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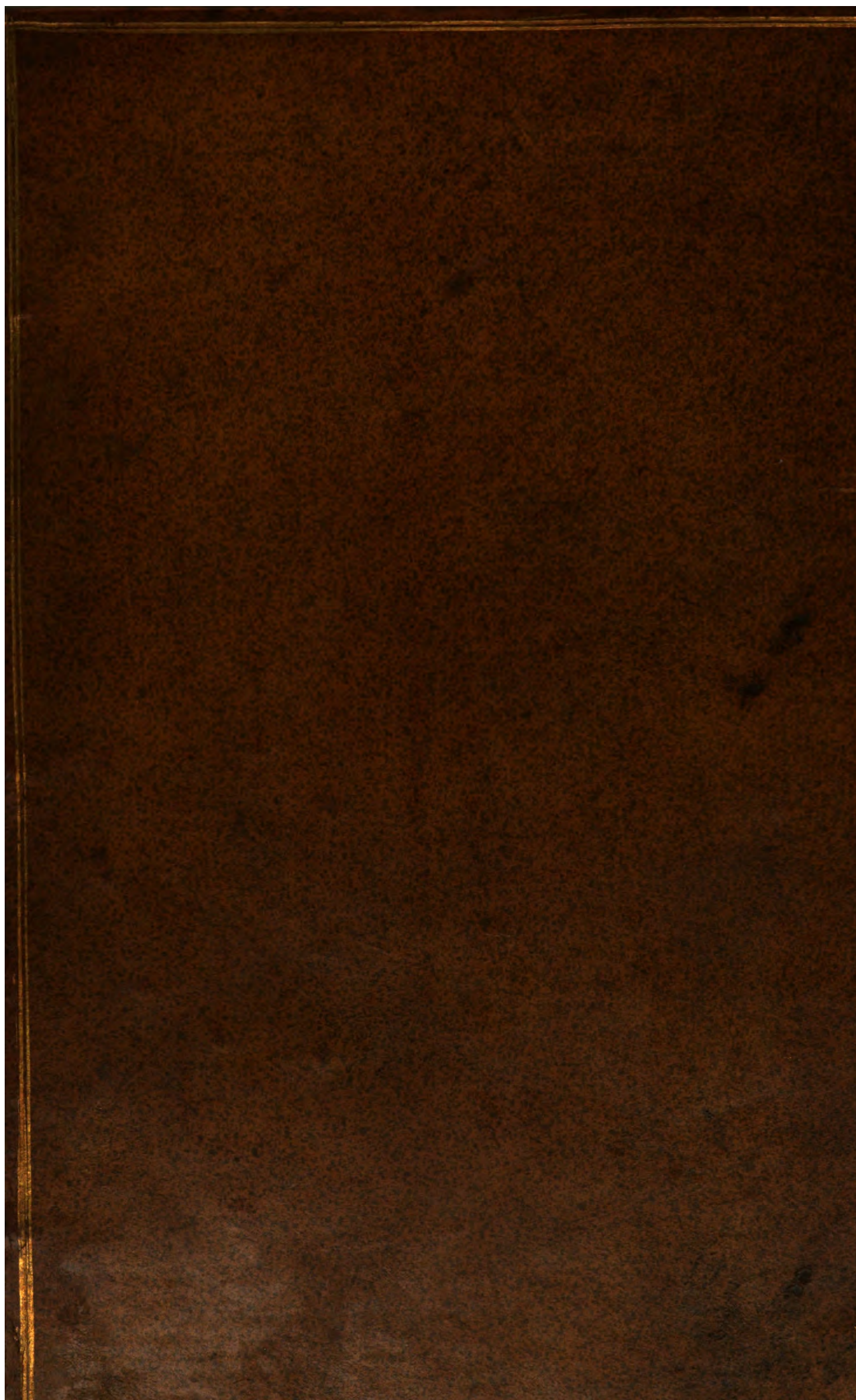
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J. Smith

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**CONFINED TO THE LIBRARY.**





Frontispeice . Vol. I.



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.

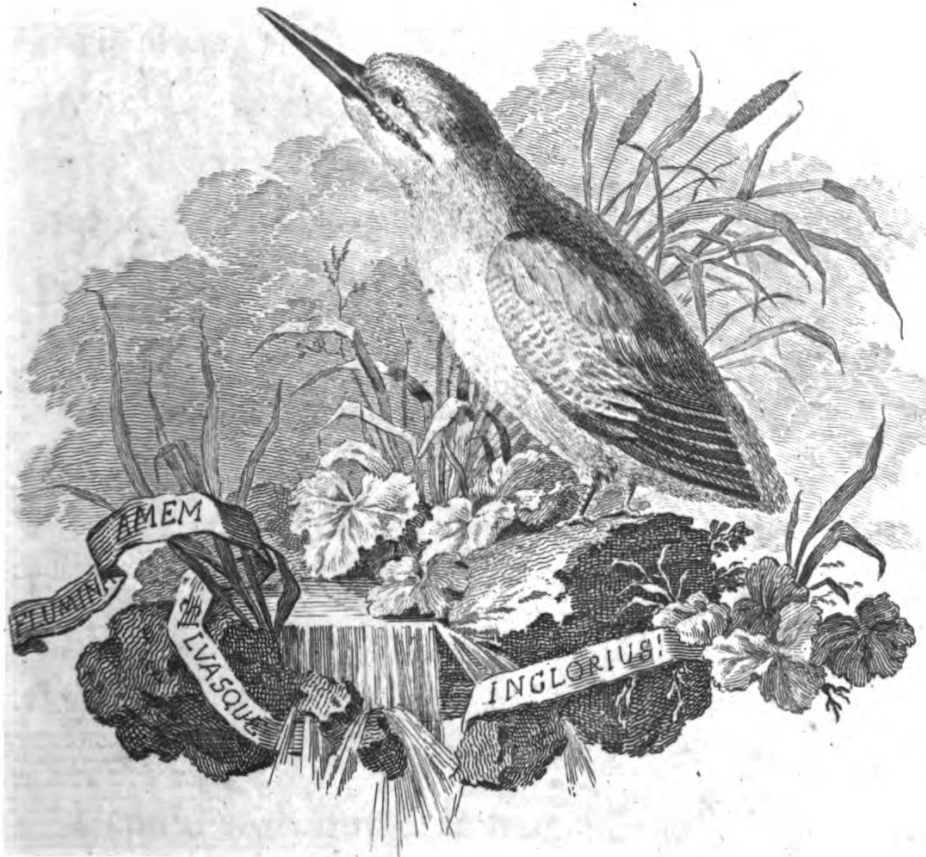
I N T W O V O L U M E S,  
W I T H D E C O R A T I O N S .

—His ego longos

Cantando puerum memini me condere foles.

VIRG.

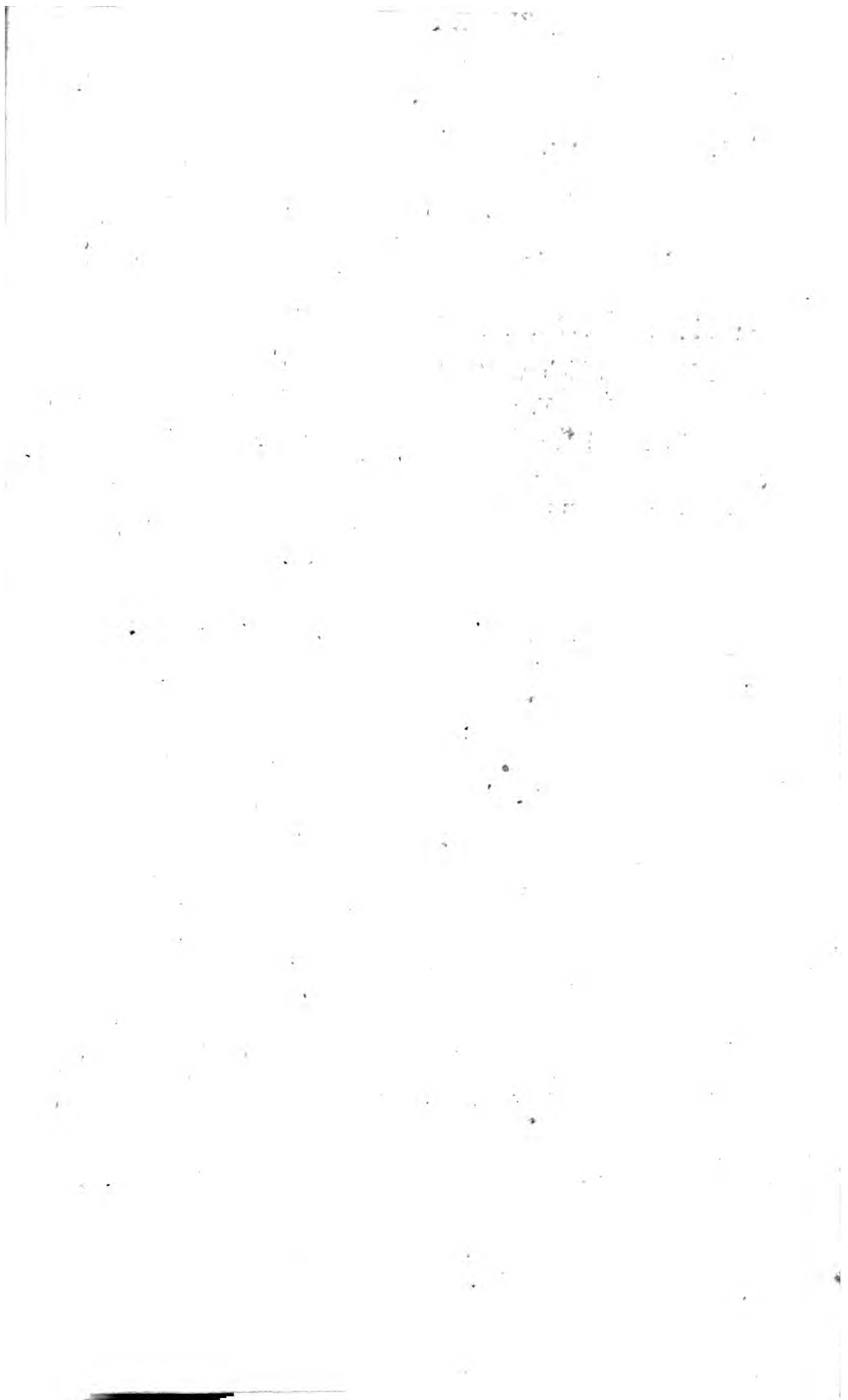
V O L . I .



L O N D O N :  
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.

M D C C L X I V .





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# P R E F A C E.

**A** Great part of the poetical works of Mr. SHENSTONE, particularly his Elegies and Pastorals, are (as he himself expresses it) “ The exact transcripts of the situation of his own mind ;” and abound in frequent allusions to his own place, the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively therefore of our natural curiosity to be acquainted with the history of an author, whose works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr. SHENSTONE’S personal character, and situation in life, may not only be agreeable, but absolutely necessary, to the reader ; as it is impossible he should enter into the true spirit of his writings, if he is entirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life, which sometimes so greatly influenced his reflections.

I could wish however that this task had been allotted to some person capable of performing it in that masterly manner which the subject so

A

well

well deserves. To confess the truth, it was chiefly to prevent his remains from falling into the hands of any one still less qualified to do him justice, that I have unwillingly ventured to undertake the publication of them myself.

Mr. SHENSTONE was the eldest son of a plain uneducated country gentleman in SHROPSHIRE, who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to give him a learned education, and sent him a commoner to PEMBROKE College in OXFORD, designing him for the church : but tho' he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those, who differed from him. Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic ; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, this virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weak-

weakness : yet if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends, had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however, on such occasions, which is worthy of being observed and imitated ; “ I never (said he) will be a revengeful enemy ; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend.” He was in his temper quite unsuspecting ; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty.

He was no œconomist ; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money : he exceeded therefore the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of œconomy. He left however more than sufficient to pay all his debts ; and by his

A 2 will

will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.

It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune, that he forbore to marry; for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One, which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

His person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed: his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault; though when young, at the university, he was accounted a BEAU. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particular manner; not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that  
without

P R E F A C E. v

without too slavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short, his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by nature, as it were on purpose to prevent him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

His character as a writer will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity equal to the highest attempts; yet from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steeps of PARNASSUS. But whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, tho' natural, were noble, and always well supported. In the tenderness of elegiac poetry he hath not been excelled; in the simplicity of pastoral, one may venture to say he had very few equals. Of great sensibility himself, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers: and amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers, he always took care to express with propriety the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings, his  
greatness

greatest difficulty was to please himself. I remember a passage in one of his letters, where, speaking of his love songs, he says—"Some were written on occasions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and the reason there are so many is, that I wanted to write ONE good song, and could never please myself." It was this diffidence which occasioned him to throw aside many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches. I have suppressed several on this account; and if among those which I have selected, there should be discovered some little want of his finishing polish, I hope it will be attributed to this cause, and of course be excused: yet I flatter myself there will always appear something well worthy of having been preserved. And though I was afraid of inserting what might injure the character of my friend, yet as the sketches of a great master are always valuable, I was unwilling the public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will easily be conceived that the task I had to perform would become somewhat difficult. How I have acquitted myself, the public must judge. Nothing, however, except what he had already  
ready

P R E F A C E. vii

ready published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends, nothing altered, without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every one; but 'tis hoped that no reader will be so unreasonable, as to imagine that the author wrote solely for his amusement: his talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed that his excellence chiefly appeared in subjects of tenderness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: these, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded by the title which he gave them of LEVITIES: but had they been entirely rejected, the public would have been deprived of some JEUX D'ESPRITS, excellent in their kind, and Mr. SHENSTONE's character as a writer would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

But the talents of Mr. SHENSTONE were not confined merely to poetry; his character, as a man of clear judgment, and deep penetration, will best appear from his prose works. It is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented indeed,



that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments : many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong ; or like the foot of a HERCULES, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one, for preserving these valuable remains : they will discover to every reader, the author's sentiments on several important subjects. And there can be very few, to whom they will not impart many thoughts, which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

But I believe little need be said to recommend the writings of this gentleman to public attention. His character is already sufficiently established. And if he be not injured by the inability of his editor, there is no doubt but he will ever maintain an eminent station among the best of our English writers.

R. DODSLEY.

# E L E G I E S,

WRITTEN ON

Many different OCCASIONS.

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumina, fagos  
Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus,  
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani!      VIRG.

VOL. I.

B



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A  
P R E F A T O R Y E S S A Y  
O N  
E L E G Y.

*I*T is observable, that discourses prefixed to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised in the first place, and the measures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjusted.

*There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of elegiac poetry; and far*

#### 4 A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

*be it from the author of the following trifles, to dignify his own opinions with that denomination. He would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different \* styles in which the writers of elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.*

*If we consider the etymology of the † word, the epithet which ‡ HORACE gives it, or the confession which § OVID makes concerning it, I think we may conclude thus much however; that elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects; which by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects; which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.*

*It is probable that elegies were written at first upon the death of intimate friends and near relations;*

\* This essay was written near twenty years ago.

† ε-λεγειν, ε-particulam dolendi.

‡ Miserabiles elegos.

HOR.

§ Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

OVID. de Morte Tibulli.

celebrated

celebrated beauties, or favourite mistresses; beneficent governors and illustrious men: one may add perhaps, of all those, who are placed by VIRGIL in the laurel-grove of his Elysium, (Vide HURD'S Dissertation on HORACE'S Epistle)

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

*After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints; and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself, was the grief of absent or neglected lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with this they were not contented. They had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory. They sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings\*, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations; 'till at last, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.*

*In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing*

\* Dicite Io Pæan, & Io bis dicite Pæan.

OVID.

6 A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

*melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.*

*But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues; elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us with success to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl; as pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that, in a way distinct from pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence: but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement, no way inconsistent with these rural virtues; and that raises elegy above  
that*

*that merum rus, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our pastoral writers their highest reputation.*

*Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight: the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates, such a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.*

*As to the style of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief; or if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which elegy requires.*

*Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniences appear to lose their weight in shorter elegies;*



*and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies \* not long since published; the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can shed.*

*It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And, in favour of these last, might be produced the example of MILTON in his LYCIDAS, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall chuse; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.*

*Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhimes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or*

\* N. B. This preface was written near twenty years ago,

*constrained.*

*constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much ease into a couplet as Mr. POPE. But as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of elegy.*

*The previous rhyme in MILTON'S LYCIDAS is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification. But then the peculiar ease and variety it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overballance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of length.*

*The chief exception to which stanza of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too regularly, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. WALLER'S excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may, at least in shorter elegies, be allowed to out-weigh its imperfections.*

*I shall*

*I shall say but little of the different kinds of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is softened to an excess. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies, that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.*

*The author of the following elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot; and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates. If he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity, is not material) retired betimes to country-solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance; diffusing at least*  
*some*

*some part of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.*

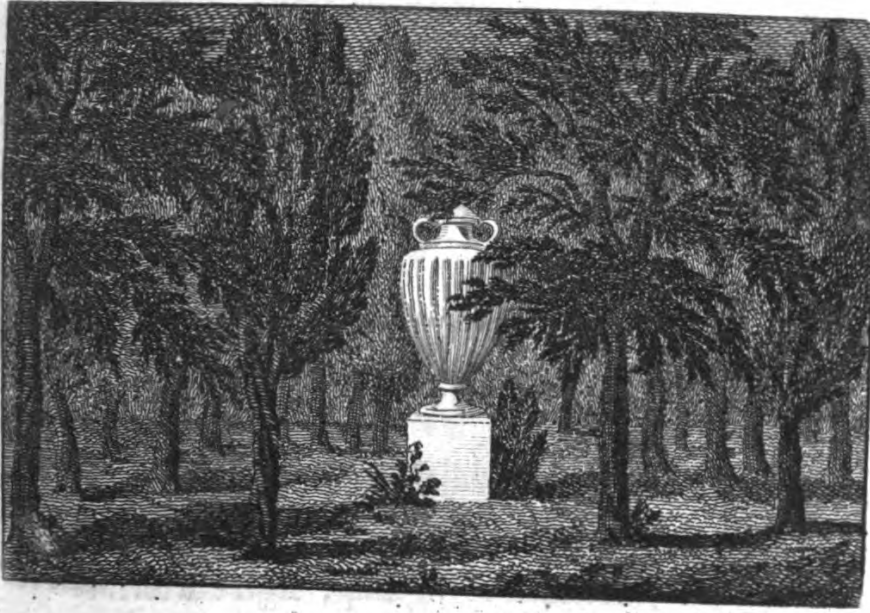
*There will appear perhaps a real inconsistency in the moral tenour of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.*

*If the author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find: with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid, as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the*

2 tendernefs

*tendernefs of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of elegy.*

*If it should happen to be considered as an objection with others, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole; it is replied, that he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to risque excluding the fashionable reader: at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms, and the tree is by no means in perfection without the former, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.*



## 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.*

**F**OR rural virtues, and for native skies,  
I bade AUGUSTA's venal sons farewell ;  
Now, mid the trees, I see my smoke arise ;  
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius, which secures my rest,  
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear !  
Ne'er may my vintage glad the fordid breast !  
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be un sincere !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## E L E G Y II.

*On posthumous reputation. To a friend.*

O GRIEF of griefs ! that envy's frantic ire  
Should rob the living virtue of its praise !  
O foolish muses ! that with zeal aspire  
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays !

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,  
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,  
Say, will she hear the distant voice of fame ?  
Or hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound ?

Perhaps ev'n genius pours a slighted lay ;  
Perhaps ev'n friendship sheds a fruitless tear ;  
Ev'n LYTTELTON but vainly trims the bay,  
And fondly graces HAMMOND's mournful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,  
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs ;  
Tho', near his tomb, Sabæan odours burn,  
The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies ?

No, shou'd his DELIA votive wreaths prepare,  
DELIA might place the votive wreaths in vain :  
Yet the dear hope of DELIA's future care  
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise  
 Can ev'ry sense of present joys excel :  
 For this, great HADRIAN chose laborious days ;  
 Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raise,  
 To life's precarious date confine their care ?  
 O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,  
 To plan a work, thro' latest ages fair !

Is it small transport, as with curious eye  
 You trace the story of each Attic sage,  
 To think your blooming praise shall time defy ?  
 Shall waft like odours thro' the pleasing page ?

To mark the day, when, thro' the bulky tome,  
 Around your name the varying style refines ?  
 And readers call their lost attention home,  
 Led by that index where true genius shines ?

Ah let not BRITONS doubt their social aim,  
 Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire !  
 old interest melts before the vivid flame,  
 And patriot ardours, but with life, expire !

## E L E G Y III.

*On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.*

**I**F proud PYGMALION quit his cumbrous frame,  
 Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies ;  
 Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,  
 Lo ! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler ALCON leaves his drooping friends,  
 Pageant nor plume distinguish ALCON'S bier ;  
 The faithful muse with votive song attends,  
 And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art ;  
 That odious art which fortune's fav'rites know ;  
 Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,  
 But envious fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound ;  
 He little knew that mortals cou'd ensnare ;  
 Virtue he knew ; the noblest joy he found,  
 To sing her glories, and to paint her fair !

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep ;  
 And unforeseen disaster thin'd his fold ;  
 Yet, at another's loss, the swain would weep ;  
 And, for his friend, his very crook were sold.

Ye

Ye fons of wealth ! protect the muse's train ;  
 From winds protect them, and with food supply ;  
 Ah ! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain !  
 The meagre famine, and the wint'ry sky !

He lov'd a nymph : amidst his slender store,  
 He dar'd to love ; and CYNTHIA was his theme ;  
 He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,  
 They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair ; the sweetest bud that blows,  
 Revives less lovely from the recent show'r ;  
 So PHILOMEL enamour'd eyes the rose ;  
 Sweet bird ! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r !

He lov'd the muse ; she taught him to complain ;  
 He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend ;  
 He lov'd the muse, altho' she taught in vain ;  
 He lov'd the muse, for she was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors ;  
 She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain ;  
 She tempts patricians from the fatal doors  
 Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give ;  
 He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain ;  
 Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,  
 The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint ! I saw him sink to rest !  
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng ;  
As tho' the virtues had not warm'd his breast,  
As tho' the muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain ;  
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply :  
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,  
But pow'r and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry !

Such ALCON fell ; in meagre want forlorn !  
Where were ye then ye powerful patrons, where ?  
Wou'd ye the purple shou'd your limbs adorn,  
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

## E L E G Y IV.

OPHELIA'S *urn.* To Mr. G——.

**T**HRO' the dim veil of ev'ning's dusky shade,  
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,  
What dreary forms has magic fear survey'd !  
What shrouded spectres superstition seen !

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,  
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array ;  
What none but fear's officious hand can paint,  
What none, but superstition's eye, survey.

The glim'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn  
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return :  
Constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn,  
Shall STREPHON'S tear bedew OPHELIA'S urn !

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray  
Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid :  
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,  
Where soft OPHELIA'S dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muse, as with unceasing sighs  
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,  
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise ;  
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then fame, her clarion pendent at her side,  
 Shall seek forgiveness of OPHELIA'S shade ;  
 " Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd,  
 Why, like the desert's lilly, bloom'd to fade ?"

Then young simplicity, averse to feign,  
 Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh :  
 And candour with unwonted warmth complain,  
 And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance with coy judicious hand,  
 Shall cull fresh flow'rets for OPHELIA'S tomb :  
 And beauty chide the fates' severe command,  
 That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom !

And fancy then with wild ungovern'd woe,  
 Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain :  
 For mournful fable all her hues forego,  
 And ask sweet solace of the muse in vain !

Ah gentle forms expect no fond relief ;  
 Too much the sacred nine their loss deplore :  
 Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—  
 Your best, your brightest fav'rite is no more.

## E L E G Y V.

*He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship. To MELISSA his friend.*

FROM love, from angry love's inclement reign  
 I pass awhile to friendship's equal skies ;  
 Thou, gen'rous maid, reliev'ft my partial pain,  
 And chear'ft the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, MELISSA, thou deserv'ft my care :  
 How can my will and reason disagree ?  
 How can my passion live beneath despair !  
 How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee ?

Ah dear MELISSA ! pleas'd with thee to rove,  
 My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time ;  
 Ill can I bear the various clime of love !  
 Love is a pleasing, but a various clime !

So smiles immortal MARO's fav'rite shore,  
 PARTHENOPE, with ev'ry verdure crown'd !  
 When strait VESUVIO's horrid cauldrons roar,  
 And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh blisful regions ! oh unrival'd plains !  
 When MARO to these fragrant haunts retir'd !  
 Oh fatal realms ! and oh accurst domains !  
 When PLINY, 'mid sulphureous clouds, expir'd !



So smiles the surface of the treacherous main,  
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play ;  
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,  
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave ;  
Ev'n hope subside amid the billows toft ;  
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,  
And not a feature's wonted smile is loft.

## E L E G Y VI.

*To a lady on the language of birds.*

COME then, DIONE, let us range the grove,  
 The science of the feather'd choirs explore;  
 Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,  
 And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,  
 Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree:  
 Ah! who, that hears DIONE's tuneful tongue,  
 Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my muse! that lov'st the silvan shade;  
 Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel:  
 Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,  
 No solemn dervise can explain so well.—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I fate,  
 The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!  
 When PHILOMEL address'd his mournful mate,  
 And thus I constru'd the mellifluent strain.

“ Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,  
 At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear;  
 Sing on, my bird—'tis DAMON hears thy song;  
 Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.

He

He the sad source of our complaining knows ;  
 A foe to TEREUS, and to lawless love !  
 He mourns the story of our ancient woes ;  
 Ah ! cou'd our music his complaints remove !

Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid ;  
 And see, pale CYNTHIA mounts the vaulted sky,  
 A train of lovers court the checquer'd shade ;  
 Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Ere while no shepherd to these woods retir'd ;  
 No lover blest the glow-worm's pallid ray ;  
 But ill-star'd birds, that list'ning not admir'd,  
 Or list'ning envy'd our superior lay.

Chear'd by the sun, the vassals of his pow'r,  
 Let such by day unite their jarring strains !  
 But let us chuse the calm, the silent hour,  
 Nor want fit audience while DIONE reigns."

## E L E G Y VII.

*He describes his vision to an acquaintance.*

*Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. VIRG.*

**O**N distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,  
 Pensive I saw the circling shades descend ;  
 Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,  
 While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright ;  
 No friendly planet lent its glim'ring ray ;  
 Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,  
 Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had giv'n a pleasing sound ;  
 The village cur 'twere transport then to hear ;  
 In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,  
 While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by ORWELL's winding banks I stray'd,  
 Where tow'ring WOLSEY breath'd his native air ;  
 A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,  
 The founding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a grateful form appear'd confess'd ;  
 White were his locks with awful scarlet crown'd,  
 And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,  
 That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

„ Stranger, he said, amid this pealing rain,  
 Benighted, lonesome, whither wou'dst thou stray ?  
 Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain ?  
 Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r ;  
 Felt ev'ry joy that fair ambition brings ;  
 And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r,  
 To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share ;  
 Nor meanly rose, to bless myself alone :  
 I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,  
 And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw ;  
 I saw proud empires my decision wait ;  
 My will was duty, and my word was law,  
 My smile was transport, and my frown was fate.”

Ah me ! said I, nor pow'r I seek, nor gain ;  
 Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure ;  
 A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,  
 And, from his friend's condolence, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,  
 Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend ;  
 Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,  
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath

Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind ;  
 The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree ;  
 And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,  
 O how my lonely cot resounds with glee !

Yet, tho' averse to gold in heaps amassed,  
 I wish to bless, I languish to bestow ;  
 And tho' no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,  
 Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address ;  
 Too mean to think that honours are my due,  
 Yet shou'd some patron yield my stores to bless,  
 I fure shou'd deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou ! that, like a meteor's fire,  
 Shot'ft blazing forth ; disdain'g dull degrees ;  
 Shou'd I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r aspire,  
 Must I not pass more rugged paths than these ?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,  
 Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray ?  
 Does not felonious envy bar the road ?  
 Or falsehood's treach'rous foot beset the way ?

Say shou'd I pass thro' favour's crowded gate,  
 Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind ?  
 Whilst I approach the glitt'ring scenes of state,  
 My best companion no admittance find ?

Nurs'd

Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,  
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own ?  
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare  
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne ?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,  
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,  
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,  
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend ?

Oh ! if these ills the price of pow'r advance,  
Check not my speed where social joys invite !  
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,  
And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

## E L E G Y VIII.

*He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences.*

*To Mr. G —. \* 1745.*

**A**H me! what envious magic thins my fold?  
 What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?  
 Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,  
 That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in ev'ning circles meet;  
 I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;  
 I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet;  
 Ah fool! to credit what I heard them say!

Ill-fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,  
 Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!  
 Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe  
 To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

Nor cou'd my G—— mistake the critic's laws,  
 Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way:  
 Welcome such error! ever blest the cause!  
 Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues astray!

\* N. B. Written after the death of Mr. POPE.



Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame  
 On lift'ning CHERWELL's osier banks reclin'd ?  
 While foe to fortune, uneduc'd by fame,  
 I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met ;  
 What tho' in ALMA's guardian arms I play'd ?  
 How shall the muse those vacant hours forget ?  
 Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid ?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast,  
 Where love and fancy fix their op'ning reign ;  
 How nature shines in livelier colours drest,  
 To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when PHOEBUS met the Cyprian queen,  
 And favour'd RHODES beheld their passion crown'd,  
 Unusual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green ;  
 And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from TWITNAM's widow'd bow'r,  
 The drooping muses take their casual way ;  
 And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour ;  
 And where they weep, no more the fields are gay]

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose ?  
 The cowslip's golden cup no more I see :  
 Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,  
 To form the garland, Elegy ! for thee !—

Enough

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead ;  
 Ah might we now the pious rage controul !  
 Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be fled,  
 Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul !

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,  
 Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise ;  
 But soon too deep it works its baneful way,  
 And, low on earth, the prostrate \* ruin lies.

\* Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

## E L E G Y IX.

*He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.*

**I** N E' E R must tinge my lip with Celtic wines ;  
 The pomp of INDIA must I ne'er display ;  
 Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,  
 Nor, with Italian founds, deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal bev'rage flows ;  
 My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring ;  
 Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,  
 And, from my grove, I hear the throstle sing.

My fellow swains ! avert your dazzled eyes ;  
 In vain allur'd by glitt'ring spoils they rove ;  
 The fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,  
 Yet gave them ample recompence, in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins ;  
 They gave you toils ; but toils your sinews brace ;  
 They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains,  
 And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,  
 See ! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind !  
 To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,  
 See vocal grotts, and echoing vales assign'd !

Wou'dst

Wou'dst thou, my STREPHON, love's delighted slave !  
 Tho' fure the wreaths of chivalry to share,  
 Forego the ribbon thy MATILDA gave ?  
 And giving, bade thee in remembrance wear,

Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy,  
 If to my mind my DELIA's form it brings,  
 Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,  
 Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,  
 When love deplores the tyrant pow'r of gain !  
 Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,  
 I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft from the stream, slow-wandering down the glade,  
 Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound ;  
 " Some miser weds, I cry, the captive maid,  
 " And some fond lover sickens at the found."

Not SOMERVILLE, the muse's friend of old,  
 Tho' now exalted to yon ambient sky,  
 So shun'd a soul disdain'd with earth and gold,  
 So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,  
 His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns ;  
 Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,  
 And to a ducate's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest,  
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure ;  
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,  
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the fordid ore,  
The charms of independence let us sing ;  
Blest with thy friendship, can I wish for more ?  
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of \* LYDIA'S king.

\* Croesus.

## E L E G Y X.

*To fortune, suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations.*

ASK not the cause, why this rebellious tongue  
 Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway ;  
 Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,  
 Why stands the flatter'd name, which all obey ?

'Tis not, that in my shed I lurk forlorn,  
 Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise ;  
 That, on this breast, no mimic star is borne,  
 Rever'd, ah ! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not, that on the turf supinely laid,  
 I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze ;  
 And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade,  
 My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command,  
 When many an embryo dome is lost in air ;  
 While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,  
 And, ere the turf is broken, cries, " Forbear.

Forbear, vain youth ! be cautious, weigh thy gold ;  
 " Nor let yon rising column more aspire ;  
 Ah ! better dwell in ruins, than behold  
 " Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

“ HONORIO built, but dar’d my laws defy ;  
 “ He planted, scornful of my sage commands ;  
 “ The peach’s vernal bud regal’d his eye ;  
 “ The fruitage ripen’d for more frugal hands.”

See the small stream that pours its murm’ring tide  
 O’er some rough rock that wou’d its wealth display,  
 Displays it aught but penury and pride ?  
 Ah ! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How wou’d some flood, with ampler treasures blest,  
 Disdainful view the scantling drops distil !  
 How must \* VELINO shake his reedy crest !  
 How ev’ry cygnet mock the boastive rill !

Fortune, I yield ! and see, I give the sign ;  
 At noon the poor mechanic wanders home ;  
 Collects the square, the level, and the line,  
 And, with retorted eye, forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains ;  
 Can unrepining leave the rising wall ;  
 Check the fond love of art that fir’d my veins,  
 And my warm hopes, in full pursuit, recall.

\* A river in ITALY, that falls an hundred yards perpendicular.

Descend, ye storms ! destroy my rising pile ;  
 Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway ;  
 Contented I, altho' the gazer smile  
 To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,  
 As in the sun regales his wanton herd ;  
 Guiltless of envy, why shou'd I repine,  
 That his rude voice, his grating reed's prefer'd ?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,  
 Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share ;  
 But ah ! his tawdry shepherdes's pride,  
 Gods ! must my DELIA, must my DELIA bear ?

Must DELIA's softness, elegance, and ease  
 Submit to MARIAN's dress ? to MARIAN's gold ?  
 Must MARIAN's robe from distant INDIA please ?  
 The simple fleece my DELIA's limbs enfold ?

“ Yet sure on DELIA seems the ruffet fair ;  
 “ Ye glitt'ring daughters of disguise adieu !”  
 So talk the wife, who judge of shape and air,  
 But will the rural thane decide so true ?

Ah ! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns ?  
 'Tis thy false glare, O fortune ! thine they see :  
 'Tis for my DELIA's sake I dread thy frowns,  
 And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.



## E L E G Y XI.

*He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over. To Mr. J—*

**A**H me, my friend! it will not, will not last!  
 This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!  
 The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;  
 The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,  
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?  
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,  
 And we, delightful, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!  
 What has the world to bribe our steps astray?  
 Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,  
 The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,  
 Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply;  
 Since, not the miser so carefs'd his gold,  
 As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;  
 To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace;  
 'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart!  
 Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And

And you, ye works of art ! allur'd mine eye,  
 The breathing picture, and the living stone :  
 “ Tho' gold, tho' splendour, heav'n and fate deny,  
 “ Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own !”

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,  
 The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,  
 I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—  
 But soon the paths of health and fame divide !

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the pray'r,  
 To grace my native scenes, my rural home ;  
 To see my trees express their planter's care,  
 And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er !  
 A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul :  
 A fond aspiring candidate no more,  
 I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth ! enchanting stage, profusely blest !  
 Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind ;  
 Of health neglectful, yet by health carest ;  
 Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair ;  
 More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing ;  
 Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,  
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not

Not all the force of manhood's active might,  
 Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,  
 Not science shall extort that dear delight,  
 Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures ! transports void of care !  
 Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu !  
 And you, her daughters, pining with despair,  
 Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue !

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day !  
 Again to trace the wint'ry tracts of snow !  
 Or, footh'd by vernal airs, again survey  
 The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow !

O life ! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn !  
 We start false joys, and urge the devious race :  
 A tender prey ; that cheers our youthful morn,  
 Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

## E L E G Y XII.

*His recantation.*

**N**O more the muse obtrudes her thin disguise;  
 No more with aukward fallacy complains,  
 How ev'ry fervour from my bosom flies,  
 And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,  
 No more she paints the breast from passion free;  
 I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive—  
 Ah need I, FLORIO, name that wish to thee?

The star of VENUS ushers in the day,  
 The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!  
 The star of VENUS lends her brightest ray,  
 When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,  
 Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest free,  
 Has gentle DELIA trip'd across the plains,  
 And need I, FLORIO, name that wish to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,  
 I tune with careless hand my languid lays;  
 Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,  
 And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bow'rs ;  
And lo ! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see :  
Has gentle DELIA bound my crook with flow'rs,  
And need I, FLORIO, name my hopes to thee ?

E L E G Y XIII.

*To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.*

**H**EALTH to my friend, and many a chearful day  
 Around his feat may peaceful shades abide !  
 Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,  
 And, 'till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me ! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom !  
 Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy !  
 Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,  
 Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,  
 By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone ;  
 Wou'dst thou reject thy DAMON's plighted hand ?  
 Wou'dst thou with scorn thy once lov'd friend disown ?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime :  
 Shall kindred souls forego their social claim ?  
 Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,  
 Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame ?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,  
 See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance !  
 Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,  
 Forbid by fate to change one transient glance !

But

But we have met—where ills of every form,  
 Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend :  
 Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm ?  
 And guide them to the bosom—of a friend ?

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong :  
 Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore !  
 Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,  
 Ere death divide us, and we part no more ?

For oh ! pale sickness warns thy friend away !  
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom !  
 I see stern fate his ebon wand display ;  
 And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,  
 Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier ;  
 “ Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,  
 “ To let suspicion intermix a fear.”

E L E G Y XIV.

*Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.*

*To lord TEMPLE.*

**W**HILE others lost to friendship, lost to love,  
Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,  
Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,  
And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,  
To catch the follies of an alien soil!  
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,  
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;  
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,  
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,  
See its fresh vigour, in a moment, fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;  
An aukward stranger, if we waft it o'er;  
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,  
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet



I covet not the pride of foreign looms ;  
 In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove ;  
 Nor, for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,  
 Wou'd change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,  
 Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play ;  
 Trembling I view the GAUL's illusive art,  
 That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'Tis long since freedom fled th' Hesperian clime ;  
 Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore ;  
 She saw the British oak aspire sublime,  
 And soft CAMPANIA's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine,  
 To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid ;  
 Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine ;  
 Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let \* CEYLON's envy'd plant perfume the seas,  
 Till torn to season the Batavian bowl ;  
 Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,  
 Nor need a drug to meliorate the foul.

\* The cinnamon.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,  
 Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane ;  
 The muse no more by flow'ry LADON roves,  
 She seeks her THOMSON, on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd ;  
 As hapless realms that war's oppression feel !  
 In vain may AUSTRIA boast her Noric blade,  
 If AUSTRIA bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm IDUME vents her moan ;  
 Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade !  
 And hoary MEMPHIS boasts her tombs alone,  
 The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd !

No crescent here displays its baneful horns ;  
 No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves ;  
 Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,  
 And poets, not inglorious, chaunt their loves.

Boast, favour'd MEDIA, boast thy flow'ry stores ;  
 Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd ;  
 'Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores,  
 'Tis the rich beauties of BRITANNIA's mind.

While\*GREENVILLE's breast cou'd virtue's stores afford,  
 What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight ?  
 The mine compared in vain its latent hoard,  
 The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

\* Written about the time of captain GREENVILLE's death.

Thee GREENVILLE, thee with calmest courage fraught,  
Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore !  
Thee by the virtues arm'd, the graces taught,  
When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore ?

Prefumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,  
What shall it now in recompence decree ?  
While friends that merit every earthly joy,  
Feel every anguish ; feel—the loss of thee !

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,  
No more the muse of partial praise arraign ;  
BRITANNIA sees no foreign breast so fair,  
And if she glory, glories not in vain.

## E L E G Y XV.

*In memory of a \* private family in WORCESTERSHIRE.*

FROM a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd,  
 The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh ;  
 Still, as the village caught the waving sound,  
 A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each BRITON's breast of old,  
 When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled ;  
 For fighting as the mournful accent roll'd,  
 Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support, is dead !

'Twas good PALEMEN—near a shaded pool,  
 A groupe of ancient elms umbrageous rose ;  
 The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,  
 This peaceful scene, for their asylum, chose.

A few small spires, to Gothic fancy fair,  
 Amid the shades emerging, struck the view ;  
 'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air ;  
 'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

\* The pennis of HARBOROUGH ; a place whose name in the SAXON language, alludes to an arm. And there is a tradition that there was a battle fought, on the Downs adjoining, betwixt the BRITONS and the ROMANS.

One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care ;  
 One pious youth his whole affection crown'd :  
 In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,  
 Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,  
 A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky ;  
 Blasts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,  
 And, scarce surviving, sees his CYNTHIO die !

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend ;  
 Heart-chill'd with grief—my thread, he cry'd, is spun !  
 “ If heav'n had meant I shou'd my life extend,  
 Heav'n had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

Snatch'd in thy prime ! alas the stroke were mild,  
 Had my frail form obey'd the fates' decree !  
 Blest were my lot, O CYNTHIO ! O my child !  
 Had heav'n so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee.”

Five sleepless nights he stem'd this tide of woes ;  
 Five irksome suns he saw, thro' tears, forlorn !  
 On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose ;  
 From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those \* downs, by Roman hofts annoy'd,  
 Fought our bold fathers ; rustic, unrefin'd !  
 Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd !  
 They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas

\* HARBOROUGH DOWNS.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,  
 Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat ;  
 War's deadly crimson had forfok the place,  
 And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen feat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,  
 To swell with empty sounds a spotless name ;  
 If foftring skies, the sun, the show'r were blest,  
 Their bounty spread ; their field's extent the fame.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,  
 They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend ;  
 Bade luxury, to lavish courts aspire,  
 And avarice, to city-breasts descend,

None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dow'r ;  
 To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir :  
 The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r,  
 Assign'd him virtue ; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of fortune, as some doubtful dame,  
 That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere ;  
 From lucre's vagrant fons had learnt her fame,  
 But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,  
 Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give ;  
 Those wholesome sweets, that border virtue's way ;  
 Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore ;  
 From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,  
 To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,  
 The sole deceit their artless bosom knew !

Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find  
 The common bosom, like their own, sincere !  
 'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind ;  
 'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,  
 Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r ;  
 Ah gentle souls ! enjoy your blisful reign,  
 And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure, to blisful realms the souls are flown,  
 That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove ;  
 The friends of science ! music, all their own ;  
 Music, the voice of virtue and of love !

The journeying peasant, thro' the secret shade,  
 Heard their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear ;  
 And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd ;  
 No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife !  
 Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release !  
 Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life ;  
 To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel,

Farewel, pure spirits ! vain the praise we give,  
 The praise you fought from lips angelic flows ;  
 Farewel ! the virtues which deserve to live,  
 Deserve an ampler blis than life bestows.

Last of his race, PALEMON, now no more  
 The modest merit of his line display'd ;  
 Then pious HOUGH VIGORNIA's mitre wore—  
 Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.



## E L E G Y XVI.

*He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.*

**W**HEN genius grac'd with lineal splendor glows,  
 When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd,  
 Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shews ;  
 The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair ! to soften splendor's ray ;  
 Endure the swain, the youth of low degree ;  
 Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display ;  
 'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the scandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy ;  
 He sighs to brighten a neglected name ;  
 Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,  
 He mourns his lot ; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly ;  
 Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades ;  
 Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,  
 But gleam still lovely thro' the checquer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,  
 Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove ;  
 Shou'd \*\*\*\*'s eyes illumine the desert plain,  
 Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor

Nor unregarded fighs the lowly hind ;  
 Tho' you contemn, the gods respect his vow ;  
 Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,  
 And vengeance, too severe ! the gods allow.

On SARUM's plain I met a wand'ring fair ;  
 The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore :  
 Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,  
 And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride  
 Of ev'ry plain ; she pillag'd ev'ry grove !  
 The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,  
 And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire ;  
 From BETHLEM's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd ;  
 Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,  
 When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said.

“ Hear me, dear youth ! oh hear an hapless maid,  
 Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings !  
 Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid ;  
 Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—  
 Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move ;  
 Come friendly let us wander, and complain,  
 And tell me, shepherd ! hast thou seen my love ?

My

My love is young—but other loves are young ;  
 And other loves are fair, and so is mine ;  
 An air divine discloses whence he sprung ;  
 He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar DAMON robs me of my rest,  
 IANTHE listens to no vulgar vow ;  
 A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast ;  
 A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race ?  
 More clear, more lovely bright than HESPER'S beam ?  
 The porc'lain pure with vulgar dirt debase ?  
 Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream ?

See thro' these veins the saphire-current shine !  
 'Twas JOVE'S own nectar gave th' ethereal hue :  
 Can base plebeian forms contend with mine !  
 Display the lovely white, or match the blue ?

The painter strove to trace its azure ray ;  
 He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove ;  
 He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay ;  
 Poor youth ! he little knew it flow'd from JOVE.

Pitying his toil, the wond'rous truth I told ;  
 How am'rous JOVE trepann'd a mortal fair ;  
 How thro' the race the generous current roll'd,  
 And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung  
 Our sacred race ; thro' demigods, convey'd ;  
 And he, ally'd to PHOEBUS, ever young,  
 My god-like boy, must wed their duteous maid.

Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,  
 My fire's dread fury murmurs thro' the sky ;  
 And shou'd I yield—his instant rage appears,  
 He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll !  
 Have you not seen more horrid light'nings glare !  
 'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul ;  
 'Twas then—I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,  
 All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain ;—  
 Yet such his beauty—wou'd my birth allow,  
 Dear were the youth, and blisful were the plain.

But oh ! I faint ! why wastes my vernal bloom,  
 In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove ?  
 My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,  
 And I shall die—before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought, my ravish'd eye,  
 On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd ;  
 Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,  
 The gems that bound his brow, dispell'd the shade.

O how

O how this bosom kindled at the sight !  
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chace ;  
Till, on a sudden, these with-held their light—  
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,  
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay ;  
See, see, he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—  
LANTHE comes ; thy princess hastes away.”

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply  
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain ;  
The piteous victim of an angry sky !  
Ah me ! the victim of her proud disdain !

E L E G Y XVII.

*He indulges the suggestions of spleen: an elegy to  
the winds.*

*Æole, namque tibi divum pater atque hominum rex  
Et mulcere dedit mentes & tollere vento.*

**S**TERN monarch of the winds, admit my pray'r!  
Awhile thy fury check, thy storms confine!  
No trivial blast impells the passive air,  
But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!  
The peaceful regions of content invade!  
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!  
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, spleen; and dread the sway  
Of rigid EURUS, his detested fire;  
Thro' one my blossoms and my fruits decay;  
Thro' one my pleasures, and my hopes expire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way  
Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,  
I stand aghast; and chill'd with fear survey  
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream!

Where

Where by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,  
 Shall wretch'd fancy a retreat explore ?  
 She flies the sad preface of coming years,  
 And forr'wing dwells on pleasures now no more !

Again with patrons, and with friends she roves ;  
 But friends and patrons never to return !  
 She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,  
 But sees them, weeping o'er LUCINDA'S urn.

She visits, ISIS ! thy forsaken stream,  
 Oh ill forsaken for Bœotian air !  
 She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,  
 No reed so verdant, and no flow'rs so fair.

She dreams beneath thy sacred shades where, peace,  
 Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel ;  
 Reviews thy social blifs, thy learned ease,  
 And with no chearful accent cries, farewell !

Farewel, with whom to these retreats I stray'd !  
 By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd !  
 Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,  
 And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow ;  
 Sees ev'ry muse a partial ear incline ;  
 Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,  
 Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She

She bids the flatt'ring mirror, form'd to please,  
 Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair ;  
 Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease ;  
 Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,  
 Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove !  
 Alas ! there echo will repent the tale—  
 Where shall I find the silent scenes I love ?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone ;  
 Forbid to please, yet fated to admire ;  
 Away my friends ! my sorrows are my own ;  
 Why should I breathe around my sick desire ?

Bear me ye winds, indulgent to my pains,  
 Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell !  
 There let me fondly eye the rude remains,  
 And from the mould'ring refuse, build my cell !

Genius of ROME ! thy prostrate pomp display ;  
 Trace ev'ry dismal proof of fortune's power ;  
 Let me the wreck of theatres survey,  
 Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,  
 Convey'd pure streams to ROME'S imperial wall,  
 Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn ;  
 Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.



Genius of CARTHAGE ! paint thy ruin'd pride ;  
 Tow'rs, arches, fanes in wild confusion strewn ;  
 Let banish'd \* MARIUS, low'ring by thy side,  
 Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no ! thou monarch of the storms ! forbear ;  
 My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul ;  
 And scarce a pleasing twilight foothes my care,  
 Ere one vast death like darkness shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base  
 Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile ;  
 My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,  
 Shou'd the sky brighten, or MELISSA smile.

\* *Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium toleravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri possent esse solatio. LIV.*

## E L E G Y XVIII.

*He repeats the song of COLLIN, a discerning shepherd ;  
lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.*

*Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,  
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,  
Avertes : victumque feres. VIRGIL.*

**N**EAR AVON'S bank, on ARDEN'S flow'ry plain,  
A\* tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning wave,  
And funny COTSOLO' fondly lov'd the strain ;  
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave !

Oh lost OPHELIA ! smoothly flow'd the day,  
To feel his music with my flames agree !  
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,  
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee !

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,  
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,  
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,  
I'll add the myrtle for OPHELIA'S sake.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay,  
When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue ;  
The more I found his fault'ring notes decay,  
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

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" Adieu

\* MR. SOMERVILLE.

“ Adieu my flocks, he said ! my wonted care,  
 By funny mountain, or by verdant shore !  
 May some more happy hand your fold prepare,  
 And may you need your COLLIN’S crook no more.

And you, ye shepherds ! lead my gentle sheep ;  
 To breezy hills, or leafy shelters lead ;  
 But if the sky with show’rs incessant weep,  
 Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,  
 Long-loit’ring there your fleecy tribes extend—  
 But what avail the maxims I bequeath ?  
 The fruitless gift of an officious friend !

Ah ! what avails the tim’rous lambs to guard,  
 Tho’ nightly cares, with daily labours, join ?  
 If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,  
 If GALLIA’S craft the pond’rous fleece purloin !

Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,  
 I met the terrors of an early grave ?  
 For this, I led them from the pointed thorn ?  
 For this I bath’d ’em in the lucid wave ?

Ah heedless ALBION ! too benignly prone  
 Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign !  
 Shall ev’ry other virtue grace thy throne,  
 But quick-ey’d prudence never yet be thine ?

From

From the fair natives of this peerless hill  
 Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian plains :  
 Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,  
 Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks ! from cliff to cliff they stray ;  
 Far from their dams their native guardians far !  
 Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,  
 Chaunts his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.

But ALBION's youth her native fleece despise ;  
 Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan ;  
 In filky folds each nervous limb disguise,  
 Allur'd by ev'ry treasure, but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,  
 Anxious, to see the wintry tempest drive ;  
 Preserve, said I, preserve your fleece, my sheep !  
 Ere long will PHILLIS, will my love arrive.

Ere long she came : ah ! woe is me, she came !  
 Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine :  
 For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,  
 Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,  
 Give the rich growth of British hills to fame ?  
 And let her charms, and her example, own  
 That virtue's dress, and beauty's are the same ?

Will no fam'd chief support this gen'rous maid :  
 Once more the patriot's arduous path resume ?  
 And, comely from his native plains array'd,  
 Speak future glory to the British loom ?

What pow'r unseen my ravish'd fancy fires ?  
 I pierce the dreary shade of future days ;  
 Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,  
 To breathe my latest breath in \* \* \* praise.

O might my breath for \* \* \* praise suffice,  
 How gently shou'd my dying limbs repose !  
 O might his future glory blefs mine eyes,  
 My ravish'd eyes ! how calmly wou'd they close !

\* \* \* was born to spread the gen'ral joy ;  
 By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd ;  
 BRITONS for BRITAIN shall the crook employ ;  
 BRITONS for BRITAIN'S glory shear the fold."

## E L E G Y XIX.

*Written in spring 1743.*

**A** G A I N the lab'ring hind inverts the foil ;  
 Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave ;  
 Another spring renews the foldier's toil,  
 And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,  
 The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,  
 The fordid ALPHEUS hurry'd thro' my groves ;  
 Yet stop'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold ;  
 He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r ;  
 My breast, unfully'd by the lust of gold ;  
 My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, ALPHEUS ! fly the purer paths of fate ;  
 Abjure these scenes from venal passions free ;  
 Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,  
 War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,  
 I drest an altar to THALIA'S name :  
 Here as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flow'rs,  
 Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

DAMON, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,  
 Thou court success by virtue or by song,  
 Fly the false dictates of the venal race ;  
 Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray ;  
 Swerve not thy foot with fortune's vot'ries more ;  
 Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day—  
 The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,  
 “ Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial pow'rs !  
 Aid me to quell the sordid breast, I said ;  
 And \* threw my jav'lin tow'rs their hostile tow'rs.

Think not regretful I survey the deed ;  
 Or added years no more the zeal allow ;  
 Still, still observant to the grove I speed,  
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle ROME's relentless foe,  
 Such gen'rous hate the † Punic champion bore ;  
 Thy lake, O THRASIMENE ! beheld it glow,  
 And CANNÆ's walls, and TREBIA's crimson shore.

\* The Roman ceremony in declaring war.

† HANNIBAL.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame ;  
 Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd ;  
 Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,  
 His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punic pride its final eye survey'd ;  
 Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire ;  
 Patient the victors lurid frown obey'd,  
 And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,  
 Their gold, in pyramidic plenty pil'd,  
 He saw th' unutterable grief prevail ;  
 He saw their tears, and, in his fury, smil'd.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the smiles of ease,  
 Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain ;  
 I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,  
 Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain !

But were it cordial, this detested smile,  
 Seems it less timely than the grief ye shew ?  
 O sons of CARTHAGE ! grant me to revile  
 The sordid source of your indecent woe !

Why weep ye now ! ye saw with tearless eye  
 When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave :  
 Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,  
 When TYRE's imperial state commenc'd a slave ?



'Tis past—O **CARTHAGE**! vanquish'd! honour'd shade!  
 Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;  
 Had freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid,  
 She ne'er, like fortune, had forsook thy shore."

He ceas'd—abash'd the conscious audience hear;  
 Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold;  
 Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,  
 And falling moistens their abandon'd gold. \*

\* By the terms forced upon the **CARTHAGINIANS** by **SCIPIO**, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions sterling.

## 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.*

**W**HY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn?  
 Why sinks my soul beneath each wint'ry sky?  
 What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,  
 What myriads, wish to be as blest as I!

What tho' my roofs devoid of pomp arise,  
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?  
 Nor costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,  
 Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild sons of LAPLAND's chill domain,  
 That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!  
 How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,  
 Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

Slave tho' I be, to DELIA's eyes a slave,  
 My DELIA's eyes endear the bands I wear;  
 The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,  
 The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Lybian shores,  
 Ah ! not in love's delightful fetters bound !  
 No radiant smile his dying peace restores,  
 Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boastive woes,  
 Shall I the mockery of grief display ?  
 No, let the muse his piercing pangs disclose,  
 Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away !

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,  
 Ere the shrill boatwain gave the hated sign ;  
 He dropt a tear unseen into the flood ;  
 He stole one secret moment, to repine.

Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made ;  
 Such moving plaints as nature could inspire ;  
 To me the muse his tender plea convey'd,  
 But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.

“ Why am I ravish'd from my native strand ?  
 What savage race protects this impious gain ?  
 Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,  
 And more than sea-born monsters plough the main ?

Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail ;  
 Here the blue asps with livid poison swell ;  
 Here the dry dipsa writh his sinuous mail ;  
 Can we not here, secure from envy, dwell ?

When

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,  
 When the stern panther fought his midnight prey,  
 What fate reserv'd me for this \* christian race?  
 O race more polish'd, more severe than they!

Ye prouling wolves pursue my latest cries!  
 Thou hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den!  
 Ye sandy wastes in rapid eddies rise!  
 O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

Yet in their face superior beauty glows;  
 Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?  
 Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,  
 And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,  
 Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,  
 But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,  
 Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,  
 Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,  
 They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,  
 And feign these distant regions to repay.

For them our tusky elephant expires;  
 For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;  
 Where rove the brutal nations wild desires?—  
 Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold!

Yet

\* Spoke by a savage.

Yet shores there are, blest shores for us remain,  
And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd  
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,  
Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound,

There the stern tyrant that embitters life  
Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand ;  
There shall we view the billow's raging strife,  
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

## E L E G Y XXI.

*Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient BRITONS. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury. 1746.*

**T**HUS DAMON sung—What tho' unknown to praise  
 Umbrageous coverts hide my muse and me ;  
 Or mid the rural shepherds, flow my days,  
 Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.

To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,  
 Say should I grow myself a solemn slave ?  
 To find thy tints, O TITIAN ! grace my wall,  
 Forego the flow'ry fields my fortune gave ?

Lord of my time my devious path I bend,  
 Thro' fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven lawn ;  
 Or penfile grove, or airy cliff ascend,  
 And hail the scene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—tho' nor the racy vine,  
 Nor fatt'ning olive cloath the fields I rove,  
 Sequester'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,  
 And ev'ry silvan grott the muses love.

Here

Here if my vista point the mould'ring pile,  
 Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore,  
 I trace the tott'ring reliques with a smile,  
 To think the mental bondage is no more !

Pleas'd, if the glowing landkip wave with corn ;  
 Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise ;  
 Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies borne,  
 Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see PLINLIMMON ! ev'n the youthful fight  
 Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain !  
 Such CAER-CARADOC ! thy stupendous height,  
 Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions ! where, by science fir'd,  
 Some prying sage his lonely step may bend ;  
 There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd,  
 Invidious view the clamb'ring goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,  
 The freeborn BRITON left his greenest mead ;  
 Receding fullen from his mightier foe,  
 For here he saw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,  
 Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,  
 Above or Persian luxe, or Attic art,  
 The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages carol'd forth his fame ;  
 Sires, to his praise, attun'd their children's tongue ;  
 The hoary druid fed the generous flame,  
 While, in such strains, the reverend wizard sung.

“ Go forth, my sons !—for what is vital breath,  
 Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd ?  
 Go forth, my sons !—for what is instant death  
 To souls secure perennial joys to find ?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,  
 Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound ;  
 Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,  
 With mistletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs ;  
 Your solemn woods resound their martial fire ;  
 To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,  
 If in the cause you vanquish, or expire.

Hark ! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves  
 What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms !  
 This is the favour'd moment heav'n approves,  
 Sound the shrill trump ; this instant, sound, to arms.

Theirs was the science of a martial race,  
 To shape the lance, or decorate the shield ;  
 Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,  
 To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now,



Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,  
 For some false FLORIMEL's impure disguise,  
 The lifted youth, nor war's loud signal know,  
 Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,  
 Inert and silent slept the manly car;  
 But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,  
 If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,  
 Thron'd in the splend'd carriage glides supine;  
 To taint his virtue with a foreign strain,  
 Or at a fav'rite's board, his faith resign.

Leave then, O luxury! this happy soil!  
 Chase her, BRITANNIA, to some hostile shore!  
 Or \* fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,  
 And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

\* Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

## E L E G Y XXII.

*Written in the year — when the rights of sepulture  
were so frequently violated.*

SAY, gentle sleep, that lov'ft the gloom of night,  
Parent of dreams ! thou great magician, fay,  
Whence my late vifion thus endures the light ;  
Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

The filent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,  
And anxious care resign'd my limbs to reft ;  
A sudden luftre ftruck my wond'ring eyes,  
And SILVIA flood before my couch confest.

Ah ! not the nymph fo blooming and fo gay,  
That led the dance beneath the feftive fhade !  
But ſhe that, in the morning of her day,  
Intomb'd beneath the grafs-green fod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance caft ;  
No more her breaſt inspir'd the lover's flame,  
No more her cheek the Pæftan roſe furpaſt ;  
Yet ſeem'd her lip's ethereal ſmile the ſame.

Nor ſuch her hair as deck'd her living face ;  
Nor ſuch her voice as charm'd the liſt'ning crowd ;  
Nor ſuch her dreſs as heighten'd ev'ry grace ;  
Alas ! all vaniſh'd for the mournful ſhroud !

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the fame ;  
 That dear distinction every doubt remov'd ;  
 Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame  
 Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

“ DAMON, she said, mine hour allotted flies ;  
 Oh ! do not waste it with a fruitless tear !  
 Tho' griev'd to see thy SILVIA's pale disguise,  
 Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy muse with virtuous fame be blest !  
 So be thy love with mutual love repaid !  
 So may thy bones in sacred silence rest,  
 Fast by the reliques of some happier maid !

Thou know'st, how ling'ring on a distant shore  
 Disease invidious nipt my flow'ry prime ;  
 And oh ! what pangs my tender bosom tore,  
 To think I ne'er must view my native clime !

No friend was near to raise my drooping head ;  
 No dear companion wept to see me die ;  
 Lodge me within my native soil, I said ;  
 There my fond parents honour'd reliques lie.

Tho' now debarr'd of each domestic tear ;  
 Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow ;  
 There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,  
 And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.

I spoke,

I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil ;  
 Some venal mourner lent his careless aid ;  
 And soon they bore me to my native soil,  
 Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths, from ev'ry plain and grove,  
 Adorn'd with mournful verse thy SILVIA's bier ;  
 'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,  
 And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why alas ! the tender scene display ?  
 Cou'd DAMON's foot the pious path decline ?  
 Ah no ! 'twas DAMON first attun'd his lay,  
 And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave ;  
 My placid ghost no longer wept its doom ;  
 When savage robbers every sanction brave,  
 And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb !

Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,  
 Lose the cheap portion of my native sands ?  
 Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,  
 Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands ?

Say, wou'd thy breast no death-like torture feel,  
 To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey ?  
 To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel ?  
 To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey ?

If PÆAN's sons these horrid rites require,  
If health's fair science be by these refin'd,  
Let guilty convicts, for their use, expire ;  
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it seems, when guilt's last fine is paid,  
To see the victim's corse deny'd repose !  
Now, more severe ! the poor offenceless maid  
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled ?  
Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim ?  
Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,  
And sacred be their ashes, and their fame !

Arise, dear youth ! ev'n now the danger calls ;  
Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey ;  
See ! see ! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls—  
Oh ! fly to chase these human wolves away."

## E L E G Y XXIII.

*Reflections suggested by his situation.*

**B**ORN near the scene for \*KENELM's fate renown'd  
 I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,  
 And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound  
 The savage force of empire, and of love.

Fast by the center of yon' various wild,  
 Where spreading oaks embow'r a Gothic fane ;  
 KENDRIDA's arts a brother's youth beguil'd ;  
 There nature urg'd her tenderest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,  
 Th' ambitious maid cou'd every care employ ;  
 Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,  
 To deck the cradle of the princely boy ?

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown ;  
 Love fires her breast ; the sultry passions rise ;  
 A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,  
 And views her KENELM with a rival's eyes.

\* KENELM in the Saxon heptarchy was heir to the kingdom of MERCIA ; but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, depriv'd of his crown and life together.

How kind were fortune, ah! how just were fate,  
 Wou'd fate or fortune MERCIA's heir remove!  
 How sweet to revel on the couch of state!  
 To crown at once her lover, and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chace, the fraudulent maid  
 To these lone hills direct his devious way;  
 The youth, all prone, the sister guide obey'd,  
 Ill-fated youth! himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain,  
 Forms the lone refuge of the silvan game;  
 Since LYTTELTON has crown'd the sweet domain  
 With softer pleasures, and with fairer fame,

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,  
 Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire;  
 And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, succeed  
 The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See THOMSON, loit'ring near some limpid well,  
 For BRITAIN's friend the verdant wreath prepare!  
 Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell,  
 How peerless LUCIA made all seasons fair!

See \* \* \* \* \* from civic garlands fly,  
 And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!  
 Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,  
 Observe how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here

Here **POPE**!—ah never must that tow'ring mind  
 To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return!  
 What art! what friendships! oh! what fame resign'd!  
 —In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,  
 And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?  
 Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,  
 And think fair freedom well exchange'd for gold!

Thro' these soft shades delighted let me stray,  
 While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!  
 Thro' these dear valleys bend my casual way,  
 'Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,  
 I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate:  
 Or shrink to find, how much ambition dares,  
 To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O sun! that spotless throne disclose,  
 Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain?  
 Where, shew me where, the lineal scepter glows,  
 Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear,  
 In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;  
 There not the parent's smile is half sincere;  
 Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.



There with the friendly wifh, the kindly flame,  
 No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat ;  
 Youth, manhood, age, avow one fordid aim,  
 And ev'n the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murd'rous round ;  
 The glance, that more than rural blame instills ;  
 Whispers, that ting'd with friendship doubly wound,  
 Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage ;  
 Careffing brothers part but to revile ;  
 There all men smile, and prudence warns the wife,  
 To dread the fatal ftroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals ! fifter, fon, and fire,  
 With horrid purpose hug destructive arms ;  
 There foft-ey'd maids in murd'rous plots confpire,  
 And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let fervile minds one endless watch endure ;  
 Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign ;  
 But lay me, fate ! on flow'ry banks, fecure  
 Tho' my whole foul be, like my limbs, fupine.

Yes, may my tongue difdain a vaffal's care ;  
 My lyre refound no prostituted lay ;  
 More warm to merit, more elate to wear  
 The cap of freedom, than the crown of bays.  
 Sooth'd

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,  
I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow ;  
Chear'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,  
I scorn the quarry, where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue ;  
His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound ;  
He sings his DELIA, and if she be true,  
His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

## 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.*

WHEN beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom,  
Hid from the chearful glance of human eye ;  
When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,  
Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh,

Fair ELEONORA ! wou'd no gallant mind  
The cause of love, the cause of justice own ?  
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd  
To see them sparkle from their native throne ?

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,  
Well might such brows the regal gem resign ;  
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,  
Yet ALBION's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of BRITONS ! in one fullen tow'r  
She wet with royal tears her daily cell ;  
She found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour ;  
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell

\* ELEANOR of BRETAGNE, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of ARTHUR, in the reign of king JOHN. She was esteemed the beauty of her time ; was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol castle.

Thro' one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,  
 Successive suns a languid radiance threw ;  
 To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,  
 To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This, age might bear ; then fated fancy palls,  
 Nor warmly hopes what splendor can supply ;  
 Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls  
 Refrain its list'ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me \* \* \* \* the pretence is vain !  
 This boasted calm that smooths our early days,  
 For never yet could youthful mind restrain  
 Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise,

Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring,  
 Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure ;  
 Some genius whispers " Life is on the wing,  
 And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What tho' thy riper mind admire no more—  
 The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold  
 Can pierce like light'ning thro' the figur'd ore,  
 And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermins, rods may well attract thy scorn ;  
 The futile presents of capricious pow'r !  
 But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,  
 And who but envies then the social hour ?

Can virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,  
 Forget how \* \* \* sustains the shepherd's cause ?  
 Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,  
 Nor join the founding pæan of applause ?

For public haunts, impell'd by BRITAIN'S weal,  
 See GRENVILLE quit the muse's fav'rite ease ;  
 And shall not swains admire his noble zeal ?  
 Admiring praise, admiring strive to please ?

Life, says the sage, affords no bliss sincere ;  
 And courts, and cells in vain our hopes renew :  
 But ah ! where GRENVILLE charms the list'ning ear,  
 'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

The groves may smile ; the rivers gently glide ;  
 Soft thro' the vale resound the lonesome lay ;  
 Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside,  
 But can they please. when LYTTELTON'S away ?

Pure as the swain's the breast of \* \* \* glows,  
 Ah ! were the shepherd's phrase, like his, refin'd !  
 But, how improv'd the generous dictate flows  
 Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind !

Happy the youths who warm with BRITAIN'S love,  
 Her inmost wish in \* \* \* periods hear !  
 Happy that in the radiant circle move,  
 Attendant orbs, where LONSDALE gilds the sphere !  
 While

While rural faith, and every polish'd art,  
 Each friendly charm, in \* \* \* conspire,  
 From public scenes all pensive must you part ;  
 All joyless to the greenest fields retire !

Go, plaintive youth ! no more by fount or stream,  
 Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun ;  
 Go dare the light, enjoy its chearful beam,  
 And hail the bright procession of the sun.

Then cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume  
 The silent walk ; no more by passion tost :  
 Then seek thy rustic haunts ; the dreary gloom,  
 Where ev'ry art that colours life, is lost."—

In vain ! the list'ning muse attends in vain !  
 Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—  
 —Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,  
 When injur'd beauty mourns the muse's fate.

## E L E G Y XXV.

*To DELIA, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.*

W<sup>H</sup>ate'er could sculpture's curious art employ,  
 Whate'er the lavish hand of wealth can show'r,  
 These would I give—and every gift enjoy  
 That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the pow'r.

Blest were my lot, to feed the social fires!  
 To learn the latent wishes of a friend!  
 To give the boon his native taste admires,  
 And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Blest too is he, whose ev'ning ramble strays  
 Where droop the sons of indigence and care!  
 His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,  
 And win, at small expence, their fondest pray'r!

And oh the joy! to shun the conscious light,  
 To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!  
 Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,  
 Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve !  
 Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear !  
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,  
 And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade ;  
 To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine ;  
 To hear it grateful own the generous aid ;  
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss ; nor I refuse  
 To range where daizies open, rivers roll ;  
 While prose or song the languid hours amuse,  
 And soothe the fond impatience of my soul.

Awhile I'll weave the roofs of jasmin bow'rs,  
 And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year ;  
 Awhile I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,  
 Then, unlamented, press an early bier !

Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share ;  
 Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow ;  
 The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,  
 As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the silvan quire ;  
 The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon ;  
 Nature will smile, will wear her best attire ;  
 O ! let not gentle DELIA smile so soon !



While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,  
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,  
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay ;  
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O DELIA ! cheer'd by thy superior praise,  
I bless the silent path the fates decree ;  
Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,  
To raise the moments crown'd with bliss, and thee.

E L E G Y XXVI.

*Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.*

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye?  
 That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?  
 Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;  
 Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?  
 Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?  
 Bleft in thy song, and bleft in ev'ry grace  
 That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, said he, thy partial praise restrain;  
 Not DAMON's friendship can my peace restore;  
 Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,  
 And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!  
 Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!  
 Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,  
 Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,  
 My youth her vain licentious blifs admir'd;  
 In fortune's train the fyre and flatt'ry smil'd,  
 And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,  
 Ah vices ! gilded by the rich and gay !  
 I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,  
 Nor dropt the chace, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artless maid ! to stain thy spotless name,  
 Expence, and art, and toil, united strove ;  
 To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,  
 Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,  
 I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn ;  
 I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,  
 And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,  
 Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove ;  
 I bade my words the wonted softness wear,  
 And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the rest ?  
 Will yet thy love a candid ear incline ?  
 Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,  
 Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame ;  
 Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day ;  
 When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,  
 Low at my feet desponding JESSY lay.

“ HENRY,

“ HENRY, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,  
 See the sad reliques of a nymph undone !  
 I find, I find this rising sob renew'd :  
 I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,  
 When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return ?  
 Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,  
 But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn !

Alas ! no more that joyous morn appears  
 That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame ;  
 For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,  
 And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame,

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,  
 The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan ;  
 All seem to chafe me from the chearful plain,  
 And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,  
 Where bloom the jasmins that could once allure,  
 Hope not to find delight in us, they say,  
 For we are spotless, JESSY ; we are pure.

Ye flow'rs ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,  
 Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?  
 The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale  
 Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young ;  
 And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee ;  
 Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,  
 That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye ;  
 I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;  
 To die I languish, but I dread to die,  
 Left my sad fate shou'd nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,  
 And let me silent seek some friendly shore ;  
 There only, banish'd from the form I love,  
 My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;  
 Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;  
 Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,  
 That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread ;  
 Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew ;  
 Not such the parent's board at which I fed !  
 Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,  
 Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;  
 Envy may flight a face no longer fair ;  
 And pity, welcome, to my native soil."

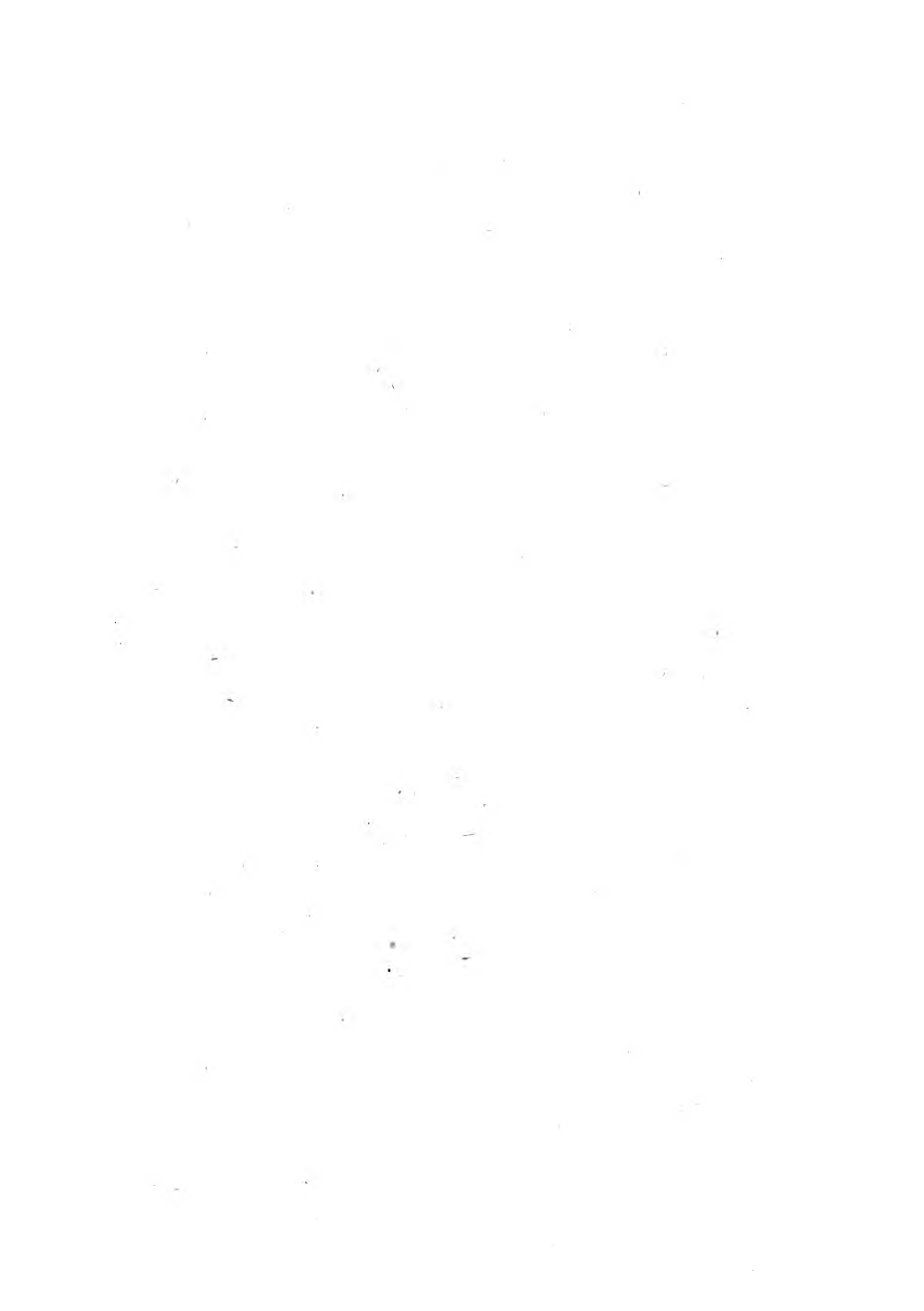
She:

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race ;  
 Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign ;  
 Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,  
 And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend ;  
 I saw her breast with every passion heave ;  
 I left her—torn from every earthly friend ;  
 Oh ! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave !

Brief let me be ; the fatal storm arose ;  
 The billows rag'd ; the pilot's art was vain ;  
 O'er the tall mast the circling surges close ;  
 My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain !

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay ;  
 Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear ;  
 But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,  
 From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier !



O D E S,  
S O N G S,  
B A L L A D S, &c.







## RURAL ELEGANCE:

An ODE to the late Duchefs of SOMERSET.

Written 1750.

**W**HILE orient skies reftore the day,  
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;  
Amid the fprightly fcenes of morn,  
Will aught the mufe infpire?  
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn  
That drowns the facred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the moffy down  
Some panting, timorous hare purfue;  
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?  
Say, does fhe fmoothe her lawns for you?  
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,  
And urg'd by rude constraint refound the jovial cry?

See

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn  
 The wretched swain your sport survey ;  
**He finds his faithful fences torn,**  
 He finds his labour'd crops a prey ;  
 He sees his flock—no more in circles feed ;  
 Haply beneath your ravage bleed,  
 And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude  
 That nature smiles for you alone ;  
**Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,**  
 The proud, the selfish boast disown :  
 Yours be the produce of the soil ;  
 O may it still reward your toil !  
 Nor ever the defenceless train  
 Of clinging infants, ask support in vain !

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,  
 Does the mere landscape feast your eye ?  
 Or the warm hope of distant gains  
 Far other cause of glee supply ?  
 Is not the red-streak's future juice  
 The source of your delight profound,  
 Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,  
 Purpling a whole horizon round ?  
 Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true :  
 But tho', the pebbled shores among,  
 It mimic no unpleasing song,  
 The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,  
 Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume ;  
 Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,  
 The dappled mead without a smile.  
 O let a rural conscious muse,  
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse :  
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,  
 And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,  
 If haply from your haunts ye stray  
 To waste with us a summer's day,  
 Exclude the taste of every swain,  
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain :  
 'Tis nature only gives exclusive right  
 To relish her supreme delight ;  
 She, where she pleases kind or coy,  
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,  
 By her auspicious aid refin'd ;  
 Lo ! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,  
 Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,  
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,  
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain :  
 For such the rivers dash their foaming tides,  
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides ;  
 Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering fight,  
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.  
 With

With what suspicious fearful care  
 The fordid wretch secures his claim,  
 If haply some luxurious heir  
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name !  
 What scruples left some future birth  
 Should litigate a span of earth !  
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,  
 The towering muse endures not to disclose ;  
 Alas ! her unrevers'd decree,  
 More comprehensive and more free,  
 Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see,

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,  
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,  
 When, to confirm his lofty plea,  
 In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,  
 The grave Venetian weds the sea ;  
 Each laughing muse derides the vow ;  
 Ev'n ADRIA scorns the mock embrace,  
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,  
 Allotted, from his natal hour,  
 With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.  
 His breast to admiration prone  
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,  
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,  
 And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,  
 When SOMERSET avoids the great ;  
 When cloy'd with merited applause,  
 She seeks the rural calm retreat ;  
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,  
 And feel the truth my numbers tell ?  
 When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,  
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,  
 Could she not more delighted hear  
 Yon thrortle chaunt the rising year ?  
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,  
 To crop the primrose of the plains ?  
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,  
 Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind ?

Ah can she covet there to see  
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,  
 That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,  
 That slight her merit, but adore her place ?  
 Far happier, if aright I deem,  
 When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,  
 To where the lonely halcyons play,  
 Her philosophic step retires :  
 While studious of the moral theme,  
 She, to some smooth sequester'd stream  
 Likens the swain's inglorious day ;  
 Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey,  
 How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,  
 Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind !  
 On whose fair birth the graces mild,  
 And every muse prophetic smil'd.  
 Not that the poet's boasted fire  
     Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell ;  
 Or, on the music of his lyre  
     Each future age with rapture dwell ;  
 The vaunted sweets of praise remove,  
     Yet shall such bosoms claim a part  
     In all that glads the human heart ;  
 Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove [love.  
 All nature's charms immense, and heaven's unbounded

And oh ! the transport, most ally'd to song,  
     In some fair villa's peaceful bound,  
 To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,  
     And bid ARCADIA bloom around :  
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,  
     Or smoothe below the verdant mead ;  
 Whether we break the falling rill,  
     Or thro' meandering mazes lead ;  
 Or in the horrid bramble's room  
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom ;  
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene [scene.  
 Reflect flow'rs, woods and spires, and brighten all the

O sweet

O sweet disposal of the rural hour !  
 O beauties never known to cloy !  
 While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,  
 And every gentle breast partakes the joy !  
 While charity at eve surveys the swain,  
 Enabled by these toils to cheer  
 A train of helpless infants dear,  
 Speed whistling home across the plain ;  
 See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,  
 For half her graceless deeds atone, [own.  
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her

Why brand these pleasures with the name  
 Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame ?  
 Search but the garden, or the wood,  
 Let yon admir'd carnation own,  
 Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,  
 Not all for needful use alone ;  
 There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,  
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing ?  
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice ?  
 Why shines with paint the linnets wing ?  
 For sustenance alone ? for use ?  
 For preservation ? Every sphere  
 Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.

And



And sure there seem, of human kind,  
 Some born to shun the solemn strife ;  
 Some for amusive tasks design'd,  
 To soothe the certain ills of life ;  
 Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,  
 New founts of bliss disclose,  
 Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands ; from the view  
 Of rural nature's blooming face,  
 Smit with the glare of rank and place,  
 To courts the sons of fancy flew ;  
 There long had art ordain'd a rival feat ;  
 There had she lavish'd all her care  
 To form a scene more dazzling fair,  
 And call'd them from their green retreat  
 To share her proud controul ;  
 Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow,  
 Had taught exotic gems to glow ;  
 And emulous of nature's pow'r,  
 Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r ;  
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,  
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,  
 And warp'd the very soul

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye,  
 Awhile the faery forms delight ;  
 And now aloof we seem to fly  
 On purple pinions thro' a purer sky,

Where

Where all is wonderous, all is bright :  
 Now landed on some spangled shore  
 Awhile each dazled maniac roves  
 By saphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.  
 Paternal acres please no more ;  
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight——  
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,  
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,  
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,  
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,  
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,  
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away !  
 'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.  
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,  
 Fatigu'd with splendor's irksome beams.  
 Fancy again demands the sight  
 Of native groves, and wonted streams,  
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,  
 Where truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.

Then hither oft ye senators retire,  
 With nature here high converse hold ;  
 For who like STAMFORD her delights admire,  
 Like STAMFORD shall with scorn behold  
 Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold ;

Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,  
 Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,  
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,  
 Honour, and moral beauty shine  
 With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes, here alone did highest heav'n ordain  
 The lasting magazine of charms,  
 Whatever wins, whatever warms  
 Whatever fancy seeks to share,  
 The great, the various, and the fair,  
 For ever should remain !

Her impulse nothing may restrain—  
 Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,  
 'Midst all the city's artful trim,  
 To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,  
 Or shrubs fuliginously grim :  
 From rooms of filken foliage vain,  
 To trace the dun far distant grove,  
 Where smit with undissembled pain,  
 The wood-lark mourns her absent love,  
 Borne to the dusty town from native air,  
 To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,  
 Should all who taste our joy sincere,  
 To virtue, truth or science dear,  
 Forego a court's alluring pale,

For

For dimpled brook and leafy grove,  
 For that rich luxury of thought they love !  
 Ah no, from these the public sphere requires  
 Example for its giddy bands ;  
 From these impartial heav'n demands  
 To spread the flame itself inspires ;  
 To sift opinion's mingled mass,  
 Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,  
 Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone  
 Round the gay precincts of a throne,  
 With mild effective beams !  
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,  
 By solemn grotto, or shady spring,  
 To join their pleasing dreams !  
 Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,  
 They only that deserve, enjoy.  
 What tho' nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,  
 Nor naiad near their fountains rove,  
 Yet all embody'd to the mental fight,  
 A train of smiling virtues bright  
 Shall there the wise retreat allow, [brow,  
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,  
 Art have with nature wag'd presumptuous war ;  
 By SEYMOUR's winning influence charm'd,  
 In whom their gifts united shine,

No longer shall their counfels jar.  
 'Tis hers to mediate the peace :  
 Near PERCY-lodge, with awe-struck mien,  
 The rebel seeks her lawful queen,  
 And havock and contention cease.  
 I see the rival pow'rs combine,  
 And aid each other's fair design ;  
 Nature exalt the mound where art shall build ;  
 Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field

Begin, ye songsters of the grove !  
 O warble forth your noblest lay ;  
 Where SOMERSET vouchsafes to rove  
 Ye leverets freely sport and play.  
 —Peace to the strepent horn !  
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,  
 No sounds inelegant and rude  
 Her sacred solitudes profane !  
 Unless her candour not exclude  
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,  
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,  
 Fearful, yet not averse, that SOMERSET should hear.

## O D E to M E M O R Y. 1748.

O Memory! celestial maid!  
 Who glean'ft the flow'rets cropt by time;  
 And, fuffering not a leaf to fade,  
 Preferv'ft the bloffoms of our prime;  
 Bring, bring thofe moments to my mind  
 When life was new, and LESBIA kind.

And bring that garland to my fight,  
 With which my favour'd crook ſhe bound;  
 And bring that wreath of rofes bright  
 Which then my feſtive temples crown'd.  
 And to my raptur'd ear convey  
 The gentle things ſhe deign'd to fay.

And ſketch with care the muſe's bow'r,  
 Where ISIS rolls her ſilver tide;  
 Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r  
 That ſhines on CHERWELL's verdant ſide;  
 If ſo thou may'ft thoſe hours prolong,  
 When poliſh'd LYCON join'd my ſong.

The ſong it 'vails not to recite——  
 But ſure, to ſooth our youthful dreams,  
 Thoſe banks and ſtreams appear'd more bright  
 Than other banks, than other ſtreams:

Or by thy softening pencil shewn,  
 Assume they beauties not their own ?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,  
 When, all beneath the poplar bough,  
 My spirits light, my soul serene,  
 I breath'd in verse one cordial vow ;  
 That nothing should my soul inspire,  
 But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,  
 On thee the drooping muse attends ;  
 As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,  
 On thy expressive pow'r depends ;  
 Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,  
 To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away  
 Which at ambition's shrine I made ;  
 Nor ever let thy skill display  
 Those anxious moments, ill repaid :  
 Oh ! from my breast that season raise,  
 And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,  
 And bring the hobby I bestrode ;  
 When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,  
 Around the room I jovial rode :  
 Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,  
 And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then

Then will I muse, and pensive say,  
Why did not these enjoyments last ?  
How sweetly wasted I the day,  
While innocence allow'd to waste ?  
Ambition's toils alike are vain,  
But ah ! for pleasure yield us pain.



The Princess **E L I Z A B E T H :**

A Ballad alluding to a story recorded of her,  
when she was prisoner at **WOODSTOCK**, 1554.

**W**ILL you hear how once repining  
Great **ELIZA** captive lay ?  
Each ambitious thought resigning,  
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway ?

While the nymphs and swains delighted  
Tript around in all their pride ;  
Envyng joys by others slighted,  
Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

“ Bred on plains, or born in vallies,  
Who would bid those scenes adieu ?  
Stranger to the arts of malice,  
Who would ever courts pursue ?

Malice never taught to treasure,  
Censure never taught to bear :  
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure ;  
Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station  
Vainly blame the pow'rs above ?  
Or accuse the dispensation  
Which allows them all to love ?

Love

Love like air is widely given ;  
Pow'r nor chance can these restrain ;  
Truest, noblest gifts of heaven !  
Only purest on the plain !

Peers can no such charms discover,  
All in stars and garters drest,  
As, on Sundays, does the lover  
With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,  
Said to fade when CHLOE'S near ;  
Fops may use the same allusion ;  
But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing  
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail ;  
Cowslips all around her springing  
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden  
Move so sprightly, look so fair ;  
Never breast with jewels laden  
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted  
Me some rural damsel's part !  
All the empire I had wanted  
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then,

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,  
Free from fetters, might I rove :  
Fearless taste the crystal fountains ;  
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving ;  
Partial to my virgin bloom :  
None had envy'd me when living ;  
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

O D E to a Young Lady,

Somewhat too follicitous about her manner  
of expreffion.

**S**URVEY, my fair ! that lucid fream  
Adown the fmiling valley ftray ;  
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,  
To regulate its winding way ?

So pleas'd I view thy fhining hair  
In loofe difhevel'd ringlets flow :  
Not all thy art, not all thy care  
Can there one fingle grace beftow.

Survey again that verdant hill,  
With native plants enamel'd o'er ;  
Say, can the painter's utmoft skill  
Instruct one flow'r to please us more ?

As vain it were, with artful dye,  
To change the bloom thy cheeks difclofe ;  
And oh may LAURA, ere ſhe try,  
With fresh vermilion paint the rofe.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat  
Can every ftudy'd grace excel ;  
Let art conſtrain the rambling note,  
And will ſhe, LAURA, please ſo well ?

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Oh ever keep thy native ease,  
By no pedantic law confin'd !  
For LAURA's voice is form'd to please,  
So LAURA's words be not unkind.

NANCY

N A N C Y of the V A L E.

A B A L L A D.

*Nerine Galatea ! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ !  
Candidior cygnis, bederâ formosior albâ !*

**T**HE western sky was purpled o'er  
With every pleasing ray :  
And flocks reviving felt no more  
The sultry heats of day :

When from an hazle's artless bower  
Soft-warbled STREPHON's tongue ;  
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,  
While NANCY's praise he sung.

“ Let fops with fickle falshood range  
The paths of wanton love,  
While weeping maids lament their change,  
And sadden every grove :

But endless blessings crown the day  
I saw fair ESHAM's dale !  
And every blessing find its way  
To NANCY of the Vale.

'Twas

'Twas from AVONA's banks the maid  
 Diffus'd her lovely beams ;  
 And every shining glance display'd  
 The naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,  
 That float on AVON's tide ;  
 Bright as the water-lily, sprung,  
 And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom :  
 Her eye, all mild to view ;  
 The little halcyon's azure plume  
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,  
 So taper, strait, and fair ;  
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,  
 How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,  
 This peerless bud I found ;  
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd  
 To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell  
 Should form a nymph so sweet !  
 Or fortune to her secret cell  
 Conduct my wandering feet !

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,  
But she would ne'er incline :  
" Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,  
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis STREPHON, on the mountain's brow,  
Has won my right good will ;  
To him I gave my plighted vow,  
With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
I clasp'd the constant fair ;  
To her alone I gave my youth,  
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,  
Or I those charms forego ;  
The stream that saw our tender love,  
That stream shall cease to flow."



## ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

AH! why for ever on the wing  
 Persists my weary'd soul to roam?  
 Why, ever cheated, strives to bring  
 Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name  
 From paradise's honour'd groves,  
 Careless fatigues his little frame;  
 Nor finds the resting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed  
 My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;  
 Ah, gentle sloth! indulgent spread,  
 The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should lingering thought invade,  
 Yet every worldly prospect cloy?  
 Lend me, soft sloth, thy friendly aid,  
 And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,  
 That never ebbs, that never flows;  
 Protected by the circling wood  
 From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An

An altar on its bank shall rise,  
 Where oft thy votary shall be found ;  
 What time pale autumn lulls the skies,  
 And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,  
 That haunt ambition's guilty shrine ;  
 No more perplex the world in vain,  
 But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen ! be kind :  
 If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r ;  
 If e'er I sway'd my active mind,  
 To weave for thee the rural bow'r ;

Diffolve in sleep each anxious care ;  
 Each unavailing sigh remove ;  
 And only let me wake to share  
 The sweets of friendship and of love.

## O D E to H E A L T H, 1730.

O H E A L T H, capricious maid!  
 Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,  
 Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,  
 And blest thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,  
 It 'vails not whether muse or grace,  
 With tempting smile, frequent the place;  
 I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;  
 Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;  
 Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;  
 Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city-air;  
 I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,  
 Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,  
 O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;  
 And tho' with purest hands I raise  
 A rural altar to thy praise,  
 Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid

Amid my well-known grove,  
Where mineral fountains vainly bear  
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,  
Why scorns thy foot to rove ?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim ;  
Enabling him, with idle noise,  
To drown the muse's melting voice,  
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe ? adieu  
Ye midnight lamps ! ye curious tomes !  
Mine eye o'er hills and valley roams,  
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee ?  
Yet 'midst his unremitting fnows,  
The poor LAPONIAN's bosom glows ;  
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,  
When tho' I scorn'd thy guardian care,  
Nor made a vow, nor said a pray'r,  
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest than I ?  
When the glad school-boy's task was done,  
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run  
To freedom, and to joy ?

How jovial then the day !  
 What since have all my labours found,  
 Thus climbing life, to gaze around,  
 That can thy los's repay ?

Wert thou, alas ! but kind,  
 Methinks no frown that fortune wears,  
 Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,  
 Could sink my chearful mind.

Whate'er my stars include ;  
 What other breasts convert to pain,  
 My tow'ring mind should soon disdain,  
 Should scorn——Ingratitude !

Repair this mouldering cell,  
 And blest with objects found at home,  
 And envying none their fairer dome,  
 How pleas'd my soul should dwell !

Temperance should guard the doors ;  
 From room to room should memory stray,  
 And, ranging all in neat array,  
 Enjoy her pleasing stores——

There let them rest unknown,  
 The types of many a pleasing scene ;  
 But to preserve them bright or clean,  
 Is thine, fair queen ! alone.

To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

AH! what is science, what is art,  
Or what the pleasure these impart?  
Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue  
Through endless fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,  
To soothe the miseries they show?  
What, like the bliss for him decreed,  
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd  
From all that glads the simplest hind,  
How rare that object, which supplies  
A charm for too discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,  
Endures a deeper sense of pain:  
As each invading blast devours  
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,  
The steep ascent of knowledge climb:  
Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale  
Behold contentment range—the vale

Yet why, ASTERIA, tell us why  
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh  
Why then does reason seem so fair,  
Why learning then, deserve our care ?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,  
While you so fair a proof unfold  
What force the brightest genius draws  
From polish'd wisdom's written laws ?

Where are our humbler tenets flown ?  
What strange perfection bids us own  
That bliss with toilsome science dwells,  
And happiest he, who most excels ?

## U P O N A

## V I S I T to the same in Winter, 1748.

O N fair ASTERIA's blisful plains,  
 Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,  
 How pleas'd we pass the winter's day ;  
 And charm the dull-ey'd spleen away !

No linnet, from the leafless bough,  
 Pours forth her note melodious now ;  
 But all admire ASTERIA's tongue,  
 Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays :  
 Yet sure ASTERIA's wit displays  
 More various tints, more glowing lines,  
 And with perennial beauty shines.

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd streams  
 But ill befriend a poet's dreams :  
 ASTERIA's presence wakes the lyre ;  
 And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye ;  
 No chearful azure decks the sky ;  
 Yet still we bless the louring day :  
 ASTERIA smiles—and all is gay.



Hence let the muse no more presume  
To blame the winter's dreary gloom ;  
Accuse his loitering hours no more ;  
But ah ! their envious haste deplore !

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,  
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,  
I go—to meet the coming year,  
On savage plains, and deserts drear !

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,  
Nor find the spring my loss atone !  
But 'mid the flowery sweets of May  
With pride recal this winter's day,

A N

## Irregular O D E after SICKNESS, 1749.

— *Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus.*

**T**OO long a stranger to repose,  
 At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose,  
 And wander'd forth alone ;  
 To court once more the balmy breeze,  
 And catch the verdure of the trees,  
 Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay  
 I hail'd once more the chearful day,  
 The sun's forgotten beams :  
 O sun ! how pleasing were thy rays,  
 Reflected from the polish'd face  
 Of yon refulgent streams !

Rais'd by the scene my feeble tongue  
 Essay'd again the sweets of song :  
 And thus in feeble strains and flow,  
 The loitering numbers 'gan to flow,

“ Come, gentle air ! my languid limbs restore,  
 And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore :

For

For fure I heard the tender sighs,  
 I feem'd to join the plaintive cries  
 Of haplefs youths, who thro' the myrtle grove  
 Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love :

To that unjoyous clime,  
 Torn from the fight of thefe ethereal skies ;  
 Debarr'd the luftre of their DELIA'S eyes ;  
 And banifh'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air ! and, while the thickets bloom,  
 Convey the jafmin's breath divine,  
 Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,  
 Nor spare the fweet-leaft eglantine.  
 And may'ft thou fhun the rugged ftorm  
 Till health her wonted charms explain,  
 With rural pleafure in her train,  
 To greet me in her faireft form.  
 While from this lofty mount I view  
 The fons of earth, the vulgar crew,  
 Anxious for futile gains beneath me ftay,  
 And feek with erring ftrep contentment's obvious way.

Come, gentle air ! and thou celestial mufe,  
 Thy genial flame infufe ;  
 Enough to lend a penfive bofom aid,  
 And gild retirement's gloomy fhade ;  
 Enough to rear fuch ruftic lays  
 As foes may flight, but partial friends will praife."

The gentle air allow'd my claim ;  
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,  
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers ;  
Such as the bee, with chymic powers,  
From HYBLA'S fragrant hills inhales,  
Or scents SABEA'S blooming vales.  
But ah ! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,  
By precepts more refin'd,  
Neglect their votary's anxious moan :  
Oh, how should they relieve?—the muses all were flown;

By flowery plain, or woodland shades,  
I fondly sought the charming maids ;  
By woodland shades, or flow'ry plain,  
I sought them, faithless maids ! in vain !  
When lo ! in happier hour,  
I leave behind my native mead,  
To range where zeal and friendship lead,  
To visit L \* \* \* \*'s honour'd bower,  
Ah foolish man ! to seek the tuneful maids  
On other plains, or near less verdant shades ;

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd ground,  
When sounds ethereal strike my ear ;  
At once celestial forms appear ;  
My fugitives are found !  
The muses here attune their lyres,  
Ah partial ! with unwonted fires ;

Here, hand in hand, with carelefs mien,  
The sportive graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,  
Too well at one survey I trace,  
How every muse, and every grace,  
Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,  
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,  
Falls not a plume on INDIA'S distant plain,  
Glow's not a shell on ADRIA'S rocky shore,  
But torn methought from native lands or seas,  
From their arrangement, gain fresh pow'r to please.

And some had bent the wildering maze,  
Bedeckt with every shrub that blows ;  
And some entwinn'd the willing sprays,  
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose :  
Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,  
And taught the portrait where to glow ;  
Others arrang'd the curious tome ;  
Or 'mid the decorated space,  
Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,  
And given to learning all the pomp of show.  
And now from every task withdrawn,  
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah ! woe is me, said I ;  
And \* \* \*'s hilly circuit heard my cry,

Have

Have I for this, with labour strove,  
 And lavish'd all my little store  
 To fence for you my shady grove,  
 And scollop every winding shore ;  
 And fringe with every purple rose,  
 The saphire stream that down my valley flows ?

Ah ! lovely treacherous maids !  
 To quit unseen my votive shades,  
 When pale disease, and torturing pain  
 Had torn me from the breezy plain,  
 And to a restless couch confin'd,  
 Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.  
 She needs not your officious aid  
 To swell the song, or plan the shade ;  
 By genuine fancy fir'd,  
 Her native genius guides her hand,  
 And while she marks the sage command,  
 More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,  
 Her lyre resound with nobler lays  
 Than ever you inspir'd.  
 Thus I my rage and grief display ;  
 But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,  
 Nor will a grace or muse return  
 Till LUXBOROUGH lead the way.

Written in a FLOWER BOOK of my own  
 Colouring, designed for Lady PLI-  
 MOUTH. 1753-4.

*Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ.* HOR.

**B**RING, FLORA, bring thy treasures here,  
 The pride of all the blooming year ;  
 And let me, thence, a garland frame,  
 To crown this fair, this peerless dame !

But ah ! since envious winter lours,  
 And HEWELL meads resign their flow'rs,  
 Let art and friendship's joint essay  
 Diffuse their flow'rets, in her way.

Not nature can, herself, prepare  
 A worthy wreath for LESBIA's hair,  
 Whose temper, like her forehead, smoothe,  
 Whose thoughts and accents form'd to soothe,  
 Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,  
 Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,  
 From all the nymphs of plain or grove,  
 Deserv'd and won my PLIMOUTH's love.

## ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'T WAS in a cool Aonian glade,  
 The wanton CUPID, spent with toil,  
 Had sought refreshment from the shade;  
 And stretch'd him on the mossy foil.

A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found  
 The subtle traitor fast asleep;  
 And is it thine to snore profound,  
 She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush——from this auspicious hour,  
 The world, I ween, may rest in peace;  
 And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,  
 Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,  
 And this thy vile artillery hide—  
 When the Castalian fount she saw,  
 And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!  
 Shall cause you soon to curse the day  
 You dar'd the shafts of love invade;  
 And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For



For in a stream so wonderous clear,  
When angry CUPID searches round,  
Will not the radiant points appear ?  
Will not the furtive spoils be found ?

Too soon they were ; and every dart,  
Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,  
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart ;  
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell ye Pierian quire ;  
For who will now your altars throng ?  
From love we learn to swell the lyre ;  
And echo asks no sweeter song.

O D E. Written 1739.

*Urit spes animi credula mutui.* HOR.

'T WAS not by beauty's aid alone,  
 That love usurp'd his airy throne,  
 His boasted pow'r display'd :  
 'Tis kindness that secures his aim,  
 'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,  
 Which beauty first convey'd.

In CLARA'S eyes, the lightnings view ;  
 Her lips with all the rose's hue  
 Have all its sweets combin'd ;  
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,  
 'Till lips at once, and eyes conspire  
 To prove the charmer kind——

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare,  
 With softest accent, sweetest air,  
 By envy's self admir'd ;  
 If LESBIA'S wit betray'd her scorn,  
 In vain might every grace adorn  
 What every muse inspir'd.

Thus airy STREPHON tun'd his lyre——  
 He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,  
 Which love-sick swains endure :  
 Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart ;  
 Since frowns could never wound his heart,  
 And smiles——must ever cure.

But ah ! how false these maxims prove,  
 How frail security from love,  
 Experience hourly shows !  
 Love can imagin'd smiles supply,  
 On every charming lip and eye  
 Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair-one's eyes ;  
 In vain the sage explores the skies,  
 To learn from stars his fate :  
 'Till led by fancy wide astray,  
 He finds no planet mark his way ;  
 Convinc'd and wise——too late.

As partial to their words we prove ;  
 Then boldly join the lists of love,  
 With towering hopes supply'd :  
 So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,  
 Mistook their deity's designs ;  
 Then took the field——and dy'd,

The DYING KID.

*Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
Prima fugit—* VIRG.

A Tear bedews my DELIA's eye,  
To think yon playful kid must die ;  
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,  
Must, in his prime of life, recede !

Erewhile, in sportive circles round  
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound ;  
From rock to rock pursue his way,  
And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,  
She saw him climb my rustic cell ;  
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,  
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood,  
To trace his features in the flood :  
Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze ;  
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed  
He flew, to hear my vocal reed ;  
And how, with critic face profound,  
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,  
 Deserves the gentle DELIA's care ;  
 And tears bedew her tender eye,  
 To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my DELIA, timely wife,  
 How soon this blameless æra flies ?  
 While violence and craft succeed ;  
 Unfair design, and ruthless deed !

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,  
 And yield her purple gifts no more ;  
 Ah soon, eras'd from every grove  
 Were DELIA's name, and STREPHON's love.

No more those bow'rs might STREPHON see,  
 Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee ;  
 No more those beds of flow'rets find,  
 Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear  
 His bosom, now so void of care ;  
 And, when they left his ebbing vein,  
 What, but insipid age, remain ?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,  
 That gave his life so short a date ;  
 And I will join thy tenderest sighs,  
 To think that youth so swiftly flies !

SONGS, written chiefly between the  
Year 1737 and 1742.

S O N G I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,  
My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
While faltering accents spoke my fear,  
That FLAVIA might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:  
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,  
The friends I lov'd became unkind,  
She heard, and shed a generous tear;  
And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
My FLAVIA must not hope for dress;  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;  
And FLAVIA sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,  
Go reap the plenty of your plains;  
Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
I know my FLAVIA's love sincere.

S O N G II. The L A N D S K I P.

**H**OW pleas'd within my native bowers  
Erewhile I pass'd the day!  
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?  
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,  
And all the landskip round!  
The river gliding down the dale!  
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes  
I speed to meet my dear,  
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,  
And check my fond career.

No more, since DAPHNE was my theme,  
Their wonted charms I see:  
That verdant hill, and silver stream,  
Divide my love and me.

## S O N G III.

Y E gentle nymphs and generous dames,  
 That rule o'er every British mind;  
 Be sure ye soothe their amorous flames,  
 Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom  
 In unremitting sighs away:  
 To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,  
 And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,  
 A British youth should vainly moan;  
 Who scornful of a tyrant's chain,  
 Submits to yours, and yours alone,

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,  
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,  
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,  
 And boast the fetters wrought by you.



S O N G IV. The S K Y - L A R K,

G O, tuneful bird, that glad'ft the skies,  
 To DAPHNE'S window speed thy way;  
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rife,  
 And there thy vocal art difplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,  
 And if ſhe praife thy matin fong,  
 Tell her the founds that footh her ear,  
 To DAMON'S native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
 The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;  
 But ask the lovely partial maid,  
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,  
 And all his flaunting race with ſcorn;  
 And lend an ear to DAMON'S woe,  
 Who ſings her praife, and ſings forlorn.

S O N G V,

*Ab! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos  
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.*

**O**N every tree, in every plain,  
I trace the jovial spring in vain!  
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,  
And fast my waning vigor flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,  
That smile on others, smile on me;  
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,  
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What blifs to me can seasons bring?  
Or, what the needless pride of spring?  
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,  
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,  
Might claim awhile my wonted care;  
My rural store some pleasure yield;  
So white a flock, so green a field!

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My friends, that each in kindness vie,  
Might well expect one parting sigh ;  
Might well demand one tender tear ;  
For when was DAMON unsincere ?

But ere I ask once more to view  
Yon setting sun his race renew,  
Inform me, swains ; my friends, declare,  
Will pitying DELIA join the prayer ?

SONG

## SONG VI. The Attribute of VENUS.

YES; FULVIA is like VENUS fair ;  
 Has all her bloom, and shape, and air :  
 But still, to perfect every grace,  
 She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic JUNO wore ;  
 And CYNTHIA'S brow the crescent bore,  
 An helmet mark'd MINERVA'S mien,  
 But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,  
 Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves ;  
 And from her zone, the nymph may find,  
 'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair ; and all whose aim  
 Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,  
 Or bid her breathe in living stone,  
 Shall take their forms from you alone.

S O N G VII. 1744.

**T**HE lovely DELIA smiles again!  
That killing frown has left her brow:  
Can she forgive my jealous pain,  
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day:  
Awhile we see the tempest low'r;  
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,  
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flow'rs, that hung their languid head,  
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;  
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,  
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less  
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,  
In every raptur'd note, express  
The joy I feel—when thou art kind,

## S O N G VIII. 1742.

**W**HEN bright ROXANA treads the green,  
 In all the pride of dress and mien;  
 Averse to freedom, love, and play,  
 The dazzling rival of the day:  
 None other beauty strikes mine eye,  
 The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair  
 Assumes a soft engaging air;  
 Mild as the opening morn of May,  
 Familiar, friendly, free and gay:  
 The scene improves, where'er she goes,  
 More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,  
 Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;  
 Pity a wild illusive flame,  
 That varies objects still the same:  
 And let their very changes prove  
 The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG IX. 1743. VALENTINE'S DAY.

'T IS said that under distant skies,  
 Nor you the fact deny ;  
 What first attracts an Indian's eyes  
 Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,  
 That shares the morning's ray,  
 May to the waking swain disclose  
 The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,  
 Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,  
 May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,  
 Where blooms the sov'reign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,  
 And gay with gilded wings,  
 Perchance, the patron of his vow,  
 Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,  
 Then low to earth he bends ;  
 And owns upon her friendly aid,  
 His health, his life depends.

Vain

Vain futile idols, bird or flow'r,  
To tempt a votary's pray'r!—  
How would his humble homage tow'r  
Should he behold my Fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes,  
O'er FLAVIA's beauty range,  
He there would fix his lasting choice,  
Nor dare, nor wish to change.



## S O N G X. 1743.

**T**HE fatal hours are wonderous near,  
 That, from these fountains, bear my dear ;  
 A little space is giv'n ; in vain ;  
 She robs my fight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove  
 My boundless flame, my endless love ;  
 And like the train of vulgar hours,  
 Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is DELIA'S way,  
 On that I gaze the livelong day ;  
 No eastern monarch's dazzling pride  
 Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief, that knows of succours nigh,  
 And sees his mangled legions die,  
 Casts not a more impatient glance,  
 To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires  
 Far from his native home, requires  
 To see some friend's familiar face,  
 Or meet a parent's last embrace——

She

She comes—but ah! what crouds of beaux  
In radiant bands my fair enclose;  
Oh! better hadst thou shun'd the green,  
Oh DELIA! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,  
By all my sighs, by all my tears,  
I might from torture now be free—  
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

## SONG XI. 1744.

**P**ERHAPS it is not love, said I,  
That melts my soul when FLAVIA's nigh;  
Where wit and sense like her's agree,  
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,  
It needs no lover's eye to find;  
The hermit freezing in his cell,  
Might wish the gentle FLAVIA well.

It is not love—averse to bear  
The servile chain that lovers wear;  
Let, let me all my fears remove,  
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine  
In any form less fair than thine?  
It is—it is love's subtle fire,  
And under friendship lurks desire.

S O N G XII. 1744.

O'ER defert plains, and rushy meers,  
And wither'd heaths I rove ;  
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,  
I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my path were damask'd o'er  
With beauties e'er so fine ;  
My busy thoughts would fly before,  
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills cou'd give delight,  
No palace please mine eye :  
No pyramid's aerial height,  
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance ;  
Could I the pageant see :  
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,  
Not steal one thought from thee.

## SONG XIII. The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

**B**Y the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,  
 Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd  
 I vow'd to the muses my time and my care, [the rill;  
 Since neither cou'd win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,  
 And DELIA's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue :  
 But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
 I shou'd wish, unawares, that my DELIA might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,  
 Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd !  
 And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
 The deeper impresson she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,  
 I still must my DELIA's dear image renew :  
 The graces have yielded with DELIA to rove,  
 And the muses are all in alliance with love.

SONG XIV. The ROSE-BUD.

SEE, DAPHNE, see, FLORELIO cry'd,  
 And learn the sad effects of pride ;  
 Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd !  
 How quickly blasted, when reveal'd !

The sun with warm attractive rays  
 Tempts it to wanton in the blaze :  
 A gale succeeds from Eastern skies,  
 And all its blushing radiance dies,

So you, my fair, of charms divine ;  
 Will quit the plains too fond to shine  
 Where fame's transporting rays allure,  
 Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid  
 Shall make you sigh you left the shade :  
 A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,  
 As, to the rose, an Eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd—You first, my swain,  
 Confine your sonnets to the plain ;  
 One envious tongue alike difarms,  
 You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill ?  
 Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?  
 What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,  
 Or what the rose's blush, unseen ?

S O N G XV. WINTER. 1746.

**N**O more, ye warbling birds, rejoice:  
 Of all that hear'd the plain,  
 Echo alone preserves her voice,  
 And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my lovesick limbs I lay,  
 To shun the rushing wind,  
 Its busy murmur seems to say,  
 “ She never will be kind !”

The naiads, o'er their frozen urns,  
 In icy chains repine ;  
 And each in fullen silence mourns  
 Her freedom lost, like mine !

Soon will the sun's returning rays  
 The cheerless frost controul ;  
 When will relenting DELIA chase  
 The winter of my soul ?

S O N G XVI. DAPHNE'S Visit.

YE birds ! for whom I rear'd the grove,  
 With melting lay salute my love :  
 My DAPHNE with your notes detain :  
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs ! before her footsteps rise ;  
 Display at once your brightest dyes ;  
 That she your opening charms may see :  
 Or what were all your charms to me ?

Kind Zephyr ! brush each fragrant flow'r,  
 And shed its odours round my bow'r :  
 Or never more, O gentle wind,  
 Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams ! if e'er your banks I lov'd,  
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,  
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair :  
 Or oh ! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot ! whose lonely bounds  
 The melancholy pine furrounds,  
 May DAPHNE praise thy peaceful gloom ;  
 Or thou shalt prove her DAMON's tomb.



SONG XVII. Written in a Collection  
of BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

**A** DIEU, ye jovial youths, who join  
To plunge old care in floods of wine ;  
And, as your dazled eye-balls roll,  
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,  
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,  
But limpid stream and shady tree  
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,  
See yonder does my DAPHNE rove :  
With pride her foot-steps I pursue,  
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,  
Is that my DAPHNE's eyes inspire :  
I scorn the madness you approve,  
And value reason next to love,

SONG XVIII. Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd  
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!  
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run;  
 In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!  
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove  
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plains;  
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains;  
 How many soft moments I spent in this grove!  
 How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!  
 Be still tho', my heart! thine emotion give o'er;  
 Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,  
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!  
 Then breathless with ardor my fair-one pursu'd,  
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!  
 But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;  
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

The HALCYON.

**W**HY o'er the verdant banks of ooze  
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast ;  
'Tis all because she would not lose  
Her fav'rite calm that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,  
The stream reflects each flow'ry spray ;  
And frugal of her time, she flies  
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,  
Warm in some rocky cell remain ;  
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,  
Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated show'r,  
Deform my limpid waves to-day,  
For I have chose a fairer hour  
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my SILVIA, sure will own  
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll :  
And when our youth, or health is flown,  
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could

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Could DAMON but deserve thy charms,  
As thou art DAMON's only theme ;  
He'd fly as quick to DELIA's arms,  
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

ODE.

O D E.

**S**O dear my LUCIO is to me,  
 So well our minds and tempers blend ;  
 That seasons may for ever flee,  
 And ne'er divide me from my friend ;  
 But let the favour'd boy forbear  
 To tempt with love my only fair.

**O** LYCON, born when every muse,  
 When every grace benignant smil'd,  
 With all a parent's breast could chuse  
 To bless her lov'd, her only child ;  
 'Tis thine, so richly grac'd to prove  
 More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth  
 Have trod the flowery tracks of time,  
 Together mus'd in search of truth,  
 O'er learned sage, or bard sublime ;  
 And well thy cultur'd breast I know,  
 What wonderous treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,  
 And sing some patriot's worth sublime,  
 Whilst I in fields of soft desire,  
 Consume my fair and fruitless prime ;  
 Whose reed aspires but to display  
 The flame that burns me night and day.

O come !

O come! the dryads of the woods  
Shall daily soothe thy studious mind,  
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods  
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;  
And fame sits listening for thy lays  
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries  
To lure the sportsman from her nest,  
And flutt'ring on with anxious cries,  
Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast:  
O let him, conscious of her care,  
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

A PASTORAL ODE,

To the Honourable

Sir RICHARD LYTTELTON.

**T**HE morn dispens'd a dubious light,  
A fullen mist had stol'n from sight  
Each pleasing vale and hill;  
When DAMON left his humble bowers  
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,  
Or check his wandering rill.

Tho' school'd from fortune's paths to fly,  
The swain beneath each low'ring sky,  
Would oft his fate bemoan;  
That he, in sylvan shades, forlorn!  
Must waste his cheerless even and morn,  
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obstreperous noise,  
Yet to the whispers of her voice,  
Soft murmuring, not a foe:  
The pleasures he thro' choice declin'd,  
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,  
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,  
 Where coots in rusby dingles hide,  
     And moorcocks shun the day ;  
 While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,  
 Remark the swain's familiar shade,  
     And scorn to quit their prey.

But see, the radiant sun once more  
 The brightening face of heaven restore,  
     And raise the doubtful dawn ;  
 And more to gild his rural sphere,  
 At once the brightest train appear,  
     That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,  
 To think \* BRIDGEWATER's honour'd name  
     Should grace his rustic cell ;  
 That she, on all whose motions wait  
 Distinction, titles, rank and state,  
     Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,  
 By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,  
     Will nought but vice disdain ;  
 Nor will the breast where fancy glows  
 Deem every flower a weed, that blows  
     Amid the desert plain.

\* The Duchess of BRIDGEWATER, married to Sir RICHARD  
 LYTTLTON.



Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,  
 To deal its lucid beams around,  
 Nor equal meed receive :  
 At most such garlands from the field,  
 As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,  
 And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,  
 And weave the fairest of the kind,  
 The prime of all the spring ;  
 If haply thus yon lovely fair  
 May round their temples deign to wear  
 The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,  
 Where'er the conscious lake betray'd  
 ATHENIA'S placid mien !  
 How did the sprightlier linnets throng,  
 Where PAPHIA'S charms requir'd the song,  
 Mid hazel copses green !

Lo, DARTMOUTH on those banks reclin'd,  
 While busy fancy calls to mind  
 The glories of his line ;  
 Methinks my cottage rears its head,  
 The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,  
 As thro' enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way ?  
 Could ever nymph descend to stray  
     From HAGLEY's fam'd retreat ?  
 Else by the blooming features fair,  
 The faultless make, the matchless air,  
     'Twere CYNTHIA's form compleat.

So would some tuberoſe delight,  
 That ſtruck the pilgrim's wondering ſight  
     'Mid lonely deſerts drear ;  
 All as at eve, the ſovereign flower,  
 Diſpenſes round its balmy power,  
     And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the ſhepherd cry'd,  
 Muſt I ambition's charms deride,  
     Her ſubtle force diſown ;  
 No more of fawns or fairies dream,  
 While fancy, near each cryſtal ſtream,  
     Shall paint theſe forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathleſs mead,  
 I deem'd that ſplendour ne'er ſhould lead  
     My dazled eyes aſtray ;  
 But who, alas! will dare contend,  
 If beauty add, or merit blend  
     Its more illuſtrious ray ?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain !  
 Since GUERNSEY saw, without disdain,  
     Where, hid in woodlands green,  
 The \*partner of his early days,  
 And once the rival of his praise,  
     Had stol'n thro' life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,  
 Since STAMFORD left his honour'd bower  
     To smile familiar here :  
 O form'd by nature to disclose  
 How fair that courtesy which flows  
     From social warmth sincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,  
 Since POLLIO fought this lonely shade,  
     Admir'd this rural maze :  
 The noblest breast that virtue fires,  
 The graces love, the muse inspires,  
     Might pant for POLLIO's praise.

Say THOMSON here was known to rest,  
 For him yon vernal seat I drest,  
     Ah, never to return !  
 In place of wit, and melting strains,  
 And social mirth, it now remains  
     To weep beside his urn.

\* They were school-fellows.

Come then, my LELIUS, come once more,  
 And fringe the melancholy shore  
 With roses and with bays,  
 While I each wayward fate accuse,  
 That envy'd his impartial muse  
 To sing your early praise.

While PHILO, to whose favour'd sight,  
 Antiquity, with full delight,  
 Her inmost wealth displays;  
 Beneath yon ruin's moulder'd wall  
 Shall muse, and with his friend recall  
 The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall CONWAY's name appear,  
 He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,  
 That shone the reeds among;  
 Yet clearness could it not disclose,  
 To match the rhetoric that flows  
 From CONWAY's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n PITT, whose fervent periods roll  
 Resistless, thro' the kindling soul  
 Of senates, councils, kings!  
 Tho' form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove  
 Inglorious, thro' the shepherd's grove,  
 And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more,  
Than these rude haunts have seen before,  
Each fount and shady tree ?  
Have not these trees and fountains seen  
The pride of courts, the winning mien  
Of peerless AYLESBURY ?

And GRENVILLE, she whose radiant eyes  
Have mark'd by flow gradation rise  
The princely piles of Stow ;  
Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,  
And smil'd to see the babbling floods  
Thro' self-worn mazes flow.

Say DARTMOUTH, who your banks admir'd,  
Again beneath your caves retir'd,  
Shall grace the pensive shade ;  
With all the bloom, with all the truth,  
With all the sprightliness of youth,  
By cool reflection sway'd ?

Brave, yet humane, shall SMITH appear,  
Ye failors, tho' his name be dear,  
Think him not yours alone :  
Grant him in other spheres to charm,  
The shepherds breasts tho' mild are warm,  
And ours are all his own.

O LYTTTELTON! my honour'd guest,  
Could I describe thy generous breast,  
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind ;  
How public love adorns thy name,  
How fortune too conspires with fame ;  
The song should please mankind.

VERSES written towards the close of the Year  
1748, to WILLIAM LYTTTELTON, Esq;

**H**OW blithely pass'd the summer's day!  
How bright was every flow'r !  
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,  
To visit DAMON's bow'r!

But now, with silent step, I range  
Along some lonely shore ;  
And DAMON's bow'r, alas the change!  
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne  
In quest of joy they steer ;  
Whilst I, alas ! am left forlorn,  
To weep the parting year !

O penfive Autumn! how I grieve  
Thy forrowing face to see !  
When languid suns are taking leave  
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,  
 This dying scene survey !  
 Haste, Winter, haste ; usurp the sky ;  
 Compleat my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast  
 Yon sickening leaves retain ;  
 That speak at once of pleasure past,  
 And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest, I gaze around,  
 My distant scenes require ;  
 Where all in murky vapours drown'd  
 Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' THOMSON, sweet descriptive bard !  
 Inspiring Autumn sung ;  
 Yet how should we the months regard,  
 That stopp'd his flowing tongue ?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,  
 To whose hard share it fell !  
 For sure he was the gentlest breast  
 That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now difown  
 The roofs they lov'd before ;  
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown  
 To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,  
 The sportsman's frantic deed ;  
 While hounds and horns and yells unite  
 To drown the muse's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown !  
 Ye skies no longer blue !  
 Too much we feel from fortune's frown,  
 To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unfullied green ?  
 The zephyr's balmy gale ?  
 And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,  
 That brighten'd every vale ?

What tho' the vine disclose her dyes,  
 And boast her purple store ;  
 Not all the vineyard's rich supplies  
 Can soothe our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain  
 Could wit and mirth refine ;  
 He! he is gone, whose social vein  
 Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Faith by the streams he deign'd to praise,  
 In yon sequester'd grove,  
 To him a votive urn I raise ;  
 To him, and friendly love.



Yes there, my friend ! forlorn and sad,  
I grave your THOMSON's name ;  
And there, his lyre ; which fate forbad  
To found your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount  
Dark themes of hopeless woe ;  
And, faster than the dropping fount,  
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green,  
Shall shade the hallow'd ground ;  
And Spring will there again be seen,  
To call forth flowers around.

But no kind funs will bid me share,  
Once more, his social hour ;  
Ah Spring ! thou never canst repair  
This loss, to DAMON's bow'r.

J E M M Y D A W S O N ,

A BALLAD; written about the Time of his  
Execution, in the Year 1745.

C O M E listen to my mournful tale,  
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;  
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear KITTY, peerless maid,  
Do thou a pensive ear incline;  
For thou canst weep at every woe;  
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young DAWSON was a gallant boy,  
A brighter never trod the plain;  
And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,  
Of gentle blood the damsel came;  
And faultless was her beauteous form,  
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But

But curſe on party's hateful ſtrife,  
 That led the favour'd youth aſtray ;  
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,  
 O had he never ſeen that day!

Their colours, and their faſh he wore,  
 And in the fatal dreſs was found ;  
 And now he muſt that death endure,  
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,  
 When JEMMY's ſentence reach'd her ear!  
 For never yet did Alpine ſnows  
 So pale, or yet ſo chill appear.

With faltering voice, ſhe weeping ſaid,  
 Oh DAWSON, monarch of my heart ;  
 Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,  
 For thou and I will never part.

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,  
 And bring relief to JEMMY's woes ;  
 O GEORGE, without a pray'r for thee,  
 My oriſons ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gave him life,  
 Would crown a never-dying flame ;  
 And every tender babe I bore  
 Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

But

But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn  
 To yonder ignominious tree ;  
 He shall not want one constant friend  
 To share the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,  
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;  
 Tho' borne in a triumphal car,  
 She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view,  
 The terrible behests of law ;  
 And the last scene of JEMMY'S woes,  
 With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,  
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long ;  
 And stifled was that tuneful breath,  
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,  
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd ;  
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,  
 On which her lovesick head repos'd :

And ravish'd was that constant heart,  
 She did to ev'ry heart prefer ;  
 For tho' it could its king forget,  
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,  
She bore this constant heart to see ;  
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew  
The pure, the lasting love I bore ;  
Accept, O heav'n! of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my KITTY sheds, is due ;  
For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A Pastoral BALLAD, in Four Parts.

Written 1743.

*Arbusta humilesque myricæ.*

VIRG.

I. A B S E N C E.

**Y**E shepherds so chearful and gay,  
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;  
Should CORYDON's happen to stray,  
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.  
Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
Nor talk of the change that ye find;  
None once was so watchful as I:  
—I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove  
With the torture of doubt and desire;  
What it is, to admire and to love,  
And to leave her we love and admire.  
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,  
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;  
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:  
—I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since

Since PHYLLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,  
I never once dreamt of my vine ;  
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
If I knew of a kid that was mine.  
I priz'd every hour that went by,  
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;  
But now they are past, and I sigh ;  
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?  
Why wander thus pensively here ?  
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,  
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?  
They tell me, my favourite maid,  
The pride of that valley, is flown ;  
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,  
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,  
What anguish I felt at my heart !  
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—  
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.  
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;  
My path I could hardly discern ;  
So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
I thought that she bade me return,

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
 To visit some far-distant shrine,  
 If he bear but a relique away,  
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.  
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,  
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,  
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,  
 And my solace wherever I go.

II. H O P E.

**M**Y banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
 My grottos are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white-over with sheep.  
 I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such health do my fountains bestow,  
 My fountains all border'd with moss,  
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:  
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.  
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my cattle unfold:  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.



One would think she might like to retire  
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasted and planted it there.  
 Oh how sudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay !  
 Already it calls for my love,  
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
 What strains of wild melody flow ?  
 How the nightingales warble their loves  
 From thickets of roses that blow !  
 And when her bright form shall appear,  
 Each bird shall harmoniously join  
 In a concert so soft and so clear,  
 As——she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.  
 For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :  
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard  
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
 How that pity was due to—a dove :  
 That it ever attended the bold,  
 And she call'd it the sister of love.  
 But her words such a pleasure convey,  
 So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
 Unmov'd, when her CORYDON sighs !  
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
 These plains and this valley despise ?  
 Dear regions of silence and shade !  
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease !  
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,  
 If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my PHYLLIDA stray ?  
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?  
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

## III. SOLLICITUDE.

**W**HY will you my passion reprove ?  
 Why term it a folly to grieve ?  
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,  
     She is fairer than you can believe.  
 With her mien she enamours the brave ;  
     With her wit she engages the free ;  
 With her modesty pleases the grave ;  
     She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,  
     Come and join in my amorous lays ;  
 I could lay down my life for the swain,  
     That will sing but a song in her praise.  
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town  
     Come trooping, and listen the while ;  
 Nay on him let not PHYLLIDA frown ;  
     —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance  
     Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,  
 O how, with one trivial glance,  
     Might she ruin the peace of my mind !  
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
     And his crook is be-studded around ;  
 And his pipe—oh may PHYLLIS beware  
     Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;  
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,  
 " How her face is as bright as the snow,  
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold ?  
 How the nightingales labour the strain,  
 With the notes of his charmer to vie ;  
 How they vary their accents in vain,  
 Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,  
 And pillages every sweet ;  
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays  
 He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.  
 " O PHYLLIS, he whispers, more fair,  
 More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r !  
 What are pinks, in a morn, to compare ?  
 What is eglantine, after a show'r ?

Then the lily no longer is white ;  
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;  
 Then the violets die with despight,  
 And the wood-bines give up their perfume."  
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;  
 —Yet I never should envy the song,  
 Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
 So PHYLLIS the trophy despise ;  
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
 So they shine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.  
 The language that flows from the heart  
 Is a stranger to PARIDEL's tongue ;  
 —Yet may she beware of his art,  
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

**Y**E shepherds give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep :  
 They have nothing to do, but to stray ;  
 I have nothing to do, but to weep.  
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;  
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;  
 She smil'd—and I could not but love ;  
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;  
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
 That a nymph so compleat would be sought  
 By a swain more engaging than me.  
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire :  
 It banishes wisdom the while ;  
 And the lip of the nymph we admire  
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She

She is faithless, and I am undone ;  
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
 Let reason instruct you to shun  
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.  
 Beware how ye loiter in vain  
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree :  
 It is not for me to explain  
 How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,  
 What hope of an end to my woes ?  
 When I cannot endure to forget  
 The glance that undid my repose.  
 Yet time may diminish the pain :  
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,  
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,  
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,  
 The sound of a murmuring stream,  
 The peace which from solitude flows,  
 Henceforth shall be CORYDON'S theme.  
 High transports are shewn to the sight,  
 But we are not to find them our own ;  
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,  
 As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

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O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;  
To your deepest recesses I fly ;  
I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;  
I would vanish from every eye.  
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove  
With the same sad complaint it begun ;  
How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;  
Was faithless, and I am undone !

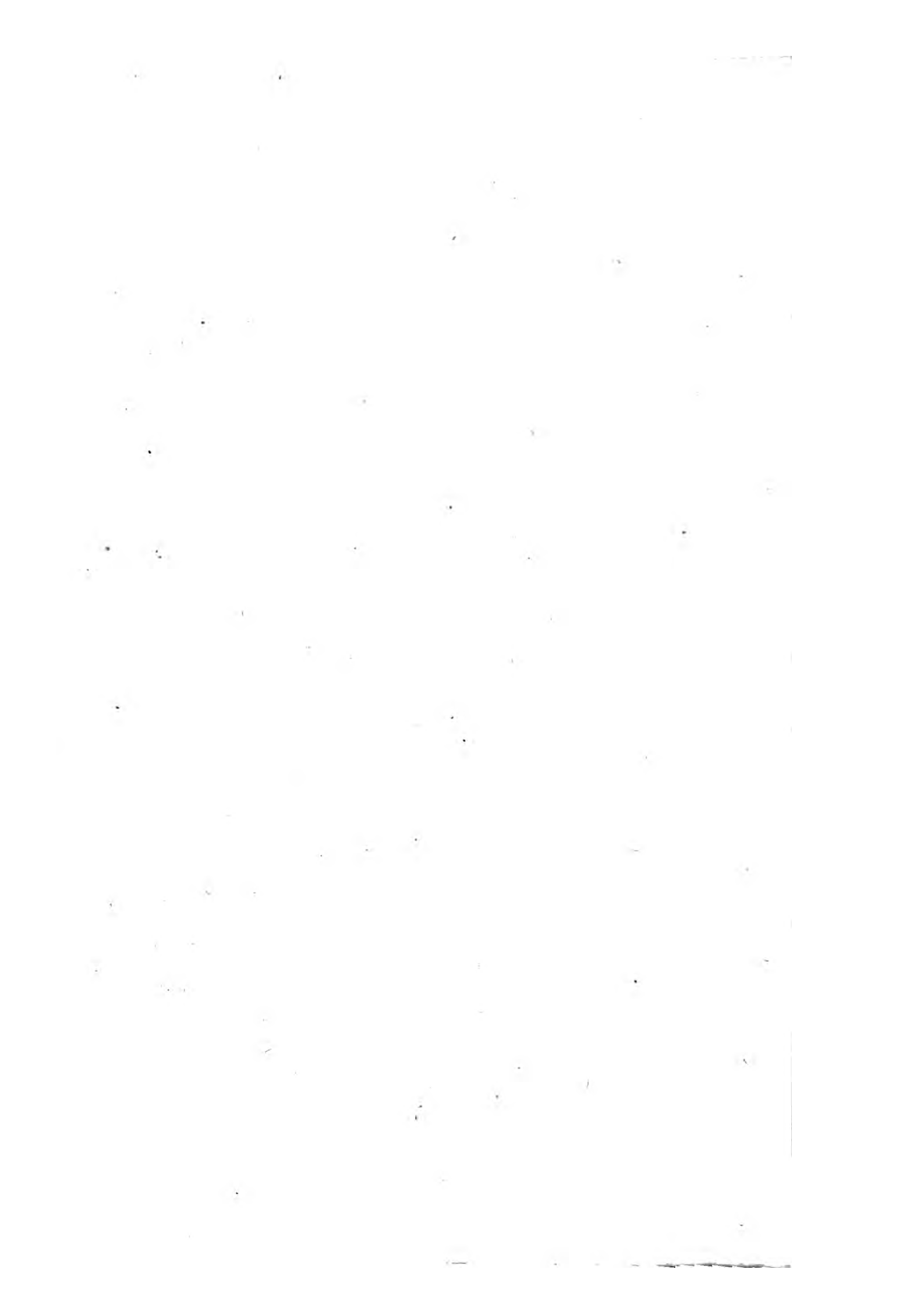
LEVITIES

LEVITIES;

O R

PIECES of HUMOUR.







## FLIRT and PHIL;

### A Decision for the LADIES.

**A** Wit, by learning well refin'd,  
A beau, but of the rural kind,  
To SILVIA made pretences;  
They both profess'd an equal love:  
Yet hop'd, by different means, to move  
Her judgment, or her senses.

Young sprightly FLIRT, of blooming mien,  
Watch'd the best minutes to be seen;  
Went—when his glass advis'd him:  
While meagre PHIL of books enquir'd;  
A wight, for wit and parts admir'd;  
And witty ladies priz'd him.

SILVIA

SILVIA had wit, had spirits too ;  
 To hear the one, the other view,  
 Suspended held the scales :  
 Her wit, her youth too claim'd its share,  
 Let none the preference declare,  
 But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS to the Memory of an agreeable  
 LADY, buried in Marriage to a Person  
 undeserving her.

**T** WAS always held, and ever will,  
 By sage mankind, discreeter  
 T' anticipate a lesser ill,  
 Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,  
 And languishing conditions ;  
 Who do'n't the lesser ills sustain  
 Of physic—and physicians ?

Rather than lose his whole estate,  
 He that but little wise is,  
 Full gladly pays four parts in eight  
 To taxes and excises.

Our

Our merchants Spain has near undone  
 For lost ships not requiting :  
 This bears our noble k— to shun  
 The loss of blood—in fighting !

With num'rous ills, in single life,  
 The bachelor's attended :  
 Such to avoid, he takes a wife—  
 And much the case is mended !

POOR GRATIA, in her twentieth year,  
 Fore-seeing future woe,  
 Chose to attend a monkey here,  
 Before an ape below.

## C O L E M I R A .

### A Culinary ECLOGUE.

*Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.*

**N**ight's fable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,  
 And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed;  
 When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,  
 Had feated DAMON by the kitchen fire.

Penfive he lay, extended on the ground;  
 The little lares kept their vigils round;

The

The fawning cats compassionate his case,  
And purr around, and gently lick his face :

To all his 'plaints the sleeping curs reply,  
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.  
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,  
And solitude to them is best society.

Cou'd I (he cry'd) express, how bright a grace  
Adorns thy morning hands, and well-wash'd face ;  
'Thou wou'dst, COLEMIRA, grant what I implore,  
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

Ah ! who can see, and seeing, not admire,  
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire !  
Her hands out-shine the fire, and redder things ;  
Her eyes are blacker than the pot she brings.

But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,  
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,  
When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,  
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

Oh ! how I long, how ardently desire,  
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre !  
For late, when bees to change their climes began,  
How did I see 'em thrum the frying-pan!

With

With her ! I shou'd not envy G—— his queen,  
 Tho' she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen :  
 Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair-one's gown,  
 In ruffet pomp, and greasy pride hang down.

Ah ! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,  
 When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice !  
 How wou'd that voice exceed the village-bell ;  
 Wou'dst thou but sing, “ I like thee passing well ! ”

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,  
 How soft ! how easy did her accents flow !  
 “ Get out, she cry'd, when strangers come to sup,  
 “ One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up.”

Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,  
 Alas ! I envy'd even that salute :  
 'Twas sure misplac'd,—SHOCK said, or seem'd to say,  
 He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If she the mytic bellows take in hand,  
 Who like the fair can that machine command ?  
 O may'st thou ne'er by EOLUS be seen,  
 For he wou'd sure demand thee for his queen.

But shou'd the flame this rougher aid refuse,  
 And only gentler med'cines be of use ;  
 With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,  
 Foment's the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts, as these, exalt the drooping fire,  
 But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire :  
 I burn ! I burn ! O ! give thy puffing o'er,  
 And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips no more !

With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen ;  
 When this proud damsel has more humble been,  
 When with nice airs she hoist the pan-cake round,  
 And dropt it, hapless fair ! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace ! what winning tricks !  
 The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks !  
 So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,  
 Oft have I said, — there were no need of candles.

But thou, my fair ! who never wou'dst approve,  
 Or hear, the tender story of my love ;  
 Or mind, how burns my raging breast, — a button —  
 Perhaps art dreaming of — a breast of mutton.

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,  
 Revealing to the fable walls his pain :  
 But nymphs are free with those they shou'd deny ;  
 To those, they love, more exquisitely coy !

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,  
 The lambent flames in languid streams arise,  
 And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies. }

The RAPE of the TRAP.

A BALLAD, 1737.

'T WAS in a land of learning,  
The muses fav'rite city,  
Such pranks of late  
Were play'd by a rat,  
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college-study,  
Where books were in great plenty ;  
This rat wou'd devour  
More sense in an hour,  
Than I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,  
Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir ;  
But this, a rat of taste,  
All other rats surpass'd ;  
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir ;

His breakfast, half the morning,  
He constantly attended ;  
And when the bell rung  
For ev'ning-song,  
His dinner scarce was ended !

Such



He spar'd not ev'n heroics,  
 On which we poets pride us ;  
 And wou'd make no more  
 Of king ARTHUR's \*, by the score  
 Than—all the world beside does.

In books of geo-graphy,  
 He made the maps to flutter:  
 A river or a fea  
 Was to him a dish of tea ;  
 And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion  
 Might chance to over-dose him,  
 To check its rage,  
 He took a page  
 Of logick—to compose him—

A trap, in haste and anger,  
 Was bought, you need not doubt on't ;  
 And, such was the gin,  
 Were a lion once got in,  
 He cou'd not, I think, get out on't.

With cheefe, not books, 'twas baited,  
 The fact—I'll not belye it—  
 Since none—I tell you that—  
 Whether scholar or rat,  
 Minds books, when he has other diet.

But

\* By BLACKMORE.

IX.

A MAN of genius mistaking his talent loses the advantage of being distinguished; a fool of being undistinguished.

X.

JEALOUSY is the fear or apprehension of superiority: Envy our uneasiness under it.

XI.

WHAT some people term Freedom is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

XII.

I CANNOT see why people are ashamed to acknowledge their passion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

XIII.

THE ridicule with which some people affect to triumph over their superiors, is as though the moon under an eclipse should pretend to laugh at the sun.

## XIV.

ZEALOUS men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are shewing you the grounds of it.

## XV.

I CONSIDER your very testy and quarrelsome people, in the same light as I do a loaded gun; which may by accident go off and kill one.

## XVI.

I AM afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

## XVII.

MANY persons, when exalted, assume an insolent humility, who behaved before with an insolent haughtiness.

## XVIII.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.

## XIX.

MEN of fine parts, they say, are often proud; I answer, dull people are seldom so, and both act upon an appearance of reason.

XX. IT

XX.

IT was observed of a most accomplished lady, that she was withal so very modest, that one sometimes thought she neglected the praises of her wit, because she could depend on those of her beauty; at other times that she slighted those of her beauty, knowing she might rely on those of her wit.

XXI.

THE only difference betwixt wine and ale seem to be that of chemic and galenic medicines.

XXII.

IT is the reduplication, or accumulation of compliments that gives them their agreeableness: I mean when, seeming to wander from the subject, you return to it again with greater force. As a common instance. "I wish it was capable  
 " of a precise demonstration how much I esteem,  
 " love, and honor you, beyond all the rich, the  
 " gay, the great, of this sublunary sphere;  
 " But I believe that both divines and laymen will  
 " agree that the sublimest and most valuable  
 " truths are oftentimes least capable of demon-  
 " stration."

## XXIII.

IT is a noble piece of policy that is used in some arbitrary governments (but suitable to none other) to instill it into the minds of the people that their Great Duke knoweth all things.

## XXIV.

IN an heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

## XXV.

PRIDE and modesty are sometimes found to unite together in the same character: And the mixture is as salutary as that of wine and water. The worst combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obstructs the good that pride eventually produces. What I mean is, expence.

## XXVI.

A great many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flourishes, put one in mind of a lark's descent to the ground.

## XXVII.

XXVII.

PEOPLE frequently use this expression, "I am inclined to think so and so;" not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

XXVIII.

THE first part of a news-paper which an ill-natured man examines, is, the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality.

XXIX.

THE chief thing which induces men of sense to use airs of superiority, is the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwise run away with the men of sense's privileges.

XXX.

To be entirely engrossed by antiquity, and as it were eaten up with rust, is a bad compliment to the present age.

XXXI.

ASK to borrow six-pence of the Muses, and they tell you at present they are out of cash, but

hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds.

## XXXII.

THE argument against restraining our passions, because we shall not have it always in our power to gratify them, is much stronger for their restraint, than it is for their indulgence.

## XXXIII.

FEW men, that would cause respect and distance merely, can say any thing by which their end will be so effectually answered as by silence.

## XXXIV.

THERE is nothing more universally commended than a fine day ; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

## XXXV.

ONE may, modestly enough, calculate one's appearance for respect upon the road, where respect and convenience so remarkably coincide.

## XXXVI.

ALTHOUGH a man cannot procure himself a title at pleasure, he may vary the appellation he goes

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goes by, considerably. As, from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Musgrove, to Thomas Musgrove, esquire. And this by a behaviour of reserve, or familiarity.

XXXVII.

FOR a man of genius to condescend in conversation with vulgar people, gives the sensation that a tall man feels on being forced to stoop in a low room.

XXXVIII.

THERE is nothing more universally prevalent than flattery. Persons, who discover the flatterer, do not always disapprove him, because he imagines them considerable enough to deserve his applications. It is a tacit sort of compliment, that he esteems them to be such as it is worth his while to flatter.

“ And when I tell him he hates flattery,  
“ He says he does, being then most flattered.”  
Shakespeare.

XXXIX.

A PERSON has sometimes more publick than private merit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for their ancestor ; but that of all the world was internal and sincere.



YOUR plain domestick people, who talk of their humility, and home-felt satisfactions, will in the same breath discover how much they envy a shining character. How is this consistent?

You are prejudiced, says Pedanticus; I will not take your word, or your character of that man.—But the grounds of my prejudice are the source of my accusation.

A PROUD man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reason is, the former pays a greater compliment in his condescension.

THE situation of a king, is so far from being miserable, as pedants term it; that, if a person have magnanimity, it is the happiest I know; as he has assuredly the most opportunities of distinguishing merit, and conferring obligations.

## XL.

“Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei.”

A MAN, a gentleman, evidently appears more considerable by seeming to despise his fortune,  
than

than a citizen and mechanick by his endeavours to magnify it.

XLII.

WHAT man of sense, for the benefit of coal-mines, would be plagued with colliers conversation?

XLIII.

MODESTY makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favor.

XLIV.

THIRD thoughts often coincide with the first, and are generally the best grounded. We first relish nature and the country, then artificial amusements and the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again.

XLV.

WHILE we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions, is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as to  
pass

an ufelefs and infipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our exiftence here is at leaft one part of a fyftem.

A MAN has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

## XLV.

ANGER and the thirft of revenge are a kind of fever. Fighting, and law-fuits, bleeding; at leaft, an evacuation. The latter occasions a diffipation of money; the former of thofe fiery fpirits which caufe a preternatural fermentation.

## XLVI.

WERE a man of pleafure to arrive at the full extent of his feveral wifhes, he muft immediately feel himfelf miserable. It is one fpecies of de-fpair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happinefs.

HIS following wifh muft then be to wifh he had fome frefh object for his wifhes. A ftrong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active.

## XLVII.

XLVII.

I HAVE seen one evil underneath the sun which gives me particular mortification,

THE reserve or shyness of men of sense generally confines them to a small acquaintance ; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the similarity of whose tastes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondest friends.

XLVIII.

A MERE relator of matters of fact, is fit only for an evidence in a court of justice,

XLIX.

IF a man be of superior dignity to a woman, a woman is surely as much superior to a man that is effeminated. Lily's rule in the grammar has well enough adjusted this subordination. " The masculine is more worthy than the feminine, and the feminine more worthy than the neuter."

L.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune will be often complaining of taxes ; that his estate is inconsiderable ; that he can never make so much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the  
the

the other hand, is always aiming to shew his riches; says, that he employs so many hands; he keeps his wife a chaise and one; and talks much of his Chinese ornaments at his paltry-cake-house in the country. They both aim at praise, but of a very distinct kind. Now, supposing the Cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the Gentleman surely chuses the better method of ostentation, who considers himself as somewhat superior to his fortune, than he who seems to look up at his fortune, and consequently sets himself beneath it.

## LI.

THE only kind of revenge which a man of sense need take upon a scoundrel, is, by a series of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and esteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animosity, by declining a reconciliation. As Sir John Falstaff might say, turning even quarrels to commodity.

## LII.

IT is possible, by means of glue to connect, two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a priest, to unite a man and woman; but of all associations the most effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave.

They

They become in a manner incorporate. The former seems so framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may seize and devour him as his proper prey.

LIII.

THE same degree of penetration that shews you another in the wrong, shews him also, in respect to that instance, your inferior: Hence the observation and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

LIV.

THERE is none can baffle men of sense, but fools, on whom they can make no impression.

LV.

THE regard one shews oeconomy, is like that we shew an old aunt who is to leave us something at last. Our behaviour on this account as much constrained as that

“ Of one well-studied in a sad ostent

“ To please his granam.”

Shakespear.

LVI.

FASHION is a great restraint upon your persons of taste and fancy; who would otherwise,  
in

in the most trifling instances, be able to distinguish themselves from the vulgar.

## LVII.

A WRITER who pretends to polish the human understanding, may beg by the side of Rutter's chariot who sells a powder for the teeth.

## LVIII.

THE difference there is betwixt honour and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motive. The mere honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

## LIX.

THE Proverb ought to run "a fool and his words are soon parted; a man of genius and his money."

## LX.

A MAN of wit, genius, learning, is apt to think it something hard, that men of no wit, no genius, no learning, should have a greater share of wealth and honours; not considering that their own accomplishment ought to be reckoned to them as their equivalent. It is no reason that a person worth five thousand pounds, should on that account have a claim to twenty.

LXI.

A WIFE ought in reality to love her husband above all the world ; but this preference I think should, in point of politeness, be concealed. The reason is, that it is disgusting to see an amiable woman monopolized ; and it is easy by proper management to wave (all I contend for) the appearance.

LXII.

THERE are some wounds given to reputation that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow ; where we irritate and enlarge the orifice while we extract the bearded weapon ; yet cannot the cure be completed otherwise.

LXIII.

AMONGST all the vain-glorious professors of humility, you find none that will not discover how much they envy a shining character : And this either by censuring it themselves, or shewing a satisfaction in such as do. Now there is this advantage at least arising from ambition, that it disposes one to disregard a thousand instances of middling grandeur ; and reduces one's emulation to the narrow circle of a few that blaze. It is hence a convenient disposition in a country place,  
where



where one is encompassed with such as are merely richer, keep fine horses, a table, footmen; make a decent figure as rural esquires; yet after all discover no more than an every-day plebeian character. These a person of little ambition might envy, but another of a more extensive one may, in any kind of circumstances, disregard.

## LXIV.

IT is with some men as with some horses; what is esteemed spirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the source of that seeming spirit discovered by Tully in regard to his antagonist M. Anthony. He knew he must destroy him, or be destroyed himself.

## LXV.

THE same qualities, joined with virtue, often furnish out a great man, which united with a different principle furnish out an highwayman; I mean courage and strong passions. And they may both join in the same expression, though with a meaning something varied. —

“ Tentanda via est qua me quoque possum,

“ Tollere humo.”

i. e. “ BE promoted or be hanged.”

LXVI.

TRUE honour is to honesty, what the court of Chancery is to common law.

LXVII.

Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reasons to stand more in awe of him.

LXVIII.

A MAN sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles.

LXIX.

IT is favorable enough on the side of learning, that if an historian mentions a good author, it does not seem absurd to stile him a great man: Whereas the same phrase would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman.

LXX.

IT is less wonderful to see a wretched man commence an heroe, than an happy one.

LXXI.

AN high-spirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It sometimes operates no

otherwise than like the *vis inertiae*; at others it induces men to bustle and make their part good among their superiors. As Mr. Pope says

“ Some plunge in business, others shave their  
“ crowns.”

It is by no means less forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of those with whom he cannot converse on equal terms; it leads him into solitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may at least conceal his inferiority. It is fullen, obstinate, disdainful, haughty, in no less a degree than the other; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and less citizen-like. Sometimes the other succeeds, and then it is esteemed preferable; but in case it fail, it not only exposes a person's meanness, but his impatience under it; both of which the reserved spirit is able to disguise — but then it stands no chance of removing,

“ *Pudor malus ulcera celat.*”

## LXXII.

EVERY single instance of a friend's insincerity encreases our dependence on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an external respect, when one is disappointed of that which is internal and sincere. This, perhaps,  
with

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with decaying passions, contribute to render age covetous.

LXXIII.

WHEN physicians write of diseases, the prognosticks and the diagnosticks, the symptoms and the paroxysms, they give one fatal apprehensions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you seem to have no other difficulty but to decide by which means you would recover. In short, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

LXXIV.

ONE should no more trust to the skill of most apothecaries, than one would ask the opinion of their pestle and mortar; yet both are useful in their way,

LXXV.

I BELIEVE there was never so reserved a solitary, but felt some degree of pleasure at the first glimpse of an human figure. The soul, however, unconscious of it's social biases, in a crowd, will in solitude feel some attraction towards the first person that we meet.

## LXXVI.

IN courts, the motion of the body is easy, and those of the soul constrained: In the country, the gestures of the body are constrained, and those of the soul supine and careless.

## LXXVII.

ONE may easily enough guard against ambition till five and twenty.—It is not ambition's day.

## LXXVIII.

IT should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

## LXXIX.

PERHAPS rusticks, boors, and esquires make a principal figure in the country, as inanimates are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landskip.

## LXXX.

LXXX.

TITLES make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to a British spirit. They almost vary the species; yet as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward, as the substitutes of merit.

LXXXI.

WHAT numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty years, yet if estimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chicken the moment it is hatched.

LXXXII.

A LYAR begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

LXXXIII.

FOOLS are very often found united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the most closely glewed together.

LXXXIV.

PERSONS of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth. There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in

Q 3

which



aborigines; agreeable to the Athenian use of them.

IMMODERATE assurance is perfect licentiousness.

WHEN a person is so far engaged in a dispute as to wish to get the victory, he ought ever to desist. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

I HAVE sometimes thought the mind so calculated, that a small degree of force may impell it to a certain pitch of pleasure or of pain; beyond which it will not pass, by any impetus whatsoever.

I DOUBT whether it be not true, that we hate those faults most in others which we are guilty of ourselves.

A MAN of thorough sense scarce admires even any one; but he must be an idiot, that is the admirer of a fool.



It may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amusement of the invidious: As a man willingly relinquishes his silver to save his gold from an highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the score of morals, as one would be rather pulled by the hair, than stabbed to the heart.

VIRTUE seems to be nothing more than a notion consonant to the system of things. Were a planet to fly from it's orbit, it would represent a vitious man.

It is difficult not to be angry at beings we know incapable of acting otherwise than they do. One ought no more, if one reflects, to be angry at the stupidity of a man than of a horse, except it be vincible and voluntary, and yet the practice is otherwise.

PEOPLE say, do not regard what he says, now he is in liquor. Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded.

“Aperit præcordia liber.”

PATIENCE

PATIENCE is the Panacea ; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it ?

WITS uniformly exclaim against fools, yet fools are their proper foil ; and it is from them alone they can learn what figure themselves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with the generality, and furnishes a better mirror than that of artful people, who are sure enough to deceive you either on the favourable or ill-natured side.

WE say he is a man of sense who acknowledges the same truths that we do ; that he is a man of taste who allows the same beauties. We consider him as a person of better sense and finer taste, who discerns more truths and more beauties in conjunction with ourselves : But we allow neither appellation to the man who differs from us.

WE deal out our genuine esteem to our equals ; our affection for those beneath us ; and a reluctant sort of respect to those that are above us.

GLORY

GLORY relaxes often, and debilitates the mind; censure stimulates and contracts — both to an extreme. Simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium.

PERSONS of new families do well to make magnificent funerals, sumptuous weddings, remarkable entertainments: To exhibit a number of servants in rich and ostentatious liveries; and to take every publick occasion of imprinting on the mob an habitual notion of their superiority. For so is deference obtained from that quarter.

“ Stupet in titulis & imaginibus.”

ONE scarce sees how it is possible for a country girl, or a country fellow to preserve their chastity. They have neither the philosophical pleasure of books, nor the luxurious pleasure of a table, nor the refined amusement of building, planting, drawing, or designing, to divert their imagination from an object to which they seem continually to stimulate it by provocative allusions. Add to this the health and vigour that are almost peculiar to them.

I AM afraid there are many ladies who only exchange the pleasures of incontinence for the  
pleasure

pleasure they derive from censure. At least it is no injustice to conclude so, where a person is extravagantly censorious.

PERSONS of judgment and understanding may be divided into two sorts. Those whose judgment is so extensive as to comprehend a great deal; existences, systems, universals: But as there are some eyes so constituted as to take in distant objects, yet be excelled by others in regard to objects minute or near, so there are other understandings better calculated for the examination of particular objects.

THE mind is at first an open field without partitions or enclosures. To make it turn to most account, it is very proper to divide and enclose. In other words, to sort our observations.

SOME men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice: Whereas a child can clench it's fist the moment it is born.

IT is a point of prudence when you converse with your inferior, to consider yourself as conversing with his inferior, with whom no doubt he may have the same connexion that you have with him: And to be upon your guard accordingly.

How

How deplorable then is a person's condition, when his mind can only be supported by flattery, and his constitution but by cordials! When the relief of his present complaint undermines its own efficacy, yet encreases the occasion for which it is used. Short is then the duration of our tranquillity, or of our lives!

A MAN is not esteemed ill-natured for any excess of social affection; or an indiscreet profusion of his fortune upon his neighbours, companions, or friends; although the true measure of his affections is as much impaired by this, as by selfishness.

IF any one's curse can effect damnation, it is not that of the pope, but that of the poor.

PEOPLE of the finest and most lively genius have the greatest sensibility, of consequence the most lively passions; the violence of which puts their conduct upon a footing with that of fools. Fools discern the weaknesses which they have in common with themselves; but are not sensible of their excellencies to which they have no pretensions; of course, always inclined to dispute the superiority.

WIT

WIT is the refractory pupil of judgment.

VIRTUE should be considered as a part of taste (and perhaps it is so more in this age, than in any preceding one) and should as much avoid deceit or sinister meanings in discourse, as they would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

THINK when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your sentiments should he die during the dispute.

THE man of a towering ambition, or a well regulated taste has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers.

REFINED sense to a person that is to converse alone with bores, is a manifest inconvenience. As Falstaff says (with some little variation)

“ Company, witty company has been the  
“ ruin of me.”

IF envious people were universally to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean  
4 their

their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will presume the self-love common to human nature, would make them all prefer their own condition.

“ Quid statis? nolint—atqui licet esse beatis.”

If this rule were applied, as it surely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an universal cure for envy.

“ Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,  
“ A Diis plura feret.”—Self-denial.

A PERSON, elevated one degree above the populace, assumes more airs of superiority than one that is raised ten. The reason is somewhat obvious. His superiority is more contestable,

THE character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man seems more easily attainable by a person of no great parts or passions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. 'Tis there no mismanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the best he can do to render himself inoffensive, and to keep his teeth clean.

But

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But the person who has talents for discourse, and a passionate desire to enliven conversation, ought to have many improprieties excused, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country esquire, who through zeal to serve her with a glass of claret, should involve his spurs in her Brussels apron. On the contrary, the fop (who may in some sense use the words of Horace

“ Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo &  
“ ——— omnis in hoc sum”)

would be entitled to no pardon for such unaccountable misconduct.

MAN, in general, may be considered as a mechanic, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment: Virtue, his repository or collection of instruments; the goods of fortune as his materials: In proportion as the workman, the instruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

THE silly censorious are the very “ fel naturæ,” “ the most bitter of all bitter things;” from the hyssop that grows upon the wall, to the satyrisk that pisses against it,

I HAVE



I HAVE known a sensible man of opinion that one should not be solicitous about a wife's understanding. A woman's sense was with him a phrase to express a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a husband's happiness. I cannot be of his opinion. I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our sex, so fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of theirs. If so, after honesty of heart, what is there we should so much require? A wife's beauty will soon decay, it is doubtful whether in reality first, or in our own opinion. Either of these is sufficient to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then to seek for something that will retain it's novelty; or, what is equivalent, will change it's shape when her person palls by it's identity. Fancy and genius bid fairest for this, which have as many shapes, as there can happen occasions to exert them. Good-nature, I always suppose. The former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preserve our minds in a temper to be diverted.

I have known some attorneys of reputable families, and whose original dispositions seemed to have been open and humane. Yet can I scarce  
recollect

recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the christian, and even the man, was not swallowed up in the lawyer: They are not only the greatest tyrants, but the greatest pedants, of all mankind.

RECONCILIATION is the tenderest part either of friendship or of love; the latter more especially, in which the soul is more remarkably softened. Were a person to make use of art in procuring the affection of his mistress, it were, perhaps, his most effectual method to contrive a slight estrangement, and then, as it were imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here discovers a kind of elasticity, and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

VIRTUE may be considered as the only means of dispensing happiness in proper portions to every moment of our time.

To judge whether one has sufficient pleasure to render the continuation of life agreeable, it is not enough to say, Would you die? Take away first, the hope of better scenes in this life, the fears of worse in another, and the bodily pain of dying.

THE fear of death seems as natural, as the sensation of lust or of hunger: the first and last, for the preservation of the individual: The other, for the continuation of the species.

It seems obvious that God, who created the world, intends the happiness and perfection of the system he created. To effect the happiness of the whole, self-love, in it's degree, is as requisite as social; for I am myself a part of that whole, as well as another. The difficulty of ascertaining what is virtue, lies in proportioning the degrees of self-love and social. *Proximus sum egomet mihi—Tunica pallio proprior.*—Charity begins at home. It is so. It ought to be so; nor is there any inconvenience arises to the publick, because it is general. Were this away, the individual must soon perish, and consequently the whole body. A man has every moment occasion to exert his self-love for the sake of self-preservation; consequently this ought to be stronger, in order to keep him upon his guard. A centinel's attention should be greater than that of a foldier on a review.

THE social, though alike constant, is not equally intense, because the selfish, being universal, renders

renders the social less essential to the well-being of one's neighbour. In short, the self-love and the social ought to bear such proportion as we find they generally do. If the selfish passion of the rest preponderate, it would be self-destructive in a few individuals to be over socially disposed. If the social one prevails generally, to be of remarkable selfishness must obstruct the good of society.

MANY feel a superfluous uneasiness for want of due attention to the following truth.

WE are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice of different pursuits. We chuse one at last doubtingly, and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the scheme, which we have chosen, answer our expectation but indifferently—Most worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the paths which we decline; and this heightens our uneasiness. We might at least escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable we had not been less so, had we made a different decision. This, however, relates to schemes that are neither virtuous, nor vicious.

HAPPY dogs (says a certain splenetick) our footmen and the populace! Farewel, says Esop, in Vanbrugh, whom I both envy and despise! The servant meets with hundreds whose conversation can amuse him, for one that is the least qualified to be a companion for his master.

“A PERSON cannot eat his cake and have it,” is, as Lord Shaftsbury observes, a proper answer to many splenetick people\*. But what imports it to be in the possession of a cake that you do not eat? If then the cake be made to be eaten, says lady L—, better eat, it when you are most hungry. Poor woman! she seems to have acted by this maxim; but yet could not avoid crying for the cake she had eaten.

You should calculate your appearance for the place where you reside. One would rather be a very knight in the country than his honor Mr. Such-a-one.

THE most consummate selfishness would incline a person at his death, to dispose of his ef-

\* Complainants.

fects agreeable to duty; that he may secure an interest in the world to which he is going.

A JUSTICE and his clerk is now little more than a blind man and his dog. The profound ignorance of the former, together with the canine impudence and rapacity of the latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindicate the comparison. The principal part of the similitude will appear obvious to every one, I mean, that the justice is as much dependent on his clerk, for superior insight and implicit guidance, as the blind fellow on his cur that leads him in a string. Add to this, that the offer of a crust will seduce the conductors of either to drag their masters into a kennel.

To remark the different figure made by different persons, under the same circumstances of fortune! Two friends of mine upon a journey had so contrived as to reduce their finances to a single sixpence each. The one with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, gave his to a black shoe-boy, who wished his honor a thousand blessings; the other having lodged a fortnight with a nobleman, that was his patron, offered his to the butler, as an instance of his gratitude, who with difficulty forbore to curse him to his face.

A GLASS or two of wine extraordinary only raises a valetudinarian to that warmth of social affection, which had naturally been his lot, in a better state of health.

DEFERENCE is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

BE cautious not to consider a person as your superior, merely because he is your superior in point of assurance. This has often depressed the spirit of a person of desert and diffidence.

A PROPER assurance, and competent fortune, are essential to liberty.

TASTE is pursued at a less expence than fashion.

OUR time in towns seems short to pass, and long to reflect upon; in the country, the reverse.

DEFERENCE, before the company is the gentlest kind of flattery. The flattery of epistles affects one less, as they cannot be shewn without an  
appearance

appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is gross. In short, applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross—though the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable.

WHEN a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please: but it appears to me an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than tokay.

THOUGH punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendships of some persons that regard them—Indeed it is almost an universal practice to rail at punctilio; and it seems in some measure a consequence of our attachment to French fashions. However it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never caused half the quarrels, that have risen from the freedom of behaviour, which is its opposite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the use of ceremony would be superfluous: But as the case is, it at least fixes some bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who under the denomination of freedom might demand the privilege of breaking your head.



THERE seem near as many people that want passion as want reason,

THE world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives,

THE state of man is not unlike that of a fish hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line. We flounce, and sport, and vary our situation: But when we would extend our schemes we discover our confinement, checked and limited by a superior hand, who drags us from our element, whensoever he pleases,

THE vulgar trace your faults; those you have in common with themselves; but they have no idea of your excellencies to which they have no pretensions,

A PERSON is something taller by holding up his head,

A MAN

A MAN of sense can be adequately esteemed by none other than a man of sense: A fool by none but a fool. We ought to act upon this principle.

How melancholy is it to travel late, and fatigued upon any ambitious project on a winter's night; and observe the lights of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm, and happy, or at rest in their beds. Some of them, says W——, as wretched as princes, for aught we know to the contrary!

It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one so disgusted with an artful character. We hate the confinement of standing centinels, in our own defence,

To behave with complaisance, where one foresees one must needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit.

SOME persons may with justice boast, that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old: And that their present knowledge comprehends after the manner that a  
larger

larger trunk contains the smaller ones it encloses.

It is possible to discover in some faces the features nature intended, had she not been some-how thwarted in her operations. Is it not easy to remark the same distortion in some minds? There is a phrase pretty frequent amongst the vulgar, and which they apply to absolute fools.—That they have had a rock too much in their cradles.—With me, it is a most expressive idiom to describe a dislocated understanding: An understanding, for instance, which, like a watch, discovers a multitude of such parts, as appear obviously intended to belong to a system of the greatest perfection; yet which, by some unlucky jumble, falls infinitely short of it.

Is it not the wound our pride sustains by being deceived, that makes us more averse to hypocrites, than to the most audacious and barefaced villain? Yet it seems as much a piece of justice to commend a man for talking more honestly than he acts, as it is to blame a man for acting more dishonestly than he talks. The sum of the whole, however, is that the one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the other by his impudence.

A FOOL

A FOOL can neither eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk; nor, in short, laugh nor cry, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction! Independency may be found in comparative, as well as absolute, abundance: I mean where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.

THERE are very few persons who do not lose something of their esteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

THE silly excuse that is often drawn from want of time to correspond, becomes no one beside a cobbler with ten or a dozen children dependent on a tatching end.

ONE, perhaps, ought to make funerals as sumptuous as possible, or as private: Either by obscurity to elude, or by splendour to employ, the attention, that it may not be engaged by the most shocking circumstance of our humanity.

IT happens, a little unluckily, that the persons who have the most intimate contempt of money are the same that have the strongest appetites for the pleasures it procures.

WE

WE are apt to look for those virtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rarely to be found any where, except in the preambles to their patents. Some shining exceptions may be made to this rule: In general we may consider their appearance with us in publick, as one does our wearing apparel. "Which lord do you wear to-day? Why I did think to wear my lord \*\*\*\*, but as there will be little company in the Mall, I will e'en content myself to wear the same noble peer I wore yesterday."

THE worst inconvenience of a small fortune is that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of most men's yearly accounts, and a sum as regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

IT is with our judgments, as with our eyes. Some can see objects at a greater distance more distinctly, at the same time less distinctly than others, the objects that are near them,

NOTWITHSTANDING the airs men give themselves, I believe no one sees family to more advantage,

vantage, than the persons that have no share in it.

How important is the eye to the appearance of an human face! The chief index of temper, understanding, health, and love. What prodigious influence must the same misfortunes have on some persons beyond others! As the loss of an eye to a mere insolent beauty, without the least philosophy to support herself!

THE person least reserved in his abuse of another's excess in equipage, is commonly the person who would exhibit the same if it had been within his power. The source of both being a disregard to decorum. Likewise he that violently arraigns, or fondly indulges it, agree in considering it a little too seriously.

AMID the most mercenary ages, it is but a secondary sort of admiration that is bestowed upon magnificence.

AN order of beauties, as of knights with a style appropriated to them (as for instance, To the Right Beautiful Lady Such-a-one) would have as good a foundation as any other class, but  
would

would, at the same time, be the most invidious of any order that was ever instituted.

THE first maxim a child is taught, is that  
 “ Learning is better than house and land ;”  
 but how little is it’s influence as he grows up to maturity !

THERE is somewhat very astonishing in the record of our most celebrated victories : I mean the small number of the conquerors killed in proportion to the conquered. At Agincourt, it is said, were ten thousand, and fourteen thousand massacred. Livy’s accounts of this sort are so astonishing, that one is apt to disbelieve the historian—All the explanation one can find, is, that the gross slaughter is made when one side takes to flight.

A PERSON that is disposed to throw off all reserve before an inferior, should reflect, that he has also his inferiors to whom he may be equally communicative.

IT is impossible for a man of sense to guard against the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclitic characters ; because he cannot foresee them. A wit-would cannot afford

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to discard a frivolous conceit, though it tends to affront you : An old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder upon such hints as must discompose you.

A MAN that is sollicitous about his health, or apprehensive of some acute disorder, should write a journal of his constitution for the better instruction of his physician.

GHOSTS have no more connexion with darkness, than the mystery of a barber with that of a surgeon ; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

HE makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather encrease the injury ?

SECOND thoughts oftentimes are the very worst of all thoughts. First and third very often coincide. Indeed second thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of shewing penetration, of distinguishing ourselves from the mob, and have consequently less of simplicity, and more of affectation. This, however,  
regards



regards principally objects of taste and fancy. Third thoughts, at least, are here very proper mediators.

“SET a beggar on horse-back, and he'll ride,” is a common proverb and a real truth. The “novus homo” is an “inexpertus homo,” and consequently must purchase finery, before he knows the emptiness of it experimentally. The established gentleman disregards it through habit and familiarity.

THE foppery of love-verses, when a person is ill and indisposed is perfect ipecacuanha.

ANTIQUITY of family, and distinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, less weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: The bend dexter or sinister; the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date. The heralds are at length discovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preserve the distinction, and is poor. France (by our dispute about a trading nobility) seems inclined to shake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the anti-diluvian pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or is sure to purchase, distinction, let the king at arms, or the old maiden aunt preach as  
I
long

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long as either pleases. It is so; perhaps it ought to be so. All honors should lie open, all encouragement be allowed to the members of trade in a trading nation: And as the nobility finds it very expedient to partake of their profits, so that they, in return, should obtain a share in the others honours. One would, however, wish the acquisition of learning was as sure a road to dignity, as that of riches.

O N    B O O K S    A N D  
W R I T E R S.

**I**T is often asserted by pretenders to singular penetration, that the assistance fancy is supposed to draw from wine, is merely imaginary and chimerical: That all which the poets have urged on this head, is absolute rant and enthusiasm; and has no foundation in truth or nature. I am inclined to think otherwise: Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefit from the noblest cordial. But persons of a phlegmatick constitution, have those excellencies often suppressed, of which their imagination is truly capable, by reason of a lentor, which wine may naturally remove. It raises low spirits to a pitch necessary for the exertion of fancy. It confutes the "Non est tanti," so frequently a maxim with speculative persons. It quickens that ambition, or that social bias, which makes a person wish to shine, or to please. Ask what tradition says of Mr. Addison's conversation. But instances in point of conversation come within every one's observance. Why then may it not be allowed to produce the same effects in writing?

THE

THE affected phrases I hate most, are those on which your half-wits found their reputation: Such as Pretty trifler, Fair plaintiff, Lovely architect, &c.

DOCTOR Young has a surprizing knack of bringing-thoughts from a distance, from their lurking places, in a moment's time.

THERE is nothing so disagreeable in works of humour as an insipid, unsupported, vivacity; the very husks of drollery; bottled small-beer; a man out-riding his horse; lewdness and impotence; a fiery actor in a phlegmatick scene; an illiterate, and stupid preacher discoursing upon Urim and Thummim, and beating the pulpit cushion in such manner, as though he would make the dust and the truth fly out of it at once.

AN editor, or a translator, collects the merits of different writers; and, forming all into a wreath, bestows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demosthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the sublimity of Homer, the majesty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the

accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal (with every name of note he can possibly recall to mind) are given to some antient scribler, in whom affectation and the love of novelty disposes him to find out beauties.

HUMOUR and Vanbrugh against Wit and Congreve.

THE vacant scull of a pedant generally furnishes out a throne and a temple for vanity.

MAY not the custom of scraping when we bow, be derived from the antient custom of throwing their shoes backwards, off their feet?

“ A BIRD in the air shall carry the tale, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.” Such is also the present phrase — “ A little bird told it me,” — says nurse —

THE preference which some give to Virgil before Homer is often owing to complexion: Some are more formed to enjoy the grand; and others, the beautiful. But as for invention and sublimity, the most shining qualities of imagination, there is surely no comparison between them.—Yet I enjoy Virgil more.

AGREEABLE

AGREEABLE ideas rise in proportion, as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

ONE reason why the sound is sometimes an echo to the sense, is that the pleafantest objects have often the most harmonious names annexed to them.

A MAN of a merely argumentative cast, will read poetry as prose; will only regard the quantum it contains of solid reasoning: Just as a clown attacks a dessert, considering it as so much victuals; and regardless of those lively or emblematical decorations, which the cook, for many sleepless nights, has endeavored to bestow upon it.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that Rouffeau has advanced so very ingeniously upon plays and players, their profession is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whose means are pleasure, and whose end is virtue. They both alike, for a subsistence, submit themselves to public opinion: And the dishonor that has attended the last profession, seems not easily accountable.

As there are evidently words in English poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inferted, have no small beauty on that account, it seems absurd to contract, or print them otherwise then at length,

“ The loose wall tottering o’er the trembling  
“ shade.”

Ogilvy’s Day of Judgment.

“ Trembling ” has also the force of a dactyle in a less degree — but cannot be written otherwise.

I HAVE sometimes thought Virgil so remarkably, musical, that were his lines read to a musician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a person of capacity to give each word it’s proper accent, he would not fail to distinguish in it, all the graces of harmony,

I THINK I can observe a peculiar beauty in the addition of a short syllable, at the end of a blank verse: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as sure to flatten; which may be discerned in Prior’s translation of Callimachus, viz.—“ the holy victim—Dicitæan hearst  
“ thou

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“thou—Birth, Great Rheā—Inferior Reptile—”  
&c. &c. for the translation abounds with them;  
and is rendered by that means profaick.

THE case is only, prose being an imitation of  
common life, the nature of an ode requires that  
it should be lifted some degrees higher.

BUT in dialogue, the language ought never  
to leave nature the least out of sight, and espe-  
cially, where pity is to be produced, it appears  
to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow  
this syllable occasions. Let me produce a few  
instances from Otway's Tragedy of the Unhappy  
Marriage; and, in order to form a judgment, let  
the reader substitute a word of equal import,  
but of a syllable less, in the place of the in-  
stances I produce. (Some instances are number-  
less, where they familiarize and give an ease to  
dialogue.)

— “Sure my ill fates upon me”

— “Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,

“With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?”

— “I never see you now—you have been kinder.”

— “Why was I made with all my sex's softness,

“Yet want the cunning to conceal it's follies?”

“I'll see Castalio—tax him with his falshood?”



— “Should you charge rough,  
“ I should but weep, and answer you with  
“ fobbing.”

— “When thou art from me every place is  
“ des̄rt.”

— “Surely Paradiſe is round me,  
“ And every ſenſe is full of thy perfection.  
“ To hear thee ſpeak might calm a madman’s  
“ frenzy.  
“ ’Till by attention, he forgot his ſorrows.”

— “’Till good men with him dead—or I offend  
“ him.”

— “And hang upon you, like a drowning crea-  
“ ture.”

— “Crop this fair roſe, and rifled all it’s sweet-  
“ neſs.”

— “Give me Chamont, and let the world forſake  
“ me.”

“ I’ve

— “ I’ve drank an healing draught  
 “ For all my cares, and never more shall  
 “ wrong thee.”

— “ When I’m laid low in the cold grave for-  
 “ gotten  
 “ May you be happy in a fairer bride,  
 “ But none can ever love you, like Monimia.”

I SHOULD imagine, that, in some or most of these examples, a particular degree of tenderness is owing to the supernumerary syllable; yet it requires a nice ear for the disposition of it (for it must not be universal); and, with this, may give at once an harmonious flow, a natural ease, an energy, tenderness, and variety to the language.

A MAN of dry sound judgment attends to the truth of a proposition;—A man of ear, and sensibility, to the music of the versification: A man of a well-regulated taste, finds the former more deeply imprinted on him, by the judicious management of the latter.

IT seems to me that what are called notes at the bottom of pages (as well as parentheses in writing)

writing) might be generally avoided, without injuring the thread of a discourse. It is true it might require some address to interweave them gracefully into the text; but how much more agreeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the reader by such frequent avocations? How much more graceful to play a tune upon one sett of keys, with varied stops, than to seek the same variety, by an awkward motion from one sett, to another?

It bears a little hard upon our candour, that "to take to pieces" in our language signifies the same as "to expose;" and "to expose" has a signification, which good-nature can as little allow, as can the laws of etymology.

THE ordinary letters from friend to friend seem capable of receiving a better turn, than mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or professions of friendship continually repeated. The established maxim to correspond with ease, has almost excluded every useful subject: But may not excess of negligence discover affectation, as well as it's opposite extreme? There are many degrees of intermediate solidity betwixt a Westphalia ham and a whip syllabub.

I AM astonished to remark the defect of ear, which some tolerably harmonious poets discover in their Alexandrines. It seems wonderful that an error so obvious, and so very disgusting to a nice ear, should occur so frequently as the following ;

“ What seraph e'er could preach  
 “ So choice a lecture as his wond'rous virtue's  
 “ lore ?”

The pause being after the sixth syllable, it is plain the whole emphasis of pronuntiation is thrown upon the particle as. It seems most amazing to me, that this should be so common a blunder.

“ *SIMPLEX munditiis*” has been esteemed universally to be a phrase at once very expressive, and of very difficult interpretation : at least, not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that single word, elegant ? which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments on one side, as much as it does dirt and rusticity on the other,

THE French use the word naïve in such a sense as to be explainable by no English word ;  
 unless

unless we will submit to restrain ourselves in the application of the word sentimental. It means the language of passion, or the heart; in opposition to the language of reflection, and the head.

THE most frequent mistake that is made, seems to be that of the means for the end: Thus riches for happiness, and thus learning for sense. The former of these is hourly observable: And as to the latter, methinks this age affords frequent and surprizing instances.

IT is with real concern, that I observe many persons of true poetical genius, endeavouring to quench their native fire, that they may exhibit learning without a single spark of it. Nor is it uncommon to see an author translate a book, when with half the pains he could write a better; but the translation favours more of learning, and gives room for notes which exhibit more.

LEARNING, like money, may be of so base a coin, as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management, to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.

WHEN a nobleman has once conferred any great favor on his inferior, he ought thenceforth

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to consider that his requests, his advice, and even his intimations become commands; and to propose matters with the utmost tenderness. The person whom he obliges has otherwise lost his freedom.

“ Hâc ego si compellar imagine, cuncta refugio:

“ Nec femnum plebis laudo fatur altitium; nec

“ Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.”

THE amiable and the severe, Mr. Burke's sublime and beautiful, by different proportions are mixed in every character. Accordingly as either is predominant, men imprint the passions of love or fear. The best punch depends on a proper mixture of sugar and lemon.

## O N   M E N   A N D   M A N N E R S.

**T**H E R E are many persons acquire to themselves a character of insincerity, from what is in truth mere inconstancy. And there are persons of warm, but changeable passions; perhaps the sincerest of any in the very instant they make profession, but the very least to be depended on through the short duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to ascertain the character of lady Luxborough; yet whatever were her principles, I esteem lord Bolingbroke's to have been the same. She seem'd in all respects the female lord Bolingbroke.

**T**H E principal, if not the only, difference betwixt honesty and honor, seems to lie in their different motives. The object of the latter being reputation; and, of the former, duty.

**I**T is the greatest comfort to the poor, whose ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich must die as well as themselves.

THE common people call wit, mirth; and fancy, folly; fanciful and follifol, they use indifcriminately. It feems to flow from hence, that they confider money as of more importance, than the perfons who poffefs it; and that no conduct is wife, befide what has a tendency to enrich us.

ONE fhould not deftroy an infect, one fhould not quarrel with a dog, without a reafon fufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

THE trouble occafioned by want of a fervant, is fo much lefs than the plague of a bad one, as it is lefs painful to clean a pair of fhoes than undergo an excefs of anger.

THE fund of fenfible difcourfe is limited; that of jeft and badinerie is infinite. In many companies then, where nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps, better to get upon the familiar footing: To give and take in the way of raillery.

WHEN a wife or miftrefs lives as in a jail, the perfon that confines her lives the life of a jailer.

THERE



THERE seems some analogy betwixt a person's manner in every action of his life:

LADY Luxborough's hand-writing was, at the same time, delicate and masculine. Her features, her air, her understanding, her motions, and her sentiments, were the same. Mr. W—— in the same respects, delicate, but not masculine. Mr. G—— rather more delicate than masculine. Mr. J—— rather more masculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three last, extends to their drawing, versification, &c. &c. &c.

RICHES deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwise.

TO consume one's time and fortune at once, without pleasure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits, rather in phlebotomy, than enjoyment.

PARENTS are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or less fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps there cannot be a symptom less expressive of  
future

future judgment and solidity. It seems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but also delicacy of sentiment. Neither does it seem any way consistent with a sensibility of pleasure, notwithstanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all sorts of pleasure; but does not allow itself time to be successful in securing any. It is a busy bee, whose whole time passes away in mere flight from flower to flower; without resting upon any, a sufficient time to gather honey.

THE queen of Sweden declared, “ she did not love men as men; but merely because they were not women.” What a spirited piece of satire!

IN mixed conversation, or amongst persons of no great knowledge, one indulges oneself in discourse that is neither ingenious nor significant. Vapid frivolous chit-chat serves to pass away the time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted strength, spirit, and flavour.

THE making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

HE that lies a-bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: He that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

SPLEEN is often little else than obstructed perspiration.

THE regard, men externally profess for their superiors, is oftentimes rewarded — in the manner it deserves.

METHINKS all men should meet with a respect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

SHINING characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing, than the glare of a ruby.

MANKIND suffers more by the conflict of contrary passions, than that of passion and reason: Yet, perhaps, the truest way to quench one passion is to kindle up another.

PRUDENT

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PRUDENT men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

THE country esquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horses; that is, of an animal that may convey him with ease, credit, and safety, the little journeys he has to go. The philosopher directs his ambition to some well-grounded science, which may, with the same credit, ease, and safety, transport him through every stage of being: So that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy.

TOM Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fidler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

THE best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate.

THE philosophers and attient sages, who de-  
claimed against the vanity of all external ad-  
vantages, seem in an equal degree to have coun-

T 2

tenanced

tenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

SUPERIORITY in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword, is ever more vain than he that wears an useful one.

THE person who has a superiority in wit is enabled, by the means of it, to see his superiority: Hence a deference expected, and offence taken, upon the failure. Add to this that wit, considered as fancy, renders all the passions more sensible; the love of fame more remarkably so; and you have some sort of reason for the revenge taken by wits upon those who neglect them.

IN the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us to take a part — In the quarrels of mere acquaintance, it is needless, and perhaps impertinent.

WHEN I have purchased aught by way of mere amusement, your reflection upon the cost not only intimates the bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends to make it so.

‘HAD

‘ HAD I the money those paintings cost, says  
 ‘ Torpor, methinks I would have discovered  
 ‘ some better method of disposing of it.’ “ And  
 “ in what would you have expended it ?” ‘ I  
 ‘ would buy some fine horses.’ “ But you have  
 “ already what answer your purpose !” ‘ Yes,  
 ‘ but I have a particular fancy for a fine horse.’  
 “ And have not I, who bought these pictures,  
 “ the same argument on my side ?” The truth is,  
 he who extols his own amusements, and condemns  
 another person’s, unless he does it as they bear  
 relation to virtue or vice, will at all times find  
 himself at a loss for an argument.

PEOPLE of real genius have strong passions ;  
 people of strong passions, have great partiali-  
 ties ; such as Mr. Pope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c.  
 Persons of slow parts have languid passions,  
 and persons of languid passions have little par-  
 tiality. They neither love, nor hate, nor look,  
 nor move, with the energy of a man of sense.  
 The faults of the former should be ballanced  
 with their excellencies ; and the blamelessness of  
 the latter should be weighed with their insigni-  
 ficancy. Happiness and virtue are, perhaps,

generally dispensed with more equality than we are aware.

EXTREME volatile and sprightly tempers seem inconsistent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time wasted in the mere transition from one object to another. No room for those deep impressions which are made alone by the duration of an idea; and are quite requisite to any strong sensation, either of pleasure, or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the spider to gather poyson, must abide some time upon the weed or flower. They whose fluids are mere fal volatile, seem rather chearful than happy men, The temper above described is oftener the lot of wits, than of persons of great abilities.

THERE are no persons more sollicitous about the preservation of rank, than those who have no rank at all. Observe the humours of a country christening; and you will find no court in Christendom so ceremonious, as the quality of Brentford.

CRITICKS will sometimes prefer the faulty state of a composition to the improved one, through

through mere perverseness : In like manner some will extol a person's past conduct, to depreciate his present. These are some of the numerous shifts, and machinations, of envy.

TREES afford us the advantage of shade in summer, as well as fuel in winter ; as the same virtue allays the fervor of intemperate passions in our youth, and serves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.

THE term Indecision, in a man's character, implies an idea very nicely different from that of Irresolution ; yet it has a tendency to produce it ; and, like that, has often it's original in excessive delicacy and refinement.

PERSONS of proud yet abject spirits will despise you for those distresses, for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavor to befriend you. A hint, to whom only you should disclose, and from whom you should conceal them. Yet, perhaps, in general, it may be prudent to conceal them from persons of an opposite party.



THE sacrificing of our anger to our interest is oftentimes no more, than the exchange of a painful passion for a pleasurable.

THERE are not five in five hundred that pity, but, at the same time also despise; a reason that you should be cautious to whom and where you complain. The furthest a prudent man should proceed, in general, is to laugh at some of his own foibles; when this may be a means of removing envy from the more important parts of his character.

EFFEMINACY of appearance, and an excessive attention to the minuter parts of dress, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, esteemed a symptom of irresolution. But, yet, instances are seen to abound in the French nation to the contrary. And in our own, that of Lord Mark Kerr was an instance equal to a thousand. A snuff-box hinge, rendered invisible, was an object on which his happiness appeared to turn; which, however, might be clouded by a speck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his stocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was shewn beyond all

contradiction. What shall we say then of Mr. —, of manners very delicate, yet possessed of a poetical vein fraught with the noblest and sublimest images, and of a mind remarkably well stored with the more masculine parts of learning?—Here, perhaps, we must remain in suspense—For though taste does not imply manners, so neither does it preclude them: Or what hinders, that a man should feel that same delicacy in regard to real honor, which he does in regard to dress?

If beneficence be not in a person's will, what imports it to mankind, that it is ever so much in his power? And yet we see how much more regard is generally paid to a worthless man of fortune, than to the most benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual blessing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's Thesis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the most beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue.

A PERSON that is not merely stupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute passions, or the slow — The principle of revenge is meant for the security of the individual; and supposing a  
 person

person has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly strives to make himself remarkable for the perseverance of his resentment. Both these have the same motive to impress a dread upon our enemies of injuring us for the future: And though the world be more inclined to favor the rash than the phlegmatick enemy, it is hard to say which of the two has given rise to more dismal consequences — The reason of this partiality may be deduced from the same original, as the preference that is given to down-right impudence, before hypocrisy. To be cheated into an ill-placed esteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, discovers a contempt for our understanding, and lessens the idea we entertain of it ourselves. They hurt our pride more than open violence, or undisguised impudence.

KING James the First, willing to involve the regal power in mystery, that like natural objects it might appear greater through the fog, declared it presumption for a subject to say, “what a king might do in the fullness of his power.” — This was absurd; but it seems presumption in a man of the world, to say what means a man of genius may think instrumental to his happiness.

ness. W—— used to say, it was presumption for him, to make conjectures on the occasion. A person of refinement seems to have his pleasures distinct from the common run of men; what the world calls important, is to him wholly frivolous; and what the world esteems frivolous, seems essential to his tranquillity.

THE apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and sometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous. It in some measure dissipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a sort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment; And the grave solemnity of the hearse, plumes, and escutcheons, though they add to the force of terror, diminish that of simple grief.

THERE are some people whom you cannot regard, though they seem desirous to oblige you: Nay, even though they do you actual services. This is the case wherever their sentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a person truly avaricious can never make himself truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts

and sciences. A person of exquisite sensibility and tenderness can never be truly pleased with another of no feelings; who can see the most intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he beheld a pitcher broken. These, properly speaking, can be said to feel nothing but the point of a sword; and one could more easily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philosophy, and not want of thought. But what I would inculcate, is, with tempers thus different one should never attempt any close connexion.

“Lupis & agnis quanta fortito obtigit,  
“Tecum mihi discordia est.”

Yet it may be a point of prudence to shew them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propensities. To converse much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own disposition: And to aim at obtaining their applause, would only make your character inconsistent.

THERE are some people who find a gloomy kind of pleasure in glouting, which could hardly be increased by the satisfaction of having their wishes granted. This is, seemingly, a bad character,

rafter, and yet often connected with a sense of honor, of conscious merit, with warm gratitude, great sincerity, and many other valuable qualities.

THERE is a degree of understanding in women with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased.—One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyss.

THE worst consequence of gratifying our passions in regard to objects, of an indifferent nature, is, that it causes them to proceed with greater violence towards other and other objects; and so ad infinitum. I wish, for my pocket, an elegant etui; and gold to remove the pain of wishing, and partake the pleasure of enjoyment. I would part with the purchase-money, for which I have less regard; but the gratification of this wish would generate fifty others, that would be ruinous. See Epictetus; who, therefore, advises to resist the first.

VIRTUE and agreeableness are, I fear, too often separated; that is, externals affect and captivate the fancy, where internal worth is  
wanting

wanting, to engage and attach one's reason—A most perplexing circumstance; and no where more remarkable, than when we see a wise man totally enslaved by the beauty of a person he despises.

I know not whether encreasing years do not cause one to esteem fewer people, and to bear with more.

Q U E R E, whether friendship for the sex do not tend to lessen the sensual appetite; and vice versa.

I THINK I never knew an instance of great quickness of parts being joined with great solidity. The most rapid rivers are seldom or never deep.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

T H E R E are persons who slide insensibly into an habit of contradiction. Their first endeavor, upon  
hearing

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hearing aught asserted, is to discover wherein it may be plausibly disputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of great sagacity; and if they can mingle a jest with contradiction, think they display great superiority. One should be cautious against the advances of this kind of propensity, which loses us friends, in a matter generally of no consequence.

THE sollicitude of peers to preserve, or to exalt, their rank, is esteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition. The care of commoners on the same subject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

AN income for life only seems the best calculated for the circumstances and situation of mortal man: The farther property in an estate encreases the difficulty of disengaging our affections from this world, and of thinking in the manner we ought to think of a system from which we must be entirely separated.

“ I trust that sinking fund, my life.”

POPE.

SURPRIZE



SURPRIZE quickens enjoyment, and expectation banishes surprize; this is the simple reason, why few pleasures, that have engrossed our attention previously, ever answer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and causes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object — Thus expectation does not only destroy the advantage of surprize, and so flattens pleasure; but makes us hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of disappointment.

ON RELIGION.

**I**F people were to bawl out, "God for ever! "Huzza!" (which is a mark of respect to kings, upon any event that is deserving of national gratitude) why were not this equivalent to a regular thanksgiving? At least zealots and devotees, who are such mighty advocates for the fervor of devotion, should prefer it, as what is generally more sincere and unaffected.

II.

PERHAPS we should not pray to God "to keep us steadfast in any faith;" but conditionally, that it be a right one.

III.

WHEN a tree is falling, I have seen the laborers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the spot where they would wish it should lie. Divines, understanding this text too literally, pretend by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person's everlasting happiness. I fancy the allusion will hardly countenance their presumption.

WHEN misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments: When to those of our own sect, we call them tryals: When to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

IN regard to church-musick, if a man cannot be said to be merry or good-humored when he is tickled till he laughs, why should he be esteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone pipe of an organ?—In answer to this it may be said, that if such an elevation of the spirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good consequences; as it leaves a good impression upon the mind favorable to virtue and a religious life.

THE rich man, adjoining to his country-seat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but, in truth, to his own vain-glory; furnishes it with luxurious conveniences, for prayers that will be never said. The poor man kneels by his bed-side, and goes to Heaven before him.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD think a clergyman might distinguish himself by composing a set of sermons upon the ordinary virtues extolled in classic writers, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, Juvenal, &c.

1. AGAINST family-pride might be taken from Juvenal's *Stemmata quid faciunt*, Horace's *Non quia Mæcenæ*, and Marius's speech in Sallust. The text "Is not this Joseph the carpenter's son?"

2. A SERMON upon the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embellished from the classics, and would be both grateful and serviceable to the common people: As the chief passion from which they suffer is envy, I believe, misplaced.

3. ANOTHER might be calculated for each season of the year: Illustrating the wisdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence—How idle to forego such fair and peaceable subjects, for the sake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predestination and election; solving the revelations; or ascertaining the precise nature of Urim and Thummim?

IT is a common argument amongst divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has such consequences when we come to die. It is indeed true, but seems an argument of a subordinate kind: The article of death is more frequently of short duration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it smooths the pillow of a death-bed?

IT is a question whether the remaining superstitions among the vulgar of the English nation ought wholly to be removed. The notion of a ghost's appearance for the discovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injustice; "that what is got over the devil's back will be spent under his belly;" "that cards are the devil's books," &c

IF there be numbers of people that murder and devour their species; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human sacrifices; to leave their parents in deserts of wild beasts; to expose their offspring as soon as born, &c. &c. there should seem to be no universal moral sense; and of consequence, none.

IT

IT is not now, "We have seen his star in the east," but "We have seen the star on his breast, and are come to worship him."

IT is said, and I believe justly enough, that crimes appear less heinous to a person that is about committing them, than to his conscience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foresaw it, or in that he reflects upon it? Perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

THE word Religio amongst the Romans, and the word Church among the Christians, seem to have more interpretations than almost any other. "Malus procidit, eâ religione moti." — Livy, p. 1150. vol. II. here religion seems to mean prodigy—"Si quis tale sacrum solenne duceret, nec se sine religione & piaculo id omittere posse." Livy 1157. here it seemingly means impiety: "Piaculum" being such an offence as required expiatory sacrifices.

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."

here it means superstition, as it does often in Lucretius.

THE pope's wanton excommunications ; his capricious pardon of his sins ; his enormous indulgences, and other particulars of like nature, shew that (whatever religions may practice cruelty) it is peculiarly the church that makes a jest of God Almighty.

THE word church has these different senses.

1. A SETT of people ordained to assist at divine service.

2. THE members of a certain religious profession, including clergy and laity.

3. A LARGE piece of building dedicated to the service of God, and furnished with proper conveniences for those who meet to worship him.

4. A BODY of people who too frequently harrass and infest the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a spiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praise to their own abilities, to attribute their success in war to the peculiar favor of a just Providence ! Perhaps this construction, as it is often applied, argues more of presumption than

than gratitude. In the first place, such is the partiality of the human heart, that, perhaps, two hostile nations may alike rely upon the justice of their cause; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itself discover. In the next, it should be observed, that success by no means demonstrates justice. Again, we must not wholly forget to consider, that success may be no more than a means of destruction. And lastly, supposing success to be really and absolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favored with it in proportion to their desert; and if not individuals, why must we then suppose it to be the uniform recompense of society?

It is often given as a reason why it is incumbent on God Almighty's justice, to punish or reward societies, in this world, because, hereafter, they cannot be punished or rewarded on account of their dissolution. It is, indeed, true that human vengeance must act frequently in the gross; and whenever a government declares war against a foreign society, or finds it needful to chastise any part of its own, must of necessity involve some innocent individuals, with the guilty. But it does not appear so evident, that an omniscient and omnipotent Being, who knows the secrets of



all hearts, and is able to make a distinction in his punishments, will judge his unhappy creatures by these indiscriminate and imperfect laws.

SOCIETIES then are to be considered as the casual or arbitrary assortments of human institution. To suppose that God Almighty will, by means of punishments, often called judgments, destroy them promiscuously, is to suppose that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human wisdom. I mean to be understood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or, in other words, præternatural interpositions of Providence. In a natural way, the constitution of the universe requires, that the good must often suffer with the bad part of society. But in regard to judgments upon whole bodies (which we have days appointed to deprecate) let us introduce a case, which may serve to illustrate the improbability.

SOCIETIES, I suppose then, are not divine but human bundles.

IMAGINE a man to mix a large quantity of sand and gunpowder; then parcel out the composition into different heaps, and apply fire to them separately. The fire, it is very obvious, would

would take no notice of the bundles; would by no means confume, here and there, a bundle in the grofs, but would affect that part of every portion that was combuftible,

It may fpecioufly enough be faid, what greater injuftice is it to punifh a fociety promifcuoufly, than to involve an innocent fon in the punifhment due to a finful father? To this I anfwer, the natural fyftem (which we need not doubt, upon the whole, is right) occafions both the good and bad to fuffer many times indifcriminately. But they go much further—They fay God, as it were, interferes in oppofition to the fettled courfe of things to punifh, and include focieties in one promifcuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary punifhments diftinct from thofe which fin entails upon us, he furely would not regulate them by mere human affortments, but would make the jufter diftinction of good and evil individuals.

NEITHER do I fee why it is fo neceffary, that focieties, either here or hereafter, fhould be punifhed as focieties. “The foul that finneth, “it fhall die.”

How

How happy may a lord bishop render a peasant at the hour of death by bestowing on him his blessing, and giving him assurance of salvation? It is the same with regard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and established to their hearts content, because they assent implicitly to the opinions of men who, they think, should know. A person of distinguished parts and learning has no such advantages. Friendless, wavering, solitary, and, through his very situation, incapable of much assistance: If the rustick's tenor of behavior approach nearer to the brutes, he also appears to approach nearer to their happiness.

You pray for happiness—Consider the situation or disposition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it.

IN travelling one contrives to allow day-light for the worse part of the road. But in life, how hard is it, that every unhappiness seems united towards the close of our journey! Pain, fatigue, and want of spirits; when spirits are more immediately necessary to our support; of which nothing can supply the place beside religion and philosophy,

philosophy. But then the foundation must be laid in meditation and enquiry; at an unmolested season, when our faculties are strong and vigorous; or the tempest will most probably throw down the superstructure.

How is a man said to be guilty of incredulity? Are there not sizes of understandings adapted to the different sorts, and as it were sizes of narrations.

CONSCIENCE is adscititious; I mean influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill-grounded; therefore no certain test of truth; but at most times a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor.

THE attraction of bodies, and social affection of minds, seem in many respects analogous.

ATTRACTIVEIONS of either kind are less perspicuous, and less perceptible through a variety of counter-attractions that diminish their effect. Were two persons to meet in Ispahan, though quite strangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendship, on the single score of their being Englishmen? Would they

they not pass a chearful evening together over  
 rice and sberbett?—In like manner, suppose two  
 or three cotemporaries only, to meet on the sur-  
 face of the globe amid myriads of persons of all  
 other ages whatsoever, would they not discover a  
 mutual tendernefs, even though they had been  
 enemies when living. What then remains, but  
 that we revive the memory of such relations  
 now, in order to quicken our benevolence? That  
 we are all country-men is a consideration that is more  
 commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to  
 a smaller number also. That we are cotempora-  
 ries, and persons whom future history shall unite,  
 who, great part of us, however imperceptibly,  
 receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with  
 every other circumstance that tends to heigthen  
 our philanthropy, should be brought to mind as  
 much as possible, during our abode upon earth.  
 Hereafter it may be just, and requisite, to com-  
 prehend all ages of mankind.

THE best notion we can conceive of God, may  
 be, that he is to the creation what the soul is to  
 the body,

— “Deus est quodcunque vides, ubicunque  
 “ moveris.”

WHAT

WHAT is man, while we reflect upon a Deity, whose very words are works; and all whose works are wonders!

PRAYER is not used to inform, for God is omniscient: Not to move compassion, for God is without passions: Not to shew our gratitude, for God knows our hearts. May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man though he be silent?

To honor God is to conceive right notions of him, says some antient that I have forgot.

I KNOW not how Mr. Pope's assertion is consistent with the scheme of a particular Providence:

————— “The Almighty cause  
“ Acts not by partial, but by general laws.”

WHAT one understands by a general Providence is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his Creation, by which they pursue their original course, without deviating into such eccentric motions as must immediately tend to the destruction of it. Thus a philosopher is  
enabled

enabled to foretell eclipses with precision; and a stone thrown upward, drops uniformly to the ground. Thus an injury awakes resentment; and a good office endears to us our benefactor. And it seems no unworthy idea of omnipotence, perhaps, to suppose he at first constituted a system, that stood in no need either of his counter-acting or suspending the first laws of motion.

BUT after all, the mind remains; and we can shew it to be either impossible, or improbable, that God directs the will? Now whether the divine Being occasions a ruin to fall miraculously, or in direct opposition to the ordinary laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres—or whether he inclines Chartres to go near a wall whose center of gravity is unsupported, makes no material difference.

## O N T A S T E.

I BELIEVE that, generally speaking, persons eminent in one branch of taste, have the principles of the rest; and to try this, I have often solicited a stranger to hum a tune, and have seldom failed of success. This, however, does not extend to talents beyond the sphere of taste; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himself born to command a troop of horse.

MANKIND, in general, may be divided into persons of understanding, and persons of genius; each of which will admit of many subordinate degrees. By persons of understanding, I mean persons of sound judgment; formed for mathematical deductions, and clear argumentation. By persons of genius, I would characterize those in whom true and genuine fancy predominates; and this whether assisted, or not, by cultivation.

I HAVE



I HAVE thought that genius and judgment may, in some respects, be represented by a liquid and a solid. The former is, generally speaking, remarkable for it's sensibility, but then loses it's impression soon: The latter is less susceptible of impression, but retains it longer.

DIVIDING the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjusted.

Pedants	—	—	15
Persons of common sense		—	40
Wits	—	—	15
Fools	—	—	15
Persons of a wild uncultivated taste	—		10
Persons of original taste, improved by art			5

THERE is hardly any thing so uncommon, as a true native taste improved by education.

THE object of taste is corporeal beauty; for though there is manifestly a *το πρεπωον*; a pulchrum, an honestum, and decorum, in moral actions; and although a man of taste that is not virtuous, commits a greater violence upon his sentiments

sentiments than any other person; yet, in the ordinary course of speaking, a person is not termed a man of taste, merely because he is a man of virtue.

ALL beauty may be divided into absolute, and relative, and what is compounded of both.

IT is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixote insist upon the superiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of adoration, demand that of others in favor of her accomplishments. Those of grave and sober sense cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, which are in truth supported by no criterion.

EVERY one, therefore, ought to fix some measure of beauty, before he grows eloquent upon the subject.

EVERY thing seems to derive its pretensions to beauty, on account of its color, smoothness, variety, uniformity, partial resemblance to something else, proportion, or suitableness to the end proposed, some connexion of ideas, or a mixture of all these.

As to the beauty of colors, their present effect seems in proportion to their impulse; and scarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colors.

RESEMBLANCES wrought by art; pictures, bustos, statues, please.

COLUMNS, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we suppose omogeneous materials; it is otherwise, in case we know that a column is made of iron.

HABIT, herein, seems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppose the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requisite in point of respiration, would not the present make of mouths, have subjected a man to the name of Bocha chica?

IT is probable, that a clown would require more color in his Chloe's face, than a courtier.

WE may see daily the strange effects of habit in respect of fashion. To what colors, or proportions, does it not reconcile us!

CONCEIT

CONCEIT is false taste; and very widely different from no taste at all.

BEAUTY of person should, perhaps, be estimated according to the proportion it bears to such a make and features, as are most likely to produce the love of the opposite sex. The look of dignity, the look of wisdom, the look of delicacy and refinement seem, in some measure, foreign. Perhaps the appearance of sensibility may be one ingredient; and that of health, another. At least, a cadaverous countenance is the most disgusting in the world.

I KNOW not, if one reason of the different opinions concerning beauty, be not owing to self-love. People are apt to form some criterion, from their own persons, or possessions. A tall person approves the look of a folio or octavo: A square thick-set man is more delighted with a quarto. This instance, at least, may serve to explain what I intend.

I BELIEVE it sometimes happens that a person may have what the artists call an ear and an eye, without taste: For instance, a man may sometimes have a quickness in distinguishing the simi-

litude or difference of lines and sounds, without any skill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them.

TASTE produces different effects upon different complexions. It consists, as I have often observed, in the appetite and the discernment; then most properly so called, when they are united in equal proportions.

WHERE the discernment is predominant, a person is pleased with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he sees. Where the appetite prevails, he is so much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree, in which it is manifested. I frankly own myself to be of this latter class: I love painting and statuary so well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances.

THE reason people vary, in their opinions of a portrait, I mean, with regard to the resemblance it bears to the original; seems no other, than that they lay stress on different features in the original; and this different stress is owing to different complexions of mind.

PEOPLE

PEOPLE of little or no taste commend a person for it's corpulency. I cannot see, why an excrecence of belly, cheek, or chin, should be deemed more beautiful than a wen on any other part of the body. Through a connexion of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox.

THERE seems a pretty exact analogy between the objects and the senses. Some tunes, some tastes, some visible objects, please at first, and that only; others, only by degrees, and then long. — (Raspberry-jelly—Green-tea—Alley-Croaker—Air in Ariadne—A Baron's Robe—and a Bishops Lawn). Perhaps some of these instances may be ill enough chosen; but the thing is true.

TUNES, with words, please me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are assigned. Scotch tunes often end high: Their language does the same.

To how very great a degree, the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I presume the most regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features is at

the same time the most healthful one: The fittest to perform the functions and operations of the body. If so, a perfectly healthful form, is a perfectly beautiful form—Health is beauty, and the most perfect health is the most perfect beauty. To have recourse to experience. The most sickly and cadaverous countenance is the least provocative to love; or rather the most inconsistent with it. A florid look, to appear beautiful, must be the bloom of health, and not the glow of a fever.

AN obvious connexion may be traced betwixt moral and physical beauty; the love of symmetry, and the love of virtue; an elegant taste, and perfect honesty. We may, we must, rise from the love of natural to that of moral beauty: Such is the conclusion of Plato, and of my Lord Shaftsbury.

WHEREVER there is a want of taste, we generally observe a love of money, and cunning: And whenever taste prevails, a want of prudence, and an utter disregard to money.

TASTE (or a just relish of beauty) seems to distinguish us from the brute creation, as much as intellect, or reason. We do not find that  
brutes

brutes have any sensation of this sort. A bull is goaded by the love of sex in general, without the least appearance of any distinction in favor of the more beautiful individual. Accordingly men, devoid of taste, are in a great measure indifferent as to make, complexion, feature; and find a difference of sex sufficient to excite their passion in all its fervor. It is not thus where there is a taste for beauty, either accurate or erroneous. The person of a good taste, requires real beauty in the object of his passion; and the person of bad taste, requires something which he substitutes in the place of beauty.

PERSONS of taste, it has been asserted, are also the best qualified to distinguish, and the most prone to admire moral virtue: Nor does it invalidate this maxim, that their practice does not correspond. The power of acting virtuously depends in a great measure upon withstanding a present, and perhaps sensual, gratification, for the sake of a more distant, and intellectual satisfaction. Now, as persons of fine taste are men of the strongest sensual appetites, it happens that in ballancing present and future, they are apt enough to allow an unreasonable advantage to the former. On the other hand, a more phleg-



mattick character may, with no greater self-denial, allow the future, fairer play. But let us wave the merely sensual indulgences; and let us consider the man of taste in regard to points of meum and tuum; in regard to the virtues of forgiveness; in regard to charity, compassion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taste the glorious triumph which it deserves.

THERE is a kind of counter-taste, founded on surprize and curiosity, which maintains a sort of rivalship with the true; and may be expressed by the name *Concetto*. Such is the fondness of some persons for a knife-haft made from the royal-oak, or a tobacco-stopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakespear's own planting. It gratifies an empty curiosity. Such is the casual resemblance of Apollo, and the nine Muses in a piece of agate; a dog expressed in feathers, or a wood-cock in mohair. They serve to give surprize. But a just fancy will no more esteem a picture, because it proves to be produced by shells, than a writer would prefer a pen, because a person made it with his toes. In all such cases, difficulty should not be allowed to give a casting weight; nor a needle  
be

be considered as a painter's instrument, when he is so much better furnished with a pencil \*.

PERHAPS no print, or even painting, is capable of producing a figure answerable to the idea which poetry or history has given us of great men: A Cicero, for instance, an Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The same, perhaps, is true of the grandeur of some antient buildings—And the reason is, that the effects of a pencil are distinct and limited, whereas the descriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indistinctness of out-line is one source of the sublime.

WHAT an absurdity is it, in the framing even prints to suffer a margin of white paper to appear beyond the ground; destroying half the relievo, the lights are intended to produce? Frames ought to contrast with paintings; or to appear as distinct as possible: For which reason,

\* Cornelius Ketelborn at Gonda in 1548; landed in England 1573; settled at Amsterdam 1581; took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers instead of pencils.—The whim took—His success increased—His fingers appearing too easy tools, he then undertook to paint with his feet.—See H. Walpole's Book of Painters.

frames of wood inlaid, or otherwise variegated with colors, are less suitable than gilt ones, which exhibiting an appearance of metal afford the best contrast with color.

THE peculiar expression in some portraits is owing to the greater or less manifestation of the soul in some of the features.

THERE is, perhaps, a sublime, and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, exclusive of any particular expression of the soul; or, at least, not expressive of any other than a tame dispassionate one. We see often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion, almost totally unanimated by any discovery of the temper, or understanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty of complexion, the strong expression of sagacity and generosity, concur in one face, the features are irresistible.

BUT even here it is to be observed, that a sort of sympathy has a prodigious bias — Thus a pensive beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a spectator of the pensive cast; and so of the rest.

THE soul appears to me to discover herself most in the mouth and eyes ; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eye of the understanding.

Is a portrait, supposing it as like as can be to the person for whom it is drawn, a more or less beautiful object than the original face ? I should think, a perfect face must be much more pleasing than any representation of it ; and a set of ugly features, much more ugly, than the most exact resemblance that can be drawn, of them. Painting can do much by means of shades ; but not equal the force of real relieve ; on which account it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminished ; but surely, never can be the interest of good ones.

SOFTNESS of manner seems to be in painting, what smoothness of syllables is in language ; affecting the sense of sight or hearing, previous to any correspondent passion.

THE “ theory of agreeable sensations ” founds them upon the greatest activity or exercise an object occasions to the senses, without proceeding to fatigue. Violent contrasts are upon the foot-  
ing

ing of roughness or inequality.—Harmony or similitude, on the other hand, are somewhat congenial to smoothness.—In other words, these two recommend themselves; the one to our love of action; the other to our love of rest. A medium, therefore, may be most agreeable to the generality.

AN harmony in colors seems as requisite, as a variety of lines seems necessary, to the pleasure we expect from outward forms. The lines, indeed, should be well-varied; but yet the opposite sides of any thing should shew a ballance, or an appearance of equal quantity, if we would strive to please a well-constituted taste,

IT is evident enough to me, that persons often occur who may be said to have an ear to musick, and an eye for proportions in visible objects, who nevertheless can hardly be said to have a relish or taste for either. I mean that a person may distinguish notes and tones to a nicety, and yet not give a discerning choice to what is preferable in musick. The same, in objects of sight.

ON the other hand they cannot have a proper feeling of beauty or harmony; without a power  
of

of discriminating those notes and proportions, on which harmony and beauty so fully depend.

WHAT is said, in a treatise lately published, for beauties being more common than deformity (and seemingly with excellent reason) may be also said for virtue's being more common than vice.

QUERE, Whether beauty do not as much require an opposition of lines, as it does an harmony of colors.

THE passion for antiquity, as such, seems in some measure opposite to the taste for beauty or perfection. It is rather the foible of a lazy and pusillanimous disposition, looking back and resting with pleasure on the steps, by which we have arrived thus far, than the bold and enterprising spirit of a genius, whose ambition fires him only to reach the goal. Such as is described (on another occasion) in the zealous and active charioteer of Horace.

“ — hunc atque, hunc superare laboret

“ Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus; illum

“ Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.”

AGAIN

AGAIN, the

“ Nil actum reputans, si quid restaret agendum”

is the least applicable, of any character, to a mere antiquarian; who, instead of endeavoring to improve or to excel, contents himself, perhaps, with discovering the very name of a first inventor; or with tracing back an art that is flourishing, to the very first source of it's original deformity.

I HAVE heard it claimed by adepts in music, that the pleasure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little or nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be compared, to what they feel themselves from the most perfect composition—The state of the question may be best explained by a recourse to objects that are analogous—Is a country-fellow less struck with beauty than a philosopher or an anatomist who knows how that beauty is produced? Surely no. On the other hand, an attention to the cause may somewhat interfere with the attention to the effect—They may, indeed, feel a pleasure of another sort—The faculty of reason may obtain some kind of balance, for what the more sensible faculty of the imagination loses.

I AM much inclined to suppose our ideas of beauty depend greatly upon habit.—What I mean is, upon the familiarity with objects which we happen to have seen since we came into the world.—Our taste for uniformity, from what we have observed in the individual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beast, a bird, or insect, &c. our taste for regularity from what is within our power to observe in the several perfections of the whole system.

A LANDSKIP, for instance, is always irregular; and to use regularity in painting, or gardening, would make our work unnatural and disagreeable. Thus we allow beauty to the different, and almost opposite proportions of all animals.

THERE is, I think, a beauty in some forms, independent of any use to which they can be applied. I know not whether this may not be resolved into smoothness of surface; with variety to a certain degree, that is comprehensible without much difficulty.

As to the dignity of colors, Quere, Whether those that affect the eye most forcibly, for instance, scarlet, may not claim the first place; allowing



lowing their beauty to cloy soonest; and other colors, the next, according to their impulse; allowing them to produce a more durable pleasure.

It may be convenient to divide beauty into the absolute, and the relative. Absolute is that above-mentioned. Relative is that by which an object, or part of an object, pleases, through the relation it bears to some other.

OUR taste of beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas that have entered the imagination from our birth. This seems to occasion the different opinion that prevails concerning it. For instance, a foreign eye esteems those features and dresses handsome, which we think deformed.

Is it not then likely that those who have seen most objects, throughout the universe, "cæteris paribus," will be the most impartial judges: Because they will judge truest of the general proportion which was intended by the Creator; and is best.

THE beauty of most objects is partly of the absolute, and partly of the relative kind. A Corinthian pillar has some beauty dependent on  
it's

it's variety and smoothness; which I would call absolute; it has also a relative beauty, dependent on it's taperness and foliage; which authors say was first copied from the leaves of plants, and the shape of a tree.

UNIFORMITY should, perhaps, be added as another source of absolute beauty (when it appears in one single object) I do not know any other reason, but that it renders the whole more easily comprehended. It seems that nature herself considers it as beauty, as the external parts of the human frame are made uniform to please the sight; which is rarely the case of the internal, that are not seen.

HUTCHINSON determines absolute beauty to depend on this, and on variety; and says it is in a compound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a square; and a square, a figure of unequal sides: But carry variety to an extreme, and it loses it's effect. For instance, multiply the number of angles till the mind loses the uniformity of parts, and the figure is less pleasing: Or, as it approaches nearer to a round, it may be said to be robbed of it's variety.

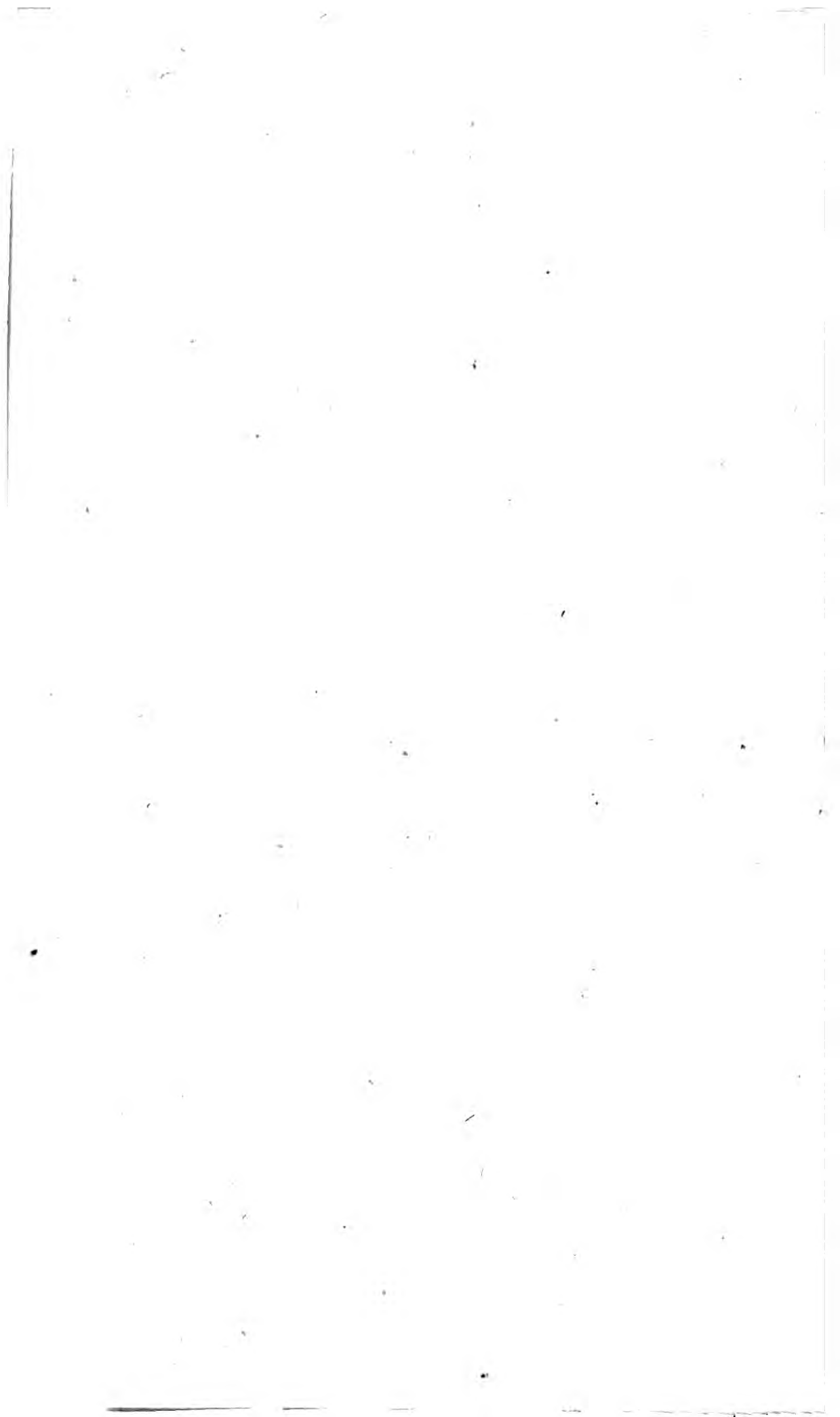
BUT amidst all these eulogiums of variety it is proper to observe that novelty sometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that some degree of familiarity introduces a discovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty.—This is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of some tunes, and the flavor of some dishes. In short, it requires some familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole; or one object to another.

VARIETY, in the same object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation (which is the case in foliage, bustos, basso-relievos, painting) requires uniformity. For instance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal sides; which is at once various and disagreeable.

A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF  
THE LEASOWES,  
THE  
SEAT

OF THE LATE  
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

By R. DODSLEY.



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A  
D E S C R I P T I O N  
O F  
T H E L E A S O W E S\*.

**T**HE Leafowes is situate in the parish of Hales Owen, a small market town, in the county of Salop; but surrounded by other counties, and thirty miles from Shrewsbury, as it is near ten to the borders of Shropshire. Though a paternal estate, it was never distinguished for any peculiar beauties till the time of it's late owner. It was reserved

\* The following description was intended to give a friend some idea of the Leafowes—which having been so justly admired by persons of the best taste, and celebrated by the Muse of such an original genius as Mr. Shenstone; it is hoped the public will not be displeas'd with this slight attempt to perpetuate those beauties which time, or the different taste of some future possessor, may destroy.

for a person of his ingenuity both to discover and improve them; which he has done so effectually, that it is now considered as amongst the principal of those delightful scenes, which persons of taste, in the present age, are desirous to see. Far from violating it's natural beauties, Mr. Shenstone's only study was to give them their full effect. And although the form in which things now appear, be indeed the consequence of much thought and labor, yet the hand of art is no way visible either in the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, or (which are here so numerous and striking) the romantic fall of his cascades.

BUT I will now proceed to a more particular description. About half a mile short of Hales Owen, in your way from Birmingham to Bewdley, you quit the great road (at N<sup>o</sup> 1.) and turn into a green lane on the left hand, where, descending in a winding manner to the bottom of a deep valley finely shaded, the first object that occurs is a kind of ruined wall, and a small gate, within an arch, inscribed The Priory Gate (N<sup>o</sup> 2). Here, it seems, the company should properly begin their walk; but generally chuse to go up with their horses or equipage to the house (N<sup>o</sup> 2); from whence returning they, descend back into the  
 2 valley.

valley. Passing through a small gate (N<sup>o</sup> 3) at the bottom of the fine swelling lawn that furrounds the house, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your right. The path and water, over-shadowed with trees that grow upon the slopes of this narrow dingle, render the scene at once cool, gloomy, solemn, and sequestered; and forms so striking a contrast to the lively scene you have just left, that you seem all on a sudden landed in a subterraneous kind of region. Winding forward down the valley, you pass beside a small (N<sup>o</sup> 4) root-house, where on a tablet are these lines.

Here in cool grot, and mossy cell,  
 We rural fays and faeries dwell;  
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,  
 When the pale moon, ascending high,  
 Darts thro' yon limes her quivering beams,  
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams reflected from the wave,  
 Afford the light our revels crave;  
 The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,  
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;  
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
 But listen to the water's fall.



Would you then taste our tranquil scene,  
 Be sure your bosoms be serene;  
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,  
 Devoid of all that poisons life:  
 And much it 'vails you in their place,  
 To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,  
 Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;  
 So may your path with sweets abound!  
 So may your couch with rest be crown'd!  
 But harm betide the wayward swain,  
 Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

THESE sentiments correspond as well as possible with the ideas we form of the abode of fairies; and appearing deep in this romantic vally, serve to keep alive such enthusiastic images while this sort of scene continues.

You now pass through The Priory (N<sup>o</sup> 5) Gate before-mentioned, and are admitted into a part of the valley somewhat different from the former; tall trees, high irregular ground, and rugged scars. The right presents you with, perhaps, the most natural, if not the most striking of the many cascades here found: The left, with a  
 sloping

sloping grove of oaks; and the center, with a pretty circular landskip appearing through the trees, of which Hales Owen steeple, and other objects at a distance, form an interesting part. The (N° 6) feat beneath the ruined wall has these lines of Virgil inscribed, suiting well with the general tenor of Mr. Shenstone's late situation.

————— Lucis habitamus opacis  
Riparumque toros, et prata recentia rivis  
Incolimus.

You now proceed a few paces down the valley to another bench, where you have this cascade in front, which, together with the internal arch and other appendages, make a pretty irregular picture. I must observe once for all, that a number of these extempore benches (two stumps with a transverse board) seem chiefly intended as hints to spectators, lest in passing cursorily thro' the farm they might suffer any of that immense variety the place furnishes, to escape their notice. The stream attending us, with it's agreeable murmurs, as we descend along this pleasing valley, we come next to a (N° 7) small feat, where we have a sloping grove upon the right, and on the left a striking vista to the steeple of Hales Owen, which is here seen in a new light. We now descend

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ascend farther down this shady and sequestered valley, accompanied on the right by the same brawling rivulet running over pebbles, till it empties itself into a fine piece of (N<sup>o</sup> 8) water at the bottom. The path here winding to the left, conforms to the water before-mentioned; running round the foot of a small hill, and accompanying this semi-circular lake into another winding valley, somewhat more open, and not less pleasing than the former. However, before we enter this, it will be proper to mention a feat about the center of this water scene, where the ends of it are lost in the two vallies on each side; and in front it is invisibly connected with another piece of water, of about twenty acres, open to Mr. Shenstone, but not his property. This last was a performance of the monks, and part of a prodigious chain of fish-ponds that belonged to Hales Abbey. The back ground of this scene is very beautiful, and exhibits a picture of villages and varied ground, finely held up to the eye.

I SPEAK of all this as already finished; but, through some misfortune in the mound that pounds up the water, it is not compleated.

WE

WE now leave the (N° 9) Priory upon the left, which is not meant for an object here, and wind along into the other valley. And here I cannot but take notice of the judgment which formed this piece of water; for although it be not very large, yet, as it is formed by the concurrence of three vallies, in which two of the ends are hid, and in the third it seems to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance unbounded. I must confess I never saw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleased me better. But it may be right to mention, that this water, in it's full extent, has a yet more important effect from Mr. Shenstone's house, where it is seen to a great advantage. We now, by a pleasing serpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the slopes on each side finely covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a (N° 10) common bench, which affords a retiring place secluded from every eye, and a short respite, during which the eye reposes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket.

WE now proceed to a (N° 11) seat beneath a prodigiously fine canopy of spreading oak, on the back of which is this inscription;

Huc

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Huc ades, O Melibœe! caper tibi salvus et  
hoedi;  
Et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra.

The picture before it is that of a beautiful home scene; a small lawn of well-varied ground encompassed with hills and well-grown oaks, and embellished with a cast of the piping Faunus, amid trees and shrubs on a slope upon the left; and on the right, and nearer the eye, with an urn thus inscribed,

INGENIO ET AMICITIÆ  
GULIELMI SOMERVILLE.

And on the opposite side,

G S POSVIT,  
Debitâ spargens lacrimâ favillam  
Vatis amici.

The scene is enclosed on all sides by trees, in the middle only there is an opening, where the lawn is continued and winds out of sight.

HERE entering a (N<sup>o</sup> 11) gate, you are led, thro' a thicket of many sorts of willows, into a large root-house, inscribed to the Right Honorable the Earl of Stamford. It seems, that worthy

peer was present at the first opening of the cascade (N<sup>o</sup> 12), which is the principal object from the root-house, where the eye is presented with a fairy vision, consisting of an irregular and romantic fall of water, very unusual, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity, and a very striking scene it affords. Other cascades may possibly have the advantage of a greater descent, and a larger torrent, but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the same time strictly natural, is what I never saw in any place whatever. This scene, though comparatively small, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this close and overshadowed vally; and are so much transported with the intricacy of scene, and the concealed height from whence it flows, that we, without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In short, it is not but upon reflection that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but rather a waterfall in miniature; and that the same artifice, upon a larger scale, were there large trees instead of small ones, and a river instead of a rill, it would be capable of forming a scene that would exceed the utmost of our ideas. But I will not dwell longer upon this inimitable scene; those who would admire it properly must view it, as  
surely

surely as those that view it must admire it beyond almost any thing they ever saw.

PROCEEDING on the right hand path, the next feat affords a scene of what Mr. Shenstone used to call his forest ground, consisting of wild green slopes peeping through dingle, or irregular groups of trees, a confused mixture of savage and cultivated ground, held up to the eye, and forming a landscape fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

WINDING on beside this lawn, which is over-arched with spreading trees, the eye catches at intervals, over an intermediate hill, the spire of Hales church, forming here a perfect Obelisk—the urn to Mr. Somerville, &c. And now passing through a kind of thicket we arrive at a (N<sup>o</sup> 13) natural bower of almost circular oaks inscribed in the manner following,

To Mr. DODSLEY,

Come then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display,  
Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay;  
Ah, rather come, and in these dells disown  
The care of other strains, and tune thine own.

ON

ON the bank above it, amid the fore-mentioned shrubs, is a statue of the piping (N° 14) fawn, which not only embellishes this scene, but is also seen from the court before the house, and from other places. It is surrounded by venerable oaks, and very happily situated. From this bower also you look down upon the fore-mentioned irregular ground shut up with trees on all sides, except some few openings to the more pleasing parts of this grotesque and hilly country. The next little (N° 15) bench affords the first, but, not most striking, view of the Priory. It is indeed a small building; but seen as it is beneath trees, and its extremity also hid by the same, it has in some sort the dignity and solemn appearance of a larger edifice.

PASSING through a gate, we enter a small open grove, where the first seat we find affords a picturesque view, through trees, of a clump of oaks at a distance, over-shadowing a little cottage upon a green hill. We thence immediately enter a perfect dome or circular temple of magnificent beeches, in the center of which it was intended to place an antique altar, or a statue of Pan. The path, serpentine through  
this



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this open grove, leads us by an easy ascent to a (N° 16) small bench with this motto,

Me gelidum nemus  
Nympharumque leves cum fatyris chori  
Secernant populo. HOR.

which alludes to the retired situation of the grove. There is also seen, through an opening to the left, a pleasing landscape of a distant hill, with a whited farm-house upon the summit; and to the right a beautiful round slope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal seat on its center; to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us.

BUT we first come to another view of the Priory, more advantageous, and at a better distance, to which the eye is led down a green slope, through a scenery of tall oaks, in a most agreeable manner; the grove we have just past on one side, and a hill of trees and thicket on the other; conducting the eye to a narrow opening through which it appears.

WE now ascend to a (N° 17) a small bench where the circumjacent country begins to open; in particular a glass-house appears between two  
large

large clumps of trees, at about the distance of four miles : The glass-houses in this country not ill resembling a distant pyramid. Ascending to the next feat, which is in the gothic form, the scene grows more and more extended ; woods and lawns, hills and vallies, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. On the back of this feat is the following beautiful inscription, which the author told me that he chose to fix here, to supply what he thought some want of life in this part of the farm, and to keep up the spectator's attention till he came to scale the hill beyond.

## INSCRIPTION.

SHEPHERD, would'st thou here obtain  
 Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?  
 Joy that suits the rural sphere?  
 Gentle shepherd, lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,  
 Verdant vales and fountains bright;  
 Trees that nod on sloping hills,  
 Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou can'st no charm disclose  
 In the simplest bud that blows;  
 Go, forsake thy plain and fold,  
 Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;  
 Banish each tumultuous joy:  
 All but love—for love inspires  
 Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all it's joys be thine —  
 Yet ere thou the reins resign,  
 Hear what reason seems to say,  
 Hear attentive, and obey.

“ Crimfon leaves the rose adorn,  
 “ But beneath 'em lurks a thorn;  
 “ Fair and flow'ry is the brake,  
 “ Yet it hides the vengeful fnake.

“ Think

“ Think not she, whose empty pride  
“ Dares the fleecy garb deride,  
“ Think not she who, light and vain,  
“ Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

“ Artless deed and simple dress,  
“ Mark the chosen shepherds;  
“ Thoughts by decency controul’d,  
“ Well conceiv’d, and freely told.

“ Sense that shuns each conscious air,  
“ Wit that falls ere well aware;  
“ Generous pity prone to sigh  
“ If her kid or lamkin die.

“ Let not lucre, let not pride  
“ Draw thee from such charms aside;  
“ Have not those their proper sphere?  
“ Gentler passions triumph here.

“ See, to sweeten thy repose,  
“ The blossom buds, the fountain flows;  
“ Lo! to crown thy healthful board,  
“ All that milk and fruits afford.

“ Seek no more—the rest is vain;  
“ Pleasure ending soon in pain:  
“ Anguish lightly gilded o’er:  
“ Close thy wish, and seek no more.”

AND now passing through a wicket, the path winds up the back part of a circular green hill, discovering little of the country till you enter a clump of stately firs upon the summit. Over-arched by these firs is an octagonal (N<sup>o</sup> 18) feat, the back of which is so contrived as to form a table or pedestal for a bowl or goblet thus inscribed —

“ To all friends round the Wrekin !”

This facetious inscription, being an old Shropshire health, is a commemoration of his country friends, from which this part of Shropshire is divided. Add to this, that the Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front at the distance of about thirty miles.

THE scene is a very fine one, divided by the firs into several compartments, each answering to the octagonal feat in the center, to each of which is allotted a competent number of striking objects to make a complete picture. A long serpentine stream washes the foot of this hill, and is lost behind trees at one end, and a bridge thrown over at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home scenes to very beautiful

ful ones at a distance. It is impossible to give an idea of that immense variety, that fine configuration of parts, which engage our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have a simple scene of a cottage, and a road winding behind a farm-house half covered with trees upon the top of some wild sloping ground; and in another a view of the town, appearing from hence as upon the shelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat. Suffice it to say, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and single houses, blue distant mountains that skirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled that form the intermediate ground, make this spot more than commonly striking—nor is there to be seen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

HENCE the path winds on betwixt two small benches, each of which exhibits a pleasing landscape, which cannot escape the eye of a connoisseur.

HERE we wind through a (N<sup>o</sup> 19) small thicket, and soon enter a cavity in the hill, filled with trees, in the center of which is a seat, from whence is discovered, gleaming across the trees,

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a considerable length of the serpentine stream before-mentioned, running under a slight rustic bridge to the right. Hence we ascend in a kind of Gothic (N° 20) alcove, looking down a slope, sided with large oaks and tall beeches, which together over-arch the scene. On the back of this building is found the following

INSCRIP-

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

**O** You that bathe in courtlye blyffe,  
 Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare;  
 Do not too rashlye deeme amyffe  
 Of him, that bydes contented here.

Nor yet difdeigne the ruffet stoale,  
 Which o'er each carlesse lymbe he flyngs:  
 Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,  
 In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

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

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



BELOW this alcove is a large sloping lawn finely bounded, crossed by the serpentine water before-mentioned, and interspersed with single, or clumps of oaks at agreeable distances. Further on, the scene is finely varied; the hills rising and falling towards the opposite concavities, by the side of a long winding vale, with the most graceful confusion. Among other scenes that form this landscape, a fine hanging wood, backed and contrasted with a wild heath, intersected with cross roads, is a very considerable object. Near adjoining to this, is a seat from whence the water is seen to advantage in many different stages of its progress: Or where (as a poetical friend once observed) the proprietor has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led her an irregular dance into the valley.

PROCEEDING hence through a (N<sup>o</sup> 21) wicket, we enter upon another lawn, beyond which is a new theatre of wild shaggy precipices, hanging coppice ground, and smooth round hills between, being not only different, but even of an opposite character to the ground from which we passed. Walking along the head of this lawn, we come to a (N<sup>o</sup> 22) seat under a spreading beech, with this

I N S C R I P-

## INSCRIPTION.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,  
 Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,  
 Et paulum fylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque  
 Dii melius fecere —

IN the center of the hanging lawn before you, is discovered the house, half hid with trees and bushes. A little hanging wood, and a piece of winding water, issues through a noble clump of large oaks and spreading beeches. At the distance of about ten or twelve miles Lord Stamford's grounds appear, and beyond these the Clee Hills in Shropshire. The scene here consists of admirably varied ground, and is, I think, a very fine one. Hence passing still a-long the top of the lawn, we cross another gate, and behind the fence begin to descend into the valley. About half way down is a (N<sup>o</sup> 23) small bench, which throws the eye upon a near scene of hanging woods and shaggy wild declivities, intermixt with smooth green slopes and scenes of cultivation.

WE now return again into the great lawn at bottom, and soon come to a (N<sup>o</sup> 24) feat, which  
 2 gives

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gives a nearer view of the water before-mentioned, between the trunks of high over-shadowing oaks and beeches ; beyond which the winding line of trees is continued down the valley to the right. To the left at a distance the top of Clent Hill appears, and the house upon a swell, amidst trees and bushes. In the center, the eye is carried by a sideling view down a length of lawn, till it rests upon the town and spire of Hales, with some picturesque and beautiful ground rising behind it.

SOMEWHAT out of the path, and in the center of a noble clump of stately beeches is a (N<sup>o</sup> 25) seat inscribed to Mr. Spence in these words.

IOSEPHO SPENCE,  
EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;  
CVI DICARI VELLE  
MV SARVM OMNIVM ET GRATARVM CHORVS,  
DICAT AMICITIA.  
MDCCLVIII.

WE now through a small gate enter what is called the Lover's (N<sup>o</sup> 26) Walk, and proceed immediately to a seat where the water is seen very advantageously at full length ; which, though

though not large, is so agreeably shaped, and has its bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is over-hung with most stately oaks and beeches, and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a group of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon well fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied, with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill: Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing gloom of this agreeable walk, and come to a (N<sup>o</sup> 27) bench beneath a spreading beech that over-hangs both walk and water, which has been called the Affignation seat, and has this inscription on the back of it,

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,  
 Candidior cygnis, hederæ formosior alba!  
 Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,  
 Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a depth of shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling rill, either forming little peninsula's,  
 rolling

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rolling over pebbles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover, and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very soft and pensive scene, very properly stiled the Lover's Walk, is terminated with an ornamented (N 28) urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age, in the following words on one side :

PERAMABILI SVAE CONSOBRINAE,  
M. D.

On the other side.

AH MARIA  
PVELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA,  
AH FLORE VENUSTATIS ABREPTA,  
VALE!

HEV QVANTO MINVS EST  
CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,  
QVAM TVI  
MEMINISSE!

THE ascent from hence winds somewhat more steeply to another (N<sup>o</sup> 29) feat, where the eye is thrown over a rough scene of broken and furzy ground; upon a piece of water in the flat, whose extremities are hid behind trees and shrubs, amongst which the house appears, and makes upon the whole

no unpleasing picture. The path still winds under cover up the hill, the steep declivity of which is somewhat eased by the serpentine sweep of it, till we come to a small bench with this line from Pope's *Eloisa*;

“ Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!”

The opening before it presents a solitary scene of trees, thickets, and precipice, and terminates upon a green hill, with a clump of firs on the top of it.

WE now find the great use as well as beauty of the serpentine path in climbing up this wood. The first feat of which, alluding to the rural scene before it, has the following lines from *Virgil*.

——— *Hic latis otia fundis*

*Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*

Here the eye looking down a slope beneath the spreading arms of oak and beech trees, passes first over some rough furzy ground, then over water to the large swelling lawn, in the center of which the house is discovered among trees and thickets. This forms the fore ground. Beyond

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yond this appears a swell of waste furzy land, diversified with a cottage, and a road that winds behind a farm-house, and a fine clump of trees. The back scene of all is a semicircular range of hills diversified with wood, scenes of cultivation, and enclosures, to about four or five miles distance.

STILL winding up into the wood, we come to a slight feat opening through the trees to a bridge of five piers, crossing a large piece of water at about half a mile's distance. The next feat looks down from a considerable height, along the side of a steep precipice, upon some irregular and pleasing ground. And now we turn upon a sudden into a long strait lined walk in the wood, arched over with tall trees, and terminating with a small rustic building. Though the walk, as I said, be strait-lined, yet the base rises and falls so agreeably, as leaves no room to censure its formality. About the middle of this avenue, which runs the whole length of this hanging wood, we arrive unexpectedly at a lofty (N<sup>o</sup> 30) gothic feat, whence we look down a slope, more considerable than that before-mentioned, through the wood on each side. This view is indeed a fine one: The eye first travelling down over well-variegated ground into the valley, where is  
a large

a large piece of water, whose sloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river. The ground from hence rises gradually to the top of Clent Hill, at three or four miles distance, and the landskip is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, the late Lord Dudley's house, and a large wood of Lord Lyttelton's. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this view, the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects, and beautiful shape of ground; and all at such a distance as to admit of being seen distinctly.

HENCE we proceed to the (N<sup>o</sup> 31) rustic building before-mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed of rough unhewn stone, commonly called here the Temple of Pan; having a trophy of the Tibia and Syrix, and this inscription over the entrance,

Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures  
Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.

Hence mounting once more to the right through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a lightfome high natural terrace, whence the eye is thrown over all the scenes we have seen before, together with many fine additional ones, and all beheld from a declivity that approaches



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proaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a (N<sup>o</sup> 32) feat with this inscription:

DIVINI GLORIA RVRIS!

To give a better idea of this, by far the most magnificent scene here, it were, perhaps, best to divide it into two distinct parts—the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right—In regard to the former; if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented within with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever yet devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the highest idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happiness. He would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffice it to say, that the horizon, or brim, is as finely varied as the cavity. It would be idle here to mention the Clee Hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh Mountains, or Caer Caradoc, at a prodigious distance; which though they finish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the Leafowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the opposite side thereof well fringed with woods; and the high hills on one side this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows  
on

on the other. But these are a kind of objects, which, though really noble in the survey, will not strike a reader in description, as they would a spectator upon the spot.

HENCE returning back into the wood, and crossing Pan's temple, we go directly down the slope, into another part of Mr. Shenstone's grounds, the path leading down through very pleasing home scenes of well-shaped ground, exhibiting a most perfect concave and convex, till we come at a seat under a noble beech, presenting a rich variety of fore-ground, and at, perhaps, half a mile's distance, the gothic alcove on a hill well covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more distant part of the concave, and a farm-house upon the right, all picturesque objects.

THE (N<sup>o</sup> 33) next and the subsequent seat afford pretty much the same scenes a little enlarged; with the addition of that remarkable clump of trees, called Frankly Beeches, adjoining to the old family seat of the Lyttelton's, and from whence the present Lord Lyttelton derives his title.

WE come now to an handsome (N° 34) gothic screen, backed with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in front full upon a cascade in the valley, issuing from beneath a dark shade of poplars. The house appears in the center of a large swelling lawn, bushed with trees and thicket. The pleasing variety of easy swells and hollows, bounded by scenes less smooth and cultivated, affords the most delightful picture of domestic retirement and tranquillity.

WE now descend to a (N° 35) feat enclosed with handsome pales, and backed with firs, inscribed to Lord Lyttelton. It presents a beautiful view up a valley contracted gradually, and ending in a group of most magnificent oaks and beeches. The right hand side is enlivened with two striking cascades, and a winding stream seen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left appears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the gothic screen on the slope in the center.

WINDING still downwards, we come to a (N° 36) small feat, where one of the offices of the house, and a view of a cottage on very high ground, is seen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent

THE LEASOWES. 363

adjacent valley, giving an agreeable instance of the abrupt inequality of ground in this romantic well-variegated country. The next (N<sup>o</sup> 37) feat shews another face of the same valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two seeming groves without any cascade, as a contrast to the former one where it was broken by cascades. The scene very significantly alluded to by the motto:

“ Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
“ Flumina amem, filvasque inglorius!”

WE descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called Virgil's Grove, where on the entrance we pass by a small obelisk on the right hand with this inscription:

P. VIRGILIO MARONI

LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

Before this is a slight bench, where some of the same objects are seen again, but in a different point of light. It is not very easy either to paint or describe this delightful grove: however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope to apologize for an imperfect description, by the difficulty found by those who have aimed to sketch it with their pencil. Be it, therefore, first observed, that the whole scene is opaque

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and gloomy, consisting of a small deep valley or dingle; the sides of which are inclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood; and the whole over-shadowed with lofty trees rising out of the bottom of the dingle, through which a copious stream makes it's way through mossy banks, enamelled with prim roses, and variety of wild wood flowers. The (N<sup>o</sup> 38) first seat we approach is thus inscribed,

CELEBERRIMO POETAE

IACOBO THOMSON

PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS

G. S.

SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?  
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,  
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ  
Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

This seat is placed upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley; from which the eye is here drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is agreeably broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain,

fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude nich of rock work, through fern, liverwort, and aquatick weeds. The green area in the middle through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be imagined. After falling down these cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right, and after these objects have for some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most beautiful cascades imaginable is seen by way of incident, through a kind of vista, or glade, falling down a precipice over-arched with trees, and strikes us with surprize. It is impossible to express the pleasure which one feels on this occasion, for though surprize alone is not excellence, it may serve to quicken the effect of what is beautiful. I believe none ever beheld this grove, without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to chuse any one particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this; although it so well contrasts both with the terrace and with some other scenes, that one cannot wish them ever to be divided. We now proceed to a seat at the bottom of a large root on the side of a slope, with this inscription,

A a 3

O let

O let me haunt this peaceful shade ;  
 Nor let ambition e'er invade  
 The tenants of this leafy bower  
 That shun her paths, and flight her power.

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies  
 From social meads, and open skies ;  
 Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,  
 And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout bedropt with crimson stains,  
 Forfakes the river's proud domains ;  
 Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,  
 To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiad say,  
 " Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way,  
 " Tho' lovely soft thy murmurs are,  
 " Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

" Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain  
 " Thy small unfully'd stores disdain :  
 " Nor let the pensive fage repine,  
 " Whose latent course resembles thine.

THE view from it is a calm tranquil scene of water, gliding through sloping ground, with a sketch through the trees of the small pond below.

THE scene in this place is that of water stealing along through a rude sequestered vale, the ground on each side covered with weeds and field-flowers, as that before is kept close-shaven. Farther on we lose all sight of water, and only hear the noise, without having the appearance; a kind of effect which the Chinese are fond of producing in what they call their scenes of enchantment. We now turn all on a sudden upon the high cascade which we admired before in vista. The scene around is quite a grotto of native stone running up it, roots of trees over-hanging it, and the whole shaded over head. However, we first approach upon the left a chalybeat spring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and this inscription upon a stone,

FONS FERRUGINEVS

DIVAE QVAE SECESSV ISTO FRVI CONCEDIT.

Then turning to the right, we find a stone seat making part of the aforesaid cave, with this well-applied inscription,

Intus



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INTVS AQVAE DVLCIS, VIVOQVE SEDILIA SAXO;  
NYMPHARVM DOMVS.

Which I have often heard Mr. Shenstone term the definition of a grotto. We now wind up a shady path on the left hand, and crossing the head of this cascade, pass beside the river that supplies it, in our way up to the house. One seat first occurs under a shady oak as we ascend the hill; soon after, we enter the shrubbery which half surrounds the house, where we find two seats thus inscribed, to two of his most particular friends. The first thus,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS  
RICHARDI GRAVES:  
IPSAE TE, TITYRE, PINVS,  
IPSI TE FONTES, IPSA HAEC ARBVSTA VOCABANT.

And a little further the other, with the following inscription,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS  
RICHARDI JAGO.

From this last is an opening down the valley over a large sliding lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece of water crossed by a considerable  
I bridge

bridge in the flat—the steeple of Hales, a village amid trees, making on the whole a very pleasing picture. Thus winding through flowering shrubs, beside a menagerie for doves, we are conducted to the stables. But let it not be forgot, that on the entrance into this shrubbery, the first object that strikes us is a Venus de Medicis, beside a basin of gold fish, encompassed round with shrubs, and illustrated with the following inscription,

“ Semi

— “Semi-reducta Venus.”

**T**O Venus, Venus here retir'd,  
 My sober vows I pay :  
 Not her on Paphian plains admir'd  
 The bold, the pert, the gay.

Not her, whose amorous leer prevail'd  
 To bribe the Phrygian boy ;  
 Not her who, clad in armour fail'd,  
 To save difast'rous Troy.

Fresh rising from the foamy tide,  
 She every bosom warms ;  
 While half withdrawn she seems to hide,  
 And half reveals, her charms.

Learn hence, ye boastful sons of taste,  
 Who plan the rural shade ;  
 Learn hence to shun the vicious waste  
 Of pomp, at large display'd.

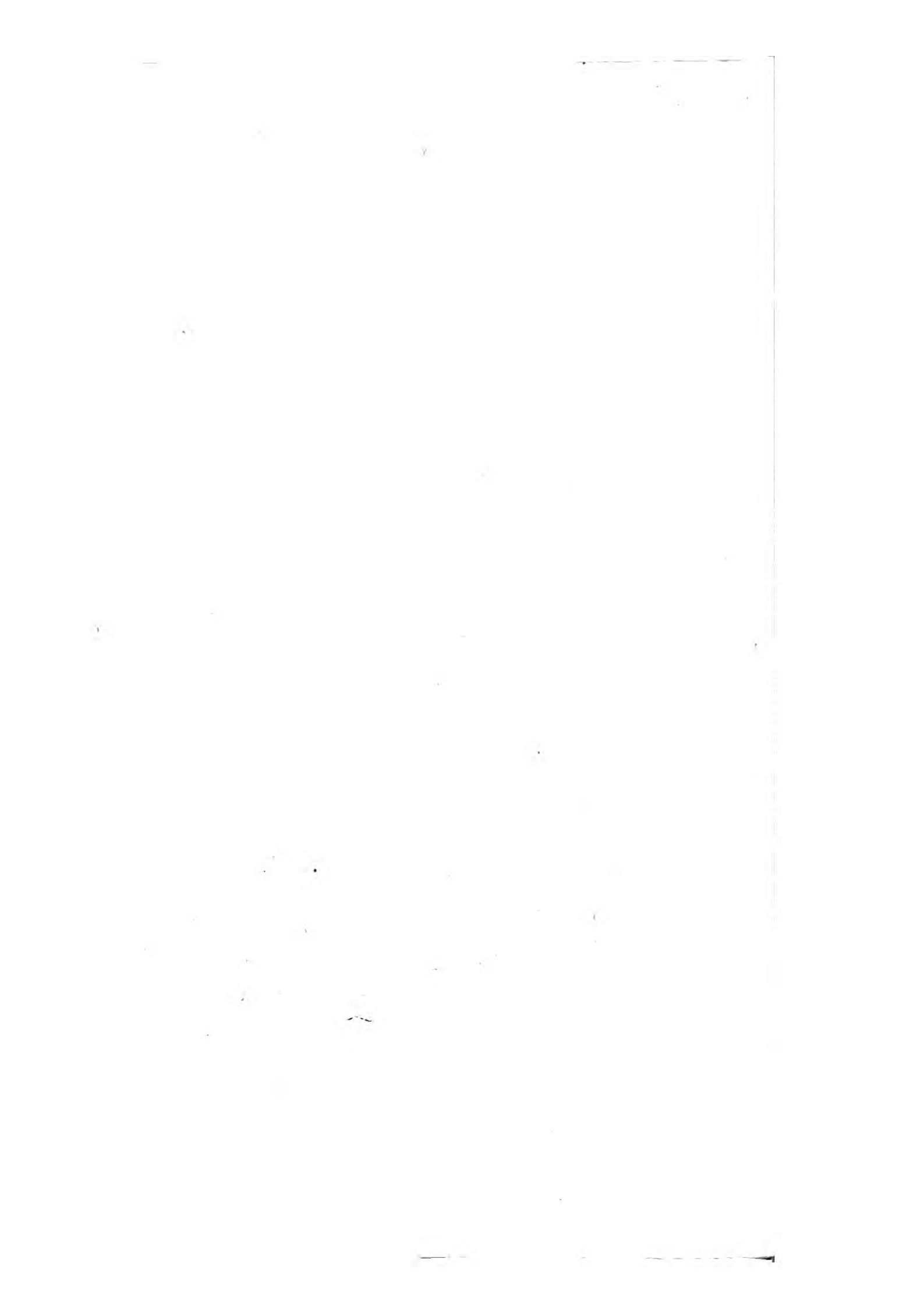
Let sweet concealment's magic art  
 Your mazy bounds invest ;  
 And while the sight unveils a part,  
 Let fancy paint the rest.

Let coy reserve with cost unite  
 To grace your wood or field ;  
 No ray obtrusive pall the sight,  
 In aught you paint, or build.

And far be driven the sumptuous glare  
Of gold, from British groves ;  
And far the meretricious air  
Of China's vain alcoves.

'Tis bathful beauty ever twines  
The most coercive chain ;  
'Tis she, that sov'reign rule declines,  
Who best deserves to reign.





V E R S E S

T O

Mr. S H E N S T O N E.

---

Written at a Ferme Ornee, near Birmingham,

By the late Lady LUXBOROUGH.

'T IS Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,  
And wisely gives them Cynthia to revise:  
To veil each blemish; brighten every grace;  
Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.  
How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;  
These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells;  
Where modest art in silence lurks conceal'd,  
While nature shines so gracefully reveal'd,  
That she triumphant claims the total plan,  
And, with fresh pride, adopts the work of man.

To

To WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq. at the LEASOWES,

By Mr. GRAVES of CLAVERTON.

“ Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus!” HOR.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial fate's decree,  
 To affluence born, and from restraint set free.  
 Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,  
 The mall, the rout, the play-house, and the court:  
 Soon for some varnished nymph of dubious fame,  
 Or powder'd peers, counterfeits a flame.  
 Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,  
 Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;  
 Till by kind fate restor'd to country air,  
 He marks the roses of some rural fair:  
 Smit with her unaffected, native charms,  
 A real passion soon his bosom warms;  
 And wak' from idle dreams, he takes a wife,  
 And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus in the vacant season of the year,  
 Some Templar gay begins his wild career.  
 From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,  
 Views all with equal wonder and surprize;  
 Till sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,  
 He hies fatigued, not satisfy'd, to town.  
 Yet if some kinder Genius point his way  
 To where the Muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,  
Charm'd

Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,  
Where art assumes the sweets of nature's face,  
Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,  
Each lake, and falling stream his rapture move.  
Like the sage captive in Calypso's grott,  
The cares, the pleasures of the world forgot,  
Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,  
And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.



VERSES received by the post, from a LADY  
unknown, 1761.

**H** Health to the Bard in Leafowes happy groves;  
Health, and sweet converse with the muse  
he loves!

The humblest votary of the tuneful nine,  
With trembling hand attempts her artless line,  
In numbers such as untaught nature brings;  
As flow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.

But ah! what airy forms around me rise!  
The ruffet mountain glows with richer dyes;  
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,  
And hark! an infant voice salutes my ear.  
"Mortal, thy aim we know, thy task approve;  
"His merit honour, and his genius love:  
"For us what verdant carpets has he spread,  
"Where nightly we our mystic mazes tread?  
"For us, each shady grove, and rural seat,  
"His falling streams, and flowing numbers sweet:  
"Did'st thou not mark, amid the winding dell,  
"What tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell?  
"There every fairy of our sprightly train  
"Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain.  
"There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,  
"The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;  
"And

“ And there with thought sublime we bleſs the  
ſwain,

“ Nor we inſpire, nor he attends, in vain.”

Go, ſimple rhimer ! bear this meſſage true ;  
The truths that Fairies dictate none ſhall rue.  
Say to the Bard in Leaſowe’s happy grove,  
Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—

“ Content thyſelf no longer that thy lays,  
“ By others foſter’d, lend to others praiſe ;  
“ No longer to the favouring world reſuſe  
“ The welcome treaſures of thy poliſh’d muſe ;  
“ The ſcatter’d blooms that boaſt thy valu’d name,  
“ Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame :  
“ Ne’er can thy virtues, or thy verſe engage  
“ More ſolid praiſe than in this happieſt age,  
“ When ſenſe and merit’s cheriſht by the throne,  
“ And each illuſtrious privilege their own.  
“ Tho’ modeſt be thy gentle muſe, I ween, }  
“ O lead her bluſhing from the daiſy’d green, }  
“ A fit attendant on Britannia’s Queen. }

Ye ſportive elves, as faithful I relate  
Th’ intruſted mandates of your fairy-ſtate,  
Viſit theſe wilds again with nightly care ;  
So ſhall my kine, of all the herd, repair  
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail ;  
My ſheep lie pent with ſafety in the dale:

My poultry fear no robber in the roost ;  
 My linnen more than common whitenefs boast :  
 Let order, peace, and housewifry be mine ;  
 SHENSTONE, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOULDIA.

On the discovery of an echo at EDGBASTON.

By ———.

**H**A ! what art thou, whose voice unknown  
 Pours on these plains it's tender moan ?  
 Art thou the nymph in SHENSTONE's dale,  
 Who dost with plaintive note bewail  
 That he forfakes th' Aonian maids,  
 To court inconstant rills and shades ?  
 Mourn not, sweet nymphs, alas, in vain  
 Do they invite, and thou complain —

Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,  
 With liquid lay, and melting song,  
 The listening herd around him stray'd,  
 In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,  
 And every Naiad ceas'd to lave  
 Her azure limbs amid the wave.  
 The Graces danc'd ; the rosy band  
 Of smiles and loves went hand in hand ;

And purple pleasures strew'd the way  
 With sweetest flowers: and every ray  
 Of each fond Muse with rapture fir'd;  
 To glowing thoughts his breast inspir'd.  
 The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,  
 All nature smil'd while SHENSTONE sung.

So charm'd his lay; but now no more —  
 Ah! why dost thou repeat — “no more?”  
 Ev'n now he hies to deck the grove,  
 To deck the scene the Muses love;  
 And soon again will own their sway,  
 And thou resound the peerless lay,  
 And with immortal numbers fill  
 Each rocky cave, and vocal hill.

VERSES by Mr. DODSLEY on his first arrival  
at the LEASOWES, 1754.

“**H**ow shall I fix my wand’ring eye? Where find  
“The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in  
“The woods? Or waves there not a magic wand  
“O’er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,  
“Some favouring power directs the happy lines  
“That sketch these beauties; swells the rising hills  
“And scoops the dales to Nature’s finest forms,  
“Vague, undetermin’d, infinite; untaught  
“By line or compass, yet supremely fair.”

So spake Philenor, as with raptur’d gaze  
He travers’d Damon’s farm. From distant plains  
He sought his friend’s abode: nor had the fame  
Of that new-form’d Arcadia reach’d his ear.

And thus the swain, as o’er each hill and dale,  
Thro’ lawn or thicket he pursu’d his way.  
“What is it gilds the verdure of these meads  
“With hues more bright than fancy paints the flowr’s  
“Of Paradise? What Naïd’s guiding hand  
“Leads, thro’ the broider’d vale, these lucid rills,  
“That murmuring as they flow, bear melody  
“Along their banks; and thro’ the vocal shades,  
“Improve the music of the woodland choir?  
“What pensive Dryad rais’d yon solemn grove,  
“Where

“ Where minds contemplative, at close of day  
 “ Retiring, Muse o’er Nature’s various works,  
 “ Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy —  
 “ What room for doubt? Some rural Deity  
 “ Prefiding, scatters o’er th’ unequal lawns,  
 “ In beauteous wildness, yon fair spreading trees;  
 “ And, mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,  
 “ And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl,  
 “ And those that swim the lake, fees rising round  
 “ More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe’s vale  
 “ Peneus water’d. Yes, some sylvan God  
 “ Spreads wide the varied prospect; waves the woods,  
 “ Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes;  
 “ While from the congregated waters pour’d,  
 “ The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep  
 “ In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,  
 “ Wild, interrupted, cross’d with rocks and roots,  
 “ And interwoven trees; till soon absorb’d,  
 “ An opening cavern all its rage entombs.  
 “ So vanish human glories! Such the pomp  
 “ Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,  
 “ Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage  
 “ Of busy life, and then are heard no more.

“ Yes, ’tis enchantment all—And see, the spells,  
 “ The powerful incantations, magic verse,  
 “ Inscrib’d on every tree, alcove, or urn,—  
 “ Spells!—Incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!

“Thine are the numbers! thine the wondrous work!—  
“Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,  
“And lightly weigh all forcery, but Thine.  
“No Naiad’s leading step conducts the rill ;  
“Nor sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn  
“In beauteous wildness, with fair spreading trees ;  
“Nor magic wand has circumscribed the scene.  
“’Tis thine own taste, thy genius that presides,  
“Nor needs there other deity, nor needs  
“More potent spells than they.” No more the swain,  
For lo, his Damon, o’er the tufted lawn  
Advancing, leads him to the social dome.

V E R S E S written at the Gardens of WILLIAM  
SHENSTONE, Esquire, near Birmingham, 1756.

“ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
“ Angulus ridet.” HOR.

**W**OULD you these lov'd recesses trace,  
And view fair Nature's modest face?  
See her in every field-flower bloom?  
O'er every thicket shed perfume?  
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,  
By mossy grotts, near purling rills,  
Where'er you turn your wondering eyes,  
Behold her win without disguise.

What tho' no pageant trifles here,  
As in the glare of courts, appear;  
Tho' rarely here be heard the name  
Of rank, or title, power, or fame;  
Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,  
A bliss more pure and unconfin'd  
Your step attends—Draw freely nigh,  
And meet the Bard's benignant eye:  
On him no pedant forms await,  
No proud reserve shuts up his gate;



No spleen, no party views controul  
 That warm benevolence of soul,—  
 Which prompts the friendly generous part,  
 Regardless of each venal art;  
 Regardless of the world's acclaim;  
 And courteous with no selfish aim.  
 Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,  
 If not the costly, yet the kind.  
 O he will lead you to the cells  
 Where every Muse and Virtue dwells,  
 Where the green Dryads guard his woods,  
 Where the blue Naiads guide his floods;  
 Where all the Sister-Graces gay,  
 That shap'd his walk's meandering way,  
 Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,  
 Lie slumbering soft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,  
 Behold them rise! and, with the train  
 Of nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,  
 Or o'er the flowery champion rove,  
 Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—  
 And mark the dance's mystic maze.

“ Such is the WAVING LINE, they cry,  
 “ For ever dear to Fancy's eye!  
 “ Yon stream that wanders down the dale,  
 “ The spiral wood, the winding vale,

“ The

“ The path which wrought with hidden skill,  
 “ Slow twining scales yon distant hill  
 “ With fir invested—all combine  
 “ To recommend the WAVING LINE.

“ The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,  
 “ The wringlets of Apollo’s hair,  
 “ The wand by Maia’s offspring born,  
 “ The smooth volutes of Ammon’s horn,  
 “ The structure of the Cyprian dame,  
 “ And each fair female’s beauteous frame,  
 “ Shew, to the pupils of Design,  
 “ The triumphs of the WAVING LINE.

Then gaze, and mark that union sweet,  
 Where fair convex and concave meet;  
 And while, quick shifting as you stray,  
 The vivid scenes on fancy play;  
 The lawn, of aspect smooth and mild;  
 The forrest ground, grotesque and wild;  
 The shrub that scents the mountain gale;  
 The stream rough dashing down the dale,  
 From rock to rock, in eddies tost;  
 The distant lake in which ’tis lost;  
 Blue hills gay beaming thro’ the glade;  
 Lone urns that solemnize the shade;  
 Sweet interchange of all that charms  
 In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!

If

If aught the fair confusion please,  
Wish lasting health, and lasting ease,  
To him who form'd the blisful bower,  
And gave thy life one tranquil hour;  
Wish peace and freedom—these posselt,  
His temperate minds secures the rest.

But if thy soul such blis despise,  
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;  
Go fix them there, where gems and gold,  
Improv'd by art, their power unfold;  
Go try in courtly scenes to trace  
A fairer form of Nature's face:  
Go scorn SIMPLICITY—but know,  
That all our heart-felt joys below,  
That all which virtue loves to name,  
Which art consigns to lasting fame,  
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,  
Derives its source from HER ALONE.

ARCADIO.

To

To WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq. in his Sickness.

By Mr. WOODHOUSE.

**Y**E flow'ry plains, ye breezy woods,  
Ye bowers and gay alcoves,  
Ye falling streams, ye silver floods,  
Ye grottoes, and ye groves!

Alas, my heart feels no delight,  
Tho' I your charms survey;  
While he consumes in pain the night,  
In languid sighs the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,  
A thousand scents diffuse;  
Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,  
In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye flowers, your thoughtless pride,  
Recline your gaudy heads;  
And sadly drooping, side by side,  
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland shade,  
Your lofty summits rear!  
Ah why, in wonted charms array'd,  
Expand your leaves so fair!

For

For lo, the flowers as gayly smile,  
As wanton waves the tree;  
And tho' I sadly plain the while,  
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, should the fates an arrow send,  
And strike the fatal wound,  
Who, who shall then your sweets defend,  
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plummy throng  
Have learnt my plaintive tale,  
And some sad dirge, or mournful song,  
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah no! they chant a sprightly strain,  
To sooth an amorous mate;  
Unmindful of my anxious pain,  
And his uncertain fate.

But see, these little murmuring rills;  
With fond repinings rove;  
And trickle wailing down the hills,  
Or weep along the grove.

Oh mock not if beside your stream,  
You hear me too repine;  
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,  
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds the cause display,  
 In whispers as ye blow,  
 Why did your treacherous gales convey  
 The poison'd shafts of woe?

Did he not plant the shady bower,  
 Where you so blithely meet?  
 The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,  
 To make your breezes sweet?

And must he leave the wood, the field,  
 The dear Arcadian reign?  
 Can neither verse nor virtue shield  
 The guardian of the plain?

Must he his tuneful breath resign,  
 Whom all the Muses love?  
 That round his brow their laurels twine,  
 And all his songs approve.

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!  
 Our Father, King, and God,  
 Who clear'st the paths of life and sense,  
 Or stop'st them at thy nod.

Blest pow'r, who calm'st the raging deep,  
 His valued health restore,  
 Nor let the sons of Genius weep,  
 Nor let the Good deplore.

But

But if thy boundless Wisdom knows  
 His longer date an ill,  
 Let not my soul a wish disclose  
 To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,  
 For such a god-like mind,  
 To go where kindred spirits range,  
 Nor leave a wish behind.

And tho' to share his pleasures here,  
 Kings might their state forego;  
 Yet must he feel such raptures there,  
 As none can taste below.

V E R S E S left on a SEAT, the hand unknown.

**O** EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,  
 Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee!  
 Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,  
 And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;  
 Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,  
 And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.  
 Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,  
 And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

CORYDON,

C O R Y D O N, A P A S T O R A L.  
To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

I.

C O M E, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,  
And see our lov'd Corydon laid:  
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,  
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.  
They call'd him the pride of the plain:  
In sooth, he was gentle and kind;  
He mark'd in his elegant strain,  
The Graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees,  
That birds in the covert might dwell;  
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,  
But never would rifle their cell.  
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,  
Go bleat—and your master bemoan:  
His music was artless and sweet,  
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
No bloom on the blossoms appear;  
The sweets of the forest shall fail,  
And Winter discolour the year.

No



No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
    (Our hedges so vocal before)  
Since he that should welcome the spring,  
    Can greet the gay season no more.

## IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,  
    And poets came round in a throng;  
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,  
    But which of them equall'd his song?  
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,  
    For lost is the pastoral strain;  
So give me my Corydon's flute,  
    And thus—let me break it in twain.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

F I N I S.



