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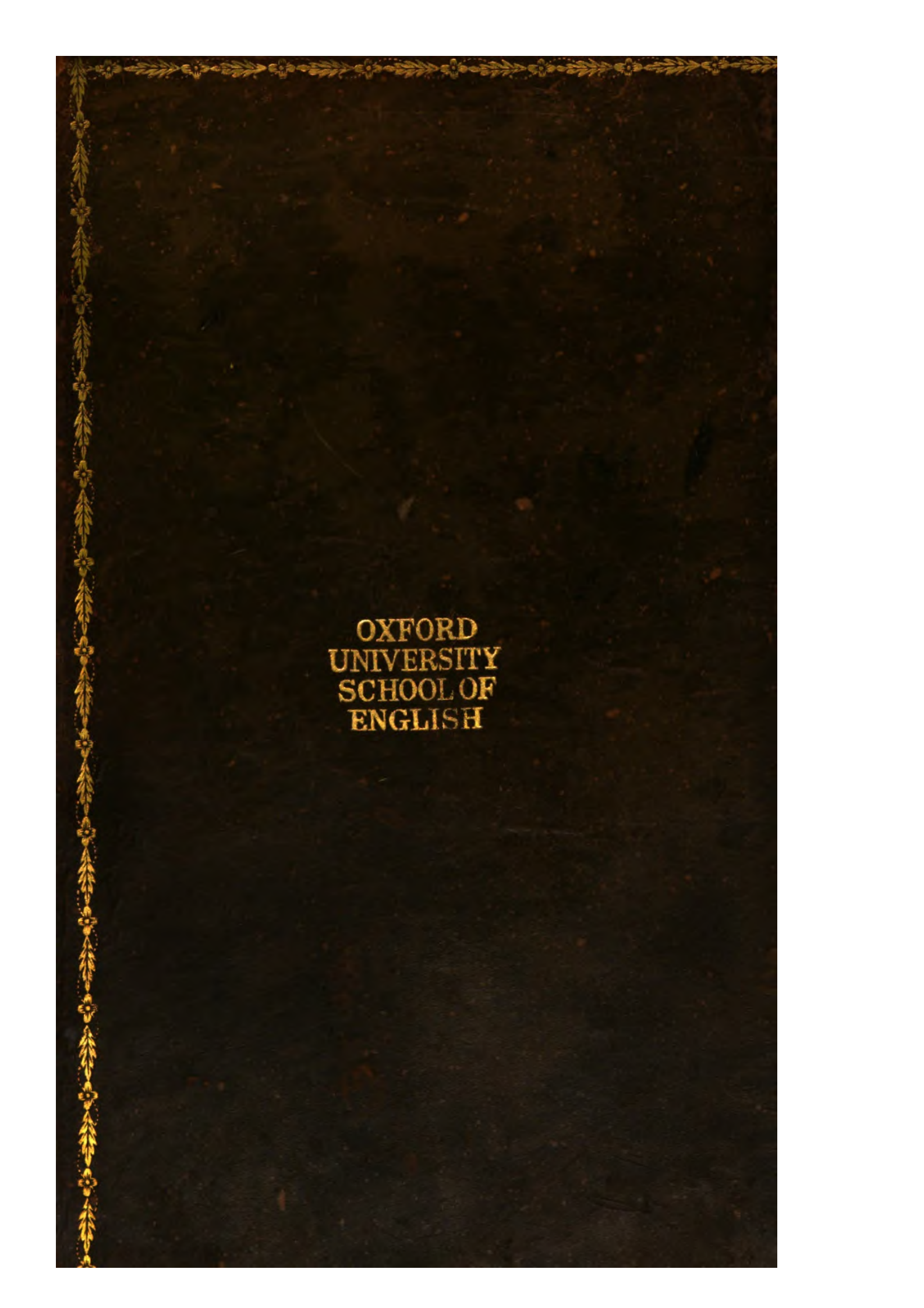
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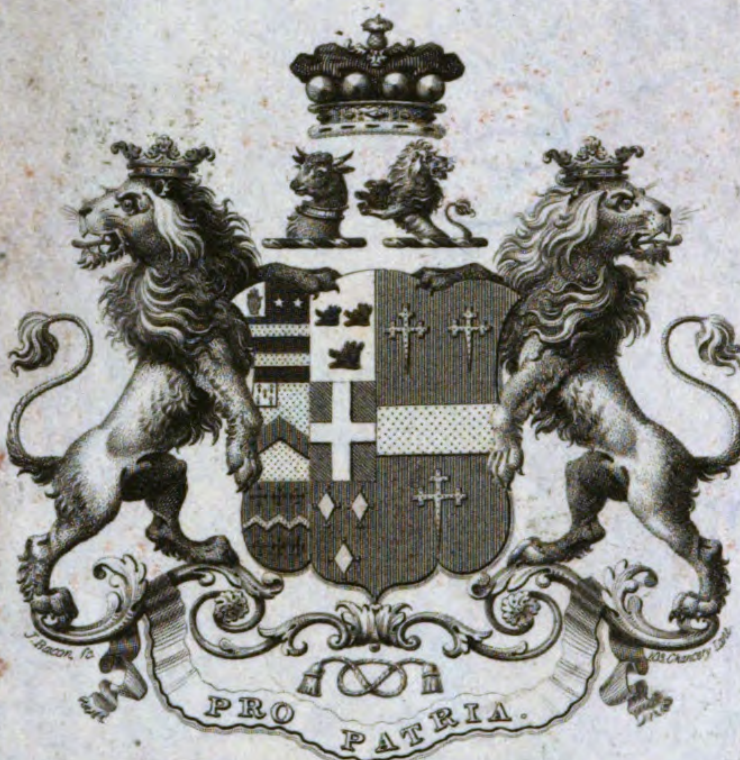
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OXFORD  
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CASE

SHELF.

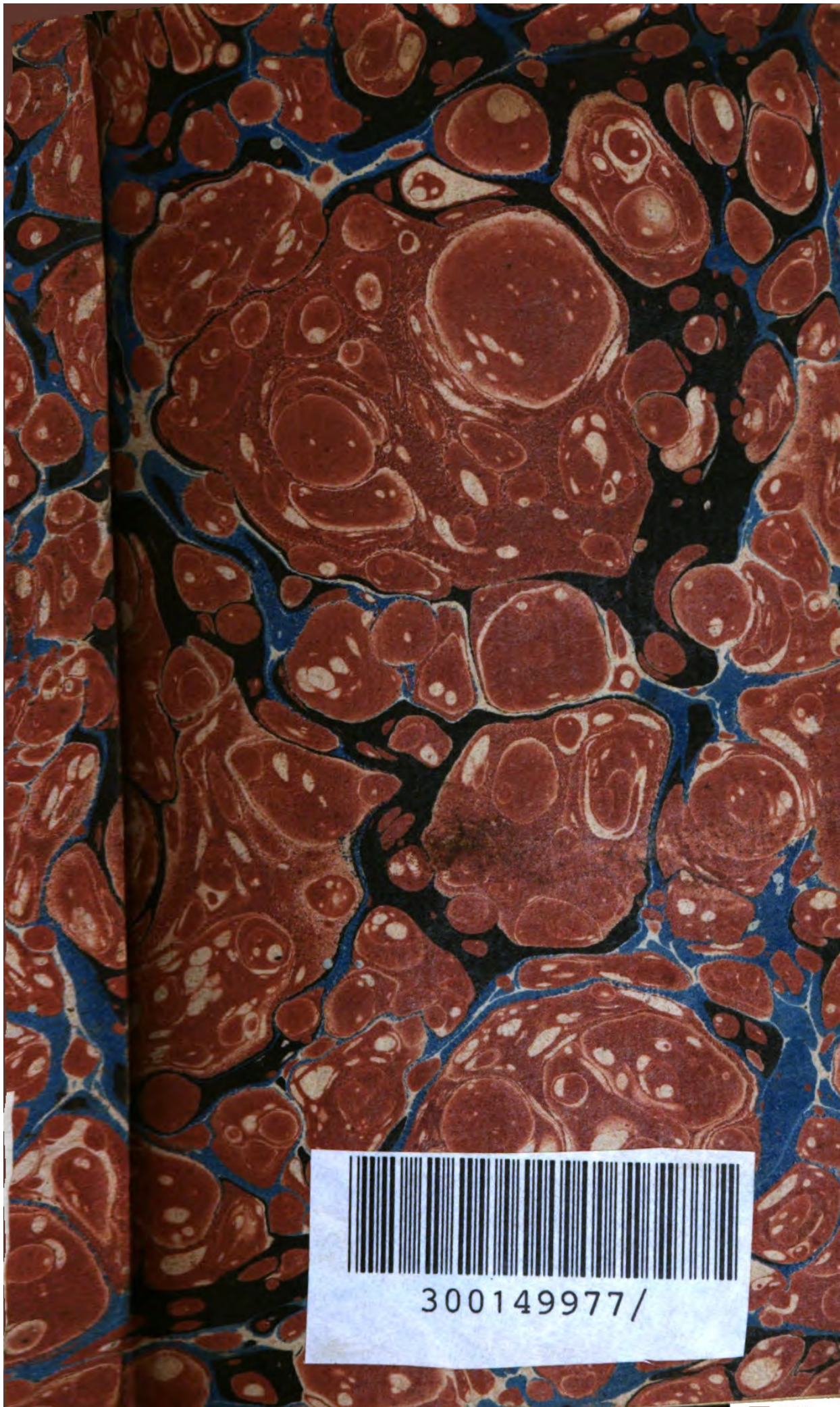


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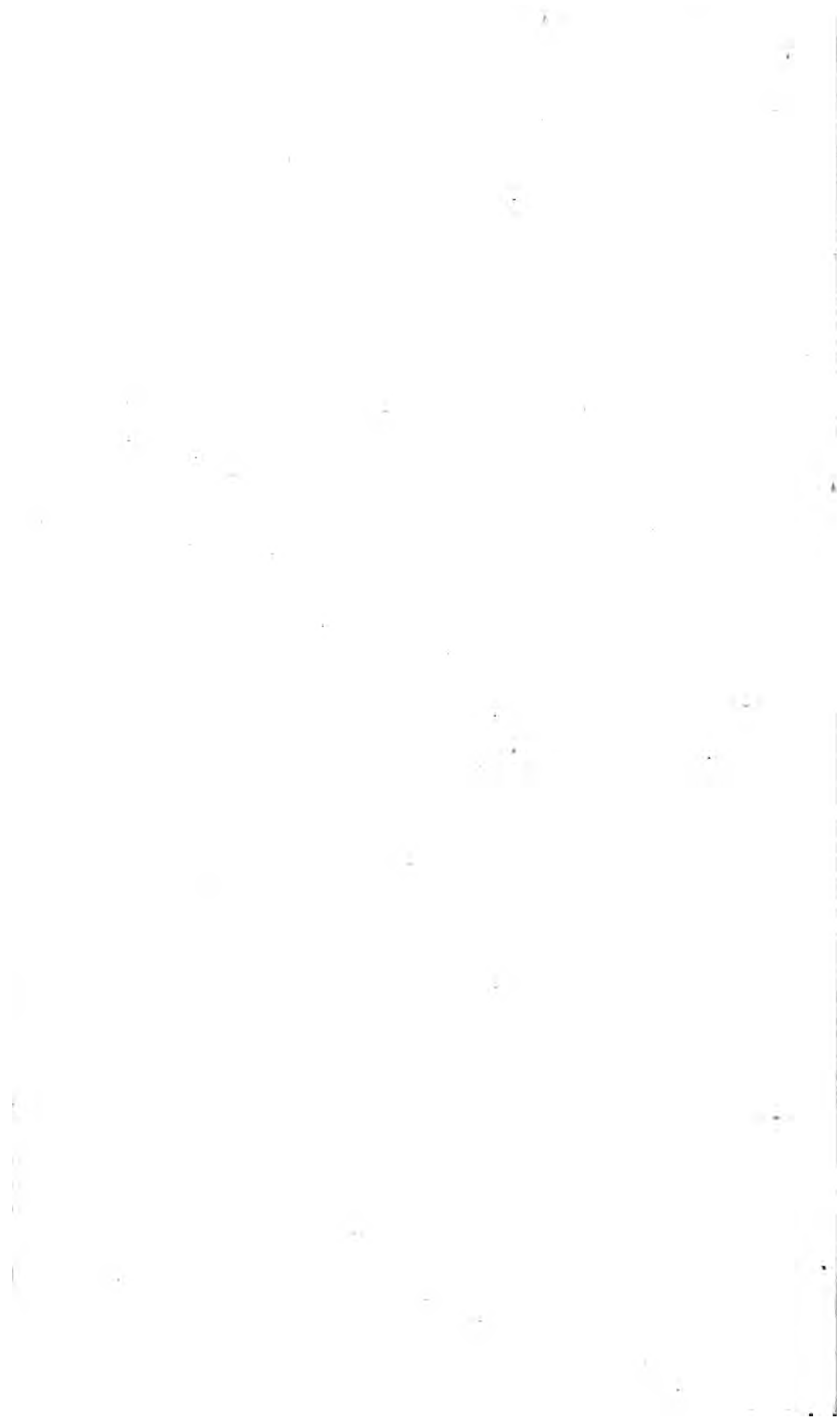
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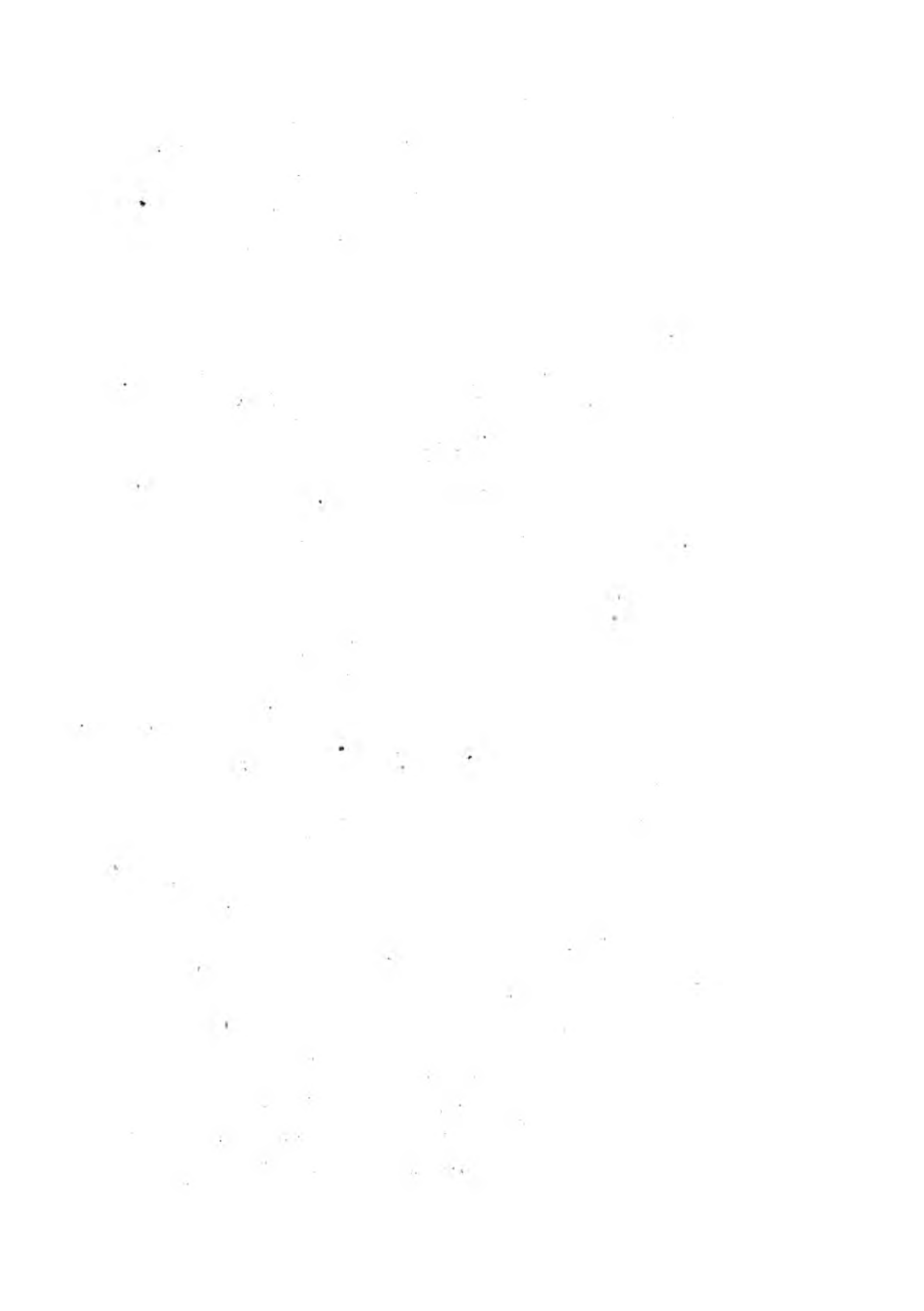


X L 11.3 WOL  
(1804)













How old?

H. C. Walker sculp.

*Near my heart, thou rich Relic! shalt lie,  
While I wander life's valley of gloom;  
And when thy Companion shall die,  
We will join in the sleep of the Tomb.*

*Published as the Act directs Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> 1804. by John Walker Paternoster Row.*

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
ENGLISH POETRY.

SELECTED FROM  
*THE MOST ESTEEMED AUTHORS.*

---

BY DR. WOLCOT.

---

CONTAINING SEVERAL ORIGINAL PIECES,  
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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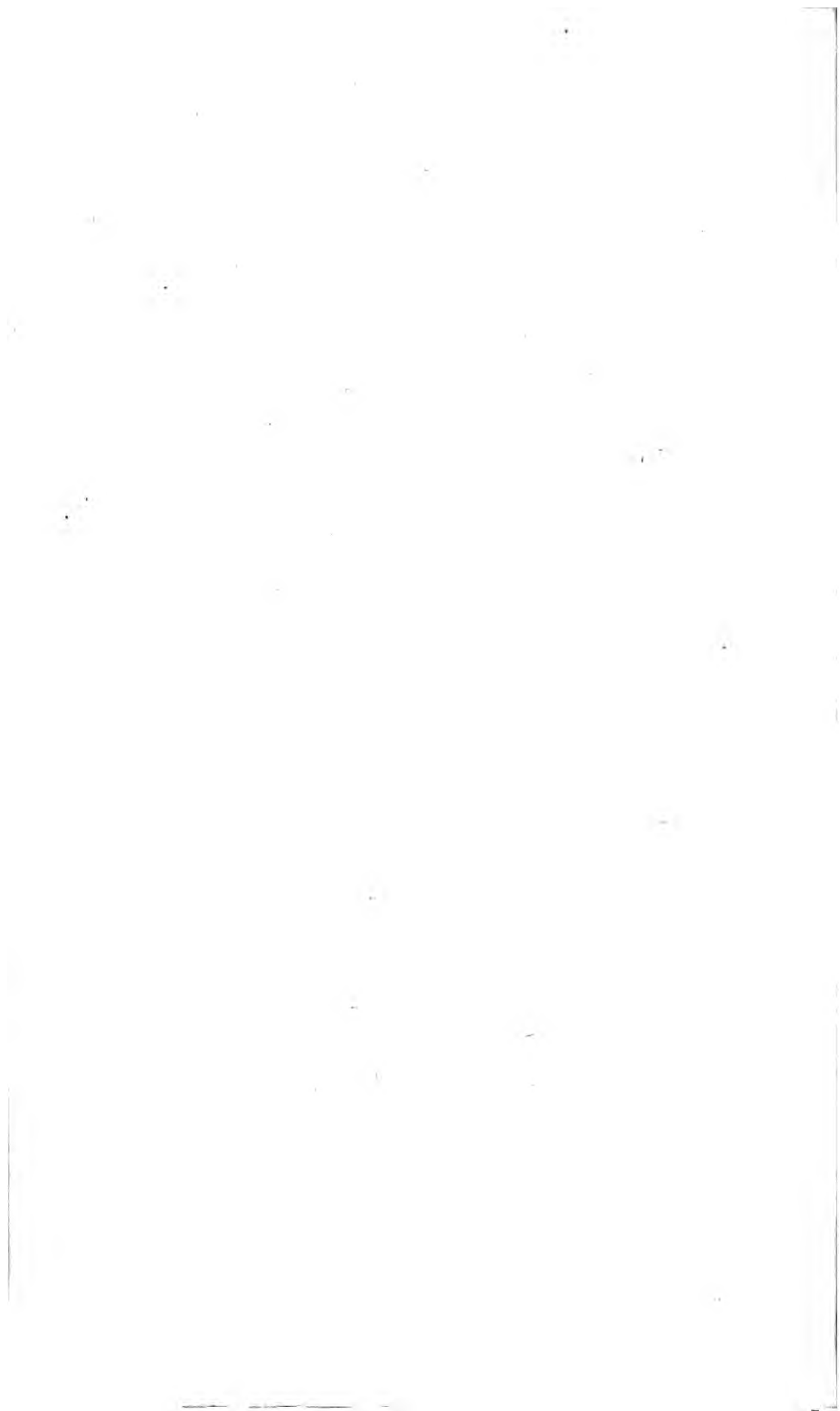
VOL. II.

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LONDON:  
Printed by W. Spilsbury, 57, Snowhill,  
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1804.



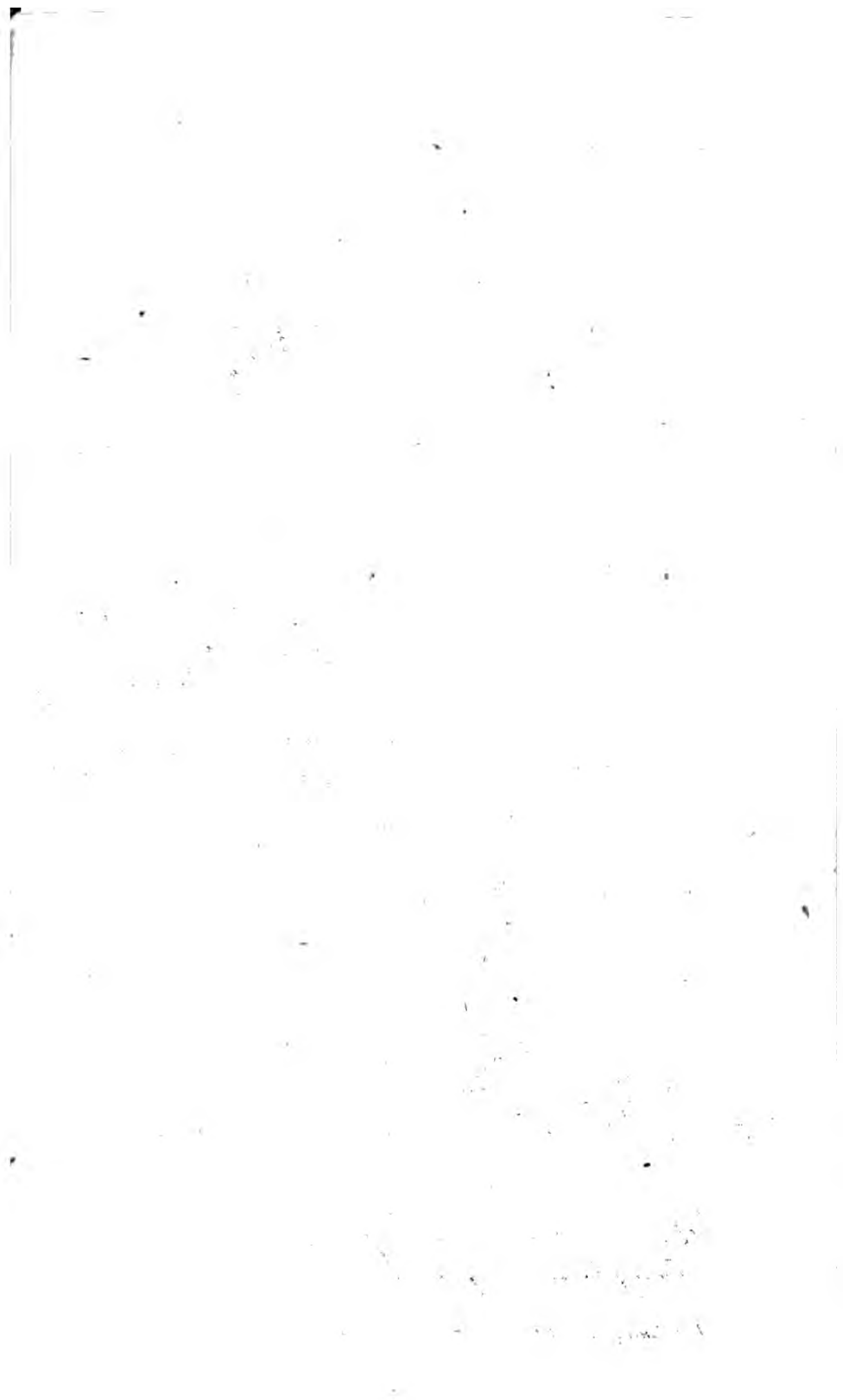


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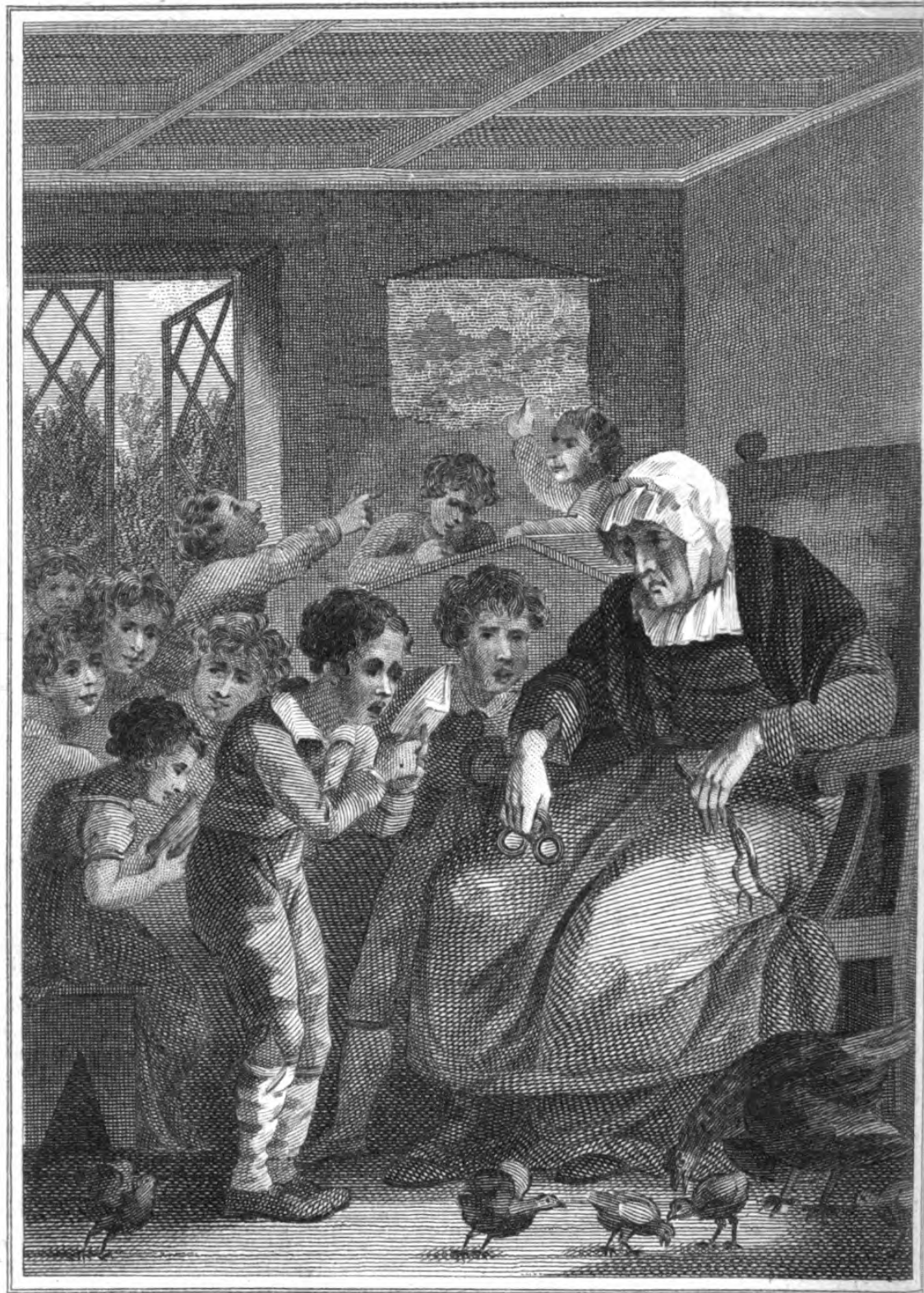
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*And in her hand for sceptre she does wield  
Tway birchen sprays.*

*Published as the Act directs Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> 1804. by John Walker Paternoster Row.*

AN  
HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

*Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Knt.*

Comptroller General of his Majesty's Works, and Author  
of a late Dissertation on Oriental Gardening.\*

ENRICHED WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

Chiefly extracted from that elaborate Performance.

---

---

*Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.* VIRG.

---

---

**K**NIGHT of the Polar Star! by Fortune plac'd  
To shine the Cynosure of British taste;  
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view  
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtù;

\* Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable one half of Sir William's may have forgotten the principles which his book inculcates. Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's professed aim, in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced; which Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown, followed; and which, to our national disgrace, is called the English

And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,     5  
That kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze.

style of gardening. He shews the poverty of this taste, by aptly comparing it to a dinner, which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing, without the assistance of Art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind; in short, such art as is displayed in the Emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, where fine lizards and fine women, human giants and giant-baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us, that a perfect garden must contain within itself all the amusements of a great city; that *urbs in rure*, not *rus in urbe*, is the thing, which an improver of true taste ought to aim at. He says—but it is impossible to abridge all that he says:—“ Let this therefore suffice to tempt the reader again to peruse his invaluable Dissertation, since, without it, he will never relish half the beauties of the following epistle; for (if her Majesty's Zebra, and the powder-mills at Hounslow, be excepted) there is scarce a single image in it, which is not taken from that work.”

But though the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from the application of them. Sir William says too modestly, “ that European artists must not hope to rival Oriental splendor.” The poet shews, that European artists may easily rival it; and that Richmond gardens, with only the addition of a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may be new modelled, perfectly “ *à la Chinoise*.” He exhorts his Knight to undertake the glorious task, and leaves no cause to doubt, but that, under



O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,  
 And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;  
 Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song  
 With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-  
 Tsong; 10

the auspicious patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the READY vote of those who furnish ways and means, the royal work will speedily be completed.

Verse 2. *Cynosure of British taste.*] Cynosure, an affected phrase. Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole.—*Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.*

Verse 10. *With scenes of Yven-Ming.*] One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin. (Sayings of Li-Tsong.) “Many trees, shrubs, and flowers,” sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, “thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains: some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations; but, in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants, and consequently the beauty of his plantations.” Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence ;  
 Leap each Ha-ha of truth and common sense ;  
 And proudly rising in her bold career,  
 Demand attention from the gracious ear  
 Of him whom we and all the world admit . 15  
 Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.  
 Does Envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train !  
 Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign ;  
 Witness, ye H\*lls, ye J\*ns\*ns, Sc\*ts, S\*bb\*s ;  
 Hark to my call, for some of you have ears. 20  
 Let D\*\*d H\*e, from the remotest North,  
 In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth ;  
 D\*\*d, who there supinely deigns to lie  
 The fattest Hog of Epicurus' sty ;  
 Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise, 25  
 D\*\*d shall bless Old England's halcyon days ;  
 The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,  
 Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song :  
 While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,  
 Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal ;  
 Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,  
 Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,

And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort  
To come from Hell, and warble Truth at Court.

There was a time, “ in Esher’s peaceful grove 35  
When Kent and Nature vied for Pelham’s love,  
That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,  
And own’d that Beauty blest their mutual toil.”  
Mistaken Bard ! could such a pair design  
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line ? 40  
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten’d day,  
Felt, as we feel, Taste’s oriental ray,  
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,  
Call’d Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.  
For what is Nature ? Ring her changes round, 45  
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground ;

Verse 34. *Truth at Court.*] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke’s philosophical writings) the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of Lord Bute’s administration.

Verse 45. *For what is Nature?*] This is the great and fundamental axiom on which the Oriental taste is founded ; it is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are en-



Prolong the peal yet, spite of all your clatter,  
 The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.  
 So, when some John his dull invention racks,  
 To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's,        50  
 Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,  
 Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring  
 The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring ;  
 To Richmond come ; for see, untutor'd Brown 55  
 Destroys those virtues which were once thy own.

tirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. " Nature (say the Chinese, or Sir William for them) affords us but few materials to work with. Plants, ground, and water, are her only productions ; and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet have they but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of " changes rung upon bells," which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of jingling ; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived," " Art must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature," &c. &c. &c. page 14. And again, " Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, like the honest Bachelor's feast," which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner ; " three legs of mutton and turneps, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies." Preface, page 7.

Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave  
 Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave;  
 Knock'd down the waxen wizard, seiz'd her wand,  
 Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land; 60  
 And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design  
 Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.  
 Haste, bid yon live-long Terrace re-ascend,  
 Replace each vista, straiten every bend;  
 Shut out the Thames—Shall that ignoble thing 65  
 Approach the presence of great Ocean's King?  
 No! let Barbaric glories feast his eyes,  
 August Pagodas round his palace rise,

Verse 67. *No! let Barbaric glories.*] So Milton:

“Where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
 Showers on her Kings Barbaric pearl and gold.”

Verse 72. *Monkies shall climb our trees.*] “In their lofty woods, serpents, and lizards of many beautiful sorts, crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkies, cats, and parrots, clamber upon the trees.” Page 40. “In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant-baboon.” Page 66. “They keep in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet and African giants, in the habit of magicians.”

And finish'd Richmond open to his view,  
 " A work to wonder at, perhaps a" Kew. 70

Nor rest we here ; but, at our magic call,  
 Monkeys shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;  
 Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove ;  
 Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love :  
 In some fair island will we turn to grass 75  
 (With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.  
 Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,  
 Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar  
                   maids ;  
 Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring  
 Damsels alike adroit to sport and sing. 80

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,  
 Join we the groves of horror and affright ;

Page 42. " Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses ; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusathkin down." Page 40.

This to achieve no foreign aids we try :  
 Thy gibbets, Bagshot ! shall our wants supply ;  
 Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills, 85  
 Shall with her gibbets lend her powder-mills.  
 Here too, O King of Vengeance, in thy fane,  
 Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain ;

Verse 84. *Thy gibbets, Bagshot.*] “ Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. GIBBETS, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture, are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, founderies, lime-kilns, and glass works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of volcanoes.” Page 37. “ Here the passenger from time to time is surprised with repeated shocks of electrical impulse ; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air,” &c. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanoes and earthquakes, we have here substituted the occasional explosion of a powder-mill, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of lime-kilns and electrical machines, and imitate thunder and the explosion of cannon into the bargain, page 40.

Verse 87. *Here too, O King of Vengeance, &c.*] “ In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the King of Vengeance, near which are placed



And round that fane, on many a Tyburn tree,  
 Hang fragments dire of Newgate history: 90  
 On this shall H\*ll\*d's dying speech be read ;  
 Here B—te's confession, and his wooden head ;  
 While all the minor plunderers of the age,  
 (Too numerous far for this contracted page)  
 The R\*g\*ys, C\*lc\*ft's, Mungos, B\*ds\*ws there, 95  
 In straw-stuff'd effigy, shall kick the air.  
 But say, ye powers, who come when Fancy calls,  
 Where shall our mimic London rear her walls ?

pillars of stone, with “ pathetic description of tragical events; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by outlaws and robbers,” page 37.

Verse 88. *Tremendous Wilkes.*] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

Verse 98. *Where shall our mimic London, &c.*] “ There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming-Yven, near Peking, a fortified town, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Peking, only on a smaller scale.

“ In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently

That Eastern feature, Art must next produce,  
 Tho' not for present yet for future use. 100  
 Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,  
 Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould,  
 Who of three realms shall condescend to know  
 No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;  
 For him that blessing of a better time, 105  
 The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;  
 Surpass the bold Α'ΔΕΛΦΙ in design,  
 And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line  
 Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts 109  
 From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.  
 Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;  
 Brentford, the bishopric of Parson Horne.  
 There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet  
 Each varied beauty of St. James's street;

diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

Verse 109. *Of marble arches.*] See Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long to be here inserted, page 53.

Stout T\*lb\*t there shall ply with hackney chair,  
 And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there. 116  
 Like distant thunder now the coach of state  
 Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.  
 The court hath cross'd the stream; the sports  
 Now N\*\*l preaches of rebellion's sin: [begin;  
 And as the powers of his strong pathos rise, 121  
 Lo! brazen tears fall from Sir Fl\*\*r's eyes;  
 While, skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,  
 Who ne'er before at sermon shew'd his face, 126  
 See Jemmy Twitcher shambles—stop! stop thief!  
 He's stol'n the E\* of D\*nb\*h's handkerchief.

Verse 115. *Stout T\*\*t, &c.*] “Some of these eunuchs personate porters.” Page 32.

Verse 116. *And Patriot Betty.*] “Fruits, and all sorts of refreshments, are cried about the streets in this mock city.” Page 33.

Verse 122. *Lo! brazen tears, &c.*]

Drew IRON tears down Pluto's cheek. MILTON.

Verse 125. *See Jemmy Twitcher shambles.*] “Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers, forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a great number of the most dexterous eunuchs.” MILTON.

Verse 127. *Let B\*\*n.*] “The watch seizes on the culprit.” Page 33.

Let B\*rr\*t\*n arrest him in mock fury,  
 And M\*\*d hang the knave without a jury.  
 But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far,  
 The Jews and Maccaronies are at war : 130  
 The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,  
 They seize, they bind, and circumcise C\*s F\*.  
 Fair Schw\*\*n smiles the sport to see,  
 And all the Maids of Honour cry Te! He!

Be these the rural pastimes that attend 135  
 Great B\*nsw\*k's leisure: these shall best unbend  
 His royal mind, whene'er, from state withdrawn,  
 He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;  
 These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,  
 Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam. 140

Verse 128. *And M\*\*d, &c.*] "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

Verse 129. *But hark, &c.*] "Quarrels happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

Verse 132. *Circumcise C\*s F\*.*] "Every liberty is permitted; there is no distinction of persons." Ibid.

Verse 134. *And all the Maids of Honour, &c.*] "This is done to divert his Imperial Majesty, and the ladies of his train." Ibid.

And thou, Sir William ! while thy plastic hand  
Creates each wonder, which thy bard has plann'd ;  
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise  
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprise,  
O ! let the bard his Knight's protection claim, 145  
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame !



AN  
HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

TO  
*THE PUBLIC,*

Occasioned by their favourable reception of a late Heroic  
Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knt. &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THAT EPISTLE.

---

---

*Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus.*      VIRG.

---

---

**I** THAT of late, Sir William's Bard, and Squire,  
March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre,  
(What time the Knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd  
haste,  
Comptroller General of the works of taste),  
Now to the public tune my grateful lays,      5  
Warm'd with the sun-shine of the public praise :

Verse 1. *I that of late.]*

*Ille ego qui quondam, &c.*

VIRGIL, or somebody for him.

Verse 4. *Works of taste.]* Put synonymously for his  
Majesty's works. See Sir William's title-page.

Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time,  
 When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme ;  
 —glittering orbs, and, what endear'd them more,  
 Each glittering orb the sacred features bore 10  
 Of George the good, the gracious, and the great,  
 Unfill'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight ;  
 Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,  
 Good seemings then were good realities :  
 No Senate had convey'd, by smuggling art, 15  
 Pow'r to the mob to play Cadogan's part ;  
 Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails,  
 All weigh their Sov'reign in their private scales,  
 And find him wanting, all save me alone ;  
 For, sad to say ! my glittering orbs are gone. 20  
 But ill beseems a poet to repent ;  
 Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.  
 Peace to their manes ! may they never feel  
 Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel ;

Verse 16. *Cadogan's part.*] Master of the Mint.

Verse 19. *And find him wanting.*] Thou art weighed  
 in the balances, and art found wanting. Daniel, chap. viii.  
 verse 27.

While I again the Muse's sickle bring 25  
 To cut down dunces, wheresoe'er they spring,  
 Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,  
 And stack my full-ear'd load in Almon's shop.  
 For now, my Muse, thy fame is fix'd as fate ;  
 Tremble, ye Fools I scorn, ye Knaves I hate : 30  
 I know the vigour of thy eagle wings,  
 I know thy strains can pierce the ear of Kings.  
 Did China's monarch here in Britain doze,  
 And was, like western Kings, a King of Prose,  
 Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen, 35  
 And make him wish to see and to be seen ;  
 That solemn vein of irony so fine,  
 Which, e'en Reviewers own, adorns thy line,

Verse 34. *A King of Prose.*] Kien-Long, the present Emperor of China, is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honour to treat him as a brother above two years ago ; and my late patron, Sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his Majesty upon tea, in his postscript to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think, that the Emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse : but Sir William forestalled it ; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

Would make him soon against his greatness sin,  
 Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin,           40  
 And post where'er the goddess led the way,  
 Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay;  
 There should he see, as other folks have seen,  
 That ships have anchors, and that seas are green;  
 Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine;  
 With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine;  
 And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,  
 As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

Such is thy pow'r, O Goddess of the song!  
 Come then, and guide my careless pen along; 50  
 Yet keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,  
 Nor, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse.

Verse 37. *That solemn vein of irony.*] "A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece." See Monthly Review, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

Verse 43. *There should he see.*] A certain naval event happened just about two calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. It was impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes  
 So truly touch the temper of the times,  
 That he who runs may read ; while well he knows  
 I write in metre, what he thinks in prose. 56  
 So shall my song, undisciplin'd by art,  
 Find a sure patron in each English heart.  
 If this its fate, let all the frippery things  
 Be-plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by Kings,  
 Frown on the page, and, with fastidious eye,  
 Like old young Fannius, call it blasphemy. 62  
 Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk ;  
 Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk ;

Verse 52. *Nor like Mac-Homer.*] See, if the reader thinks it worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

Verse 62. *Like old young Fannius.*] The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said, " No, it was as bad as blasphemy."

*Ibid. Fannius.*] Before I sent the manuscript to the press, I discovered that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful, therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong, I ask pardon, not only of the Author, but the Lady.

THE EDITOR.



Proud of a single word, nor hope for more, .65  
 Though Jenkinson is blest with many a score:  
 For other ears my honest numbers sound,  
 With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,  
 Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less,  
 While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press. 70  
 Yes, sons of Freedom! yes, to whom I pay,  
 Warm from the heart, this tributary lay;  
 That lay shall live, tho' Court and Grub-street sigh,  
 Your young Marcellus was not born to die.  
 The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate, 75  
 And break the black asperity of fate.—  
 Admit him then your candidate for fame,  
 Pleas'd if in your Review he read his name,  
 Though not with Mason and with Goldsmith put,  
 Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote. 80  
 But if with higher Bards that name you range,  
 His modesty must think your judgment strange—

Verse 76. *And break the black asperity of fate.*]

—————“ *Si qua fata aspera rumpas,*  
*Tu Marcellus eris.*”

VIRG.

So when o'er Crane-Court's philosophic Gods  
 The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,  
 If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair, 85  
 He "wonders how the devil he got there."

Whate'er his fame or fate, on this depend—  
 He is, and means to be, his country's friend:  
 'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports  
 With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts: 90  
 But if that country claim a graver strain,  
 If real danger threat fair Freedom's reign;  
 If hireling P\*\*rs, in prostitution bold,  
 Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold;  
 Or they, who honour'd by the People's choice, 95  
 Against that People lift their rebel voice,  
 And basely crouching for their paltry pay,  
 Vote the best birthright of her sons away,  
 Permit a nation's in-born wealth to fly  
 In mean, unkingly prodigality; 100  
 Nor, ere they give, ask how the sums were spent,  
 So quickly squander'd tho' so lately lent—

If this they dare, the thunder of his song,  
Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,  
Shall strike, with Truth's dead bolt, each mis-  
creant's name, 105

Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame,  
Betray'd his country. Yes, ye faithless crew,  
His Muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue,  
Stretch you on Satire's rack, and bid you lie  
Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy!

SELIM ;  
OR,  
THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

AN ORIENTAL ECLOGUE.

BY COLLINS.

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SCENE—A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

*Time—The Morning.*

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YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,  
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.  
Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains  
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains;  
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell !  
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd ;  
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd :  
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd  
Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;  
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,  
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride  
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,  
When wanton gales along the valleys play,  
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away ;  
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung  
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,  
Well may they please, the morals of my song :  
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,  
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !  
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies  
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes .  
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,  
And yours the love that kings delight to know .  
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,  
The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair ;  
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,  
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display ;  
Drawn from the deep, we own their surface bright,  
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :



Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,  
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.  
 Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain.  
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;  
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,  
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin.  
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care  
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;  
 Each tender passion man delights to find,  
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind !

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her reign,  
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;  
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,  
 Immortal Truth, and daughters bless'd their love.

O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues, come away !  
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !  
 The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,  
 By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,  
 The dear deserters shall return again.

Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are  
To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear : [clear,  
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,  
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.  
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,  
Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid ;  
But man the most—not more the mountain doe  
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.  
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;  
A silken veil conceals her from the view.  
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,  
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone ;  
Desponding Meekness with her downcast eyes,  
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;  
And Love the last : by these your hearts approve,  
These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,  
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :  
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,  
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

THE  
PILGRIM AND THE PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY PETER PINDAR.

A BRACE of sinners, for no *good*,  
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,  
With something in their shoes much worse than  
In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse*, [*gravel* ;  
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes :  
A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times  
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;  
A sort of apostolic salt,  
That Popish parsons for its pow'rs exalt,  
For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,  
Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves set off on the same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;

But very different was their speed, I wot :  
One of the sinners gallop'd on  
Light as a bullet from a gun ;  
The other limp'd as if he had been *shot*.

ONE saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—  
Had his soul white-wash'd all so clever ;  
Then home again he nimbly hied,  
Made fit with saints above to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
He met his brother rogue about half way,  
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending  
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas ; [knees,  
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“ How now,” the light-toed, white-wash'd pilgrim

“ You lazy lubber ? ” — [broke,

“ Odds curse it ! ” cried the other, “ tis no *joke* :

“ My feet, once hard as any rock,

“ Are now as soft as *blubber*.

“ Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

“ As for Loretto, I shall not get there :

“ No ! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,

“ For damme if I ha’n’t lost ev’ry toe.

“ But, brother sinner, do explain

“ How ’tis that you are not in pain ;

“ What Pow’r hath work’d a wonder for *your*

“ Whilst *I* just like a snail am crawling, [toes ;

“ Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

“ Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

“ How is’t that *you* can like a greyhound go,

“ Merry, as if that nought had happen’d, burn

“ ye ?”— [know,

“ Why,” cried the other grinning, “ you must

“ That, just before I ventur’d on my journey,

“ To walk a little more at ease,

“ I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.”



TO  
A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough, in April 1786.

BY BURNS.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
    Thy slender stem:  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
    Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet  
The bonie *lark*, companion meet!  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!  
    Wi' spreckled breast,  
When upward springing, blythe, to greet  
    The purpling east:

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield ;  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;  
But now the *share* up tears thy bed,  
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet *flowret* of the rural shade !

21

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

By love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guiltless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd;  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of *prudent* lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n  
To Mis'ry's brink,  
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,  
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
*That fate is thine*—no distant date:

Stern ruin's *plough-share* drives elate  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom!

# H A F E Z.



## ODE III.

THY form has a resistless grace,  
And gladness is thy dwelling-place,  
    Ah, soft enslaver of our minds !  
'Tis from thy pleasing wantonness,  
From those sweet lips I sweetly press,  
    That my fond heart contentment finds.

Mild is thy nature, gentle maid,  
As is the rose-bud's modest head  
    In the fresh bow'r of early spring ;  
And such thy shape, to equal thee,  
The garden of eternity  
    Must its own cypress proudly bring !

Thy coyness, which affects to frown,  
Thy playful sports, thy cheek of down,



And the dear mole that on it lies ;  
Thine eye, thine eye-brow's arch so true,  
Thy step majestic to the view—  
All with delight my soul surprise !

The rose-bow'rs of my thoughts, from thee,  
With paintings and rich broidery,  
Colour'd by Fancy's pencil are :  
'Tis thine such fragrance to impart,  
That the recesses of my heart  
Breathe perfume from thy jasmine hair.

In Love's perplexing path, I know,  
From the tempestuous storm of woe,  
Man never yet found safe retreat ;  
But thou hast pow'r so much to charm,  
That, heedless of each future harm,  
I dare its utmost rage to meet.

What, though before thy face I die,  
I yield me to my destiny ;

I feel not Sorrow's painful wound :  
I look upon thy glowing cheek ;  
And the sole blessing that I seek  
Is in thy matchless beauty found.

In quest of thee, though to my sight  
Oppressive toil, and wild affright,  
The desert of research present,  
Expecting he may find thee there,  
Still Hafez, unsubdued by care,  
Keeps on his weary way content.

# S L A N D E R,

A VISION.

BY COTTON.

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INSCRIBED TO MISS \* \* \* \* .

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MY lovely girl, I write for you,  
And pray believe my Visions true ;  
They 'll form your mind to ev'ry grace ;  
They 'll add new beauties to your face :  
And, when old-age impairs your prime,  
You 'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.  
Childhood and youth engage my pen ;  
'Tis labour lost to talk to men :  
Youth may perhaps reform when wrong ;  
Age will not listen to my song.  
He who at fifty is a fool,  
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,  
When almost ev'ry passion fails ;

Which with our very dawn begun,  
Nor ends but with our setting sun ;  
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil  
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil ?—  
'Tis Slander—and, with shame I own,  
The vice of human kind alone.

Be Slander, then, my leading dream,  
Though you're a stranger to the theme ;  
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,  
Scorn the defamatory art ;  
Thy soul asserts her native skies,  
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise :  
In foreign spoils let others shine,  
Intrinsic excellence is thine.  
The bird in peacock's plumes who shone  
Could plead no merit of her own ;  
The silly theft betray'd her pride,  
And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse  
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.

Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store ;  
Who takes your gold, takes trash—no more ;  
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—  
Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!  
But the dark villain who shall aim  
To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,  
He'd steal a precious gem away,  
Steal what both Indies can't repay !  
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,  
Or the more impious pleas of gain.  
No sinking family to save !  
No gold to glut th' insatiate knave !

Improve the hint of Shakespeare's tongue ;  
'Twas thus immortal Shakespeare sung :\*  
And trust the bard's unerring rule,  
For nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,  
I saw a rueful wild appear :

\* Othello.



No verdure met my aching sight,  
But hemlock and cold aconite;  
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,  
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around;  
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground:  
A bleak and barren mountain nigh,  
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!  
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,  
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind;  
' A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,  
' The plumes of ravens were her bed;'<sup>\*</sup>  
She fed upon the viper's brood,  
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun, and western ray,  
Were witness to her distant sway.  
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host  
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.

\* Garth's Dispensatory.

No conquest grac'd Darius' son,\*  
By his own numbers half undone :  
Success attended Slander's pow'r ;  
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour :  
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore  
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,  
The fury spares nor sex nor age.  
E'en Merit, with destructive charms,  
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,  
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.  
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,  
Commands in chief, and guides the field ;

\* Xerxes, King of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions); who, together with their cattle, perished, in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

He stalks with vast gigantic stride,  
And scatters fear and ruin wide :  
So the impetuous torrents sweep  
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base Hesperian,\* known  
And chief support of Slander's throne,  
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,  
And treach'ry brooding in his mien ;  
The monster often chang'd his gait,  
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.  
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,  
Now slowly moves his out-stretch'd wings ;  
Now swift as lightning bears away,  
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a sacred band,  
With sword and poison in her hand.

\* Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain ; and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful dispositions.

Around her haggard eye-balls roll ;  
A thousand fiends possess her soul.  
The artful, unsuspected sprite,  
With fatal aim, attacks by night.  
Her troops advance with silent tread,  
And stab the hero in his bed ;  
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,  
And female honours pine and die.  
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,  
Intent on murder, scour the plains ;  
Approach the folds where lambs repose,  
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes ;  
The savage gluts his fierce desires,  
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view  
How wide her conquests daily grew :  
Around the crowded levees wait,  
Like oriental slaves of state ;  
Of either sex whole armies prest,  
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law,  
To say what female friends I saw?  
Slander assumes the idol's part,  
And claims the tribute of the heart:  
The best, in some unguarded hour,  
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.  
Then let the poet not reveal  
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,  
Much worse delinquents crowded there:  
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,  
Grave physic, and loquacious law;  
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;  
And hungry poets swarm around.  
But now my partial story ends,  
And makes my females full'amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfil,  
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills,  
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace  
Which warm the heart and flush the face.



Fancy disclos'd a smiling train  
Of British nymphs that tripp'd the plain.  
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,  
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green ;  
A fair and smiling virgin she !  
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.  
Prudence assum'd the chief command,  
And bore a mirror in her hand ;  
Grey was the matron's head by age,  
Her mind by long experience sage ;  
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,  
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.  
The Graces danc'd before the fair ;  
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.  
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,  
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground ;  
The sun display'd each brighter ray,  
And shone in all the pride of day :

When Slander sicken'd at the sight,  
And skulk'd away, to shun the light.

# ELEGY.

BY HAMMOND.

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To his Friend, written under the Confinement of a long  
Indisposition.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# ODE TO EVENING.

BY COLLINS.

**I**F aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
Like thy own solemn springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

**O** nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
With brede ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed :

**N**ow air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,  
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing ;  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

**A**s oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :  
Now teach me, maid compos'd,  
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit, [vale,  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,  
The fragrant hours, and elves  
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with  
sedge,  
And sheds the freshening dew; and, lovelier still,  
The pensive pleasures sweet  
Prepare thy shadowy car:

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,  
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,

That from the mountain's side  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light :

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favourite name !



A MADRIGAL.

BY PETER PINDAR.

---

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, prithee, why so coy?  
Where's the danger of a kiss?  
Loaded are thy lips with joy;  
Wherefore then deny the bliss?

Budding, if they blush with pleasures,  
Freely, freely let me take 'em:  
If a sin t' enjoy their treasures,  
NATURE was a fool to make 'em.

THE  
VANITY OF FAME.

BY THE REV. H. MOORE.

AS vapours from the marsh's miry bed  
Ascend, and, gath'ring on the mountain head,  
Spread their long train in splendid pomp on high;  
Now o'er the vales in awful grandeur low'r;  
Now flashing, thund'ring down the trembling sky,  
Rive the tough oak, or dash th' aspiring tow'r;  
    Then melting down in rain  
Drop to their base original again;  
Thus earth-born Heroes, the proud sons of praise,  
Awhile on Fortune's airy summit blaze,  
    The world's fair peace confound,  
And deal dismay and death, and ruin round;  
Then back to earth these Idols of an hour  
Sink on a sudden, and are known no more.

Where is each boasted Favourite of Fame,  
    Whose wide-expanded name

Fill'd the loud echoes of the world around,  
While shore to shore return'd the lengthen'd sound?  
The Warriors where, who, in triumphal pride,  
With weeping Freedom to the chariot tied,  
To Glory's Capitolian temple rode?  
In undistinguish'd dust together trod,  
Victors and vanquish'd mingle in the grave;  
    Worms prey upon the mould'ring God,  
    Nor know a Cæsar from his slave:  
In empty air their mighty deeds exhale,  
A school-boy's wonder, or an ev'ning tale.

    In vain with various arts they strive  
    To keep their little names alive;  
Bid to the skies th' ambitious tow'r ascend;  
The cirque its vast majestic length extend;  
Bid arcs of triumph swell their graceful round;  
Or mausoleums load th' encumber'd ground;  
Or Sculpture speak in animated stone  
Of vanquish'd Monarchs tumbled from the throne:  
    The rolling tide of years,  
Rushing with strong and steady current, bears

The pompous piles, with all their fame, away  
To black Oblivion's sea ;  
Deep in whose dread abyss the glory lies  
Of empires, ages, never more to rise !

Where's now imperial Rome,  
Who erst to subject Kings denounc'd their doom,  
And shook the sceptre o'er a trembling world ?  
From her proud height by force barbarian hurl'd.  
Now, on some broken capital reclin'd,  
The Sage of classic mind  
Her awful relics views with pitying eye,  
And o'er departed Grandeur heaves a sigh ;  
Or fancies, wand'ring in his moon-light walk,  
The prostrate fanes, and mould'ring domes among,  
He sees the mighty ghosts of heroes stalk  
In melancholy majesty along,  
Or pensive hover o'er the ruins round,  
Their pallid brows with faded laurels bound ;  
While Cato's shade seems scornful to survey  
A race of Slaves, and sternly strides away.

Where old Euphrates winds his storied flood,  
The curious traveller explores in vain  
The barren shores, and solitary plain,  
Where erst majestic Babel's turrets stood;  
All vanish'd from the view her proud abodes,  
Her walls, and brazen gates, and palaces of Gods!  
A shapeless heap o'erspreads the dreary space,  
Of mingled piles an undistinguish'd mass;  
There the wild tenants of the desert dwell;  
The serpent's hiss is heard, the dragon's yell;  
And doleful howlings o'er the waste affright,  
And drive afar the wand'ers of the night.

Yet, 'tis Divinity's implanted fire  
Which bids the soul to glorious heights aspire;  
Enlarge her wishes, and extend her sight  
Beyond this little Life's contracted round,  
And wing her eagle flight.

To grandeur, fame, and bliss without a bound.  
Ambition's ardent hopes, and golden dreams,  
Her tow'ring madness, and her wild extremes,

Unfold this sacred truth to Reason's eye,  
That "Man was made for Immortality."

Yes, Friend! let noble deeds, and noble aims,  
To distant ages consecrate our names,  
That when these tenements of crumbling clay

Are dropt to dust away,

Some worthy monument may still declare

To future times, "we were!"

Not such as mad Ambition's vot'ries raise

Upon the driving sand of vulgar praise ;

But with its firm foundation laid

On Virtue's adamant rock,

That to the skies shall lift its tow'ring head

Superior to the surge's shock.

Plann'd like a Memphian Pyramid sublime,

Rising majestic on its ample base,

By just degrees, and with a daring grace,

Erect, unmov'd amid the storms of time!

Of time! no, that's a period too confin'd.

To fill th' unbounded mind,



Which o'er the barrier leaps of added years,  
Of ages, æras, and revolving spheres,  
And leaves the flight of numbers still behind.

When the loud clarion's dreadful roll  
Shall rend the globe from pole to pole;  
When worlds and systems sink in fire,  
And Nature, Time, and Death expire;  
In the bright records of the sky  
Shall Virtue see her honours shine;  
Shall see them blazing round the sacred shrine  
Of blest Eternity.

TO  
CLODIO IN PRISON.

BY PETER PINDAR.

CLODIO, thy ruin is complete—

Fairly art thou, my friend, *done up*.

PRINCES have *done* this pretty feat ;

And, easy smiling, see thee sup,

And sleep, and breakfast too, and dine

With good DUKE HUMPHRY, Duke of PHA-  
ROAH's kine ;

That is to say—exceeding *lean*,

Ragged, unwholesome, yea, *unclean* !

And in a *jail*, where sunk-eyed INANITION,

Quite chop-fall'n, damns the folly of AMBITION.

Still, 'midst thy poverty and rags,

Thou makest to the jail thy brags ;

And pleas'd, of PRINCES tellest many a story ;

And fanciest, that when thou art dead,

A spendor will surround thy head—

Ev'n so !—that thou shalt lie along in GLORY !

Vain Youth!—now prithee cast thine eye  
On that poor spendor-hunting Fly,  
    Sporting around thy taper's blaze:—  
How blest, the buzzing INSECT sings,  
Catching the radiance on his wings!  
    How fascinated with the rays!

A minute will decide his fate:  
    Nearer, and nearer, round he flies;  
Still nearer, nearer—how elate!—  
    There ends existence—hark! his cries!—

Down drops the wretch amidst the fire—  
And see him on his back expire!  
Now a poor coal! sad transmigration!  
Yet *cover'd* with *illumination*!

Such is the *Fly's*, and such *thy* story;  
And lo, like *him*, thou ly'st in GLOBY!

THE  
SPLENDID SHILLING.

BY PHILIPS.

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“ ————— Sing, heavenly Muse,  
“ Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,”  
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

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**H**APPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,  
In silken or in leathern purse retains  
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain  
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;  
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,  
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall \* repairs;  
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye  
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,  
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass  
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.  
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,  
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.

\* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

But I, whom griping penury surrounds,  
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,  
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff  
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:  
Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
In garret vile, and with a warming puff  
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black  
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,  
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent;  
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,  
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,  
Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings  
Full famous in romantic tale) when he  
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,  
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,  
High overshadowing rides, with a design  
To vend his wares, or at th' Arwonian mart,  
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town  
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream  
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!  
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie  
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,  
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,  
Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,  
To my aërial citadel ascends,  
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,  
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know  
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.  
What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd,  
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly  
Of wood-hole; strait my bristling hairs erect  
Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews  
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)  
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;  
So horrible he seems ! His faded brow  
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,  
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,  
Disastrous acts forbode ; in his right hand  
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,  
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,  
Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye gods, avert  
Such plagues from mortal men !) Behind him stalks  
Another monster, not unlike himself,



Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd  
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods  
With force incredible, and magic charms,  
First have endued: if he his ample palm  
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay  
Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch  
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)  
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,  
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,  
In durauce strict detain him, till, in form  
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,  
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken  
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft  
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,  
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch  
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)  
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn  
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye  
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,  
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice

Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web  
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads  
Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands  
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,  
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils  
Inextricable, nor will aught avail  
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;  
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,  
And butterfly proud of expanded wings  
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,  
Useless resistance make : with eager strides,  
She towering flies to her expected spoils ;  
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood  
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave  
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades  
This world envelop, and th' inclement air  
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts  
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;  
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light  
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk

Of loving friend, delights ; distress'd, forlorn,  
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,  
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts  
My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse  
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,  
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,  
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.  
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,  
And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat  
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :  
But if a slumber haply does invade  
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,  
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,  
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,  
In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst  
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,  
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays  
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,  
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,

Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay :  
Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :  
My galligaskins, that have long withstood  
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,  
By time subdued, (what will not time subdue !)  
A horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice  
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds  
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force  
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,  
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,  
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship  
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,  
Or the Ionian, till cruising near  
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush  
On Scylla or Charybdis (dangerous rocks !)  
She strikes rebounding ; whence the shatter'd oak,  
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,  
Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side  
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,  
Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize  
The mariners ; death in their eyes appears,

They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they  
pray :

(Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,  
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,  
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

THE  
BOOK-WORM.

BY PARNELL.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day  
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey !  
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,  
As Fame reports it, with the gods.  
Him frantic hunger wildly drives  
Against a thousand authors' lives :  
Through all the fields of wit he flies ;  
Dreadful his wit with clust'ring eyes,  
With horns without, and tusks within,  
And scales to serve him for a skin.  
Observe him nearly, lest he climb  
To wound the bards of ancient time,  
Or down the vale of Fancy go,  
To tear some modern wretch below.  
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,  
Or ten to one he slips thee by.  
See where his teeth a passage eat :  
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.



But who the shelter's forc'd to give?  
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!  
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,  
He draws the tadpole form along;  
He mounts the gilded edge before;  
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;  
He turns, he doubles—there he pass'd;  
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse  
The sweetest servants of the Muse!  
(Nay, never offer to deny,  
I took thee in the fact to fly.)  
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,  
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;  
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;  
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;  
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd  
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;  
They rent Belinda's locks away,  
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.

For all, for ev'ry single deed,  
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed,  
Then fall a victim to the Nine,  
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,  
To pile a sacred altar here ;  
Hold, boy ! thy hand outruns thy wit,  
You 've reach'd the plays that Dennis writ ;  
You 've reach'd me Philips' rustic strain ;  
Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come, bind the victim—there he lies ;  
And here between his num'rous eyes  
This venerable dust I lay,  
From manuscript just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,  
(For the libation's yet to make)  
A health to poets ! all their days  
May they have bread as well as praise ;

Sense may they seek, and less engage  
In papers fill'd with party rage :  
But, if their riches spoil their vein,  
Ye Muses, make them poor again !

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,  
With which my tuneful pens are made.  
I strike the scales that arm thee round,  
And twice and thrice I print the wound ;  
The sacred altar floats with red,  
And now he dies—and now he 's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,  
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !  
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,  
To see what dangers threat the year :  
Ye gods ! what sonnets on a wench !  
What lean translations out of French !  
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,  
S — prints before the months go round.

But hold—before I close the scene,  
The sacred altar should be clean.  
Oh, had I Shadwell's second bays,  
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!  
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow  
I never miss'd your works till now)  
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine  
(That only way you please the Nine);  
But since I chance to want these two,  
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin  
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;  
I hang my studious morning gown,  
And write my own inscription down:

“ This trophy from the Python won,  
“ This robe in which the deed was done,  
“ These Parnell, glorying in the feat,  
“ Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.  
“ Here Ignorance and Hunger found  
“ Large realms of Wit to ravage round;

“ Here Ignorance, and Hunger fell,  
“ Two foes in one, I sent to Hell!  
“ Ye poets, who my labours see,  
“ Come share the triumph all with me!  
“ Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,  
“ To mourn the grand ally you lose.”

# EPISTLE

TO

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, ON HIS LEAVING  
ETON SCHOOL.

BY DR. ROBERTS.

SINCE now a nobler scene awakes thy care,  
Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's tow'rs,  
Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,  
Invites thy willing steps; accept, dear youth,  
This parting strain; accept the fervent pray'r  
Of him who loves thee with a passion pure  
As ever Friendship dropp'd in human heart;  
The prayer, that he who guides the hand of youth  
Through all the puzzled and perplexed round  
Of life's meand'ring path, upon thy head  
May shower down every blessing, every joy  
Which health, which virtue, and which fame can  
give!

Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:  
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,

The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,  
Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow  
At undeserved praise? Perish the slave  
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear  
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul  
With vain conceit; whose base ungenerous art  
Fawns on the vice, which some with honest hand  
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast!

Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day  
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung  
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand  
To touch th' accordant strings? From that blest  
hour

I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame;  
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,  
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye  
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench  
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breast.  
Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,  
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes  
The well-attemper'd ear; sweet is the breath



Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain  
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart:  
But not the concord of harmonious sounds,  
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes  
The well-attemper'd ear; nor the sweet breath  
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain  
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart,  
So charm with ravishment the raptur'd sense,  
As does the voice of well-deserv'd report  
Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On ev'ry object through the giddy world  
Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,  
Fresh is the gloss of newness; look, dear youth,  
O look, but not admire! O let not these  
Raze from thy noble heart the fair records  
Which youth and education planted there!  
Let not affection's full, impetuous tide,  
Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd  
By selfish cares; nor let the idle jeers  
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself.  
When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,

And feel thy heart at rest? Have I not seen  
In thy swoln eye the tear of sympathy,  
The milk of human kindness? When didst thou,  
With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd?  
When didst thou slight the wretched? When  
despise

The modest humble suit of poverty?  
These virtues still be thine; nor ever learn  
To look with cold eye on the charities  
Of brother, or of parents; think on those  
Whose anxious care thro' childhood's slippery  
path

Sustain'd thy feeble steps; whose every wish  
Is wafted still to thee; remember those,  
Even in thy heart, while memory holds her seat;  
And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recall  
The sweet companions of thy earliest years,  
Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife  
Of every generous art, remember me!

# PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL.

BY PETER PINDAR.

**W**HILE the Shepherds are blithe on the green,  
And welcome the blushes of **MAY** ;  
With sorrow I look on the scene,  
While **PHILLIDA** wanders away.

But lo ! the sweet maiden appears !  
Ah, pleas'd, she descends from the stile ;  
She hastes to repay all my fears,  
And the pang of my heart, with a smile !

How could **PHILLIDA** leave me forlorn !  
With a frown—at the deed I would rail ;  
But thy smile is the beam of the morn,  
That chaces the gloom of the vale.

Thou thinkest it nothing to rove,  
And loiter so long from my sight :  
Know, the loss of a *moment* in *Love*,  
Is the loss of an *age* of *Delight*.

# ISIS.

AN ELEGY.

BY MR. MASON, OF CAMBRIDGE.

**F**AR from her hallow'd grot, where, mildly  
bright,  
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light;  
From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops  
fell, [shell,  
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed  
Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade  
Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping Maid;  
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast  
In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;  
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,  
In all the awful negligence of woe;  
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase  
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all his grace.  
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science seen,  
Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien;

There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace, sedate  
 and bland,  
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;  
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas  
 green,  
 At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,  
 Then dropp'd a tender tear, and thus she spoke:  
 Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace  
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;  
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes  
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.  
 Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead  
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead:  
 Oft hast thou stopp'd thy pearly car to gaze,  
 While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;  
 While ev'ry Youth, with Fame's strong impulse  
 Press'd to the goal, and at the goal untir'd, [fir'd,  
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow  
 The Muses, Graces, Virtues, could bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,  
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;  
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,  
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers, shine.  
See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,  
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:  
Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,  
Each breast strong panting with its country's love,  
All that to Albion gave their heart or head,  
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,  
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,  
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil  
To me with filial reverence they bring,  
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.  
Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray:  
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;  
'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,  
In all the pomp of free-born majesty; [awe,  
" My son," he cried, " observe this mien with  
' In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;  
" The piercing notes shall strike each British ear;  
" Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!

“ And, rous’d to glory by the nervous strain,  
“ Each youth shall spurn at Slavery’s abject reign;  
“ Shall guard with Cato’s zeal Britannia’s laws,  
“ And speak, and act, and bleed, in Freedom’s  
“ cause.”

The hero spoke ; the bard assenting bow’d ;  
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow’d ;  
While Echo, as she rov’d the vale along,  
Join’d the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But, ah ! how Stillness slept upon the ground,  
How mute attention check’d each rising sound,  
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,  
Scarce trill’d sweet Philomel her softest lay,  
When Locke walk’d musing forth ! e’en now I view  
Majestic Wisdom thron’d upon his brow ;  
View Candour smile upon his modest cheek,  
And from his eye all Judgment’s radiance break.  
’Twas here the sage his manly zeal express’d,  
Here stripp’d vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest ;



Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,  
 Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;  
 Ere long to shew to Reason's purged eye,  
 That Nature's first best gift was Liberty."

Proud of this wondrous son, sublime I stood  
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood);  
 Then, vain as Niobe, exulting cried,  
 Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;  
 Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,  
 Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,  
 Tho' every Academic green impress'd  
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,  
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,  
 And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boast?  
 See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast;  
 See! Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,  
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain:  
 Hence frontless crowds, that, not content to fright  
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,

Blast the fair face of day; and, madly bold,  
 To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;  
 To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,  
 Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound;  
 The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,  
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;  
 Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,  
 Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam  
 In some loan cloister's melancholy shade,  
 Where a firm few support her sickly head,  
 Despis'd, insulted, by the barb'rous train, [plain,  
 Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout, the  
 Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muse approves,  
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,  
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?  
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand  
 To deal their insults through a peaceful land;  
 And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue  
 groans,  
 That "Isis taught Rebellion to her sons?"



THE  
TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY "ISIS," AN ELEGY.

BY T. WHARTON.

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Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam  
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,  
Hanc Urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit,  
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec Numina Sedem  
Destituent. —

CLAUDIAN.

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ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse  
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews ;  
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,  
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale ;  
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,  
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd :  
And calmly musing through the twilight way,  
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.  
When, lo ! from op'ning clouds a golden gleam  
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream ;

And from the wave arose its guardian queen,  
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green ;  
While in the coral crown that bound her brow  
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood  
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod ;  
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,  
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd :

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,  
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy ;  
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit  
To notes of pastoral pipe or oaten flute.  
For hark ! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,  
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls :  
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,  
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string ?  
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,  
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite ;  
To shake yon towers when malice rears her crest,  
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest ?

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause,  
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws ;  
To Pow'r your songs of gratulation pay ;  
To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.  
What tho' your gentle Mason's plaintive verse  
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse ;  
What, tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,  
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow ?  
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,  
To tear the laurels from a sister's head.—  
Misguided youth ! with rude unclassic rage  
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page ;  
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,  
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let \*\*\* boast the patrons of her name,  
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame :  
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,  
Prolific parent of each bowing dean :  
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,  
Each courtly chaplain, sanctify'd and sleek :

Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive  
On rich pluralities supinely thrive :  
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,  
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;  
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,  
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,  
Where Cam, meand'ring thro' the matted reeds,  
With loit'ring wave his groves of laurel feeds.  
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,  
Where honour calls, and justice points the way ;  
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,  
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.  
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bow'r  
Still nor enjoys nor seeks the smile of pow'r.

Though wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal  
Tho' Persecution wave her iron wing, [spring,  
And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,  
" Those destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries ;  
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend :  
And as the dews of gracious Heaven descend



Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,  
 Her stores on me spontaneous bounty pours.  
 See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd ;  
 With Fancy's train my fairy shades resound ;  
 My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,  
 The mein erect, and high majestic gait :  
 Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,  
 And still the graces build my Grecian piles :  
 My gothic spires in ancient glory rise,  
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train  
 Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain ;  
 When yon proud \*dome, fair learning's amplest  
 Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine ; [shrine,  
 Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,  
 To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name ?  
 What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,  
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay !  
 How each brave breast with honest ardours heav'd,  
 When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd ;

While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,  
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,  
That made a Beaufort and a Harley mine;  
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,  
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,  
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,  
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine!  
Then Music left her sphere on high,  
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;  
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around  
Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous sound.  
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,  
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:  
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,  
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;  
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,  
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,  
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.

See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,  
To catch his parting eye, and waving hand.  
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,  
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart.  
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts  
    inspire,  
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire ;  
Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,  
What Britons dare to think he dares to tell.  
'Tis his alike the ear and eyes to charm,  
To win with action, and with sense to warm.  
Untaught in flow'ry periods to dispense  
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence :  
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,  
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise ;  
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,  
Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword ;  
From me, as from my country, claims applause,  
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,  
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield ;

Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare  
To wage with force like this scholastic war?  
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,  
With all the rage of pedant impotence?  
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,  
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore  
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,  
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells  
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;  
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile  
The deep foundations of the floating pile.  
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,  
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;  
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,  
With ev'ry conflict of the stormy flood;  
More sure the reptile's little arts devour  
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wint'ry pow'r.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,  
Ye tow'rs that wear the mossy vest of time!

Ye massy piles of old munificence,  
At once the pride of learning and defence ;  
Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the sight  
To contemplation, step by step, invite ;  
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear  
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;  
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays  
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;  
Lo ! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,  
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail !—  
Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,  
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;  
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each gen'rous aim,  
By truth exalted to the throne of fame !  
Like Greece in science and in liberty,  
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free !

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,  
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.  
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,  
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads :

His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,  
And beams on all around celestial fire.  
With graceful step see Addison advance,  
The sweetest child of Attic elegance :  
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,  
And Seldon ope the rolls of ancient lore :  
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,  
See Lock lead Reason, his majestic bride :  
See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,  
And spread the treasur'd stores of Truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,  
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease ;  
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd ;  
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd ;  
Who rang'd the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd  
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind ;  
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,  
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul ;  
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,  
Hail ! Oxford, hail ! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train ! with lib'ral aim,  
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame ;  
And on the gothic gloom of slavish sway  
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.  
With mild debate each musing feature glows,  
And well-weigh'd counsels mark'd their meaning  
brows.

“ Lo ! these the leaders of thy patriot line,”  
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers, shine.  
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,  
Their future sons the great example taught :  
While in each youth th' hereditary flame  
Still blazes, unextinguish'd, and the same !

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage ;  
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.  
I see the sable-suited prince advance  
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,  
Edward. The Muses in yon cloister's shade  
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade :  
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw ;  
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.



And see, great father of the sacred band,  
The \* Patriot King before me seems to stand.  
He, by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,  
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,  
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,  
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd ;  
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,  
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore :  
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,  
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd  
land.

Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell  
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,  
Lo ! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,  
And proudly lifts to Heaven her hundred towers.  
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,  
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause :  
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,  
And sooth'd to soft society's controul  
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye  
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny :

\* Alfred.

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

## H A F E Z.



### ODE IV.

**G**IVE, O give Love's sportful joys;  
Youth, and all that youth employs;  
Wine like rubies bright, and red;  
And the board with dainties spread;  
Gay associates, fond to join  
In the cup of circling wine!

Give the handmaid's lip divine,  
Blushing deeper than her wine;  
Minstrels vers'd in tuneful art;  
And the friend that's next our heart;  
With the valued, cheerful soul,  
Drainer of the brim-full bowl!

Give the nymph, that's tender, kind,  
Pure in heart, and pure in mind,

As th' unsullied fount that laves  
Eden's banks with blissful waves,  
And whose beauty sweetly bright  
Shames the clear moon's full-orb'd light!

Give the festive hall, that vies  
With our boasted Paradise ;  
Round it, breathing rich perfume,  
Let refreshing roses bloom ;  
Such as, with unfading grace,  
Deck the blest abode of peace !

Give companions, who unite  
In one wish, and one delight ;  
Brisk attendants, who improve  
All the joys of wine and love ;  
Friends who hold our secrets dear,  
And the friend who loves good cheer !

Give the juice of rosy hue,  
Briskly sparkling to the view,

Richly bitter, richly sweet,  
Such as will exhilarate ;  
While the fair-one's rubied lip  
Flavours ev'ry cup we sip.

Give the girl, whose sword-like eye  
Bids the understanding die,  
Tempting mortals to their fate  
With the goblet's smiling bait ;  
Damsels give with flowing hair,  
Guileful as the hunter's snare !

Give, to spend the classic hour,  
One deep-read in learned lore,  
One, whose merry, tuneful vein  
Flows like our gay poet's strain,  
And whose open, generous mind  
Blesses and improves mankind !

Mortals, wilfully unwise,  
Who these mirthful gifts despise,

Entertain no pleasing sense  
Of voluptuous elegance :  
Scarce of such can it be said,  
That they differ from the dead.

ON  
A GROTTA

*Near the Thames, at Twickenham,*

Composed of Marbles, Spars, and Minerals.\*

BY A. POPE.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave,  
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,  
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,  
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,  
And latent metals innocently glow :

Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!  
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.

\* The improving and finishing this Grotto, was the favourite amusement of Mr. Pope's declining years; and the beauty of his poetie genius in the disposition and ornaments of this romantic recess, appears to as much advantage as in his best-contrived Poems.—See his description of it in a letter to Edward Blount, Esq. vol. viii. of his works.



Approach: But awful! Lo th' Ægerian \* grot  
Where, nobly-pensive, St. John sate and thought;  
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,  
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's  
soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,  
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

\* Alluding to Numa's projecting his System of Politics  
in this Grot; assisted, as he gave out, by the Goddess  
Ægeria.

AN  
ODE ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.\*

BY A. POPE.

ÆTHERIAL race, inhabitants of air!

Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;  
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,  
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!

With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!  
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,  
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone;

On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;  
Or he, the *sacred Bard*! † who sat alone,  
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

\* Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its properties are fully described in *The Castle of Indolence*.

† Jeremiah.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,  
When by Euphrates' stream they made their  
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung [plaint:  
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir, [raise;  
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem  
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire  
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wand'ring spirits of the wind,  
Who as wild Fancy prompts you touch the string,  
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd;  
For, 'till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

A

## PIPE OF TOBACCO:

IN IMITATION OF SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.

BY I. H. BROWN, ESQ.



IMITATION I.—COLLEY CIBBER.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

*Laudes egregii Cæsaris—*

*Culpa deterere ingeni.*

HOR.

RECITATIVO.

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

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,  
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire,  
When wint'ry storms around us beat,  
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.  
Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,  
In thy praises jointly sing.

## RECITATIVO.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,  
 Fraught with Tobacco's balmy sweets ;  
 Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,  
 And Boreas is afraid to roar.

## AIR.

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

## RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the wine and orange boast,  
 While wastes of war deform the teeming coast ;  
 Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,  
 Enjoys a Pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd ;  
 E'en restless faction finds itself most free,  
 Or if a slave, a slave to liberty.

## AIR.

Smiling years that gaily run  
 Round the zodiac with the sun,

Tell, if ever you have seen  
Realms so quiet and serene.  
British sons no longer now  
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,  
Nor of crimson combat think,  
But securely smoke and drink.

## CHORUS.

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

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## IMITATION II.—AMB. PHILIPS.

*Tenuis fugit ceu fumus in auras.*

VIRG.

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

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



## IMITATION III.—JAMES THOMSON.

— *Prorumpit ad æthera nubem*

*Turbine, fumantem piceo.*

VIRG.

O THOU, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,  
 Tobacco, fountain pure of <sup>1</sup> *limpid truth*,  
*That looks the very soul*; whence pouring thought  
*Swarms all the mind*; absorpt is yellow care,  
<sup>2</sup> *And at each puff imagination burns* :  
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires  
 Touch the mysterious lip, that chaunts thy praise  
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.  
 Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines  
 Of ductile clay with <sup>3</sup> *plastic virtue* form'd,  
 And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.  
 From *Pætotheke*<sup>4</sup> with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,  
<sup>5</sup> *Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd*  
*Each parent ray*; then rudely ramm'd illume,  
 With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,

<sup>1</sup> Poem on Liberty, ver. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. ver. 16.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. ver. 104.

<sup>4</sup> A poetical word for a tobacco-box.

<sup>5</sup> Poem on Liberty, ver. 243, 245.

<sup>6</sup> *Mark'd with Gibsonian lore ; forth issue clouds,*  
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,  
 And many-mining fires ; I all the while,  
 Lolling at ease, <sup>7</sup> *inhale* the breezy balm.  
 But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join,*  
*In genial strife* and orthodoxal ale,  
<sup>8</sup> *Steam life and joy into the Muse's bowl.*  
 Oh, be thou still *my great inspirer,* thou  
*My Muse!* Oh fan me with thy zephyr's boon,  
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,  
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song !

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IMITATION IV.—DR. YOUNG.

— *Bullatis mihi nugis*

*Pagina turgescat—dare pondus idonea fumo.*      PERS.

CRITICS, avaunt! Tobacco is my theme ;  
 Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam !  
 And you, court-insects, flutter not too near  
 Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.

<sup>6</sup> Poem on Liberty, ver. 247, alluding to the Pastoral Letters of Bishop Gibson. <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* ver. 309. <sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* ver. 171.

Pollio, with flame like thine, my verse inspire ;  
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.  
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff ;  
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff.  
Lord Foplin smokes not—for his teeth afraid :  
Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.  
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon :  
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town ;  
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe—no matter,  
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter !  
Its foes but shew their ignorance ; can he  
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree ?  
The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)  
Rails at Tobacco, though it makes him—spit.  
Citrona vows it has an odious stink ;  
She will not smoke (ye gods !)—but she will drink :  
And chaste Prudella (blame her if you can)  
Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man :  
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,  
While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame :  
Fame, of our actions universal spring,  
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—every thing.

## IMITATION V.—MR. POPE.

————— *Solis ad ortus*

*Vanescit fumus.*

LUCAN.

BLEST LEAF! whose aromatic gales dispense  
 To Templars modesty, to Parsons sense:  
 So raptur'd priests, at fam'd Dordona's shrine  
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine.  
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords  
 Content, more solid than the smile of lords:  
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,  
 The last kind refuge of the wise and good.  
 Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale  
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.  
 By thee protected, and thy sister, Beer,  
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.  
 Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,  
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade.  
 What though to love and soft delights a foe,  
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau,

Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,  
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue, are thy own.  
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,  
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings!

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IMITATION VI.—DEAN SWIFT.

*Ex fumo dare lucem.*      HOR.

BOY! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,  
 And bid the vicar be my guest:  
 Let all be plac'd in manner due,  
 A pot wherein to spit or spue,  
 And London Journal, and Free-Briton,\*  
 Of use to light a pipe or \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 This village, unmolested yet  
 By troopers, shall be my retreat:

\* Two ministerial newspapers.

Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray ;  
Who cannot write or vote for \*.  
Far from the vermin of the town,  
Here let me rather live, my own,  
Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland  
In sweet oblivion lulls the land ;  
Of all which at Vienna passes,  
As ignorant as \*\* Brass is:  
And scorning rascals to caress,  
Extol the days of good Queen Bess,  
When first Tobacco blest our isle ;  
Then think of other Queens—and smile.  
Come, jovial pipe, and bring along  
Midnight revelry and song ;  
The merry catch, the madrigal,  
That echoes sweet in City-Hall ;  
The parson's pun, the smutty tale  
Of country justice o'er his ale.  
I ask not what the French are doing,  
Or Spain, to compass Britain's ruin :  
Britons, if undone, can go  
Where Tobacco loves to grow.

# ODE TO ADVERSITY.

BY GRAY.

**D**AUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour  
The bad affright, afflict the best!  
Bound in thy adamant chain,  
The proud are taught to taste of pain;  
And purple tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire, to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
And bade to form her infant mind.  
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore;  
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
And from her own she learnt to melt at others woe.



Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,  
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse ; and with them go  
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe ;  
By vain prosperity receiv'd,  
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,  
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,  
And Melancholy, silent maid,  
With leaden eye that loves the ground,  
Still on thy solemn steps attend ;  
Warm Charity, the general friend,  
With Justice, to herself severe,  
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!  
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
Nor circled with the vengeful band,

(As by the impious thou art seen)  
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,  
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,  
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,  
Thy milder influence impart;  
Thy philosophic train be there  
To soften, not to wound, my heart.  
The gen'rous spark extinct revive;  
Teach me to love, and to forgive;  
Exact my own defects to scan;  
What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

TO HER GRACE  
THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH.

BY PETER PINDAR.

DEAR LADY DUCHESS, when d'ye go  
To view the Academic show ;  
That is to say, the Painting EXHIBITION ?  
Where pictures, join'd with pictures, blaze—  
Blues, scarlets, yellows, rival rays,  
Somewhat like PITT's and Fox's Coalition.

Few sparks of Genius shine, I'm told—  
The forms unanimated, cold ;  
Tame attitudes, and very lifeless faces:—  
And *dead* indeed must *Art* appear,  
When, Duchess, you know who is there,  
Displaying all the life of NATURE's graces.

THE  
BEGGAR'S PETITION.

ANON.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man, [door,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;  
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store !

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
With tempting aspect drew me from my road :  
For Plenty there a residence had found,  
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !  
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,  
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door  
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh take me to your hospitable dome !  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine ?  
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;  
And your condition may be soon like mine,  
The Child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;  
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn :  
But, ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot ;  
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !  
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair !  
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,        [door,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;  
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store !

# EPISTLE

TO

THE MOST HONOURABLE

*THE MARCHIONESS GREY:*

Sent with Phœbe, a Pastoral Opera.

BY J. HOADLY, LL.D.

**F**ROM polish'd circles of the fair,  
From gilded domes and tainted air,  
Where Pleasure's toilsome, Silence loud,  
Retirement but from crowd to crowd;  
Where Love but drives a trade at best  
(An Alley-broker He profess'd),  
Not giving corresponding hearts,  
But chaffering with his golden darts;  
Where innocence the world amazes,  
Her face scarce known in public places:  
But choosing—still at home—to share  
One corner of St. James's Square—  
Far hence permit the simple swain  
To lead thee to the guiltless plain,



Where Phœbe, innocent and gay,  
 Dares with the dangerous passion play :  
 And Celia, uninstructed maid,  
 Stoops her pure cause herself to plead.

Nor scornfully wilt thou disdain  
 The shepherd's pastime, pure though plain.  
 Thou (whose well-cultivated mind,  
 Nor for enjoyment too refin'd,  
 Nor others' woes to feel too wise,  
 Knows all but Nature to despise)  
 Serene shalt teach the madding train,  
 False pleasure is but real pain ;  
 Superior to her Siren-song,  
 Prudent thou glid'st the stream along,  
 Not careless of the baits of youth,  
 But steady to the pilot, Truth.  
 With her upon the helm advanc'd,  
 In purer joys thou sitt'st intranc'd,  
 And seest with pity and amaze  
 The voluntary herds, that graze

Th' enchanted shores of Circe's isle,  
'Transform'd so foully by her smile.

Lady, from all their painted pride,  
Come, let the Shepherd be thy guide :  
He'll lead thee to the fountain's brink,  
Where all the Sylvan Muses drink ;  
Whose spotless and translucent lace  
Heaven reflects with Heaven's own grace,  
And pure at once, and yet refin'd,  
Presents a mirror to the mind.  
He'll lead thee (go with him along)  
Where Greene's sweet Muse attunes her song,  
And plays her not unusual part,  
Mixing simplicity with art.  
Thy Genius shall according move,  
And, self-approving, her approve.

# ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY OGILVIE.

**H**AIL, queen of thought sublime! propitious  
pow'r,

Who o'er th' unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,  
Led by the moon, when, at the midnight hour,  
Her pale rays tremble through the dusky gloom.

O bear me, Goddess, to thy peaceful seat!

Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,  
Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep retreat,  
Or wand'ring wild through Chili's boundless  
shade.

Say, rove thy steps o'er Libya's naked waste?

Or seek some distant solitary shore?

Or, on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd,

Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,  
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome?  
Or stray thy feet where pale, dejected Woe  
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?

Hark! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear!  
See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole!  
O'er heaven's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,  
And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,  
Where Tadmor stands all desert and alone!  
While from her time-shook tow'rs the bird of prey  
Sounds through the night her long-resounding  
moan.

Or bear me far to yon dark, dismal plain,  
Where fell-eyed tigers, all athirst for blood,  
Howl to the desert; while the horrid train  
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel  
stood;

That queen of nations! whose superior call  
Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy!  
When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her fall,  
And deep reflection dash the lip of joy.

Short is Ambition's gay, deceitful dream,  
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow;  
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,  
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering  
bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,  
When working secret with destructive aim,  
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,  
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man;  
Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope portray'd:  
Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the growing plan:  
Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays  
Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd;  
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze  
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,  
With beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart;  
While, closely couch'd, pale, sick'ning Envy near  
Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd, like a raven, on some blasted yew,  
Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin;  
Scar'd—while her eyes survey th' ethereal blue,  
Lest heaven's strong lightning burst the dark  
within.

Then paint, impending o'er the maddening deep,  
That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly  
brave,  
Stood firm of soul—then from the dizzy steep  
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here, wrapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,  
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare ;  
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,  
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of  
Care.

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,  
Let judging Reason draw the veil aside ;  
Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,  
Read o'er the monument that tells—He died.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway ?  
What, all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought ?  
Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay,  
Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought ?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown ?  
When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier ?  
Not wealth, but pity, swells the bursting groan ;  
Not pow'r, but whispering Nature, prompts the  
tear.



Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,  
Where the worm fattens on some sceptred brow,  
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,  
Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below ?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain  
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head ;  
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,  
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead ?

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,  
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring ;  
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,  
And scents the zephyr's balmy-breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,  
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside ?  
Can these avail in that tremendous hour,  
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple  
tide ?

Ah no! the mighty names are heard no more:  
Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling  
bloom,  
Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,  
And swell with pompous verse th' escutcheon'd  
tomb.

For me—may Passion ne'er my soul invade,  
Nor be the whims of tow'ring Frenzy giv'n;  
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade  
Where Contemplation wings the soul to Heaven!

Oh guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare!  
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,  
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,  
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft, when midnight's sadly solemn knell  
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topt tow'r,  
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell,\*  
Or walk with Milton through the dark obscure.

\* See Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,  
May some sad friend recall the former years ;  
Then, stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,  
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears !

# THRALE AND THE DRAYMAN.

BY PETER PINDAR.

“ CONSCIENCE has nought to say to Trade,”  
Says SLANDER—happy to degrade.

I’ll prove it otherwise, by good old THRALE,  
Great in the annals of good Beer;  
An ocean too, the BREWER’S sphere,  
Himself the master—the important whale.

I own that consciences are ninnies;  
Dupes unto fascinating guineas;

Indeed, so ’witching are their splendid faces!  
Shillings, and pence too, let me say,  
Can lead *some* consciences astray,  
For *these* are not without their *winning* graces.

Now for my tale.—The Drayman MAT,  
Wishing to peep into the vat,

And view the sea of boiling, foaming wort ;  
 When lo ! (a very serious matter)  
 His star—of most malignant nature— [for't ;  
 Sous'd him plump in ; who did not *thank* him

For loud the Drayman roar'd, and vainly toil'd ;  
 And, like a chicken, soon the *man* was boil'd !  
 I say, indeed, extremely like a chicken ;  
 As tender quite—but not so pleasant picking.

Lord! what was done? Attend—you'll hear:  
 Compassionating the poor beer,  
 The Brewer scorn'd to give it a *bad name* :  
 Not to a single soul he told it,  
 But, like the former, calmly sold it ;  
 When, strange to tell, it won immortal fame.

A customer, call'd PETER POT,  
 Whose lucky, very lucky lot,  
 Was to be favour'd with this christian beer,  
 Proceeds to THRALE's—proclaims its praise :  
 “ Ne'er drank such beer in my *born* days !  
 “ A glorious, glorious brew! liked *ev'ry where*—

“ So pleas’d were folks—Sir, hundreds I can name;

“ So let me always have the *very same*.

“ Your name is up, Sir; you may lie abed—

“ You’ve hit the nail at last upon the head.”

“ Well, MASTER POT,” quoth MISTER THRALE,

“ I’m glad the beer had such a sale—

“ Depend on’t, it shall be my constant plan

“ To make the next as *near* it as I can.”

What could be fairer? Yet, God wot,

This answer pleas’d not PETER POT.

“ As *near* it as you *can* !” cried POT—

“ Why not the *very same*?—why *not*?

“ Put in the same materials, and ’twill *do*.”—

“ Damme,” quoth THRALE, enrag’d, “ dost

“ think

“ I’ll make my conscience always *wink*,

“ And boil a Drayman *ev’ry time* I brew?”

# ODE TO TIME.

Occasioned by seeing the Ruins of an old Castle.

BY OGILVIE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who 'mid the world-involving gloom  
Sitt'st on yon solitary spire!  
Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,  
Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;  
Say, when thy musing soul  
Bids distant times unrol,  
And marks the flight of each revolving year,  
Of years whose slow-consuming pow'r  
Has clad with moss yon leaning tow'r,  
That saw the race of glory run,  
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,  
That shook old Empire's tow'ring pride,  
That swept them down the floating tide—  
Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,  
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting  
tear?



## I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye:

Yon hill, whose gold-illumin'd brow,  
Just trembling through the bending sky,  
O'erlooks the boundless wild below,  
Once bore the branching wood  
That o'er yon murmuring flood  
Hung wildly waving to the rustling gale;  
The naked heath, with moss o'ergrown,  
That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,  
Once bloom'd with Summer's copious store,  
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r;  
Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,  
When, by pale Cynthia's silver ray,  
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,  
And taught the list'ning Moon the melancholy  
tale.

## I. 3.

Ye wilds where heaven-rapt Fancy roves!  
Ye sky-crown'd hills, and solemn groves!

Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!  
 Ye caves, where night-bred Silence dwells!  
 Ghosts that in yon lonely hall  
 Lightly glance along the wall;  
 Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,  
 At the silent midnight hour,  
 Stand array'd in spotless white,  
 And stain the dusky robe of Night;  
 Or with slow and solemn pauses roam  
 O'er the long-sounding hollow dome!  
 Say, 'mid yon desert solitary round,  
 When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,  
 Does ne'er some dismal, dying sound  
 On Night's dull serious ear rebound,  
 That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming  
     years?

II. 1.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,  
     When Caledonia's martial train  
 From yon steep rock's high-arching brow  
     Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!

When War's blood-tinctur'd spear  
Hung o'er the trembling rear ;  
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong  
flight :

Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms !  
Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms !  
While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire  
Bold Vict'ry flam'd, with eyes of fire ;  
Her limbs celestial robes infold,  
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold.  
She spoke : her words infus'd resistless might,  
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the  
soul of fight.

## II. 2.

But, ah ! what hand the smiling prospect brings,  
What voice recalls th' expiring day ?  
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,  
The glancing moments burst away !  
So from some mountain's head,  
In mantling gold array'd,

While bright-eyed Fancy stands in sweet surprise,  
The vale where musing Quiet treads,  
The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,  
Or streams where Zephyr loves to stray  
Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray ;  
Or waving woods detain the sight—  
When from the gloomy cave of night  
Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,  
And wraps the flying scene, that fades, and  
swims, and dies.

## II. 3.

Lo ! rising from yon dreary tomb,  
What spectres stalk across the gloom !  
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,  
And voice that moans with feeble wail !  
O'er yon long-resounding plain  
Slowly moves the solemn train ;  
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe  
O'er the bones that rest below !

While the dull night's startled ear  
Shrinks aghast with thrilling fear !  
Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,  
And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon !  
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,  
Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim,  
Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,  
Beheld the trembling swains obey,  
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the  
trump of Fame.

## III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh ?  
Feels not each shrub the tempest's pow'r ?  
Rocks not the doom when whirlwinds fly ?  
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar ?  
Lo ! mould'ring, wild, unknown,  
What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,  
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time !  
I see Palmyra's temples fall ;  
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall !

Yon waste where roaming lions howl,  
 Yon aisle where moans the grey-eyed owl,  
 Shows the proud Persian's great abode ;\*  
 Where sceptred once, an earthly god !  
 His pow'r-clad arm controul'd each happier clime,  
 Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy  
 soars sublime.

## III. 2.

Hark ! what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the  
 Ah ! what soul-thrilling scene appears ? [gale ?  
 I see the column'd arches fail !  
 And structures hoar, the boast of years !  
 What mould'ring piles, decay'd,  
 Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,  
 Where Rome's proud genius rear'd her awful brow !  
 Sad monument !—Ambition near  
 Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear ;  
 Pale Honour drops the flutt'ring plume,  
 And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb ;

\* Persepolis.

Slow Patience sits, with eye deprest,  
And Courage beats his sobbing breast;  
Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'er-  
flow,  
And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of  
Woe.

## III. 3.

Lo, on yon pyramid sublime,  
Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,  
Bleak, naked, wild! where ruin low'rs,  
'Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs:  
On the steep height, waste and bare,  
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair!  
O'er his scythe he bends; his hand  
Slowly shakes the flowing sand;  
While the hours, and airy ring,  
Lightly flit, with downy wing,  
And sap the works of man; and shade  
With silver'd locks his furrow'd head.



Thence rolls the mighty Pow'r his broad survey,  
And seals the nations' awful doom :  
He sees proud Grandeur's meteor ray ;  
He yields to joy the festive day ;  
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks  
    them for the tomb.

## ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE

TO HIMSELF.

**W**ELL, this poetic itch creeps on ;  
Dodsley adopts you all his own :  
First Phœbe gave the luckless hint ;  
Now your Epistles flare in print ;  
This week on every stall they lie  
Display'd ; the next, beneath a pye :  
Instead of purple and the coif,  
Curl prints your works, and writes your life.  
If Mævius scribble, 'tis to feed  
A bard inspir'd by daring need :  
But, having wherewithal to dine,  
What vengeance damns thee to the Nine ?  
You write to please—a task indeed !—  
Taste differs, just as men who read :  
This loves an easy line ; and that  
Deems all that is not glaring, flat.  
Some, wit and thought can scarce endure ;  
Swift is too vulgar, Pope obscure ;

Whim, Weather, Envy, Party, Spite,  
Sit heavy on the tribe that write ;  
Sad lot of authors ! vain your toil !  
Away with all your midnight oil,  
Your charity to human kind !  
Who holds a taper to the blind ?  
A poet, wrapt in song sublime,  
Suits not our sublunary clime ;  
Few are endued with eagle eyes,  
To mark his progress through the skies ;  
And when he wings his lofty flight,  
He perishes from vulgar sight.  
Yet, spite of folly or caprice,  
Suppose ('tis but hypothesis)  
Your Muse could win her way to praise,  
And Chesterfield to prove the lays :  
Now sudden wreaths your temples crown,  
Proclaim'd a poet—about town,  
Thee, toasts admire, and peers caress ;  
Frail and fallacious happiness !  
Peers treat their poets as their whores,  
Enjoy, then turn them out of doors ;

For wit (if always in your power)  
 Is but a cordial for an hour.  
 Shown like a fresh-imported ape,  
 Awhile you set the town agape;  
 Beaux, belles, and captains, form a ring,  
 To see the new facetious thing:  
 This happy minion of the Nine,  
 We wonder when he means to shine.  
 Fool! would you prattle, *tête-à-tête*,  
 With all the fair and all the great?  
 Mark whom their favours are bestow'd on—  
 Cibber, and Heidegger, and Boden.  
 Poets are arbiters of fame:  
 True; but who loves or fears a name?  
 Is it for fame, Sir — — — —  
 For fame that — — — —  
 Such hate a poet, or despise;  
 Their prospect in oblivion lies.  
 Search far and wide where Virtue dwells,  
 In camps, or colleges, or cells;  
 Heroes alike, and bards, instead  
 Of panegyric, sigh for bread.

Or call forth all the powers of fable,  
Describe a statesman just and able,  
Who, skill'd in play, disdains to pack ;  
What will you gain ? the butt of sack ?  
Let Colley sing, in numbers meet,  
Our leagues and wars, and Spithead fleet :  
Satire be thine ; a flowery field  
Yet has a serpent oft conceal'd.  
A jury finds your words in print,  
But Curlls interpret what is meant.  
Grant it were safe, not Oldham's storm  
Of satire could a soul reform.  
To curb the time, can poets hope ?  
Peter but sneers, though lash'd by Pope.  
Would you from dice or pox reclaim,  
Brand this or that flagitious name :  
What boots it, sharpers and intriguers ?  
But ask, were Chartres, Oldfield, beggars ?  
No, born for modern imitation,  
Worthies that throve in their vocation.  
Not e'en thy Horace, happy bard,  
Was by the barren Muse preferr'd,

While yet a friend to Freedom hearty,  
An honest, but a starving party.  
He pass'd for but a simple wretch,  
And lov'd his bottle and a catch :  
He deem'd himself no very wise-man,  
Nor aim'd at better than Excise-man ;  
To breeding had such poor pretence,  
Most thought he wanted common sense.  
Not courtly Athens, though polite  
As Paris, could improve the wight.  
Where'er he pass'd, the mob was eager  
To laugh at so grotesque a figure.  
Yet Horace o'er the sparkling bowl,  
I grant, had talents for a droll ;  
And hence, though sprung from dunghill earth,  
He pleas'd the courtiers with his mirth ;  
Next wisely ventur'd to renounce  
His principles, and rose at once,  
Rose from a bankrupt to the sum  
Of human happiness—a plum !  
Then drank, and revel'd, and grew big,  
Yet still an awkward dirty pig.

Lo! then the people felt his gall,  
'Twas "Sturdy beggars, damn ye all!"  
Mindless of others love or spite,  
He car'd not, so he pleas'd the knight;  
And wrote, and wrote, as was the fashion,  
To praise the knight's administration.  
Nay once, all worldly zeal so warm is,  
He wrote in praise of standing armies:  
Such arts your darling Horace grew by;  
Such might have rais'd an arrant booby.



OLD OLIVER;  
OR,  
*THE DYING SHEPHERD.*

A CANTATA.

BY PETER PINDAR.



RECITATIVE.

THE Shepherd OLIVER, grown white with  
years,

Like some old oak weigh'd down by winter snows,  
Now drew the village sighs, and village tears,  
His eye-lids sinking to their last repose.

Yet ere expir'd LIFE's trembling flame, and pale,  
Thus to the bleating bands around his door,  
That seem'd to mourn his absence from their vale,  
The feeble Shepherd spoke, and spoke no more!

AIR.

O my FLOCK! whose kind voices I hear,  
Adieu! ah, for ever adieu!

No more on your hills I appear,  
And together our pleasure pursue :

No more, at the peep of the day,  
From valley to valley we rove,  
'Mid the streamlets, and verdure of May,  
'Mid the zephyrs, and shade of the grove.

No more to my voice shall ye run,  
And, bleating, your Shepherd surround;  
And, while I repose in the sun,  
Like a guard, watch my sleep on the ground.

When WINTER, with tempest and cold,  
Dims the eye of pale NATURE with woe,  
I lead you no more to the fold,  
With your fleeces all cover'd with snow.

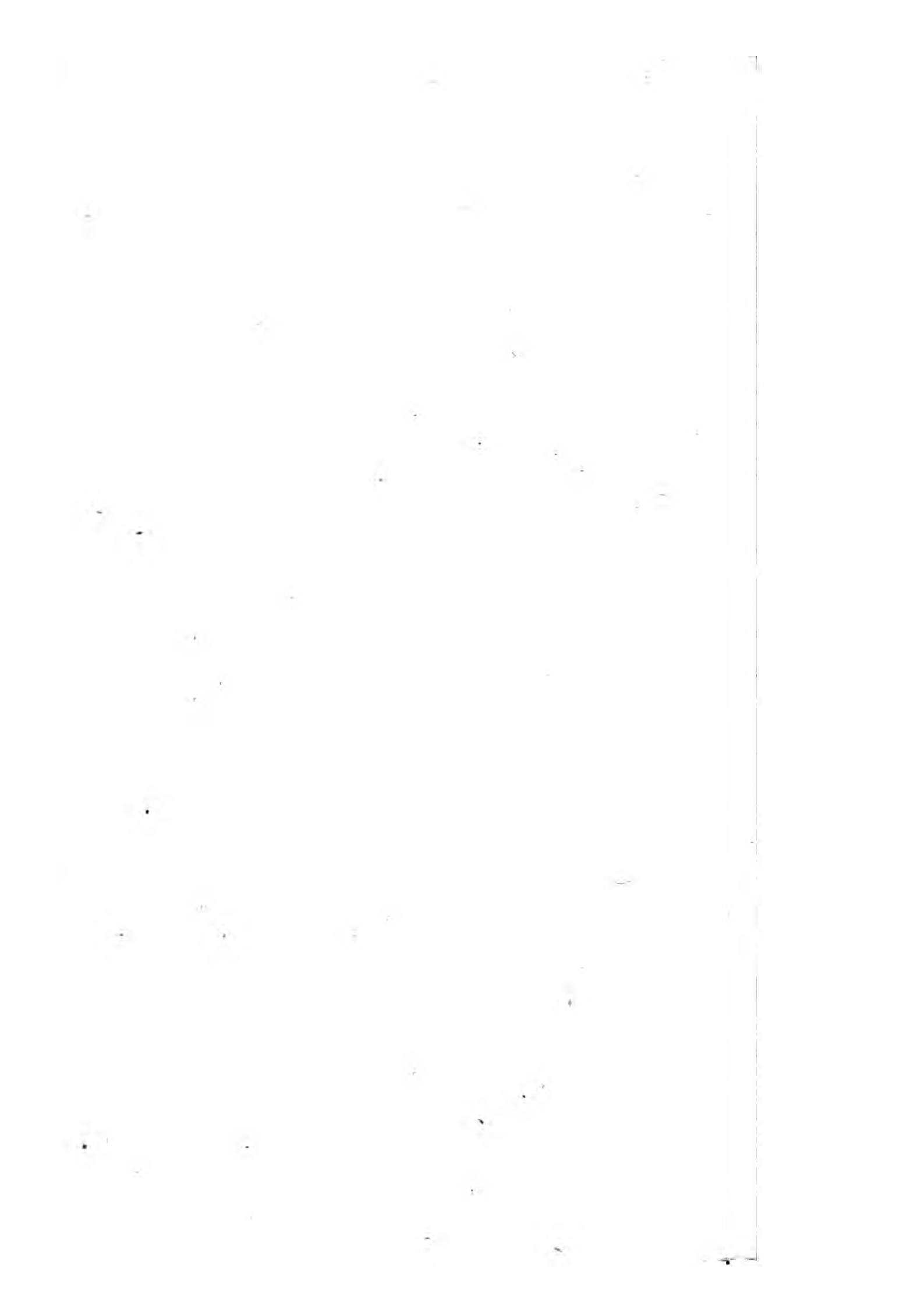
Oh, mourn not at OLIVER's death!  
Unwept my last sand let it fall:  
Ye too must resign your sweet breath,  
For *who* his *past years* can recall?

Oh, take all your Shepherd can give  
Receive my last thanks, and last sigh ;  
Whose simplicity taught me to *live*,  
And whose innocence teaches to *die* !

END OF VOL. II.







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