130
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret where he died.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought, 135
" And ſtretch me where he lay—

" And there forlorn despairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die:
" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
" And so for him will I." 140

" Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast;
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear, 145
" My charmer, turn to see
" Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
" Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care resign: 150
" And shall we never, never part,
" My life,—my all that's mine?

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love so true;
" The sigh that rends thy constant heart, 155
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE

# AUTHOR.

BY CHARLES CHURCHILL.*

ACCURS'D the man whom fate ordains, in ſpite,
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write!
What need of letters? Wherefore ſhould we ſpell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth miſpent 5
In climbing Learning's rugged ſteep aſcent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren ſpot,
Whilſt, in the *vale* of *Ignorance* below,
FOLLY and VICE to rank luxuriance grow; 10
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry ſide,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waſte,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taſte,
To bear the ſlaviſh drudgery of ſchools, 15
And tamely ſtoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For ſeven long years debarr'd of lib'ral eaſe,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of ſolemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown,
To praiſe each ſenior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reaſon bluſh, and ſpirits fail,

* *Born* 1731; *dyed* 1764.

Manhood with vile ſubmiſſion to diſgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whoſe merit is his Place;
VICE CHANCELLORS, whoſe knowledge is but ſmall, 25
And CHANCELLORS, who nothing know at all,
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous Spirit, in thoſe days
When Learning was the certain road to praiſe,
When Nobles, with a love of Science bleſs'd,
Approv'd in others what themſelves poſſeſs'd. 30

But *Now*, when DULLNESS rears aloft her throne,
When LORDLY Vaſſals her wide empire own;
When Wit, ſeduc'd by Envy, ſtarts aſide,
And baſely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What *Now* ſhould tempt us, by falſe hopes misled,
Learning's unfaſhionable paths to tread;
To bear thoſe labours which our Fathers bore
That Crown with-held which They in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boaſted Learning's got,
'Tis an affront to thoſe who have it not. 40
In ſome it cauſes hate, in others fear,
Inſtructs our Foes to rail, our Friends to ſneer.
With prudent haſte the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at School;
The Elder Brother, to vaſt fortunes born, 45
Looks on all Science with an Eye of Scorn;
Dependent Breth'ren the ſame features wear,
And younger Sons are ſtupid as the Heir.

In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date. 50

Is this——O Death to think! is this the Land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,
Where Heroes, Parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to Honour, tun'd their lays, 55
And by their Patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the Land where, on our SPENCER's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung;
Where JOHNSON rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her Critic fences smil'd; 60
Where NATURE list'ning stood, whilst SHAKESPEAR play'd,
And wonder'd at the Work herself had made?
Is this the Land where, mindful of her charge
And Office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our Laws a sure defence, 65
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of Sense;
Where, health and honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
And bade the Face of Sorrow wear a smile; 70
Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call
Enjoy her blessings, which GOD meant for all?
Is this the Land where, in some Tyrant's reign,
When a *weak, wicked Ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd 75
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd

Thoſe wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cauſe,
Gave up our liberties, and ſold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanneſs where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the Virtue of a foe; 80
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her ſores Corruption ſpread,
Her iron arm when ſtern Oppreſſion rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad baſe ſhaken, fear'd
The ſcourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain, 85
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
Is this the Land, where, in thoſe worſt of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honeſt rimes
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment ſpeak
In guilty bluſhes on the villain's cheek; 90
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muſe who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow ſouls,
Whom folly guides and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowſy track of buſineſs trod, 95
Worſhip their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one muſty ſet of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by ſyſtem fools;
Who, form'd to dullneſs from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Goſpel-truth; 100
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their ſtock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when Creatures, form'd like theſe,
Whom Reaſon ſcorns, and I ſhould bluſh to pleaſe,

Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime, 105
And hold not Truth as Truth if told in rime!

How do I laugh, when PUBLIUS, hoary grown
In zeal for SCOTLAND's wellfare, and his own,
By ſlow degrees, and courſe of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn, 110
Too mean (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which Blockheads ſacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my Spirit, bids the daring Muſe 115
Subjects more equal to her weakneſs chuſe;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,
Nor dare to traffick in ambitious ſtrains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim, 120
Along the Church-way path complain with GRAY,
Or dance with MASON on the firſt of May!
"All ſacred is the name and pow'r of Kings;
"All States and Stateſmen are thoſe mighty Things
"Which, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll, 125
"Were never made for Poets to controul."

Peace, Peace, thou Dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of Sacred Numbers, and their pow'r blaſpheme;
I tell thee, Wretch, ſearch all Creation round,
In Earth, in Heav'n, no Subject can be found 130
(Our God alone except) above whoſe weight
The Poet cannot riſe, and hold his State.

The bleſſed Saints above in numbers ſpeak
The praiſe of God, tho' there all praiſe is weak;
In Numbers here below the Bard ſhall teach 135
Virtue to ſoar beyond the Villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe throat,
And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men
Of ſlaviſh principles, demand his pen. 140
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an Engliſh Poet to purſue,
Undaunted to purſue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common Hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd 145
Above their Betters, and by rank diſgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they ſtain,
And, mean themſelves, are of their Fathers vain,
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a Creditor, 150
The gen'rous ardour of the Muſe condemn,
And curſe the ſtorm they know muſt break on them!
" What, ſhall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit, but his own,
" Great Nobles laſh, and *Lords*, like common men,
" Smart from the vengeance of a Scribbler's pen?"

What's in the name of *Lord*, that I ſhould fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honeſt blood of humble ſwains
Quick as the tide which ſwells a Monarch's veins,

Monarchs, who wealth and titles can beſtow,
Cannot make Virtues in ſucceſſion flow.
Would'ſt Thou, Proud Man, be ſafely plac'd above
The cenſure of the Muſe, deſerve her Love,
Act as thy Birth demands, as Nobles ought; 165
Look back, and, by thy worthy Father taught,
Who *earn'd* thoſe Honours Thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his ſteps, and be his Virtue's heir.
But if, regardleſs of the road to Fame,
You ſtart aſide, and tread the paths of ſhame, 170
If ſuch thy life, that ſhould thy Sire ariſe,
The ſight of ſuch a Son would blaſt his eyes,
Would make him curſe the hour which gave Thee birth,
Would drive him, ſhudd'ring, from the face of earth,
Once more, with ſhame and ſorrow, 'mongſt the dead
In endleſs night to hide his rev'rend head;
If ſuch thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a ſcoundrel made before,
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper ſpring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made Thee a King, 180
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muſe ſhould drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy boſom bare
To the keen queſtion of the ſearching air.

Gods! with what pride I ſee the titled ſlave, 185
Who ſmarts beneath the ſtroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at eaſe, and with diſhoneſt art
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!

How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair, 190
Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
From all those evil moments guilt endures,
And seems to laugh at those who pay regard 195
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!
" SATIRE, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
" The mind of man, must always make her way;
" Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
" Is all her malice worth a single thought. 200
" The Wise have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
" To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,
" Left to herself, she dies; opposing Strife
" Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim, 205
" I can no patent for exemption claim,
" Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart:
" Tho' pointed at myself, be SATIRE free;
" To Her 'tis pleasure and no pain to Me." 210

Dissembling Wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
And there amongst thy breth'ren play the fool;
There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach:
Lives there a Man, whom SATIRE cannot reach?
Lives there a Man, who calmly can stand by, 215
And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?

When SATIRE flies abroad on Falſhood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her ſting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound ſhe gives
Sinks deep, and to remoteſt ages lives. 220
When in the tomb thy pamper'd fleſh ſhall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still ſhalt Thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and ſtink to after-times.

Haſt Thou no feeling yet? Come, throw off pride,
And own thoſe paſſions which Thou ſhalt not hide.
S——, who, from the moment of his birth,
Made human Nature a reproach on earth,
Who never dar'd, nor wiſh'd behind to ſtay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanneſs, led the way, 230
Would bluſh, ſhould he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Thoſe actions which he bluſh'd not to commit:
Men the moſt infamous are fond of fame,
And thoſe who fear not guilt, yet ſtart at ſhame.

But whither runs my zeal, whoſe rapid force, 235
Turning the brain, bears Reaſon from her courſe;
Carries me back to times, when Poets, bleſs'd
With courage, grac'd the Science they profeſs'd;
When They, in Honour rooted, firmly ſtood
The bad to puniſh, and reward the good; 240
When, to a flame by Public Virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom They to juſtice brought,
And dar'd expoſe thoſe ſlaves, who dar'd ſupport
A Tyrant plan, and call'd themſelves a Court?

Ah! What are Poets now? as ſlaviſh thoſe 245
Who deal in Verſe as thoſe who deal in Proſe.
Is there an Author, ſearch the Kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real Spirit's found?
The Slaves of Bookſellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baſer chains) vile penſioners of State; 250
Some, dead to ſhame, and of thoſe ſhackles proud
Which Honour ſcorns, for ſlav'ry roar aloud;
Others, *half-palſied* only, mutes become,
And what makes SMOLLET write makes JOHNSON dumb.

Why turns yon' villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abaſh'd, when MURPHY paſſes by?
Doſt Thou ſage MURPHY for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with vice for Virtue's ſake?
No, No---like other *Worldlings*, you will find
He ſhifts his ſails, and catches ev'ry wind. 260
His ſoul the ſhock of int'reſt can't endure:
Give him a penſion then, and ſin ſecure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid Cowards thrive, put honeſty to flight, 265
MURPHY ſhall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ranſack the inmoſt cloſet of my heart,
Swear Thou'rt my Friend; by that baſe oath make way
Into my breaſt, and flatter to betray; 270

Or, if thoſe tricks are vain, if wholeſome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the Villain out,
Bribe thoſe who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On Authors for defence, for praiſe depend; 275
Pay him but well, and MURPHY is thy friend.
He, He ſhall ready ſtand with venal rimes,
To varniſh guilt and conſecrate thy crimes,
To make corruption in falſe colours ſhine,
And damn his own good name, to reſcue thine. 280

But, if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
And Vice no longer rains down ſhow'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
MURPHY, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juſter thought, 285
Shunning his ſteps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a Friend who ſtoops ſo low
To be the baſe betrayer of a foe;
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Muſt be with thine tranſmitted down to ſhame, 290
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blaſt thine, he'll blaſt his own.

To ope the fountain whence Sedition ſprings,
To ſlander Government and libel Kings,
With Freedom's name to ſerve a preſent hour, 295
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of WILLIAM with inſidious art,
Whilſt a vile STUART's lurking in his heart,

And, whilſt mean Envy rears her loathſome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuſe the dead, 300
Where is SHEBBEARE? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City-Coach,
The Pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that Parade was Fame, not Puniſhment;
And that old, ſtaunch Whig, BEARDMORE, ſtanding by,
Can in full Court give that report the Lye.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to ſupport,
Half *Scotch*, half *Engliſh*, a declining Court,
To make moſt glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond diſpute, that black is white, 310
To make firm Honour tamely league with ſhame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name,
To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
That to be ſav'd muſt mean to be undone,
Is there not GUTHRIE? Who, like him, can call 315
All Oppoſites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren ſtock;
He, far beyond the ſprings of Nature led,
Makes Women bring forth after they are dead; 320
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *Wedlock's* ſacred bands joins Man to Man;
And, to complete the whole, moſt ſtrange, but true,
By ſome rare magic makes them fruitful too,
Whilſt from their loins, in the due courſe of years, 325
Flows the rich blood of GUTHRIE's *Engliſh Peers*.

Doſt Thou contrive ſome blacker deed of ſhame,
Something which Nature ſhudders but to name,
Something which makes the Soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her ſeat? 333
Doſt Thou contrive, for ſome baſe private end,
Some ſelfiſh view, to hang a truſting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promiſe life to work him ſurer death?
Grown old in villany, and dead to grace, 335
Hell in his heart, and TYBURNE in his face,
Behold, a Parſon at thy Elbow ſtands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheiſt Chaplain of an Atheiſt Lord. 340

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I ſhould learn to read;
Tho' that was nothing, for my Friends, who knew
What mighty Dullneſs of itſelf could do,
Never deſign'd me for a working Prieſt, 345
But hop'd I ſhould have been a DEAN at leaſt;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the ſervice of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilſt proud, and pamper'd Sons of Lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn) 350
In pomp of *rev'rend begg'ry* to appear,
To pray, and ſtarve on forty pounds a-year;
My Friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forſook the Packhorſe road,

Whilſt Virtue to my conduct witneſs bears, 355
In throwing off that gown which FRANCIS wears.

What Creature's that, ſo very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery and whim;
So gentle, yet ſo briſk; ſo wondrous ſweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet; 360
Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his Garb appears a man of God?
Truſt not to looks, nor credit outward ſhow;
The villain lurks beneath the *caſſock'd* Beau;
That's an Informer; what avails the name? 365
Suffice it that the wretch from SODOM came.

His tongue is deadly——from his preſence run,
Unleſs thy rage would wiſh to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And Fear alone reſtrains his coward mind; 370
Free him from that, no Monſter is ſo fell,
Nor is ſo ſure a blood-hound found in hell.
His ſilken ſmiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plauſible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's eaſier way, 375
And make gull'd Virtue fall a ſurer prey.
Attend his Church——his plan of doctrine view—
The Preacher is a Chriſtian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more; 380
CHRIST is laid by neglected on the ſhelf,
And the vile Prieſt is Goſpel to himſelf.

By CLELAND tutor'd, and with BLACOW bred,
(BLACOW, whom, by a brave reſentment led,
OXFORD, if OXFORD had not ſunk in fame, 385
Ere this, had damn'd to everlaſting ſhame)
Their ſteps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue loſt, to Vice alone he wakes,
Moſt luſciously declaims 'gainſt luſcious themes,
And, whilſt he rails at blaſphemy, blaſphemes. 390

Are theſe the Arts which Policy ſupplies?
Are theſe the ſteps by which grave Churchmen riſe?
Forbid it, Heav'n! or, ſhould it turn out ſo,
Let Me, and Mine, continue mean and low.
Such be their Arts whom Intereſt controuls; 395
KIDGELL and I have free and honeſt ſouls:
We ſcorn Preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

# CHIT-CHAT.

## AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. Ἐνδοι Πραξινοα, &c.

BY ROBERT LLOYD.*

MRS. BROWN.

Is Miſtreſs SCOT at home, my dear?

SERVANT.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here.
My *Miſſeſs*, tho' reſolv'd to wait,
Is quite *unpatient*—'tis ſo late.
She fancy'd you would not come down, 5
—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. BROWN.

MRS. SCOT.

Your ſervant, MADAM. Well, I ſwear
I'd giv'n you over—Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be ſeated.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almoſt dead with fear. 10
There is ſuch *ſcrouging* and ſuch *ſqueeging*,
The folks are all ſo diſobliging;

* *Born* 1733; *dyed* 1764.

And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all theſe narrow ways,
What with the buſtle and the throng, 15
I wonder how I got along.
Beſides the walk is ſo *immenſe*—
Not that I grudge a coach expence,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always ſhort of breath. 20
How can you live ſo far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *Him*,
Huſbands, you know, will have their whim.
*He* took this houſe.—This houſe! this den.— 25
See but the temper of ſome men.
And I, forſooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live *quite out of all the world.*
Huſband, indeed!

MRS. BROWN.

Hiſt! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you ſay. 30
See how he looks—

MRS. SCOT.

*Jacky*, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.

MRS. BROWN.

See how the urchin holds his hands. 35
Upon my life he underſtands.
—There's a ſweet child, come, kiſs me, come,
Will *Jacky* have a ſugar-plumb?

MRS. SCOT.

This Perſon, MADAM, (call him ſo,
And then the child will never know) 40
From houſe to houſe would ramble out,
And every night a drunken-bout.
For at a tavern he will ſpend
His twenty ſhillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricaſſeed and chicken, 45
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
With port and punch to waſh 'em down,
Would ſcarcely ſerve this belly-glutton,
Whilſt we muſt ſtarve on mutton, mutton. 50

MRS. BROWN.

My good man too—Lord bleſs us! Wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,—
Altho' his profits bring him clear
Almoſt two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of caſh ſo ſhort and bare, 55
That *I have not a gown to wear*;
Except my robe, and yellow ſack,
And this old luteſtring on my back.

—But we've no time, my dear, to waſte.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haſte. 60
The KING, God bleſs his majeſty, I ſay,
Goes to the houſe of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his ſtate.
And then the QUEEN——

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know, 65
Great folks can always make a ſhow.
But tell me, do——I've never ſeen
Her preſent majeſty, the QUEEN.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three——'tis *twelve* I vow. 70

MRS. SCOT.

KITTY, my things,—I'll ſoon have done,
It's time enough, you know, at *one*.
—Why, girl! ſee how the creature ſtands!
Some water here, to waſh my hands.
—Be quick—why ſure the gipſy ſleeps! 75
—Look how the drawling daudle creeps.
That baſon there—why don't you pour?
Go on, I ſay—ſtop, ſtop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the huſſey down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown. 80
—Bring me my ruffles—can'ſt not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.

Sure thou haſt aukwardneſs enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done, 85
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the ſhelf,
And bring me back the key yourſelf.

MRS. BROWN.

That clouded ſilk becomes you much,
I wonder, how you meet with ſuch, 90
But you've a charming taſte in dreſs.
What might it coſt you, Madam?

MRS. SCOT.

Gueſs.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh! that's impoſſible—for I
Am in the world the worſt to buy. 95

MRS. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five ſhillings, as I think, a yard.
—I was afraid it ſhould be gone—
'Twas what I'd ſet my heart upon.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with ſucceſs,
For its a moſt delightful dreſs. 100
Beſides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis ſlop'd with ſuch an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think ſo,—*Kitty*, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
*Jacky*, my love, nay don't you cry, 105
Take *you* abroad!—indeed not I;
For all the *Bugaboes* to fright ye—
Beſides, the naughty horſe will bite ye;
With ſuch a mob about the ſtreet,
Bleſs me, they'll tread you under feet. 110
Whine as you pleaſe, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber, than be lame.
The more you cry, the leſs you'll ——
——Come, come then, give mamma a kiſs.
KITTY, I ſay, here take the boy, 115
And fetch him down the laſt new toy,
Make him as merry as you can.
——There, go to KITTY——there's a *man*.
Call in the dog, and ſhut the door.
Now, MA'M.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh lard!

MRS. BROWN.

Pray go before. 120

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

MADAM, pray.

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How ſhall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here, 125
Here's all the king's horſe-guards, my dear.
Let us croſs over—haſte, be quick.
—Pray ſir, take care—your horſe will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's ſo wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child. 130

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you ſee the guards are gone?

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almoſt ſcar'd to death.
For when a horſe rears up and capers, 135
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,—nay don't you laugh,
I'd rather ſee a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look ſo bold,
It makes my very blood run cold. 140
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vaſtly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crouded when you came? 145

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majesty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray
To see him robe himself to-day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour,
TROY could not stand a siege for ever. 150
By frequent trying, TROY was won,
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well—she's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks press on before, 155
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

*Perdigious!* I can hardly stand,
Lord bless me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we must stick as close as burrs, 160
Or in this racket, noise and pother,
We certainly shall lose each other.

——Good God! my cardinal and ſack
Are almoſt torn from off my back.
Lard, I ſhall faint—Oh Lud—my breaſt— 165
I'm cruſh'd to atoms, I proteſt.
God bleſs me—I have dropt my fan,
—Pray did you ſee it, honeſt man?

MAN.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with ſome misfortune here. 170
—Stand back, I ſay—pray, ſir, forbear—
Why, don't you ſee the ladies there?
Put yourſelves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your ſafe protection.

MRS. SCOT.

You're very kind, ſir; truly few 175
Are half ſo complaiſant as you.
We ſhall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always ſure to meet
A welcome, ſir, in—Lard! the ſtreet 180
Bears ſuch a name, I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
—Mercy! what's all this noiſe and ſtir?
Pray is the KING a coming, ſir?

MAN.

No—don't you hear the people ſhout? 185
'Tis Mr. PITT, juſt *going* OUT.

MRS. BROWN.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bleſs him!
Well may the people all careſs him.
——Lord, how my huſband us'd to ſit,
And drink ſucceſs to honeſt PITT, 190
And, happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, you ſhall pledge this toaſt, my dear.

MAN.

Hiſt—ſilence—don't you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the KING's a coming.
There, don't you ſee the guards approach? 195

MRS. BROWN.

Which is the King?

MRS. SCOT.

Which is the coach?

SCOTCHMAN.

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE?
Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a ſalute.
For he's the *Laird of aw our clan*,
Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man*. 200

MAN.

Here comes the Coach, ſo very ſlow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of ſtate,
And ſtaggering under its own weight.

MRS. SCOT.

Upon my word, it's *monſtrous* fine! 205
Would half the gold upon't were mine!

How gaudy all the gilding ſhews!
It puts *one's* eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues!
What ſhining yellows, ſcarlets, blues! 210
It muſt have coſt a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

MRS. BROWN.

So painted, gilded, and ſo large,
Bleſs me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And ſo it is—look how it reels! 215
'Tis nothing elſe—a barge on wheels.

MAN.

Large! it can't paſs St. *James's* gate,
So big the coach, the arch ſo ſtrait.
It might be made to rumble thro',
And paſs as other coaches do, 220
Could they a *body*-coachman get
So moſt prepoſterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head*, to drive the king.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what are thoſe two ugly things 225
There—with their hands upon the ſprings,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breaſts, and faces ſwell'd?
What could the ſaucy maker mean,
To put ſuch things to fright the QUEEN? 230

MAN.

Oh! they are Gods, Ma'am, which you ſee,
Of the *Marine Society*.
*Tritons*, which in the ocean dwell,
And only riſe to blow their ſhell.

MRS. SCOT.

Gods, d'ye call thoſe filthy men? 235
Why don't they go to ſea again?
Pray, tell me, ſir, you underſtand,
What do theſe *Tritons* do on land?

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they? thoſe hindmoſt things,
Men, fiſh, and birds, with fleſh, ſcales, wings? 240

MAN.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which ſeldom come a-ſhore,
Nor ſeen about the King before.
For *Show*, they wear the *yellow Hue*, 245
Their *proper* colour is *True-blue*.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord bleſs us! what's this noiſe about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks holla, hiſs, and hoot!
Well—Heav'n preſerve the EARL OF BUTE! 250
I cannot ſtay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I ſhall die.

Let's make for any houſe we can,
Do—give us ſhelter, honeſt man.

MRS. BROWN.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear, 255
I thought I ſhould have died with fear.
This noiſe and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in ſuch a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd loſt you, Mrs. *Scot*; 260
Where's Mrs. *Tape*, and Mr. *Grin?*
Lard, I'm ſo glad we're all got in.

## MADNESS.

BY THOMAS PENROSE.*

SWELL the clarion, ſweep the ſtring,
Blow into rage the Muſe's fires!
*All* thy anſwers, Eccho, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis Madneſs ſelf inſpires. 5

Hail, awful Madneſs, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the Voyager ſpreads his 'ventrous ſail.
Nor beſt nor wiſeſt are exempt from *thee*;
Folly——Folly's only free. 10

Hark!——To the aſtoniſhed ear
The gale conveys a ſtrange tumultuous ſound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
*Phrenzy* leads her *Chorus* near,
And Dæmons dance around.—— 15

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and Malice ſwell her train,—

* *Born* 1743; *dyed* 1779.

Devotion warped—Affection croſt—
Hope in Diſappointment loſt—
And injured Merit with a downcaſt eye, 20
(Hurt by neglect) ſlow ſtalking heedleſs by.

Loud the ſhouts of Madneſs riſe,
Various voices, various cries,—
Mirth unmeaning— cauſeleſs moans,
Burſts of laughter,—heart-felt groans— 25
*All* ſeem to pierce the ſkies.—

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
On *Thule's* deſart ſhores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along, 30
(Rage the burthen of his jarring ſong)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his ſtreaming hair.

No pleaſing memory left—forgotten quite
All former ſcenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy— 35
No ſympathies like theſe his ſoul employ,
——But all is dark within, all furious black Deſpair.

Not ſo the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderneſs betrayed;

Her gentle breaſt no angry paſſion fires, 40
But ſlighted vows poſſeſs, and fainting ſoft deſires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reaſon, ſtill the ſame.—
Streaming eyes,
Inceſſant ſighs, 45
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to Pity's tears, the poor diſtracted fair.
Dead to the world—her fondeſt wiſhes croſt,
She mourns herſelf thus early loſt.—

Now, ſadly gay, of ſorrows paſt ſhe ſings,
Now, penſive, ruminates unutterable things.
She ſtarts—ſhe flies—who dares ſo rude
On her ſequeſter'd ſteps intrude ?—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry miſchief fills his brain. 55
Blanket-robed, and antick crown'd
The mimick monarch ſkips around ;
Big with conceit of dignity he ſmiles,
And plots his frolicks quaint, and unſuſpected wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan, 90
Drawn from the inmoſt ſoul !
" Give the knife, Demons, or the poiſoned bowl,
To finiſh miſeries equal to your own."—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—
—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.— 65
Sunk in the emphaſis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he aſk relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, waſt deſign'd,
Duteous daughter of the ſkies,
To warm and chear the human mind, 70
To make men happy, good and wiſe,
To point, where ſits in love arrayed,
Attentive to each ſuppliant call,
The God of univerſal aid,
The God, the Father of us all. 75

Firſt ſhewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious ſcene,
'Till Superſtition, fiend of woe,
Bad Doubts to riſe, and Tears to flow,
And ſpread deep ſhades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator ſtands, 80
(His beams of mercy thrown aſide)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghaſt, yet ling'ring, flies,
And daſh'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's beſt dependence lies. 85

But ah!—too thick they croud,—too cloſe they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—

Spare farther the deſcriptive ſong—
Nature ſhudders at the ſight.—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapleſs groupe low drop Compaſſion's veil.

# ELINOURE AND JUGA.

BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.*

ONNE Ruddeborne[1] bank twa pynynge maydens ſate,
Theire teares faſte dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;
Echone bementynge[2] for her abſente mate,
Who atte Seyncte Albonns ſhouke the morthynge[3] ſpeare.
The nottebrowne Ellynor to Juga fayre 5
Dydde ſpeke acroole[4], wyth languyſhment of eyne,
Lyke droppes of pearlie dew, lemed[5] the quyvrynge brine.

* *Born* 1752; *dyed* 1770. *Theſe poems, with many others, the author pretended to have been written by Thomas Rowley, an imaginary prieſt of Briſtol, in the 15th century: an impoſition of which ſome of the beſt judges of old Engliſh poetry were at firſt the dupes, and which ſeveral writers of eminence have been found weak enough to ſupport.*

[1] Rudborn, (in Saxon, Red-water) a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the houſes of Lancaſter and York. [2] lamenting. [3] murdering. [4] faintly. [5] gliſtened.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie[6] plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love is dyght[7] in ſtele;
O mai ne ſanguen ſteine the whyte roſe peyncte,
Maie good ſeyncte Cuthberte watche ſyrre Robynne wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantaſie I feelle;
See! ſee! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;
Inhild[8] ſome joice[9] of life, or elſe mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Syſters in ſorrowe, on thys daiſe-ey'd banke, 15
Where melancholych broods, we wylle lamente;
Be wette with mornynge dewe and evene danke;
Lyche levynde[10] okes in echo the oder bente,
Or lyke forlettenn[11] halles of merriemente,
Whoſe gaſtlie mitches[12] holde the traine of fryghte[13],
Where lethale[14] ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

[ ELINOURE. ]

No mo the miſkynette[15] ſhall wake the morne,
The minſtrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;

[6] ſad complaint. [7] arrayed, or caſed. [8] infuſe. [9] juice. [10] blaſted. [11] forſaken. [12] ruins. [13] fear. [14] deadly or deathboding. [15] a ſmall bagpipe.

No mo the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the leſſel[16] rouze the foxe awaie; 25
I'll ſeke the foreſte alle the lyve-longe daie;
Alle nete amenge the gravde chirche[17] glebe wyll goe,
And to the paſſante ſpryghtes lecture[18] mie taleof woe.

[ JUGA. ]

Whan mokie[19] cloudes do hange upon the leme
Of leden[20] moon, ynn ſylver mantels dyghte; 30
The tryppeynge faeries weve the golden dreme
Of ſelyneſs[21], whyche flyethe with the nyghte;
Thenne (butte the ſeynctes forbydde!) gif to a ſpryghte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dyſtraughte
Hys bledeynge clai-colde corſe, and die eche daie yn thoughte. 35

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can ſhewe!
Thou limed[22] ryver, on thie linche[23] mai bleede
Champyons, whoſe bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,

[16] in a confined ſenſe, a buſh or hedge, though ſometimes uſed as a foreſt. [17] church-yard. [18] relate. [19] black. [20] decreaſing. [21] happineſs. [22] glaſſy. [23] bank.

And Rudborne ſtreeme be Rudborne ſtreeme
indeede!
Haſte, gentle Juga, trippe ytte oere the meade,
To knowe, or wheder wee muſte waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the
plain.

Soe ſaieing, lyke twa levyn-blaſted trees,
Or twain of cloudes that holdeth ſtormie raine;
Theie moved gentle o'ere the dewie mees[24], 45
To where ſeyncte Albons holie ſhrynes remayne.
There dyd theye finde that bothe their knyghtes
were ſleyne;
Diſtraughte[25] theie wandered to ſwollen Rud-
borne's ſyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, ſonke in the waves,
and dyde.

## SONGE TO ÆLLA,

### LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

BY THE SAME.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,

[24] 'meads.' [25] diſtracted. *This little gloſſary is peculiarly Chatterions own, many of the words it explains being invented by himſelf.*

Lett thys mie ſonge bolde as thie courage be,
As everlaſtynge to poſteritye.

Whanne Dacya's ſonnes, whoſe hayres of bloude redde hue 5
Lyche kynge-cuppes braſtynge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets ſhore;
Than dyddſt thou furiouſe ſtande, 10
And bie thie valyante hande
Beeſprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thouſandes of Dacyanns went;
Bryſtowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reſte)
Thye ſpryte to haunte delyghteth beſte, 20
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennſt fromm farre
The dyſmall crye of warre,
Orr ſeeſt ſomme mountayne made of corſe of ſleyne;

Orr ſeeſt the hatchedd ſtede, 25
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,

And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd ſpeeres;
  Orr ynne blacke armoure ſtaulke arounde
  Embattel'd Bryſtowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the caſtle ſteeres; 30

  Orr fierye round the mynſterr glare;
  Lette Bryſtowe ſtylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and conſumyng fyre;
  Lyche Avones ſtreme enſyrke ytte rounde,
  Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde, 35
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

## BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

### OR THE DETHE OF

## SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.*

### BY THE SAME.

THE featherd ſongſter chaunticleer
  Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
  The commynge of the morne:

* *This poem ſeems to have been occaſioned by ſome account the author had met with of the death of ſir Baldwin Fulford of Fulford in the county of Devon, a zealous partizan of the houſe of Lancaſter, who was beheaded at Briſtol in* 1461, *the firſt year of king Edward IV. William Canyng being then mayor, and one of the commiſſioners at his trial.*

Kynge Edwarde ſawe the ruddie ſtreakes 5
  Of lyghte eclypſe the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
  Proclayme the fated daie.

" Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, " for, by the godde
  " That ſyttes enthron'd on hyghe! 10
" Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
  " To-daie ſhall ſurelie die."

Then wythe a jugge of nappy ale
  Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
" Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie 15
  " Hee leaves thys mortall ſtate."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
  Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the caſtle-gate,
  And to ſyr Charles dydd goe. 20

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
  And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
  For goode ſyr Charleses lyfe.

" O good ſyr Charles!" ſayd Canterlone, 25
  " Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."

" Speke boldlie, manne," ſayd brave ſyr Charles,
" Whatte ſays thie traytor kynge ?"

" I greeve to telle, before yonne ſonne
" Does fromme the welkinn flye,
" Hee hath uponne hys honour ſworne,
" That thou ſhalt ſurelie die."

" Wee all muſt die," quod brave ſyr Charles;
" Of thatte I'm not affearde;
" Whatte bootes to lyve a little ſpace ?
" Thanke Jeſu, I'm prepar'd:

" Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
" I'de ſooner die to-daie
" Thanne lyve hys ſlave, as manie are,
" Tho' I ſhoulde lyve for aie."

Then Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior ſtraite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyneſs
For goode ſyr Charleses fate.

Then maiſterr Canynge ſaughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
" I'm come," quod he, " unto your grace,
" To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, " Youre tale ſpeke out,
" You have been much oure friende ; 50
" Whatever youre requeſt may bee,
" Wee wylle to ytte attende."

" My nobile leige ! alle my requeſt
" Ys for a nobile knyghte,
" Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge, 55
" Hee thoghte ytte ſtylle was ryghte :

" Hee has a ſpouſe and children twaine,
" Alle rewyn'd are for aie ;
" Yff thatt you are reſolv'd to lett
" Charles Bawdin die to-daie." 60

" Speke nott of ſuch a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne furie ſayde ;
" Before the evening ſtarre doth ſheene,
" Bawdin ſhall looſe hys hedde :

" Juſtice does loudlie for hym calle, 65
" And hee ſhalle have hys meede :
" Speke, maiſter Canynge ! Whatte thynge elſe
" Att preſent doe you neede ?"

" My nobile leige !" good Canynge ſayde,
" Leave juſtice to our godde, 70
" And laye the yronne rule aſyde ;
" Be thyne the olyve rodde.

" Was Godde to ſerche our hertes and reines,
" The beſt were ſynners grete;
" Chriſt's vycarr only knowes ne ſynne, 75
" Ynne alle thys mortall ſtate.

" Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
" 'Twylle faſte thye crowne fulle ſure;
" From race to race thy familie
" All ſov'reigns ſhall endure: 80

" Butt yff wythe bloode and ſlaughter thou
" Beginne thy infante reigne,
" Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
" Wylle never long remayne."

" Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile 85
" Has ſcorn'd my power and mee;
" Howe canſt thou thenne for ſuch a manne
" Intreate my clemencye?"

" My nobile leige! the trulie brave
" Wylle val'rous actions prize, 90
" Reſpect a brave and nobile mynde,
" Altho' ynne enemies."

" Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne heav'n
" Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
" I wylle nott taſte a bitt of breade 95
" Whilſt thys ſyr Charles dothe lyve.

" By Marie, and alle ſeinctes ynne heav'n,
" Thys ſunne ſhall be hys laſte."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the preſence paſte. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to ſyr Charles dydd goe,
And ſatt hymm downe uponne a ſtoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

" Wee all muſt die," quod brave ſyr Charles;
" Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne?
" Dethe ys the ſure, the certaine fate
" Of all wee mortall menne.

" Saye why, my friend, thie honeſt ſoul
" Runns overr att thyne eie; 110
" Is ytte for my moſt welcome doome
" Thatt thou doſt child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, " I doe weepe,
" That thou ſoe ſoone muſt dye,
" And leave thy ſonnes and helpleſs wyfe; 115
" 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
" From godlie fountaines ſprynge;
" Dethe I deſpiſe, and alle the power
" Of Edwarde, traytor kynge. 120

" Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
" I ſhall reſigne my lyfe,
" The godde I ſerve wylle ſoone provyde
" For bothe mye ſonnes and wyfe.

" Before I ſawe the lyghtſome ſunne, 125
" Thys was appointed mee;
" Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
" Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I ſtoode,
" Whan thouſands dy'd arounde; 130
" Whan ſmokynge ſtreemes of crimſon bloode
" Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
" Thatt cutte the airie waie,
" Myghte nott fynde paſſage toe my harte, 135
" And cloſe myne eyes for aie?

" And ſhall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
" Looke wanne and bee dyſmayde?
" Ne! fromm my herte flie chyldyſhe feere,
" Bee alle the manne diſplay'd. 140

" Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
" And guarde thee and thye ſonne,
" Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
" Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

" My honeſt friende, my faulte has beene 145
" To ſerve Godde and mye prynce;
" And thatt I no tyme-ſerver am
" My dethe wylle ſoone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
" Of parents of grete note; 150
" My fadre dydd a nobile armes
" Emblazon onne hys cote:

" I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
" Where ſoone I hope to goe;
" Where wee for ever ſhall bee bleſt, 155
" From oute the reech of woe:

" Hee taughte mee juſtice and the laws
" Wyth pitie to unite;
" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
" The wronge cauſe fromm the ryghte: 160

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
" To feede the hungrie poore,
" Ne lett mye ſarvants dryve awaie
" The hungrie fromme my doore:

" And none can ſaye, butt alle my lyfe 165
" I have hys wordyes kept;
" And ſumm'd the actyonns of the daie
" Eche nyghte before I ſlept.

" I have a ſpouſe, goe aſke of her,
" Yff I defyl'd her bedde? 170
" I have a kynge, and none can laie
" Blacke treaſon onne my hedde.

" Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
" Fromm fleſhe I dydd refrayne;
" Whie ſhould I thenne appeare diſmay'd 175
" To leave thys worlde of payne?

" Ne! hapleſs Henrie! I rejoyce,
" I ſhalle ne ſee thye dethe;
" Moſte willynglie ynne thye juſt cauſe
" Doe I reſign my brethe. 180

" Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
" Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
" Whyle Richard's ſonnes exalt themſelves,
" Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

" Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace, 185
" And godlie Henrie's reigne,
" Thatt you dydd choppe youre eaſie daies
" For thoſe of bloude and peyne?

" Whatte tho' I onne a fledde bee drawne,
" And mangled by a hynde, 190
" I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
" Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte tho', uphoiſted onne a pole,
" Mye lymbes ſhall rotte ynne ayre,
" And ne ryche monument of braſſe 195
" Charles Bawdin's name ſhall bear;

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,
" Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
" There wythe the ſarvants of the lorde
" Mye name ſhall lyve for aie. 200

" Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
" I leave thys mortall lyfe:
" Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
" Mye ſonnes and lovynge wyfe!

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205
" As e'er the moneth of Maie;
" Nor would I even wyſhe to lyve,
" Wyth my dere wyfe to ſtaie."

Quod Canynge, " 'Tis a goodlie thynge
" To bee prepar'd to die; 210
" And from thys world of peyne and greſe
" To Godde ynne heav'n to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to ſounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horſes feete 215
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And juſte before the officers,
  His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
  Wythe loude and dyſmalle dynne. 220

" Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
  " Ynne quiet lett mee die;
" Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Chriſtian ſoule
  " Maye looke onne dethe as I.

" Sweet Florence! why theſe brinie teeres? 225
  " Theye waſhe my ſoule awaie,
" And almoſt make mee wyſhe for lyfe,
  " Wyth thee, ſweet dame, to ſtaie.

" 'Tys butt a journie I ſhalle goe
  " Untoe the lande of blyſſe; 230
" Nowe, as a proofe of huſbande's love,
  " Receive thys holie kyſſe."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her ſaie,
  Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,
" Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge! 235
  " My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

" Ah, ſweete ſyr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
  " Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
" The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
  " Ytte eke ſhall ende mye lyfe." 240

And nowe the officers came ynne
  To brynge ſyr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
  And thus toe her dydd ſaie :

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ; 245
  " Truſte thou ynne Godde above,
" And teache thye ſonnes to feare the lorde,
  " And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

" Teache them to runne the nobile race
  " Thatt I theyre fader runne : 250
" Florence ! ſhou'd dethe thee take—adieu !
  " Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
  And dydd her treſſes tere ;
" Oh ! ſtaie, mye huſbande ! lorde ! and lyfe !"—
  Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
  Shee fellen onne the flore ;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
  And march'd fromm oute the dore. 260

Uponne a ſledde hee mounted thenne,
  Wythe lookes fulle brave and ſwete ;
Lookes, that enſhone ne moe concern
  Thanne anie ynne the ſtrete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265
  Ynne ſcarlett robes and golde,
And taſſils ſpanglynge ynne the ſunne,
  Muche glorious to beholde:

The freers of ſeincte Auguſtyne next
  Appeared to the ſyghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie ruſſett weedes, 270
  Of godlie monkyſh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pſaume
  Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came, 275
  Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
  Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From reſcue of kynge Henries friends
  Syr Charles for to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came ſyr Charles,
  Drawne onne a clothe-layde ſledde,
Eye two blacke ſtedes ynne trappynges white,
  Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285
  Of archers ſtronge and ſtoute,
With bended bowe echone ynne hande,
  Marched ynne goodlie route.

Seincte Jameses freers marched next,
  Echone hys parte dydd chaunt; 290
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came,
  Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
  Ynne clothe of ſcarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng men echone, 295
  Lyke Eaſterne princes trickt:

And after them a multitude
  Of citizens dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
  As hee dydd paſſe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croſſe,
  Syr Charles dydd turne and ſaie,
" O thou, thatt ſaveſt manne fromme ſynne,
  " Waſhe mye ſoule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynſterr wyndowe ſat 305
  The kynge ynne myckle ſtate,
To ſee Charles Bawdin goe alonge
  To hys moſt welcom fate.

Soone as the ſledde drewe nyghe enowe,
  Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave ſyr Charles hee dydd ſtande uppe,
  And thus hys wordes declare:

" Thou ſeeſt mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!
" Expos'd to infamie;
" Butt bee aſſur'd, diſloyall manne! 315
" I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
" Thou weareſt nowe a crowne;
" And haſt appoynted mee to dye,
" By power nott thyne owne. 320

" Thou thynkeſt I ſhall dye to-daie;
" I have beene dede 'till nowe,
" And ſoone ſhall lyve to weare a crowne
" For aie uponne my browe:

" Whylſt thou, perhapps, for ſom few yeares, 325
" Shalt rule this fickle lande,
" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
" 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

" Thye pow'r unjuſt, thou traytour ſlave!
" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"— 330
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the ſledde.

Kynge Edwarde's ſoule ruſh'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Glouceſter 335
Hee thus dydd ſpeke and ſaie:

" To hym that ſoe-much-dreaded dethe
" Ne ghaſtlie terrors brynge,
" Beholde the manne! hee ſpake the truthe,
" Hee's greater thanne a kynge!" 340

" Soe lett hym die!" duke Richard ſayde;
" And maye echone oure foes
" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
" And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horſes gentlie drewe 345
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glyſterr ynne the ſunne,
Hys pretious bloude to ſpylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the ſcaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre 350
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd ſaie,
" Beholde you ſee mee dye,
" For ſervynge loyally mye kynge, 355
" Mye kynge moſt ryghtfullie.

" As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
" Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
" Youre ſonnes and huſbandes ſhalle bee ſlayne,
" And brookes wythe bloude ſhalle flowe. 360

" You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
" Whenne ynne adverſitye;
" Lyke mee, untoe the true cauſe ſtycke,
" And for the true cauſe dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preeſtes, uponne hys knees, 365
A pray'r to Godde dydde make,
Beſeechynge hym unto hymſelfe
Hys partynge ſoule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layde hys hedde
Moſt ſeemlie onne the blocke; 370
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne ſtroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the ſcaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to waſhe't awaie, 375
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynſter-tower,
And one from off the caſtle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385
A dreery ſpectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe croſſe,
Ynne hyghe-ſtreete moſt nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde proſper longe oure kynge, 390
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's ſoule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie ſynge!

# A SONNET

MADE ON

## ISABELLA MARKHAME,

WHEN I FIRSTE THOUGHT HER FAYER, AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S WINDOWE IN GOODLYE ATTYRE, AND TALKEDE TO DYVERS IN THE COURTE-YARD.

BY JOHN HARINGTON, ESQ.*

I.

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, diſcloſe,
'Twas from cheeks that ſhamed the roſe;
From lips that ſpoyle the rubies prayſe;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke ſtone.

II.

The bluſhynge cheek ſpeakes modeſt mynde,
The lipps befitting wordes moſte kynde;
The eye does tempte to love's deſyre,
And ſeems to ſay, 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all ſo faire, but ſpeake my moane,
Syth noughte dothe ſaye the hearte of ſtone.

* *Born* 15..; *dyed* 1582.

III.

Why thus, my love, ſo kynde beſpeake,
Sweet lyppe, ſweet eye, ſweet bluſhynge cheeke,
Yet not a hearte to ſave my paine,
O Venus, take thy giftes again:
Make not ſo faire to cauſe our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

# EPIGRAMS.

## BY SIR JOHN HARINGTON, KT.*

### OF PLAINE DEALING.

My writings oft diſpleaſe you: what's the matter?
You loue not to hear truth, nor I to flatter.

### TO AN ILL READER.

The verſes, Sextus, thou dooſt read, are mine;
But with bad reading thou wilt make them thine.

### OF TREASON.

Treaſon doth never proſper, what's the reaſon?
For if it proſper, none dare call it Treaſon.

### OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, men ſay, doth giue too much to many:
But yet ſhee never gaue enough to any.

* *Born* 15.1; *dyed* 1612.

### OF TWO THAT WERE MARRIED AND VNDONE.

A fond yong couple, making haſte to marry,
Without their parents will, or friends conſent,
After one month their marriage did repent,
And ſaid unto the Biſhops Ordinary,
That this their act, ſo vndiſcreetly done,
Might by his more diſcretion be vndone.
Vpon which motion he awhile did pauſe:
At length, he for their comforts to them ſaid,
It had beene better (friends) that you had ſtaid:
But now you are ſo hampered in the Lawes,
That I this knot may not vntye (my ſonne)
Yet I will grant you both ſhall be vndone.

## THE COMPLAINT OF A SCHOLAR.

BY THOMAS NASH.*

WHY ift damnation to difpaire and die,
When life is my true happineffe difeafe?
My foule, my foule, thy fafetie makes me flie
The faultie meanes that might my paine appeafe:
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell, 5
But in my heart her feuerall torments dwell.

Ah worthleffe wit, to traine me to this woe!
Deceitfull arts that nourifh difcontent!
Ill thriue the folly that bewitcht me fo;
Vaine thoughts, adieu, for now I will repent: 10
And yet my wants perfwade me to proceed,
Since none takes pittie of a fchollers need.

Forgiue me, god, although I curfe my birth,
And ban the ayre, wherein I breath a wretch;
Since miferie hath daunted all my mirth, 15
And I am quite vndone through promife-breach.
Oh friends, no friends, that then vngently frowne,
When changing Fortune cafts vs headlong downe.

* *Born* 15..; *dyed* 1600.

Without redreſſe complaines my careleſſe verſe,
And Midas-eares relent not at my moane: 20
In ſome far land will I my griefes rehearſe,
Mongſt them that will be moa'd when I ſhall groane.
England, adieu, the ſoyle that brought me forth,
Adieu, vnkinde, where ſkill is nothing worth.

## TO CÆLIA.

BY RICHARD DUKE.*

FLY ſwift, ye hours; ye ſluggiſh minutes, fly;
Bring back my love, or let her lover dye.
Make haſte, O ſun, and to my eyes once more,
My Cælia, brighter than thyſelf, reſtore.
In ſpight of thee, 'tis night when ſhe's away, 5
Her eyes alone can the glad beams diſplay,
That make my ſky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will ſhe lift up her ſacred light,
And chaſe away the flying ſhades of night!
With her how faſt the flowing hours run on! 10
But oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone!
So ſlowly time when clogg'd with grief does move;
So ſwift when born upon the wings of love!
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt,
Yet 'tis an age ſince I beheld her laſt. 15
O, my auſpicious ſtar, make haſte to riſe,
To charm our hearts, and bleſs our longing eyes!
O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And chear my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirſty ſoul does long, 20
To hear the charming muſick of thy tongue!
Where pointed wit with ſolid judgment grows,
And in one eaſie ſtream united flows.

* *Born* 16..; *dyed* 1710.

When-e'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every ſoul to every ear! 25

Nature's too prodigal to woman-kind,
Ev'n where ſhe does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
But, oh! when wit and ſenſe with beauty's join'd, 30
The woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind;
When nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix
The moſt engaging charms of either ſex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not humane but divine, 35
What's her command, but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
Since love's thy debt, nor is our choice but fate.
Where nature bids, worſhip I'm forc'd to pay, 40
Nor have the liberty to diſobey:
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a poet make,
She gives him verſe but for thy beauty's ſake.
Had I a pen that could at once impart
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art, 45
Then the immortal Sachariſſa's name
Should be but ſecond in the liſt of fame;
Each grove, each ſhade, ſhould with thy praiſe be fill'd,
And the fam'd Penſhurſt to our Windſor yield.

## A SOLILOQUY out of ITALIAN,

BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH, KT. M. D.*

Cou'd he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives,
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he wou'd claim.
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed 5
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhou'd bleed?
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom deſtiny divides;
Repent, you pow'rs, the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws. 10
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tend'reſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

* *Born* 16..; *dyed* 1719.

## TO MR. GAY,

### ON HIS POEMS.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Fame did o'er the ſpacious plains
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat,
All liſtn'd to the tuneful ſtrains,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus. The graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the muſes ſtrung,
The loves and ſmiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

# AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

BY ELIJAH FENTON.*

I.

O'ER Winter's long inclement ſway,
At length the luſty Spring prevails;
And, ſwift to meet the ſmiling May,
Is waſted by the weſtern gales.
Around him dance the roſy Hours, 5
And damaſking the ground with flow'rs,
With ambient ſweets perfume the morn:
With ſhadowy verdure flouriſh'd high,
A ſudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn. 10

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to reſume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.

* *Born* 16..; *died* 1730.

Yet once more, O ye muſes! deign 15
For me, the meaneſt of your train,
Unblam'd t' approach your bleſt retreat:
Where Horace wantons at your ſpring,
And Pindar ſweeps a bolder ſtring;
Whoſe notes th' Aonian hills repeat. 20

III.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides,
Slow thro' the vale in ſilver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month preſides,
Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
Thither, indulgent to my pray'r, 25
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
To ſwell the notes I feebly raiſe:
So with inſpiring ardors warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To liſten to my lays. 30

I.

Beneath the pole on hills of ſnow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of ſword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar 35
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the ſofter ſouthern ſky:
The Soldan gauls th' Illyrian coaſt;
But ſoon the miſcreant moony hoſt
Before the victor-croſs ſhall fly. 40

II.

But here, no clarion's ſhrilling note
The muſe's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noiſy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verſe:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy, 45
Let the ſoft Hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay deſires;
While the bright Sein, t' exalt the ſoul,
With ſparkling plenty crowns the bowl;
And wit, and ſocial mirth inſpires. 50

III.

Enamour'd of the Sein, celeſtial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Laſh'd his ſwift tigers to the Celtic plain:
There ſecret in her ſaphire cell, 55
He with the Nais wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feaſts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love. 60

I.

Shall man from Nature's ſanction ſtray,
With blind Opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful ſway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?

Fool! Time no change of motion knows; 65
With equal ſpeed the torrent flows,
To ſweep fame, pow'r, and wealth away:
The *paſt* is all by Death poſſeſs'd;
And frugal Fate that guards the reſt,
By giving, bids him live, *today*. 70

II.

O Gower! thro' all that deſtin'd ſpace,
What breath the pow'rs allot to me,
Shall ſing the virtues of thy race
United, and compleat in thee.
O flow'r of antient Engliſh faith! 75
Perſue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father ſhone:
The light his fair example gives
Already from thy dawn receives
A luſtre equal to its own. 80

III.

Honour's bright dome, on laſting columns rear'd
Nor envy ruſts, nor rolling years conſume;
Loud Pæans ecchoing round the roof are hear'd,
And clouds of incenſe all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde, 85
With Falkland ſeated near his ſide,
Fix'd by the muſe the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter ſpace. 90

## THE ROSE-BUD.

TO 'THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY JANE WHARTON.'

BY WILLIAM BROOME, LL. D.*

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky; 5
The lark sweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of spring:
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs;
The joyous fields, the shady woods, 10
Are cloath'd with green, or swell with buds;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!

Thou, beauteous flow'r, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast, 15
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair;
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose, 20
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!

* *Born* 16..; *dyed* 1745.

But thou, fair nymph, thyſelf ſurvey
In this ſweet offspring of a day;
That miracle of face muſt fail,
Thy charms are ſweet, but charms are frail: 25
Swift as the ſhort-liv'd flow'r they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Tho' ſickneſs yet a while forbears,
Yet time deſtroys what ſickneſs ſpares;
Now Helen lives alone in fame, 30
And Cleopatra's but a name;
Time muſt indent that heav'nly brow,
And thou muſt be, what 'they are' now.

This moral to the fair diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely roſe. 35

# ADDRESS

## TO HIS

# ELBOW-CHAIR,

## NEW CLOATHED.

BY WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.*

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the liſtening oaks to bend;
If ſtones and rubbiſh at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;
Why ſhouldſt not *thou* attend my humble lays, 5
And hear my grateful harp reſound thy praiſe?

True thou art ſpruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings and external ſhow?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my ſcorn, and coxcombs are my ſport. 10
Once I beheld thee far leſs trim and gay;
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The ſafe retreat of every lurking mouſe;
Derided, ſhunn'd; the lumber of my houſe.
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before! 15
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my ſires of yore:
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.

* *Born* 16..; *dyed* 17...

Yet grateful *then*, my conſtancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd;
I lov'd thee, *more*; nor, like a courtier ſpurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
With conſcious ſhame, yet frankly, I confeſs,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee leſs.
Where vanity, where pleaſure call'd, I ſtray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But ſage experience taught me how to prize
My ſelf; and how, this world: ſhe bad me riſe
To nobler flights, regardleſs of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place 30
My bliſs, and lodg'd me in thy ſoft embrace.

Here on thy yielding down I ſit ſecure;
And, patiently, what heaven has ſent, endure;
From all the futile cares of buſineſs free;
Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be*: 35
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the paſt;
And ſeriously prepare to meet the laſt.

So ſafe on ſhore the penſion'd ſailor lies;
And all the malice of the ſtorm defies:
With eaſe of body bleſt, and peace of mind, 40
Pities the reſtleſs crew he left behind;
While in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

# THE GENIUS.

## AN ODE, WRITTEN IN 1717, ON OCCASION OF THE DUKE OF MARLBRO'S APOPLEXY.

BY LEONARD WELSTED. *

I.

AWFUL hero, Marlbro' rise:
Sleepy charms I come to break:
Hither turn thy languid eyes:
Lo! thy Genius calls; awake!

II.

Well survey this faithful plan, 5
Which records thy life's great story;
'Tis a short, but crowded span,
Full of triumphs, full of glory.

III.

One by one thy deeds review:
Sieges, battles, thick appear; 10
Former wonders, lost in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

IV.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd!
Here retiring squadrons yield, 15
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd!

* *Born* 16..; *dyed* 1749.

V.

Ponder in thy godlike mind
All the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
Be the ſubject of thy thought. 20

VI.

Reſt thee here, while life may laſt:
Th' utmoſt bliſs, to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions paſt,
And to own 'em great and good.

VII.

But 'tis gone—O mortal born! 25
Swift the fading ſcenes remove—
Let 'em paſs with noble ſcorn,
Thine are worlds which roll above.

VIII.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foreſee; 30
Men, who acted wondrous things,
Tho' they yield in fame to thee.

IX.

Foremoſt, in the patriot-band,
Shining with diſtinguiſh'd day,
See, thy friend, Godolphin ſtand! 35
See! he beckons thee away.

X.

Yonder ſeats and fields of light
Let thy raviſh'd thought explore:
Wiſhing, panting for thy ſight!
Half an angel; man no more. 40

## VERSES

### DESIGNED FOR A

## WATCH CASE.

### BY JOHN BYROM.*

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, 5
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;
Sweet health, to paſs the preſent moment o'er;
And everlaſting joy, when time ſhall be no more.

## EXTEMPORE.

### INTENDED TO ALLAY THE VIOLENCE OF PARTY-SPIRIT.

### BY THE SAME.

GOD bleſs the king, I mean the faith's defender;
God bleſs——no harm in bleſſing—the pretender;
But who pretender is, or who is king,
God bleſs us all—that's quite another thing.

* *Born* 1 . . . ; *dyed* 1763.

## BEDLAM.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD.*

——MAJOR PARCAS INSANE MINORI.

WHERE proud Auguſta, bleſt with long repoſe,
Her ancient wall and ruin'd bulwark ſhows,
Cloſe by a verdant plain, with graceful height
A ſtately fabric riſes to the ſight.
Yet though its parts all elegantly ſhine, 5
And ſweet proportion crowns the whole deſign;
Though art, in ſtrong expreſſive ſculpture ſhown,
Conſummate art informs the breathing ſtone;
Far other views than theſe within appear,
And woe and horror dwell for ever here. 10
For ever from the echoing roofs rebounds
A dreadful din of heterogeneous ſounds;
From This, from That, from ev'ry quarter riſe
Loud ſhouts, and ſullen groans, and doleful cries;
Heart-ſoft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,
And peals of hideous laughter ſhock the ear.
Thus, when in ſome fair Human form we find
The luſts all rampant, and the reaſon blind,

* *Born* 16..; *dyed* 17...

Griev'd we behold ſuch beauty given in vain,
And nature's faireſt work ſurvey with pain. 20
Within the chambers which this dome contains,
In all her frantic forms Diſtraction reigns.
For when the ſenſe from various objects brings,
Through organs craz'd, the images of things;
Ideas, all extravagant and vain, 25
In endleſs ſwarms croud in upon the brain:
The cheated reaſon true and falſe confounds,
And forms her notions from fantaſtic grounds.
Then, if the blood impetuous ſwells the veins,
And choler in the conſtitution reigns, 30
Outrageous fury ſtraight inflames the ſoul,
Quick beats the pulſe, and fierce the eye-balls roll;
Rattling his chains the wretch all raving lies,
And roars and foams; and earth and heav'n defies.
Not ſo, when gloomy the black bile prevails,
And lumpiſh phlegm the thick'ned maſs congeals:
All lifeleſs then is the poor patient found,
And ſits for ever moping on the ground;
His active pow'rs their uſes all forego,
Nor ſenſes, tongue, nor limbs their functions know.
In melancholy loſt, the vital flame
Informs, and juſt informs the liſtleſs frame.
If briſk the circulating tides advance,
And nimble ſpirits through the fibres dance,
Then all the images delightful riſe, 45
The tickled fancy ſparkles through the eyes;

The mortal, all to mirth and joy resign'd,
In ev'ry gesture shews his freakish mind;
Frolick and free, he laughs at fortune's pow'r,
And plays ten thousand gambols in an hour. 50
Now ent'ring in, my muse, thy theme pursue,
And all the dome, and each apartment view.
Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port
A shiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court,
And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,
Extends a vast imaginary sway.
Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexisting his dominion own,
And airy realms and regions in the moon.
The pride of dignity, the pomp of state, 60
The dazling glories of the envy'd Great,
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,
And guards and courtiers croud his empty cell.
See how he walks majestic through the throng!
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along) 65
And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain,
In this small spot expatiates unconfin'd,
Supreme of monarchs, First of Human kind.
Such joyful ecstasy as this possest 70
On some triumphal day great Cæsar's breast;
Great Cæsar, scarce beneath the gods ador'd,
The world's proud victor, Rome's Imperial lord,

With all his glories in their utmoſt height,
And all his pow'r diſplay'd before his ſight. 75
Unnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.
With laurell'd enſigns glitt'ring from afar,
His legions, glorious partners of the war,
His conqu'ring legions march behind the golden car:
Whilſt ſhouts on ſhouts from gather'd nations riſe,
And endleſs acclamations rend the ſkies.
For This to vex mankind with dire alarms,
Urging with rapid ſpeed his reſtleſs arms,
From clime to clime the mighty madman flew, 85
Nor taſted quiet, nor contentment knew,
But ſpread wild ravage all the world abroad,
The plague of nations, and the ſcourge of god.
Poor Cloe——whom yon little cell contains,
Of broken vows and faithleſs man complains: 90
Her heaving boſom ſpeaks her inward woe:
Her tears in melancholy ſilence flow.
Yet ſtill her fond deſires tumultuous riſe,
Melt her ſad ſoul, and languiſh in her eyes,
And form her wild ideas as they rove, 95
To all the tender images of love;
And ſtill ſhe ſooths and feeds the flatt'ring pain,
Falſe as he is, ſtill, ſtill ſhe loves her ſwain;
To hopeleſs paſſion yields her heart a prey,
And ſighs and ſings the livelong hours away. 100

So mourns th' impriſon'd lark his hapleſs fate,
In love's ſoft ſeaſon raviſh'd from his mate,
Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,
And hops and flutters round and round his cage,
And moans and droops, with pining grief oppreſt, 105
Whilſt ſweet complainings warble from his breaſt.

Lo! here a wretch to avarice reſign'd,
'Midſt gather'd ſcraps, and ſhreds, and rags confin'd;
His riches theſe—for theſe he rakes and ſpares,
Theſe rack his boſom, theſe engroſs his cares; 110
O'er theſe he broods, for ever void of reſt,
And hugs the ſneaking paſſion of his breaſt.
See, from Himſelf the ſordid niggard ſteals,
Reſerves large ſcantlings from his ſlender meals;
Scarce to his bowels half their due affords, 115
And ſtarves his carcaſe to increaſe his hoards,
'Till to huge heaps the treaſur'd offals ſwell,
And ſtink in ev'ry corner of his cell.
And thus with wondrous wiſdom he purveys
Againſt contingent want, and rainy days, 120
And ſcorns the fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their morſel, and enjoy their ſtore.

Behold a ſage! immers'd in thought profound:
For ſcience He, for various ſkill renown'd.
At no mean ends his ſpeculations aim, 125
(Vile pelf he ſcorns, nor covets empty fame)
The Public good, the welfare of mankind
Employ the generous labour of his mind,

For this his rich imagination teems
With rare inventions and important ſchemes; 130
All day his cloſe attention he applies,
Nor gives he midnight ſlumbers to his eyes;
Content if this his toilſom ſtudies crown,
And for the world's repoſe neglects his own.
All nature's ſecret cauſes he explores, 135
The laws of motion, and mechanic pow'rs:
Hence ev'n the elements his art obey,
O'er earth, o'er fire, he ſpreads his wondrous ſway,
And through the liquid ſky, and o'er the wat'ry way.
Hence, ever pregnant with ſome vaſt deſign, 140
He drains the moor-land, or he ſinks the mine,
Or levels lofty mountains to the plain,
Or ſtops the roaring torrents of the main:
Forc'd up by fire he bids the water riſe,
And points its courſe reverted to the ſkies. 145
His ready fancy ſtill ſupplies the means,
Forges his tools, and fixes his machines,
Erects his ſluices, and his mounds ſuſtains,
And whirls perpetual windmills in his brains.
All problems has his lively thought ſubdu'd, 150
Meaſur'd the ſtars, and found the longitude,
And ſquar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd:
The grand *arcanum* once he had attain'd,
Had quite atttain'd, but that a pipkin broke,
And all his golden hopes expir'd in ſmoke. 155
And once, his ſoul inflam'd with patriot zeal,
A ſcheme he finiſh'd for his couutay's weal:

This, in a private conference made known,
A ſtateſman ſtole, and us'd it for his own :
And then, O baſeneſs ! the deceit to blind, 160
Our poor projector in this jail confin'd.
The muſe forbears to viſit ev'ry cell,
Each form, each object of diſtreſs to tell ;
To ſhew the fopling curious in his dreſs,
Gayly trick'd out in gaudy raggedneſs : 165
The poet, ever wrapt in glorious dreams
Of pagan gods, and Heliconian ſtreams :
The wild enthuſiaſt, that deſpairing ſees
Predeſtin'd wrath, and heav'n's ſevere decrees ;
Thro' theſe, thro' more ſad ſcenes ſhe grieves to go,
And paint the whole variety of woe.
Mean time, on Theſe reflect with kind concern,
And hence this juſt, this uſeful leſſon learn :
If ſtrong deſires thy reaſoning pow'rs control ;
If arbitrary paſſions ſway thy ſoul ; 175
If pride, if envy, if the luſt of gain,
If wild ambition in thy boſom reign,
Alas ! thou vaunt'ſt thy ſober ſenſe in vain.
In theſe poor Bedlamites thy Self ſurvey,
Thy Self, leſs innocently mad than They. 180

THE

# MAN OF TASTE.

OCCASION'D BY AN

## EPISTLE

OF MR. POPE'S ON THAT SUBJECT.

BY . . . . BRAMSTON.*

WHOE'ER he be that to a Taſte aſpires,
Let him read this, and be what he deſires.
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write,
Not what was once, but what is now polite.
Thoſe who of courtly France have made the tour, 5
Can ſcarce our Engliſh aukwardneſs endure.
But honeſt men, who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its Taſte applaud.
Strife ſtill ſubſiſts, which yields the better goût,
Books or the world, the many or the few, 10
True Taſte to me is by this touchſtone known,
That's always beſt that's neareſt to my own.
To ſhew that my pretenſions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.
Pears and piſtachio-nuts my mother ſold, 15
He a dramatick poet, ſhe a ſcold.

* *Born* 17 . . ; *dyed* 17 . . .

His tragic Muſe could counteſſes affright,
' Her' wit in boxes was my lord's delight.
No mercenary prieſt e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetick bands. 20
Laws my Pindarick parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a ſort of meaſure kept,
I ſquall'd in diſtichs, and in triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waſte, 25
Happy in an hereditary Taſte.
Writing ne'er cramp'd the ſinews of my thumb,
Nor barb'rous birch e'er bruſh'd my tender bum.
My guts ne'er ſuffer'd from a college cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book. 30
Grammar in vain the ſons of Priſcian teach,
Good parts are better than eight parts of ſpeech:
Since theſe declin'd, thoſe undeclin'd they call,
I thank my ſtars that I declin'd them all.
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence, 35
I truſt to mother wit, and father ſenſe.
Nature's my guide, all ſciences I ſcorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.
Yet is my goût for criticiſm ſuch,
I've got ſome French, and know a little Dutch. 40
Huge commentators grace my learned ſhelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themſelves.
Criticks indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-criticks are as good agen.

*V.* 18. His.

Tho' Blackmore's works my ſoul with raptures fill,
With notes by Bentley they'd be better ſtill.
The Boghouſe-Miſcellany's well deſign'd,
To eaſe the body and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my reſentment call,
For he diſpleaſes me that pleaſes all. 50
Verſe without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in ſenſe obſcure.
To him as nature, when he ceas'd to ſee,
Milton's an univerſal blank to me.
Confirm'd and ſettled by the nation's voice, 55
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice,
Always upheld by national ſupport,
Of market, univerſity, and court:
Thomſon, write blank; but know that for that reaſon
Theſe lines ſhall live when thine are out of ſeaſon.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their ſhape to ſtays.
Had Cibber's ſelf the Careleſs Huſband wrote;
He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote:
But, for his epilogues and other plays, 65
He thoroughly deſerves the modern bays.
It pleaſes me that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
While Cibber wears the bays for play-houſe proſe:
So Britain's monarch once uncover'd ſate,
While Bradſhaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat. 70
Long live old Curl! he ne'er to publiſh fears,
The ſpeeches, verſes, and laſt wills of peers.

How oft has he a publick ſpirit ſhewn,
And pleas'd our ears, regardleſs of his own!
But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame, 75
Are not his brother book-ſellers the ſame?
Can ſtatutes keep the Britiſh preſs in awe,
While that ſells beſt that's moſt againſt the law?
Lives of dead play'rs my leiſure hours beguile,
And Seſſions-papers tragedize my ſtile. 80
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
She could with juſt propriety behave,
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave:
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept, 85
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept!
T' improve in morals Mandevil I read,
And Tyndal's ſcruples are my ſettled creed.
I travell'd early, and I ſoon ſaw through
Religion all, ere I was twenty-two. 90
Shame, pain, or poverty ſhall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my eaſe procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.
As Paſaran directs I'd end my life, 95
And kill myſelf, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that Bible which the parſon quotes,
And men of ſpirit all ſhall cut their throats.
But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a Taſte for buildings, muſick, men. 100

Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boaſt,
With ſuperficial ſmattering at moſt.
Not ſo my mind, unſatisfied with hints,
Knows more than Budgel writes or Roberts prints.
I know the town, all houſes I have ſeen, 105
From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,
To murder mortar, and disfigure ſtones!
Who in Whitehall can ſymmetry diſcern?
I reckon Covent-garden church a barn. 110
Nor hate I leſs thy vile cathedral, Paul,
The choir's too big, the cupola's too ſmall:
Subſtantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis Vanbrug's ſtructures that my fancy ſtrike:
Such noble ruins ev'ry pile wou'd make, 115
I wiſh they'd tumble for the proſpect's ſake.
To lofty Chelſea, or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and ſailors all are welcom'd home.
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St. James's hoſpital may ſerve for kings. 120
Buildings ſo happily I underſtand,
That for one houſe I'd mortgage all my land.
Dorick, Ionick, ſhall not there be found,
But it ſhall coſt me threeſcore thouſand pound.
From out my honeſt workmen, I'll ſelect 125
A Bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;
Firſt bid him build me a ſtupendous dome,
Which having finiſh'd, we ſet out for Rome;

Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,
Stare round, ſee nothing, and come home content.
I'll have my Villa too, a ſweet abode,
Its ſituation ſhall be London road:
Pots o'er the door I'll place, like Cits balconies,
Which [a] Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.
I'll have my gardens in the faſhion too, 135
For what is beautiful that is not new?
Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye
With all the angles of a Chriſtmas-pye.
Does it not merit the beholder's praiſe,
What's high to ſink? and what is low to raiſe? 140
Slopes ſhall aſcend where once a green-houſe ſtood,
And in my horſe-pond I will plant a wood.
Let miſers dread the hoarded gold to waſte,
Expence and alteration ſhews a Taſte.
In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice, 145
And know their ſeveral beauties by their price.
Auctions and ſales I conſtantly attend,
But chuſe my pictures by a ſkilful friend.
Originals and copies much the ſame,
The picture's value is the painter's name. 150
My Taſte in ſculpture from my choice is ſeen,
I buy no ſtatues that are not obſcene.
In ſpite of Addiſon and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudeſly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.

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

How oft have I with admiration ſtood, 155
To view ſome city-magiſtrate in wood!
I gaze with pleaſure on a lord-mayor's head,
Caſt with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view, through London as I paſs,
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian braſs! 160
High on a pedeſtal, ye freemen, place
His magiſterial paunch and griping face;
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapſide,
And grant the tradeſman what a king's deny'd.
Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true, 165
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends if I the truth might ſpeak,
I like the modern, and deſpiſe th' antique.
Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan bureau,
To lady Gripeall I the Cæſars ſhew, 170
'Tis equal to her ladyſhip or me,
A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubee.
Without Italian, or without an ear,
To Bononcini's muſick I adhere:
Muſick has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt, 175
And therefore proper at a ſheriff's feaſt.
My ſoul has oft a ſecret pleaſure found,
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty ſound.
Bagpipes for men, ſhrill German-flutes for boys,
I'm Engliſh born, and love a grumbling noiſe. 180
The ſtage ſhould yield the ſolemn organ's note,
And ſcripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.

Let Senesino sing what David writ,
And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to Hester came, 185
And Oratorio was a lucky name.
Thou, Heidegger! the English Taste hast found,
And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.
In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,
Call 'em Ridottos, and they still go down: 190
Go on, prince Phiz! to please the British Nation,
Call thy next Masquerade a Convocation.
Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
And Philosophical Transactions read.
Next lodge I'll be Free-Mason, nothing less, 195
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.
I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for porters or for peers.
Of ev'ry useful knowledge I've a share,
But my top talent is a bill of fare. 200
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies.
Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.
Pigs heads with hair on much my fancy please, 205
I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
No tattling servants to my table come,
My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.

Queer country-puts extol queen Beſs's reign, 210
And of loſt hoſpitality complain:
Say thou that doſt thy father's table praiſe,
Was there mahogena in former days?
Oh! could a Britiſh barony be ſold!
I would bright honour buy with dazling gold. 215
Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppreſs the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger ſtill,
On any terms to pay a tradeſman's bill.
I'd make the inſolent mechanicks ſtay, 220
And keep my ready money all for play.
I'd try if any pleaſure could be found,
In toſſing up for twenty-thouſand pound.
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
And ſet land, woods, and rivers, at a throw. 225
But ſhould I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be gloriously undone,
My debts of honour I'd diſcharge the firſt,
Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd:
My title would preſerve me from arreſt, 230
And ſeizing hired horſes is a jeſt.
I'd walk the morning with an oaken ſtick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.
A footman I wou'd be, in outward ſhow,
In ſenſe, and education, truly ſo. 235
As for my head, it ſhould ambiguous wear
At once a perriwig, and its own hair.

My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dreſs, and talk of dreſſing more than they.
I'll pleaſe the maids of honour, if I can; 240
Without black velvet breeches, what is man?
I will my ſkill in button-holes diſplay,
And brag how oft I ſhift me ev'ry day.
Shall I wear cloaths, in aukward England made?
And ſweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade? 245
In French embroid'ry, and in Flanders lace,
I'll ſpend the income of a treaſurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles ſhall to thouſands mount,
And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.
I would convince the world by taudry cloaths 250
That belles are leſs effeminate than beaux;
And doctor Lamb ſhould pare my lordſhip's toes.
To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and paraſites I'd live.
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine, 255
And to rough-riders give my choiceſt wine.
I would careſs ſome ſtableman of note,
And imitate his language and his coat.
My ev'nings all I would with ſharpers ſpend,
And make the thief-catcher my boſom friend. 260
In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
And ſup with Colley Cibber ev'ry night.
Should I perchance be faſhionably ill,
I'll ſend for Miſaubin, and take his pill.

I ſhould abhor, though in the utmoſt need, 265
Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead:
But if I found that I grew worſe and worſe,
I'd turn off Miſaubin and take a nurſe.
How oft, when eminent phyſicians fail,
Do good old women's remedies prevail! 270
When beauty's gone, and Chloe's ſtruck with years,
Eyes ſhe can couch, or ſhe can ſyringe ears.
Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,
And chuſe a female doctor for the gout.
Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd, 275
Sure, of all blockheads, ſcholars are the worſt.
Back to your Univerſities, ye fools,
And dangle arguments on ſtrings in ſchools:
Thoſe ſchools which Univerſities they call,
'Twere well for England were there none at all. 280
With eaſe that loſs the nation might ſuſtain,
Supply'd by Goodman's fields and Drury-lane.
Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compar'd to Haymarket and Covent-garden:
Quit thoſe, ye Britiſh youth, and follow theſe, 285
Turn players all, and take your 'ſquires degrees.
Boaſt not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd ſeats! the theatres have more:
Ye ſtiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb;
A ſingle eunuch gets a larger ſum. 290
Have ſome of you three hundred by the year;
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thouſand clear.

Should Oxford to her ſiſter Cambridge join
A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine,
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd
For play-houſe, opera, ball, and maſquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the ſtage.
  I am a politician too, and hate,
Of any party, miniſters of ſtate: 300
I'm for an Act, that he, who ſev'n whole years
Has ſerv'd his king and country, loſe his ears.
  Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,
To give the laws of Taſte to human kind.
Mine are the gallant ſchemes of politeſſe, 305
For books, and buildings, politicks, and dreſs.
This is true Taſte, and whoſo likes it not
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and ſot.

# ODE

ON THE

# DEATH

OF

# MATZEL,

A FAVOURITE BULL-FINCH,

Addreſs'd to Mr. St——pe, to whom the author had given the reverſion of it when he left Dreſden.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K.B.*

I.

TRY not, my St——e, 'tis in vain
To ſtop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honeſt rage;
Give ſorrow and revenge their ſcope,
My preſent joy, your future hope, 5
Lies murder'd in his cage.

* *Born* 1 . . . ; *dyed* 17 . . .

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,
  Attend th' untimely bier;
Let ev'ry ſorrow be expreſt, 10
Beat with your wings each mournful breaſt,
  And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of ſong, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died——
  But vengeance ſhall have way: 15
On pains and tortures I'll refine;
Yet, Matzell, that one death of thine
  His nine will ill repay.

IV.

For thee, my bird, the ſacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, ſhall join 20
  In thy funereal verſe:
My painful taſk ſhall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
  And hang it on thy hearſe.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn 25
My bird, who never to return
    Is fled to happier ſhades,
Where Leſbia ſhall for him prepare
The place moſt charming, and moſt fair
  Of all th' Elyſian glades. 30

VI.

There ſhall thy notes in cypreſs grove
Sooth wretched ghoſts that died for love;
  There ſhall thy plaintive ſtrain
Lull impious Phædra's endleſs grief,
To Procris yield ſome ſhort relief, 35
  And ſoften Dido's pain.

VII.

Till Proſerpine by chance ſhall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
  And love thee with my love;
While each attendant's ſoul ſhall praiſe 40
The matchleſs Matzel's tuneful lays,
  And all his ſongs approve.

AN

# ODE

ON

## MISS HARRIET HANBURY,

AT SIX YEARS OLD.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHY ſhou'd I thus employ my time,
  To paint thoſe cheeks of roſy hue?

Why ſhould I ſearch my brains for rhyme,
  To ſing thoſe eyes of gloſſy blue?

II.

'Their' pow'r as yet is all in vain, 5
  Thy num'rous charms and various graces:
They only ſerve to baniſh pain,
  And light up joy in parents' faces.

III.

But ſoon thoſe eyes their ſtrength ſhall feel:
  Thoſe charms their pow'rful ſway ſhall find: 10
Youth ſhall in crowds before you kneel,
  And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you ſit,
  And thouſands court your wiſh'd-for arms,
My muſe ſhall ſtretch her utmoſt wit, 15
  To ſing the victories of your charms.

V.

Charms that in time ſhall ne'er be loſt,
  At leaſt while verſe like mine endures:
And future Hanburys ſhall boaſt,
  Of verſe like mine, of charms like yours. 20

VI.

A little vain we both may be,
  Since ſcarce another houſe can ſhew
A poet, that can ſing like me;
  A beauty, that can charm like you.

THE

# SPARROW.

FROM CATULLUS.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES.*

ALL ye gentle powers above,
Venus, and thou god of love;
All ye gentle ſouls below,
That can melt at others woe;
Leſbia's loſs with tears deplore, 5
Leſbia's ſparrow is no more:
Late ſhe wont her bird to prize
Dearer than her own bright eyes.
Sweet it was, and lovely too,
And its miſtreſs well it knew. 10
Nectar from her lips it ſipt,
Here it hopt, and there it ſkipt:
Oft it wanton'd in the air,
Chirping only to the fair:
Oft it lull'd its head to reſt 15
On the pillow of her breaſt.
Now, alas! it chirps no more;
All its blandiſhments are o'er:

* *Born* 17..; *dyed* 177..

Death has ſummon'd it to go
Penſive to the ſhades below; 20
Diſmal regions! from whoſe bourn
No pale travellers return.
Death! relentleſs to deſtroy
All that's form'd for love or joy.
Joy is vaniſh'd, love is fled, 25
For my Leſbia's ſparrow's dead.
Lo, the beauteous nymph appears
Languiſhingly drown'd in tears!

## THE WISH.

BY JAMES MERRICK.*

How ſhort is life's uncertain ſpace!
  Alas! how quickly done!
How ſwift the wild precarious chace!
And yet how difficult the race!
  How very hard to run! 5

Youth ſtops at firſt its wilful ears
  To Wiſdom's prudent voice;
Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienc'd age, worn out with cares,
  Repents its earlier choice. 10

What though its proſpects now appear
  So pleaſing and refin'd;
Yet groundleſs hope, and anxious fear,
By turns the buſy moments ſhare,
  And prey upon the mind. 15

Since then falſe joys our fancy cheat
  With hopes of real bliſs;
Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,
The only wiſh that I create
  Is all compriz'd in this. 20

* *Born* 17..; *dyed* 1769.

May I, through life's uncertain tide,
  Be ſtill from pain exempt;
May all my wants be ſtill ſupply'd,
My ſtate too low t' admit of pride,
  And yet above contempt. 25

But ſhould your providence divine
  A greater bliſs intend;
May all thoſe bleſſings you deſign,
(If e'er thoſe bleſſings ſhall be mine)
  Be center'd in a friend. 30

## TO 'A LADY.'

### WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.

MDCCLXI.

BY JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.*

DEAR object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy! and ſolace of my care!
Whoſe gentle friendſhip ſuch a charm can give,
As makes me wiſh, and tells me how to live.
To thee the Muſe with grateful hand would bring 5
Theſe firſt fair children of the doubtful Spring.
O may they, fearleſs of a varying ſky,
Bloom on thy breaſt, and ſmile beneath thine eye!
In fairer lights their vivid blue diſplay,
And ſweeter breathe their little lives away! 10

* *Born* 17 . . ; *dyed* 1779.

## THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY NATHANIEL COTTON, M. D.*

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Tho' ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide, 5
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbour enters here, 10
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

III.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam: 15
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

* *Born* 17..; *dyed* 1789.

IV.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left 20
That ſafe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

V.

Tho' fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs, 25
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradiſe below. 30

VI.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring,
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a ſpring,
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds with ſtudious care
To all that's manly, good, and fair, 35
And train them for the ſkies.

VII.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day, 40
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot: 45
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate,
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then, how little do we need, 50
For Nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore reliſh with content 55
Whate'er kind providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour. 60

XI.

To be reſign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart, 65
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heav'n.

XII.

We'll aſk no long protracted treat,
(Since winter life is ſeldom ſweet,)
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe, 70
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relicks of our ſtore.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread; 75
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While Conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend, 80
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

THE

# ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

## PART THE SECOND.

### A RETIR'D FRIENDSHIP:

### TO ARDELIA.

BY MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS.*

I.

COME, my Ardelia, to this bow'r,
Where kindly mingling ſouls awhile,
Let's innocently ſpend an hour,
And at all ſerious follies ſmile.

* *Born* 1631; *dyed* 1664. *Her maiden name was Fowler.*

II.

Here is no quarrelling for crowns, 5
Nor fear of changes in our fate;
No trembling at the great ones frowns,
Nor any ſlavery of ſtate.

III.

Here's no diſguiſe nor treachery,
Nor any deep-conceal'd deſign; 10
From blood and plots this place is free,
And calm as are thoſe looks of thine.

IV.

Here let us ſit and bleſs our ſtars,
Who did ſuch happy quiet give,
As that remov'd from noiſe of wars 15
In one another's hearts we live.

V.

Why ſhould we entertain a fear?
Love cares not how the world is turn'd:
If crouds of dangers ſhou'd appear,
Yet friendſhip can be unconcern'd. 20

VI.

We wear about us ſuch a charm,
No horror can be our offence;
For miſchief's ſelf can do no harm
To friendſhip or to innocence.

VII.

Let's mark how ſoon Apollo's beams 25
Command the flocks to quit their meat,

And not entreat the neighb'ring ſtreams
  To quench their thirſt, but cool their heat.

VIII.

In ſuch a ſcorching age as this
  Who would not ever ſeek a ſhade 30
Deſerve their happineſs to miſs,
  As having their own peace betray'd.

IX.

But we (of one another's mind
  Aſſur'd) the boiſt'rous world diſdain;
With quiet ſouls, and unconfin'd, 35
  Enjoy what princes wiſh in vain.

## *TENDRES-'DESIRS'*

OUT OF

FRENCH PROSE.

BY THE SAME.

Go ſoft deſires, love's gentle progeny,
  And on the heart of charming Sylvia 'ſeize,'
Then quickly back again return to me,
  Since that's the only cure for my diſeaſe;
But if you miſs her breaſt whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and viſit mine no more.

## LOVE ARM'D.

BY MRS. APHRA BEHN.*

LOVE in fantaſtick triumph ſat,
Whilſt bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom freſh pains he did create,
And ſtrange tyrannick power he ſhew'd;
From thy bright eyes he took his fire, 5
Which round about in ſport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took deſire,
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his ſighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty; 10
From me his languiſhments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee;
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
And ſet him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd, 15
Whilſt thine the victor is, and free.

* *Born* 1645? *dyed* 1689. *Her maiden name was Johnſon.*

## THE RESOLVE.

BY LADY CHUDLEIGH.*

I.

For what the world admires I'll wiſh no more,
Nor court that airy nothing of a name:
Such fleeting ſhadows let the proud adore,
Let them be ſuppliants for an empty fame.

II.

If reaſon rules within, and keeps the throne, 5
While the inferior faculties obey,
And all her laws without reluctance own,
Accounting none more fit, more juſt than they:

III.

If virtue my free ſoul unſully'd keeps,
Exempting it from paſſion and from ſtain: 10
If no black guilty thoughts diſturb my ſleeps,
And no paſt crimes my vext remembrance pain:

IV.

If, tho' I pleaſure find in living here,
I yet can look on death without ſurprize:
If I've a ſoul above the reach of fear, 15
And which will nothing mean or ſordid prize;

* *Mary, daughter to Richard Lee, eſq. and wife of ſir George Chudleigh, bart. Born* 1656; *dyed* 1710.

V.

A ſoul, which cannot be depreſs'd by grief,
Nor too much rais'd by the ſublimeſt joy;
Which can, when troubled, give itſelf relief;
And to advantage all its thoughts employ;

VI.

Then am I happy in my humbler ſtate,
Altho' not crown'd with glory, nor with bays.
A mind, that triumphs over vice and fate,
Eſteems it mean to court the world for praiſe.

## The COMPLAINT of a LOVER.

BY MISS ANNE KILLIGREW.*

SEEST thou younder craggy rock,
  Whoſe head o'er-looks the ſwelling main,
Where never ſhepherd fed his flock,
  Or careful peaſant ſow'd his grain?

No wholeſome herb grows on the ſame, 5
  Or bird of day will on it reſt;
'Tis barren as the hopeleſs flame,
  That ſcorches my tormented breaſt.

Deep underneath a cave does lie,
  Th' entrance hid with diſmal yew, 10
Where Phœbus never ſhew'd his eye,
  Or chearful day yet pierced through.

In that dark melancholy cell,
  (Retreat and ſollace to my woe)
Love, ſad diſpair, and I, do dwell, 15
  The ſprings from whence my griefs do flow.

Treacherous love that did appear,
  (When he at firſt approach't my heart)

* *Born* 1660; *dyed* 1685.

Dreſt in a garb far from ſevere,
  Or threatning ought of future ſmart. 20

So innocent thoſe charms then ſeem'd,
  When Roſalinda firſt I ſpy'd,
Ah! who would them have deadly deem'd?
  But flow'rs do often ſerpents hide.

Beneath thoſe ſweets concealed lay, 25
  To love the cruel foe, diſdain,
With which (alas) ſhe does repay
  My conſtant and deſerving pain.

When I in tears have ſpent the night,
  With ſighs I uſher in the ſun, 30
Who never ſaw a ſadder ſight
  In all the courſes he has run.

Sleep, which to others eaſe does prove,
  Comes unto me, alas, in vain:
For in my dreams I am in love, 35
  And in them too ſhe does diſdain.

Sometimes, t' amuſe my ſorrow, I
  Unto the hollow rocks repair,
And loudly to the eccho cry,
  Ah! gentle nimph, come eaſe my care. 40

Thou who, times paſt, a lover wer't,
  Ah! pity me, who now am ſo,
And by a ſenſe of thine own ſmart,
  Alleviate my mighty woe.

Come flatter then, or chide my grief; 45
  Catch my laſt words, and call me fool;
Or ſay ſhe loves for my relief;
  My paſſion either ſooth, or ſchool.

## DESPAIR.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.*

Oh! lead me to ſome ſolitary gloom,
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor chearful echoes come;
But ſilent all, and duſky let it be,
Remote and unfrequented, but by me;
Myſterious, cloſe, and ſullen as that grief, 5
Which leads me to its covert for relief.
Far from the buſy world's deteſted noiſe,
Its wretched pleaſures, and diſtracted joys;
Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,
And dance, and ſing, impertinently gay, 10
Their ſhort, ineſtimable hours away;
Far from the ſtudious follies of the great,
The tireſome farce of ceremonious ſtate:
There, in a melting, ſolemn, dying ſtrain,
Let me, all day, upon my lyre complain, 15
And wind up all its ſoft, harmonious ſtrings,
To noble, ſerious, melancholy things.
And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
The cloſe receſſes of the ſacred place:
Nor let a bird of chearful note come near, 20
To whiſper out his airy raptures here.
Only the penſive ſongſtreſs of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve;

* *Born* 1674; *dyed* 173$\frac{6}{7}$. *Her maiden name was Singer.*

While drooping winds among the branches ſigh,
And ſluggiſh waters heavily roll by. 55
Here, to my fatal ſorrows let me give
The ſhort remaining hours I have to live.
Then, with a ſullen deep-fetch'd groan, expire,
And to the grave's dark ſolitude retire.

## SORROW.

BY MRS. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.*

WHILE ſunk in deepeſt ſolitude and woe,
My ſtreaming eyes with ceaſeleſs ſorrow flow,
While anguiſh wears the ſleepleſs night away,
And freſher grief awaits returning day; 5
Encompaſs'd round with ruin, want and ſhame,
Undone in fortune, blaſted in my fame;
Loſt to the ſoft endearing ties of life,
And tender names of daughter, mother, wife;
Can no receſs from calumny be found?
And yet can fate inflict a deeper wound! 10

As one who, in a dreadful tempeſt toſs'd,
If thrown by chance upon ſome deſert coaſt,
Calmly a while ſurveys the fatal ſhore,
And hopes that fortune can inflict no more;
Till ſome fell ſerpent makes the wretch his prey, 15
Who 'ſcaped in vain the dangers of the ſea;
So I, who hardly 'ſcap'd domeſtic rage,
Born with eternal ſorrows to engage,
Now feel the pois'nous force of ſland'rous tongues,
Who daily wound me with envenom'd wrongs. 20

Shed then a ray divine, all gracious heav'n,
Pardon the ſoul that ſues to be forgiv'n.

* *Born* 1712; *dyed* 17... *Her maiden name was Van Lewen.*

Tho' cruel humankind relentleſs prove,
And leaſt reſemble thee in acts of love;
Tho' friends, who ſhou'd adminiſter relief, 25
Add pain to woe, and miſery to grief,
And oft, too oft! with hypocritic air,
Condemn thoſe faults in which they deeply ſhare:
Yet thou, who doſt our various frailties know,
And ſee'ſt each ſpring from whence our actions flow,
Shalt, while for mercy to thy throne I fly,
Regard the lifted hand, and ſtreaming eye.

Thou didſt the jarring elements compoſe,
When this harmonious univerſe aroſe;
O ſpeak the tempeſt of the ſoul to peace, 35
Bid the tumultuous war of paſſion ceaſe;
Receive me to thy kind paternal care,
And guard me from the horrors of deſpair.
And ſince no more I boaſt a mother's name,
Nor in my children can a portion claim, 40
The helpleſs babes to thy protection take,
Nor puniſh for their hapleſs mother's ſake.

Thus the poor bird, when frighted from her neſt,
With agonizing love, and grief diſtreſs'd,
Still fondly hovers o'er the much-lov'd place, 45
Tho' ſtrengthleſs, to protect her tender race;
In piercing notes ſhe movingly complains,
And tells the unattending woods her pains.

* And thou, once my ſoul's fondeſt, deareſt part,
Who ſchem'd my ruin with ſuch cruel art, 50
From human laws no longer ſeek to find
A pow'r to looſe that knot which god has join'd.
The props of life are rudely pull'd away,
And the frail building falling to decay;
My death ſhall give thee thy deſir'd releaſe, 55
And lay me down in everlaſting peace.

* My huſband, who was then ſuing for a divorce.

## MIRA'S WILL.

BY MISS MARY LEAPOR.*

*Imprimis*---My departed ſhade I truſt
To heav'n---My body to the ſilent duſt;
My name to publick cenſure I ſubmit,
To be dispos'd of as the world thinks fit;
My vice and folly let oblivion cloſe, 5
The world already is o'erſtock'd with thoſe;
My wit I give, as miſers give their ſtore,
To thoſe who think they had enough before.
Beſtow my patience to compoſe the lives
Of ſlighted virgins and neglected wives; 10
To modiſh lovers I reſign my truth,
My cool reflexion to unthinking youth;
And ſome good-nature give ('tis my deſire)
To ſurly huſbands, as their needs require;
And firſt diſcharge my funeral---and then 15
To the ſmall poets I bequeath my pen.

Let a ſmall ſprig (true emblem of my ryhme)
Of blaſted laurel on my hearſe recline;
Let ſome grave wight, that ſtruggles for renown,
By chanting dirges through a market-town, 20

* *Born* 1722; *dyed* 1746.

With gentle ſtep precede the ſolemn train:
A broken flute upon his arm ſhall lean.
Six comick poets may the corſe ſurround,
And all free-holders, if they can be found:
Then follow next the melancholy throng, 25
As ſhrewd inſtructors, who themſelves are wrong,
The virtuoſo, rich in ſun-dry'd weeds,
The politican, whom no mortal heeds,
The ſilent lawyer, chamber'd all the day,
And the ſtern ſoldier that receives no pay. 30
But ſtay---the mourners ſhould be firſt our care,
Let the freed prentice lead the miſer's heir;
Let the young relict wipe her mournful eye,
And widow'd huſbands o'er their garlick cry.

All this let my executors fulfil, 35
And reſt aſſur'd that this is Mira's will,
Who was, when ſhe theſe legacies deſign'd,
In body healthy, and compos'd in mind.

## COLINETTA.

BY THE SAME.

'TWAS when the fields had ſhed their golden grain,
And burning ſuns had ſear'd the ruſſet plain;
No more the roſe nor hyacinth were ſeen,
Nor yellow cowſlip on the tufted green:

But the rude thiſtle rear'd its hoary crown, 5
And the ripe nettle ſhew'd an irkſom brown.
In mournful plight the tarniſh'd groves appear,
And nature weeps for the declining year.
The ſun too quickly reach'd the weſtern ſky,
And riſing vapours hid his ev'ning eye: 10
Autumnal threads around the branches flew,
While the dry ſtubble drank the falling dew.

In this ſick ſeaſon, at the cloſe of day,
On Lydia's lap pale Colinetta lay;
Whoſe ſallow cheeks had loſt their roſy dye, 15
The ſparkles languiſh'd in her cloſing eye.
Parch'd were thoſe lips whence muſick us'd to flow,
Nor more the flute her weary fingers know,
Yet thrice to raiſe her feeble voice ſhe try'd,
Thrice on her tongue the fainting numbers dy'd;
At laſt reviv'd, on Lydia's neck ſhe hung,
And like the ſwan expiring thus ſhe ſung.

Farewel, ye foreſts and delightful hills,
Ye flow'ry meadows, and ye cryſtal rills,
Ye friendly groves to whom we us'd to run, 25
And beg a ſhelter from the burning ſun.
Thoſe blaſted ſhades all mournful now I ſee,
Who droop their heads as tho' they wept for me.
The penſive linnet has forgot to ſing,
The lark is ſilent till returning ſpring. 30
The ſpring ſhall all thoſe wonted charms reſtore.
Which Colinetta muſt behold no more.

Farewel, ye fields; my native fields, adieu,
Whoſe fertile lays my early labours knew;
Where, when an infant, I was wont to ſtray, 35
And gather king-cups at the cloſing day.
How oft has Lydia told a mournful tale,
By the clear lake that ſhines in yonder vale;
When ſhe had done I ſung a chearful lay,
While the glad goldfinch liſten'd on the ſpray: 40
Lur'd by my ſong each jolly ſwain drew near,
And roſy virgins throng'd around to hear:
Farewel, ye ſwains; ye roſy nymphs adieu:
Tho' I (unwilling) leave the ſtreams and you,
Still may ſoft muſick bleſs your happy ſhore, 45
But Colinetta you muſt hear no more.

O Lydia, thou, (if wayward tongues ſhou'd blame
My life, and blot a harmleſs maiden's name)
Tell them if e'er I found a ſtraggling ewe,
Although the owner's name I hardly knew, 50
I fed it kindly with my father's hay,
And gave it ſhelter at the cloſing day:
I never ſtole young pigeons from their dams,
Nor from their paſture drove my neighbours lambs:
Nor ſet my dog to hunt their flocks away, 55
That mine might graze upon the vacant lay.
When Phillida by dancing won the prize,
Or Colin prais'd young Mariana's eyes,
When Damon wedded Urs'la of the grange,
My cheek with envy ne'er was ſeen to change: 60

When-e'er I ſaw Aminda croſs the plain,
Or walk the foreſt with her darling ſwain,
I never whiſper'd to a ſtander-by,
But hated ſcandal, and abhor'd a lye.
On Sundays I (as ſiſter Sue can tell) 65
Was always ready for the ſermon-bell:
I honour'd both the teacher and the day;
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray:
Then ſure for me there's ſomething good in ſtore,
When Colinetta ſhall be ſeen no more. 70

When I am gone, I leave to ſiſter Sue
My gown of Jerſey, and my aprons blue.
My ſtudded ſheep-hook Phillida may take,
Likewiſe my hay-fork and my hazel rake:
My hoarded apples, and my winter pears, 75
Be thine, O Lydia, to reward thy cares.
Theſe nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder tree,
And this ſtraw-baſket, I bequeath to thee:
That baſket did theſe dying fingers weave:
My boxen flute to Corydon I leave, 80
So ſhall it charm the liſt'ning nymphs around,
For none like him can make it ſweetly ſound.

In our churchyard there grows a ſpreading yew,
Whoſe dark green leaves diſtil a baneful dew:
Be thoſe ſad branches o'er my grave reclin'd, 85
And let theſe words be graven on the rind:
" Mark, gentle reader,—Underneath this tree,
" There ſleeps a maid, old Simon's daughter ſhe:

" Thou too, perhaps, ere many weeks be o'er,
" Like Colinetta, ſhalt be ſeen no more." 95

Here ends the maid—for now the ſeal of death
Clos'd her pale lips, and ſtop'd her roſy breath.
Her ſinking eye balls took their long adieu,
And with a ſigh her harmleſs ſpirit flew.

## THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

BY ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.*

METHINKS this world is oddly made,
And ev'ry thing's amiſs,
A dull preſuming atheiſt ſaid,
As ſtretch'd he lay beneath a ſhade;
And inſtanced in this: 5

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,
A *pumpkin*, large and round,
Is held but by a little ſtring,
Which upwards cannot make a ſpring,
Or bear it from the ground. 10

Whilſt on this *oak*, a fruit ſo ſmall,
So diſproportion'd, grows,
That, who with ſence ſurveys this *All*,
This univerſal caſual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows. 15

My better judgment wou'd have hung
That weight upon a tree,
And left this maſt, thus ſlightly ſtrung,

* *Daughter of ſir William Kingſmill, and wife to Heneage earl of Winchilſea. Born* 16..; *dyed* 1720.

'Mongſt things which on the ſurface ſprung,
And ſmall and feeble be. 20

No more the caviller cou'd ſay,
Nor farther faults deſcry;
For, as he upwards gazing lay,
An *acorn*, looſen'd from the ſtay,
Fell down upon his eye. 25

Th' offended part with tears ran o'er,
As puniſh'd for the ſin:
Fool! had that bough a *pumpkin* bore,
Thy whimſeys muſt have work'd no more,
Nor ſcull had kept them in. * 30

## A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

BY THE SAME.

In ſuch a night, when every louder wind
Is to its diſtant cavern ſafe confin'd;
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, ſtill waking, ſings;
Or from ſome tree, fam'd for the owl's delight, 5
She, hollowing clear, directs the wand'rer right:

* *Perhaps, however, in that caſe the gentleman would have ſelected a different place of repoſe.*

In ſuch a night, when paſſing clouds give place,
Or thinly vail the heav'ns myſterious face;
When in ſome river, overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are ſeen; 10
When freſhen'd graſs now bears it ſelf upright,
And makes cool banks to pleaſing reſt invite,
Whence ſprings the woodbind, and the bramble-roſe,
And where the ſleepy cowſlip ſhelter'd grows;
Whilſt now a paler hue the foxglove takes, 15
Yet checquers ſtill with red the duſky brakes:
When ſcatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to ſhine;
Whilſt Saliſb'ry ſtands the teſt of every light,
In perfect charms, and perfect virtue bright: 20
When odours, which declin'd repelling day,
Thro' temp'rate air uninterrupted ſtray;
When darken'd groves their ſofteſt ſhadows wear,
And falling waters we diſtinctly hear;
When thro' the gloom more venerable ſhows 25
Some ancient fabrick, awful in repoſe,
While ſunburnt hills their ſwarthy looks conceal,
And ſwelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loos'd horſe now, as his paſture leads,
Comes ſlowly grazing thro' th' adjoining meads, 30
Whoſe ſtealing pace, and lengthen'd ſhade we fear,
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear:
When nibbling ſheep at large purſue their food,
And unmoleſted kine rechew the cud;

When curlews cry beneath the village-walls, 35
And to her ſtraggling brood the partridge calls;
Their ſhortliv'd jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures, whilſt tyrant-man do's ſleep:
When a ſedate content the ſpirit feels,
And no fierce light diſturbs, whilſt it reveals; 40
But ſilent muſings urge the mind to ſeek
Something, too high for ſyllables to ſpeak;
Till the free ſoul to a compos'dneſs charm'd,
Finding the elements of rage diſarm'd,
O'er all below a ſolemn quiet grown, 45
Joys in th' inferiour world, and thinks it like her own:
In ſuch a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confus'd again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renew'd,
Or pleaſures, ſeldom reach'd, again purſu'd. 50

## SONETTO.

### FROM PETRARCH.

### BY THE HONORABLE MRS. MONK.*

THOUGHTFUL alone, thro' barren waſtes I ſtray,
Slow ling'ring ſteps pace out the meaſur'd way:
With jealous fear around my eyes I caſt,
To ſhun the paths by human footſteps trac'd.

Vain are all other coverts to conceal, 5
From ſight of men the torments that I feel:
A lifeleſs figure, and a joyleſs 'mien'
Diſcloſe the fire that ſmother'd burns within.

The rocky hills, and ſtreams, that ſilent flow,
The groves, and dales, are conſcious of my woe, 10
And only they the fatal ſecret know.

But to howe'er remote a part I rove,
Or pathleſs waſte, or hill, or dale, or grove,
I'm ſtill purſu'd by my companion, Love.

* *(Daughter of Robert viſcount Moleſworth, and wife to George Monk, eſq.) Born* 16..; *dyed* 1715.

## VERSES

### WROTE UPON HER DEATH-BED, AT BATH, TO HER HUSBAND IN LONDON.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, who doſt all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleaſing ſource of all my earthly joy,
Thou tendereſt huſband, and thou dereſt friend,
To thee this fond, this laſt adieu I ſend.

At length the conqu'ror Death aſſerts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy ſight;
He courts me to him with a chearful grace,
And not one terror clouds his 'meagre' face:
He promiſes a laſting reſt from pain,
And ſhews that all life's fleeting bliſs is vain; 10
Th' eternal joys of heav'n he ſets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But Love, fond Love, wou'd yet reſiſt his power,
Wou'd yet a while defer the parting hour.
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes, 15
And wou'd obſtruct my journey to the ſkies.
But ſay, thou dereſt, thou unwearied friend,
Say, ſhou'dſt thou grieve to ſee my ſorrows end?
Thou know'ſt a painful pilgrimage I've paſt,
And wouldſt thou mourn that reſt is come at laſt? 20
Rather rejoice to ſee me ſhake off life,
And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

# THE SMALL-POX.

## A TOWN ECLOGUE.

BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.*

### FLAVIA.

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

* *Daughter of Evelyn duke of Kingſton, and wife to Edward Wortley Montague eſq. Born 1...; dyed 1762.*

" And at the ring, where brighteſt beauties ſhine,
" The earlieſt cherries of the ſpring were mine. 20
" Witneſs, O Lilly; and thou, Motteux, tell
" How much japan theſe eyes have made ye ſell.
" With what contempt ye ſaw me oft deſpiſe
" The humble offer of the raffled prize;
" For at the raffle ſtill each prize I bore, 25
" With ſcorn rejected, or with triumph wore!
" Now beauty's fled and preſents are no more!
" For me the patriot has the houſe forſook,
" And left debates to catch a paſſing look:
" For me the Soldier has ſoft verſes writ: 30
" For me the Beau has aim'd to be a wit.
" For me the Wit to nonſenſe was betray'd;
" The Gameſter has for me his dun delay'd,
" And overſeen the card he would have play'd.
" The bold and haughty by ſucceſs made vain, 35
" Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:
" The baſhful 'Squire, touch'd by a wiſh unknown,
" Has dar'd to ſpeak with ſpirit not his own:
" Fir'd by one wiſh, all did alike adore;
" Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more! 40
" As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
" New unaffected ſcenes of ſorrow riſe!
" Far from my ſight that killing picture bear,
" The face disfigure, and the canvas tear!
" That picture, which with pride I us'd to ſhow, 45
" The loſt reſemblance but upbraids me now.

" And thou, my toilette! where I oft have ſate,
" While hours unheeded paſs'd in deep debate,
" How curls ſhould fall, or where a patch to place;
" If blue or ſcarlet beſt became my face; 50
" Now on ſome happier nymph your aid beſtow;
" On fairer heads, ye uſeleſs jewels, glow!
" No borrow'd luſtre can my charms reſtore;
" Beauty is fled, and dreſs is now no more!
" Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye ſhine; 55
" Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine;
" But 'midſt your triumphs with confuſion know,
" 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
" Wou'd pitying heav'n reſtore my wonted mein,
" Ye ſtill might move unthought of and unſeen: 60
" But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boaſt
" Of beauty faded, and of empire loſt!
" What now is left but weeping, to deplore
" My beauty fled, and empire now no more?
" Ye cruel chymiſts, what with-held your aid?
" Could no pomatums ſave a trembling maid?
" How falſe and trifling is that art ye boaſt!
" No art can give me back my beauty loſt!
" In tears, ſurrounded by my friends I lay,
" Maſk'd o'er, and trembled at the ſight of day; 70
" MIRMILLIO came my fortune to deplore,
" (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)
" Cordials, he cry'd, my ſpirits muſt reſtore:
" Beauty is fled, and ſpirit is no more!

" GALEN, the grave, officious SQUIRT, was there, 75
" With fruitleſs grief and unavailing care;
" MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known
" By his red cloak and his ſuperior frown:
" And why, he cry'd, this grief and this deſpair,
" You ſhall again be well, again be fair; 80
" Believe my oath: (with that an oath he ſwore)
" Falſe was his oath; my beauty is no more!
" Ceaſe, hapleſs maid, no more thy tale purſue,
" Forſake mankind, and bid the world adieu!
" Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway; 85
" All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey:
" Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,
" Men mock the idol of their former vow.
" Adieu! ye parks!—in ſome obſcure receſs,
" Where gentle ſtreams will weep at my diſtreſs, 90
" Where no falſe friend will in my grief take part,
" And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;
" There let me live in ſome deſerted place;
" There hide in ſhades this loſt inglorious face:
" Ye operas, circles, I no more muſt view! 95
" My toilette, patches, all the world, adieu!"

## AT TAKING LEAVE OF A LADY, WHO WAS READING NORRIS'S POEMS.

BY MISS MARY MASTERS.*

MADAM, obſerve theſe melancholy tales,
And ſee how grief o'er generous minds prevails;
See there the reverend Norris drown'd in tears,
Robb'd of the joy of all his future years.
With ſtrict attention read each tender line, 5
And as you read, think all his ſuff'rings mine.
See here my grief in apteſt terms expreſt,
And view your ſelf with juſt perfection dreſt:
Such was the nymph, to whom his tears were due,
And ſuch his ſorrows, as I feel for you. 10

* *Born* 17..; *dyed* 17...

## AN EPISTLE TO LADY BOWYER.

BY MISS MARY JONES.*

How much of paper's ſpoil'd! what floods of ink!
And yet how few, how very few can think!
The knack of writing is an eaſy trade;
But to think well requires —— at leaſt a head.
Once in an age, *one* genius may ariſe, 5
With wit well cultur'd, and with learning wiſe.
Like ſome tall oak, behold his branches ſhoot!
No tender ſcions ſpringing at the root.
Whilſt lofty Pope erects his laurell'd head,
No lays, like mine, can live beneath his ſhade. 10
Nothing but weeds, and moſs, and ſhrubs are found.
Cut, cut them down, why cumber they the ground?

And yet you'd have me write!—For what? for whom?
To curl a fav'rite in a dreſſing room?
To mend a candle when the ſnuff's too ſhort? 15
Or ſave rappee for chamber-maids at court?
Glorious ambition! noble thirſt of fame!——
No, but you'd have me write——to get a name.
Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too;
Tis more than Pope, with all his wit, can do. 20

* *Born* 17 . . ; *dyed* 1778.

'Tis more than you, with wit and beauty join'd,
A pleaſing form, and a diſcerning mind.
The world and I are no ſuch cordial friends;
I have my purpoſe, they their various ends.
I ſay my pray'rs, and lead a ſober life, 25
Nor laugh at Cornus, or at Cornus' wife.
What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent?
If my friends know me honeſt, I'm content.

Well, but the joy to ſee my works in print!
Myſelf too pictur'd in a mezzo-tint! 30
The preface done, the dedication fram'd,
With lies enough to make a lord aſham'd!
Thus I ſtep forth; an auth'reſs in ſome ſort.
My patron's name? "O chooſe ſome lord at court.
"One that has money which he does not uſe, 35
"One you may flatter much, that is, abuſe.
"For if you're nice, and cannot change your note,
"Regardleſs of the trimm'd, or untrimm'd coat;
"Believe me, friend, you'll ne'er be worth a groat."

Well then, to cut this mighty matter ſhort, 40
I've neither friend, nor intereſt at court.
Quite from St. James's to thy ſtairs, Whitehall,
I hardly know a creature, great or ſmall,
Except one maid of honour, * worth 'em all.
I have no bus'neſs there. Let thoſe attend 45
The courtly levee, or the courtly friend,
Who more than fate allows them dare to ſpend.

* Honourable miſs Lovelace.

Or thoſe whoſe avarice, with much, craves more,
The penſion'd beggar, or the titled poor.
Theſe are the thriving breed, the tiny great! 50
Slaves! wretched ſlaves! the journeymen of ſtate!
Philoſophers! who calmly bear diſgrace,
Patriots! who ſell their country for a place.

Shall I for theſe diſturb my brains with rhyme?
For theſe, like Bavius creep, or Glencus climb? 55
Shall I go late to reſt, and early riſe
To be the very creature I deſpiſe?
With face unmov'd, my poem in my hand,
Cringe to the porter, with the footman ſtand?
Perhaps my lady's maid, if not too proud, 60
Will ſtoop, you'll ſay, to wink me from the croud.
Will entertain me, till his lordſhip's dreſt,
With what my lady eats, and how ſhe reſts:
How much ſhe gave for ſuch a birth-day gown,
And how ſhe trampt to ev'ry ſhop in town. 65

Sick at the news, impatient for my lord,
I'm forc'd to hear, nay ſmile at ev'ry word.
Tom raps at laſt,—" His lordſhip begs to know
" Your name, your bus'neſs."—Sir, I'm not a foe.
I come to charm his lordſhip's liſt'ning ears 70
With verſes, ſoft as muſic of the ſpheres.
" Verſes!—Alas! his lordſhip ſeldom reads:
" Pedants indeed with learning ſtuff their heads;
" But my good lord, as all the world can tell,
" Reads not ev'n tradeſmen's bills, and ſcorns to ſpell.

" But truſt your lays with me. Some things I've read,
" Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred:
" And if I find they'll bear my nicer view,
" I'll recommend your poety—and you."

Shock'd at his civil impudence, I ſtart, 80
Pocket my poem, and in haſte depart;
Reſolv'd no more to offer up my wit,
Where footmen in the ſeat of critics ſit.

Is there a lord * whoſe great unſpotted ſoul,
Not places, penſions, ribbons can controul; 85
Unlac'd, unpowder'd, almoſt unobſerv'd,
Eats not on ſilver, while his train are ſtarv'd;
Who, tho' to nobles, or to kings ally'd,
Dares walk on foot, while ſlaves in coaches ride;
With merit humble, and with greatneſs free, 90
Has bow'd to Freeman, and has din'd with me;
Who, bred in foreign courts, and early known,
Has yet to learn the cunning of his own;
To titles born, yet heir to no eſtate,
And, harder ſtill, too honeſt to be great; 95
If ſuch an one there be, well-bred, polite,
To him I'll dedicate, for him I'll write.

Peace to the reſt. I can be no man's ſlave;
I aſk for nothing, tho' I nothing have.
By fortune humbled, yet not ſunk ſo low 100
To ſhame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.

* Right Hon. Nevil lord Lovelace, who died ſoon after, in the 28th year of his age.

Meanneſs, in ribbons or in rags, I hate;
And have not learnt to flatter, ev'n the great.
Few friends I aſk, and thoſe who love me well;
What more remains, theſe artleſs lines ſhall tell. 105

Of *honeſt* parents, not of *great*, I came;
Not known to fortune, quite unknown to fame,
Frugal and plain, at no man's coſt they eat,
Nor knew a baker's, or a butcher's debt.
O be their precepts ever in my eye! 110
For one has learnt to live, and one to die.
Long may her widow'd age by heav'n be lent
Among my bleſſings! and I'm well content.
I aſk no more, but in ſome calm retreat,
To ſleep in quiet, and in quiet eat. 115
No noiſy ſlaves attending round my room;
My viands wholeſome, and my waiters dumb.
No orphans cheated, and no widow's curſe,
No houſhold lord, for better or for worſe.
No monſtrous ſums to tempt my ſoul to ſin, 120
But juſt enough to keep me plain, and clean.
And if ſometimes, to ſmooth the rugged way,
Charlot ſhould ſmile, or you approve my lay,
Enough for me. I cannot put my truſt
In lords; ſmile lies, eat toads, or lick the duſt. 125
Fortune her favours much too dear may hold:
An honeſt heart is worth its weight in *gold*.

THE

# ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

## PART THE THIRD.

## POEMS BY UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

### A BALLADE OF THE NOT-BROWNE MAYDE.

A.

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among
On woman do complayne,
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele, for never a dele 5
They love a man agayne:

* *Supposed to have been written about the year* 1500.

For late a man do what he can,
  Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe do them purſue,
  Theyr fyrſt true lover than 10
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
  He is a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat nay, but that all day
  It is both writ and ſayd,
That womens fayth is, as who ſayth, 15
  All utterly decayed:
But, nevertheleſſe, ryght good wytnèſſe
  In this caſe myght be layed,
That they love true, and continùe;
  Recorde the not-browne mayde; 20
Which, whan her love came her to prove,
  To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
  She loved but hym alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyſcus 25
  What was all the manère
Betwayne them two; we wyll alſo
  Tell all the payne, and fere,
That ſhe was in: nowe I begyn,
  So that ye me anſwère;— 30

Wherefore, all ye that preſent be,
  I pray you gyve an ere :—
I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
  As ſecret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas! thus ſtandeth the caſe, 35
  I am a banyſhed man.

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
  In this wyll nat refuſe;
Truſtynge to ſhewe, in wordés fewe
  That men have an yll uſe, 40
To theyr owne ſhame, women to blame,
  And cauſeleſſe them accuſe:
Therfore to you I anſwere nowe
  All women to excuſe,—
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? 45
  I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

A.

It ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do,
  Wherof grete harme ſhall growe: 50
My deſtiny is for to dy
  A ſhamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one muſt be;
  None other way I knowe;
But to withdrawe as an outlàwe, 55
  And take me to my bowe.

Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
  None other rede I can;
For I muſte to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man. 60

B.

O lorde, what is this worldys blyſſe,
  That chaungeth as the mone!
The ſomers day in luſty May
  Is derked before the none.—
I here you ſay, farewell; Nay, nay, 65
  We départ nat ſo ſone:
Why ſay ye ſo? wheder wyll ye go?
  Alas, what have ye done?
All my welfâre to ſorowe and care
  Sholde change, yf ye were gone; 70
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

A.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve,
  And ſomwhat you dyſtrayne:
But, aftyrwarde, your paynés harde 75
  Within a day or twayne
Shall ſone aſlake; and ye ſhall take
  Comfort to you agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
  Your labour were in vayne. 80
And thus I do; and pray you to,
  As hartely as I can;

For I muſt to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Now, ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me 85
  The ſecret of your mynde;
I ſhall be playne to you agayne,
  Lyke as ye ſhall me fynde.
Syth it is ſo, that ye wyll go,
  I wolle not leve behynde; 90
Shall it never be ſayd, the not-browne mayd
  Was to her love unkynde.
Make you redy; for ſo am I,
  Although it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynd, 95
  I love but you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
  What men wyll thynke and ſay:
Of yonge and olde it ſhall be tolde
  That ye be gone away 100
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
  In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
  No lenger make delay:
Rather than ye ſholde thus for me 105
  Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a baniſhed man.

B.

Though it be ſonge of olde and yonge,
That I ſholde be to blame, 110
Theyrs be the charge that ſpeke ſo large
In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfull love
It is devoyd of ſhame;
In your dyſtreſſe, and hevyneſſe, 115
To part with you, the ſame;
To ſhewe all tho that do nat ſo,
True lovers are they none:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone. 120

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlàwe:
For ye muſt there in your hand bere 125
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus muſt you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
Yet had I lever than, 130
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat nay, but as ye ſay,
It is no maydens lore:

But love may make me, for your ſake, 135
As I have ſayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and ſhote,
To gete us mete in ſtore;
For ſo that I your company
May have, I aſke no more: 120
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony ſtone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

For an outlàwe this is the lawe, 145
That men hym take and bynde;
Wythout pytè hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
Yf I had nede (as God forbede!)
What ſocours coude ye fynde? 150
Forſoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wólde drawe behynde:
And no mervàyle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, 155
Alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
But feeble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indede,
To be bolde as a knyght: 160

Yet, in ſuch fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withſtande, with bowe in hande,
To helpe ye with my myght,
And you to ſave; as women have 165
From deth many a one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat ſuſtayne 170
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
The ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, dry or wete,
Ye muſt lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe 175
But a brake buſh, or twayne:
Which ſone ſholde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man. 180

B.

Syth I have here bene partynère
With you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo parte of your wo
Endure, as reſon is:
Yet am I ſure of one pleſùre; 185
And, ſhortely, it is this,—

That, where ye be, me ſemeth, pardè,
  I coude nat fare amyſſe.
Without more ſpeche, I you beſeche
  That we were ſhortely gone; 190
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

A.

Yf ye go thyder, ye muſt conſyder,
  Whan ye have luſt to dyne,
There ſhall no mete be for to gete, 195
  Neyther bere, ale, ne wyne;
Ne ſhetés clene, to lye betwene,
  Maden of threde and twyne;
None other houſe, but leves and bowes,
  To cover your hed and myne: 200
O myne hart ſwete, this evyll dyète
  Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch an archère, 205
  As men ſay that ye be,
'Ne may' nat fayle of good vitàyle,
  Where is ſo grete plentè:
And water clere of the ryvère
  Shall be full ſwete to me; 210
With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele
  Endure, as ye ſhall ſee:

And, or we go, a bedde or two
  I can provyde anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 215
  I love but you alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye muſt do more,
  Yf ye wyll go with me :
As cut your here above your ere,
  Your kyrtel above the kne ; 220
With bowe in hande, for to withſtande
  Your enemyes, yf nede be :
And, ' this' ſame nyght, before day-lyght,
  To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, 225
  Do it ſhortely as ye can ;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſhall as nowe do more for you
  Than longeth to womanhede ; 230
To ſhorte my here, a bowe to bere,
  To ſhote in tyme of nede :—
O my ſwete mother, before all other
  For you I have moſt drede :
But nowe, adue ! I muſt enſue 235
  Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye : Nowe let us fle ;
  The day cometh faſte upon ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone. 240

A.

Nay, nay, nat ſo; ye ſhall not go,
  And I ſhall tell you why,—
Your appetyght is to be lyght
  Of love, I wele eſpy:
For, lyke as ye have ſayed to me, 245
  In lyke wyſe hardély
Ye wolde anſwère whoſoever it were,
  In way of company.
It is ſayd of olde, ſone hote, ſone colde;
  And ſo is a womàn: 250
'Wherfore' I muſt to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man,

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
  Such wordes to ſay by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe aſſayed, 255
  Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of aunceſtry
  A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
  A ſquyer of lowe degre; 260
And ever ſhall, whatſo befall;
  To dy therfore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

A.

A barons chylde to be begylde! 265
It were a curſed dede:
To be felàwe with an outlàwe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were, the pore ſquyère
Alone to foreſt yede, 270
Than ye ſholde ſay, another day,
That by my curſed dede
Ye were betrayed: wherfore, good mayd,
The beſt rede that I can,
Is that I to the grene wode go, 275
Alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never ſhall
Of this thyng you outbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo,
Than have ye me betrayed. 280
Remember you wele howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye ſayd,
'Were ſo' unkynde, to leve behynde
Your love, the not-browne mayd,
Truſt me truly, that I ſhall dy 285
Sone after ye be gone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

Yf that ye went ye ſholde repent;
For in the foreſt nowe 290

I have purvayed me of a mayd,
  Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère than ever ye were,
  I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche ſholde be wrothe 295
  With other, as I trowe:
It were myne eſe, to lyve in peſe;
  So wyll I, yf I can:
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man. 300

B.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode
  Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
  But that I wyll be your:
And ſhe ſhall fynde me ſoft and kynde, 305
  And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyil all that ſhe wyll
  Commaunde me, to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
  Yet wolde I be that one: 310
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

A.

Myne owne dere love, I ſe the prove
  That ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, of all my lyfe, 315
  The beſt that ever I knewe.

Be mery and glad, be no more ſad,
  The caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
  Ye ſholde have cauſe to rewe: 320
Be nat diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd
  To you, whan I began,
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
  I am no banyſhed man.

B.

Theſe tydings be more gladder to me 325
  Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were ſure they ſholde endure:
  But it is often ſene,
Whan men wyll breke promyſe, they ſpeke
  The wordes on the ſplene: 330
Ye ſhape ſome wyle, me to begyle,
  And ſtele from me, I wene:
Than were the caſe worſe than it was,
  And I more wo-begone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 335
  I love but you alone.

A.

Ye ſhall nat nede further to drede;
  I wyll nat dyſparàge
You, (God defend!) ſyth ye deſcend
  Of ſo grete lynyàge. 340
Nowe undyrſtande, to Weſtmarlande,
  Which is myne herytàge,

I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge,
  By way of maryàge,
I wyll you take; and lady make, 345
  As ſhortely as I can:
Than have you won an erlys ſon,
  And 'not a' banyſhed man.

B.

Here may ye ſe, that women be,
  In love, meke, kynde, and ſtable: 350
Late never man reprove them than
  [Or call them variable];
But, rather, pray God, that we may
  To them be comfortable;
Which ſometyme 'proveth' ſuch as he 'loveth,' 355
  Yf they be charytable.
'For, ſyth' men wolde that women ſholde
  Be meke to them ech one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
  And ſerve but hym alone. 360

HARPALUS COMPLAINT OF PHILLIDAES. LOVE BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOVED HER NOT; AND DENIED HIM THAT LOVED HER.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
As freſh as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin, 5
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phylida could twiſt and ſpinne,
And thereto ſing full clere.

But Phyllida was all to coy
For Harpalus to winne; 10
For Corin was her onely joy,
Who forſt her not a pinne.

How often would ſhe flowers twine!
How often garlandes make,
Of couſlips, and of colombine! 15
And al for Corins ſake.

But Corin he had haukes to lure,
And forced more the field:

Of lovers lawe he toke no cure
  For once he was begilde. 20

Harpalus prevailed nought,
  His labour all was loſt:
For he was fardeſt from her thought,
  And yet he loved her moſt.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25
  And dryę as clot of clay;
His fleſhe it was conſumed cleane,
  His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be ſhave,
  His heare hong all unkempt: 30
A man moſt fit even for the grave,
  Whom ſpiteſull love had ſpent.

His eyes were red, and all forewatched,
  His face beſprent with teares:
It ſemde unhap had him long hatched, 35
  In mids of his diſpaires.

His clothes were blacke, and alſo bare,
  As one forlorne was he:
Upon his head alwayes he ware
  A wreath of wyllow tree. 40

His beaſtes he kept upon the hyll,
  And he ſate in the dale:
And thus, with ſighes and ſorowes ſhril,
  He gan to tell his tale.

O Harpalus! (thus woud he ſay) 45
  Unhappieſt under ſunne!
The cauſe of thine unhappy day
  By love was firſt begunne.

For thou wenteſt firſt by ſute to ſeeke
  A tigre to make tame; 50
That ſettes not by thy love a leeke,
  But makes thy griefe her game.

As eaſy it were for to convert
  The froſt into the flame,
As for to turne a froward hert, 55
  Whom thou ſo faine wouldſt frame.

Corin he liveth carélesse,
  He leapes among the leaves;
He eates the frutes of thy redreſſe;
  Thou reapes, he takes the ſheaves. 60

My beaſtes, a whyle your foode refraine,
  And harke your herdmans founde,
Whom ſpitefull love, alas! hath ſlaine,
  Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beaſtés wilde, 65
That here your paſture takes :
I ſe that ye be not begilde
Of theſe your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde,
The bucke hard by the do ; 70
The turtle dove is not vnkinde
To him that loves her ſo.

The ewe ſhe hath by her the ramme,
The yong cow hath the bull ;
The calfe with many a luſty lambe 75
Do fede their hunger full.

But welaway ! that nature wrought
Thee, Phillyda, ſo faire :
For I may ſay that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare. 80

What reaſon is it that crueltie
With beautie ſhould have part ?
Or els that ſuch great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart ?

I ſee therefore to ſhape my death 85
She cruelly is preſt ;
To thende that I may want my breath :
My dayes been at the beſt.

O Cupide, graunt this my requeſt,
And do not ſtoppe thine eares, 90
That ſhe may feele within her breſt,
The paines of my diſpaires.

Of Corin that is caréleſſe
That ſhe may crave her fee,
As I have done in great diſtreſſe, 95
That loved her faithfully.

But ſins that I ſhall die her ſlave,
Her ſlave and eke her thrall:
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave,
This chaunce that is befall. 100

Here lieth unhappy Harpelus,
By cruell love now ſlaine;
Whom Phillyda unjuſtly thus
Hath murdred with diſdaine.

## EPIGRAM.

### ON WIT.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant ſtone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boaſts two various powr's in one,
To cut as well as ſhine.

Genius, like that, if poliſh'd right, 5
With the ſame gift abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And ſparkles while it wounds.

## AN EPITAPH ON A POOR HONEST MAN; INTENDED TO BE PLAC'D ON A STONE IN THE CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH OF BROMHAM IN THE COUNTY OF WILTS.

'Tis not the tomb in marble polish'd high,
The venal verse, or flattering titles nigh,
The classick learning o'er an impious stone,
Where *Latin* tells what *English* blush'd to own,
Shall shroud the guilty from the eye of God, 5
Incline his ballance, or avert his rod.
His hand can raise the crippled and the poor,
Spread on the way, or fainting at the door;
And blast the villain, tho' to altars fled,
Who robb'd us, living; and insults us, dead. 10

A TRANSLATION OF AN IRISH SONG, BEGINNING *ma ville ſlane g'un oughth chegh khune*, &c.

BLEST were the days, when in the lonely ſhade,
Join'd hand in hand, my love and I have ſtray'd,
Where apple-bloſſoms ſcent the fragrant air,
I've ſnatch'd ſoft kiſſes from the wanton fair.

Then did the feather'd choir in ſongs rejoice, 5
How ſoft the cuckoo tun'd her ſoothing voice!
The gentle thruſh with pride diſplay'd his throat,
Vying in ſweetneſs with the black-bird's note.

But now, my love, how wretched am I made!
My health exhauſted, and my bloom decay'd! 10
Penſive I roam the ſolitary grove,—
The grove delights not—for I miſs my love.

Once more, ſweet maid, together let us ſtray,
And in ſoft dalliance waſte the fleeting day;
Through hazel-groves, where cluſt'ring nuts invite,
And bluſhing apples charm the tempted ſight.

In awful charms ſecure, my lovely maid
May truſt with me her beauty in the ſhade.

Oh ! how with ſick'ning fond deſire I pine,
Till my heart's wiſh, till you, my love, are mine.

Hence with theſe virgin fears, this cold delay,
Let love adviſe ; take courage, and away.
Your conſtant ſwain for ever ſhall be true,
O'er all the plain, ſhall ne'er love one but you.

## TO MR. SECRETARY MURRAY,

### ON HIS TURNING EVIDENCE.

*—Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

To all that virtue's holy ties can boaſt,
To truth, to honour, and to manhood loſt;
How haſt thou wandred from the ſacred road,
The paths of honeſty, the pole to God!
O! fallen! fallen from the high degree 5
Of ſpotleſs fame and pure integrity!
Where's all that gallantry that fill'd your breaſt?
The pride of ſentiment, the thought profeſt,
Th' unbiaſs'd principle, the gen'rous ſtrain,
That warm'd your blood, and beat in every vein?
All! all are fled!—Once honeſt, ſteddy, brave,
How great the change! — to coward, traitor, knave!

O! hateful love of life! that prompts the mind,
The godlike, great and good, to leave behind,
From wiſdom's laws, from honour's glorious plan,
From all on earth that dignifies the man!
With ſteps unhallow'd wickedly to ſtray,
And truſt, and friendſhip's holy band betray!
Curs'd fear of death! whoſe bugbear terrors fright
Th' unmanly breaſt from ſuff'ring in the right;
That ſtrikes the man from th' elevated ſtate,
From every character, and name of great,

And throws him down beneath the vile degree
Of galley'd ſlaves, or dungeon villainy!

O! Murray! Murray! once of truth approv'd,
Your prince's darling, by his party lov'd,
When all were fond your worth and fame to raiſe,
And expectation ſpoke your future praiſe,
How could you ſell that prince, that cauſe, that fame,
For life enchain'd to infamy and ſhame? 30
See gallant ARTHUR*, whoſe undaunted ſoul
No dangers frighten, and no fears controul,
With unconcern the ax and block ſurveys,
And ſmiles at all the dreadful ſcene diſplays;
While undiſturb'd his thoughts ſo ſteady keep, 35
He goes to death as others go to ſleep.
Gay midſt their gibbets and devouring fire,
What numbers hardy in the cauſe expire!
Behold the menial hand that broke your bread,
That wip'd your ſhoes, and with your crumbs was fed, 40
When life and riches, profer'd to his view,
Before his eyes the ſtrong temptation threw,
Rather than quit integrity of heart,
Or act, like you, th'unmanly traitor's part,
Diſdains the purchaſe of a worthleſs life, 45
And bares the boſom to the butch'ring knife;

* *Lord Balmerino.*

*V.* 32. *No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.*
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Each mean compliance gallantly denies,
And in mute honeſty is brave and dies.
While you, tho' tutor'd from your early youth,
To all the principles of ſteddy truth, 50
Tho' ſtation, birth, and character conſpire,
To kindle in your breaſt the manly fire,
Friends, reputation, conſcience, all diſclaim,
To glory loſt, and ſunk in endleſs ſhame;
For the dull privilege to breathe the air, 55
For everlaſting infamy declare,
And down to late poſterity record
A name that's curs'd, abandon'd, and abhorr'd.

Go, wretch! enjoy the purchaſe you have gain'd,
Scorn and reproach your every ſtep attend; 60
By all mankind neglected and forgot,
Retire to ſolitude, retire and rot.
But whither? whither can the guilty 'flie'
From the devouring worms that never die?
Thoſe inward ſtings that rack the villain's breaſt, 65
Haunt his lone houſe, and break his tortur'd reſt.
'Midſt caves, 'midſt rocks and deſarts you may find
A ſafe retreat from all the human kind;
But to what foreign region can you run,
Your greateſt enemy, yourſelf, to ſhun? 70

*V. 51. Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,*
*And now a rabble rages, now a fire.*

LONDON.

Where e'er thou go'ſt, wild anguiſh and deſpair,
And black remorſe attend with hideous ſtare;
Tear your diſtracted ſoul with torments fell,
Your paſſions devils, and your boſom hell.

Thus may you drag your heavy chain along, 75
Some minutes more inglorious life prolong;
And when the fates ſhall cut a coward's breath,
Weary of being, yet afraid of death,
If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,
Judas and Murray both may go to heaven. 80

## THE BEGGAR.

——— *inopemque paterni*
*Et Laris, et Fundi.*———

HOR.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man!
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh! give relief—and heav'n will bleſs your ſtore.

Theſe tatter'd cloaths my poverty beſpeak, 5
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a ſtream of tears.

Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road, 10
For plenty there a reſidence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode:

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door, 15
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

* *Firſt printed* 176..

Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome,
  Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
  For I am poor and miſerably old. 20

Should I reveal the ſource of every grief,
  If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
  And tears of pity could not be repreſt.

Heav'n ſends misfortunes—why ſhould we repine? 25
  'Tis heaven has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
  The child of ſorrow—and of miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
  Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn; 30
But ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot,
  My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
  Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage, 35
  And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—ſweet ſoother of my care!
  Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell a victim to deſpair,
  And left the world to wretchedneſs and me. 40

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man!
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh! give relief—and heav'n will bleſs your ſtore.

AN

# HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT,

COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS,

AND AUTHOR OF A LATE

DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GARDENING.

ENRICHED WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

CHIEFLY EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE PERFORMANCE.

*Non omnes arbuſta juvant humileſque myricæ.*
VIRGIL.

KNIGHT of the Polar Star! by Fortune plac'd,
To ſhine the Cynoſure of Britiſh taſte;
Whoſe orb collects in one refulgent view,
The ſcatter'd glories of Chineſe Virtù;
And ſpread their luſtre in ſo broad a blaze, 5
That Kings themſelves are dazzled, while they gaze,

Verſe 2. [Cynoſure of Britiſh taſte.] Cynoſure, an affected phraſe, Cynoſura is the conſtellation of Urſa Minor, or the Leſſer Bear, the next ſtar to the Pole. Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

O let the Muſe attend thy march ſublime,
And, with thy proſe, capariſon her rhyme,
Teach her, like thee, to gild her ſplendid ſong,
With ſcenes of Yven-Ming, and ſayings of Li-Tſong;
Like thee to ſcorn Dame Nature's ſimple fence;
Leap each Ha Ha of truth and common ſenſe;
And proudly riſing in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of him, whom we and all the world admit 15
Patron ſupreme of ſcience, taſte, and wit.
Does Envy doubt? Witneſs ye choſen train!
Who breathe the ſweets of his Saturnian reign;
Witneſs ye H*lls, ye J*nſ*ns, Sc*ts, S*bb*s,
Hark to my call, for ſome of you have ears. 20

Verſe 10. [With ſcenes of Yven-Ming.] One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin. [Sayings of Li-Tſong.] "Many trees, ſhrubs, and flowers," ſayeth Li-Tſong, a Chineſe author of great antiquity, "thrive beſt in low, moiſt ſituations; many on hills and mountains; ſome require a rich ſoil; but others will grow on clay, in ſand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to ſome a ſunny expoſition is neceſſary; but for others the ſhade is preferable. There are plants which thrive beſt in expoſed ſituations, but in general, ſhelter is requiſite. The ſkilful gardener, to whom ſtudy and experience have taught theſe qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants; and conſequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diſſ. p. 77. The reader, I preſume, will readily allow, that he never met with ſo much recondite truth, as this ancient Chineſe here exhibits.

Let D**d H*e, from the remoteſt North,
In ſee-ſaw ſceptic ſcruples hint his worth;
D**d, who there ſupinely deigns to lye
The fatteſt Hog of Epicurus' ſty;
Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praiſe,
D**d ſhall bleſs Old England's halcyon days;
The mighty Home bemir'd in proſe ſo long,
Again ſhall ſtalk upon the ſtilts of ſong:
While bold Mac-Oſſian, wont in Ghoſts to deal,
Bids candid Smollet from his coffin ſteal; 30
Bids Mallock quit his ſweet Elyſian reſt,
Sunk in his St. John's philoſophic breaſt,
And, like old Orpheus, make ſome ſtrong effort
To come from Hell, and warble *truth at Court.*

There was a time, "in Eſher's peaceful grove, 35
"When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's love,"
That Pope beheld them with auſpicious ſmile,
And own'd that Beauty bleſt their mutual toil.
Miſtaken Bard! could ſuch a pair deſign
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line? 40
Hadſt thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, Taſte's oriental ray,
Thy ſatire ſure had given them both a ſtab,
Called Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.

Verſe 34. [Truth at Court.] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philoſophical writings) the perſon here mentioned, received a conſiderable penſion in the time of Lord B—te's adminiſtration.

For what is Nature? Ring her changes round, 45
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the peal, yet ſpite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is ſtill ground, plants, and water.
So, when ſome John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's; 50
Three uncouth legs of mutton ſhock our eyes,
Three roaſted geeſe, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolifick art, and with thee bring
The charms that riſe from thy exhauſtleſs ſpring;

Verſe 45. [For what is Nature?] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taſte is founded. It is therefore expreſſed here with the greateſt preciſion, and in the identical phraſe of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory ſimile are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Diſſertation. "*Nature* (ſays the Chineſe, or Sir William for them) affords us but few materials to work with. *Plants, ground*, and *water*, are her only productions; and, though both the forms and arrangements of theſe may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few ſtriking varieties, the reſt being of the nature of *changes rung upon bells*, which though in reality different, ſtill produce the ſame uniform kind of *gingling*; the variation being too minute to be eaſily perceived." "*Art* muſt therefore ſupply *the ſcantineſs of Nature*," &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the ſmall ones, *like the honeſt Bachelor's feaſt*, which conſiſted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; *three legs of mutton and turneps, three roaſted geeſe, and three buttered apple-pies*." Preface, page 7.

To Richmond come, for ſee untutor'd Brown 55
Deſtroys thoſe wonders which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon-ground the peaſant ſlave
Has rudely ruſh'd and levell'd Merlin's Cave;
Knock'd down the waxen Wizzard, ſeiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land; 60
And marr'd, with impious hand, each ſweet deſign
Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.
Haſte, bid yon livelong Terras re-aſcend,
Replace each viſta, ſtraighten every bend;
Shut out the Thames; ſhall that ignoble thing 65
Approach the preſence of great Ocean's King?
No! let Barbaric glories feaſt his eyes,
Auguſt Pagodas round his palace riſe.
And finiſh'd Richmond open to his view,
"A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew." 70

Nor reſt we here, but, at our magic call,
Monkies ſhall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;

Verſe 67. [No! let Barbaric glories.] So Milton:
"Where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Showers on her Kings *Barbaric* pearl and gold."

Verſe 72. [Monkies ſhall climb our trees.] "In their loſty woods *ſerpents* and *lizards* of many beautiful ſorts crawl upon the ground. Innumerable *monkies*, *cats*, and *parots* clamber upon the trees. Page 40. "In their lakes are many *iſlands*, ſome ſmall, ſome large, amongſt which are ſeen ſtalking along, *the elephant*, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, oſtrich, and the giant baboon." Page 66. "They keep, in their enchanted ſcenes, a ſurpriſing

Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In ſome fair iſland will we turn to graſs 75
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and aſs.
Giants from Africa ſhall guard the glades,
Where hiſs our ſnakes, where ſport our Tartar maids;
Or, wanting theſe, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damſels alike adroit to ſport and ſting. 80

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horror and affright;
This to atchieve no foreign aids we try,
Thy gibbets, Bagſhot! ſhall our wants ſupply;

variety of monſtrous birds, reptiles and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous *dogs of Tibet*, and *African giants*, in the habits of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes in this romantic excurſion, the paſſenger finds himſelf in extenſive receſſes, ſurrounded with arbours of jeſſamine, vine, and roſes; where beauteous *Tartarean damſels*, in looſe tranſparent robes that flutter in the air, preſent him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taſte the ſweets of retirement on Perſian carpets, and beds of Camuſakin down." Page 40.

Verſe 84. [Thy gibbets, Bagſhot.] "Their ſcenes of terror are compoſed of gloomy woods, &c. *gibbets*, croſſes, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are ſeen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the ſummits of the higheſt mountains, foundaries, lime-kilns, and glaſs-works, which ſend forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick ſmoke, that give to theſe mountains the appearance of Volcanos." Page 37. "Here

Hounſlow, whoſe heath ſublimer terror fills, 85
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
Here too, O King of Vengeance, in thy fane,
Tremendous Wilkes ſhall rattle his gold chain;
And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate-hiſtory; 90
On this ſhall H*ll*d's dying ſpeech be read,
Here B—te's confeſſion, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age,
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)

the paſſenger from time to time is ſurprized with repeated ſhocks of electrical impulſe; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now to produce both theſe effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here ſubmitted the occaſional exploſion of a *powder mill*, which (if there be not too much ſimplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once anſwer all the purpoſes of *lime-kilns* and *electrical machines*, and imitate *thunder* and the *exploſion of cannon* into the bargain. Vide page 40.

Verſe 87. [Here too, O king of Vengeance, &c.] "In the moſt diſmal receſſes of the woods, are temples dedicated to the *King of Vengeance*, near which are placed pillars of ſtone, with *pathetic deſcriptions of tragical events*; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by *outlaws* and *robbers*." Page 37.

Verſe 88. [Tremendous Wilkes.] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

The R*g*ys, ——'s Mungos, B*df*ws there, 95
In ſtraw ſtuft effigy, ſhall kick the air.
But ſay, ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where ſhall our mimic London rear her walls?
The Eaſtern feature, Art muſt next produce,
Tho' not for preſent yet for future uſe 100
Our ſons ſome ſlave of greatneſs may behold,
Caſt in the genuine Aſiatic mould:
Who of three realms ſhall condeſcend to know
No more than he can ſpy from Windſor's brow;
For Him, that bleſſing of a better time, 105
The Muſe ſhall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpaſs the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in deſign,
And o'er the Thames fling one ſtupendous line

*V.* 95. ——'s.] *Martins. The aſteriſms will be eaſily ſupplyed.*

Verſe 98. [Where ſhall our mimic London, &c.] "There is likewiſe in the ſame garden, viz. Yven-Ming Yven, near Pekin, *a fortified town*, with its ports, ſtreets, public ſquares, temples, markets, ſhops, and tribunals of juſtice; in ſhort, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a ſmaller ſcale.

"In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much *the ſlaves of their greatneſs* to appear in public, and their women, who are ſecluded from it by cuſtom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and buſtle of the capital which is here repreſented, ſeveral times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts
From Richmond Ferry ſlant to Brentford Butts.
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the biſhoprick of Parſon Horne.
There at one glance, the royal eye ſhall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's Street;
Stout T*lb*t there ſhall ply with hackney chair 115
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-ſhop there.
Like diſtant thunder, now the coach of ſtate
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight;
The court hath croſs'd the ſtream; the ſports begin,
Now N**l preaches of rebellion's ſin: 120
And as the powers of his ſtrong pathos riſe,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fl**r's eyes.
While, ſkulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at ſermon ſhew'd his face,

Verſe 109. [of marble arches.] Sir William's enormous account of Chineſe *bridges*, too long to be here inſerted. Vide page 53.

Verſe 115. [Stout T**t, &c.] "Some of theſe eunuchs perſonate porters." Page 32.

Verſe 116. [And Patriot Betty,] "Fruits and all ſorts of refreſhments are cried about the ſtreets in this mock city." Page 33.

Verſe 122. [Lo brazen tears, &c.]
"Drew *iron* tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

See Jemmy Twitcher ſhambles; ſtop! ſtop thief! 125
He's ſtol'n the E* of D*nb*h's handkerchief.
Let B*rr*t*n arreſt him in mock fury,
And M**d hang the knave without a jury.
But hark the voice of battle ſhouts from far,
The Jews and Maccaroni's are at war: 130
The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the ſtocks,
They ſeize, they bind, they circumciſe C*s F*.
Fair Schw***n ſmiles the ſport to ſee,
And all the Maids of Honour cry Te! He!

Be theſe the rural paſtimes that attend 135
Great B*nſw*k's leiſure: theſe ſhall beſt unbend

Verſe 125. [See Jemmy Twitcher ſhambles.] "Neither are thieves, pickpokets, and ſharpers forgot in theſe feſtivals; that noble profeſſion is uſually allotted to a good number of the moſt dextrous eunuchs! Vide, ibid.

Verſe 127. [Let B***n.] "The watch ſeizes on the culprit." Vide, ibid.

Verſe 128, [And M**d, &c.] "He is conveyed before the judge, and ſometimes ſeverely baſtinadoed." Ibid.

Verſe 129. [But hark, &c.] "Quarrels happen—battles enſue." Ibid.

Verſe 132. [Circumciſe C*s F*.] Every liberty is permitted, there is no diſtinction of perſons. Ibid.

Verſe 134. [And all the maids of honour, &c.] "This is done to divert his Imperial Majeſty, and the ladies of his train." Vide, ibid.

His royal mind, whene'er, from ſtate withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
Theſe ſhall prolong his Aſiatic dream,
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam. 140
And thou, Sir William! while thy plaſtic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd,
While, as thy art commands, obſequious riſe
Whate'er can pleaſe, or frighten, or ſurprize,
O! let that Bard his Knight's protection claim,
And ſhare, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.