



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

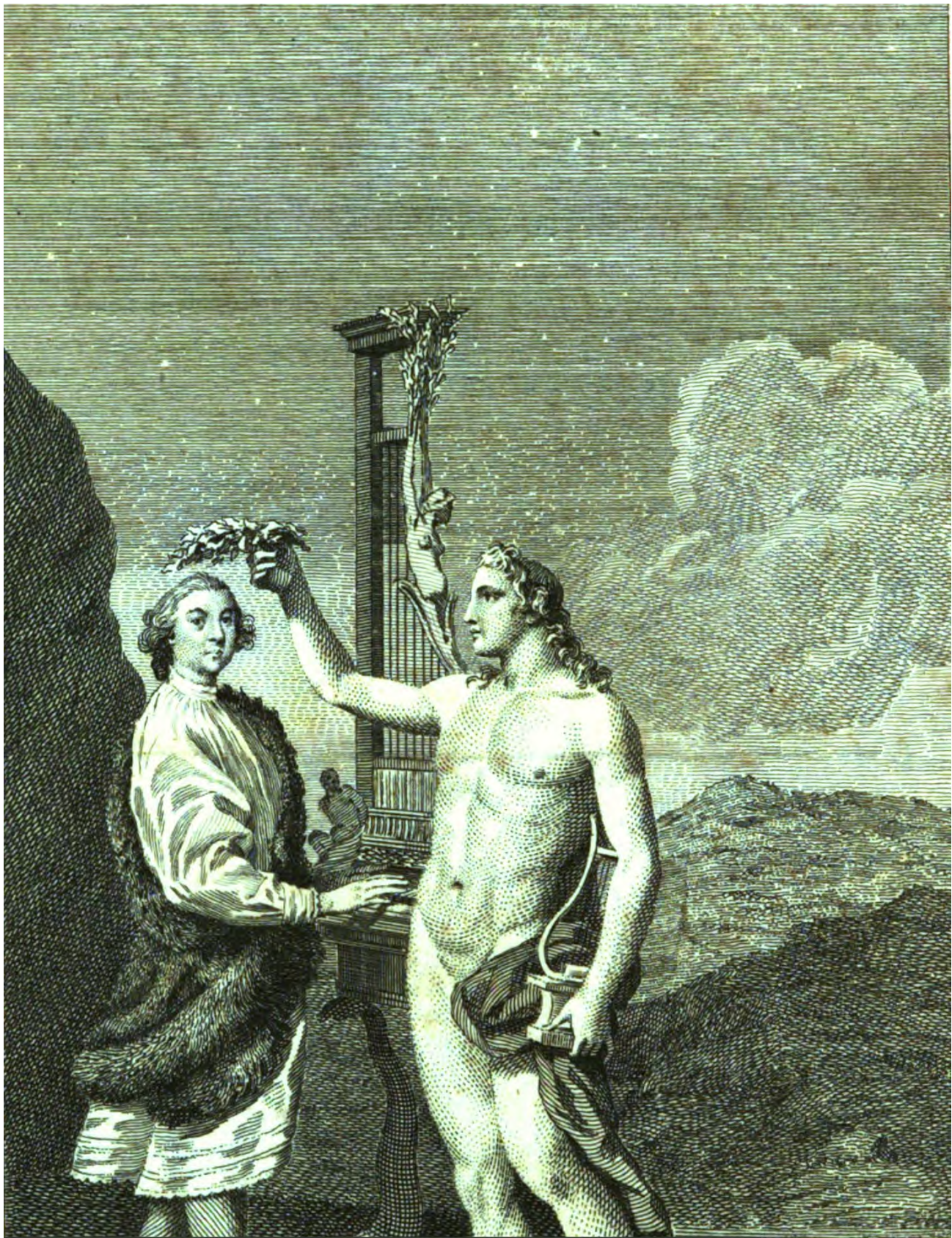
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

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



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



*The works, in verse and prose*

William Shenstone



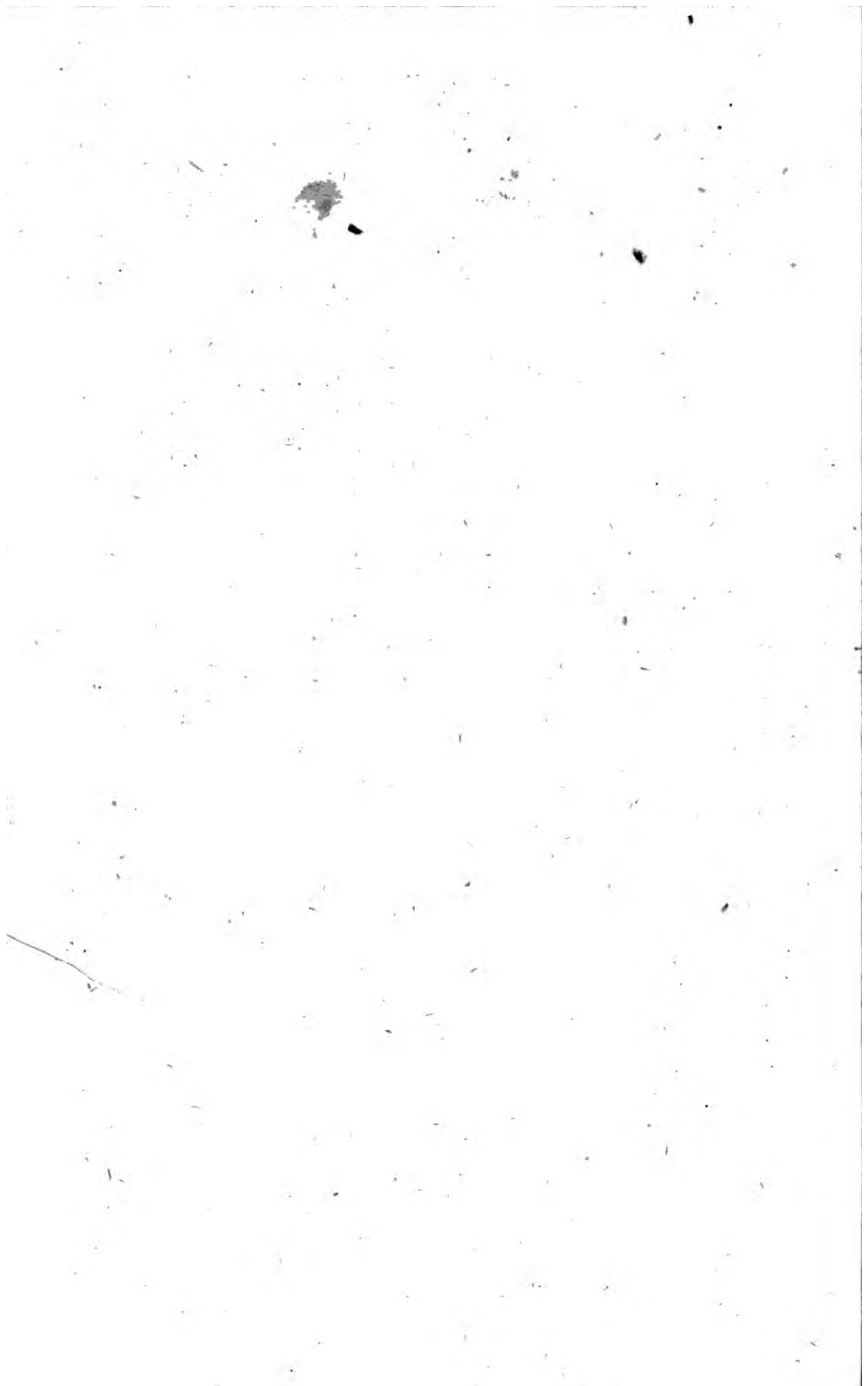
*Abel Smith,*

WOODHALL PARK.

S. Smith

XL 71.9 [W]

**CONFINED TO THE LIBRARY.**







T H E  
W O R K S  
I N  
V E R S E A N D P R O S E,  
O F  
W I L L I A M S H E N S T O N E, E s q;

Most of which were never before printed.

I N T W O V O L U M E S,  
W I T H D E C O R A T I O N S.

V O L. II.

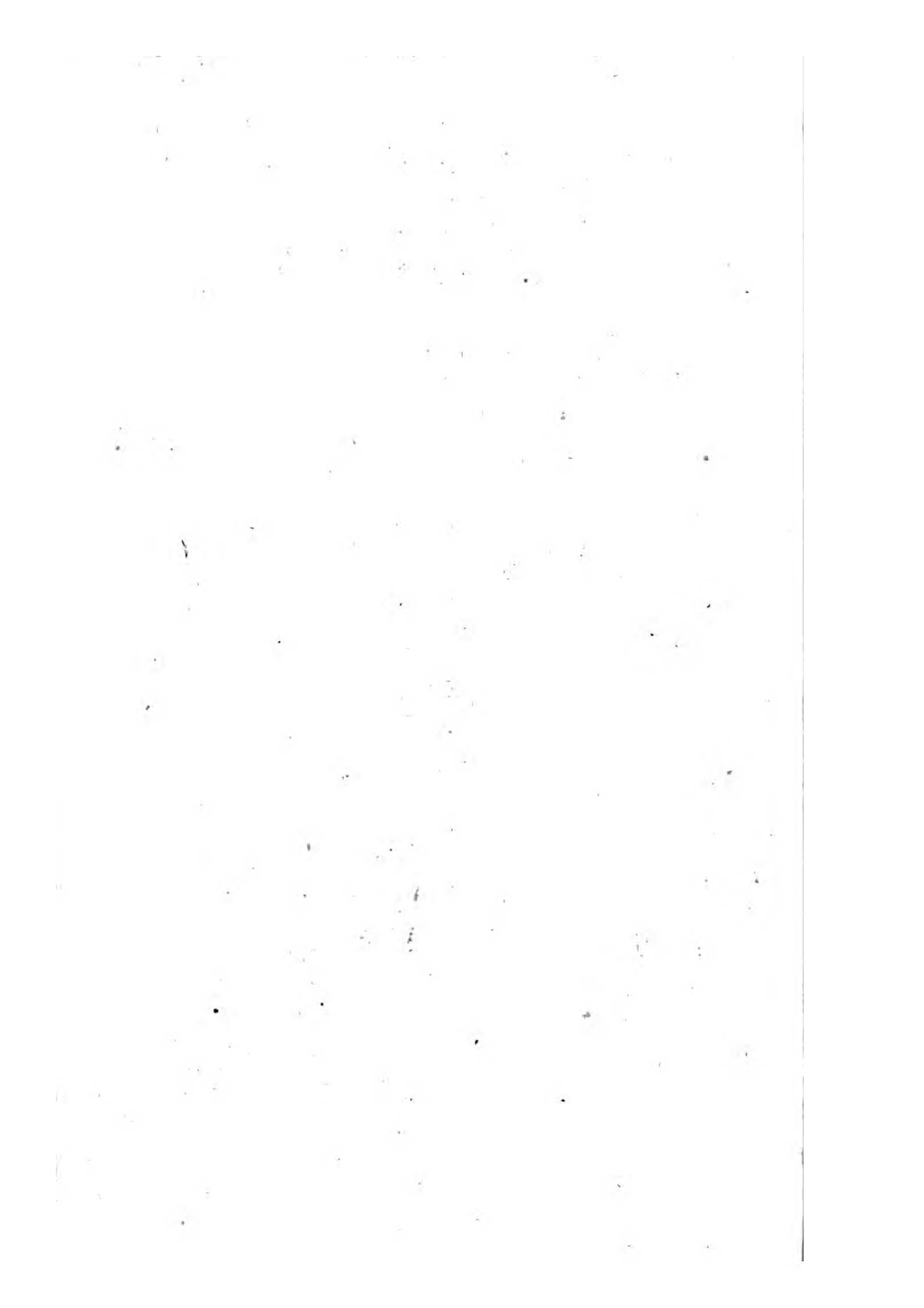


L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.

M D C C L X I V .





---

---

# C O N T E N T S

## O F V O L. II.

	Page
<i>O</i> N Publications - - - -	3
<i>On the Test of Popular Opinion</i> -	8
<i>On allowing Merit in others</i> - - -	12
<i>The Impromptu</i> - - - -	16
<i>An Humourist</i> - - - -	20
<i>The Hermit</i> - - - -	26
<i>On Distinctions, Orders, and Dignities</i>	36
<i>On the same subject</i> - - - -	41
<i>A Character</i> - - - -	46
<i>On Reserve, a Fragment</i> - - - -	49
<i>On External Figure</i> - - - -	58
<i>A Character</i> - - - -	63
<i>An Opinion of Ghosts</i> - - - -	68
<i>On Cards, a Fragment</i> - - - -	75
<i>On Hypocrisy</i> - - - -	79
<i>On Vanity</i> - - - -	87
<i>On Modesty and Impudence</i> - - -	96
<i>Upon Envy. To a Friend, R. G.</i> -	109
VOL. II.                      A	<i>A Vision</i>

## C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<i>A Vision</i> - - - -	113
<i>Unconnected Thoughts on Gardening</i> -	125
<i>On Politicks</i> - - - -	148
<i>Egotisms, from my own Sensations</i> -	154
<i>On Dress</i> - - - -	164
<i>On Writing and Books</i> - - - -	170
<i>Books, &amp;c.</i> - - - -	202
<i>Of Men and Manners</i> - - - -	207
<i>Of Books and Writers</i> - - - -	266
<i>On Men and Manners</i> - - - -	278
<i>On Religion</i> - - - -	297
<i>On Taste</i> - - - -	311
<i>A Description of the Leasowes, the Seat of the late William Shenstone, Esquire.</i>	333

## VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

<i>Written on a Ferm Ornée near Birmingham, by the late lady Luxborough</i> -	373
<i>To William Shenstone, Esquire, at the Leasowes by Mr. Graves of Claverton</i> -	374
<i>Verses received by the Post, from a Lady un- known, 1761</i> - - - -	376
<i>On the Discovery of an Echo at Edgbaston by ———</i> - - - -	378
<i>Verses</i>	

# C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<i>Verses by Mr. Doddsley at his first arrival at the Leasowes, 1754 - - -</i>	380
<i>Verses written at the Garden of William Shen- stone, Esquire, near Birmingham, 1756</i>	383
<i>To William Shenstone, Esquire, in his Sickness, by Mr. Woodhouse - - -</i>	387
<i>Verses left on a Seat, the hand unknown</i>	390
<i>Corydon, a Pastoral to the memory of William Shenstone, Esquire - - -</i>	391

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1951

1952

1953

1954

1955

1956

1957

1958

1959

1960

1961

1962

1963

1964

1965

1966

1967

ESSAYS

ON

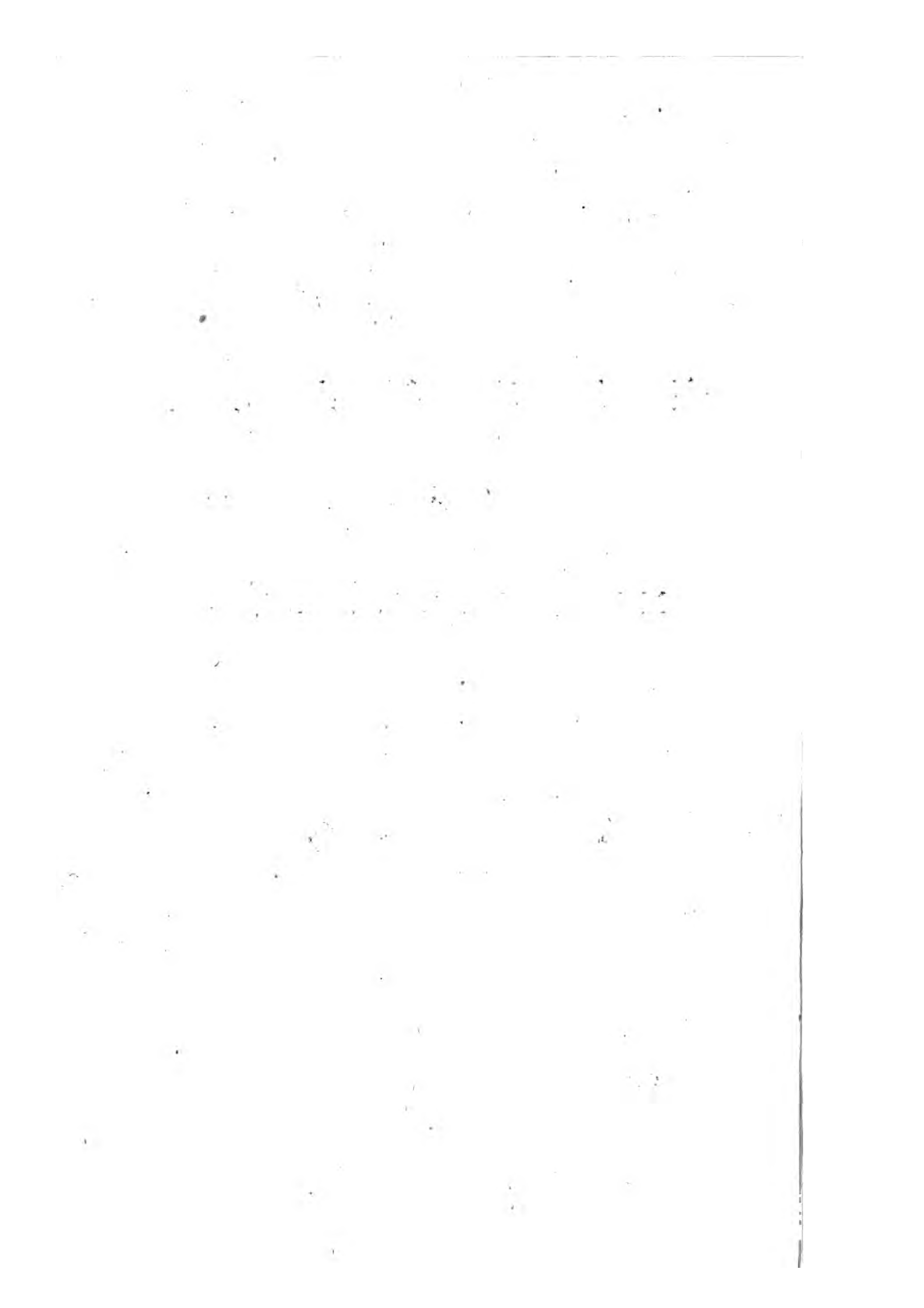
MEN, MANNERS,

AND

THINGS.

VOL. II.

B





## ON PUBLICATIONS.

**T**IS not unamusing to consider the several apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that on every publication there is at least a seeming violation of modesty; a presumption, on the writer's side, that he is able to instruct or to entertain the world; which implies a supposition that he can communicate, what they cannot draw from their own reflexions.



To remove any prejudice this might occasion, has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely solicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader; addressing him by the most tender and endearing appellations. He is in general styled the most loving, candid, and courteous creature that ever breathed; with a view, doubtless, that he will deserve the compliment; and that his favor may be secured at the expence of his better judgment. Mean and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and adventures of a composition; the danger of an imperfect and surreptitious publication; the pressing and indiscreet instances of friends; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance; with the irresistible commands of persons in high life; have been excuses often substituted in place of the real motives, vanity and hunger.

THE most allowable reasons for appearing thus in public, are either the advantage or amusement of our fellow-creatures; or our own private emolument and reputation.

A MAN possessed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his

## MANNERS AND THINGS. 5

own private use, than the mean-spirited miser, that did the same by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treasures, even while he renders others the better for them. A composition that enters the world with a view of improving or amusing it, (I mean only, amusing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.

WHEN a writer's private interest appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger scope for accusation, if he be a sufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be said to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be disappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other cases, to make the worst of a bad bargain.

WHEN the love of fame acts upon a man of genius, the case appears to stand thus. The generality of the world, distinguished by the name of readers, observe with a reluctance not unnatural, a person raising himself above them. All men have some desire of fame, and fame is

## 6      E S S A Y S   O N   M E N,

grounded on comparison. Every one then is somewhat inclined to dispute his title to a superiority; and to disallow his pretensions upon the discovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the person he enlightens; but, it is plain, he renders the opacity of the other more discernible—Examination, however, is a sort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, though a writer be a while detained, and part with a trifle from his pocket, he finds in return a more commodious and easy road to the temple.

WHEN, therefore, a man is conscious of ability to serve his country, or believes himself possessed of it (for there is no previous test on this occasion) he has no room to hesitate, or need to make apology—When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a pennyworth for his penny; and has reason to asperse his honesty if he finds himself deceived—Also, that it is possible to publish a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of such mercenary people.—When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit, what  
it

## MANNERS AND THINGS. 7

it will probably lose in point of modesty: otherwise we shall be censured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depress our character while we strive to raise it.

AFTER all, there is a propensity in some to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more sanguine of these employ the press; the less lively are contented with being impertinent in conversation.

## On the Test of popular opinion.

**I** HAPPEN to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier, and an academick.

SAYS the citizen, I am told continually of taste, refinement, and politeness; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landskip, a building, or a play that has charms for the critick exclusive of the mechanick. But on the other hand one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them. That mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseur. But they are at all times methinks judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator.

SAYS the courtier, I cannot answer for every individual instance; but I think moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the skill of  
their

## MANNERS, AND THINGS. 9

their superiors: and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves,

IT is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do. But then they consider some persons judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

IT is the same with regard to the appetite from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. "Such a soup or ollio, say they, is much in vogue, and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it."

BUT in poetry, for instance, it is urged that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading.

Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated can be applied to their proper

proper counterparts. Their beauty of consequence is like a picture to a blind man.

How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history : and let me add these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them,

I MIGHT launch out much further in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions — What I have said may exclude their infallibility ; and it is my opinion they are seldom right.

THE Academic spoke little, but to the purpose ; asserting that all ranks and stations have their different spheres of judging : That a clown of native taste enough to relish Handel's Messiah, might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more : That an author, before he prints, should not flatter himself with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite : Few things, in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree : That he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty sure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance,  
it

## MANNERS, AND THINGS. 11

it may escape the organs of such readers; but he will have a chance for such applause as will more sensibly affect him. Let a writer then in his first performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applause entirely: Let him address him to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His first appearance on the stage of letters will engross the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.

On



## On allowing MERIT in OTHERS.

**A** CERTAIN gentleman was expressing himself as follows.

I CONFESS I have no great taste for poetry; but if I had, I am apt to believe I should read no other poetry than that of Mr. Pope. The rest but barely arrive at a mediocrity in their art; and to be sure poetry of that stamp, can afford but slender pleasure.

I KNOW not, says another, what may be the gentleman's motive to give this opinion: But I am persuaded numbers pretend the same through mere jealousy or envy.

A READER considers an author, as one who lays claim to a superior genius. He is ever inclined to dispute it, because if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at least one superior the less. Now though a man's absolute merit may not depend upon the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to pursue the single point of admitting no  
more

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 13

more into the class of superiors, than it is impossible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would soon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr. Pope had been refused his honours, but that the very constraint, and even absurdity of people's shutting their eyes grew as disagreeable to them, as that excellence, which, when open, they could not but discover.

BUT self-love obtains it's wishes in another respect also. It hereby not only depresses the characters of many that have wrote, but stifles the genius of such as might hereafter rise from amongst our inferiors.

LET us not deny to Mr. Pope the praises which a person enamoured of poetry would bestow on one that excelled in it: But let us consider Parnassus rather as a republick than a monarchy; where, although some may be in possession of a more cultivated spot, yet where others my possess land as fruitful, upon equal cultivation.

ON the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the soil, and the extent of it's fertility must remain undiscovered, if the gentleman's desponding principle should meet with approbation.

MR.

MR. POPE'S chief excellence lies in what I would term consolidating or condensing sentences, yet preserving ease and perspicuity. In smoothness of verse, perhaps, he has been equalled: In regard to invention, excelled.

ADD to this, if the writers of antiquity may be esteemed our truest models, Mr. Pope is much more witty, and less simple, than his own Horace appears in any of his writings. More witty, and less simple, than the modern *Monf. Boileau*, who claimed the merit of uniting the style of *Juvenal* and *Perfius* with that of *Horace*:

SATYR gratifies self-love. This was one source of his popularity; and he seems even so very conscious of it as to stigmatize many inoffensive characters.

THE circumstance of what is called alliteration, and the nice adjustment of the pause have conspired to charm the present age, but have at the same time given his verses a very cloying peculiarity.

BUT, perhaps, we must not expect to trace the flow of *Waller*, the landkip of *Thomson*, the fire  
 I of

Dryden, the imagery of Shakespear, the simplicity of Spenser, the courtliness of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addison, the tenderness of Otway, and the invention, the spirit, and sublimity of Milton, joined in any single writer. The lovers of poetry, therefore, should allow some praise to those who shine in any branch of it, and only range them into classes according to that species in which they shine.

“ Quare agite, O juvenes!

Banish the self-debasing principle, and scorn the dissimulation of readers. Humility has depressed many a genius into an hermit; but never yet raised one into a poet of eminence.

## T H E   I M P R O M P T U.

**T**H E criticks, however unable to fix the time which it is most proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have universally agreed that some certain space is not to be exceeded. Concerning this, Aristotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely silent. Succeeding criticks have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greatest epick writers; that, if they could not frame a law, they might at least establish a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, say they, confined the action of his Iliad, or rather his action may be reduced, to the space of two months. His Odyfsey, according to Boffu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's Æneid has raised very different opinions in his commentators. Taffo's poem includes a summer — But leaving such knotty points to persons that appear born for the discussion of them, let us endeavor to establish laws that are more likely to be obeyed, than controverted. An epic writer, though limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no sort restraint with regard to the time he takes to finish his poem. Far different is the case with a writer of Impromptu's. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can possibly take

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 17

in his composition, but is rigidly circumscribed with regard to the space in which it is completed. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in this composition, it's peculiar merit must ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced.

It appears indeed to me to have the nature of that kind of fallad, which certain eminent adepts in chemistry have contrived to raise, while a joint of mutton is roasting. We do not allow ourselves to blame it's unusual flatness and insipidity, but extoll the little flavour it has, considering the time of it's vegetation.

AN extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged, as we judge a race-horse; not by the gracefulness of his motion, but the time he takes to finish his course. The best critick upon earth may err in determining his precise degree of merit, if he have neither a stop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing.

To be a little more serious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of it's real worth, and the shortness of the time that is employed

in it's production. By this rule even Virgil's poem may be in some fort deemed extemporaneous, as the time he took to perfect so extraordinary a composition, considered with it's real worth, appears shorter than the time employed to write the disticks of Cosconius.

ON the other hand, I cannot allow this title to the flashes of my friend S—— in the magazine, which have no fort of claim to be called verses, beside their instantaneity.

HAVING ever made it my ambition to see my writings distinguished for something poignant, unexpected, or, in some respects, peculiar; I have acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to the Concetti. I have stung folks with my epigrams, amused them with acrosticks, puzzled them with rebus's, and distracted them with riddles. It remained only for me to succeed in the Impromptu, for which I was utterly disqualified by a whoreson slowness of apprehension.

STILL desirous, however, of the immortal honor to grow distinguished for an extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that purpose in a dream. His answer was as follows, " That whatever  
" piece

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 19

“ piece of wit, either written or verbal, makes  
“ any pretence to merit, as of extemporaneous  
“ production, shall be said or written within the  
“ the time that the author supports himself on  
“ one leg. That Horace had explained his  
“ meaning, by the phrase *STANS PEDE IN UNO*.  
“ And forasmuch as one man may persevere in  
“ the posture longer than another, he would  
“ recommend it to all candidates for this extra-  
“ ordinary accomplishment, that they would ha-  
“ bituate themselves to study in no other attitude  
“ whatsoever.”

METHOUGHT I received his answer with the utmost pleasure as well as veneration; hoping that, however I was debarred of the acumen requisite for an extempore, I might learn to weary out my betters in standing on one leg.



## AN HUMOURIST.

**T**O form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness bears to another's, we are to consider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention, as the circumstances. It were superfluous to evince that the same objects which one despises, are frequently to another the substantial source of admiration. The man of business and the man of pleasure are to each other mutually contemptible, and a blue garter has less charms for some, than they can discover in a butterfly. The more candid and sage observer condemns neither for his pursuits, but for the derision he so profusely lavishes upon the disposition of his neighbour. He concludes that schemes infinitely various were at first intended for our pursuit and pleasure; and that some find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of Lord Chief-Justice.

HAVING premised thus much, I proceed to give some account of a character which came within the sphere of my own observation.

NOT

NOT the entrance of a cathedral, not the found of a passing bell, not the furs of a magistrate, nor the fables of a funeral were fraught with half the solemnity of face!

NAY so wonderfully serious was he observed to be on all occasions, that it was found hardly possible to be otherwise in his company. He quashed the loudest tempest of laughter, whenever he entered the room, and men's features though ever so much roughened, were sure to grow smooth at his approach,

THE man had nothing vitious, or even ill-natured in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial conversation; the young, the gay found their spirits fly before him. Even the kitten and the puppy, as it were by instinct, would forego their frolicks, and be still. The depression he occasioned was like that of a damp, or vitiated air. Unconscious of any apparent cause you found your spirits sink insensibly; And were any one to fit for the picture of ill-luck, it is not possible the painter could select a more proper person.

YET he not fail to boast of a superior share of reason, even for the want of that very faculty, risibility, with which it is supposed to be always joined.

INDEED he acquired the character of the most ingenious person of his county, from this meditative temper. Not that he had ever made any great discovery of his talents; but a few oracular declarations, joined with a common opinion that he was writing somewhat for posterity, compleated his reputation.

NUMBERS would have willingly depretiated his character, had not his known sobriety and reputed sense deterred them.

HE was one day overheard at his devotions, returning his most fervent thanks for some particularities in his situation which the generality of mankind would have but little regarded.

ACCEPT, said he, the gratitude of thy most humble, yet most happy creature, not for silver or gold, the tinsel of mankind, but for those amiable peculiarities which thou hast so graciously interwoven both with my fortune and my complexion: For those treasures so well adapted to that frame of mind thou hast assigned me.

THAT

MANNERS AND THINGS. 23

THAT the surname which has descended to me is liable to no pun.

THAT it runs chiefly upon vowels and liquids.

THAT I have a picturesque countenance rather than one that is esteemed of regular features.

THAT there is an intermediate hill, intercepting my view of a nobleman's seat, whose ill-obtained superiority I cannot bear to recollect.

THAT my estate is over-run with brambles, refounds with cataracts, and is beautifully varied with rocks and precipices, rather than an even cultivated spot, fertile of corn, or wine, or oil; or those kinds of productions in which the sons of men delight themselves.

THAT as thou dividest thy bounties impartially; giving riches to one, and the contempt of riches to another, so thou hast given me, in the midst of poverty, to despise the insolence of riches, and by declining all emulation that is founded upon wealth, to maintain the dignity and superiority of the muses.

THAT I have a disposition either so elevated or so ingenuous, that I can derive to myself amusement from the very expedients and contrivances with which rigorous necessity furnishes my invention.

THAT I can laugh at my own follies, foibles, and infirmities; and that I do not want infirmities to employ this disposition.

THIS poor gentleman caught cold one winter's night, as he was contemplating, by the side of a crystal stream, by moonshine. This afterwards terminated in a fever that was fatal to him. Since his death I have been favored with the inspection of his poetry of which I preserved a catalogue for the benefit of my readers.

#### OCCASIONAL POEMS.

ON his dog, that growing corpulent refused a crust when it was offered him.

To the memory of a pair of breeches that had done him excellent service.

HAVING

HAVING lost his trusty walking-staff, he complaineth.

To his mistress on her declaring that she loved parsnips better than potatoes,

ON an ear-wig that crept into a nectarin that it might be swallowed by Cloe.

ON cutting an artichoke in his garden the day that Queen Anne cut her little finger.

EPIGRAM on a wooden-peg.

ODE to the memory of the great modern—who first invented shoe-buckles.

## T H E   H E R M I T.

I N   T H E   M A N N E R   O F   C A M B R A Y.

**T**WAS in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which most reveres his deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moss: the violets refreshed by the moisture of descending rains enrich'd the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the shower was past; the sun dispersed the vapours; and the sky was clear and lucid when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixt conversation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often smiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no less, at the vulgar cast of theirs. He could never be content to pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a news-paper, or in adjusting the precise difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yesterday. In short he was not void of some ambition, but

what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averse to vindicate. As he never censured any one who indulged their humor inoffensively, so he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits which gratify'd his own. But the sentiments he entertained of honor, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned with applause the youths who by merit had arrived at station; but he thought that all should in life's visit leave some token of their existence, and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity.

THERE were few, he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would at least be honoured by their descendents, although they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favor.

What



WHAT a lustre, said he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walsingham, cast upon their remotest progeny? and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere carcase of nobility? Yet wherever superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return.

POLYDORE, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild un-inhabited country, was now ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landkip. Fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But these indeed were much less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and spires that were almost concealed by one undistinguished azure. The sea indeed appeared to close the scene, tho' distant as it was it but little variegated the view. Hardly indeed were it distinguishable but for the beams of a descending sun, which at the same time warned our traveller to return, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

HE

HE had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with shunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as possible to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following. Father, says he, it is with no small surprize, that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, which would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as to a person so contemplative, must appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks 'twas probable you would so have placed it, as to present them, in all their beauty, to your eye.

THE Hermit made him this answer. My son, says he, the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my story, did I not imagine the

moon would prove a safer guide to you, than that setting sun which you must otherwise rely upon. Enter therefore for a while into my cave, and I will give you then some account of my adventures which will solve your doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propose. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the use of meditation, dare to contemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself worthy of the being I contemplate.

KNOW then, that I owe what the world is pleased to call my ruin (and indeed justly, were it not for the use which I have made of it) to an assured dependence, in a literal sense, upon confused and distant prospects: a consideration, which hath so indeed affected me, that I shall never henceforth enjoy a landskip that lies at so remote a distance as not to exhibit all its parts. And indeed were I to form the least pretensions to to what your world calls taste, I might even then perhaps contend that a well discriminated landskip was at all times to be preferred to a distant and promiscuous azure.

I WAS born in the Parish of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and  
my

my self were of the same age, and for some time school-fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem, and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early upon his travels, pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance; my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity "wrung from him his slow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the greater tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense, but being banished so early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their policies or manners. Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

WE were now returning home from a six year's absence; anticipating the caresses of our parents  
and

and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows.

ALAS! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive.

THE prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awake their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son's companion and his friend. What I would hope is that they will render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell. All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart; but friendship lingers long, and 'tis with tears I say farewell.—

My concern was truly so great, that, upon my arrival in my native country, it was not at all encreased by the consideration that the nobleman on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared sensibly grieved that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail me. He recommended me however to a friend of his that was then of the successful party, and who, he was assured, would, at his request, assist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which I effectually consumed upon the empty forms of court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quick succeeding one another, as superficial and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me when my second patron dyed. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished indeed I had retreated sooner, but to retire at last unrecompenced, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution.

HOWEVER after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions upon each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed open all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendor which was grown familiar to me, and for fervility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated however for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a small paternal income, not indeed intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged. I thought to content myself with common necessaries, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity, but to avoid all appearance of singularity. But alas! to my great surprize, the person who supplied my expences had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were discharged, I was unable to subsist in any better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in  
my

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 35

my present way of life : I cultivate a few vegetables to support me, and the little well there is a very clear one. I am now an useless individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to shame and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are indeed something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun, but as to extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease is at least the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one.

Yet will I not permit you to depart from an hermit without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very post I had all my life-time been solicitous to procure.



## On Distinctions, Orders, and Dignities.

**T**HE subject turned upon the nature of societies, ranks, orders, and distinctions, amongst men.

A GENTLEMAN of spirit, and of the popular faction, had been long declaiming against any kind of honours that tended to elevate a body of people into a distinct species from the rest of the nation. Particularly titles and blue ribbands were the object of his indignation. They were, as he pretended, too invidious an ostentation of superiority, to be allowed in any nation that styled itself free. Much was said upon the subject of appearances so far as they were countenanced by law or custom. The bishop's lawn; the marshal's truncheon; the baron's robe; and the judge's peruke, were considered only as necessary substitutes, where genuine purity, real courage, native dignity, and suitable penetration were wanting to compleat the characters of those to whom they were assigned.

IT was urged that policy had often effectually made it a point to dazzle in order to enslave; and instances were brought of groundless distinctions born about in the glare of day by certain persons, who, being stripped of them, would be less esteemed than the meanest plebeian.

HE acknowledged, indeed, that kings, the fountains of all political honor, had hitherto shewn no complaisance to that sex whose softer dispositions rendered them more excusably fond of such peculiarities.

THAT in favor of the ladies, he should esteem himself sufficiently happy in the honor of inventing one order, which should be styled The most powerful order of beauties.

THAT their number in Great Britain should be limited to five thousand; the dignity for ever to be conferred by the queen alone, who should be styled sovereign of the order, and the rest the companions.

THAT the installment should be rendered a thousand times more ceremonious, the dresses more superb,

and the plumes more enormous than those already in use amongst the companions of the garter.

THAT the distinguishing badge of this order should be an artificial nosegay; to be worn on the left breast, consisting of a lilly and a rose, the proper emblems of complexion, and intermixed with a branch of myrtle, the tree sacred to Venus.

THAT instead of their shields being affixed to the stalls appointed for this order, there should be a gallery erected to receive their pictures at full length. Their portraits to be taken by four painters of the greatest eminence, and he whose painting was preferred, to be styled A knight of the rose and lilly.

THAT when any person addressed a letter to a lady of this order, the style should always be To the Right beautiful Miss or Lady such-a-one.

HE seemed for some time undetermined whether they should forfeit their title upon marriage; but at length, for many reasons, proposed it should be continued to them.

AND

AND thus far the gentleman proceeded in his harangue; when it was objected that the queen, unless she unaccountably chose to mark out game for her husband, could take no sort of pleasure in conferring this honor where it was most due: That as ladies grew in years, this epithet of beautifull would burlesque them; and, in short, that, considering the frailty of beauty, there was no lasting compliment that could be bestowed upon it.

At this the orator smiled; and acknowledged it was true: But asked at the same time, why it was more absurd to style a lady right beautifull, in the days of her deformity, than to term a peer right honorable when he grew a scandal to mankind?

THAT this was sometimes the case, he said, was not to be disputed; because titles have been sometimes granted to a worthless son, in consequence of a father's enormous wealth most unjustly acquired. And few had ever surpassed in villainy the right honorable the earl of A—.

THE company was a little surprized at the sophistry of our declaimant. However, it was replied to, by a person present, that lord A——'s title being fictitious, no one ought to instance him to the disadvantage of the p—rage, who had, strictly speaking, never been of that number,

## ON the same SUBJECT.

**T**H E declaimant, I before mentioned, continued his harangue. There are, said he, certain epithets which so frequently occur, that they are the less considered; and which are seldom or never examined, on account of the many opportunities of examination that present themselves.

OF this kind is the word Gentleman. This word, on it's first introduction, was given, I suppose, to freemen in opposition to vassals; these being the two classes into which the nation was once divided\*. The freeman was he, who was possessed of land, and could therefore subsist without manual labor; the vassal, he, who tenanted the land, and was obliged to his thane for the necessaries of life. The different manners, we may presume, that sprung from their different situations and connexions occasioned the

\* As the author is not writing a treatise on the feudal law, but a moral essay, any little inaccuracies, it is to be hoped, will be over-looked by those, who, from several late treatises on this subject, might expect great exactness and precision in a serious discussion of this point.

one to be denominated a civilized or gentle personage; and the other to obtain the name of a mere rustic or villain.

BUT upon the publication of crusades, the state of things was considerably altered: It was then that every freeman distinguished the shield which he wore with some painted emblem or device; and this, in order that his fellow-combatants might attribute to him his proper applause, which, upon account of similar accoutrements, might be otherwise subject to misapplication.

UPON this there arose a distinction betwixt freeman and freeman. All which had served in those religious wars continued the use of their first devices, but all devices were not illustrated by the same pretensions to military glory.

HOWEVER these campaigns were discontinued; Fresh families sprung up; who, without any pretence to mark themselves with such devices as these holy combatants, were yet as desirous of respect, of estimation, of distinction. It would be tedious enough to trace the steps by which money establishes even absurdity. A court of heraldry sprung up to supply the place of crusade exploits,

## MANNERS, AND THINGS. 43

exploits, to grant imaginary shields and trophies to families that never wore real armour, and it is but of late that it has been discovered to have no real jurisdiction.

YET custom is not at once overthrown; and he is even now deemed a gentleman who has arms recorded in the Herald's office, and at the same time follows none, except a liberal employment.

ALLOWING this distinction, it is obvious to all who consider, that a churlish, morose, illiterate clown; a lazy, beggarly, sharpening vagabond; a stupid, lubberly, inactive sot, or pick-pocket, nay even an highwayman, may be nevertheless a gentleman as by law established. In short, that the definition, may, together with others, include also the filth, the scum, and the dregs of the creation.

BUT do we not appear to disallow this account, when we say "such or such an action was not done in a gentleman-like manner." "Such usage was not the behavior of a gentleman," and so forth. We seem thus to insinuate that the appellation of gentleman regards morals as well as family;



#### 44    E S S A Y S   O N   M E N,

family; and that integrity, politeness, generosity, and affability, have the truest claim to a distinction of this kind. Whence then shall we suppose was derived this contradiction? Shall we say that the plebeians, having the virtues on their side, by degrees removed this appellation from the basis of family to that of merit; which they esteemed, and not unjustly, to be the true and proper pedestal? This the gentry will scarce allow. Shall we then insist that every thing great and god-like was heretofore the achievement of the gentry? But this, perhaps, will not obtain the approbation of the commoners.

To reconcile the difference, let us suppose the denomination may belong equally to two sorts of men. The one, what may be styled a gentleman *de jure*, viz. a man of generosity, politeness, learning, taste, genius, or affability; in short, accomplished in all that is splendid, or endeared to us by all that is amiable on the one side; and on the other, a gentleman *de facto*, or what, to English readers, I would term a gentleman as by law established.

As to the latter appellation, what is really essential, or, as logicians would say, “*quarto modo proprium*”, is a real, or at least a specious claim

## MANNERS, AND THINGS. 45

to the inheritance of certain coat-armour from a second or more distant ancestor; and this unstained by any mechanical or illiberal employment.

WE may discover, on this state of the case, that, however material a difference this distinction supposes, yet it is not wholly impracticable for a gentleman de jure, to render himself in some sort a gentleman de facto. A certain sum of money, deposited in the hands of my good friends Norroy or Rouge-dragon, will convey to him a coat of arms descending from as many ancestors as he pleases. On the other hand, the gentleman de facto may become a gentleman also de jure, by the acquisition of certain virtues, which are rarely all of them unattainable. The latter, I must acknowledge, is the more difficult task; at least we may daily discover crowds acquire sufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that possess the virtues which ennoble human nature, and (in the best sense of the word) constitute a GENTLEMAN.

A C H A-

## A   C   H   A   R   A   C   T   E   R.

—**H**E was a youth so amply furnished with every excellence of mind, that he seemed alike capable of acquiring or disregarding the goods of fortune. He had indeed all the learning and erudition that can be derived from universities, without the pedantry and ill manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the most intense assiduity, he possessed by nature; I mean that elegance of taste, which disposed him to admire beauty under its great variety of appearances. It passed not unobserved by him either in the cut of a sleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a statue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower afforded him sensations of beauty; that beauty which inferior genius's are taught coldly to distinguish; or to discern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the student; who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character that could obscure so great accomplishments, beside the want, the total want, of a desire to exhibit them. Through  
 this

this it came to pass, that what would have raised another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him passed over unregarded. For, in respect to ordinary observers, it is requisite to lay some stress yourself, on what you intend should be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in some degree diminished his knowledge of the world; or, rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary conversation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with sentiment, the usual fault of rigid students; and this he would in some degree have regulated better, did not the universality of his genius, together with the method of his education, so largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardness (since his modesty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of brocade, whose turgescency indeed constitutes, and is inseparable from its value. He gave delight by an happy boldness in the extirpation of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humourously ridicule: And he had such entire possession of the hearts, as well as understandings of his friends, that he could soon make the most surprizing paradoxes believed and well-accepted. His image, like that

of a fovereign, could give an additional value to the most precious ore ; and we no fooner believed our eyes, that it was he who fpake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to fay. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talents of rendering the greateft virtues un-envied : Whereas the latter fhone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable : I mean in regard to thofe few he had to exercife his fkill.

N. B. This was written, in an extempore-manner, on my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

## O N R E S E R V E.

A F R A G M E N T.

**T**AKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following observation. There is not, says he, any one quality so inconsistent with respect, as what is commonly called familiarity. You do not find one in fifty whose regard is proof against it. At the same time it is hardly possible to insist upon such a deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be supported by common sense. Thus much at least is evident, that your demands will be so successful, as to procure a greater share than if you had made no such demand. I may frankly own to you, Leander, that I frequently derived uneasiness from a familiarity with such persons as despised every thing they could obtain with ease. Were it not better, therefore, to be somewhat frugal of our affability, at least to allot it only to the few persons of discernment who can make the proper distinction betwixt real dignity and pretended: To neglect those characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are at the same time very far from familiarity-proof: To have posthumous fame in

view, which affords us the most pleasing landskip : To enjoy the amusements of reading, and the consciousness that reading paves the way to general esteem : To preserve a constant regularity of temper, and also of constitution, for the most part but little consistent with a promiscuous intercourse with men : To shun all illiterate, though ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present, and upon reflexion painful : To meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted : To partake with such a friend as you, the delights of a studious and rational retirement — Are not these the paths that lead to happiness ?

IN answer to this (for he seemed to feel some late mortification) I observed, that what we lost by familiarity in respect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured ; and that an absolute solitude was so very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from society, but for a single fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar that he saw.

WHAT follows were thoughts thrown out in our further discourse upon the subject ; without  
order

order or connexion, as they occur to my remembrance.

SOME reserve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good-nature.

THERE would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest: Yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

IT is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine: And such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not see the bounds. This, as Mr. Burke ingeniously observes, affords the pleasure when we survey a Cylinder \*. And Sir John Suckling says,

\* Treatise of the sublime and beautiful.



THEY who know all the wealth they have,  
are poor;  
He's only rich who cannot tell his store.

A PERSON that would secure to himself great  
deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by silence,  
as effectually as by any thing he can say.

To be, however, a niggard of one's observations,  
is so much worse than to hoard up one's money,  
as the former may be both imparted and  
retained at the same time.

MEN oftentimes pretend to proportion their  
respect to real desert; but a supercilious reserve  
and distance wears them into a compliance with  
more. This appears so very manifest to many  
persons of the lofty character, that they use no  
better means to acquire respect than like highway-  
men to make a demand of it. They will, like  
Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than be-  
tray the mortal part of their character.

It is from the same principle of distance that  
nations are brought to believe that their great  
duke knoweth all things; as is the case in some  
countries.

MEN

MEN, while no human form or fault they see,  
 Excuse the want of ev'n humanity;  
 And eastern kings, who vulgar view disdain,  
 Require no worth to fix their awful reign.  
 You cannot say in truth what may disgrace 'em,  
 You know in what predicament to place 'em.  
 Alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,  
 Ev'n virtue charms us less than vice conceal'd!  
 For some small worth he had, the man was  
                   priz'd,  
 He added frankness—and he grew despis'd.

WE want comets, not ordinary planets:  
 "Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum."

TERENCE.

HUNC cœlum, & stellas, & decedentia certis  
 Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ,  
                   imbuti spectent.

VIRTUES, like essences, lose their fragrance  
 when exposed. They are sensitive plants which  
 will not bear too familiar approaches.

LET us be careful to distinguish modesty,  
 which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only

prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion.

WHAT is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

THE reserved man's intimate acquaintance are, for the most part, fonder of him, than the persons of a more affable character, i. e. he pays them a greater compliment, than the other can do his, as he distinguishes them more.

IT is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

THE most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet, and eat a mess of rice together.

THE man of shew is vain: The reserved man is proud more properly. The one has  
greater

greater depth, the other a more lively imagination—The one is more frequently respected, the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato: the other a Cæsar. Vide Sallust.

WHAT Cæsar said of Rubicundos amo; palidos timeo; may be applied to familiarity, and to reserve.

A RESERVED man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good speech: And I believe sometimes proceeds so far as to leave company, because he has made one. Yet it is his fate often, like the mole, to imagine himself deep when he is near the surface.

WERE it prudent to decline this reserve, and this horror of disclosing foibles: To give up a part of character to secure the rest? The world will certainly insist upon having some part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out some follies to the envious: As we give up counters to an highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to save one's money and one's ship: To let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can escape being stabbed in the heart.

THE reserved man should drink double  
glasses.

PRUDENT men lock up their motives, letting  
familiar have a key to their heart, or to their  
garden.

A RESERVED man is in continual conflict with  
the social part of his nature; and even grudges  
himself the laugh into which he sometimes is  
betrayed.

“ Seldom he smiles —

“ And smiles in such a sort as he disdained

“ Himself — that could be moved to smile at  
“ any thing —

“ A FOOL and his words are soon parted;” for  
so should the proverb run.

COMMON understandings, like cuts in gardening,  
allow no shades to their picture.

MODESTY often passes for errant haughtiness;  
as what is deemed spirit in an horse proceeds  
from fear.

THE higher character a person supports, the  
more he should regard his minutest actions.

THE reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be admitted into company.

RESERVE is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church-organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature\*.

\* THESE were no other than a collection of hints, when I proposed to write a poetical essay on Reserve.

## O N   E X T E R N A L   F I G U R E,

**T**H E R E is a young gentleman in my parish, who, on account of his superior equipage, is esteemed universally more proud and more haughty than his neighbours. 'Tis frequently hinted, that he is by no means entitled to so splendid an appearance, either by his birth, his station, or his fortune; and that it is, of consequence, mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondness for external splendor, he is a most affable and ingenious man; and for this reason I am inclined to vindicate him, when these things are mentioned to his disadvantage.

I N the first place, it is by no means clear, that dress and equipage are sure signs of pride. Where it is joined with a supercilious behaviour, it becomes then a corroborative testimony. But this is not always the case: The refinements of luxury in equipage or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of fancy, as the consequence of an ambition to surpass and eclipse our equals. Whoever thinks that taste has nothing to do here,

I

must

must confine the expression to improper limits; assuredly imagination may find it's account in them, wholly independent of worldly homage and considerations more invidious.

IN the warmth of friendship for this gentleman, I am sometimes prompted to go further. I insist, it is not birth or fortune only that give a person claim to a splendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications in which my friend is acknowledged to have a share.

I HAVE sometimes urged that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or sciences, are a more reasonable authority for a splendid appearance than those which are commonly presumed to be so. That there is something more personal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune will not be denied: and surely there ought to be some proportion observed betwixt the case and the thing enclosed. The propensity of rich and worthless people to appear with a splendour upon all occasions, puts one in mind of the country shop-keeper who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. 'Tis not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you see a piece of candle honored with a crown,

I HAVE



I HAVE generally considered those as privileged people, who are able to support the character they assume. Those who are incapable of shinning, but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast betwixt them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage. 'Tis on this account I have sometimes observed with pleasure some noblemen of immense fortune to dress exceedingly plain.

IF dress be only allowable to persons of family, it may then be considered as a sort of family-livery, and Jack the groom may with equal justice pride himself upon the gawdy wardrobe his master gives him. Nay more—For a gentleman, before he hire a servant, will require some testimony of his merit; whereas the master challenges his own right to splendour, tho' possessed of no merit at all.

UPON my present scheme of dress, it may seem to answer some very good purposes. It is then established on the same foundation, as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dress were only authorized in men of ingenuity, we should find many aiming at the previous merit, in hopes of  
the

## MANNERS, AND THINGS. 61

the subsequent distinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and garter would one never knighted: And men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat, or a gold snuff-box, as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should not esteem a man a coxcomb for his dress, till, by frequent conversation, we discovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a bon mot, the gold upon his coat would seem foreign to his circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress, till he could give an account of the best French authors; and should be versed in all the oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond.

It may be urged, that men of the greatest merit may not be able to shew it in their dress, on account of their slender income. But here it should be considered that another part of the world would find their equipage so much reduced by a sumptuary law of this nature, that a very moderate degree of splendour would distinguish them more than a greater does at present.

WHAT

WHAT I propose however upon the whole is, that men of merit should be allowed to dress in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in so doing: As a nobleman lays aside his garter, when he sees no valuable consequence in the discovery of his quality.

A CHA-

## A CHARACTER.

“ Animæ nil magnæ laudis egentes.”

**T**HERE is an order of persons in the world whose thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects present themselves, their observations are as uniform, as though they were the consequence of instinct. There is nothing places these men in a more insignificant point of light, than a comparison of their ideas with the refinements of some great genius. I shall only add, by way of reflexion, that it is people of this stamp, that, together with the soundest health, often enjoy the greatest equanimity: their passions, like dull steeds, being the least apt to endanger, or misguide them: yet such is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with most discretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greatest impediment.

I WAS taking a view of Westminster abby, with an old gentleman of exceeding honesty, but the same degree of understanding, as that I have described.

THERE

THERE had nothing passed in our way thither, beside the customary salutations, and an endeavour to decide with accuracy upon the present temperature of the weather. On passing over the threshold, he observed with an air of thoughtfulness, that it was a brave antient place.

I TOLD him, I thought there was none more suitable, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the ashes of men that had acquired a greater share of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not seem to comprehend me.

SILENCE ensued for many minutes; when having had time to reflect upon the monuments of men famous in their generations, he stood collected in himself; assuring me “there was no fort of excellence could exempt a man from death.”

I APPLAUDED the justice of his observation; and said, it was not only my present opinion, but had been so for a number of years. “Right,” says he, “and for my own part I seldom love to publish my remarks upon a subject, till I have  
“ had

“ had them confirmed to me by a long course of  
“ experience.”

THIS last maxim, somewhat beyond his usual depth, occasioned a silence of some few minutes. The spring had been too much bent to recover immediately its wonted vigour. We had taken some few turns, up and down the left hand ayle, when he caught sight of a monument somewhat larger than the rest, and more calculated to make impression upon an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it was raised to an ancestor of the D. of Newcastle. “ Well,” says he, with an air of cunning, “ this is indeed a fine piece of work-  
“ manship; but I cannot conceive this finery is  
“ of any signification to the person buried there.” I told him, I thought not, and that, under a notion of respect to the deceased, people were frequently imposed upon by their own pride and affectation.

WE were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had just perused enough to inform him that he was an eminent physician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as tho’ some important discovery had struck his fancy on a sudden. I listened to him with attention, till I found him labour-

ing to insinuate that physicians themselves could not save their lives when their time was come.

HE had not proceeded many steps from it before he beckoned to our Cicero. "Friend," says he, pointing with his cane, "how long has that gentleman been dead?" The man set him right in that particular; after which putting on a woeful countenance, "Well," says he, "to behold how fast time flies away! 'Tis but a small time to look back upon, since he and I met at the Devil \*. Alas," continued he, "we shall never do so again:" Indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave.

THIS old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or of pain. His chief delights indeed were sensual, but those of the less vigorous kind, an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bostock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was

\* A well known tavern near Temple Bar.

a little exuberant in the praises of this noble cathartick. But his distemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as this precluding the use of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a most considerate person. I find by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an aversion to much reflexion in himself, but endeavoured to provide against it in succeeding generations.

I HAVE heard that he sometimes boasted that he was a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.



## AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

**I**T is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed, has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms, where it is most essentially interwoven with their religion.

THE same credulity which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason; and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

IT may be natural enough to suppose that a belief of this kind might spread in the days of popish infatuation. A belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

BUT whence comes it that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? Men neither liable to be deceived themselves,  
nor

nor to be suspected of an inclination to deceive others, though it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even though it were their inclination.

HERE seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition.

I GO upon a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the arguments sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here, should mean the living person; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him, that either strikes our senses, or our imagination.

SUPPOSING no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased? Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects of the imagination.

PERSONS after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their  
sleep,

sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations, as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses.

I HAVE mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or cronical, have impressed their object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence,

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? Imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could have portrayed them! And how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

SOME of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

THE gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it,

THE passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife for long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who dyed at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser, that is lost.—The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living,

BUT, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reason, why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious, confirmed an absurdity.

SUPPOSING then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government :

ment: Is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases.

SUCH appears, to me at least, to be the true existence of apparitions.

THE reasons against any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow.

THEY are, I think, never seen by day; and darkness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person: which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal.

THEY have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned, were their existence real, for so great a change as their discontinuance?

THE

THE cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century; the notion of ghosts has been, together, exploded: A reason why the imagination should be less prone to conceive them; but not a reason why they themselves should cease.

MOST of those, who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other respects; of enthusiastick imaginations, or strong passions which are the consequence; or else have allowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

SOME few instances may be supposed, where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasms to those that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes at least equal to that of a white-horse for a winding sheet.

To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it, is to keep a  
strict

strict guard over our passions — To avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-house; and by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common-sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well regulated imagination.

## ON CARDS. A FRAGMENT.

\*\*\*\* WE had passed our evening with some certain persons famous for their taste, their learning, and refinement: But, as ill luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the rest, had contrived to put themselves upon a level by introducing A GAME AT CARDS,

'TIS a sign, said he, the world is far gone in absurdity, or surely the fashion of cards could be accounted no small one. Is it not surprizing that men of sense should submit to join in this idle custom, which appears originally invented to supply it's deficiency? But such is the fatality! imperfections give rise to fashions; and are followed by those who do not labour under the defects that introduced them. Nor is the hoop the only instance of a fashion invented by those who found their account in it; and afterwards countenanced by others to whose figure it was prejudicial.

How



How can men who value themselves upon their reflexions, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking?

I INTIMATED the old allusion of the bow that acquires fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

HE answered, this might be applicable, provided I could shew, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it, the profit and the pleasure.

CARDS, if one may guess from their first appearance, seem invented for the use of children; and, among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bells, the whistle, the rattle, and the hobby-horse, deserved their share of commendation. By degrees, men, who came nearest to children in understanding, and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them as a suitable entertainment. Others also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knott of villains encreased the party; who

• regardless

## MANNERS, AND THINGS. 77

regardless of that entertainment which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute to robbing on the road, or picking pockets. But men who propose to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? For difficult indeed were it to determine, whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among persons of character.

PERHAPS, replied I, your men of wit and fancy may favour this diversion, as giving occasion for the crop of jest and witticism, which naturally enough arises from the names and circumstances of the cards.

HE said he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves.

IN short, says he, as persons of ability are capable of furnishing out a much more agreeable entertainment, when a gentleman offers

me cards, I shall esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense nor fancy.

I A S K E D how much he had lost — His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and that to the loss of a conversation, for which he would have given twenty.

## O N H Y P O C R I S Y .

WERE hypocrites to pretend to no uncommon sanctity, their want of merit would be less discoverable. But pretensions of this nature bring their characters upon the carpet. Those who endeavour to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract the eyes of it. A small blemish is more easily discoverable in them, and more justly ridiculous than a much greater in their neighbours. A small blemish also presents a clue, which very often conducts us through the most intricate mazes and dark recesses of their character.

NOTWITHSTANDING the evidence of this, how often do we see pretence cultivated in proportion as virtue is neglected! As religion sinks in one scale, pretence is exalted in the other.

PERHAPS there is not a more effectual key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a censorious temper. The man possessed of real virtue, knows the difficulty of attaining it; and is, of course, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in the pursuit. The  
hypo-

hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is less induced to pity those who desert it for the flowery one. He exposes the unhappy victim without compunction, and even with a kind of triumph; not considering that vice is the proper object of compassion; or that propensity to censure is almost a worse quality than any it can expose.

CLELIA was born in England, of Romish parents, about the time of the revolution. She seemed naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as naturally averse to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Persons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty sued to her; nor had she any reason to quarrel with love for the shapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and she seemed resolved to pass her days in all the austerities of the most rigid convent. To this purpose she sought out an abbess that presided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a small community, particularly remarkable for  
extra-

extraordinary instances of self-denial. The abbess herself exhibited a person in which chastity appeared indeed not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before she went to preside over this little society. Her virtues were indeed such as she thought most convenient to her circumstances. Her fasts were the effect of avarice, and her devotions of the spleen. She considered the cheapness of house-keeping, as the great reward of piety, and added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. She knew sack-cloth to be cheaper than brocade, and ashes, than sweet powder.

HER heart sympathized with every cup that was broken, and she instituted a fast for each domestick misfortune. She had converted her larder into a study, and the greater part of her library consisted of manuals for fasting-days. By these arts, and this way of life, she seemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate desires, as the persons might be supposed to do who were favored with her smiles, or her conversation.

To this lady was Clelia admitted, and after the year of probation assumed the veil.

AMONG many others who had solicited her notice, before she became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young physician of great learning and ingenuity. His personal accomplishments were at least equal to those of any of his rivals, and his passion was superior. He urged in his behalf all that wit, inspired by fondness, and recommended by person, dress, and equipage, could insinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at solicitations with which she resolved never to comply, and which she found so difficult to evade.

BUT Clelia now had assumed the veil, and Leander was the most miserable of mortals. He had not so high an opinion of his fair one's sanctity and zeal, as some other of her admirers: But he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irresistible. His extravagant passion had produced in him a jealousy that was not easily eluded.

“ At regina dolos —

“ Quid non sentit amor ?”

HE

HE had observed his mistress go more frequently to her confessor, a young and blooming ecclesiastic, than was, perhaps, necessary for so much apparent purity, or, as he thought, consistent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect upon Leander. His suspicions were by no means lessened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar supplied a confessional chair.

IT happened that Leander was brought to the abbess in the capacity of a physician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate.

SHE, quite shocked at his appearance, burst out into a sudden rage, inveighing bitterly against his presumption, and calling loudly on the name of the blessed virgin and the holy friar. The convent was, in short, alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified till the good man was called, in order to allay, by suitable applications, the emotions raised by this unexpected interview.



LEANDER grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communications which passed between Clelia and the friar. This, however, he did not think himself fully warranted to disclose, till an accident, of a singular nature, gave him an opportunity of receiving more ample testimony.

THE confessor had a favorite spaniel, which he had lost for some time, and was informed at length that he was killed, at a village in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad. The friar was at first not much concerned; but in a little time recollected that the dog had snapped his fingers the very day before his elopement. A physician's advice was thought expedient on the occasion, and Leander was the next physician. He told him with great frankness, that no prescription he could write, had the sanction of so much experience as immersion in sea-water. The friar, therefore, the next day set forward upon his journey, while Leander, not without a mischievous kind of satisfaction, conveys the following lines to Clelia.

My

“ My charming CLELIA,

“ THOUGH I yet love you to distraction, I  
 “ cannot but suspect that you have granted  
 “ favors to your confessor, which you might,  
 “ with greater innocence, have granted to Le-  
 “ ander. All I have to add is this, that a-  
 “ morous intercourses of this nature, which  
 “ you have enjoyed with friar Laurence, put  
 “ you under the like necessity with him of seek-  
 “ ing a remedy in the ocean.

“ Adieu ! LEANDER !”

IMAGINE Clelia guilty, and then imagine her confusion. To rail was insignificant, and to blame her physician was absurd, when she found herself under a necessity of pursuing his advice. The whole society was made acquainted with the journey she was undertaking, and the causes of it. It were uncharitable to suppose the whole community under the same constraint with the unhappy Clelia. However, the greater part thought it decent to attend her. Some went as her companions, some for exercise, some for amusement, and the abbess herself as guardian

of her train, and concerned in her society's misfortunes.

WHAT use Leander made of his discovery is not known. Perhaps when he had been successful in banishing the hypocrite, he did not shew himself very sollicitous in his endeavors to reform the sinner.

N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the salt-water.

## O N V A N I T Y.

**H**ISTORY preserves the memory of empires and of states, with which it necessarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and statesmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewise other subordinate testimonies, which serve to perpetuate, at least prolong, the memories of men, whose characters and stations give them no claim to a place in story. For instance, when a person fails of making that figure in the world, which he makes in the eyes of his own relations or himself, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilst he is living, or with an inscription upon his monument after his decease. Inscriptions have been so fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beside elegance of style. To inveigh against the writers, for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character — But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who bespeaks them, are taught now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

FALSEHOODS upon a tomb or monument may be intitled to some excuse in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man who through an idle vanity suffers his features to be bely'd or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be said to lose his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to bely his dress, he seems to transfer his claim to the man with whose station his assumed trappings are connected.

I REMEMBER a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three night's harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigie, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to his instrument

to be eternized in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns himself with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lye to posterity.

THE absurdity of this is evident, if a person assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but station may be falsified by other decorations, as well as these.

BUT I am driven into this grave discourse, on a subject, perhaps, not very important, by a real fit of spleen. I this morning saw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expence, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprized at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

— Gaudent prænominē molles  
Auriculæ —

IT is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a person upon a journey, to know the appellations with which it is proper to address those  
he

he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of use to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to those who do not know the country. It may not be indeed imprudent to accost a passenger with a title superior to what he may appear to claim. This will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his countenance; and be, perhaps, a method of securing you from any mistake of greater importance.

I WAS led into these observations by some sollicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in these peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed in books, than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had passed a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, by help of the manifold instructions that had been given me on my setting out. At length being something dubious concerning my way, I met a person, whom, from his nightcap and several domestic parts of dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His station of life appeared to me, to be what we call a gentleman-farmer; a sort of subaltern character; in respect of which, the  
world

world seems not invariably determined. It is in short what King Charles the Second esteemed the happiest of all stations; superior to the toilsome task and ridiculous dignity of constable; and as much inferior to the intricate practice and invidious decisions of a justice of peace. "Honest man," says I, "be so good as to inform me whether I am in the way to Mirlington?" He replied, with a sort of surliness, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much disgust, as though I had called him rogue or rascal.

I DID not readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, but proceeded on my way with hopes, to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dressed in all the pride of rural spruceness; and, beside him, walked a girl in a dress agreeable to that of her companion. As I presumed him by no means averse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mistress, I supposed a compliment might not be disagreeable; and enquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of "Honesty." The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeas'd with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face (which I was well assured could



be no guide to me) and that other parts would follow of consequence.

THE next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas, and saluting him by the name of Sir, desired to obtain some insight into my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me ample instructions for the rest of my journey.

I PASSED on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one founded on merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sundial in his garden. "Friend," says I, "will you tell me what a clock it is?" He made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper, as with the confidence I placed in his—The refusal of an answer in this case, was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of Dame; and withal wished her a good night.

BUT

BUT, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age. But it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both.

I HAD by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet further means of conviction. I was exposed to the danger of three quicksands, by calling a girl "sweetheart", instead of madam; and was within a foot of rushing down a precipice, by calling another, "Forfooth," who might easily have told me how to avoid it.

IN short, I found myself well or ill used, as I happened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the last part of my stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled by land-floods, that the proper way through it was undistinguishable. A well-dressed gentleman was passing a bridge on my  
left-

left-hand. It was here of much importance for me to succeed in my enquiry. I was, therefore, meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations; and at last besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of "Honest Friend." He was not seemingly so much pleased, as I assured myself he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps (out of the path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong in the brook; and my late honest friend in a laughter at our downfall.

I MADE a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse, and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you, on some future occasion. In the mean time, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, when there is no one so inconsiderable, but there is also a mind that it can influence.

WHEN you reflect upon this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend ———  
who,

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 95

who, you tell me, is now trafficking for this species of dignity.

LEARN to be wise then from others' harm; and do not forget to observe decorum, on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not chuse to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do, with sincerity and truth. Remember,

“ Malè si palpere, recalcitrat.”

O N   M O D E S T Y   A N D  
I M P U D E N C E.

**W**HEN a man of genius does not print, he discovers himself by nothing more than by his abilities in dispute. However let him shew solidity in his opinions, together with ease, elegance, and vivacity in his expressions, yet if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he shall be judged inferior in other respects. I mean he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to select judges, they will form their opinions by another scale: with these, a single epistle, penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit, than an hundred defects in his conversation will demonstrate the reverse.

'Tis true there is nothing displays a genius, I mean a quickness of genius, more than a dispute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre. But perhaps the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular.

BASHFULNESS is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance: and  
4
impudence

impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity. On this account the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagonist, as a race-horse, carrying a small weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: modesty, like the weight to which I allude, not suffering its owner to exert his real strength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without lett or impediment.

It may be urged, and justly enough, that 'tis common to be partial to the modest man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any restraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But indeed this can only happen, where it meets with the most ingenious judges. Otherwise a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant side is generally best accommodated.

IN order to put these antagonists upon a somewhat more equal footing, I have invented the following instrument; for the sole structure and sale of which, I am not without hopes of procuring a patent. What I mean, is an artificial laughter. There are few so little conversant in toys, but must have seen instruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The

quail-pipe is brought to such perfection as even to delude the very species. The cuckow has been mimicked with no less accuracy. Would it not then be an easy matter to represent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itself something artificial; and is not more affected than it is particular. For the convenience of the person that bears it, it's dimensions should be so contrived as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not seem feasible, that a laughter of this kind may be brought to answer every purpose of that noise which it resembles? If there be occasion for an expletive, let the owner seek it in his fobb; as his antagonist would find his account in a loud oath or an empty pun. If there be need of a good founding cadence at the close of a common period, it may not be amiss to harmonize a sentence by what may be called a finishing-stroke. This instrument is so contrived as to produce all the variety of an human laugh; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your subject, nor the wit or humour of a repartee, but by the disposition of the company, and the proper minute for such an interlude. But to become a master of the said machine, let the candidate for applause frequent the company of vociferous disputants; among whom he may soon learn how to perform a conversation.

ONE or two of these instruments I have already finished, though not indeed to the perfection, at which I expect they may soon arrive. A gentleman visited me t'other day who has the justest claim that can be, to the use of them; having nothing in his character that can obscure the greatest merit, but the greatest modesty. I communicated my invention, desiring him to make trial of it, on the first occasion. He did so, and when I saw him next, gave me leave to publish the following account of it's efficacy in my next advertisement. The first time I employed it, said my friend, was in a sort of controversy with a beau; who had contrived means by the use of his snuff-box, to supply both want of language and of thought. In this manner he prolonged his argument; and really to the company, which consisted of ladies, discovered more sagacity without thinking, than I could do by it's assistance. I bethought myself immediately of your instrument, and had recourse to it. I observed in what part of his discourse he most employed his fingers, and had suddenly recourse to mine, with equal emphasis, and significancy. The art was not discovered, ere I had routed my antagonist; having seated myself in a dark corner, where my operations were not discernible. I observed, that



as he found himself more closely pressed, he grew more and more assiduous in his application to his snuff-box, much as an otter closely pursued is forced to throw up bubbles that show his distress. I therefore discovered gradually less and less occasion for speaking; and for thinking, none at all. I played only a flourish in answer to the argument at his finger's ends; and after a while found him as mortal in this part as in any other. When his cause was just expiring, after a very long pursuit, and many fruitless turnings and evasions in the course of it, I founded my instrument with as much alacrity, as a huntsman does his horn on the death of an hare.

THE next whom I engaged was a more formidable disputant; and I own with a sense of gratitude that your instrument alone could render me a match for him. His strength of argument was his strength of lungs; and he was, unquestionably, an able antagonist. However, if your machine put me upon a par with him, I think I may say without vanity, that in point of reason, I had the upper hand. I shall only add that as it was habitual for him to answer arguments by vociferation, so it became needless for me to give him any answer of a better kind.

THUS

THUS far my friend : I do not question but there will appear artists, that shall undertake to instruct the diffident, the submissive, and the bashfull, how to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and risible musick : and as there is a kind of humorous laughter, which draws all others into it's own vortex, I need not here assert that I would have this branch very much inculcated.

NEITHER is this instrument of importance in dispute alone, or controversy ; but wherever one man's faculties are more prone to laughter than another's. Trifles will burst one man's sides, which will not disturb the features of another ; and a laugh one cannot join, is almost as irksome as a lamentation. 'Tis like a peal rung after a wedding ; where a whole parish shall be stunn'd with noise, because they want that occasion to rejoice, which the persons at least imagine to be their lot, that occasioned it. The sounds are pleasing to their ears, who find them conformable to their own ideas ; but those who are not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a stupefying repetition.

WHEN

WHEN therefore my mind is not in tune with another's, what strikes his, will not vibrate on mine. All I then have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; which is an operation as artificial, as the machine I have been describing,

THE actions of our lives, even those we call most important, seem as much subject to trifles, as our very lives themselves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves an equal term of life. 'Tis however in the power of the minutest accident, to shorten the one, and disconcert the other. 'Tis with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whose motion may be stopped in the midst of it's rapidity, by the interposition of straw in a particular part of them.

THE following translation from the original Spanish, will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion. Don Pedro \* \* \* \* was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. 'Twas his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to indulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happend as he one  
day

day fate in his study, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring spider. The most trivial object, (if any natural object can be termed so) served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, 'till he was lost in the excursions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived her so proper an habitation. He found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the center. He observed the road by which she sallied forth, served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength, and stability to the work within. He was at once surprized and pleased, with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification: And he often would declare it was this trivial incident, that gave him a relish for that study, which he afterwards pursued with such application, and success,

HE

HE spent in short so much time upon the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice, to compleat the fame of his abilities. That in short was his next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing, what had been so successful in imagination, and to make those mural fallies, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce by testimony of his friends his qualifications for the post he fought; and, on the first delivery of his petition to obtain preferment from the king.

THIS happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity: little agreeable to a person eager of glory, furnished with skill and conscious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and subtle passion, is often most predominant when 'tis least perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we find our reason grow subservient, and, instead of checking or contradicting, it stoops to flatter, and to authorize it. Instead of undeceiving,

ceiving, she confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds and smooths the obstructions, which it is her natural province to interpose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste encreased his sensibility; and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more visible impressions. The purest spirits are the soonest apt to take the flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his passions, seduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable schemes.

HE had in brief conceived a project, to give his master an universal monarchy, He had calculated every article, with the utmost labour and precision, and intended within a few days, to present his project to the king,

SPAIN was then in a state of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raising an immense one. 'Twere impossible to answer for the possible events, that might destroy their hopes of such an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs  
in

in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without some particular interposition of fortune, been attended with success—But fortune did not put herself to any particular trouble about the matter.

DON Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in his fields. He was promised the next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation, which might prove of so much consequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble and to overturn an ant's-nest. He cast his eyes upon the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spied the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of sentiment, to be really sorry for what he had done; and, putting himself in their condition, began to reflect upon the consequence. It might be an age, to them, ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile to find the anxiety they underwent for such perishable habitations. Yet he considered that his  
contempt

contempt was only the effect of his own superiority; and that there might be some created beings to whom his own species must appear as trifling. His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprize, with an eye to such a race of beings. He found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition and vain-glory of an ant would, to himself. How ridiculous, he said, must this republick appear to me, could I discern its actions, as it has probably many, that are analogous to those of human nature. Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand. Suppose one, that had acquired a few sands more to his portion — as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley-flour, should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals and to lord it, uncontrouled. Consider him, on this account, not contented to make use of the numerous legs with which nature has supplied him, born aloft by a couple of slaves within the hollow of an husk of wheat, five or six others, at the same time, attending solemnly upon the procession. Suppose lastly that among this people, the prime minister should persuade the rest to level war upon a neighbouring colony; and this in order to be stiled the soveraign of two hillocks, instead of one; while perhaps their  
I
present



present condition leaves them nothing to ~~with~~ beside superfluities. At the same time it is in the power of the most inconsiderable among mankind, nay of any species of animals superior to their own, to destroy at once the minister and the people altogether; This is doubtless very ridiculous, yet this is doubtless my own case; in respect of many subordinate beings, and very certainly of the supreme one. Farewell then ye air-built citadels! Farewell visions of un-solid glory! Don Pedro will seek no honour of so equivocal an acceptation, as to degrade his character to a superior species, in proportion as it exalts him before his own.

SEE here a just conclusion! In short, he found it so fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire: of which whimsical relation it may be well enough observed, that a spider had enslaved the world had not an ant obstructed his design.

U P O N

## UPON ENVY.

TO A FRIEND, R. G.

**W**HENCE is it, my friend, that I feel it impossible to envy you, although hereafter your qualifications may make whole millions do so? for, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more superfluous, to wish you honours to gratify your ambition, than to wish you ambition enough, to make your honours satisfactory.

IT seems an hard case that envy should be the consequence of merit, at the same time that scorn so naturally attends the want of it. 'Tis however in some measure perhaps unavoidable (and perhaps in some sense an useful) passion in all the most heroic natures; where, refined through certain strainers, it takes the name of emulation. 'Tis a pain arising in our breasts, on contemplation of the superior advantages of another: And its tendency is truly good, under some certain regulations.

ALL honour, very evidently, depends upon comparison ; and consequently the more numerous are our superiors, the smaller portion of it falls to our share. Considered relatively, we are dwarfs, or giants ; though considered absolutely, we are neither. However the love of this relative grandeur, is made a part of our natures ; and the use of emulation is to excite our diligence in pursuit of power, for the sake of beneficence. The instances of it's perversion are obvious to every one's observation. A vicious mind, instead of it's own emolument, studies the debasement of his superior. A person to please one of this cast, must needs divest himself of all usefull qualities ; and in order to be beloved, discover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the sun itself to the birds of darkness. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of men ; and suffer his satisfaction to arise in due proportion to their discontent. Their disapprobation will sufficiently influence every generous bosom in his favor ; and I would as implicitly give my applause to one whom they pull to pieces ; as the  
inhabitants

inhabitants of Pegu worship those, that have been devoured by apes.

'Tis another perversion of this passion, though of a less enormous nature, when it merely stimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinsic worth. To equal others in the useless parts of learning; to pursue riches for the sake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jockey-ship, or cunning at a bett. These and many other rivalships, answer not the genuine purposes of emulation,

I BELIEVE the passion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others excellencies. We behold a man possessed of some particular advantage, and we immediately reflect upon its deficiency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what others we have to ballance it. We envy another man's bodily accomplishments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms whether we would change situations, altogether, I fancy self-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our sentiments remain the same after such an examination, all we can justly endeavour is our own  
real

real advancement. To meditate his detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the same time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depress ourselves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth ; to riches, power, or knowledge ; only that we may rival others in beneficence.

## A V I S I O N.

**I**NGENIOUS was the device of those celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, first pretended to divine inspiration. Peace be to their manes; may the turf lie lightly on their breast; and the verdure over their grave, be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they, questionless, that a proceeding of this nature, must afford an excuse to their modesty, as well as add a weight to their instructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the histories of the best repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to surprizing lies. There was indeed necessary a degree of credit, previous to this delight; and there was necessary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But so it was, that the pleasure rose, in a proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale was founded upon a witch or an Egeria; on a rat, a pigeon, the pummel of a sword, a bloated sibyll, or a three-foot stool.

OF all writers that bear any resemblance to these originals, those who approach the nearest are such, as describe their extraordinary dreams and visions. Of ostentation we may not, peradventure, accuse them, who claim to themselves no other than the merit of spectators. Of want of abilities we must not censure them; when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a whited wall has, in those various figures, which some crafty artist represents thereon.

THE first meditation of a solitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. Hapless species, I cry'd, how very grossly art thou mistaken! How very supine, while youth permits thee to gain the prize of virtue by restraint! How very resolute when thine age leaves nothing to restrain thee! Thou givest a loose to thine inclinations, till they lose their very being; and, like a lamp over-whelmed with oil, are extinguished by indulgence. What folly to dream of virtue, when there is no longer room for self-denial; or, when the enemy expires by sickness, to demand the honour of a triumph! — Musing upon this subject, I fell into a profound slumber; and the  
vision

## MANNERS, AND THINGS. 115

vision with which it furnished me, shall supply materials for this essay.

I WAS, methought, transported into a winding valley, on each side of whose area, so far as my eye could see, were held up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleasing objects either of art or nature. Hills rose one beyond another, crowned with trees, or adorned with edifices; broken rocks contrasted with lawns, and foaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded spires enlivened even the sun-shine; and lonesome ruins, by the side of woods, gave a solemnity to the shade. It would be endless, or rather impossible, to give an idea of the vast variety. It seemed, as though people of whatever inclinations might here meet with their favorite object.

WHILE I stood amazed, and even confounded, at so astonishing a landskip; an old man approached towards me, and offered his assistance in alleviating my surprize. You observe, says he, in the middle path, a train of sprightly female pilgrims \*, conducted by a matron † of a graver cast. She is habited, as you may observe, in a robe far more plain and simple than that of any

\* The Passions.

† Reason.



amidst her followers. It is her province to restrain her pupils, that the objects glittering on each side may not seduce them to make excursions, from which they scarce ever find their right way again. You may not, perhaps, suspect the gulphs and precipices that lie intermixed amidst a scenery so delightful to the eye. You see, indeed, at a considerable distance, the gilt dome of a temple, raised on columns of the whitest marble. I must inform you, that within this temple resides a lady \*, weaving wreaths of immortal amaranth for that worthy matron, if she exert her authority; and, as their obedience is more or less entire, she has also garlands of inferior lustre to recompence the ladies in her train.

YOUR OWN sagacity, added he, will supply the place of farther instructions, and then vanished in an instant.

THE space before me, as it appeared, was crossed by four successive rivers. Over these were thrown as many bridges, and beyond each of these streams the ground seemed to vary its degree of lustre, as much as if it had lain under

\* Virtue,

a differens

a different climate. On the side of each of these rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travellers; so that the journey seemed to be portioned into four distinct stages. It is possible that these were meant to represent the periods of a man's life; which may be distinguished by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

DURING the first stage, our travellers proceeded without much disturbance. Their excursions were of no greater extent than to crop a primrose, or a daisy, that grew on the way-side; And in these their governess indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occasion. But when they arrived at the second period, the case then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew visibly enamoured of the beauties on each side; and the governess began to feel a consciousness of her duty to restrain them. They petitioned clamorously to make one short excursion, and met with a decent refusal. One of them, that visibly shewed herself the greatest vixen and romp\* amongst them, had a thousand arts and stratagems to circumvent her well-meaning governess. I must here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that some of the

\* Love.

pupils felt greater attractions in one stage ; and some in another. And the scene before them being well variegated with mossy banks, and purling streams, frisking lambs, and piping shepherds ; inspired a longing that was inexpressible, to one that seemed of an amorous complexion. She requested to make a short digression ; pointed to the band of shepherds dancing ; and, as I observed, presented a glass, through which the matron might distinctly view them. The governess applied the glass, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had with much constancy opposed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands ; and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remiss in her discipline ; softened the language of dissent ; and with a gentle reprimand, suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eyes ; that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present ; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolick. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance ; and reason good she had ; considering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority.

THEY

THEY were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer.

ANOTHER now took the lead; and seizing an embroidered handkerchief, compleatly hood-winked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement, and confusion. They led their guide along, blindfold, not without proposals of downright murder. They soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should, however, except some few\*, who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the utmost of their inclination gratified, in treasuring up shells from the banks of the river, scooping fossils from the rocks, or preserving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chace, and a grub or beetle was a suitable companion. But to return to the vagabonds.

\* The virtuoso-passion.

THE lady that performed the feat of blinding her governess, for a time, bore the chief rule; and held the rest in a state of servitude \*. She seemed to be indeed formed for that power and grandeur, which was her delight; being of a stature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not but others would sometimes insist upon some temporary gratification. As they shap'd their way to a great city, † one would loll and loiter on a bed of roses; another would join the dance of shepherds, and sometimes retire with ‡ one into the covert. A § third would not move a step further, till she had gathered some ore that was washed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their dissipation was yet more observable. || One intoxicated herself with cordials; \*\* another went in quest of lace and equipage. The †† lady, however, at this time most enterprising, and who (as I mentioned before) had given such a turn to their affairs, discovered a strange fondness herself for lawn and ermine, embroidered stars, and golden collars. However difficult it seemed to reach them, or how little necessary foever they

\* Ambition.  
§ Avarice.  
†† Ambition.

† Indolence.  
|| Ebriety.

‡ Gallantry.  
\*\* Pride and Vanity.

seemed

seemed to happiness, these alone engaged her attention; and to these alone her hopes aspired. Nay she went so far, as, in failure of these, to resolve on misery and wilful wretchedness.

SHE at length succeeded, at least so far, as to find how little they enhanced her happiness; and her former compeers having ruined their constitutions, were once again desirous to have their queen reign over them. In short, their loyalty regained the ascendant; insomuch, that with one consent they removed the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions.

SHE promised to procure them all the happiness that was consistent with their present state; and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

OUR travellers, in a little time after this, passed over the bridge that introduced them to their closing stage. The subjects, very orderly, repentant, and demissive: The governesses, more rigid and imperious than ever. The former, withered, decrepid, languishing; the latter, in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her, a very opposite effect

effect to that it wrought in her companions. She seemed, indeed, no more that easy ductile creature, insulted and borne away by the whims of her companions. She appeared more judicious in the commands she gave, and more rigorous in the execution. In short, both her own activity, and the supine lethargy of those whom she conducted, united to make way for her unlimited authority. Now, indeed, a more limited rule might have secured obedience, and maintained a regularity. The ladies were but little struck with the glare of objects on each side the way. One alone I must except, whom I beheld look wishfully, with a retorted eye, towards the golden ore washed down by the torrents. The governess represented, in the strongest terms, that these materials could not be imported into the realms they were about to enter. That, were this even the case, they could be there of no importance. However she had not extirpated the bias of this craving dame, when they approached the temple to which I formerly alluded.

THE temple stood upon a lofty hill, half encircled with trees of never-fading verdure. Between the milk-white columns (which were of the Dorick order, the bases gilt, as also the capitals) a blaze of glory issued, of such superior lustre,

lustre, that none beside the governess was able to approach it. She, indeed, with a dejected countenance, drew near unto the goddess; who gently waved her hand, in the way of salutation.

THE matron seemed less dazzled, than delighted, with her excessive beauty. She accosted her with reverence, and with much diffidence began to mention their pretension to her favor. “She must own, she had been too remiss in the beginning of her government; she hoped it would be attributed to inexperience in the subtle wiles of her fellow-travellers. She flattered herself, that her severity towards the conclusion of her journey might in some sort make atonement for her misbehaviour in the beginning. Lastly, that she sometimes found it impossible to hear the dictates of the Goddess amid the clamours of her pupils, and the din of their persuasions.”

To this the Goddess made reply.

“You have heard, said she, no doubt, that the favors I bestow, are by no means consistent with a state of inactivity. The only time when you were allowed an opportunity to deserve them, was the time when your pupils were the most refractory and perverse. The honours you expect in my court are proportioned to the  
4 “difficulty



“difficulty of a good undertaking. May you,  
“hereafter, partake them, in reward of your  
“more vigorous conduct: For the present you  
“are little entitled to any recompence from me.  
“As to your pupils, I observe, they have passed  
“sentence upon themselves.”

AT this instant of time the bell rung for supper, and awaked me; I found the gardener by my side, prepared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had slumbered away the hours, in which I should have given him suitable directions.

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS  
ON GARDENING.

**G**ARDENING may be divided into three species—kitchen-gardening—parterre-gardening—and landskip, or picturesque-gardening: which latter is the subject intended in the following pages—It consists in pleasing the imagination by scenes of grandeur, beauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no share here; any farther than as it pleases the imagination.

PERHAPS the division of the pleasures of imagination, according as they are struck by the great, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my present purpose: why each of them affects us with pleasure may be traced in other authors. See Burke, Hutcheson, Gerard. The theory of agreeable sensations, &c. \*

\* GARDEN SCENES may perhaps be divided into the sublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or pensive; to which last I know not but we may assign a middle place betwixt the former two, as being in some sort composed of both. See Burke's sublime, &c.

1

THERE

THERE seems however to be some objects which afford a pleasure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for instance, may be neither new to us, nor majestick, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleasing melancholy which proceeds from a reflexion on decayed magnificence. For this reason an able gardiner should avail himself of objects, perhaps, not very striking; if they serve to connect ideas, that convey reflexions of the pleasing kind.

OBJECTS should indeed be less calculated to strike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting.

IT is no objection to the pleasure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more disagreeable. It is enough that it produces a superiority betwixt things in other respects equal. It seems, on some occasions, to go even further. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur, and yet when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleasure equal to more shapely scenes? Thus a series of lawn, though ever so beautiful, may satiate and cloy, unless the eye  

passes

passes to them from wilder scenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

VARIETY appears to me to derive good part of it's effect from novelty; as the eye, passing from one form or color, to a form or color of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in it's present object which affords immediate satisfaction.

VARIETY however, in some instances, may be carried to such excess as to lose it's whole effect. I have observed ceilings so crammed with stucco-ornaments; that, although of the most different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A sufficient quantity of undecorated space is necessary to exhibit such decorations to advantage.

GROUND should first be considered with an eye to it's peculiar character: whether it be the grand, the savage, the sprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of these characters prevail, one may somewhat strengthen it's effect, by allowing every part some denomination, and then supporting it's title by suitable appendages.—For instance, The lover's walk may have assignation seats, with proper

per mottoes—Urns to faithfull lovers—Trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

WHAT an advantage must some Italian feats derive from the circumstance of being situate on ground mentioned in the clafficks? And, even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more interesting to the imagination. Mottoes should allude to it, columns, &c. record it; verses moralize upon it; and curiosity receive it's share of pleasure.

IN designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house so luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was room for it to resemble an epick or dramatick poem. It is rather to be wished than required, that the more striking scenes may succeed those which are less so.

Taste depends much upon temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer—Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welsh mountains.

mountains. This occasions the different preferences that are given to situations — A garden strikes us most, where the grand, and the pleasing succeed, not intermingle, with each other.

I BELIEVE, however, the sublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful.

I USE the words *landskip* and *prospect*, the former as expressive of home scenes, the latter of distant images. *Prospects* should take in the blue distant hills; but never so remotely, that they be not distinguishable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value.

LANDSKIP should contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad test, as I think the *landskip* painter is the gardener's best designer. The eye requires a sort of ballance here; but not so as to encroach upon probable nature. A wood, or hill, may ballance a house or obelisk; for exactness would be displeasing. We form our notions from what we have seen; and though, could we comprehend the universe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we see of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

THE eye should always look rather down upon water: Customary nature makes this requisite. I know nothing more sensibly displeasing than Mr. T——'s flat ground betwixt his terras and his water.

IT is not easy to account for the fondness of former times for strait-lined avenues to their houses; strait-lined walks through their woods; and, in short, every kind of strait-line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumstance, is one objection. Another, somewhat of the same kind, is the repetition of the same object, tree after tree, for a length of way together. A third is, that this identity is purchased by the loss of that variety, which the natural country supplies every where; in a greater or less degree. To stand still and survey such avenues, may afford some slender satisfaction, through the change derived from perspective; but to move on continually and find no change of scene in the least attendant on our change of place, must give actual pain to a person of taste. For such an one to be condemned to pass along the famous vista from \* Moscow to Petersburg, or that other from Agra to Lahor

\* In Montesquieu, on Taste.

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 131

in India, must be as disagreeable a sentence, as to be condemned to labour at the galleys. I conceived some idea of the sensation he must feel, from walking but a few minutes, immured, betwixt Lord D——'s high-thorn yew-hedges; which run exactly parallel, at the distance of about ten feet; and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kind of objects whatsoever.

WHEN a building, or other object has been once viewed from its proper point, the foot should never travel to it by the same path, which the eye has travelled over before. Lose the object, and draw nigh, obliquely.

THE side-trees in vistas should be so circumstanced as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

RUINATED structures appear to derive their power of pleasing, from the irregularity of surface, which is VARIETY; and the latitude they afford the imagination, to conceive an enlargement of their dimensions, or to recollect any events or circumstances appertaining to their pristine grandeur, so far as concerns grandeur and solemnity. The breaks in them should be as bold and abrupt as possible,—If mere beauty be



aimed at (which however is not their chief excellence) the waving line, with more easy transitions, will become of greater importance—Events relating to them may be simulated by numberless little artifices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and sudden descents are most suitable to castles; and fertile vales, near wood and water, most imitative of the usual situation for abbeys and religious houses; large oaks, in particular, are essential to these latter.

Whose branching arms, and reverend height  
Admit a dim religious light.

A cottage is a pleasing object partly on account of the variety it may introduce; on account of the tranquillity that seems to reign there; and perhaps, (I am somewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature.

*Longi alterius spectare laborem.*

In a scene presented to the eye, objects should never lie so much to the right or left, as to give it any uneasiness in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this disadvantage. They should else  
never

never be seen beyond a certain angle. The eye must be easy, before it can be pleased.

No mere slope from one side to the other can be agreeable ground: The eye requires a balance—i. e. a degree of uniformity: but this may be otherwise effected and the rule should be understood with some limitation.

—Each alley has it's brother,  
And half the plat-form just reflects the other.

LET us examine what may be said in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope exposes. Might he not seemingly as well object to the disposition of an human face, because it has an eye or cheek, that is the very picture of it's companion? Or does not providence who has observed this regularity in the external structure of our bodies and disregarded it within, seem to consider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the several parts of them correspond, but it is not the same case with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is generally solicitous for a kind of ballance in a landskip, and, if I am not mistaken, the painters generally furnish one: A building for instance on one side, contrasted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill on the other. Whence then does this taste proceed,

but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, and the figure of water, must be sacred to nature; and no forms must be allowed that make a discovery of art.

ALL trees have a character analogous to that of men: Oaks are in all respects the perfect image of the manly character: In former times I should have said, and in present times I think I am authorized to say, the British one. As a brave man is not suddenly either elated by prosperity, or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it, on his first departure. Add to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches.

A LARGE, branching, aged oak, is perhaps the most venerable of all inanimate objects.

URNs are more solemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if less and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the situation of them should still cooperate with it.

BY

By the way, I wonder that lead statues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not express the finer lines of an human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landscapes, were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A statue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a statue. A statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landscape; the minuter touches are no more essential to it, than a good landscape painter would esteem them were he to represent a statue in his picture.

APPARENT art, in its proper province, is almost as important as apparent nature. They contrast agreeably; but their provinces ever should be kept distinct.

WHERE some artificial beauties are so dexterously managed that one cannot but conceive them natural, some natural ones so extremely fortunate than one is ready to swear they are artificial.

CON-

CONCERNING scenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The shape of ground, the site of trees, and the fall of water, nature's province. Whatever thwarts her is treason.

ON the other hand, buildings and the works of art, need have no other reference to nature than that they afford the *εὐσημνοῦν* with which the human mind is delighted.

ART should never be allowed to set a foot in the province of nature, otherwise than clandestinely and by night. Whenever she is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromise the difference — Night, gothicism, confusion and absolute chaos are come again.

TO see one's urns, obelisks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedness of our beloved mistresses, the naiads, and the dryads, exposed by that ruffian winter to universal observation; is a severity scarcely to be supported by the help of blazing hearths, chearful companions, and a bottle of the most grateful burgundy.

THE

THE works of a person that builds, begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure, than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at best begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumstance that suits our taste, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient indeed, if they cause our love of life to take root and flourish with them; whereas the very sameness of our structures will, without the help of dilapidation, serve to wear us from our attachment to them.

IT is a custom in some countries to condemn the characters of those (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begat a child.

THE taste of the citizen and of the mere peasant are in all respects the same. The former gilds his balls; paints his stonework and statues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-square or conic; or gives them, what he can, of the resemblance of birds, or bears, or men; squirts up his rivulet in jetteaus; in short, admires no part of nature,

ture, but her ductility : exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expence, or that effects a surprize because it is unnatural. The peasant is his admirer.

IT is always to be remembered in gardening that sublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every scene we see in nature is either tame and insipid ; or compounded of those. It often happens that the same ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of sublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty ; or a mixture of each kind. In this case it remains to be considered in which light they can be rendered most remarkable, whether as objects of beauty, or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor should not perhaps be wholly disregarded : for certain complexions of soul will prefer an orange tree or a myrtle, to an oak or cedar. However this should not induce a gardener to parcel out a lawn into knots of shrubbery ; or invest a mountain with a garb of roses. This would be like dressing a giant in a farfenet gown, or a faracen's head in a brussels night-cap. Indeed the small and circular clumps of firs, which I see planted upon some fine large swells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed

on an elephant or camel's back. I say a gardener should not do this, any more than a poet should attempt to write of the king of Prussia in the style of Philips. On the other side, what would become of Lesbia's sparrow should it be treated in the same language with the anger of Achilles?

Gardeners may be divided into three sorts, the landskip gardiner, the parterre gardiner, and the kitchen gardiner, agreeably to our first division of gardens.

I HAVE used the word landskip-gardeners; because in pursuance of our present taste in gardening, every good painter of landskip appears to me the most proper designer. The misfortune of it, is, that these painters are apt to regard the execution of their work, much more than the choice of subject.

THE art of distancing and approximating, comes truly within their sphere: the former by the gradual diminution of distinctness, and of size; the latter by the reverse. A strait lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with ewe trees, then firs, then with trees more and more fady, till they end in the almond-wil-  
low,



low, or silver pſier; will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be encreafed, if the nearer dark trees, are proportionable and truly larger than thoſe at the end of the avenue that are more fady.

To diſtance a building, plant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different coloured greens — Ever-greens are beſt for all ſuch purpoſes—Suppoſe the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. The conſequence will be that the imagination immediately allows a ſpace betwixt theſe circles and another betwixt the houſe and them; and as the imagined ſpace is indeterminate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will not appear inconfiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microſcopic glaſs. And on this head, I have known ſome inſtances, where by ſhewing intermediate ground, the diſtance has appeared leſs, than while an hedge or grove concealed it.

HEDGES, appearing as ſuch, are univerſally bad. They diſcover art in nature's province.

TREES in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no

more fudden, and obvious improvement, than an hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in fuch manner as to mark out the former hedge.

WATER should ever appear, as an irregular lake, or winding stream.

Islands give beauty, if the water be adequate; but leffen grandeur through variety.

IT was the wife remark of fome sagacious ob-  
 ferver, that familiarity is for the moft part pro-  
 ductive of contempt. Gracelefs offspring of fo  
 amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we  
 are, whofe enjoyments muft be either checked,  
 or prove deftructive of themfelves. Our paffions  
 are permitted to fip a little pleafure; but are  
 extinguifhed by indulgence, like a lamp over-  
 whelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty  
 with which we have been intimate; nor would  
 any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent  
 for the advantage it derived from the firft im-  
 preffion. Thus negligent of graces that have  
 the merit of reality, we too often prefer imagi-  
 nary ones that have only the charm of novelty:  
 And hence we may account, in general, for the  
 preference

preference of art to nature, in our old fashioned gardens:

ART, indeed, is often requisite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but should never be suffered to set her mark upon them: I mean in regard to those articles that are of nature's province; the shaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the disposition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will soon occur, which, however, she is allowed to regulate, somewhat clandestinely, upon the following account—Man is not capable of comprehending the universe at one survey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be censured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the same, as if, in his present situation, he strove to find amusement in contriving the fabrick of an ant's nest, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a sphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a station, proper to give us an universal view; or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and dispositions of the system. We perceive many breaks and blemishes, several neglected and unvariegated places in the part; which, in the whole would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a  
snail

snail to be satisfied with the beauty of our parterres, slopes, and terrasses—or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries, as that man should be satisfied, without a single thought that he can improve the spot that falls to his share. But, though art be necessary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reason is she authorized to thwart and to oppose her? Why, fantastically endeavor to humanize those vegetables, of which nature, discreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependent upon the foil? Here art seems very affectedly to make a display of that industry, which it is her glory to conceal. The stone which represents an asterisk, is valued only on account of its natural production: Nor do we view with pleasure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of Gothic artists. We view with much more satisfaction some plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but less visibly, industrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the shining texture of the silkworm; but we loath the puny author, when she thinks proper to emerge; and to disgust us with the appearance of so vile a grub.

BUT

BUT this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the most abject vassal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The case is different where she has the direction of buildings, useful or ornamental; or, perhaps, claims as much honor from temples, as the deities to whom they are inscribed. Here then it is her interest to be seen as much as possible: And, though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contrast her structures furnish, it is not easy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her side, will not repay.

A RURAL scene to me is never perfect without the addition of some kind of building: Indeed I have known a scar of rock-work, in great measure, supply the deficiency.

IN gardening it is no small point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by surprize; for instance, by abrupt transition from their contraries—but to lay a stress upon surprize only; for example, on the surprize occasioned by an aha! without including any nobler purpose; is a symptom of bad taste, and a violent fondness for mere conceit.

GRAN-

GRANDEUR and beauty are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one as you encrease the other. Variety is most a-kin to the latter, simplicity to the former.

SUPPOSE a large hill, varied by art, with large patches of different-colored clumps, scars of rock, chalk quarries, villages, or farm-houses; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful scene, but much less grand than it was before.

IN many instances, it is most eligible to compound your scene of beauty and grandeur—Suppose a magnificent swell arising out of a well-variegated valley; it would be disadvantageous to encrease it's beauty, by means destructive to it's magnificence.

THERE may possibly, but there seldom happens, any occasion to fill up valleys, with trees or otherwise. It is for the most part the gardener's business to remove trees, or ought that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high.

THE hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordshire afford a most beautiful scenery, at the time they

are in bloſſom: But the proſpect would be really grander, did it conſiſt of ſimple foliage. For the ſame reaſon, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the ſame in ſpring. The ſprightly green, is then obſcured.

SMOOTHNESS and eaſy tranſitions are no ſmall ingredient in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the ſublime. Thus a tapering ſpire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander.

MANY of the different opinions relating to the preference to be given to ſeats, villas, &c. are owing to want of diſtinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter pleaſe; but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other.

MR. ADDISON thought an open unincloſed champain country, formed the beſt landſkip. Somewhat here is to be conſidered. Large unvariegated, ſimple objects have the beſt pretenſions to ſublimity; a large mountain, whoſe ſides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with  
infinite

infinite variety : But then it's beauty is proportionably less.

HOWEVER, I think a plain space near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves : And then the picture, whether you chuse the grand or beautiful, should be held up at it's proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty ; and simplicity is essential to grandeur.

OFFENSIVE objects, at a proper distance, acquire even a degree of beauty : For instance, stubble, fallow ground —



## O N   P O L I T I C K S .

**P**ERHAPS men of the most different sects and parties very frequently think the same; only vary in their phrase and language. At least, if one examines **their first** principles, which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candor, to consider the rest as nothing more.

A COURTIER'S dependent is a beggar's dog.

IF national reflections are unjust, because there are good men in all nations, are not national wars upon much the same footing?

A GOVERNMENT is inexcusable for employing foolish ministers; because they may examine a man's head, though they cannot his heart.

I FANCY the proper means of encreasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside sometime in a foreign one.

THE

THE love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in their end pernicious and destructive.

THERE ought, no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes. Butchers, I believe, were prior.

THE whole mystery of a courtly behavior seems included in the power of making general favors appear particular ones.

A MAN of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.

INDOLENCE is a kind of centripetal force.

IT seems idle to rail at ambition merely because it is a boundless passion; or rather is not

this circumstance an argument in it's favor? If one would be employed or amused through life, should we not make choice of a passion that will keep one long in play?

A SPORTSMAN of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diversion: A fox, that will support the chace till night, is better game than a rabbit that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment. E.

THE submission of Prince Hal to the civil magistrate that committed, him was more to his honor than all the conquests of Henry the Fifth in France.

THE most animated social pleasure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a successful engagement, or in it; I mean by such commanders as have souls equal to their occupation. This, however, seems paradoxical, and requires some explanation.

RESISTANCE to the reigning powers is justifiable, upon a conviction that their government is inconsistent with the good of the subject, that  
our

our interposition tends to establish better measures; and this without a probability of occasioning evils that may over-balance them. But these considerations must never be separated.

PEOPLE are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, because they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention—or admiration: Likewise because one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumstances, I believe the largest cities are the most vicious of all others.

LAWs are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle-sized are alone entangled in.

THOUGH I have no sort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candor to make some distinction between the immorality of it's abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My Lord Hardwick, in his condemnation-speech, remarks, with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the

worst of crimes. And in regard to civil societies, I believe there is none but madmen will dispute it. But surely with regard to conscience, erroneous judgments and ill-grounded convictions may render it some people's duty. Sin does not consist in any deviation from received opinion; it does not depend upon the understanding, but the will. Now, if it appear that a man's opinion has happened to misplace his duty; and this opinion has not been owing to any vicious desire of indulging his appetites—In short, if his own reason, liable to err, have biased his will; rather than his will any way contributed to bias and deprave his reason, he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none, beside an earthly tribunal.

A PERSON'S right to resist, depends upon a conviction, that the government is ill-managed; that others have more claim to manage it, or will administer it better: That he, by his resistance, can introduce a change to it's advantage, and this without any consequential evils that will bear proportion to the said advantage.

WHETHER this were not in appearance the case of Balmerino, I will not presume to say: How conceived,

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 153

conceived, or from what delusion sprung. But as, I think, he was reputed an honest man, in other respects, one may guess his behavior was rather owing to the misrepresentations of his reason, than to any depravity, perverseness, or dissingenuity of his will.

If a person ought heartily to stickle for any cause, it should be that of moderation. Moderation should be his party.

E G O T I S M S ,

F R O M   M Y   O W N   S E N S A T I O N S ,

I.

**I** HATE maritime expressions, similes, and allusions; my dislike, I suppose, proceeds from the unnaturalness of shipping, and the great share which art ever claims in that practice.

II.

**I** AM thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

III.

**MAY** I always have an heart superior, with œconomy fuitable, to my fortune,

IV.

**I** N A N I M A T E S , toys, utensils, seem to merit a kind of affection from us, when they have been our companions through various vicissitudes. I have often viewed my watch, standish, snuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendship, which there are some men, who do not deserve.

“ M I D S T

“ MIDST many faithless only faithful found !”

V.

I LOVED Mr. Somerville, because he knew so perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pili-fication of money.

VI.

IT is with me in regard to the earth itself, as it is in regard to those that walk upon it's surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views of the country as I walk along; but I insensibly chuse to sit where I cannot see two yards before me.

VII.

I BEGIN, too soon in life, to flight the world more than is consistent with making a figure in it. The “ non est tanti” of Ovid grows upon me so fast that in a few years I shall have no passion.

VIII.

I AM obliged to the person that speaks me fair to my face. I am only more obliged to the man who speaks well of me in my absence also. Should I be asked whether I chose to have a person speak well of me when absent or present, I  
should



should answer the latter; for were all men to do so, the former would be insignificant.

## IX.

I FEEL an avarice of social pleasure, which produces only mortification. I never see a town or city in a map, but I figure to myself many agreeable persons in it, with whom I could wish to be acquainted.

## X.

IT is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels one's self somewhat in the situation of admiral Hosier.

## XI.

IT is a miserable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconsistent.

## XII.

THE modern world considers it as a part of politeness, to drop the mention of kindred in all addresses to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and esteem upon a less partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not suffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation. It serves to

connect us clofer: wherever I difesteemed, I would abdicate my first-coufin.

CIRCUMLOCUTORY, philofophical obfcenity appears to me the moft naufeous of all ftuff: Shall I fay it takes away the fpirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a caput mortuum; or fhall I fay rather it is a Sir--e in an envelope of fine gilt-paper, which only raifes expectation. Could any be allowed to talk obfcenely with a grace, it were downright country fellows, who ufe an unaffected language: But even among thefe, as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

IT is fome lofs of liberty to refolve on fchemes before-hand.

THERE are a fort of people to whom one would allot good wifhes and perform good offices; but they are fometimes thofe, with whom one would by no means fhare one's time.

I WOULD have all men elevated to as great an height, as they can difcover a luftre to the naked eye.

I AM surely more inclined (of the two) to pretend a false disdain, than an unreal esteem.

YET why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-house into an Hampton-court, and where they speak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by comparifon.

I DO not fo much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expence of being fo: The generality of mankind being feldom in good humour but whilst they are impofing upon you in fome fhape or other.

I CANNOT avoid comparing the eafe and freedom I enjoy, to the eafe of an old fhoe; where a certain degree of fhabbinefs is joined with the convenience.

NOT Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinefe language, feems half fo difficult to me as the language of refusal.

I ACTUALLY dreamt that somebody told me I muft not print my pieces feperate. That certain ftars would, if fingle, be hardly confpicuous,  
which

which united in a narrow compass form a very splendid constellation.

THE ways of ballad-singers, and the cries of half-penny-pamphlets, appeared so extremely humorous, from my lodgings in F——street, that it gave me pain to observe them without a companion to partake. For alas, laughter is by no means a solitary entertainment.

HAD I a fortune of 8 or 10,000 l. a year, I would methinks make myself a neighbourhood. I would first build a village with a church, and people it with inhabitants of some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round. I would then at proper distances erect a number of genteel boxes of about a 1000 l. a piece, and amuse myself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These would I people with a select number of well-chosen friends, assigning to each annually the sum of 200 l. for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The house, of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant.

How

How plausible soever this may appear in speculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded upon the inconvenient consequences of it, when put in execution.

I THINK I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. “*Malè facta gratia nec quicquam coit, & rescinditur.*” A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons, and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion and rancour, towards the latter part of life.

THERE is nothing, to me, more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration every silly speech that falls from a mere person of rank and fortune. It is *crambe bis cocta*.—The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shews the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider fortune as the goddess of wit.

WHAT

WHAT pleasure it is to pay one's debts! I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttleton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place it removes that uneasiness, which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: It opens a prospect of being readily supplied, with what we want on future occasions: It leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound œconomy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

IT is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, upon the score of prudence) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place. And this may be best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having an enemy the less, and the same number of friends. Such a method of proceeding should I think be

as regularly observed, as the distribution of vacant ribbons, upon the death of Knights of the Garter.

IT has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy reconciliaton with a person whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart: But where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge: to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

I HAVE been formerly so silly as to hope, that every fervant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of fervitude generally bears a contrary tendency. Peoples characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: Birth itself does but little. Kings in general are born with the same propensities as other men, but yet it is probable from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open  
and

MANNERS, AND THINGS. - 163

and honest hearts ; but I know not one, that has had the least practice, who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience ; and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear. There are however some exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.



## ON DRESS.

## I.

**D**RESS, like writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application. On this account, I have seen parts of dress in themselves extremely beautiful, which at the same time subject the wearer to the character of foppishness and affectation.

## II.

A MAN'S dress in the former part of life should rather tend to set off his Person, than to express riches, rank or dignity: In the latter, the reverse.

## III.

EXTREME elegance in liveries, I mean such as is expressed by the more languid colors, is altogether absurd. They ought to be rather gawdy than genteel; if for no other reason, yet for this, that elegance may more strongly distinguish the appearance of the gentleman.

## IV. IT

IV.

IT is a point out of doubt with me, that the ladies are most properly the judges of the men's dress, and the men of that of the ladies.

V.

I THINK till thirty, or with some a little longer, people should dress in a way that is most likely to procure the love of the opposite sex.

VI.

THERE are many modes of dress which the world esteems handsome, which are by no means calculated to shew the human figure to advantage.

VII.

LOVE can be founded upon nature only; or the appearance of it—For this reason, however, a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers.

VIII.

A RICH dress adds but little to the beauty of a person. It may possibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love.

Non

Non benè conveniunt nec in una fede morantur  
Majestas & amor. Ovid.

## IX.

SIMPLICITY can scarce be carried too far: provided it be not so singular as to excite a degree of ridicule. The same caution may be requisite in regard to the value of your dress; though splendor be not necessary, you must remove all appearance of poverty, the ladies being rarely enough sagacious to acknowledge beauty through the disguise of poverty. Indeed I believe sometimes they mistake grandeur of dress, for beauty of person.

## X.

A person's manner is never easy, while he feels a consciousness that he is fine. The country-fellow considered in some lights appears genteel; but it is not when he is dressed on Sundays with a large nose-gay in his bosom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is then he acts with ease, and thinks himself equal to his apparel.

## XI.

WHEN a man has run all lengths himself with regard to dress, there is but one means remaining,

## MANNERS, AND THINGS. 167

maining, which can add to his appearance. And this consists in having recourse to the utmost plainness in his own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his foot-man or horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil: Where somewhat is left to be supplied by the spectator's and reader's imagination.

### XII.

METHINKS apparel should be rich in the same proportion as it is gay: It otherwise carries the appearance of somewhat unsubstantial; in other words of a greater desire, than ability to make a figure.

### XIII.

PERSONS are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress by attending to the beauty of colors, rather than selecting such colors as may encrease their own beauty.

### XIV.

I CANNOT see why a person should be esteemed haughty, on account of his taste for fine  
cloaths,

cloaths, any more than one who discovers a fondness for birds, flowers, moths or butterflies. Imagination influences both to seek amusement in glowing colours, only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that a person may love splendour without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taste but when a person demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits. Then it ceases to be taste, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this essential distinction.

## XIII.

THE first instance an officer gives you of his courage, consists in wearing cloaths infinitely superior to his rank.

## XIV.

MEN of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and it's appendages are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit; and it was from hence, I presume, that

that Quin asserted he could not afford to go plain.

XVII.

THERE are certain shapes and physiognomies of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarce win respect even in the country, though they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth.

XVIII.

A LARGE retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover it's tenuity.

XIX.

WHY are perfumes so much decryed? when a person, on his approach, diffuses them, does he not revive the idea which the antients ever entertained concerning the descent of superior beings, "veiled in a cloud of fragrance?"

THE lowest people are generally the first to find fault with shew or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.

ON WRITING AND  
BOOKS.

I.

**F**INE writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts, and a laboured file.

II.

LONG sentences in a short composition, are like large rooms in a little house.

III.

THE world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

IV.

INSTEAD of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their mistresses, if poets would address the same to their muse, they would act more agreeably to nature and to truth.

V,

SUPERFICIAL writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

VI.

SUMITE materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquum  
Viribus —

AUTHORS often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that should have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

VII.

THERE is no word in the latin language, that signifies a female friend. *Amica* means a mistress: and perhaps there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

VIII.

THE chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity, Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple perspicuous and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

IX. ONE



## IX.

ONE can, now and then, reach an author's head when he stoops, and, induced by this circumstance, aspire to measure height with him.

## X.

THE national opinion of a book or treatise is not always right—est ubi peccat—Milton's paradise lost is one instance. I mean the cold reception it met with at first.

## XI.

PERHAPS an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as accountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility; sensibility strengthens passion; and passion makes people humourists.

YET a person of genius is often expected to shew more discretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greatest impediment. This happens for want of distinguishing betwixt the fanciful talents, and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiscriminately give the denomination of a man of genius.

## XII. AN

XII.

AN actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play, nor a musician by playing on a bad instrument.

XIII.

POETS seem to have fame, in lieu of most temporal advantages. They are too little formed for business, to be respected: too often feared or envied, to be beloved.

XIV.

TULLY ever seemed an instance to me, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a spirited writer.

XV.

ONE would rather be a stump of laurel than the stump of a churchyard yew-tree.

XVI.

DEGERE more teræ. Virg. Vanbrugh seems to have had this of Virgil in his eye when he introduces Miss Hoyden envying the liberty of a grey-hound bitch.

XVII.

THERE is a certain flimziness of poetry, which seems expedient in a song.

XVIII. DIDO,

## XVIII.

DIDO, as well as Desdemona \*, seems to have been a mighty admirer of strange achievements.

Heu quibus ille.

Jaçtatus tatis, quæ bella exhausta conebat.

Si mihi non, &c.

This may shew that Virgil, Shakespear, and Shaftsbury agreed in the same opinion.

## XIX.

IT is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friend for the sake of a joke. Candor may discover, that it is their greater degree of the love of fame, not the less degree of their benevolence which is the cause.

## XX.

PEOPLE in high or in distinguished life ought to have a greater circumspection in regard to their most trivial actions. For instance, I saw M. Pope—and what was he doing when you saw him?—why to the best of my memory, he was picking his nose.

\* Lord Shaftsbury.

## XXI. EVEN

XXI.

EVEN Joe Miller in his jests has an eye to poetical justice; generally gives the victory or turns the laugh on the side of merit. No small compliment to mankind.

XXII.

To say a person writes a good style, is originally as pedantick an expression as to say he plays a good fiddle.

XXIII.

THE first line of Virgil seems to patter like an hail-storm—Tityre tu patulæ, &c.

XXIV.

THE vanity and extreme self-love of the French is no where more observable than in their authors; and among these, in none more than Boileau; who, besides his rhodomontades, preserves every the most insipid reading in his notes, though he have removed it from the text for the sake of one ever so much better.

XXV.

THE writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shaftsbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.

A PLAIN narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

## XXVI.

LONG periods and short seem analogous to gothic and modern stair-cases: The former were of such a size as our heads and legs could barely command; the latter such, that they might command half a dozen.

I THINK nothing truly poetic, at least no poetry worth composing, that does not strongly affect one's passions: and this is but slenderly effected by fables, allegories, and lies.

Incredulus odi. Hor.

## XXVII.

A PREFACE very frequently contains such a piece of criticism, as tends to countenance and establish the peculiarities of the piece.

## XXVIII.

I HATE a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality.

I

XXIX. IT

## XXIX.

IT is obvious to discover that imperfections of one kind have a visible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily disadvantages must incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foresaw that he must have languished in obscurity. The advantages of person are a good deal essential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but also of the ladies.

## XXX.

POPE, I think, never once mentions Prior; though Prior speaks so handsomely of Pope in his *Alma*. One might imagine that the latter, indebted as he was to the former for such numberless beauties, should have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words to some modification of selfishness.

## XXXI.

VIRGIL never mentions Horace, though indebted to him for two very well-natured compliments.

## XXXII.

POPE seems to me the most correct writer since Virgil; the greatest genius, only since Dryden.

## XXXIII.

No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in a judicious choice of his poetical subjects.

## XXXIV.

POPE'S talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally enough term the condensation of thoughts. I think no other English poet ever brought so much sense into the same number of lines with equal smoothness, ease, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts of this peruse his Essay on Man with attention. Perhaps this was a talent from which he could not easily have swerved: Perhaps he could not have sufficiently rarefied his thoughts to produce that flimziness which is required in a ballad or love-song. His monster of Ragusa and his translations from Chaucer have some little tendency to invalidate this observation.

## XXXV.

I DURST not have censured Mr. Pope's writings in his lifetime, you say. True. A writer  
surrounded

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 179

surrounded with all his fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a man in armour attacking another in his night-gown and slippers.

XXXVI.

POPE'S religion is often found very advantageous to his descriptive talents, as it is no doubt embellished with the most pompous scenes, and ostentatious imagery. vid.

“ When from the center clouds of ” &c.

XXXVII.

POPE has made the utmost advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pause with the utmost success:

“ Die and endow a college or a cat,” &c. &c.

It is an easy kind of beauty. Dryden seems to have borrowed it from Spenser.

XXXVIII.

POPE has published fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous.

XXXIX.

It is no doubt extremely possible to form an English prosody; but to a good ear it were almost superfluous, and to a bad one useless: This



last being, I believe, never joined with a poetick genius. It may be joined with wit; it may be connected with sound judgment: But is surely never united with taste, which is the life and soul of poetry.

## XL.

RHYMES, in elegant poetry, should consist of syllables that are long in pronuntiation; such as are, ear, ire, ore, your; in which a nice ear will find more agreeableness than in these gnat, net, knit, knot, nut.

## XLI.

THERE is a vast beauty (to me) in using a word of a particular nature in the eighth and ninth syllables of an English verse. I mean what is virtually a dactyl. For instance

“ And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains”

Let any person of an ear substitute “liquid” instead of “watry,” and he will find the disadvantage. Mr. Pope (who has improved our versification through a judicious disposition of the pause) seems not enough aware of this beauty.

## XLII. A 3

XLII.

As to the frequent use of alliteration, it has probably had it's day.

XLIII.

It has ever a good effect when the stress of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice most naturally pronounces with an emphasis.

“ I nunc & versus tecum meditare, &c. Hor.

“ Quam vellent æthere in alto

“ Nunc & pauperiem, &c. Virg.

“ O fortunati quorum jam mœnia, &c. Virg.

“ At regina gravi jamdudum,” &c. Virg.

Virgil, whose very metre appears to affect one's passions was a master of this secret.

XLIV.

THERE are numbers in the world who do not want sense, to make a figure; so much as, an opinion of their own abilities to put them upon recording their observations; and allowing them the same importance which they do to those which others print.

## XLV.

A GOOD writer cannot with the utmost study produce some thoughts which will flow from a bad one with ease and precipitation. The reverse is also true. A bad writer, &c.

## XLVI.

“ GREAT wits have short memories” is a proverb; and as such has undoubtedly some foundation in nature. The case seems to be, that men of genius forget, things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumstances, which make no slight impression in every-day minds. But sure it will be found that all wit depends on memory; i. e. on the recollection of passages, either to illustrate, or contrast with, any present occasion. It is probably the fate of a common understanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of those things which almost every one remembers, renders his case the more remarkable, and thus explains the mystery.

## XLVII.

PRUDES allow no quarter to such ladies as have fallen a sacrifice to the gentle passions, either because themselves, being born away by the malignant

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 183

lignant ones, perhaps never felt the other so powerful as to occasion them any difficulty ; or because no one has tempted them to transgress that way themselves. It is the same case with some criticks, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers.

XLVIII.

IT seems with wit and good-nature, " *Utrum horum mavis accipe.*" Taste and good-nature are univerfally connected.

XLIX.

VOITURE'S compliments to ladies are honest on account of their excess.

L.

POETRY and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

LI.

EVERY person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

## LII.

SOME men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does an highwayman's in regard to money.

## LIII.

THERE is nothing exerts a genius so much as writing plays: the reason is, that the writer puts himself in the place of every person that speaks.

## LIV.

PERFECT characters in a poem make but little better figure than regular hills, perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and level sheets of water, in the formation of a landscape. The reason is, they are not natural, and moreover want variety.

## LV.

TRIFLES discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the discovery of a man's character,

MANNERS, AND THINGS. 185

to say he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his sleeve.

LVI.

A GRAMMARIAN speaks of first and second person: A poet of Celia and Corydon. A mathematician of A. and B. A lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quintessence of pedantry!

LVII.

SHAKESPEAR makes his very bombast answer his purpose, by the persons he chuses to utter it.

LVIII.

A POET, till he arrives at thirty, can see no other good, than a poetical reputation. About that æra, he begins to discover some other.

THE plan of Spenser's Fairy-queen, appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, though very extensive, yet somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one considers the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has some advantages, though, in many respects exceptionable. His good-nature visible, through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the Pagan and Christian scheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting

acting simultaneously) wholly inexcusable. Much art and judgment are discovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain some doubt whether the perusal of his monstrous descriptions be not as prejudicial to true taste, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spenser to be sure expands the last, but then he expands it beyond its due limits. After all, there are many favorite passages in his *Fairy Queen*, which will be instances of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.

## LIX.

A POET, that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critick. The weak and insipid white-wine makes at length a figure in vinegar,

## LX.

PEOPLE of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance of established writers, not so much upon account of the social pleasure, as the credit of it: The former would induce them to chuse persons of less capacities, and tempers more conformable.

## LXI.

LANGUAGE is to the understanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage

vantage. But a person may be superior to another in understanding, that has not an equal dignity of expression; and a man may boast an handsome figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

LXII.

THE words "no more" have a singular pathos; reminding us at once of past pleasure, and the future exclusion of it.

LXIII.

EVERY single observation that is published by a man of genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance; because he speaks from his own impressions; whereas common men publish common things, which they have, perhaps, gleaned from frivolous writers.

LXIV.

IT is providential that our affection diminishes in proportion as our friends power encreases. Affection is of less importance whenever a person can support himself. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favorite. We may trace the same law throughout the animal creation.

LXV.



## LXV.

THE time of life when fancy predominates is youth; the season when judgment decides best, is age. Poets, therefore, are always in respect of their disposition, younger than other persons: A circumstance that gives the latter part of their lives some inconsistency. The cool phlegmatick tribe discover it in the former.

## LXVI.

ONE sometimes meets with instances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For instance (after Falstaff's disappointment in serving Shallow at court)

“ Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds” —

Shakespear.

WHEN Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own instigation:

“ Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand pound in preparations —”

AFTER

AFTER the detail of king John's abject submission to the Pope's legate.

“ Now John was hated and despised before.”

BUT, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken from the Scripture. (Conclusion of a chapter in St. John)

“ Now Barabbas was a robber.—”

LXVII.

A POET hurts himself by writing prose; as a race-horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.

LXVIII.

THE superior politeness of the French is in nothing more discernible than in the phrases used by them and us to express an affair being in agitation. The former says, “sur la tapis;” the latter “upon the anvil.” Does it not shew also the sincerity and serious face with which we enter upon business, and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform even the most important?

LXIX.

## LXIX.

THERE are two qualities adherent to the most ingenious authors. I do not mean without exception. A decent pride that will admit of no fertility, and a sheepish bashfulness that keeps their worth concealed: The *superbia quæsitæ meritis*, and the *malus pudor*, of Horace. The one will not suffer them to make advances to the great; the other disguises that merit for which the great would seek out them. Add to these the frequent indolence of speculative tempers.

## LXX.

A POETICAL genius seems the most elegant of youthful accomplishments; but it is entirely a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gayety of behavior, sprightliness of dress, and a blooming aspect, conspire very amicably to their mutual embellishment: but the poetick talent has no more to do with age, than it would avail His Grace of Canterbury to have a knack at country dances, or a genius for a catch.

## LXXI.

LXXI.

THE most obsequious muses, like the fondest and most willing courtezans, seldom leave us any reason to boast much of their favors.

LXXII.

IF you write an original piece, you wonder no one ever thought of the best of subjects before you; if a translation, of the best authors.

LXXIII.

THE antient poets seem to value themselves greatly upon their power of perpetuating the fame of their cotemporaries. Indeed the circumstance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying some of their vain-glorious prophecies. Otherwise the historians appear more equal to the task of conferring immortality. An history will live, though written ever so indifferently; and is generally less suspected, than the rhetorick of the muses.

LXXIV.

I WONDER authors do not discover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory address than to the title-page. It is, perhaps, for the sake of an F. R. S. or an LL. D. at the end of it.

LXXV.

## LXXV.

IT should seem, the many lies, discernible in books of travels, may be owing to accounts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the English from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey \* a strange idea of the English understanding.

## LXXVI.

MIGHT not the poem on the Seasons have been rendered more uni, by giving out the design of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards considering all the varieties of season as means aiming at one end?

## LXXVII.

CRITICKS must excuse me, if I compare them to certain animals called Affes; who, by gnawing vines originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

## LXXVIII.

EVERY good poet includes a critick; the reverse will not hold.

\* Missionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that dislikes them.

LXXIX.

WE want a word to express the *Hospes* or *Hospita* of the antients: Among them, perhaps, the most respectable of all characters, yet with us translated *Host*, which we apply also to an Inn-keeper. Neither have we any word to express *Amica*, as if we thought a woman always was somewhat more or less than a friend.

LXXX.

I KNOW not where any Latin author uses *Ignotos* otherwise than as obscure: "Persons," as the modern phrase implies, "whom nobody knows." Yet it is used differently on Mrs. L——'s monument.

LXXXI.

THE philosopher who considered the world as one vast animal, could esteem himself no other than a louse upon the back of it.

LXXXII.

ORATORS and stage-coachmen, when the one wants arguments, and the other a coat of arms; adorn their cause and their coaches with rhetoric and flower-pots.

## LXXXIII.

IT is idle to be much assiduous in the perusal of inferior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the true taste in composition; and a person's own imagination should be able to supply the rest.

IN the same manner it is superfluous to pursue inferior degrees of fame. One truly splendid action, or one well-finished composition includes more than all the results from more trivial performances. I mean this for persons who make fame their only motive.

VERY few sentiments are proper to be put in a person's mouth, during the first attack of grief.

EVERY thing disgusts, but mere simplicity; the scriptural writers describe their heroes using only some such phrase as this: "Alas my brother, "O Absalon my son! my son! &c." The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuse, but at the same time entirely simple.

ANGLING is literally described by Martial :

" — tremula piscem deducere fetâ."

FROM

FROM *lctum foedus* seems to come the English phrase and custom of Striking a bargain.

I LIKE Ovid's Amours better than his Epistles. There seems a greater variety of natural thoughts : Whereas when one has read the subject of one of his epistles one foresees what it will produce in a writer of his imagination.

THE plan of his Elegies for the most part well designed—The answers of Sabinus, nothing.

NECESSITY may be the mother of lucrative invention ; but is the death of poetical.

IF a person suspects his phrase to be somewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he should accustom himself to compose in blank verse : But let him be much upon his guard against antient Pistol's phraseology.

PROVIDENCE seems altogether impartial in the dispensation which bestows riches upon one, and a contempt of riches upon another.

RESPECT is the general end for which riches, power, place, title, and fame, are implicitly de-



fired. When one is possessed of the end through any one of these means, is it not wholly unphilosophical to covet the remainder?

LORD Shaftsbury in the genteel management of some familiar ideas, seems to have no equal. He discovers an eloignement from vulgar phrases much becoming a person of quality. His sketches should be studied like those of Raphael. His Enquiry is one of the shortest and clearest systems of morality.

THE question is, whether you distinguish me, because you have better sense than other people; or whether you seem to have better sense than other people, because you distinguish me.

ONE feels the same kind of disgust in reading Roman history, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too easily foresee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman are too seldom overcome.

THE elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conspicuous than in their answers to ambassadors.

THERE

THERE is an important omission in most of our grammar-schools, through which what we read either of fabulous or real history leaves either faint or confused impressions. I mean the neglect of old geographic maps. Were maps of ancient Greece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in use there, the knowledge we there acquire would not want to be renewed afterwards, as is now generally the case.

A PERSON of a pedantick turn will spend five years in translating, and contending for the beauties of a worse poem than he might write in five weeks himself. There seem to be authors who wish to sacrifice their whole character of genius, to that of learning.

BOILEAU has endeavoured to prove in one of his admirable satyrs, that man has no manner of pretence to prefer his faculties before those of the brute creation. Odlham has translated him; My Lord Rochester has imitated him: And even Mr. Pope declares,

“ That reason raise o’er instinct how you can,  
“ In this ’tis God directs; in that ’tis man.”

INDEED the Effay on Man abounds with illustrations of this maxim; and 'tis amazing to find how many plausible reasons may be urged to support it. It seems evident that our itch of reasoning, and spirit of curiosity precludes more happiness than it can possibly advance. What numbers of diseases are entirely artificial things? Far from the ability of a brute to contrive. We disrelish and deny ourselves cheap and natural gratifications, through speculative presciences and doubts about the future. We cannot discover the designs of our Creator. We should learn then of brutes to be easy under our ignorance, and happy in those objects that seem intended, obviously, for our happiness: Not overlook the flowers of the garden, and foolishly perplex ourselves with the intricacies of the labyrinth.

I WISH but two editions of all books whatsoever. One of the simple text, published by a society of able hands: Another with the various readings and remarks of the ablest commentators.

To endeavour, all one's days, to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend  
fo

so much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

IF one would think with philosophers, one must converse but little with the vulgar. These by their very number will force a person into a fondness for appearance, a love of money, a desire of power; and other plebeian passions: Objects which they admire, because they have no share in; and have not learning to supply the place of experience.

LIVY, the most elegant and principal of the Roman historians, was, perhaps, as superstitious as the most unlearned Plebeian. We see he never is destitute of appearances, accurately described, and solemnly asserted, to support particular events by the interposition of exploded deities. The puerile attention to chickens feeding in a morning—And then a piece of gravity: “*Parya sunt hæc, sed parva ista non contemnenda, majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.*”

It appears from the Roman historians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet *Felix* seems ever to imply a favorite of the gods. I am mistaken,

or modern Rome has generally acted in an opposite manner. Numbers amongst them have been canonized upon the single merit of misfortunes.

How different appears antient and modern dialogue, on account of the superficial subjects upon which we now generally converse! Add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which some kings clog and encumber conversation.

THE celebrated boldness of an eastern metaphor is, I believe, sometimes allowed it, for the inconsiderable similitude it bears to it's subject.

THE style of letters, perhaps, should not rise higher, than the style of refined conversation.

LOVE-VERSES, written, without real passion, are often the most nauseous of all conceits. Those written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful season of youth, and poetry, and love.

VIRGIL gives one such excessive pleasure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the most perfect harmony of metre, with the most pleasing ideas, or images.

“ Qualem

“ Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem,”  
And

“ Argentum Pariufve lapis ———  
With a thousand better instances.

NOTHING tends so much to produce drunkenness, or even madness, as the frequent use of parentheses in conversation.

FEW greater images of impatience, than a general seeing his brave army over-matched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to see his ally approach with forces to his assistance. See Shakespear.

“ When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear

“ Harry

“ Cast many a northward look to see his father

“ Bring up his pow'rs—but he did look in vain.”

## B O O K S,   &amp;c.

**S**IMILES drawn from odd circumstances and effects strangely accidental, bear a near relation to false wit. The best instance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller :

“ He grasp’d at love, and fill’d his hand with  
“ bays.”

**VIRGIL** discovers less wit, and more taste than any writer in the world—Some instances.

“ — longumque bibebat amorem.”

**WHAT** Lucretius says of the “ edita doctrinæ  
“ sapientum templa” — “ the temples of philoso-  
“ phers”—appears in no sense more applicable  
than to a snug and easy chariot :

“ Dispicere undè queas alios, passimque videre  
“ Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.”

i. e. From whence you may look down upon foot-passengers, see them wandring on each side you, and pick their way through the dirt.

“ feriously

---

“seriously  
 “From learning’s tow’ring height to gaze around,  
 “And see plebeian spirits range below.”

THERE is a sort of masonry in poetry, wherein the pause represents the joints of building; which ought in every line and course to have their disposition varied.

THE difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taste is chiefly this. The former is negligent what ideas he introduces, so he joins them surprizingly — The latter is principally careful what images he introduces, and studies simplicity rather than surprize in his manner of introduction.

IT may in some measure account for the difference of taste in the reading of books, to consider the difference of our ears for musick. One is not pleased without a perfect melody of stile, be the sense what it will: Another, of no ear for musick, gives to sense it’s full weight without any deduction on account of harshness.

HARMONY



HARMONY of period, and melody of stile have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we pass upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of scripture; what lines in poetry; or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones.

I WONDER the antient mythology never shews Apollo enamoured of Venus; considering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose; the most harmonious bird of the fairest and most delightful flower.

HOPE is a flatterer; but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

WHAT is termed humour in prose, I conceive, would be considered as burlesque in poetry: Of which instances may be given.

PERHAPS, burlesque may be divided into such as turns chiefly upon the thought, and such as  
 I depends

depends more upon the expression: Or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed in language much above, or below their dignity.

THE Splendid shilling, of Mr. Phillips, and the Hudibras of Butler are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much upon the ludicrous effect of his double rhimes. In other respects, to declare my own sentiments, he is rather a witty writer than an humorous one.

SCENES below verse, merely verified, lay claim to a degree of humour.

SWIFT in poetry deserves a place somewhere betwixt Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epistles and satyrs. I believe few people discover less humour in Don Quixote than myself. For beside the general sameness of adventure, whereby it is easy to foresee what he will do on most occasions, it is not so easy to raise a laugh from the wild achievements of a madman. The natural passion in that case is pity, with some small portion of mirth at most. Sancho's character is indeed comic, and, were it removed from the romance, would discover

cover how little there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote.

IT is a fine stroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, sick of his government, makes no answer to his comforters, but aims directly at his shoes and stockings.

OF MEN AND MANNERS.

I.

**T**HE arguments against pride drawn so frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumstances, and catastrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and insignificant. Man is not proud as a species, but as an individual; not, as comparing himself with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

II.

I HAVE often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableness in regard to proportion, color, &c. from their own persons.

III.

IT is happy enough that the same vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our constitution, that the one may not survive the other.

IV.

DEFERENCE often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the  
4 sensitive

sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

## V.

THE word Folly is, perhaps, the prettiest word in the language. Amusement, and Diversion are good well-meaning words: But Pastime is what never should be used but in a bad sense: It is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass the time away.

## VI.

DANCING in the rough is one of the most natural expressions of joy, and coincides with jumping. When it is regulated, it is merely "cum ratione insanire."

## VII.

A PLAIN down-right, open-hearted fellow's conversation is as insipid, says Sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amusement of thinking.

## VIII.

THE fortunate have many parasites: Hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

## IX. A

But more of trap and bait, Sir,  
 Why shou'd I sing, or either?  
 Since the rat, who knew the sleight,  
 Came in the dead of night,  
 And dragg'd 'em away together :

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,  
 Thro' a fracture in the flooring ;  
 Which, tho' so trim,  
 It now may seem,  
 Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages !  
 Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,  
 Had the rat which thus did feize on  
 The trap, less claim to reason,  
 Than many a scull among ye ?

DAN PRIOR's mice, I own it,  
 Were vermin of condition ;  
 But this rat who merely learn'd  
 What rats alone concern'd,  
 Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy-turvy,  
 Is clear from these mishaps, Sir ;  
 Since traps, we may determine,  
 Will no longer take our vermin,  
 But vermin\* take our traps, Sir.

Let fophs, by rats infested,  
 Then trust in cats to catch 'em ;  
 Lest they grow as learn'd as we,  
 In our studies ; where, d'ye see,  
 No mortal fits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains ;  
 Good luck betide our cats, Sir ;  
 And grant that the one  
 May quell the Spanish Don,  
 And the t'other destroy our rats, Sir.

On certain PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,  
 The weary audience vow,  
 'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,  
 But 'tis his herds that low.

On Mr. C—— of KIDDERMINSTER'S Poetry.

Why 'faith, dear friend, 'tis KIDDERMINSTER\* stuff,  
 And I do think you've measur'd out enough.

To

\* KIDDERMINSTER, famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

To the V I R T U O S O S.

**H**A I L curious wights ! to whom so fair  
 The form of mortal flies is !  
 Who deem those grubs beyond compare,  
 Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morafs or mound,  
 You make your sportsman fallies ;  
 Or that your prey in gardens found  
 Is urg'd thro' walks and allies,

Yet, in the fury of the chace,  
 No flope cou'd e'er retard you ;  
 Blest if one fly repay the race,  
 Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as CAMILLA \* o'er the plain  
 Purfu'd the glitt'ring ftranger ;  
 Still ey'd the purple's pleasing ftain,  
 And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you difpenfe the fav'rite meat  
 To nature's filmy people ;  
 Know what conferves they chufe to eat,  
 And what liqueurs, to tipple.

P 2

And,

\* See VIRGIL.



And, if her brood of insects dies,  
 You sage assistance lend her ;  
 Can stoop to pimp for am'rous flies,  
 And help 'em to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour ;  
 And when the birth's at hand,  
 Exerting your obstetric pow'r  
 Prevent a mothless land.

Yet oh ! howe'er your tow'ring view  
 Above gross objects rises,  
 Whate'er refinements you pursue,  
 Hear, what a friend advises :

A friend, who, weigh'd with yours, must prize  
 DOMITIAN's idle passion ;  
 That wrought the death of teasing flies,  
 But ne'er their propagation.

Let FLAVIA's eyes more deeply warm,  
 Nor thus your hearts determine,  
 To flight dame nature's fairest form  
 And sigh for nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaux,  
 Nor more as triflers treat 'em :  
 'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,  
 Than cherish moths, that eat 'em.

The EXTENT of COOKERY.

*Aliusque et idem.*

**W**HEN TOM to CAMBRIDGE first was sent,  
A plain brown bob he wore ;  
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant  
To be a fop no more.

See him to LINCOLN'S-INN repair,  
His resolution flag ;  
He cherishes a length of hair,  
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor COKE nor SALKELD he regards,  
But gets into the house,  
And soon a judge's rank rewards  
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs ! ye bags give place !  
Full-bottoms come instead !  
Good L—d ! to see the various ways  
Of dressing—a calve's-head !

The PROGRESS of A D V I C E.

A Common C A S E.

*Suade, nam certum est.*

SAYS RICHARD TO THOMAS (and seem'd half afraid)  
 " I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid :  
 Now, because Mrs. LUCY to thee is well known,  
 I will do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest on't ; 'tis no jest to me ;  
 For 'faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free.  
 I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,  
 But I'd have thy advice, e'er I tye myself to her."

Said THOMAS TO RICHARD, " To speak my opinion,  
 There is not such a bitch in KING GEORGE'S dominion,  
 And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,  
 Thou wou'dst chuse out a whipping post, first to be ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,  
 And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."  
 Next day RICHARD hasten'd to church and was wed,  
 And, ere night, had inform'd her what THOMAS had said.

A BAL-

## A B A L L A D.

*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*

FRom Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,  
 To bring down a wife, whom the swains might admire:  
 But in spite of whatever the mortal cou'd say,  
 The goddess objected the length of the way!

To give up the op'ra, the park, and the ball,  
 For to view the stag's horns in an old country-hall;  
 To have neither China nor India to see!  
 Nor a lace-man to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick, & Clive,  
 Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;  
 To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,  
 O heav'ns! she shou'd faint, she shou'd dye on the road!

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,  
 And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,  
 And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;  
 And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet-fingers of Ruckholt,  
 Where the citizen-matron seduces her cuckold;  
 But Ranelagh soon wou'd her footsteps recall,  
 And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vaux-hall.

To be fure ſhe cou'd breathe no where elſe than in town,  
 Thus ſhe talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown ;  
 But the while honeſt Harry deſpair'd to ſucceed,  
 A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SLENDER'S GHOſT. *vid.* SHAKESPEAR.

**B**eneath a church-yard yew,  
 Decay'd and worn with age,  
 At duſk of eve methought I ſpy'd  
 Poor SLENDER'S ghof't, that whim'ring cry'd,  
 O ſweet O ſweet ANNE PAGE !

Ye gentle bards ! give ear !  
 Who talk of amorous rage,  
 Who ſpoil the lilly, rob the roſe,  
 Come learn of me to weep your woes :  
 O ſweet O ſweet ANNE PAGE !

Why ſhou'd ſuch labour'd ſtrains  
 Your formal muſe engage ?  
 I never dreamt of flame or dart,  
 That fir'd my breaſt, or pierc'd my heart,  
 But ſigh'd, O ſweet ANNE PAGE !

And

And you ! whose love-sick minds  
No med'cine can assuage !  
Accuse the leech's art no more,  
But learn of SLENDER to deplore ;  
O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE !

And ye ! whose souls are held,  
Like linnets in a cage !  
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,  
Attend, and imitate my strains !  
O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE !

And you who boast or grieve,  
What horrid wars ye wage !  
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye ;  
Yet mean as I do, when I fight  
O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE !

Hence ev'ry fond conceit  
Of shepherd or of sage !  
'Tis SLENDER's voice, 'tis SLENDER's way  
Expresses all you have to say.  
O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE !

The INVIDIOUS. MART.

O Fortune ! if my pray'r of old  
 Was ne'er sollicitous for gold,  
 With better grace thou may'ft allow  
 My fuppliant wifh, that afks it now.  
 Yet think not ! goddeffs ! I require it  
 For the fame end your clowns defire it.

In a well-made effectual ftring,  
 Fain wou'd I fee LIVIDIO fwing !  
 Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,  
 But fuch a cur's not worth one's hanging.  
 Give me, O goddeffs ! ftore of pelf,  
 And he will tye the knot, himfeif.

The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

*Servum fi potes, Ole, non habere*  
*Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.* MAR.

I Ask'd a friend, amidft the throng,  
 Whofe coach it was that trail'd along :  
 " The gilded coach there—don't ye mind ?  
 That, with the footmen ftuck behind."

O Sir!

O Sir! fays he, what! han't ye feen it?  
 'Tis DAMON's coach, and DAMON in it.  
 'Tis odd methinks you have forgot  
 Your friend, your neighbour and—what not!  
 Your old acquaintance DAMON!—" True;  
 But faith his equipage is new."

" Bles me, said I, where can it end?  
 What madnefs has poffefs'd my friend?  
 Four powder'd flaves, and thofe the talleft,  
 Their ftomachs doubtlefs not the fmalleft!  
 Can DAMON's revenue maintain  
 In lace and food, fo large a train?  
 I know his land—each inch o' ground—  
 'Tis not a mile to walk it round—  
 If DAMON's whole eftate can bear  
 To keep his lad, and one-horfe chair,  
 I own 'tis paff my comprehension."  
 Yes, Sir, but DAMON has a penfion—  
 Thus does a falfe ambition rule us,  
 Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;  
 To keep a race of flick'ring knaves,  
 He grows himfelf the worft of flaves.



HINT from VOITURE.

**L**ET SOL his annual journeys run,  
 And when the radiant task is done,  
 Confess, thro' all the globe, 'twou'd pose him,  
 To match the charms that CELIA shews him.

And shou'd he boast he once had seen  
 As just a form, as bright a mien,  
 Yet must it still for ever pose him,  
 To match—what CELIA never shews him.

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

To the memory  
 Of A. L. Esquire,  
 Justice of the peace for this county :  
 Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage  
 Thro' a trifling ridiculous world,  
 Maintaining his proper dignity,  
 Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-dispos'd persons,  
 And wits of the age,  
 That ridicul'd his behaviour,  
 Or censur'd his breeding ;  
 Following the dictates of nature,  
 Desiring to ease the afflicted,  
 Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,  
 Without

Without having for his end  
 The noise, or report such things generally cause  
     In the world,  
 (As he was seen to perform them of none)  
     But the sole relief and happiness,  
         Of the party in distress ;  
         Himself resting easy,  
     When he cou'd render that so ;  
     Not griping, or pinching himself,  
         To hoard up superfluities ;  
     Not coveting to keep in his possession  
 What gives more disquietude, than pleasure ;  
         But charitably diffusing it  
         To all round about him :  
     Making the most sorrowful countenance  
         To smile,  
         In his presence ;  
     Always bestowing more than he was ask'd,  
     Always imparting before he was desir'd ;  
         Not proceeding in this manner,  
         Upon every trivial suggestion,  
     But the most mature, and solemn deliberation ;  
     With an incredible presence, and undauntedness  
         Of mind ;  
     With an inimitable gravity and economy  
         Of face ;  
         Bidding loud defiance  
     To politeness and the fashion,  
         Dar'd let a f—t.

## TO A FRIEND.

**H**AVE you ne'er seen, my gentle squire,  
The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says NED to SAL, " I lead a spade,  
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—  
Play something—any thing—but play—  
'Tis but to pass the time away—  
Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—  
As tho' she play'd for half her vails—  
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—  
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—  
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,  
It's not worth while to think about it."

SAL thought, and thought, and miss'd her aim,  
And NED, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wond'rous true,  
That verse is but a game at loo.  
While many a bard, that shews so clearly  
He writes for his amusement merely,  
Is known to study, fret, and toil;  
And play for nothing, all the while:  
Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore  
Ne'er signify'd a farthing more:  
'Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,  
He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Thro'

Thro' fragrant scenes the trifler roves,  
 And hallow'd haunts that PHOEBUS loves ;  
 Where with strange heats his bosom glows,  
 And mystic flames the God bestows.  
 You now none other flame require,  
 Than a good blazing parlour fire ;  
 Write verses—to defy the scorers,  
 In shit-houses and chimney-corners.

SAL found her deep-laid schemes were vain,  
 The cards are cut—come deal again—  
 No good comes on it when one lingers—  
 I'll play the cards come next my fingers—  
 Fortune cou'd never let NED loo her,  
 When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, still the same—  
 For SAL has lost another game.

“ I've done ; (she mutter'd) I was saying,  
 It did not argufy my playing.  
 Some folks will win, they cannot chuse,  
 But think or not think—some must lose,  
 I may have won a game or so—  
 But then it was an age ago—  
 It ne'er will be my lot again—  
 I won it of a baby then—  
 Give me an ace of trumps and fee,  
 Our NED will beat me with a three.  
 'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—  
 He'll suffer for it when he's marry'd.

Thus

Thus SAL, with tears in either eye ;  
While victor NED fate titt'ring by.

Thus I, long envying your success,  
And bent to write, and study less,  
Sate down, and scribbled in a trice,  
Just what you see—and you despise.

You, who can frame a tuneful song,  
And hum it as you ride along ;  
And, trotting on the king's high-way,  
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay ;  
Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,  
From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green ! so fair !  
Which many wish, and few must wear ?  
Which some men's indolence can gain,  
And some mens vigils ne'er obtain ?  
For what must SAL or poet sue,  
Ere they engage with NED or you ?  
For luck in verse, for luck at loo ?

Ah no ! 'tis genius gives you fame,  
And NED, thro' skill, secures the game.

}

## A SOLEMN MEDITATION.

**W**HAT is this life, this active guest,  
 Which robs our peaceful clay of rest?  
 This trifle, which while we retain,  
 Causes inquietude and pain?  
 This breath, which we no sooner find,  
 Than in a moment 'tis resign'd?  
 Whose momentary noise, when o'er,  
 Is never, never heard of more!  
 And even monarchs, when it ends,  
 Become offensive to their friends;  
 Emit a putrid noisome smell,  
 To those that lov'd 'em, e'er so well!

Pond'ring these things, within my heart,  
 Surely, said I—life is a f—t!

## The POET and the DUN. 1741.

*These are Messengers  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.*

SHAKESPEAR.

COMES a dun in the morning and raps at my door—  
“ I made bold to call--’tis a twelvemonth and more—  
I’m sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—  
But JOB wou’d be paid, Sir, had JOB been a mercer.”  
My friend have but patience-- “ Ay these are your ways.”  
I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—  
But Sir—prithee take it, and tell your attorney,  
If I han’t paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,  
And calmly consider—consider? vexation!  
What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks,  
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!  
What beggar’s wife’s nephew, now starv’d, & now beaten,  
Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!  
What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!  
Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard!  
Well, I’ll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,  
Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;  
Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,  
And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.

One’s

One's credit, however, of course will grow better;  
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

“ Dear Sir ! I receiv'd your obliging epistle,  
Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.  
I read over with wonder the poem you sent me ;  
And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent me.  
The audience, believe me, cry'd out ev'ry line  
Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine;  
All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,  
And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.  
I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted :  
Sir RICHARD, for much a less genius, was knighted.  
Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye ;  
I cou'd say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye.”  
Quite fir'd with the flatt'ry, I call for my paper,  
And waste that, and health, and my time, and my taper :  
I scribble 'till morn, when with wrath no small store,  
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.  
“ Ah ! friend, 'tis but idle to make such a pother,  
Fate, fate has ordain'd us, to plague one another.”



Written at an Inn at HENLEY.

**T**O thee, fair freedom! I retire  
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;  
Nor art thou found in mansions higher  
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign;  
And ev'ry health which I begin,  
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;  
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!  
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!  
Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my fordid ore,  
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;  
It buys, what courts have not in store;  
It buys me freedom, at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome, at an inn.

A SIMILE.

## A S I M I L E.

**W**HAT village but has fometime seen  
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,  
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,  
 Of that grim brute yclip'd a bear?  
 He from his dam, the learn'd agree,  
 Receiv'd the curious form you see;  
 Who with her plastic tongue alone,  
 Produc'd a visage—like her own.—  
 And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,  
 The pow'rful force of education \*—  
 Perhaps yon crowd of fwains is viewing  
 E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin;  
 Who plays his antics, roars aloud;  
 The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an aukward lad,  
 Whose birth has made a parish glad,  
 Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,  
 And taught by kind mamma at home;  
 Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,  
 With ways and means—to play the fool.  
 In sense the same, in stature higher,  
 He shines, ere long, a rural squire,  
 Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,  
 And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares

Q 3

His.

\* Of a fond matron's education.

His tenants of superior sense  
 Carouze, and laugh, at his expence ;  
 And deem the pastime I'm relating,  
 To be as pleasant, as bear-baiting.

### The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE.

#### A T A L E.

“SIR, will you please to walk before?”  
 -- No, pray Sir--you are next the door.--  
 —“ Upon mine honour, I'll not stir—”  
 Sir, I'm at home, consider, Sir—  
 “ Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first”—  
 Well, if I must be rude, I must—  
 But yet I wish I cou'd evade it—  
 'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—  
 Go forward, cits ! go forward squires !  
 Nor scruple each, what each admires.  
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding ;  
 It flies, while you display your breeding ;  
 Such breeding as one's granam preaches,  
 Or some old dancing-master teaches.  
 O for some rude tumultuous fellow,  
 Half crazy, or, at least, half-mellow,  
 To come behind you unawares,  
 And fairly push you both down stairs !  
 But death's at hand—let me advise ye,  
 Go forward, friends ! or he'll surprize ye.

Besides,

Besides, how insincere you are !  
 Do ye not flatter, lye, forswear,  
 And daily cheat, and weekly pray,  
 And all for this—to lead the way ?

Such is my theme, which means to prove,  
 That, tho' we drink, or game, or love,  
 As that or this is most in fashion,  
 Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees,  
 And pay the beadle's endless fees,  
 What moves that scientific body,  
 But the first cutting at a gawdy ?  
 And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,  
 That starve and languish as physicians,  
 Content to trudge the streets, and stare at  
 The fat apothecary's chariot ?  
 But that, in CHARLOT's chamber (see  
 MOLIERE's *Medecin malgre lui*)  
 The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,  
 Still walks before the apothecary.

FLAVIA in vain has wit and charms,  
 And all that shines, and all that warms ;  
 In vain all human race adore her,  
 For—lady MARY ranks before her.

O CELIA, gentle CELIA ! tell us,  
 You who are neither vain, nor jealous !  
 The softest breast, the mildest mien !  
 Wou'd you not feel some little spleen,

Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,  
 If FLORIMEL, your equal now,  
 Shou'd, one day, gain precedence of ye?  
 First serv'd—tho' in a dish of coffee?  
 Plac'd first, altho' where you are found,  
 You gain the eyes of all around?  
 Nam'd first, tho' not with half the fame,  
 That waits my charming CELIA's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire  
 Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!  
 Barely, where'er you go, to prove  
 The source of universal love!—  
 Yet be content, observing this,  
 Honour's the offspring of caprice:  
 And worth, howe'er you have purfu'd it,  
 Has now no pow'r—but to exclude it.  
 You'll find your general reputation  
 A kind of supplemental station,

Poor SWIFT, with all his worth, cou'd ne'er,  
 He tells us, hope to rise a peer;  
 So, to supply it, wrote for fame:  
 And well the wit secur'd his aim.  
 A common patriot has a drift,  
 Not quite so innocent as SWIFT:  
 In BRITAIN's cause he rants, he labours;  
 "He's honest, faith"—have patience, neighbours!  
 For patriots may sometimes deceive,  
 May beg their friend's reluctant leave,

To

To serve them in a higher sphere ;  
And drop their virtue, to get there.—

As LUCIAN tells us, in his fashion,  
How souls put off each earthly passion,  
Ere on ELYSIUM'S flow'ry strand,  
Old CHARON suffer'd 'em to land ;  
So ere we meet a court's careffes,  
No doubt our souls must change their dreffes :  
And souls there be, who, bound that way,  
Attire themselves ten times a day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,  
And faints alike and sinners love it ;  
If place, for which our courtiers throng  
So thick, that few can get along ;  
For which such servile toils are seen,  
Who's happier than a king ?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,  
'Tis properly a female passion :  
Women, and beaux, beyond all measure  
Are charm'd with rank's extatic pleasure.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,  
You'd hint a beau were not a man :  
Say, women then are fond of places ;  
I wave all disputable cases.  
A man perhaps would something linger,  
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger ;  
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,  
He might delib'rate once or twice on't ;  
Perhaps ask GATAKER'S advice on't.

}

And

And many, as their frame grows old,  
Wou'd hardly purchase it with gold.

But women with precedence ever ;  
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour ;  
It fires their youth with jealous rage,  
And strongly animates their age.  
Perhaps they would not sell out-right,  
Or maim a limb—that was in fight ;  
Yet, on worse terms, they sometimes chuse it ;  
Nor, ev'n in punishments, refuse it.

Preeminence in pain, you cry !  
All fierce and pregnant with reply.  
But lend your patience, and your ear,  
An argument shall make it clear.  
But hold, an argument may fail,  
Beside my title says, a tale.

Where AVON rolls her winding stream,  
AVON, the Muse's fav'rite theme !  
AVON, that fills the farmer's purses,  
And decks with flow'rs both farms, and verses,  
She visits many a fertile vale——  
Such was the scene of this my tale.  
For 'tis in EV'SHAM'S vale, or near it,  
That folks with laughter tell, and hear it.

The foil with annual plenty blest  
Was by young CORYDON possess'd.  
His youth alone I lay before ye,  
As most material to my story :

For

For strength and vigour too, he had 'em,  
And 'twere not much amiss, to add 'em.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain  
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,  
In russet robes of clover deep,  
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;  
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,  
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,  
Might well with bright allusion store me;  
—But happier bards have been before me!

Amongst the various year's increase,  
The stripling own'd a field of pease;  
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,  
Were haunted by some female neighbours.  
Each morn discover'd to his sight  
The shameful havoc of the night;  
Traces of this they left behind 'em,  
But no instructions where to find 'em.  
The devil's works are plain and evil,  
But few or none have seen the devil.  
Old NOLL, indeed, if we may credit  
The words of ECHARD, who has said it,  
Contriv'd with SATAN how to fool us;  
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;  
But then old NOLL was one in ten,  
And fought him more than other men.  
Our shepherd too, with like attention,  
May meet the female fiends we mention.



He rose one morn at break of day,  
 And near the field in ambush lay :  
 When lo ! a brace of girls appears,  
 The third, a matron much in years.  
 Smiling, amidst the pease, the finners  
 Sate down to cull their future dinners ;  
 And, caring little who might own 'em,  
 Made free as tho' themselves had sown 'em.

'Tis worth a sage's observation  
 How love can make a jest of passion.  
 Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,  
 His early dues to love unpaid !  
 And love, a god that keeps a pother,  
 And will be paid one time or other,  
 Now banish'd anger out o' door ;  
 And claim'd the debt withheld before.  
 If anger bid our youth revile,  
 Love form'd his features to a smile :  
 And knowing well 'twas all grimace,  
 To threaten with a smiling face,  
 He in few words express'd his mind—  
 And none would deem them much unkind.

The am'rous youth, for their offence,  
 Demanded instant recompence :  
 That recompence from each, which shame  
 Forbids a bashful muse to name.  
 Yet, more this sentence to discover,  
 'Tis what BETT \* \* grants her lover,

When

When he, to make the strumpet willing,  
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood awhile, as 'twere suspended,  
And loth to do, what—each intended.

At length with soft pathetic sighs,  
The matron, bent with age, replies.

'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,  
And our ill stars will have it so—  
But let my tears your wrath assuage,  
And shew some deference for age!  
I from a distant village came,  
Am old, G— knows, and something lame;  
And if we yield, as yield we must,  
Dispatch my crazy body first.

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,  
When circled round on IDA's plain,  
With goddesses he stood suspended,  
And PALLAS's grave speech was ended,  
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty;  
But paid the compliment to beauty.

O D E

To be performed by Dr. BRETTLER, and a  
Chorus of HALES-OWEN CITIZENS.

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d' Amour.

AIR by the DOCTOR.

**A** WAKE! I say, awake good people!  
And be for once alive and gay;  
Come let's be merry; stir the tippie;  
How can you sleep,  
Whilst I do play? how can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great musician!  
On drowsy souls some pity take!  
For wond'rous hard is our condition,  
To drink thy beer,  
Thy strains to hear;  
To drink,  
To hear,  
And keep awake!

SOLO

SOLO by the DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by HANDEL,  
 A wight of skill, and judgment deep!  
 Zooners they're gone—SAL, bring a candle—  
 No, here is one, and he's asleep.

DUETTE.

DR. — How cou'd they go, Soft music.  
                     Whilst I do play?

SAL. How cou'd they go? Warlike music.  
                     How shou'd they stay?

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

**W**ELL, ladies—so much for the tragic stile—  
 And now the custom is to make you smile.  
 To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—  
 Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?  
 The captain gone three years!—and then to blame  
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!  
 My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,  
 When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?  
 Out of my house!—this night, forsooth depart!  
 A modern wife had said—“With all my heart—  
 But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!  
 Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—

Give

Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—  
And pray take care my pin-money be paid.”

Such is the language of each modish fair !  
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare  
The time has been when modesty and truth  
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth ;  
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces, }  
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places, }  
Nor took the airs of amazons for graces :

Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,  
And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad ;  
They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,  
But with the joys of wedlock mixt the cares.

Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,  
For marriage triumph'd in those golden days :  
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd ;  
By faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.

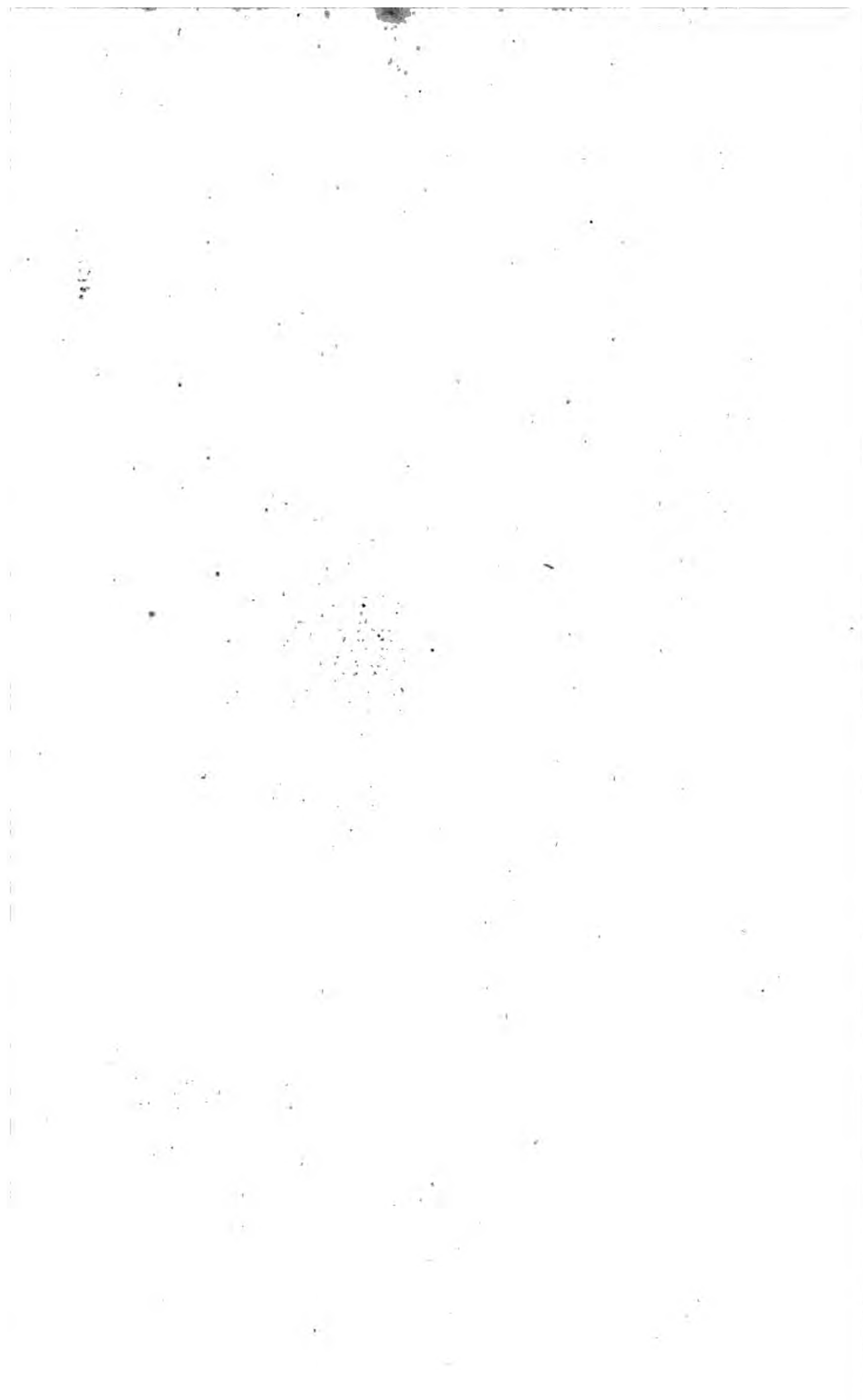
'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days agen,  
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men ;  
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,  
And give the soul, as well as sense, delight ;  
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,  
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.  
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,  
The marriage chain with transport shall be worn ;  
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride,  
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide ;  
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,  
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

MORAL

**MORAL PIECES.**

**VOL. I.**

**R,**





T H E

## JUDGMENT of HERCULES.

**W**Hile blooming spring descends from genial skies,  
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;  
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow;  
The sweets of HAGLEY, or the pride of STOWE;  
Will LYTTELTON the rural landskip range,  
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?  
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,  
And learn a moral from the rising greens?  
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,  
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r:  
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,  
Invites, from grateful hands, their gen'rous aid:

R 2

Soon,



Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,  
The lively lustre of these scenes declines !

'Tis thus, the spring of youth, the morn of life,  
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife,  
Then passion riots, reason then contends ;  
And, on the conquest, ev'ry bliss depends :  
Life, from the nice decision, takes its hue :  
And blest those judges who decide like you !  
On worth like theirs shall ev'ry bliss attend :  
The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are, who blind to thought's fatiguing ray,  
As fortune gives examples, urge their way :  
Not virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline,  
And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join,  
In her's, or vice's casual road advance  
Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of chance !  
Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice ;  
With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,  
When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,  
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein ;  
While passion's lawless tides, at their command,  
Glide thro' more useful tracts, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,  
By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,  
In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs ;  
Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with flow'rs.  
The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings :  
The fittest to adorn each art she brings :

Lov'd

Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires :  
 Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry muse inspires :  
 Blest in the tuneful art, the social flame ;  
 In all that wins, in all that merits fame !

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,  
 When great ALCIDES to a grove retir'd.

Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,  
 Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd ;  
 Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys :

Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.

Dubious he stray'd, with wav'ring thoughts possess'd,  
 Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast ;

The various arts which human cares divide,

In deep attention all his mind employ'd :

Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd ;

Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.

The silvan choir whose numbers sweetly flow'd,

The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd ;

The silver flood that in meanders led

His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead ;

The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,

Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind.

In vain ! while distant, on a summit rais'd,

Th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' fancy's puzzling maze

The sep'rate sweets of pleasure, and of praise ;

Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,

And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.

At once, before his wond'ring eyes were seen  
 Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.  
 Various their charms; and, in their dress and face,  
 Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.  
 This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,  
 The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.  
 Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,  
 Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty.  
 Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,  
 Severely sweet, and innocently gay.  
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,  
 In artless folds of virgin white array'd!  
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,  
 Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn.  
 Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,  
 Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles.  
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;  
 She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;  
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,  
 Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine.  
 One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore,  
 And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore.  
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,  
 And match'd the awful honours of her face.  
 The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant ground,  
 Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.  
 Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;  
 She pleas'd, while distant, but, when near, she charm'd.

So

So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam  
 That glitt'ring quivers o'er a distant stream :  
 But from its banks we see new beauties rise,  
 And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd ;  
 And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.  
 A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,  
 And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd.  
 Its form, contriv'd her faulty size to grace ;  
 Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face.  
 Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliants glar'd ;  
 Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd ;  
 The gawdy topaz lent its gay supplies,  
 And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes ;  
 Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd ;  
 And, round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd.  
 Soft-smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles ;  
 Yet ah ! the blushes artful as the smiles.  
 Oft-gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair  
 Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care :  
 Her thoughts, to other's charms malignly blind,  
 Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd ;  
 And if on other's eyes a glance were thrown,  
 'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.  
 Much like her guardian, fair CYTHERA's queen,  
 When for her warrior she refines her mien ;  
 Or when, to bless her DELIAN fav'rite's arms,  
 The radiant fair invigorates her charms.

Much like her pupil, EGYPT's sportive dame,  
 Her dress expressive, and her air the same,  
 When her gay bark o'er silver CYDNOS roll'd,  
 And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.  
 Such shone the vision; nor forbore, to move,  
 The fond contagious airs of lawless love.  
 Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,  
 And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.  
 Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,  
 She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;  
 Yet made some faint efforts, & first approach'd the swain. }  
 So glaring draughts, with taudry lustre bright,  
 Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight:  
 More slowly charms a RAPHAEL's chaster air,  
 Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrap'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd  
 The various charms of each attractive maid:  
 Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,  
 And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.  
 Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,  
 When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

“ Hither, dear boy, direct thy wand'ring eyes;  
 'Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.  
 Debate no more, to me thy life resign;  
 Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine.  
 For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,  
 Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r;  
 To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains;  
 To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;

To

To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows ;  
 To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose ;  
 Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,  
 And swells the vegetable world, for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,  
 Where bleed the many to enrich the few :  
 Where chance from courage claims the boasted prize :  
 Where, tho' she give, your country oft denies.  
 Industrious thou shalt CUPID'S wars maintain,  
 And ever gently fight his soft campaign.  
 His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,  
 Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure.  
 Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,  
 And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes.  
 Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,  
 A brighter lily on their necks appear ;  
 Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shall rest,  
 Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest !  
 While PHILOMEL in each soft voice complains,  
 And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains :  
 Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours flow ;  
 And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow.  
 Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,  
 Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.  
 At sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim ;  
 In vain ! for pleasure is my real name :  
 Nor envy thou the head with bays o'er-grown ;  
 No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own :

For

For well each op'ning scene, that claims my care,  
Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl  
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.  
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,  
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.  
Indulgent BACCHUS loads his lab'ring tree,  
And, guarding, gives its clust'ring sweets to me.  
For my lov'd train, APOLLO's piercing beam  
Darts thro' the passive glebe, and frames the gem.  
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,  
Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd!  
For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;  
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;  
Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay;  
Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey;  
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;  
Art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field;  
Of CORINTH's order shall the structure rise;  
The spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies;  
Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays;  
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;  
Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,  
Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and sweetly-sounding lyres  
Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;  
Or, in th' Ionian dance, some fav'rite maid  
Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;

Think,

Think, can'st thou quit a glowing DELIA's arms,  
 To feed on virtue's visionary charms ?  
 Or flight the joys which wit and youth engage,  
 For the faint honour of a frozen sage ?  
 To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,  
 And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace ?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,  
 And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.  
 She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,  
 You vow'd the wild extremities of love ;  
 In whose endearments years, like moments, flew ;  
 For whose endearments millions seem'd too few ;  
 She, she implores ; she bids thee seize the prime,  
 And tread with her the flow'ry tracts of time ;  
 Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow  
 On some cold lover, or insulting foe.

Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,  
 Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell ;  
 What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs !  
 What full conviction sparkles in her eyes !

See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,  
 Where breathing jafmin screens the sleeping maid :  
 And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,  
 Ambition seeks more humble joys than love !  
 There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,  
 Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain :  
 Or none, but what with equal sweets invite ;  
 Nor other arts, but to prolong delight :

Some-



Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,  
 To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring ;  
 To fix the dress that suits each varying mien ;  
 To shew where best the clustering gems are seen ;  
 To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,  
 And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love !  
 Nor fear to find a coy disdainful muse ;  
 Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse.  
 Cool grotts, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,  
 Soft scenes of leisure ! suit th' harmonious maids ;  
 And all the wise, and all the grave decree  
 Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,  
 And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,  
 Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,  
 And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse :  
 To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,  
 Explain the beauties of an insect's wing ;  
 The plant, which nature, less diffusely kind,  
 Has to few climes with partial care confin'd ;  
 The shell she scatters with more careless air,  
 And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair ;  
 The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,  
 Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,  
 Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms ;  
 Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,  
 Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.

The

The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,  
 And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,  
 For thy repose, inform, with rival joy,  
 Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh,  
 Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,  
 Till lost in bliss thou breathe thy soul away :  
 Till the t' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,  
 Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd ; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,  
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind :  
 One tender hand her drooping head sustains ;  
 One points, expressive, to the flow'ry plains.  
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll  
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul :  
 As when FAVONIUS joins the solar blaze,  
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays,  
 Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd  
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.  
 He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame ;  
 Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame ;  
 And, oft as virtue caught his wand'ring eye,  
 A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.  
 'Twas such the ling'ring TROJAN's shame betray'd,  
 When MAIA's son the frown of JovE display'd :  
 When wealth, fame, empire, cou'd no ballance prove  
 For the soft reign of DIDO, and of love.  
 Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires ;  
 Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires !

Some

Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,  
And virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.

“ Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,  
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.  
Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,  
And the dry turf disclose a fainter green ;  
Tho' no gay rose, or flow'ry product shine,  
The barren surface still conceals the mine.  
Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows  
In virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—  
Yet shou'd those boasted, specious toys allure,  
Whence cou'd fond sloth the flatt'ring gifts procure ?  
The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,  
'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.  
I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store ;  
I thro' each region, latent gems explore ;  
'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,  
By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd ;  
'Tis I the surface yet refine, and shew  
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.  
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree  
Without the firm supports of industry.

But grant we sloth the scene herself has drawn,  
The mossy grotto, and the flow'ry lawn ;  
Let PHILOMELA tune th' harmonious gale,  
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale ;  
Let gay POMONA flight the plains around,  
And chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground ;

To bless the fertile vale shou'd virtue cease,  
 Nor mossy grotts, nor flow'ry lawns cou'd please ;  
 Nor gay POMONA's luscious gifts avail,  
 The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.

See'st thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,  
 Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies ?  
 Those fields, whence PHOEBUS all their moisture drains,  
 And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains ?  
 When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,  
 Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.  
 The form thou view'st, to ev'ry scene with ease  
 Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.  
 When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,  
 And the lone wand'rer with my presence cheer'd ;  
 Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,  
 And call'd that desert blissful solitude !

Nor I alone to such extend my care :  
 Fair-blooming health surveys her altars there.  
 Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,  
 And with reflected lustre gild the plains.  
 With her, in flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride,  
 Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.  
 One ready off'ring suits each neighb'ring shrine ;  
 And all obey their laws, who practise mine.

But health averse from sloth's smooth region flies ;  
 And, in her absence, pleasure droops and dies.  
 Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose,  
 Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.

A galaxy

A galaxy of pow'rs ! whose forms appear  
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor will soft sleep to sloth's request incline,  
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.

Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,  
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain !  
Where she relentless reigns without controul,  
And checks each gay excursion of the soul :  
Unmov'd, tho' beauty, deck'd in all its charms,  
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms :  
Till joyless indolence suggests desires ;  
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires :  
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,  
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay.

As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,  
Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the sands.  
But let fair health her chearing smiles impart,  
How sweet is nature, how superfluous art !  
'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,  
And smooths the flinty couch which fortune lends.  
And, when my hero from his toils retires,  
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,  
And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,  
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.  
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame :  
His sweetest music is the voice of fame ;  
Pleasures to sloth unknown ! she never found  
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the found.

See

See fame's gay structure from yon summit charms,  
 And fires the manly breast to arts or arms :  
 Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise  
 From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire ;  
 The smiling offspring of a rigid fire !  
 To fix the friend, your service must be shewn ;  
 All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.  
 That wond'ring GREECE your portrait may admire,  
 That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,  
 That books may praise, or coins record your name,  
 Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim !  
 And the fame column which displays to view  
 The conqu'ror's name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas slow experience, tedious mistress ! taught  
 All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought.  
 'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,  
 In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.  
 Not the vain visions of inactive schools ;  
 Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules  
 E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends  
 T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.  
 On active worth the laurel war bestows :  
 Peace rears her olive for industrious brows :  
 Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies :  
 Nor heav'n, its show'rs without a sacrifice.

See far below such grov'ling scenes of shame,  
 As lull to rest IGNAVIA's slumb'ring dame.

Her friends, from all the toils of fame secure,  
 Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.  
 Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage,  
 A youth enervate, and a painful age!  
 A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies;  
 And, if she linger, impotently wise!  
 A thoughtless train, who pamper'd, sleek, and gay,  
 Invite old age, and revel youth away;  
 From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,  
 And idly place it where they least can bear.  
 When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,  
 What kind reflection shall the mind supply?  
 When, with lost health, what shou'd the loss allay,  
 Peace, peace is lost: a comfortless decay!  
 But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,  
 And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,  
 Thro' death's dark vista flowery tracts are seen,  
 Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.  
 If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,  
 Their's is the present who can praise the past.  
 Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,  
 As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,  
 How calm they glide into the port of age!  
 Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;  
 More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd.  
 For health on age, 'tis temp'rance must bestow;  
 And peace from piety alone can flow;

And all the incense bounteous Jove requires,  
Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.—

Sloth views the tow'rs of fame with envious eyes ;  
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.

Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,  
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,  
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,  
Some silvan music, or some scented breeze :  
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,  
And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.

Thus some fond insect's fault'ring pinions wave,  
Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave :  
And thus in vain these charming visions please  
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease :  
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,  
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

But shun her snares : nor let the world exclaim,  
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.  
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd ;  
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.  
Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,  
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.  
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,  
To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage ;  
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,  
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound :  
Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,  
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.



Then in their feasts thy name shall GRECIANS join;  
 Shall pour the sparkling juice to JOVE's and thine.  
 Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;  
 Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.  
 Dullness perhaps thro' want of fight, may blame,  
 And spleen, with odious industry, defame;  
 And that, the honours giv'n, with wonder view,  
 And this, in secret sadness, own them due:  
 Contempt and envy were by fate design'd  
 The rival tyrants which divide mankind;  
 Contempt, which none, but who deserve, can bear;  
 While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.  
 For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,  
 Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require,  
 Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I shew,  
 Lov'd by the good their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies!  
 My guide! my queen! th' extatic youth replies.  
 In thee I trace a form design'd for sway;  
 Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.  
 And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear,  
 Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.  
 Lead me! O lead me where whole hosts of foes,  
 Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose!  
 Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,  
 While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.  
 Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,  
 And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:

To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,  
 And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind !  
 Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,  
 And none, but envy, riot unsubstu'd.  
 In cloister'd state let selfish fages dwell,  
 Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell ;  
 And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,  
 Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools :  
 Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend ;  
 For HE is thine, who proves his country's friend.  
 Thus when my life well-spent the good enjoy,  
 And the mean envious labour to destroy ;  
 When, strongly lur'd by fame's contiguous shrine,  
 I yet devote my choicer vows to thine ;  
 If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,  
 O lead thy fav'rite thro' the gates of fame !

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,  
 He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.  
 But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,  
 The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more :  
 Convinc'd, her spurious charms of dress and face  
 Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.  
 Fantastic pow'r ! whose transient charms allur'd,  
 While error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd :  
 Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen  
 Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.  
 Her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own,  
 'Twas all her wish, her int'rest to be known :

And, when his longing view the fair declin'd,  
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendor crown'd,  
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround.  
But let the source of light its beams display,  
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,  
And all the sick'ning splendor fades away. }

## The PROGRESS of TASTE:

O R,

## The FATE of DELICACY.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of  
the AUTHOR; and how great a Misfortune  
it is, for a Man of small Estate to have  
much TASTE.

P A R T the F I R S T.

**P**Erhaps some cloud eclips'd the day,  
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.  
"The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—  
On life's extended ocean sail:

For

For happiness our course we bend,  
 Our ardent cry, our general end !  
 Yet ah! the scenes which tempt our care  
 Are like the forms dispers'd in air,  
 Still dancing near disorder'd eyes ;  
 And weakest his, who best descries !

Yet let me not my birth-right barter,  
 (For wishing is the poet's charter ;  
 All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,  
 Tho' few e'er found their wishes granted ;  
 Extensive field ! where poets pride them  
 In singing all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye pow'rs ! I pray ;  
 That plain warm suit for ev'ry day !  
 And pleasure, and brocade, bestow ;  
 To flaunt it—once a month, or so.  
 The first for constant wear we want ;  
 The first, ye pow'rs ! for ever grant !  
 But constant wear the last bespatters,  
 And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,  
 Let me secure one faithful friend.  
 Let me, in public scenes, request  
 A friend of wit and taste, well-dress'd :  
 And, if I must not hope such favour,  
 A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas ! that wisdom ever shuns  
 To congregate her scatter'd sons ;

Whose nervous forces, well combin'd,  
 Would win the field, and sway mankind.  
 The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,  
 To fix his follies full in fight ;  
 The note he strikes, the plume he shews,  
 Attract whole flights of fops and beaux ;  
 And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,  
 Flock at the sign ; carefs, and own him.  
 But ill-star'd sense, nor gay nor loud,  
 Steals soft, on tip-toe, thro' the crowd ;  
 Conveys his meagre form between ;  
 And slides, like pervious air, unseen :  
 Contracts his known tenuity,  
 As though 'twere ev'n a crime, to be :  
 Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,  
 And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,  
 You scarce are conscious he is there :  
 Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,  
 Occurs his face's thin profile.  
 Still seeming, from the gazer's eye,  
 Like VENUS, newly-bath'd, to fly.  
 Yet while reluctant he displays  
 His real gems before the blaze,  
 The fool hath, in its center, plac'd  
 His tawdry stock of painted paste.  
 Difus'd to speak, he tries his skill ;  
 Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill ;

His

His penfive manner, dulnefs deem'd ;  
 His modefty, referve esteem'd ;  
 His wit unknown, his learning vain,  
 He wins not one of all the train.

And thofe who, mutually known,  
 In friendship's faireft lift had fhone,  
 Lefs prone, than pebbles, to unite,  
 Retire to fhades from public fight ;  
 Grow favage, quit their focial nature ;  
 And ftarve, to ftudy mutual fatire.

But friends, and fav'rites, to chagrin them,  
 Find counties, countries, feas, between them :  
 Meet once a year, then part, and then  
 Retiring, wifh to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide  
 Some human form to grace my fide ;  
 At hand, where'er I fhape my courfe ;  
 An ufeful, pliant, ftalking-horfe !

No gesture free from fome grimace ;  
 No seam, without its fhare of lace ;  
 But, mark'd with gold or filver either,  
 Hint where his coat was piec'd together.  
 His legs be lengthen'd, I advife,  
 And ftockings roll'd abridge his thighs.  
 What tho' VANDYCK had other rules,  
 What had VANDYCK to do with fools ?  
 Be nothing wanting, but his mind ;  
 Before, a folitaire ; behind,

A twifted

A twisted ribbon, like the track  
 Which nature gives an ass's back.  
 Silent, as midnight! pity 'twere  
 His wisdom's slender wealth to share ;  
 And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray,  
 To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting ev'ry eye,  
 I strole all unregarded by :  
 This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,  
 As an umbrella fun or wind ;  
 Or, like a sponge, absorbs the fallies,  
 And pestilential fumes of malice ;  
 Or like a splendid shield is fit  
 To screen the templar's random wit ;  
 Or what some gentler cit lets fall,  
 As wool-packs quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,  
 And apter still the stalking-horse !

O let me wander all unseen,  
 Beneath the sanction of his mien !  
 As lilies soft, as roses fair !  
 Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air !  
 With steady eye and pace remark  
 The speckled flock that haunts the park ; \*  
 Level my pen with wond'rous heed  
 At follies, flocking there to feed :  
 And, as my satire bursts amain,  
 See, feather'd fopp'ry strew the plain.

But

\* St. JAMES'S.

But when I seek my rural grove,  
 And share the peaceful haunts I love,  
 Let none of this unhallow'd train  
 My sweet sequester'd paths profane.  
 Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend  
 To these soft-winding vales descend ;  
 And, love with me inglorious things,  
 And scorn with me the pomp of kings :  
 And check me, when my bosom burns  
 For statues, paintings, coins and urns.  
 For I in DAMON's pray'r cou'd join,  
 And DAMON's wish might now be mine—  
 But all dispers'd ! the wish, the pray'r,  
 Are driven to mix with common air.

P A R T the S E C O N D.

**H**OW happy once was DAMON's lot,  
 While yet romantic schemes were not !  
 Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes,  
 To plan frail castles in the skies ;  
 Forfaking pleasures cheap and common,  
 To court a blaze, still flitting from one.

Ah happy DAMON ! thrice and more,  
 Had taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.

Oh days ! when to a girdle ty'd  
 The couples gingled at his side ;  
 And DAMON swore he wou'd not barter  
 The sportsman's girdle, for a garter !

Whoever



Whoever came to kill an hour,  
 Found easy DAMON in their pow'r ;  
 Pure social nature all his guide,  
 " DAMON had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares  
 Which knav'ry plans, and craft prepares ;  
 But rather wealth to crown their wiles ;  
 And win their universal smiles :  
 For who are chearful, who at ease,  
 But they who cheat us as they please ?

He wink'd at many a gross design,  
 The new-fall'n calf might countermine :  
 Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit ;  
 " Yes ! DAMON had a gen'rous spirit !"

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,  
 Was sure, at least, of DAMON's smile :  
 That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him sense ;  
 For why ? it prov'd his own pretence :  
 All own'd, were modesty away,  
 DAMON cou'd shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season,  
 DAMON ne'er strove to save his reason ;  
 Obnoxious to the mad uproar :  
 A spy upon a hostile shore !  
 'Twas this his company endear'd ;  
 Mirth never came till he appear'd :  
 His lodgings—ev'ry draw'r cou'd shew 'em ;  
 The slave was kick'd, who did not know 'em.

Thus

Thus DAMON, studious of his ease,  
 And pleasing all, whom mirth cou'd please ;  
 Defy'd the world, like idle COLLEY,  
 To shew a softer word than folly.  
 Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known  
 To stare the gazer into stone ;  
 He chose to trust in folly's charm,  
 To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave learning's sober train  
 Remark'd the trifler with disdain ;  
 The sons of taste contemn'd his ways,  
 And rank'd him with the brutes that graze :  
 While they to nobler heights aspir'd,  
 And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,  
 His old companions lost their merit :  
 And ev'ry kind well-natur'd sot  
 Seem'd a dull play, without a plot ;  
 Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees,  
 The willing creature strives to please ;  
 But temper never could amuse ;  
 It barely led us to excuse ;  
 'Twas true, conversing, they aver'd,  
 All they had seen, or felt, or heard :  
 Talents of weight ! for wights like these,  
 The law might chuse for witnesses :  
 But sure th' attesting dry narration  
 Ill suits a judge of conversation.

What

\* What were their freedoms ? mere excuses  
 To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.  
 Yet freedom, gallant freedom ! hailing,  
 At form, at form, incessant railing,  
 Would they examine each offence,  
 Its latent cause, its known pretence,  
 Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,  
 So sure as fond prolific freedom.  
 Their courage ? but a loaded gun ;  
 Machine the wise wou'd wish to shun ;  
 Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,  
 Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,  
 Thro' much contempt, and slender pleasure,  
 His sense of dignity returns ;  
 With native pride his bosom burns ;  
 He seeks respect—but how to gain it ?  
 Wit, social mirth, cou'd ne'er obtain it.  
 Laughter, how kind soe'er it seem,  
 Discards, and dissipates esteem :  
 The man who gravely bows, enjoys it ;  
 But shaking hands, at once, destroys it.  
 Precarious plant, which, fresh and gay,  
 Shrinks at the touch, and fades away !

Come then reserve ! yet from thy train  
 Banish contempt, and curst disdain.  
 Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art  
 To act the decent distant part :

To

\* Boisterous mirth.

To husband well my complaisance,  
 Nor let ev'n wit too far advance ;  
 But chuse calm reason for my theme,  
 In these her loyal realms supreme ;  
 And o'er her charms, with caution shewn,  
 Be still a graceful umbrage thrown ;  
 And each abrupter period crown'd,  
 With nods, and winks, and smiles profound.  
 Till rescu'd from the crowd beneath,  
 No more with pain to move or breathe,  
 I rise with head elate, to share  
 Salubrious draughts of purer air.  
 Respect is won by grave pretence  
 And silence, surer ev'n than sense—

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs  
 Of Eastern—and of other kings.  
 Or whence this awe to virtue due,  
 While virtue's distant as PERU ?  
 The sheathless sword the guard displays,  
 Which round emits its dazzling rays :  
 The stately fort, the turrets tall,  
 Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,  
 Less screens the body, than controuls,  
 And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but check the eye,  
 Before it fondly pierce too nigh ;  
 That dazzled crowds may be employ'd  
 Around the surface of—the void.

O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound  
 To scatter his amusements round ;  
 To tempt us from their conscious breast,  
 Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.  
 Nor awes us every worth reveal'd  
 So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,  
 That the frog-people might adore,  
 With guards to keep them at a distance,  
 Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's assistance :  
 Nay—had addressees from his nation ;  
 In praise of log-administration.

P A R T the T H I R D.

**T**HE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,  
 And fame and finery pleas'd no more ;  
 Productive of that gen'ral stare,  
 Which cool reflection ill can bear !  
 And, crowds commencing mere vexation,  
 Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic scenes of pendent hills,  
 And verdant vales, and falling rills,  
 And mossy banks the fields adorn,  
 Where DAMON, simple swain, was born.

The dryads rear'd a shady grove ;  
 Where such as think, and such as love,  
 Might safely sigh their summer's day ;  
 Or muse their silent hours away.

The

The oreads lik'd the climate well ;  
 And taught the level plain to swell  
 In verdant mounds, from whence the eye  
 Might all their larger works descry:

The naiads pour'd their urns around,  
 From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.  
 They form'd their streams to please the view,  
 And bade them wind, as serpents do :  
 And having shewn them where to stray,  
 Threw little pebbles in their way.

These fancy, all-sagacious maid,  
 Had at their several tasks survey'd :  
 She saw and smil'd ; and oft would lead  
 Our DAMON's foot o'er hill and mead ;  
 There, with descriptive finger, trace  
 The genuine beauties of the place ;  
 And when she all its charms had shewn,  
 Prescribe improvements of her own.

See yonder hill, so green, so round,  
 Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd !  
 'Twou'd well become thy gentle care  
 To raise a dome to VENUS there :  
 Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey ;  
 And VENUS, in their arms, repay.  
 'Twas such a shade, and such a nook,  
 In such a vale, near such a brook ;  
 From such a rocky fragment springing ;  
 That fam'd APOLLO chose, to sing in.

There let an altar wrought with art  
 Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.  
 How charming there to muse and warble  
 Beneath his bust of breathing marble !  
 With laurel wreath, and mimic lyre,  
 That crown a poet's vast desire.  
 Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell  
 Where music's \* charming maids may dwell ;  
 Prone to indulge thy tender passion,  
 And make thee many an assignation.  
 Deep in the grove's obscure retreat  
 Be plac'd MINERVA's sacred seat ;  
 There let her awful turrets rise,  
 (For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes :)  
 There her calm dictates shalt thou hear  
 Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear :  
 And who wou'd shun the pleasing labour,  
 To have MINERVA for his neighbour ?"

In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,  
 Its truth was little call'd in question :  
 And DAMON dreamt he saw the fawns,  
 And nymphs, distinctly, skim the lawns ;  
 Now trac'd amid the trees, and then  
 Lost in the circling shades again.  
 With leer oblique their lover viewing—  
 And CUPID—panting—and pursuing—  
 Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,  
 Be thou my goddess ! thou my guide !

For

\* The muses.

For thy bright visions I despise  
 What foes may think, or friends advise.  
 The feign'd concern, when folks survey  
 Expence, time, study cast away ;  
 The real spleen, with which they see :  
 I please myself, and follow thee.

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd ;  
 And thus the fairy landskip charm'd.  
 But most he hop'd his constant care  
 Might win the favour of the fair ;  
 And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade,  
 He thus the soft design betray'd.

“ Ye doves ! for whom I rear'd the grove,  
 With melting lays salute my love !  
 My DELIA with your notes detain,  
 Or I have rear'd the grove in vain !  
 Ye flow'rs ! which early spring supplies,  
 Display at once your brightest dyes !  
 That she your op'ning charms may see,  
 Or what were else your charms to me ?  
 Kind zephyr ! brush each fragrant flow'r,  
 And shed its odours round my bow'r,  
 Or ne'er again, O gentle wind !  
 Shall I, in thee, refreshment find  
 Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,  
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,  
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair ;  
 Or oh 'twill deepen my despair !



Be sure, ye willows ! you be seen  
 Array'd in liveliest robes of green ;  
 Or I will tear your slighted boughs,  
 And let them fade around my brows.  
 And thou, my grott ! whose lonely bounds  
 The melancholy pine furrounds !  
 May she admire thy peaceful gloom,  
 Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd ;  
 Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.

" See, neighbours, what our DAMON's doing !  
 I think some folks are fond of ruin !  
 I saw his sheep at random stray—  
 But he has thrown his crook away—  
 And builds such huts as, in foul weather,  
 Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the sober swain misled ?  
 Why, PHOEBUS put it in his head.  
 PHOEBUS befriends him, we are told ;  
 And PHOEBUS coins bright tuns of gold.  
 'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't :  
 I think he'll never touch a grain on't.  
 And if, from PHOEBUS, and his muse,  
 Mere earthly laziness ensues ;  
 'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,  
 The dev'l inspires, as well as they.  
 So they—while fools of groffer kind,  
 Less weeting what our bard design'd,

Impute his schemes to real evil ;  
That in these haunts he met the devil.

He own'd, tho' their advice was vain,  
It suited wights who trod the plain:  
For dullness—tho' he might abhor it—  
In them, he made allowance for it.  
Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottos,  
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,  
Folks, little dreaming of the muses,  
Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the muses haunt his cell ?  
Or in his dome did VENUS dwell ?  
Did PALLAS in his counsels share ?  
The Delian god reward his pray'r ?  
Or did his zeal engage the fair ?

}  
}

When all the structures shone compleat ;  
Not much convenient, wond'rous neat ;  
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,  
And the fair guests alone were wanting ;  
Ah me ! ('twas DAMON's own confession)  
Came poverty, and took possession.

P A R T the F O U R T H.

W H Y droops my DAMON, whilst he roves  
Thro' ornamented meads and groves ?  
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,  
Which ev'ry critic eye admires ?

'Tis poverty, detested maid,  
Sole tenant of their ample shade !  
'Tis she, that robs him of his ease ;  
And bids their very charms displease.

But now, by fancy long controul'd,  
And with the sons of taste enroll'd,  
He deem'd it shameful, to commence  
First minister to common-sense :  
Far more elated, to pursue  
The lowest task of dear vertu.

And now behold his lofty soul,  
That whilom flew from pole to pole,  
Settle on some elaborate flow'r ;  
And, like a bee, the sweets devour !  
Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove  
The wild sollicitudes of love !  
Now, in a lily's cup enshrin'd,  
Forego the commerce of mankind !

As in these toils he wore away  
The calm remainder of his day ;  
Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,  
As most might glad the new-born flow'r,  
So fate ordain'd—before his eye—  
Starts up the long-sought butterfly !  
While flutt'ring round, her plumes unfold  
Celestial crimson, dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair !  
The living beauty claims his care :

For this he strips—nor bolt, nor chain,  
Cou'd DAMON's warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morafs, or mound,  
Where'er the fpeckled game is found,  
Tho' bent with age, with zeal purfue ;  
And totter tow'rds the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor fream, his fteps retard,  
Intent upon the bleft reward !  
One vaffal fly repays the chace !  
A wing, a film, rewards the race !  
Rewards him, tho' difeafe attend,  
And in a fatal forfeit, end.

So fierce CAMILLA skim'd the plain,  
Smit with the purple's pleafing ftain,  
She ey'd intent the glitt'ring ftranger,  
And knew alas ! nor fear, nor danger :  
'Till deep within her panting heart,  
Malicious fate impell'd the dart !

How ftudious he what fav'rite food  
Regales dame nature's tiny brood !  
What junkets fat the filmy people !  
And what liqueurs they chufe to tipple !

Behold him, at fome crife, prefcribe,  
And raife with drugs the fick'ning tribe !  
Or haply, when their fpirits fau'ter,  
Sprinkling my Lord of CLOYNE's tar-water.

When nature's brood of infects dies,  
See how he pimps for am'rous flies !

See him the timely succour lend her,  
And help the wantons to engender !

Or see him guard their pregnant hour ;  
Exert his soft obstetric pow'r :  
And, lending each his lenient hand,  
With new-born grubs enrich the land !

\* O WILKS ! what poet's loftiest lays  
Can match thy labours, and thy praise ?  
Immortal sage ! by fate decreed  
To guard the moth's illustrious breed !  
'Till flutt'ring swarms on swarms arise,  
And all our wardrobes teem with flies !

And must we praise this taste for toys ?  
Admire it then in girls and boys.  
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,  
Resign your moths—the season's o'er.  
'Tis time more social joys to prove ;  
'Twere now your nobler task—to love.  
Let \* \* \* \*'s eyes more deeply warm ;  
Nor, flighting nature's fairest form,  
The bias of your souls determine  
Tow'rds the mean love of nature's vermin.

But ah ! how wond'rous few have known,  
To give each stage of life its own.

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,  
With radiant purple edg'd around,  
To please the child ; whose glowing dyes  
Too long delight maturer eyes :

And

\* Alluding to Mr. WILKS's very expensive proposals.

And few, but with regret, assume  
 The plain-wrought labours of the loom.  
 Ah! let not me by fancy steer,  
 When life's autumnal clouds appear;  
 Nor ev'n in learning's long delays  
 Consume my fairest, fruitless days:  
 Like him, who should in armour spend  
 The sums that armour should defend.

Awhile, in pleasure's myrtle bow'r,  
 We share her smiles, and bless her pow'r:  
 But find at last, we vainly strive  
 To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you! that with assiduous flame  
 Have long pursu'd the faithless dame;  
 Forfake her soft abodes awhile,  
 And dare her frown, and slight her smile:  
 Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,  
 The foot-path road, the king's high-way.  
 No more the scrup'lous charmer teize,  
 But seek the roofs of honest ease;  
 The rival fair, no more pursu'd,  
 Shall there with forward pace intrude;  
 Shall there her ev'ry art essay,  
 To win you to her slighted sway;  
 And grant your scorn a glance more fair  
 Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.

But would you happiness pursue?  
 Partake both ease, and pleasure too?

Would

Would you, thro' all your days, dispense  
 The joys of reason, and of sense ?  
 Or give to life the most you can,  
 Let social virtue shape the plan.  
 For does not to the virtuous deed  
 A train of pleasing sweets succeed ?  
 Or, like the sweets of wild desire,  
 Did social pleasures ever tire ?

Yet midst the groupe be some preferr'd,  
 Be some abhorr'd—for DAMON err'd :  
 And such there are—of fair address—  
 As 'twere unsocial to carefs.  
 O learn by reason's equal rule  
 To shun the praise of knave, or fool !  
 Then, tho' you deem it better still  
 To gain some rustic 'squire's good will ;  
 And souls, however mean or vile,  
 Like features, brighten by a smile ;  
 Yet reason holds it for a crime,  
 The trivial breast shou'd share thy time :  
 And virtue, with reluctant eyes,  
 Beholds this human sacrifice !

Thro' deep reserve, and air erect,  
 Mistaken DAMON won respect ;  
 But cou'd the specious homage pass,  
 With any creature, but an ass ?  
 If conscious, they who fear'd the skin,  
 Wou'd scorn the sluggish brute within.

What

What awe-struck slaves the tow'rs enclose,  
 Where Persian monarchs eat, and doze ?  
 What prostrate rev'rence all agree,  
 To pay a prince they never see !  
 Mere vassals of a royal throne !  
 The sopher's virtues must be shewn,  
 To make the reverence his own.

}

As for THALIA—wouldst thou make her  
 Thy bride without a portion ?—take her.  
 She will with duteous care attend,  
 And all thy penfive hours befriend ;  
 Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain ;  
 With thee rejoice, with thee complain ;  
 Will smooth thy pillow, pleat thy bow'rs ;  
 And bind thine aching head with flow'rs.  
 But be this previous maxim known,  
 If thou canst feed on love alone :  
 If blest with her, thou canst sustain  
 Contempt, and poverty, and pain :  
 If so—then rifle all her graces—  
 And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,  
 Sage DAMON to his groves retir'd :  
 The path disclaim'd by sober reason ;  
 Retirement claims a later season ;  
 Ere active youth and warm desires  
 Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires.  
 With the warm bosom, ill agree,  
 Or limpid stream, or shady tree.

Love



Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,  
 And claims the speculative hour ;  
 Ambition finds his calm retreat,  
 And bids his pulse too fiercely beat ;  
 Ev'n social friendship duns his ear,  
 And cites him to the public sphere.  
 Does he resist their genuine force ?  
 His temper takes some froward course ;  
 Till passion, misdirected, fights  
 For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies !

Far happiest he, whose early days  
 Spent in the social paths of praise,  
 Leave, fairly printed on his mind,  
 A train of virtuous deeds behind :  
 From this rich fund, the mem'ry draws  
 The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid  
 To people the sequester'd shade.  
 Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fawns,  
 That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.  
 If where his devious ramble strays,  
 He virtue's radiant form surveys ;  
 She seems no longer now to wear  
 The rigid mien, the frown severe ;\*  
 To shew him her remote abode ;  
 To point the rocky arduous road :  
 But from each flower, his fields allow,  
 She twines a garland for his brow.

The

\* Alluding to—the allegory in CEBES's tablet.

O E C O N O M Y,

A RHAPSODY, addressed to young PoETS.

*Infans; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis  
Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgiliofque vides.* MART.

P A R T THE F I R S T.

**T**O you, ye bards! whose lavish breast requires  
This monitory lay, the strains belong;  
Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,  
Or some dull cit unfeeling of the charms  
That tempt profusion, sings; while friendly zeal,  
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,  
Inspires the meanest of the muse's train!  
Like you I loath the groveling progeny,  
Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,  
Advance them high on pow'r's tyrannic throne:  
To lord it there in gorgeous useflessness,  
And spurn successful worth that pines below!  
See the rich churl, amid the social fons  
Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins  
In the free jest delighted! seems to shew  
A meliorated heart! he laughs! he sings!  
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,

And

And drunken anthems fet agape the board.  
 Like \*DEMEA, in the play, benign and mild,  
 And pouring forth benevolence of foul,  
 Till MICIO wonders: or, in SHAKESPEAR'S line,  
 Obstrep'rous silence; drowning SHALLOW'S voice,  
 And startling FALSTAFF, and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,  
 To smoothe his careful brow; to let his purse  
 Ope to a six-pence's diameter!  
 He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit  
 Are ways of pleasaunce, and deserve regard.  
 True, we are dainty good society,  
 But what art thou? alas! consider well,  
 Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.  
 Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp  
 Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from Stygian caves,  
 Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we  
 Its flamens boast to guard, we know not how:  
 But at thy sight the fading flame assumes  
 A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

True, thou seem'st chang'd; all fainted, all ensky'd;  
 The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes  
 Say thou art honest; and of gentle kind,  
 But all is false! an intermitting sigh  
 Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,  
 And deems those only lost, thou dost not lose.  
 Ev'n for a demi-groat, this open'd foul,  
 This boon companion, this elastic breast

Re-

\* IN TERENCE'S ADELPHI.

Revibrates quick ; and fends the tuneful tongue  
 To lavish music on the rugged walls  
 Of some dark dungeon. Hence thou caitiff, fly !  
 Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,  
 Monster, ingrate ! beneath one common sky  
 Why should'st thou breathe ; beneath one common roof  
 Thou ne'er shalt harbour ; nor my little boat  
 Receive a foul with crimes to press it down.  
 Go to thy bags, thou recreant ! hourly go,  
 And gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,  
 Be conversation. Not a face that smiles  
 Admit thy presence ! not a soul that glows  
 With social purport, bid or ev'n or morn  
 Invest thee happy ! but when life declines,  
 May thy sure heirs stand titt'ring round thy bed,  
 And ush'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks,  
 And fill their laps with gold ; till want and care  
 With joy depart, and cry, " We ask no more."

Ah never never may th' harmonious mind  
 Endure the worldly ! poets ever kind,—  
 Guileless, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,  
 And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.  
 Ballanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye  
 The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,  
 Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store  
 The fordid soul, with self-applause, remarks  
 The kind propensity ; remarks and smiles,  
 And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.  
 Him we deride, and in our comic scenes

Con-

Contemn the niggard form *MOLIERE* has drawn.  
 We loath with justice ; but alas the pain  
 To bow the knee before this calf of gold ;  
 Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown !

But 'tis not *GOMEZ*, 'tis not he whose heart  
 Is crufted o'er with dross, whose callous mind  
 Is senseless as his gold, the slighted muse  
 Intensely loaths. 'Tis sure no equal task  
 To pardon him, who lavishes his wealth  
 On racer, fox-hound, hawk or spaniel, all  
 But human merit ; who with gold essays  
 All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove  
 The wants of genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths ! whose nobler zeal  
 Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame ;  
 Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay ;  
 Permit him not, in distant solitudes,  
 To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours  
 Of active youth ! then virtue pants for praise.  
 That season unadorn'd, the careless bard  
 Quits your worn threshold, and like honest *GAY*  
 Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.  
 Your favours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb,  
 Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,  
 Or scorns perceiv'd ; and execrates the smile  
 Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treacherous hopes  
 And servile cares a prey, expire in vain !—

Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate  
 In endless war, beneath their flags enroll

The

The vassal world. This avarice is nam'd,  
 That luxury ; 'tis true their partial friends  
 Assign them softer names ; usurpers both !  
 That share by dint of arms the legal throne  
 Of just œconomy ; yet both betray'd  
 By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief  
 Lift'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd  
 To join each moment in his rival's train,  
 His conduct models by the needless fears  
 The slave inspires ; while luxury, a chief  
 Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule resigns  
 His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flatt'ring sounds  
 Engross his ear ; 'tis plenty's smiling form  
 Moves still before his eye. Discretion strives,  
 But strives in vain, to banish from the throne  
 The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust,  
 With latent malice to the hostile camp  
 Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.

Ye tow'ring minds ! ye sublimated souls !  
 Who careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,  
 Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien  
 Than fops take snuff ! whose œconomic care  
 Your green-silk purse engrosses ! easy, pleas'd,  
 To see gold sparkle thro' the subtle folds ;  
 Lovely, as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd  
 Amid the verd'rous grove ! who fondly hope  
 Spontaneous harvests ! harvests all the year !  
 Who scatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop  
 Glitter'd on ev'ry bough ; and ev'ry bough

Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd  
 Were by a splendid successor supply'd  
 Instant, spontaneous ! listen to my lays.  
 For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase  
 Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease  
 The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,  
 Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul  
 Clenches their coin, and what electral fire  
 Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow ?  
 'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence  
 Of health ! of treasure ! stimulates the soul :  
 These, with officious care, and fatal art,  
 Improve the vinous flavour ; these the smile  
 Of CLOE soften ; these the glare of dress  
 Illume ; the glitt'ring chariot gild anew,  
 And add strange wisdom to the furs of pow'r.

Alas ! that he, amid the race of men,  
 That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,  
 Shou'd with unsated appetite demand,  
 And vainly court the pleasure it procures !  
 When fancy's vivid spark impels the soul  
 To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss  
 Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose  
 Its fatal tension ? in what lonely vale  
 Of balmy med'cine's various field, aspires  
 The blest refrigerent ? Vain, ah vain the hope  
 Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroul'd!  
 Impatient, hence, of all, the frugal mind  
 Requires ; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill

A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands  
 Incessant rapture ; life, a tedious load  
 Deny'd its continuity of joy.

But whence obtain ? philosophy requires  
 No lavish cost ; to crown its utmost pray'r  
 Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,  
 The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.  
 Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train  
 With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires  
 Entire profusion ! Days and nights and hours  
 Thy voice, hydropic fancy ! calls aloud  
 For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,  
 Rivers of rich regalement ! seas of bliss !  
 Seas without shore ! infinity of sweets !

And yet, unless sage reason join her hand  
 In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure :  
 And yet, unless œconomy's consent  
 Legitimate expence, some graceless mark,  
 Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,  
 Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide  
 Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,  
 Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream  
 Slow-loitering in its channel, seems to vie  
 With VAGA's depth ; but should the sedgey pow'r  
 Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn  
 O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow-streams  
 Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill !

I not aspire to mark the dubious path  
 That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain !



But ere self-flattery soothe the vivid breast  
 With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,  
 Reflect how few, who charm'd the list'ning ear  
 Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd !  
 Consider well, what meagre alms repay'd  
 The great Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,  
 And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,  
 And left dull cares below ; what griefs impell'd  
 The modest bard of learn'd ELIZA's reign  
 To swell with tears his MULLA's parent stream,  
 And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."  
 Why shou'd I tell of COWLEY's pensive muse  
 Belov'd in vain ? too copious is my theme !  
 Which of your boasted race might hope reward  
 Like loyal BUTLER, when the lib'ral CHARLES,  
 The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page  
 Triumphant o'er his foes ? Believe not hope,  
 The poet's parasite ; but learn alone  
 To spare the scanty boon the fates decree.  
 Poet and rich ! 'tis solecism extreme !  
 'Tis heighten'd contradiction ! in his frame,  
 In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his soul,  
 The latent seeds and principles of want  
 Has nature wove ; and fate confirm'd the clue.  
 Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe  
 Of penury ; with nice precision learn  
 A dollar's value. Foremost in the page  
 That marks th' expence of each revolving year,

Place inattention. When the lust of praise,  
 Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul  
 To flight frugality, assure thine heart  
 That danger's near. This perishable coin  
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,  
 It fetters misers, but it must alone  
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world  
 Bids thee beware ; thy little craft essay ;  
 Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,  
 See with soup-ladles devils gourmandize.

Œconomy ! thou good old-aunt ! whose mien  
 Furrow'd with age and care the wise adore,  
 The wits contemn ! reserving still thy stores  
 To cheer thy friends at last ! why with the cit,  
 Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,  
 Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside ?  
 And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd  
 Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind  
 Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill ?

Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,  
 And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast  
 Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd ?  
 Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice  
 Were doubly kind ? for sure to youthful eyes,  
 (How short soe'er it prove) the road of life  
 Appears protracted ; fair on either side  
 The loves, the graces play, on fortune's child  
 Profusely smiling ; well might youth essay  
 The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,

Source of their favour all the livelong day.  
 But fate assents not. Age alone contracts  
 His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane  
 Of all his peace, the glitt'ring seeds of care !

O that the muse's voice might pierce the ear  
 Of gen'rous youth ! for youth deserves her song.  
 Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then  
 Requires the pruner's hand ; the fequent stage,  
 It barely vegetates ; nor long the space  
 Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display  
 Fell winter's total reign. O lovely source  
 Of gen'rous foibles, youth ! when op'ning minds  
 Are honest as the light, lucid as air,  
 As foftring breezes kind, as linnets gay,  
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring !  
 Yet hapless state of man ! his earliest youth  
 Cozens itself ; his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade  
 The social biafs. Life's extensive page  
 What does it but unfold repeated proofs  
 Of gold's omnipotence ? With patriots, friends,  
 Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some,  
 And others dead, whose putrid name exhales  
 A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems.  
 With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the shroud,  
 Or honouring the grave, with specious grief  
 Of short duration ; soon in fortune's beams  
 Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they shed.

But who shall save by tame profaic strain

That

That glowing breast, where wit with youth conspires  
 To sweeten luxury? The fearful muse  
 Shall yet proceed, tho' by the faintest gleam  
 Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

## P A R T   T H E   S E C O N D .

**I**N some dark season, when the misty show'r  
 Obscures the sun, and faddens all the sky;  
 When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream  
 Invites thee forth, to sport thy drooping muse;  
 Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign  
 To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor coy  
 Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;  
 She smiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede,  
 And not a grace, and not a muse will hear.  
 Then, from majestic MARO's awful strain,  
 Or tow'ring HOMER, let thine eye descend  
 To trace, with patient industry, the page  
 Of income and expence. And oh! beware,  
 Thy breast, self-flatt'ring, place no courtly smile,  
 No golden promise of your faithless muse,  
 Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may shew,  
 Amid thy solid store. The siren's song  
 Wrecks not the list'ning sailor, half so sure.  
 See by what avenues, what devious paths,  
 The foot of want, detested, steals along,  
 And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours  
 Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year

On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the muse  
To sing intrepid many a chearful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales  
Thy resolution melt ; and ardent vows  
In wary hours preferr'd or dye forgot,  
Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies ;  
Then, ere surprize, by whose impetuous rage  
The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast  
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminish'd law,  
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts  
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all !  
Attract and are attracted ; nor prevails the law  
Alone in matter ; soul alike with soul  
Aspires to join ; nor yet in souls alone,  
In each idea it imbibes, is found  
The kind propensity. And when they meet,  
And grow familiar, various tho' their tribe,  
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith :  
That, shou'd the world's disjointed frame once more  
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck  
Their union shou'd survive ; with Roman warmth,  
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,  
Shou'd each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix ; on this perennial base  
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.  
Let soft profusion's fair idea join  
Her hand with poverty ; nor here desist,  
'Till, o'er the groupe that forms their various train  
Thou

Thou sing loud hymenéals. Let the pride  
 Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine  
 With shame thread-bare ; the gay vermilion face  
 Of rash intemp'rance, be discreetly pair'd  
 With fallow hunger ; the licentious joy,  
 With mean dependence ; ev'n the dear delight  
 Of sculpture, paint, intaglio's, books, and coins,  
 Thy breast, sagacious prudence ! shall connect  
 With filth and beggary ; nor disdain to link  
 With black insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd  
 Shall shun the fire's voice ; nor boldly dare  
 To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,  
 With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye fordid race ! ye groveling minds !  
 I frame the song for you ! for you, the muse  
 Cou'd other rules impart. The friendly strain  
 For gentler bosoms plan'd, to yours wou'd prove  
 The juice of lurid aconite, exceed  
 Whatever COLCHOS bore ; and in your breast  
 Compassion, love, and friendship all destroy !

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores  
 Increase apace, by periodic days  
 Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,  
 The lean reward of gross unbounded praise !  
 It much avails, to seize the present hour,  
 And, undeliberating, call around  
 Thy hungry creditors ; their horrid rage  
 When once appeas'd, the small remaining store  
 Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,

As

As gold improv'd by many a fierce affay.  
 'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs  
 His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks  
 By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;  
 His timely hand thro' better tracks conveys  
 The quick-decreasing tide; ere borne along  
 Or thro' the wild morafs, or cultur'd field,  
 Or bladed grafs mature, or barren sands,  
 It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!  
 But happiest he who sanctifies expence  
 By present pay! who subjects not his fame  
 To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,  
 His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page  
 Of base mechanic, sordid, unfincere!  
 There haply, while thy muse sublimely foars  
 Beyond this earthly sphere, in heav'n's abodes,  
 And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,  
 Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er  
 The punctual record; till nor PHOEBUS self—  
 Nor sage MINERVA's art can aught avail  
 To soothe the ruthless dun's detested rage.  
 Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane  
 He loads the gentle muse; then hurls thee down  
 To want, remorse, captivity and shame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,  
 With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—  
 Why fondly linger on a hostile shore  
 Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread  
 The precipice? or why alas to breathe

A moment's space, where ev'ry breeze is death ?  
 Death to thy future peace ! Away, collect  
 Thy dissipated mind ; contract thy train  
 Of wild ideas o'er the flow'ry fields  
 Of shew diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.  
 Economy presents her glass, accept  
 The faithful mirror ; powerful to disclose  
 A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes,  
 That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe  
 Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,  
 Befets thy sense ; extortion follows close  
 Her wanton step ; and ruin brings the rear.  
 These and the rest shall her mysterious glass  
 Embody to thy view ; like VENUS, kind,  
 When to her lab'ring son, the vengeful pow'rs  
 That urg'd the fall of ILIUM, she display'd.  
 He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd  
 Th' inequal conflict, and decreed to raise  
 The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.  
 For here to drain thy swelling purse await  
 A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend,  
 " The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff-boxes,  
 The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,  
 With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste  
 Its melting stores, and in the dreary void  
 Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhaust  
 Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,  
 Away ! embosom'd deep in distant shades,  
 Nor seen nor seeing, thou may'st vent thy scorn

Of



Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold !  
 There of the farded fop, and effenc'd beau,  
 Ferocious with a stoic's frown, disclose  
 Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp ;  
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul  
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,  
 Where dress is merit ! where thy graver friend  
 Shall wish thee burnish'd ! where the sprightly fair  
 Demand embellishment ! ev'n DELIA's eye,  
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone  
 Inquirent, curious ? Fly the curst domain ;  
 These are the realms of luxury and shew ;  
 No classic soil, away ! the bloomy spring  
 Attracts thee hence ; the waning autumn warns ;  
 Fly to thy native shades, and dread ev'n there,  
 Left busy fancy tempt thy narrow state •  
 Beyond its bounds. Observe FLORELIO's mien.  
 Why treads my friend with melancholy step  
 That beauteous lawn ? why pensive strays his eye  
 O'er statues, grottos, urns by critic art  
 Proportion'd fair ? or from his lofty dome  
 Bright glittering thro' the grove, returns his eye  
 Unpleas'd, disconsolate ? And is it love,  
 Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes  
 Of all their beauty ? cent'ring all in her  
 His soul adores ? or from a blacker cause  
 Springs this remorseful gloom ? is conscious guilt  
 The latent source of more than love's despair ?  
 It cannot be within that polish'd breast

Where

Where science dwells, that guilt shou'd harbour there.  
 No! 'tis the sad survey of present want,  
 And past profusion! Lost to him the sweets  
 Of yon pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm  
 For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs  
 Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange  
 Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!  
 How glad some once he rang'd your native turf,  
 Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere expence  
 Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught  
 Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,  
 Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.

Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,  
 To fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,  
 Nobly superior! but let caution guide  
 The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,  
 And prudence be our almoner! Alas!  
 The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime,  
 Sworn foe of avarice! not disdains to learn  
 Its coin's imputed worth; the destin'd means  
 To smoothe his passage to the favour'd shrine.  
 Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world,  
 Let none, who sojourn on the realms of life,  
 Forget the land is merc'nary; nor waste  
 His fare, ere landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult PALLADIO's rules;  
 Let never bard, O BURLINGTON! survey  
 Thy learned art, in CHISWICK's dome display'd;  
 Dang'rous incentive! nor with ling'ring eye

Survey the window VENICE calls her own.  
 Better for him, with no ingrateful muse,  
 To sing a requiem to that gentle foul  
 Who plan'd the sky-light ; which to lavish bards  
 Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.  
 For garrets him, and squalid walls await,  
 Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain,  
 He glean advice, and shun the scribler's doom.

## P A R T   T H E   T H I R D .

**Y**ET once again, and to thy doubtful fate  
 The trembling muse consigns thee. Ere contempt,  
 Or want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,  
 Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold !  
 The poet's rooks, the careless poet's, his  
 Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When GULLIVER, now great, now little deem'd,  
 The play-thing of comparison, arriv'd  
 Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes  
 Projected, studious of the public weal ;  
 Mid these, one subtler artist he descry'd,  
 Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement  
 The spider's web, injurious, to supplant  
 Fair ALBION's fleeces ! Never, never may  
 Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,  
 And irritate MINERVA's beggar'd sons  
 The MELKSHAM weavers ! Here in ev'ry nook  
 Their webs they spun ; here revell'd uncontroul'd,  
 And,

And, like the flags from WESTMINSTER's high roof  
 Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.  
 Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing !  
 Cell ever squalid ! where the sneerful maid  
 Will not fatigue her hand ! broom never comes,  
 That comes to all ! o'er whose quiescent walls  
 ARACHNE's unmolested care has drawn  
 Curtains subfusc, and save th' expence of art.

Survey those walls, in fady texture clad,  
 Where wand'ring snails in many a slimy path,  
 Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl;  
 Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths  
 Confus'd inextricable ! such the clue  
 Of Cretan ARIADNE ne'er explain'd !  
 Hooks ! angles ! crooks ! and involutions wild !  
 Mean time, thus silver'd with meanders gay  
 In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,  
 Perchance of tabby, or of aretine,  
 Not ill expressive ! such the pow'r of snails !

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm  
 An aged cushion hides ! replete with dust  
 The foliag'd velvet ; pleasing to the eye  
 Of great ELIZA's reign, but now the snare  
 Of weary guest that on the specious bed  
 Sits down confiding. Ah ! disastrous wight !  
 In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust  
 The fraudulent couch ! for tho' in velvet cas'd,  
 Thy fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.  
 The trav'ler thus, that o'er Hibernian plains

Hath shap'd his way ; on beds profuse of flow'rs,  
 Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye  
 Of daisie fair, decrees to bask supine.  
 And see ! delighted, down he drops, secure  
 Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,  
 Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,  
 Much suff'ring pilgrim ! thou nor noon-day nap,  
 Nor sweet repose shalt find ; the false morafs  
 In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath  
 Thy burden, in the miry gulph enclos'd !  
 And who would trust appearance ? cast thine eye  
 Where 'mid machines of het'rogenous form  
 His coat depends ; alas ! his only coat,  
 Eldest of things ! and napless, as an heath  
 Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.  
 Not diff'rent have I seen in dreary vault  
 Display'd, a coffin ; on each sable side  
 The texture unmolested seems entire.  
 Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away !  
 And leaves the wond'ring swain to gape, to stare,  
 And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh,  
 Declare the fatal force of rolling years,  
 Or dire extent of frail mortality.  
 This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux,  
 And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)  
 Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains  
 Full many a pin wide-sparkling : for, if e'er  
 Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,  
 Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,  
He,

He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,  
 And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,  
 Indenting fix them ; nor, when arm'd with these,  
 The cure of rents and separations dire,  
 And chafms enormous, did he view dismay'd  
 Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate  
 To breeches, coat and hose ! had any wight  
 Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd ;  
 But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint  
 Of SILVIA's shoe-string, or of CLOE's fan,  
 Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of CELIA's ear.  
 Alas ! by frequent use decays the force  
 Of mortal art ! the refractory robe  
 Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own ;  
 How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd !

See near his bed (his bed too falsely call'd  
 The place of rest, while it a bard sustains ;  
 Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight ! who reads in vain  
 Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,  
 Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand  
 Of MULCIBER, the may'r of BIRMINGHAM,  
 The engine issu'd ; now alas disguis'd  
 By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down  
 Its sides congeal ; what he, perhaps, essays  
 With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,  
 Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk  
 When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound  
 In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree.  
 Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,

When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost  
Pervasive, radiant icicles depend ?

How shall I sing the various ill that waits  
The careful sonneteer ? or who can paint  
The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms  
To patch his paneless window ; to cement  
His batter'd tea pot, ill-retentive vase ?  
To war with ruin ? anxious to conceal  
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill  
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen  
Invades his chattles ; ruin will invade ;  
Will claim his whole invention to repair,  
Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,  
Allow one part to decorate his song.  
While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand  
Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift  
Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,  
Points to the nook, which he his study deems  
Pompous and vain ! for thus he might esteem  
His chest, a wardrobe ; purse, a treasury ;  
And shews, to crown her full display, himself.  
One whom the pow'r's above, in place of health,  
And wonted vigour ; of paternal cot,  
Or little farm ; of bag, or scrip, or staff,  
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,  
A poet fram'd ; yet fram'd not to repine,  
And wish the cobbler's loftiest site his own ;  
Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the fates,  
Who to the humbler mechanism, join'd

Goods

Goods so superior, such exalted bliss !

See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace  
 He, hapless hypocrite ! refines his nail,  
 His chief amusement ! then how feign'd, how forc'd,  
 That care-defying sonnet, which implies  
 His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown  
 In full possession, uncontested right  
 And property ! Yet ah ! whoe'er this wight  
 Admiring view, if such there be, distrust  
 The vain pretence ; the smiles that harbour grief,  
 As lurks the serpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.  
 Forewarn'd, be frugal ; or with prudent rage  
 Thy pen demolish ; chuse the trustier flail,  
 And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.  
 But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight  
 Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,  
 Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,  
 Prescient of future dignities, salute  
 Sheriff, or may'r, in comfortable furs  
 Enwrapt, secure : nor yet the laureat's crown  
 In thought exclude him ! He perchance shall rise  
 To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues display'd  
 In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove  
 Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race ;  
 Appeas'd by suppliant PHOEBUS, " Bards, he said,  
 Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,  
 But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay  
 Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,  
 Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.



## The R U I N ' D A B B Y ;

· O R,

## The E F F E C T S of S U P E R S T I T I O N .

**A**T length fair peace with olive crown'd regains  
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts  
Of wood or fount the frightened muse returns.

Happy the bard, who, from his native hills,  
Soft-musing on a summer's eve, surveys  
His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd !  
Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend,  
Or faithful fair, thro' bord'ring willows green  
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts,  
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the wat'ry crew  
That ape confusion from the realms they rule !  
Fearless of these ; who shares the gentler voice  
Of peace and music ; birds of sweetest song  
Attune from native boughs their various lay,  
And cheer the forest ; birds of brighter plume  
With busy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave,  
And tempt the sun ; ambitious to display  
Their several merit, while the vocal flute,  
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,  
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If solitude his wand'ring steps invite  
To some more deep recess, (for hours there are,  
When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice,  
Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer)  
How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,

Her

Her solemn courts ! the center of the grove !  
 The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks  
 Around embosom'd, how it sooths the soul !  
 If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands  
 The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals  
 Of bigot-minds, religion dwells not here,  
 Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires :  
 Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze,  
 Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,  
 And serious truths of mightier weight than gold !

I ask not wealth ; but let me hoard with care,  
 With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,  
 A few fix'd principles ; in early life,  
 Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd.  
 Then like old LATIMER, when age impairs  
 My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack  
 My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,  
 Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,  
 And this mine answer ; " Thus, 'twas thus I thought.  
 " My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire ;  
 " Thus will I think, averse to listen more  
 " To intricate discussion, prone to stray.  
 " Perhaps my reason may but ill defend  
 " My settled faith ; my mind, with age impair'd,  
 " Too sure its own infirmities declare.  
 " But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,  
 " And early foresight ; now the winds may rise,  
 " The tempest whistle, and the billows roar ;  
 " My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,

" Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns  
 " Th' inequal conflict, and declines the deep,  
 " Sees the strong vessel fluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes  
 Suggest instruction, and instructing please.  
 And see betwixt the grove's extended arms  
 An abby's rude remains attract thy view,  
 Gilt by the mid-day sun: with ling'ring step  
 Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy  
 Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast  
 Too long deliberate) with timorous hand  
 Remove th' obstructive bough; nor yet refuse,  
 Tho' fighting, to destroy that fav'rite pine,  
 Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime  
 Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains,  
 Aggriev'd but constant as the Roman fire,  
 The rigid MANLIUS, when his conqu'ring son  
 Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed  
 Of virtuous ardor, timelessly display'd;  
 Nor cease till, thro' the gloomy road, the pile  
 Gleam unobstructed; thither oft thine eye  
 Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, soothe  
 With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,  
 O superstition! hence the dire disease,  
 (Ballanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest  
 Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain  
 Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale

Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats  
 Of tyrant ROME; but futile all, till she,  
 ROME's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r,  
 And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth, to sanctify the page  
 Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,  
 The perjurd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks,  
 And fiends to snatch at the departing soul  
 With hellish emulation. If a friend,  
 High o'er his roof exultant angels tune  
 Their golden lyres; and waft him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?  
 The sovereign's just, the subjects loyal pact  
 To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,  
 By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll  
 Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, \*PLANTAGENET, from civil broils  
 The land awhile respir'd, and all was peace.  
 Then BECKET rose, and impotent of mind,  
 From regal courts with lawless fury march'd  
 The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave;  
 Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown contemn,  
 And with unhallowed †crossier bruis'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince  
 Of HENRY's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,  
 Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul  
 Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,  
 And brav'd the fury of revengeful ROME.

X 4

In

\* HENRY II. † RICHARD I.

In vain ! let one faint malady diffuse  
 The pensive gloom which superstition loves,  
 And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,  
 Rein the proud palfrey while the priest ascends !

Was COEUR-DE-LION blest with whiter days ?  
 Hear the cowl'd zealots with united cries  
 Urge the crusade ; and see, of half his stores  
 Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose  
 To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race,  
 Not one beheld him on his vacant throne :  
 While haughty \*LONGCHAMP, 'mid his liv'ry'd files  
 Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,  
 Battling in foreign fields ; collecting wide  
 A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh dear-bought trophies ! when a prince deserts  
 His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays !

When faithless JOHN usurp'd the fully'd crown  
 What ample tyranny ! the groaning land  
 Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n its foe ! six tedious years  
 Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd  
 The papal interdict ; and who obey'd,  
 The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days !  
 When the French tyrant by the futile grant  
 Of papal rescript, claim'd BRITANNIA'S throne,  
 And durst invade ; be such inglorious days  
 Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain !

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard

ROME'S

\* Bishop of ELY, Lord Chancellor.

ROME's loud anathema, but heartless, dead  
 To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live,  
 Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind  
 Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand  
 Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.  
 Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he sees  
 A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll  
 He reads damnation; sees its fable train  
 Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair !

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes  
 By painful steps arriv'd ; his home, his friends,  
 His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine  
 Of some far-honour'd faint his costly stores,  
 Inverts his footstep ; sickens at the sight  
 Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch whose hope by stern oppression chas'd  
 From ev'ry earthly bliss, still as it saw  
 Triumphant wrong, took wing and flew to heav'n,  
 And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost  
 And wanted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,  
 And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd  
 To supplicate remission, smok'd no more ;  
 While the green weed, luxuriant round uprose.  
 Some from their death-bed, whose delirious faith  
 Thro' ev'ry stage of life to ROME's decrees  
 Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,  
 Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt  
 In tenfold terrors ; now expiring heard  
 The last loud clarion sound, and heav'n's decree

With

With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.  
 Nor light the grief, by superstition weigh'd,  
 That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge  
 Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,  
 Must sleep with brutes their vassals; on the field;  
 Unneath some path, in marle unexorcis'd!  
 No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!  
 No tongue of priest pronounce their foul secure!  
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest! alas so boundless was the ill!  
 He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;  
 The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,  
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils  
 Of half his flock: emaciate, groan'd beneath  
 Superior pride, and mightier lust of pow'r!  
 'Twas now ROME's fondest friend, whose meagre hand  
 Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads  
 With nice precision, felt the deeper wound  
 As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for pow'r,  
 Birth, honour, virtue, enemy and friend,  
 Sunk helpless in the dreary gulph involv'd;  
 And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in tow'ring stations born,  
 In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,  
 Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;  
 As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow  
 Of some proud cliff, surveys his less'ning flock  
 In snowy groups diffusive, stud the vale.

Awhile

Awhile the furious menace JOHN return'd,  
 And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon  
 Allegiance sick'ning saw its sov'reign yield,  
 An angry prey to scruples not his own.  
 The loyal foldier, girt around with strength,  
 Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,  
 And seiz'd the fauchion, resolute to guard  
 His soveraign's right, impalsy'd at the news,  
 Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd  
 For foul desertion; drops the lifted steel,  
 And quits fame's noble harvest, to expire  
 The death of monks, of surfeit and of sloth!

At length fatigu'd with wrongs, the servile king  
 Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores  
 To buy remission. But could these obtain?  
 No! resolute in wrongs the priest obdur'd;  
 Till crawling base to ROME's deputed slave  
 His fame, his people, and his crown he gave.  
 Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhor'd before!

And now, appeas'd by delegated sway,  
 The wily pontiff scorns not to recall  
 His interdictions. Now the sacred doors  
 Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd  
 To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes  
 Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine  
 Of fainted villainy! the pompous tomb  
 Dazling with gems and gold, or in a cloud  
 Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land  
 That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove  
Displays



Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flow'r,  
 And sheds its odours; while the flocks around  
 Hungry and faint the barren sands explore  
 In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil;  
 Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,  
 And furnish luxury—Yet, yet in vain  
 BRITANNIA strove; and whether artful ROME  
 Carefs'd or curs'd her, superstition rag'd,  
 And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length some murd'rous monk, with pois'nous art  
 Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet surceas'd with JOHN's disastrous fate  
 Pontific fury! English wealth exhaust,  
 The sequent reign \* beheld the beggar'd shore  
 Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd  
 To lend, for griping unexampled hire,  
 To lend—what ROME might pillage uncontroul'd.  
 For now with more extensive havoc rag'd  
 Relentless GREG'RY, with a thousand arts,  
 And each rapacious, born to drain the world!  
 Nor shall the muse repeat, how oft he blew  
 The croise's trumpet; then for fums of gold  
 Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm  
 Swell the gross hoards of HENRY, or his own.  
 Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal  
 The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tye  
 Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd.  
 Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold

From

\* Henry III. who cancell'd the Magna Charta.

From ALBION's realm to fervile shores convey'd,  
 Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!  
 Oh irksome days! when wicked thrones combine  
 With papal craft, to gull their native land!

Such was our fate, while ROME's director taught  
 Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,  
 To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,  
 For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,  
 For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!  
 O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd  
 From inmost EREBUS!—Such HENRY's reign!  
 Urging his loyal realms reluctant hand  
 To wield the peaceful sword, by JOHN erewhile  
 Forc'd from its scabbard; and with burnish'd lance  
 Essay the savage cure, domestic war!

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist  
 Of general darkness. GROSTED\* now adorn'd  
 The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword  
 Stagg'ring delusion's frauds; at length beneath  
 ROME's interdict expiring calm, resign'd  
 No vulgar soul that dar'd to heav'n appeal!  
 But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain  
 Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands  
 Of monks libidinous; ere EDWARD's care  
 The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd.  
 Yet was he clear of superstition's taint?  
 He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,  
 Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold

To

\* Bishop of LINCOLN, called Malleus Romanorum.

To fatten monks on SALEM's distant soil!

Yes, the third EDWARD's breast, to papal sway  
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,  
Cou'd superstition quell! before the tow'rs  
Of haggard PARIS, at the thunder's voice  
He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the night by Romish art diffus'd  
Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes.  
When by soft BOURDEAU's braver queen approv'd,  
Bold WICKLIFF rose: and while the bigot pow'r  
Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,  
The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.  
So from his bosom CACUS breath'd of old  
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke  
Secure awhile his recreant life sustain'd;  
'Till fam'd ALCIDES, o'er his subtlest wiles  
Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail honour'd WICKLIFF! enterprising sage!  
An Epicurus in the cause of truth!  
For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours  
Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,  
Nor all the verdure of CAMPANIA's vales,  
Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,  
The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,  
And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious way!  
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again  
Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd  
Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,  
And seek affection by the dreadful boon

Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,  
 The most extended breast, the royal HAL!  
 All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry  
 Burst from the center of remorseless flames;  
 Their shrieks endur'd! Oh stain to martial praise!  
 When COBHAM, gen'rous as the noble peer  
 That wears his honours, pay'd the fatal price  
 Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame  
 Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye  
 The pontiff saw BRITANNIA's golden fleece,  
 Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!  
 Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,  
 Yellow with grain abjure his hateful sway!  
 Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd  
 No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,  
 The first fair pattern of the female frame,  
 All nature's beauties in one form display'd,  
 And cent'ring there, in wild amaze he stood;  
 Then only envying heav'n's creative hand:  
 Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts  
 Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,  
 Till pow'r accede: till TUDOR's wild caprice  
 Smile on their cause; TUDOR, whose tyrant reign  
 With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings  
 Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!

Then from its tow'ring height with horrid sound

Rush'd

Rush'd the proud abby. Then the vaulted roofs,  
 Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene  
 Of monkish chastity ! Each angry friar  
 Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, mutt'ring low  
 An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks  
 That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest  
 To play some image on the gaping crowd,  
 Imbibe the novel day-light ; and expose  
 Obvious, the fraudulent engin'ry of ROME.  
 As tho' this op'ning earth to nether realms  
 Shou'd flash meridian day, the hooded race  
 Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd :  
 And conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave  
 Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd  
 The pest gigantic ; whose revengeful stroke  
 Ting'd the red annals of MARIA'S reign.  
 When from the tenderest breast, each wayward priest  
 Cou'd banish mercy, and implant a fiend !  
 When cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd,  
 And bound religion there, and fir'd the base !  
 When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb  
 Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face  
 Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.  
 O blest ELIZA ! from thy piercing beam  
 Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of ROME ;  
 Driv'n to the verge of ALBION, linger'd there,  
 Then with her JAMES receding, cast behind  
 One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.

Hence-

Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued task  
 Of righteous havoc, cov'ring distant fields  
 With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile.  
 Then WOLSEY rose, by nature form'd to seek  
 Ambition's trophies, by address to win,  
 By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth  
 Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.  
 While thro' the land the musing pilgrim sees  
 A tract of brighter green, and in the midst  
 Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd ;  
 Or gothic turret, pride of ancient days !  
 Now but of use to grace a rural scene ;  
 To bound our vistas, and to glad the fons  
 Of GEORGE'S reign, reserv'd for fairer times !

## LOVE AND HONOUR.

*Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra,  
 Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,  
 Laudibus Angligenûm certent: non Baëtra, nec Indi,  
 Totaque turris Panchaia pinguis arenis.*

**L**ET the green olive glad Hesperian shores ;  
 Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,  
 These let IBERIA boast ; but if in vain,  
 To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,  
 The BRITON labours, yet our native minds,  
 Our constant bosoms, these, the dazled world

May view with envy ; these, Iberian dames  
Survey with fixt esteem and fond desire.

Hapless ELVIRA ! thy disastrous fate  
May well this truth explain ; nor ill adorn  
The British lyre ; then chiefly, if the muse,  
Nor vain nor partial, from the simple guise  
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay ;  
And in less groveling accents give to fame.  
ELVIRA ! loveliest maid ! th' Iberian realm  
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,  
No race more splendid, and no form so fair.  
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid  
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil  
Of British victors, vict'ry's noblest pride !  
She, she alone, amid the wailful train,  
Of captive maids, assign'd to HENRY'S care ;  
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame !

He, gen'rous youth, with no penurious hand,  
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll  
Where freedom's chearful radiance shines no more,  
Essay'd to soften ; conscious of the pang  
That beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours  
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,  
Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day !

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,  
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils  
Himself had worn : the frowns of angry seas,  
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell  
Than storm or foe : if haply she might find

Her

Her cares diminish'd ; fruitless fond essay !  
 Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe  
 The tender lute he gave : she not averse  
 Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand  
 Call'd forth angelic strains ; the sacred debt  
 Of gratitude, she said ; whose just commands  
 Still might her hand with equal pride obey !

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd  
 Her vocal art ; harmonious, as the strain  
 Of some imprison'd lark, who daily cheer'd  
 By guardian cares, repays them with a song :  
 Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint  
 Disastrous passion ; how, by tyrant laws  
 Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair  
 Lov'd only one ; nor dar'd their love reveal !  
 How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek  
 The damask rose full-blown ; a fever came ;  
 And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.  
 Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,  
 But vainly sought her ; torn by swifter fate  
 To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,  
 Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing task,  
 She taught her artful needle to display  
 The various pride of spring : then swift upsprung  
 Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose :  
 There might you see, on gentle toils intent,  
 A train of busy loves ; some pluck the flow'r,



Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace  
Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.

'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes  
The warrior's face depictur'd HENRY'S mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd  
The royal scroll, which to their native home,  
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,  
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste  
To glad his fair ELVIRA'S ear, he sprung;  
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;  
But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,  
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face  
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand  
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r!  
Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,  
" Well may my native shore, she said, resound  
" Thy monarch's praise; and ere ELVIRA prove  
" Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel  
" The soft'ring breeze, and nature change her laws."

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd  
The British host. Around the smiling youths  
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste  
Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love  
That weds each bosom to its native soil.

The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime,  
How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets  
To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not so ELVIRA! she, disastrous maid,  
Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chance cou'd loose

The subtle bands ; she lov'd her gen'rous foe.  
 She, where her HENRY dwelt, her HENRY smil'd,  
 Could term her native shore ; her native shore  
 By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,  
 Strange, bleak, forlorn ! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd  
 The swelling fails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd  
 Their pennants gay, and halcyons azure wing  
 With flight auspicious skim'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears ELVIRA lay,  
 And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,  
 And wish'd a storm as merciless, as tore  
 Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove  
 To banish passion ; now the vassal days,  
 The captive moments that so smoothly past,  
 By many an art recall'd ; now from her lute  
 With trembling fingers call'd the fav'rite sounds  
 Which HENRY deign'd to praise ; and now essay'd  
 With mimic chains of silken fillets wove  
 To paint her captive state ; if any fraud  
 Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,  
 And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd ; prepar'd to launch  
 On ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu  
 To his fair pris'ner. She, soon as she heard  
 His hated errand, now no more conceal'd  
 The raging flame ; but with a spreading blush,  
 And rising sigh, the latent pang disclos'd.

“ Yes, gen'rous youth ! I see thy bosom glow

With virtuous transport, that the task is thine  
 To solve my chains ; and to my weeping friends,  
 And every longing relative, restore  
 A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey !  
 But know, my soldier, never youthful mind,  
 Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence  
 By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound  
 To languish out his bloom, could match the pains  
 This ill-star'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom ? is it that these limbs  
 From rigid bolts secure, may wander far  
 From him I love ? Alas, ere I may boast  
 That sacred blessing, some superior pow'r  
 To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,  
 Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul.  
 Ev'n that I loath ; all liberty I loath !  
 But most the joyless privilege to gaze  
 With cold indifference, where desert is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes  
 I ask alone to please ; my fortune's crime !  
 And ah ! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd  
 To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend.  
 Whilst I, ill-fated maid ! ordain'd to strive  
 With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet HENRY'S beauties knew in foreign garb  
 To vanquish me ; his form, how'er disguis'd,  
 To me were fatal ! no fantastic robe  
 That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,  
 Or folly smil'd on, cou'd eclipse thy sway.

Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd  
 Thy country's foe, ELVIRA's warmest plea  
 Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires ;  
 My tenderest glances, but the specious flow'rs  
 That shade the viper while she plots her wound.  
 And can the trembling candidate of love  
 Awake thy fears ? and can a female breast  
 By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare ?  
 Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile  
 For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown ?  
 Heav'n search my soul, and if thro' all its cells  
 Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile ;  
 Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath  
 May fate exhaust ; and for my happiest hour  
 Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee !

Ah me ! nor HENRY's, nor his country's foe,  
 On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd  
 Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle  
 Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.  
 Oh ! lovely region to the candid eye !  
 'Twas there my fancy saw the virtues dwell,  
 The loves, the graces play ; and blest the soil  
 That nurtur'd thee ! for sure the virtues form'd  
 Thy gen'rous breast ; the loves, the graces plan'd  
 Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth essay'd  
 Their partial pow'r in vain : again I gaz'd,  
 And ALBION's isle appear'd, amidst a tract  
 Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies !  
 And thou by nature form'd, by fate assign'd

To paint the genius of thy native shore.

'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling scene  
 Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,  
 IBERIA glows : but ah ! the genial sun,  
 That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r,  
 On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast !  
 Beams forth ungentle influences. There  
 Sits jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray  
 Exultant lights his slow-consuming fires.  
 Not such thy charming region ; long before  
 My sweet experience taught me to decide  
 Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.  
 Is there that savage coast, that rude sejour  
 Stranger to British worth ? the worth which forms  
 The kindest friends ; the most tremendous foes ;  
 First, best supports of liberty and love !  
 No, let subjected INDIA, while she throws  
 O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise refund,  
 Long as I heard, or ere in story read  
 Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast  
 Wish'd them success, and happiest she, I cry'd,  
 Of women happiest she, who shares the love,  
 The fame, the virtues of an English lord.  
 And now what shall I say ? blest be the hour  
 Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores :  
 Blest did I say the time ? if I may bless  
 That lov'd event, let HENRY'S smiles declare.  
 Our hearts and cities won, will HENRY'S youth  
 Forego its nobler conquest ? will he slight

The

The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil ?  
 And yet IBERIA's fons, with every vow  
 Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms  
 Were not excell'd ; the source of all their pains,  
 And love her just desert, who sues for love ;  
 But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

Perhaps in HENRY's eye (for vulgar minds  
 Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain  
 On honest fame, amid his train to bear  
 A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth !  
 Not love himself, with all the pointed pains  
 That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul  
 From honour's laws. ELVIRA once deny'd  
 A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies,  
 When elements discordant vex the sky,  
 Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet if the specious with the vulgar voice  
 Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine,  
 In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame  
 Eclipses me ? nor paint the dreary storms  
 Or hair-breadth scapes that haunt the boundless deep,  
 And force from tender eyes the silent tear ;  
 When mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests  
 In full contrast, the safe domestic scene  
 For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage  
 Of conq'ring heroes brave, the female mind,  
 When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way  
 Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns.  
 Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love."

She

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,  
 Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye :  
 There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere  
 Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.

“ Forgive me, gen'rous maid, the youth return'd,  
 If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore  
 To let such sweetness plead, alas ! in vain !  
 Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield  
 Of solid blifs, or happiest love bestow.  
 But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,  
 To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms  
 Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave ;  
 To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait  
 My warring sword : if conquest, fame, and spoil  
 Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour  
 The glitt'ring treasure, and the laurel wreath ;  
 Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil.  
 If fortune frown'd adverse ; and death forbade  
 The blifsful union, with my latest breath  
 To dwell on MEDWAY'S and MARIA'S name.  
 This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul  
 No dangers tore ; this vow my bosom fir'd  
 To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.  
 Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,  
 Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love ?  
 Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone  
 Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return ?  
 And shall that vessel, whose approaching fails  
 Shall swell her breast with extasies, convey

Death

Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?  
 No! may the deep my villain-corse devour,  
 If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,  
 If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,  
 If thine, ELVIRA, thine, uniting all!  
 Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast  
 Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies.”

“Oh! happy she, rejoin'd the pensive maid,  
 Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!  
 And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice  
 Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.  
 Farewel my luckless hopes, my flatt'ring dreams  
 Of rapt'rous days! my guilty suit, farewell!  
 Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound  
 That waits my fame, let not the random shaft  
 Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames:  
 They love with caution, and with happier stars.  
 And oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts  
 Of levity, nor brand ELVIRA's flame;  
 By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;  
 By hope confirm'd; with artless truth reveal'd;  
 Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid  
 Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,  
 But mock misfortune, to thy fav'rite's hand  
 With care convey. And well may such adorn  
 Her chearful front, who finds in thee alone  
 The source of ev'ry transport; but disgrace  
 My pensive breast, which doom'd to lasting woe,



In thee the source of ev'ry blifs resign.

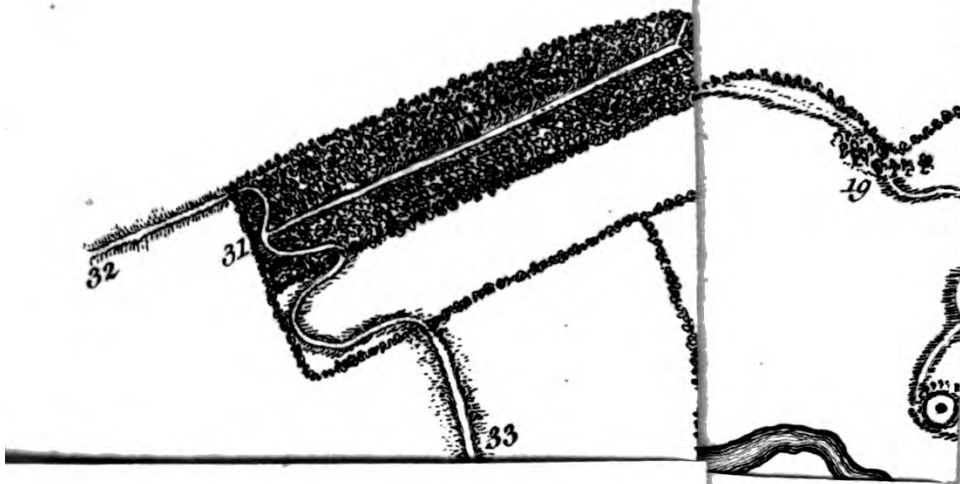
And now farewell, thou darling youth ! the gem  
Of English merit ! peace, content, and joy,  
And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell !  
Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind  
Back to his native shores ; there sweetly smooth  
His ev'ning pillow ; dance around his groves ;  
And, where he treads, with vi'lets paint his way.  
But leave ELVIRA ! leave her, now no more  
Your frail companion ! in the sacred cells  
Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame :  
There, to the matin bell, obsequious, pour  
My constant orisons. The wanton loves,  
And gay desires shall spy the glim'ring tow'rs,  
And wing their flight aloof : but rest confirm'd,  
That never shall ELVIRA'S tongue conclude  
Her shortest pray'r, ere HENRY'S dear success  
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind  
Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem  
By native customs ; dress, and face, and air,  
And manners, less ; nor yet resolv'd in vain.  
He, bound by prior loves, the solemn vow  
Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave  
A tender tear ; then with that kind adieu  
Esteem could warrant, weary'd heav'n with pray'rs  
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene  
ELVIRA shap'd her solitary way.

LOC |

*Vol. II. facing page 333.*



The

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In Imitation of SPENSER.

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

ADVERTISEMENT.

---

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

---

**A**H me ! full forely 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 fort, 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

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

And all in sight doth rife a birchen tree,  
 Which learning near her little dome did stowe ;  
 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 ;  
 And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,  
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

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

Near

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,  
 Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray ;  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in funny day !  
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
 Do learning's little tenement betray :  
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield :  
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field :  
 And in her hand, for sceptor, she does wield  
 Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious fear entwinn'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,  
 The childish faces of old Eol's train ;  
 LIBS, NOTUS, AUSTER : these in frowns array'd,  
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,  
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?  
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A ruffet

A ruffet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;  
 A ruffet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;  
 'Twas simple ruffet, 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 ;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she beenthegreatestwight onground

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

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

Herbs

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 gawdy streak ;  
 But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,  
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew :  
 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, disdain'g here to rhyme.

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

And here trim rosmarine, that whilom crown'd  
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;  
 Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found  
 A sacred shelter for its branches here ;  
 Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear,  
 Oh wassel days ; O customs meet and well !  
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere :  
 Simplicity then fought 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 ;  
 But in her garden found a summer seat :  
 Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat  
 How ISRAEL's fons, beneath a foreign king,  
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,  
 All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,  
 Uphung their usefess lyres—small heart had they to sing.

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

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

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

Lo now with state she utters the command!  
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are;  
 To save from finger wet the letters fair:  
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
 St. GEORGE'S high achievements does declare;  
 On which think 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,  
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!  
 And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,  
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

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

Nor longer can she now her shrieks command ;  
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,  
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.  
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !  
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)  
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;  
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

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

The

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay,  
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care :  
 By turns, aston'y'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 ;  
 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 befeemly order sitten there ;  
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he  
 Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair ;  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)  
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare  
 His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ;  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be carest'd.

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

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

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

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,  
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
 Shall DENNIS be! if rigid fates incline,  
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield;  
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;  
 And, four'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
 As he who now with 'fdainful fury thrill'd  
 Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,  
 And furlshiswrinklyfront, 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  
 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 gladfome than the fun.

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

See in each sprite some various bent appear !  
 These rudely carol most incondite lay ;  
 Those faunt'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,  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;  
 Think to the huxter's fav'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 ;  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Galling full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen ;  
 And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;  
 And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,  
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :  
 O may no wight e'er pennylefs 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,  
 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,  
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,  
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.\*

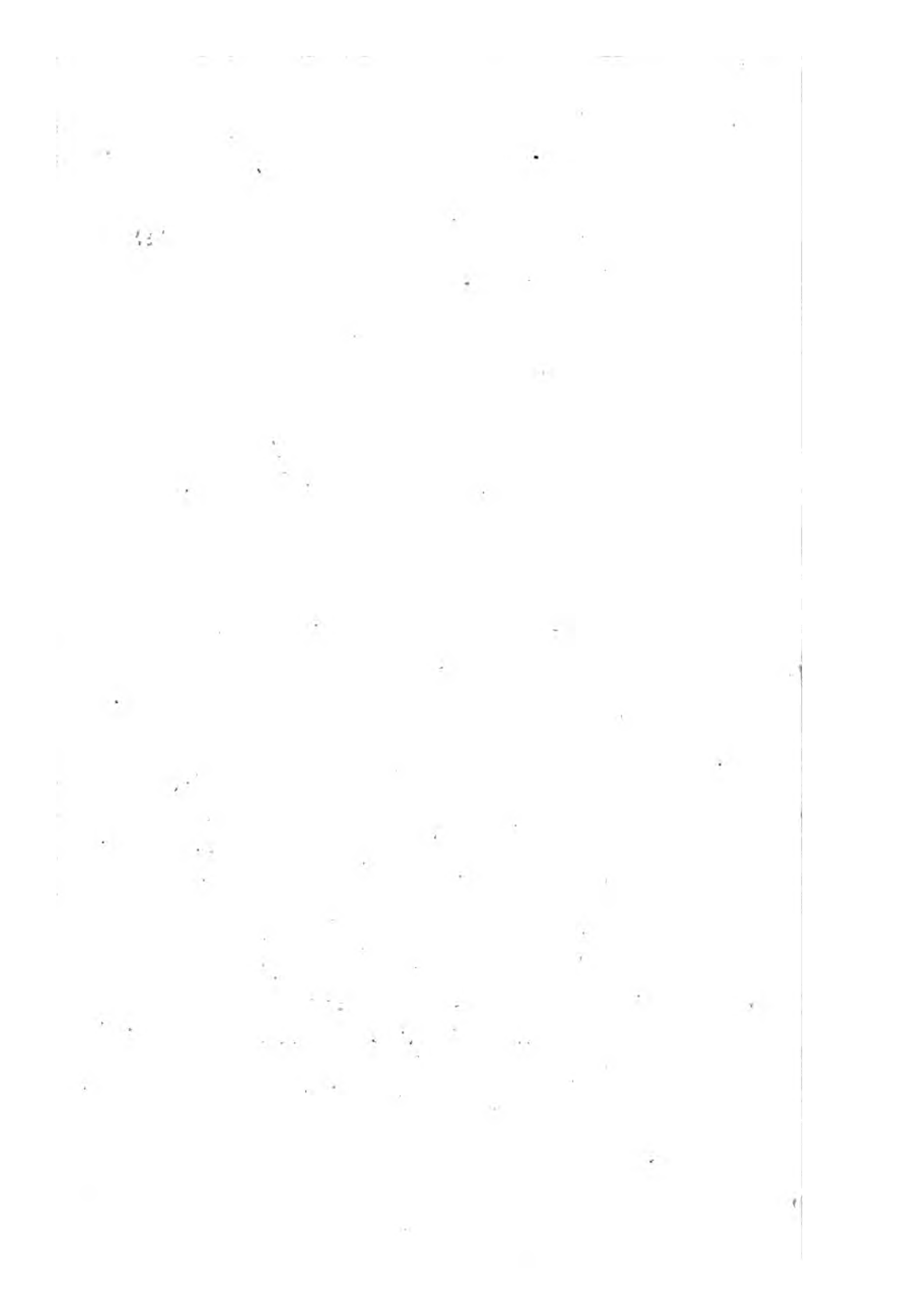
Admir'd

\* 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,  
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :  
Ah ! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,  
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !  
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,  
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray ;  
'Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.







---

---

# CONTENTS.

## I.

### ELEGIES on several Occasions.

*A* Prefatory essay on elegy. — Page 3

#### E L E G Y I.

*He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity. To a friend.* — — — — 12

#### E L E G Y II.

*On posthumous reputation. To a friend.* — 16

#### E L E G Y III.

*On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.* — — — — 18

#### E L E G Y IV.

*Opheha's urn. To Mr. G——.* — 21

#### E L E G Y V.

*He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship. To Melissa his friend.* — 23

E L E-

C O N T E N T S.

E L E G Y VI.		
<i>To a lady on the language of birds.</i>	—	— 25
E L E G Y VII.		
<i>He describes his vision to an acquaintance.</i>	—	— 27
E L E G Y VIII.		
<i>He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences.</i>		
<i>To Mr. G——. 1745.</i>	—	— 31
E L E G Y IX.		
<i>He describes his distinterestedness to a friend.</i>	—	— 34
E L E G Y X.		
<i>To fortune, suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations.</i>	—	— 37
E L E G Y XI.		
<i>He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over.</i>		
<i>To Mr. J——</i>	—	— 40
E L E G Y XII.		
<i>His recantation.</i>	—	— 43
E L E G Y XIII.		
<i>To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.</i>		45
E L E G Y XIV.		
<i>Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own. To Lord Temple.</i>		
	—	— 47
E L E G Y XV.		
<i>In memory of a private family in Worcestershire.—</i>		51
E L E G Y XVI.		
<i>He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.</i>		
	—	— 56
E L E-		

C O N T E N T S.

E L E G Y XVII.

*He indulges the suggestions of spleen: an elegy to the winds.* — — — — 61

E L E G Y XVIII.

*He repeats the song of Collin, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.* 65

E L E G Y XIX.

*Written in spring 1743.* — — — — 69

E L E G Y XX.

*He compares his humble fortune with the distress of others; and his subjection to Delia, with the miserable servitude of an African slave.* — — 73

E L E G Y XXI.

*Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the characters of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury.*  
1746. — — — — 77

E L E G Y XXII.

*Written in the year ——— when the rights of sepulture were so frequently violated.* — — 81

E L E G Y XXIII.

*Reflections suggested by his situation.* — — 85

E L E G Y XXIV.

*He takes occasion from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life.* 90

E L E G Y XXV.

*To Delia, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.* 94

E. L. E.

# C O N T E N T S.

## E L E G Y XXVI.

*Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.* — 97

## II.

### ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

<i>Rural elegance: an ode to the late duchess of Somerset.</i>			
<i>Written</i>	1750.	— — —	105
<i>Ode to memory.</i>	1748.	— — —	117
<i>The princess Elizabeth: a ballad alluding to a story recorded of her, when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.</i>			
	— — —	— — —	120
<i>Ode to a young lady, somewhat too sollicitous about her manner of expression.</i>			
	— — —	— — —	123
<i>Nancy of the vale. A ballad.</i>			
	— — —	— — —	125
<i>Ode to indolence.</i>	1750.	— — —	128
<i>Ode to health.</i>	1730.	— — —	130
<i>To a lady of quality, fitting up her library.</i>			
	1738.	— — —	133
<i>Upon a visit to the same in winter.</i>			
	1748.	— — —	135
<i>An irregular ode after sickness.</i>			
	1749.	— — —	137
<i>Written in a flower book of my own colouring, designed for lady Plimouth.</i>			
	1753-4.	— — —	142
<i>Anacreontic.</i>			
	1738.	— — —	143
<i>Ode. Written</i>			
	1739.	— — —	145
<i>The dying kid.</i>			
	— — —	— — —	147
			<i>Songs,</i>

## C O N T E N T S.

<i>Songs, written chiefly between the year 1737 and</i>					
<i>1742.</i>	—	—	—	—	149—169
<i>The balcyon.</i>	—	—	—	—	170
<i>Ode.</i>	—	—	—	—	172
<i>A pastoral ode, to the honourable Sir Richard Lyt-</i>					
<i>telton.</i>	—	—	—	—	174
<i>Verses written towards the close of the year 1748, to</i>					
<i>William Lyttelton, Esq.</i>	—	—	—	—	181
<i>Jemmy Dawson, a ballad; written about the time of his</i>					
<i>execution, in the year 1745.</i>	—	—	—	—	185
<i>A pastoral ballad, in four parts. Written 1743.</i>	—	—	—	—	189

### III.

#### LEVITIES, or PIECES of HUMOUR.

<i>Flirt and Phil; a decision for the ladies.</i>	—	—	—	—	201
<i>Stanzas to the memory of an agreeable lady, buried</i>					
<i>in marriage to a person undeserving her.</i>	—	—	—	—	202
<i>Colemira. A culinary eclogue.</i>	—	—	—	—	203
<i>The rape of the trap. A ballad. 1737.</i>	—	—	—	—	207
<i>On certain pastorals.</i>	—	—	—	—	210
<i>On Mr. C—— of Kidderminster's poetry.</i>	—	—	—	—	ibid.
<i>To the virtuosos.</i>	—	—	—	—	211
<i>The extent of cookery.</i>	—	—	—	—	213
<i>The progress of advice. A common case.</i>	—	—	—	—	214
<i>A ballad.</i>	—	—	—	—	215
<i>Slender's ghost.</i>	—	—	—	—	216
<i>The invidious.</i>	—	—	—	—	218
<i>The price of an equipage.</i>	—	—	—	—	ibid.

*Hint*

## C O N T E N T S.

<i>Hint from Voiture.</i>	—	—	—	—	220
<i>Inscription.</i>	—	—	—	—	ibid.
<i>To a friend.</i>	—	—	—	—	222
<i>A solemn meditation.</i>	—	—	—	—	225
<i>The poet and the dun.</i> 1741.	—	—	—	—	226
<i>Written at an inn at Henley.</i>	—	—	—	—	228
<i>A simile.</i>	—	—	—	—	229
<i>The charms of precedence. A tale.</i>	—	—	—	—	230
<i>Ode.</i>	—	—	—	—	238
<i>Epilogue to the tragedy of Cleone.</i>	—	—	—	—	239

## IV.

### M O R A L P I E C E S.

<i>The judgment of Hercules.</i>	—	—	—	243
<i>The progress of taste; or, the fate of delicacy.</i>	—	—	—	262
<i>Oeconomy, a rhapsody, addressed to young poets.</i>	—	—	—	285
<i>The ruin'd abby; or, the effects of superstition.</i>	—	—	—	308
<i>Love and honour.</i>	—	—	—	321
<i>The school-mistress.</i>	—	—	—	333

*The End of the FIRST VOLUME.*

