



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

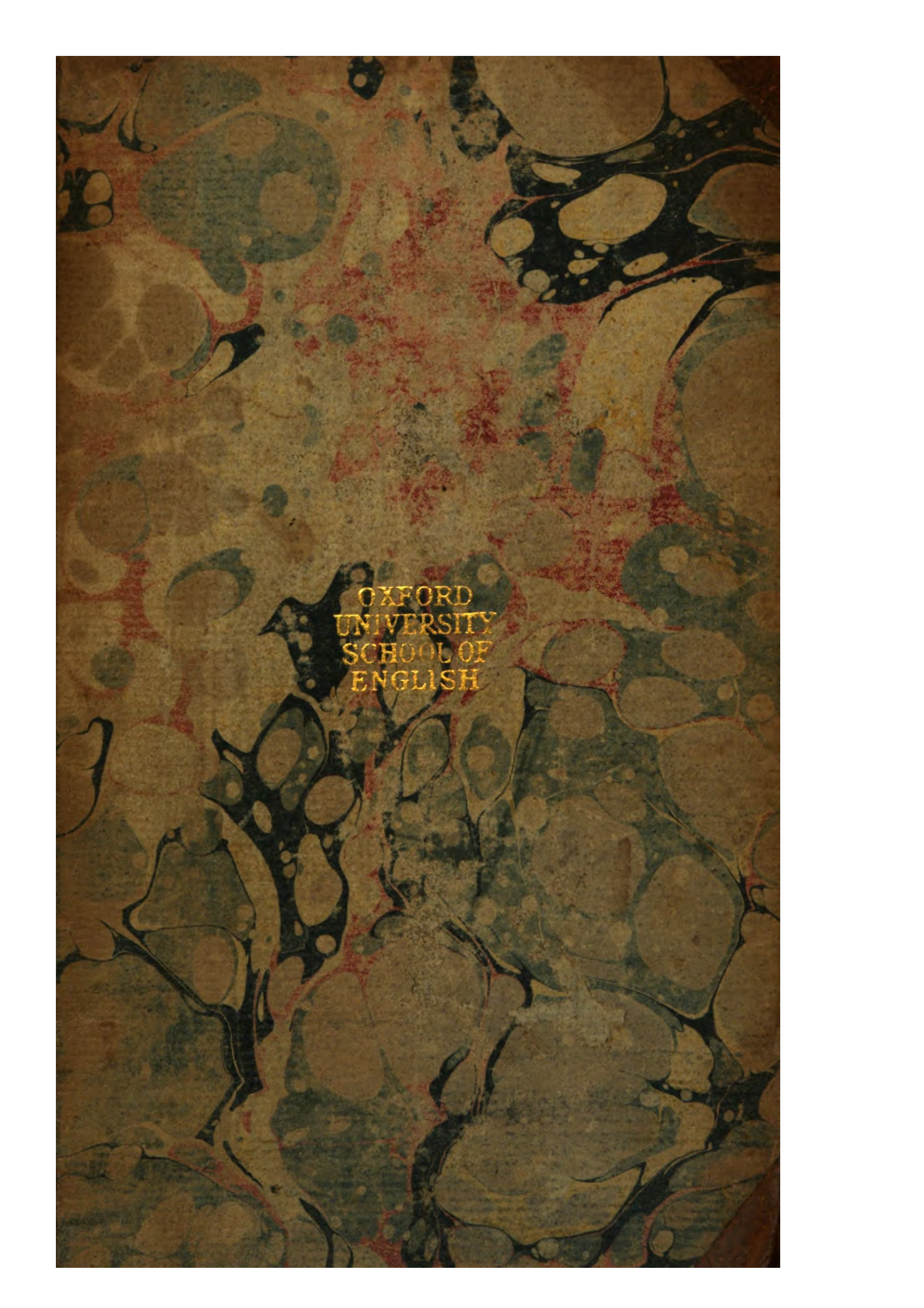
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

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

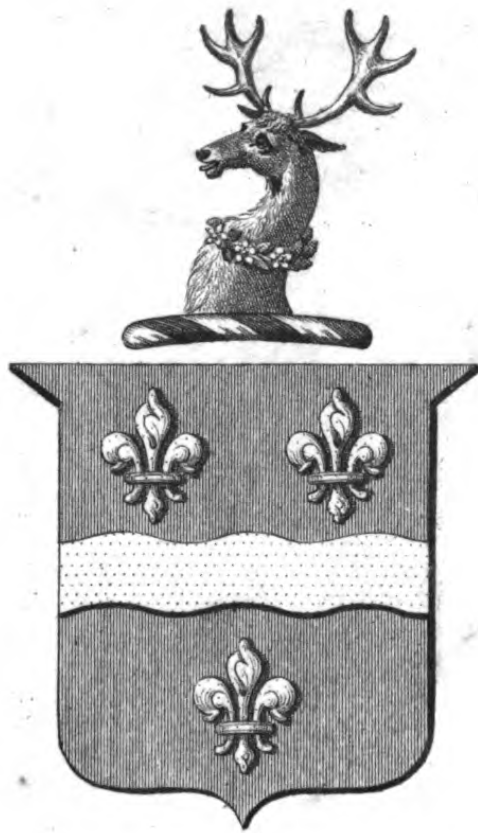


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

The image shows a close-up of a book cover or endpaper featuring a traditional marbled paper pattern. The pattern consists of irregular, organic shapes in shades of brown, tan, and olive green, separated by dark, almost black, veins. Interspersed throughout the design are fine, delicate lines of red. The overall appearance is aged and textured. In the center of the image, the text "OXFORD UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH" is printed in a gold, serif font, arranged in four lines.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH

Richard



Hicks.

32
33
34

XL43.30 [Fps]

100
100
100
100
100

100

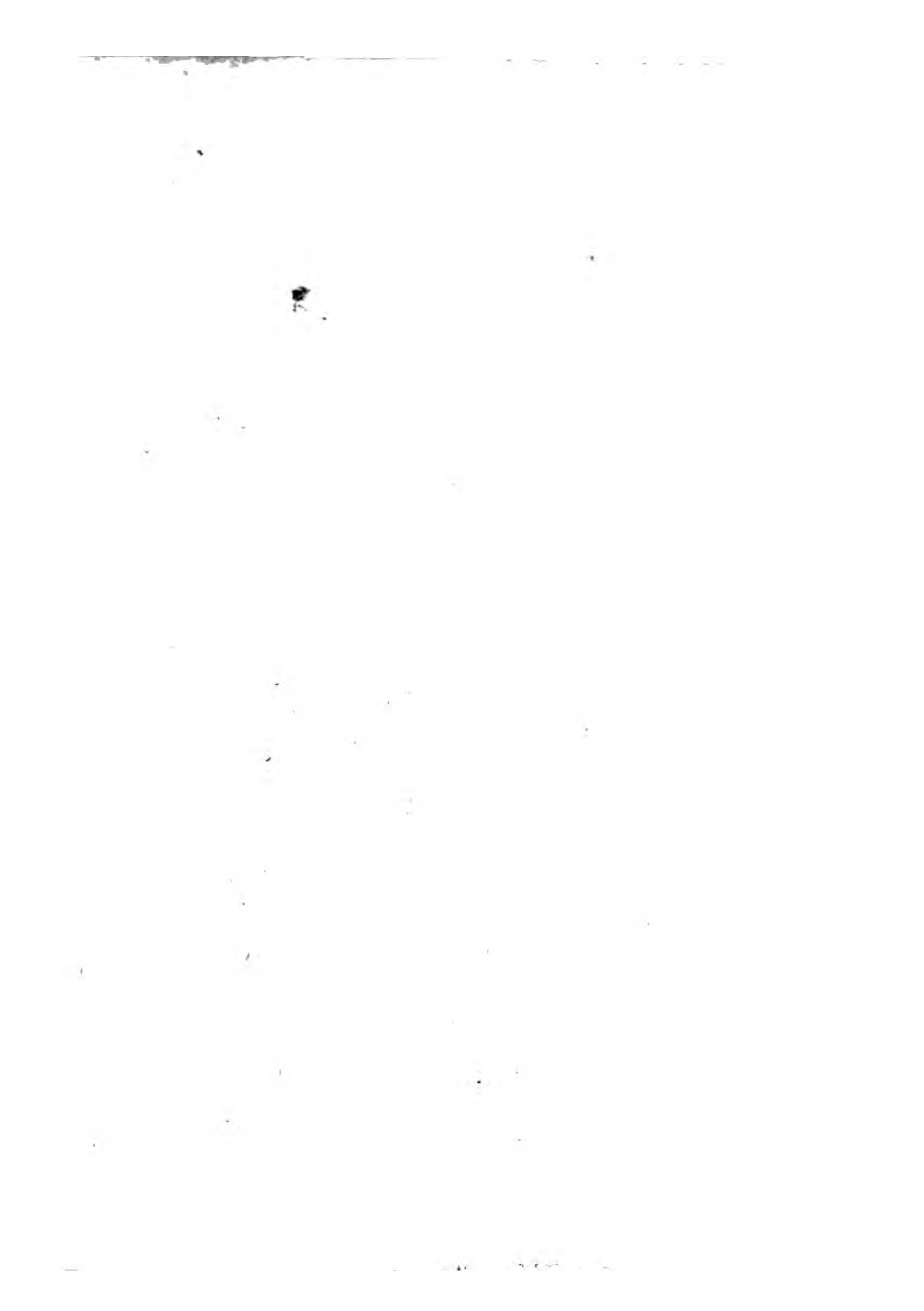
100

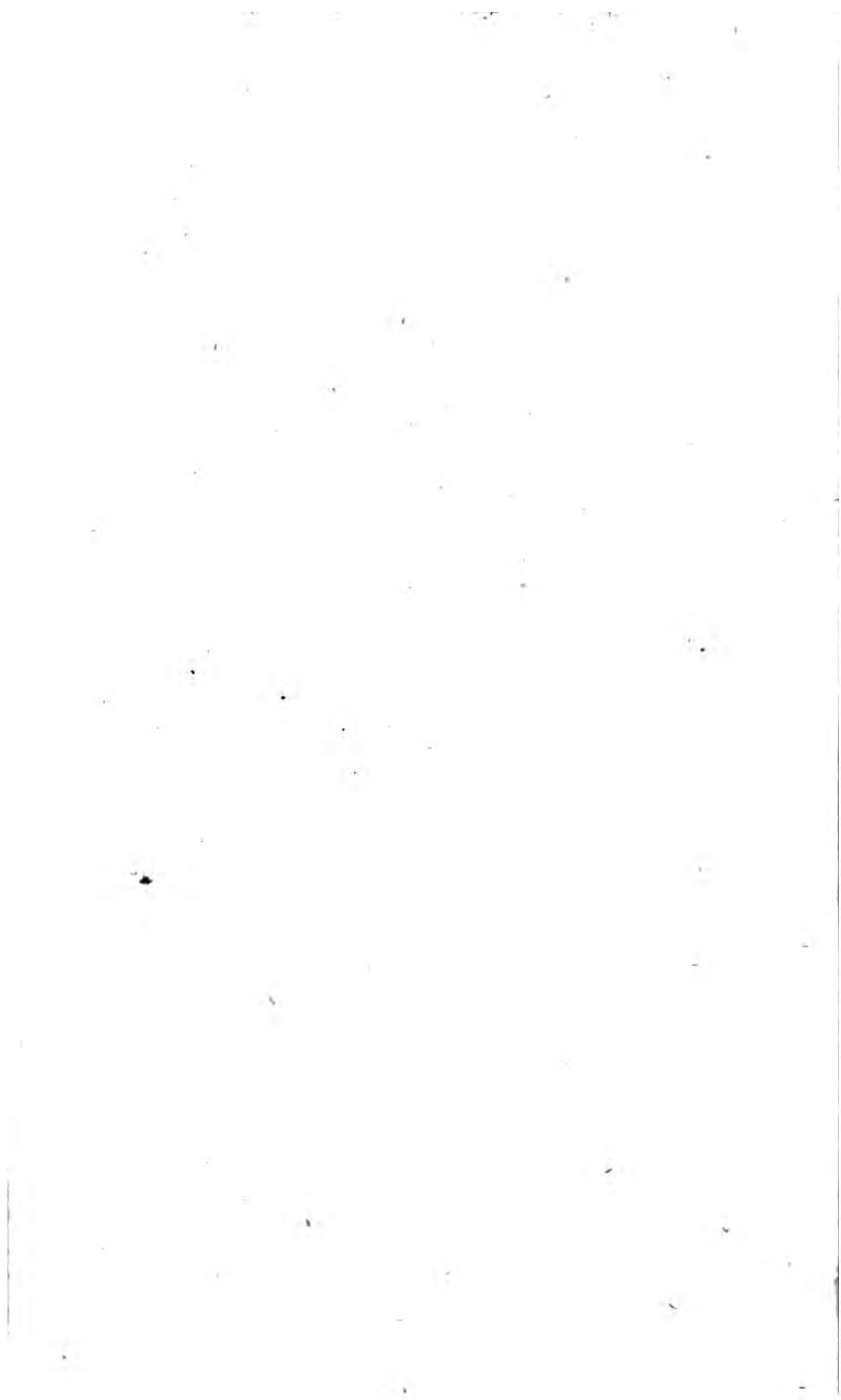
100

EX LIBRIS



WALTER
RALEIGH



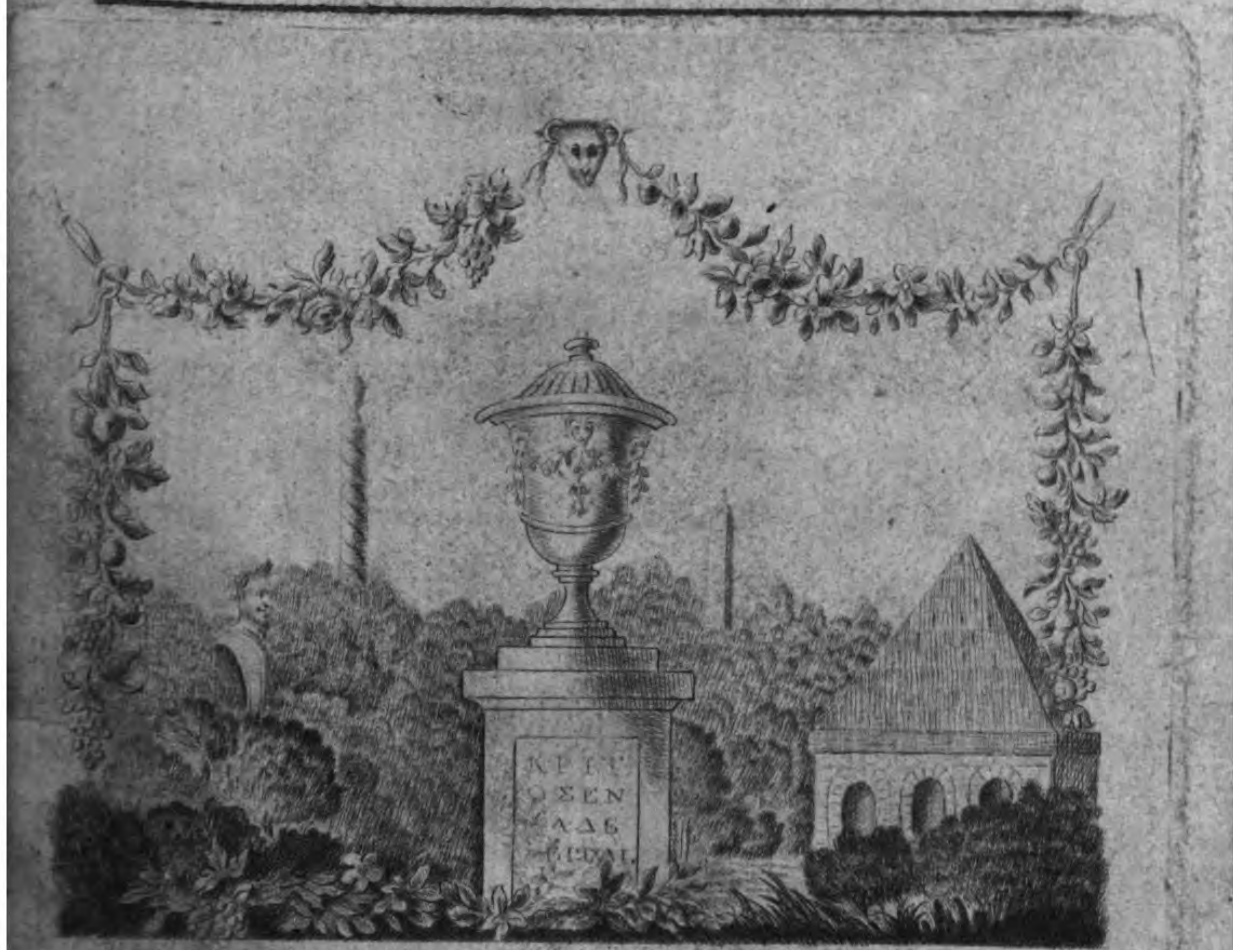


THE
FESTOON:
A COLLECTION of EPIGRAMS,
ANCIENT and MODERN.

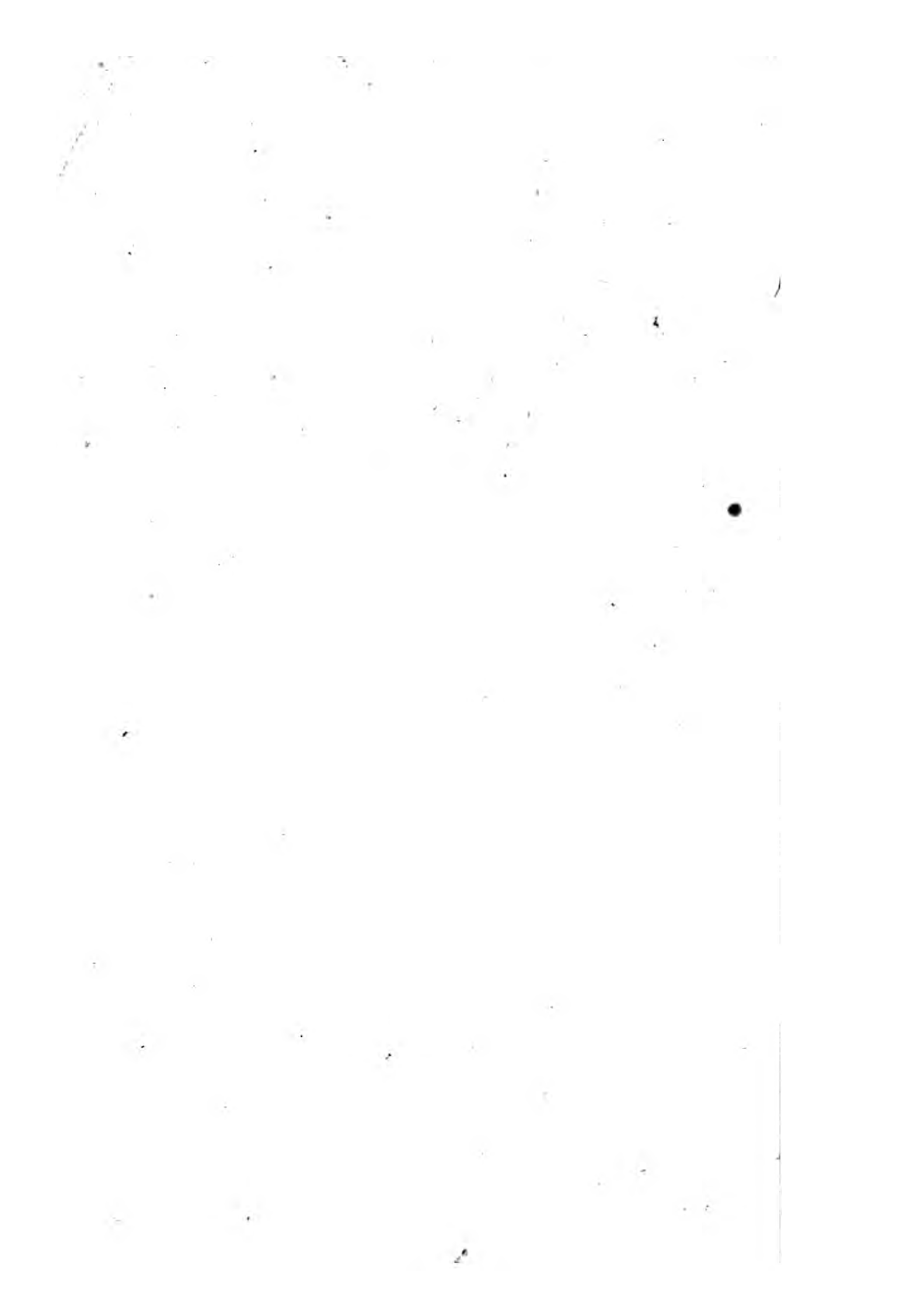
PANEGYRICAL, } MORAL,
SATYRICAL, } HUMOROUS,
AMOROUS, } MONUMENTAL.

WITH AN
ESSAY on that Species of Composition.

Venerandâq; castâque verba
A pueris debent virginibusq; legi. MART.



London, printed for Mess. Robinson and Roberts, at Addi-
son's Head, Pater-noster-Row; and W. Frederick, at Bath. 1766.





T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE Epigram is a species of poetry
calculated for the amusement of
every season of life; but, as the
sprightliness and brevity, essential to composi-
tions of this kind, render them more peculi-
arly adapted to captivate the attention of
youth, than the serious and solemn beauties of
the sublimer branches of poetry; nothing
ought to be admitted into a collection of
this kind, that may endanger the morals, vi-
tiate the taste, or even debase the language of
young people: But whoever has perused the
collections of epigrams already extant, will be
convinced, that to exhibit something more
perfect of the kind is, by no means, a pre-
sumptuous or an unseasonable undertaking.

THE two volumes published near fifty years since, tho' they contain most of the best epigrams written by the wits of the preceding age, yet the flowers are intermingled with such a wilderness of thorns and brambles, from the negligent and unpolished rhymers of the last century, that few people will think of travelling for pleasure through a country where the beauties of nature are so thinly scattered : And, as for the late farrago's of this kind, the greater part of them, one may venture to say, are an absurd mixture of low humour, dulness, and obscenity.

THE compiler of the present volume, however, does not pretend to have executed his plan with unexceptionable accuracy and judgment ; but has endeavoured, at least, to furnish out an *innocent*, and, he hopes, not an *insipid* entertainment for the younger class of readers : And offers to the public such a collection of little poems, as a faithful *tutor* may safely put into the hands of his *pupil*, or a virtuous *matron* recommend to her innocent *daughter*.

As

As the most striking thoughts, indeed, are the most easily retained, many of the best epigrams have been the most frequently repeated in company ; and will, of course, appear *trite* to people much conversant in the world : And, in such a variety of little pieces as constitute this miscellany, the judicious reader must expect to meet with some less perfect in their kind. But tho', among the following epigrams, there may be some less sprightly than others, yet the editor flatters himself, that very few will be found with so much of the drone in their composition, as to be thought intirely without a sting.

THE imagination of youth, as I just now hinted, is naturally pleased with variety ; yet the mind does not love to be interrupted in its train of thinking, and shifted about continually from serious to ludicrous objects ; from panegyric to *satyr* ; from a moral reflection to a lively jest or amorous expostulation. The editor, therefore, has endeavoured to reduce that chaos, which reigns in most of the miscellane-


ous collections of this kind, into some little order and regularity, under the following Heads, viz. panegyrical, fatyrical, amorous, moral, humorous, monumental. This, however, is rather a convenient distribution than a methodical division: Neither will he pretend to say, that every particular epigram is strictly reducible to either of these denominations;—but a greater number of sub-divisions would have introduced that confusion which it was his endeavour to prevent.

As the compiler was unwilling to compose his Festoon, or Anthology, intirely of borrowed flowers, he has ventured to add some few original epigrams (in which rank he would include new translations from the Greek or Latin) the novelty of which, he modestly hopes, will in some measure atone for their presuming to appear in much better company.

N. B. The Muses are of no party.



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
N A T U R E
O F T H E
E P I G R A M.

 TYMOLOGY, though it discovers to us the original meaning of a word, yet it seldom gives us a true idea of the popular use of it. The word Epigram, however, in its present acceptation, differs but little from the sense in which it was used by the ancient Greek writers. It signifies, properly, an *inscription*; and was applied by them to those short, and, frequently, poetical inscriptions, made use of upon tombs or statues, temples, trophies, or other public structures, sacred to their Gods or their Heroes. Brevity, therefore, and simplicity, were essential properties in these inscriptions; not only on ac-

count of their public situation, but from a principle of convenience, on account of the hardness of the materials (brass or marble) on which they were usually engraved.

This simplicity is observable in many of the most ancient Greek epigrams, which are preserved to us in their Anthologies, or collections, made by the ancient grammarians: And appeared so insipid to the French poet *Malherbe*, that, upon tasting some *soup maigre* at a nobleman's table, he whispered to a friend, who was a great admirer of the Greek simplicity: "Voilà 'la potage a la Greque, s'il en fut jamais!" "This 'is soup in the Greek taste, with a vengeance!" which was afterwards applied proverbially, amongst the French critics, to any tasteless performance, either in verse or prose.

But, though the moderns have sufficiently departed from this primitive simplicity in their compositions of this kind, yet the definition of a true epigram will always be the same: "That it is a short poem, exhibiting one single view of any subject, expressed in a concise and concluded in a forcible manner."

According to this definition, though some striking thought, or poignancy of expression, is necessary to constitute an epigram, yet those forced conceits, studied points, or what are now called the epigrammatic turns,—seem by no means essential to it:—Nay, unless

NATURE OF THE EPIGRAM. ix

unless they arise naturally from the subject, they are considered, by the best critics, as vicious excrescences, or, rather, as ridiculous affectations.

And, indeed, the rules which are laid down for good writing in general, are equally applicable to a complete performance of this kind. Truth is the basis of all wit: No thought can be beautiful that is not just. No ambiguity therefore, jingle of words, forced conceit, or outrageous hyperbole, are, *STRICTLY speaking*, any more compatible with the perfection of this, than with that of any other species of poetry:

“ Truth must prevail, and regulate our diction,

“ In all we write; nay, must give laws to fiction.”

The difficulty of writing a perfect epigram, indeed, appeared so considerable, to a great wit of the last age, that he did not scruple to declare (ridiculously enough) “ that it was as difficult a performance as an epic poem.” All that could really be meant by such an assertion, however, is, that an epigram must be as perfect in its kind as the “ Iliad,” or “ the Paradise lost.” An epic poem comprehends but one intire action; an epigram but one principal thought: The same unity of design, the same regular disposition of parts, the same tendency to one point, are required in a complete epigram as in an epic poem.

But however, though there is, strictly speaking,

but one species of true wit ; and those must be esteemed the most perfect kind of epigrams, where that simplicity and justness of thought prevail ; yet it must be granted likewise, that there are many (perhaps the greatest number of epigrams both ancient and modern) which give us great pleasure upon less rigid principles. And, unless the majority of readers could be supposed to consist of philosophers and critics, we shall never prevail upon every man, that is capable of writing an epigram, to confine himself to the severe rules established by Addison, H——d, or Bouhours. Besides, it is in vain to argue against the sensations of mankind : A striking antithesis, an happy allusion, an humorous expression, or even a pleasant ambiguity, will strike us with an agreeable surprise, and extort a laugh from the most rigid advocate for propriety and truth. On a grave or moral subject, indeed, the least appearance of levity, or tendency to a pun or jingle, may be as offensive as the intrusion of an impertinent wag in the midst of a serious or friendly conversation : But, upon less solemn occasions, that strict severity may admit of some relaxation.

The modern critics have been equally puzzled to account for Tully's approbation, and Plutarch's censure, of a celebrated witticism in an ancient Greek historian, who accounts for the burning the temple of Diana, on the night that Alexander was born, by supposing

supposing that the goddess was engaged, in her obstetric capacity, at the birth of so great an hero. This Tully, as that kind of false wit was not intirely exploded in his age, applauds as an ingenious conceit. Plutarch, on the other hand, condemns it with the utmost severity : But, what is remarkable, he has himself been guilty of a mere quibble, whilst he was ridiculing the historian's puerility ; and says, that so "*frigid* a conceit" was enough of itself to *extinguish* the *fire* which he describes.

Now, all that can be said for Plutarch, is, that, in order to express his contempt of the author whom he censures, he treats him in his own way, and gives him pun for pun. And this, I think, will explain in what cases this species of false wit is barely tolerable (for it is certainly commendable in none.) When we would expose any folly, impertinence, or affectation, perhaps we cannot do it in too ludicrous terms, as, the less studied our wit appears, the more expressive it is of our contempt : It is like treating a man with the discipline of the cane or horse-whip, whom we think beneath our resentment at the more serious weapons of sword or pistol.

I speak this of the lowest kind of ambiguity, or false wit, which is but one remove from a pun or quibble : But there is another species, which I cannot think inconsistent with our notions of true wit ;

I mean, when a word is applied to two different things, in two different senses ; in both of which it is true ; that is, in the figurative and in the literal acceptation.

I might produce numberless examples from the modern poets ; but shall take one even from a Greek epigram, as a more venerable authority :

Εἰς ἰατρὸν κλέπτην.

Φαρμακίησι Ῥόδων λήπτραν κ' χοιράδας αἶρει,
Τάλλα δὲ πάντ' αἶρει κ' δίχα φαρμακιάων.

On a pilfering Quack.

“ *Celsus takes off, by dint of skill,*

“ *Each bodily disaster :*

“ *But takes off spoons, without a pill ;*

“ *Your plate without a plaister.”*

Now, it *may* be as true, in the literal sense, that such a doctor *takes off* spoons, as that his physic, in a figurative sense, *takes off* a fever : And this forms an antithesis, or opposition, which gives the reader both delight and surprise, agreeably to the definition of one species of wit. Nay, further, as this sort of ambiguity will stand Mr. Addison's test, of being translated into different languages, I cannot but think it an happiness of expression in these more ludicrous performances ; for no one can imagine I would plead for
any

NATURE OF THE EPIGRAM. xiii

any indulgence of this kind, in any serious or tender composition, even of the lesser branches of poetry.

Yet a great French critic finds nothing to shock his understanding in the following compliment of an old French poet to Mary de Medicis :

“ *Feed on, my flocks, feed void of care ;*
“ *Tho’ you should eat the meadows bare,*
“ *Maria comes ; and, where she treads,*
“ *Fresh flow’rs, luxuriant, paint the meads.”*

“ According to the fabulous system, says he, flowers
“ spring up beneath the feet of goddesses and heroines ;
“ and therefore, though the fact be false, yet it is a
“ falshood so well established, as to have the air of
“ truth.” But certainly nothing can be more ridiculous,
than to *argue* thus from the figurative to the literal
sense of the words ; and the poor flocks would
be in bad plight, that should have nothing to feed
upon but these ideal pastures and metaphorical flowers.
—In short, in any ludicrous performance, this species
of false wit may be considered as counters at cards,
which serve well enough to play with, whilst they are
passed as such ; but a man that should put off a counter
in serious traffic, or a pun in a serious discourse,
would be considered as a cheat in one case, and be
thoroughly ridiculous in the other.

There is another source of humour, upon which
the whole merit of many modern epigrams depends ;
which

which is their alluding either to some well-known proverb, or to some celebrated passage, either in history or ancient mythology; or, what is too common, even to some text of the Sacred writings. These sorts of allusions give the reader the same agreeable surprise as the lucky application of a motto from an ancient classic.

How far the last kind of allusions are defensible, I will not presume to determine: However, where no religious opinion is ridiculed, or prophanely applied, the mere antique phrase, though it is often stupidly, yet may perhaps be innocently enough introduced.

Thus, for instance, when Mr. Pope, the most decent poet of any age, speaks of those wretched votaries of dulness, who, for the precarious reward of literary fame, undergo the austerities of martyrs and confessors; he says, in allusion to one of the beatitudes,

“ *Who hunger and who thirst—for scribbling sake.*”

Here, though he makes free with the Scripture expression, yet the ridicule seems to depend upon the truth of the doctrine contained in it; and supposes our obligation to do that “for righteousness’ sake,” which these rhymers do for “scribbling sake.

But, as a witty divine* has denounced “God’s judgment against punning,” as well as against prophane-ness, I would by no means plead for either; but only

* Swift.

endeavour

endeavour to account for the propensity which many sensible and decent men have discovered to be pleased with levities of this sort, by shewing, that there are some kinds of them not inconsistent either with true wit or genuine piety.

As to the *length* of an epigram, a great French critic seems to limit it to a distich, or two lines; as some Dutch poets have extended it to as many pages. The modern practice, however, for which the authority of * Martial might in many epigrams be pleaded, seems to have determined, That, provided one principal thought be uniformly pursued to a point through the whole, a poem of any *reasonable* length may be considered as an epigram. On this account, at least, I have ventured to insert two or three copies of a more than Belgic prolixity, where one thought prevails thro' the whole—as I have rejected others chiefly for the want of that simplicity.

A smoothness of versification seems so necessary in these smaller compositions, that I am almost inclined to apply seriously Prior's ironical concession,

*That "rhyme with reason may dispense,
"And sound has right to govern sense."*

At least the best sense, or most witty conceit in the world, will give little pleasure if disfigured by bad rhymes,

* He has one, upon the "Villa Faustini," of 42 lines—and many of 30 and upwards.

rhymes, or by the dissonance of unmusical versification. In larger works some little roughness or inequality may be more pardonable; but, in these diminutive pieces, the least inaccuracy, like a flaw in a diamond, intirely destroys its value.

An essay upon song-writing, published in the Guardian, makes the whole difference between a song and an epigram to consist in the subject only: That an epigram is usually employed upon satyrical occasions; and that the business of the song is chiefly to express

“ *Love’s pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.*”

But, if I might venture to differ from so distinguished a writer, I should rather say, That, whatever the subject be, *tendernefs of sentiment* and an impassioned expression are essential to a song; as the usually narrative style of an epigram seems incompatible with the soft raptures of music. How ridiculous must it be to hear a Frenchman quavering out

“ *Tu parles mal par tout de moy,*

“ *Je dis du bien par tout de toy.*”

‘ *Thou speakest always ill of me,*

‘ *I speak always well of thee.*’

Which translation of an epigram from Buchanan was a favourite song in France: As, on the contrary, the tender sentiments and plaintive style of a lover appear inconsistent with the studied turns of an epigram—for

“ *Who*

“ *Who can chuse but pity
 “ A dying swain so miserably witty ?”*

If we inquire, at last, into the utility of the epigram, I should think it sufficient to say of this, as of poetry in general, that it is at least an innocent amusement to young people ; and perhaps they might receive the same advantage to their style in writing, and to their manner of expressing themselves in conversation, from being accustomed to the force and conciseness peculiar to an epigram, as it is allowed they generally do, to their way of thinking and reasoning, from the close method of argumentation essential to mathematical writings.

But further ; I think an epigram may be considered, according to the most general division, either as a satyr in miniature, or as a panegyric in epitome ; and may, like those more important branches of poetry, be employed to encourage the practice of virtue by applause, or deter from vice by censure and ridicule : And, as many of them contain some precept of morality, recommended to the fancy by a concise spirited manner of expression, they are easily learned in our youth, and usually retained for life.

If we may judge, however, from the practice of Martial, and the best writers of epigram, it seems to be its chief province to regulate the “ *petits mœurs,*”
 the

the little decencies of behaviour ; and to ridicule affectation, vanity, and impertinence, and other offences against good sense and good breeding. But we should always remember, that both this, and every other species of raillery, ought itself to be regulated by the strictest rules of humanity and benevolence. No natural defect, or unavoidable infirmity, ought on any account to be exposed ; much less should any thing sacred, or truly laudable, be made the object of our ridicule : For every poet should be able to say, with Mr. Pope,

“ *Curs'd be the verse, how well so'er it flow,
 “ That tends to make one worthy man my foe ;
 “ Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 “ Or from the soft-ey'd virgin, steal a tear.”*

In short, as Mr. Addison observes, no person ought to be rallied any further, than the subject of our raillery can himself join in the laugh ; as, I dare say, the plump gentleman did, who was pointed out in this well-known distich :

“ *When Tadloe treads the streets, the paviors cry,
 “ God bless you, Sir, and lay their rammers by.”*

THE CONTENTS.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

	Page
BOOK I.—Panegyrical	1
II.—Satyrical	30
III.—Amorous	63
IV.—Moral	87
V.—Humorous	110
VI.—Monumental	131
MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS	157
From the Greek	ibid.
From the Latin	160
PANEGYRICAL	168
On the Coronation of George III.	ibid.
On Mr. P—tt's return to his country-seat	ibid.
Mr. A—n, or the Great Plebeian	169
On the ancient city of Bath	170
To a limner at Bath	172
To W. Shenstone, Esq; at the Leafowes	173
To M— G—, Esq; on the improvements at M—	174
The Epicure, to W. M—lls, Esq;	175
To W. M—lm—th, Esq;	ibid.
To Mr. R. Doddsley, on his Cleone	176
On the bishop of Cloyne's book on tar-water	177
To the right honourable lady Ch—	ibid.
On miss —, afterwards lady —	178
Venus genetrix—to Mrs. —	ibid.
On the accomplished miss —	179
On the celebrated miss —	ibid.
Apology to Lucinda	ibid.
SATYRICAL.—The Dangler	180
Vanity and Avarice	ibid.
To Avaro	181
The impudence of wealth	ibid.
The test of merit, on lord Ch—	182
The man of reading	ibid.
	The

The CONTENTS.

The force of fashion	—	—	Page 183
The fair Stoic	—	—	184
To be written in a young lady's Milton	—	—	ibid.
The heroines, or modern memoirs	—	—	185
The œconomist	—	—	ibid.
The curious impertinent	—	—	186
Town-life and country-life	—	—	187
The man of sense	—	—	ibid.
HUMOROUS. —The amorous 'squire	—	—	188
The invisible	—	—	ibid.
On a quack, who travels by act of parliament	—	—	189
Liberty in danger	—	—	190
War proclaimed at Brentford, 1744	—	—	ibid.
An incident in high life	—	—	191
BON MOTS. —Queen Elifabeth and the mayor of	—	—	192
A court audience	—	—	ibid.
Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller	—	—	193
A clown's apology to the doctor	—	—	ibid.
The empty gun	—	—	ibid.
The sad alternative	—	—	ibid.
To Dr. Abel	—	—	194
Against riddles	—	—	ibid.
The virtuoso	—	—	ibid.
The prayer of an humorist	—	—	195
Sir Plume to an antiquary	—	—	196
The rival colleges	—	—	ibid.
Meditation in a coffee-house	—	—	ibid.
On the foregoing epigrams	—	—	ibid.
On the impertinence of critics	—	—	197
To an old maid	—	—	198
A check for mirth	—	—	ibid.
Under an hour-glass in a grotto	—	—	199
On the death of a child	—	—	ibid.
On Shakespear's monument	—	—	ibid.
On the mausoleum of R— A—, Esq;	—	—	200

E R R A T A.

PAGE 8, Epig. xxii. should have followed Epig. xvi.—P. 46, l. 5, for *avoids* read *yet shuns*.—P. 107, l. 2, add *From Swift*.—P. 128, l. 10, for *sings* read *plays*.—P. 129, l. 10, *dele* the whole epigram.—P. 157, l. 5, *dele*. **BOOK V.**—P. 185, l. 11, *with* should not be in *Italics*.

A COL-



A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

PANEGYRICAL.

I.

On Plutarch's Statue.

From the Greek; by Mr. Dryden.

WISE, honest *Plutarch!* to thy deathless praise,
The sons of Rome—this grateful statue raise:
For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shar'd,
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But *thou thyself* couldst never write thy own;
Their lives had parallels—but *thine* has none.

B

II. On

II.

On the Death of Dr. Friend ;

Imitated from the Greek.

WHEN *Radcliffe* fell, afflicted *physick* cried,
 “ How vain my pow’r ?” and languish’d at his side.
 When *Friend* expir’d, deep-struck, her hair she tore,
 And speechless fainted and reviv’d no more.
 Her flowing grief no farther could extend—
 She mourn’d with *Radcliffe*, but she died with *Friend*.

III.

On Homer.

From the Greek.

STILL in our ears *Andromache* complains,
 And still in view the fate of *Troy* remains ;
 Still *Ajax* fights ; still *Hector*’s dragg’d along ;
 Such strange enchantment dwells in *Homer*’s song :
 Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
 For—all the world is proud, that *he* was born.

IV.

On Menander.

From the Greek.

THE very bees, O sweet *Menander*, hung,
 To taste the muse’s spring upon thy tongue :
 The very *graces* made the scenes you writ
 Their happy point of fine expression hit :
 Thus still you live ; you make your *Athens* shine,
 And raise *her* glory to the skies in *thine*.

V. On

V.

On the Statue of Niobe.

From the Greek.

TO stone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain—
The sculptor's art has made her breath again.

VI.

On the Statue of Venus by Praxiteles.

From the Greek.

ANCHISES, Paris, and Adonis too
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view:
All these I freely own, 'tis past denying—
But where has this *Praxiteles* been prying?

VII.

On the Statue of Alexander.

From the Greek.

THE sculptor's art can brags with life inspire,
Shew Alexander's features and his fire:
The statue seems to say, with up-cast eye,
Beneath *my* rule the globe of earth shall lie;
Be *thou*, O Jove, contented with thy sky. }

VIII.

From the Latin of Martial.

Lib. 1. Epig. 9. by Mr. Hay.

THAT you, like Thrasea, or like Cato, great,
Pursue their maxims, but decline their fate;

Nor rashly point the dagger to your heart ;
 More to *my* wish you act the Roman's part.
 I like not him, who fame by *death* retrieves :
 Give *me* the man, who merits praise, and lives.

IX.

Epig. 40. by the same.

IS there a friend, like those distinguish'd few,
 Renown'd for faith, whom former ages knew ;
 Polish'd by art, in every science wise ;
 Truly sincere, and good without disguise ?
 " Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
 " Nor knows a wish that heaven can refuse ?
 " Is there who can on his great self depend ?"—
 I *know* indeed, but dare not *name* that friend.

X.

From Martial.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
 The coward creeps to death—The brave lives on:

XI.

Ep. 43. by Mr. Hay.

WHEN Porcia heard, with grief, her lord was dead ;
 And the stoln dagger fought in vain ; she said,
 " Think ye the means are wanting to expire ?
 " Are you so ill-instructed by my fire ?"
 The burning coals then greedily devour'd ;
 And cried, " unkind attendants ! *keep the sword !*"

XII. Lib.

XII.

Lib. 4. Ep. 87.

By Dr. Hoadley---to James Harris, Esq.

WOULDST thou, by Attic taste approv'd,
 By all be read, by all be lov'd;
 To learned Harris' curious eye,
 By me advis'd, dear muse, apply.
 In him the learned judge you'll find,
 In him, the candid friend, and kind.
 If he repeats, if he approves,
 If he the laughing muscles moves,
 Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
 Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
 If he condemns, away you fly,
 And mount in paper kites the sky,
 Or, dead, 'mongst Grub-street's records lie.

XIII.

Lib. VI. Ep. 15.

A Drop of amber, from the weeping plant,
 Fell, unexpected, and embalm'd an ant:
 The little insect, we so much contemn,
 Is, from a worthless ant, become a *gem*.

XIV.

From Martial.

A Handsome treat, a piece of gold or so,
 And compliments, will every friend bestow:
 But who alas! can hope a friend to meet,
 That lays his laurels at inferior feet,
 And yields the tenderest point of honour, *wit*?

B 3

XV. On

XV.

On God's Omnipotence.

WHEN Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pursu'd,
 In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood:
 When thro' the dreary waste they took their way,
 The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea.
 What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,
 If seas can harden, and if rocks can flow!

XVI.

To King James the Ild in his first Year.

By Lord Lansdown.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
 Thou chusest not to conquer men, but hearts;
 Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
 But thou prefer'st the name of *just* to *great*.
 O! could the ghosts of mighty heroes dead
 Return on earth, and quit th' *Elysian* shade!
Brutus to *James* would trust the people's cause,
 Thy *justice* is a stronger guard than *laws*—
Marius and *Sylla* would resign to thee,
 Nor *Cæsar* and great *Pompey* rivals be;
 Or rivals only, who should best obey,
 And *Cato* give his voice for *regal* sway.

XVII.

To the Author of the foregoing.

By Mr. Waller.

A N early plant, which such a blóssom bears,
 And shews a genius, thus beyond his years;
 A judgment that could make so fair a choice
 So high a subject to employ his voice;

Stand

Still as it *grows*, how sweetly will he sing
The *growing* greatness of our matchless *king* !

XVIII.

On the Death of King William.

VAIN Greece consult no more, or haughty Rome,
For worth or virtue ; view this royal tomb :
Beneath whose shade more sacred dust is wept,
Than in their urns or temples ever slept.
Cæsar had courage, but the tyrant's name,
And Rome enslav'd, obscur'd the warrior's fame.
Cato had honour ; but the dagger, near,
When dangers press'd, betray'd the patriot's fear.
His triumphs one by dire oppression gain'd ;
And one his virtues by his weakness stain'd :
Britain's lov'd king did with each Roman vie,
As fond of freedom ; as resolv'd to die ;
Without his guilt did *Cæsar*'s laurels wear,
And boasted Cato's fame, without his fear.

XIX.

Inscription for a Fountain, adorned with the
Statue of Queen Anne, and the chief Rivers
of the World round it.

By Mr. Prior.

YE active streams, where e'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and farthest nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and Danube have been taught,
How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlb'ro'* fought.

XX.

To the Prince,

On his Appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.

TH Y guardian, blest Britannia! scorns to sleep,
 When the sad subjects of his father weep!
 Weak princes, by their fears, increase distress;
 He faces danger, and thus makes it less.
 Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy,
 He knows to *save* is greater than *destroy*.

XXI.

On the Death of King George I.

COMMERCE and peace restor'd, each sea his own,
 Europe's proud states all bending to his throne,
Austria reduc'd, and humbled haughty *Spain*,
 Forc'd to resign her title to the main!
Iberia's Power by her own forts enslav'd,
Philip repuls'd, *Gibraltar* nobly sav'd.
 What could he more solicit of the sky?—
 Just in the fulness of his fame—to die.

XXII.

To King Charles I. on his Navy.

By Mr. Waller.

SHOULD nature's self invade the world again,
 And o'er the center spread the liquid main,
 Thy power were safe—and her destructive hand
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
 Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of all,
 And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

XXIII. To

XXIII.

To Charles Granville, Lord Lansdown, on the Bombarding the Town of Granville in Normandy—which had the Granville Arms on one of the Gates of the City.

THOSE arms, which now for centuries had brav'd
 The wrath of time on antique stone engrav'd,
 Tho' torn by mortars, stand yet undefac'd,
 On nobler trophies by thy valour rais'd.
 * Safe on thy eagle's wings they soar, above,
 The rage of war, or thunder to remove,
 Borne by the bird of Cæsar and of Jove.

}

XXIV.

An Inscription design'd for the Statue of Edward the VIth at St. Thomas's Hospital.

ON Edward's brow no laurels cast a shade,
 Nor at his feet are warlike spoils display'd:
 Yet here, since first his bounty rais'd the pile,
 The lame grow active, and the languid smile:
 See this, ye chiefs, and, struck with envy, pine,
 To kill is brutal, but to save, divine.

XXV.

To Mr. Poyntz, on his Picture.

By Lord Lyttleton.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
 A hand or colours to express thy mind?

* He was created a count of the empire; the family arms to be borne for ever on the breast of the Imperial spread eagle.

B 5

A mind

TO EPIGRAMS

A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
 In a false world that *dares* to be sincere;
 Wise without art; without ambition great;
 Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate:
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught;
 Yet better still by native prudence taught;
 That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel;
 That, where misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know,
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe:
 That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause:
 That, to his own perfections singly blind,
 Would—for another—think this praise design'd.

XXVI.

To Mr. West, at Wickham.

By the same.

FAIR nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd,
 Well in thy *seat*, my friend, I see,
 But better in thy *mind*.
 To both from courts and all their state,
 Eager I fly, to prove
 Joys far above a courtier's fate,
 Tranquillity and love.

XXVII.

On the Temple of English Worthies at Stow.

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
 Who live in breathing stone,
 Why has not Cobham's bust a place?—
 The structure was his own.

XXVIII. On

XXVIII.

On Milton.

By Mr. Dryden.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no farther go—
 To make a third, she join'd the *other two*.

XXIX.

On Shakespear's Monument, at Stratford upon
 Avon.

By Mr. Seward.

GREAT Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
 Too mighty such monopoly of fame;
 Yet not to birth alone did *Homer* owe
 His wond'rous worth; what *Egypt* could bestow,
 With all the schools of *Greece* and *Asia* join'd,
 Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
 Nor yet unrival'd the *Mæonian* strain,
 The * *British* eagle and the *Mantuan* swan
 Tow'r equal heights. But, happier *Stratford*, thou
 With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow;
 Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought
 More than all *Egypt, Greece, or Asia* taught.
 Not *Homer's* self such matchless honours won;
 The *Greek* has rivals, but thy *Shakespear* none.

* Milton.

XXX.

To a Lady—

Allied to the Royal Family.

THE powerful name, whose princely meaning shews,
From what high spring your blood's rich current
flows,

With needful awe reminds us of your race;
Since heaven has stamp'd dominion on your face:
Still in your sovereign form distinctly live
All royal rights your father-kings could give.
In your commanding air, we mark their state;
In your sweet words, their wisdom and their weight;
Warm, in your generous breast, their *courage* lies,
And all their pow'r and mercy in your eyes.

XXXI.

On Miss Bidley Floyd.

By Dr. Swift.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt;
Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients, first, the dextrous boy,
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious grain,
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition, *Floyd*.

XXXII. To

XXXII.

To an English Lady at Paris.

WHILST haughty *Gallia's* dames, that spread
 O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
 Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
 In native charms, divinely fair—
 Confusion in their looks they show'd,
 And with *unborrow'd* blushes glow'd.

XXXIII.

On Mrs. Barbieri's first Appearance on the
Stage.

NO pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
 In vain he strives to move us with his song :
 On a fair *Syren* we have fix'd our choice,
 And wait with longing ears for *Barbieri's* voice :
 When, lo ! the nymph, by bashful awe betray'd,
 Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid :
 But so much innocence adorns her fears,
 And with such grace her modesty she wears,
 By her disorder, all her charms increase,
 And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us *less*.

XXXIV.

A Flower painted by Varelst.

WHEN fam'd *Varelst* this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view ;
 Finding the painter's science at a stand,
 The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
 And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
 Behold one work of mine, which ne'er shall fade.

XXXV. In

XXXV.

In Behalf of Mr. *Southerne*.*To the Duke of Argyle.*

ARGYLE, his praise when Southerne wrote,
 First struck out this and then that thought,
 Said this was flatt'ry, that a fault;
 How shall the bard contrive?
 My lord, consider what you do,
 He'll lose his pains, and verses too;
 For, if these praises fit not you,
 They'll *serve no man* alive.

XXXVI.

On a little House built by a poetical *Gentleman*.

A Bard, grown desirous of saving his self,
 Built a house he was sure would hold none but him-
 self;
 This enrag'd god *Apollo* who *Mercury* sent,
 And bid him go ask, what his votary meant.
 Some foe to my empire has been his adviser;
 'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser:
 Tell him, *Hermes*, from me, tell that subject of mine,
 I have sworn by the *Styx* to defeat his design;
 For, where ever he comes, the muses shall reign;
 And the muses, he knows, have a numerous train.

XXXVII.

To Mr. *Pope* on his Translation of *Homer*.

SO much, dear *Pope*, thy *English* *Iliad* charms,
 When pity melts us, or when passion warms,
 That after ages shall with wonder seek,
 Who 'twas translated *Homer* into Greek.

XXXVIII. On

XXXVIII.

On Flowers embroidered by a *young Lady*.

THIS charming bed of flow'rs when *Flora* spy'd,
By *Flavia's* needle wrought; enrag'd the cry'd:
Still to be vanquish'd by her is my doom;
Mine early fade, but *her's* shall ever bloom;
Bloom like her face; that stings me to the heart;
Surpass'd in beauty, as excell'd in art.

XXXIX.

To the right hon. *Arthur*, Earl of *Anglesey*.

IF the old * *Samian* doctrine of spirits be true,
Then *Cicero's* spirit does penance in you;
For *Jove*, when he saw him so fond of applause,
Which sway'd him much more than the client or cause,
Determin'd his soul to your body to doom,
Great as when he first astonish'd old Rome;
With all his own virtues a second time blest
And fortitude added to crown all the rest;
But to check the vain glory, that reign'd in his spirit,
He gave you an ear that can't bear your own merit.

XL.

On the *Spectator*.

WHEN first the *Tatler* to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the *Spectator* rose and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling days his joys renew'd;

* Pythagoras, who first taught the transmigration of souls, was of
Samos.

Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
 Whether a bright successor, or the same;
 So we; but now from this suspense are freed,
 Since all agree who both with judgment read,
 'Tis the *same sun and does himself* succeed.

}

XLI.

On the Earl of Macclesfield.

WHEN the seals were deliver'd to Macclesfield's
 charge,
 Each God for approving gave reasons at large:
 But Apollo excepted; and said, so much wit,
 With such eloquence join'd, for that charge was unfit:
 Left the injur'd, who at his tribunal appear'd,
 And put in their complaints, with intent to be heard;
 Should feed on the honey, that dropp'd from his tongue,
 And charm'd by his speaking forget their own wrong;
 Minerva too added "his prudence is such,
 "As not to indulge his own judgment too much.
 "And whoe'er he consults, I plainly foresee,
 "Must be some who know less of the matter than he,
 "Old authors for instance—then men shall bemoan,
 "That he such opinions prefers to his own."
 Jove heard; and thus calmly deliver'd his thoughts:
 "No man is more guilty of these and such faults,
 "Yet still I've one reason, for which he is given,
 "To shew men how justice is practis'd in heaven."

XLII.

To the Lord Chancellor King.

(*Alluding to his Motto—"Labor ipse voluptas!"*)

TIS not the splendor of the place,
 The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,

And

And all the pompous train of state,
 With crouds, which at the levee wait,
 That make you happy, make you great :
 But when mankind you strive to bless,
 With all the talents you possess ;
 When all the joys you can receive,
 Flow from the benefits you give ;
 This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
 And makes the heavy burden light :
 True *pleasure*, rightly understood,
 Is only *labour to do good*.

}

XLIII.

Advice to Mr. Pope : on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.

O ! thou, who, with a happy genius born,
 Can't tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn ;
 Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
 Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise :
 Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage ;
 He sung and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age :
 If Britain his translated song would hear,
 First take the gold — then charm the list'ning ear ;
 So shall thy father *Homer* smile to see
 His pension paid, tho' late ; and paid to thee.

XLIV.

Written on a Glass by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of *Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil*.

A CCEPT a miracle instead of wit ;
 See ! two *dull lines* by *Stanhope's pencil* writ.

XLV. On

XLV.

On the fortunate and auspicious Reigns of
Q. Elizabeth and Q. Anne.

SURE heav'n's unerring voice decreed of old
The fairest sex should *Europe's* balance hold.
As great *Eliza's* forces humbled *Spain*,
So *France* now stoops to *Anne's* superior reign :
Thus, tho' proud Jove with thunder fills the sky,
Yet, in *Astræa's* hands, the fatal scale does lie.

XLVI.

Written in "*The Fables for the Female Sex.*"

WHILE here the poet paints the charms
That bless the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
And wit preserves the flame ;
How prudence, virtue, sense agree,
To form the happy wife :
In *Lucy*, and her book, I see
The picture and the life.

XLVII.

On Lord Cobham's Gardens,

IT puzzles much the sages brains,
Where Eden stood of yore ;
Some place it in Arabia's plains,
Some say, it is no more.

But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know ;
For he has prov'd beyond dispute,
That paradise is *Stow*.

XLVIII. To

XLVIII.

To a Lady; who sent Compliments to a
Clergyman—on the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere;
You send *ten* hearts—the tythe is only mine,
Give me but one—and burn the other nine.

XLIX.

On a Grotto of Shells—

The Work of nine young Ladies in Hampshire.
By Mr. Pope.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise.
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art.
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in desarts—what would charm a court.

L.

On the same. By the hon. Mr. H.—

SO much this building captivates the sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight;
In them the master-piece of nature's shown,
In this I see art's master-piece in stone.
O! nature, nature, thou hast conquer'd art;
She charms the sight alone—but *you* the heart.

LI.

Wit and Beauty.

TH' inspiring muses, and the god of love,
 With rival pow'r, to grace Melinda strove.
 Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
 Whilst every muse enrich'd her mind with arts.
 Though *Greece* in splendid temples heretofore
 Did Venus and Minerva's power adore,
 Those antients thought no single goddess fit
 To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit:
 Each was a sep'rate claim—yet now we find
 The different titles in Melinda join'd.

LII.

To a Lady—half-masking herself, when she
 smiled.

SO when the sun, with his meridian light,
 Too fiercely darts upon our feeble sight;
 We thank th' officious cloud—by whose kind aid
 We view his glory—soften'd by a shade.

LIII.

On the Duke of Devonshire's Seat in Derby-
 shire.

WHEN Scotland's queen, her native realms expell'd,
 In antient Chatsworth was a captive held,
 Had then the pile to its new charms arriv'd,
 Happier the captive, than the queen had liv'd.
 What sighs in pity of her state could rise,
 That found the fugitive in paradise!

LIV. Un-

LIV.

Under the Picture of a * musical Mechanic.

TH O' mean thy rank, yet, in thy humble cell,
 Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
 Well-pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
 And music warbled in her sweetest strain.
 Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove
 Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
 Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
 So low a station, such a liberal mind.

LV.

On the Invention of Letters.

From the French.

TH E noble art from Cadmus took its rise,
 Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes.
 He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound
 The airy voice, and stopp'd the dying sound.
 The various figures by his pencil wrought
 Gave colour, and a body to the thought.

LVI.

From Mr. Pope, on the same Subject.

HE A V E N first taught letters, for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak; they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;

* One Tom Briton, a smallcoal-man—well known some years since—in London.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the *pole*.

LVII.

Parallel between the *Antients* and *Moderns*.

SOME for the antients zealously declare,
Others, again, our modern wits prefer;
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

LVIII.

To Mr. Pope on his *Dunciad*.

THE raven, rook, and pert jack-daw,
(Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.

Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than *Dennis* rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.

With *Egypt's* art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed;
And ev'ry rogue that stunk, alive,
Becomes a precious mummy, dead.

LIX.

On the Earl of Dorset.

BY fav'ring wit, *Mæcenæ*s purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron, and the poet too.

LX. Written

LX.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

From Prior.

WITH virtue, strong as yours, had Eve been arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd:
 Nor had our blifs by penitence been bought—
 Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

LXI.

On Dean Swift's leaving an Hospital for Ideots
and Lunatics.

THE Dean must die! our ideots to maintain.
 Perish, ye ideots!—and long live the Dean!

LXII.

On the same

LO! Swift to ideots bequeaths his store:
 Be wise, ye rich—consider thus the poor.

LXIII.

On Love and Friendship.

THE love that's cold, or friendship that's not warm,
 Does no one good—but may do many harm.

LXIV.

On Wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone,
 Dug from the *Indian* mine;
 Which boasts two various powers in one,
 To cut as well as *shine*.

Genius

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same gift abounds—
 Appears at once both keen and bright
 And *sparkles* while it wounds.

LXV.

The Stage's Acknowledgment.

O Nature! when thy sovereign pow'r we see,
 How poor a thing must affectation be!
 Whilst *Clive*, with beauteous ease, the audience charms,
 And, with the fire of native influence, warms;
 Pour'd from her eyes, the meaning raptures roll,
 And shoot the laughing graces thro' the soul.
 Or, when the sprightly song demands our aid,
 How pointed are thy notes, O music! made?
 Poets, and masters, careless, may compound,
 Her look is measure; and her action, sound.

LXVI.

To Mrs. Robinson, a celebrated Actress.

WHEN *Salvia* sings, or acts the heroine's part,
 The fiction's ill-supported by her art:
 Still something vulgar, thro' the rich disguise,
 Betrays the mimic, and offends the eyes:
 But when *your* voice is heard, and beauty seen—
 You seem a *goddeſs*, whilst you act a *queen*.

LXVII.

To Dr. Purcell, the great Musician.

TO you a tribute from each muse is due,
 The whole poetic tribe's oblig'd to you—
 For surely none but you, with equal ease,
 Could *add* to *David*—and make *D'Urfey* please.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

On the five Busts in Queen Caroline's Hermitage at Richmond.

HIGH on the list of fame while *Newton* stands,
 Whose spreading beams enlighten foreign lands ;
 Whose piercing genius could alone explore
 Nature's deep secrets, unreveal'd before ;
 And, on advent'rous wing transported, trace
 The starry wonders of th' etherial space :
 While *Locke*, with native force of reason, charms,
 And *Woolaston*, by strokes of nature, warms :
 While piety and learning both conspire,
 In *Clarke*, to fan religion's sacred fire ;
 Whose milder rules, to souls by passion driv'n,
 Shall kindly point the certain road to heav'n :
 While *Boyle*, whose philosophic eye could trace
 The mystic lines of nature's various face,
 Shall, like the sun, diffusive beams impart,
 Enlight'ning all the mazy wild of art :
 So long, illustrious queen ! shalt thou receive
 The choicest honours that the muse can give.

LXIX.

On the Augustan Age.

FOR twice nine cent'ries—why has partial fame
 O'er worthier Romans swell'd th' *Augustan* name ?
 O'er *Julius* nobler, and of greater mind ?
 O'er *Titus*' self, the darling of mankind ?—
 What, but the muse, this lasting diff'rence made ?
 Pleas'd poets lent the world's great lord their aid ;
 And, from *their* grateful praise, consent first grew,
 That he, who rais'd the arts—surpass'd them *too*.

LXX.

On the celebrated Dispute between the Ancients and Moderns.

SWIFT for the ancients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent, from thence, that the moderns excel.

LXXI.

In Praise of Mead.

THE juice of bees, not Bacchus, here behold!
Which *British* bards were wont to quaff of old.
The berries of the grape with *furies* swell;
But, in the honey-comb, the *graces* dwell.

LXXII.

To a Lady — on her Recovery from the
Small-pox.

CLOE, no more unjustly fear
Your num'rous slaves' decrease;
Say, does the sun less bright appear,
Tho' spots o'er-spread his face?
Those stains, by fate's severe decree,
He's ever doom'd to wear;
While thine each rising morn shall see
Dissolving into air.

LXXIII.

To a young Lady —

With Lord Halifax's Advice to a Daughter.

ADVICE, Cosmelia, by the wife is lov'd,
And, where 'tis wanted least, is most approv'd.

What, tho' it teach but what you now behave !
 A friend may offer what a father gave.
 What, tho' you need it not ; yet kindly take,
 And read it oft and oft, — for others' sake :
 In fairest light their duty then they'll view,
 The precept this, the bright example you.

LXXIV.

On presenting Lord Lansdown's Works to the
 Princess Royal.

WHEN we'd exalt some heavenly fair,
 To some bright goddess we compare ;
Minerva, wisdom ; *Juno*, grace,
 And *Venus* furnishes the face !
 In royal *Anne's* bright form is seen,
 What comprehends them all — the *queen*.

LXXV.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller,
 On his drawing Lady Hyde's Picture.

KNELLER, take heed, for vast is the design,
 And madness 'twere for any hand, but thine :
 For mocking thunder bold *Salmeus* dies,
 And 'tis as rash to imitate her eyes.

LXXVI.

To a fine Woman, too fond of praising her
 Husband.

By Dr. Swift.

YOU always are making a god of your spouse ;
 But this neither reason nor conscience allows :
 Perhaps you will say, 'Tis in gratitude due,
 And you *adore* him, because he *adores* you.

Your argument's weak, and so you will find ;
For you, by this rule, must *adore* all mankind.

LXXVII.

To a Friend, who had been abus'd by a Libel.

By the same.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight ;
And calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done ? Shall wit and learning chuse
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose ?
By censure frighted, quit fair honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heav'n bestow'd ;
Or fearless enter in—thro' virtue's gate,
And buy *distinction*, at the dearest rate.

LXXVIII.

To Mr. Pope.

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire ;

While critics, and while bards, in rage,
Admiring, won't admire :

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry ;

These times tho' many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I :

But, when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame ;

When with thy *Homer* thou shalt shine,
In one establish'd fame :

When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee ;

That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.

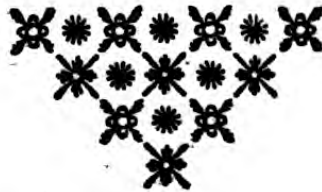
The

LXXIX.

The Parallel :

Between the illustrious John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and the Rev. Charles Churchill, Poet.

IN Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
 And, great in arms, subdu'd Britannia's foes :
 A greater Churchill now demands our praise,
 And the palm yields to the poetic bays :
 Tho' John fought nobly at his army's head,
 And slew his thousands with the balls of lead ;
 Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
 Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.





A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK II.

SATYRICAL.

I.

From the Greek :

By Mr. Prior.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth :
Sad *Heraclitus*, serious wretch, return
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by ;
Hurt, can I laugh ? and honest, need I cry ?

II. *Croesus*

II.

Croesus and Diogenes.

THE *Lydian* prince is blam'd for wealth alone,
 Tho' greater in his virtues than his throne :
 The *Cynic* churl is prais'd, of fame secure,
 Tho' void of ev'ry grace, but being poor :
 Nor wonder whence this partial judgment springs,
 Such crouds are envious, and so few are kings.

From the LATIN.

III.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

I KNOW not whether, in *Narcissus'* glafs,
 Matchless *Corinna*, you e'er saw your face :
 But this I know, with beauties all her own,
 Matchless *Corinna* is inamour'd grown.
 The youth some reason for his frenzy had ;
 What made *him* so, made many others mad :
 Your cause is less, therefore your madness more ;
 Without a rival you yourself adore.

IV.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 34.

By Mr. Hay.

HER father dead — alone no grief she knows ;
 Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
 No mourner he, who must by praise be fee'd !
 But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed !

V.

Lib. i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine ;
But, as thou read'st them, they *may* pass for thine.

VI.

Lib. ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe ; and so I say :
He only owes, who something has to pay.

VII.

Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown ;
Thread-bare indeed it is ; but 'tis my own.

VIII.

Lib. iv. Ep. 78.

By Dr. Hoadley.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes her man,
And I must dine with lady Anne :
A silver service loads the board ;
Of eatables a slender hoard.
" Your pride, and not your victuals, spare !
" I came to dine, and not to stare."

IX.

Ep. 79.

THRICE twenty years you've seen your grass made hay ;
Your eye-brows too proclaim your hair is grey :
Yet through all quarters of the town you run ;
At every ball and levee you make one :

No

No great man stirs, but you are at his heels,
 And never fail both those who have the seals :
 You never miss St. James's; ever chat
 Of lord or bishop *this*, or general *that*.
 To youth leave trifles; have you not been told,
 That, of all fools, no fool is like the old ?

X.

Lib. vii. Ep. 3.

YOU ask me, Why I have no verses sent ?
 For fear you should return the compliment.

XI.

Ep. 75.

By Dr. Hoadley:

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
 To rule their roast, and smack their wine ;
 Or take thee to their country-feat,
 To make their dogs, or bless their meat —
 Ah ! dream not on preferment soon —
 Thou'rt not their friend — but their buffoon.

XII.

Ep. 100. *see p 73*

WHEN, in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting fyren, in thy tongue ;
 What flames, what darts, what anguish, I endur'd ;
 But, when the candle enter'd—I was cur'd.

XIII.

Lib. ix. Ep. 71.

OH ! the degen'rate age ! great Tully cry'd,
 When Catiline design'd his parricide ;

When kindred chiefs join'd battle on the plain,
 Which mourn'd, in tears of blood, the subjects slain.
 Oh! the degen'rate age! you loudly chatter:
 What is the matter, Sir, what is the matter?
 No civil discord now; no tyrant's pow'r;
 Peaceful and joyous passes ev'ry hour:—
 If you esteem the age so wicked grown,
 Blame not *our* morals for it, but your *own*.

XIV.

Lib. ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise:—
 They're incorrect, a brother poet says:
 But let him rail; for, when I give a feast,
 Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

XV.

Lib. xii. Ep. 54.

TH Y hair and beard are of a diff'rent dye;
 Short of one foot—distorted in an eye;
 With all these tokens of a knave complete,
 Should'st thou be *honest*, thou'rt a dev'lish cheat!

XVI.

On the River Danube:

By Dr. Swift.

SEE how the wand'ring *Danube* flows,
 Realms and religions parting!
 A friend to all true *Christian* foes,
 To *Peter*, *Jack*, and *Martin*.

Now

Now Protestant, and Papist now ;
 Not constant long to either ;
 At length an infidel does grow,
 And ends his journey, neither.

Thus many a youth I've known set out,
 Half Protestant, half Papist ;
 And, rambling long the world about,
 Turn infidel and atheist.

XVII.

A Character of an old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wise, detested by the good,
 Nor understanding aught, nor understood ;
 Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert ;
 Proud, without spirit ; vain, without desert :
 Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd ;
 Desperately gay—and impotently lewd :
 And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
 For eminence in *folly*, deem'd a *wit*.

XVIII.

Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney,

On his Books in Favour of a Vegetable Diet.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
 Thou didst thy system learn ;
 From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
 Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
 And say the same of grass ;
 The one for babes is only food,
 The other for an ass.

Doctor ! one new prescription try,
 (A friend's advice forgive ;)
 Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die ;
 Thy patients then may live.

XIX.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

MY system, Doctor, is my own,
 No tutor I pretend ;—
 My blunders hurt myself alone,
 But your's your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
 Thrice happy might you be ;
 Perhaps you might regain your mind,
 And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
 But heartily forgive ;
 'Tis nat'ral you should bid me die,
 That you yourself may live.

XX.

On a whole Length of Mr. Nash, between
 the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope,
 in the Rooms at Bath.

By Lord Ch—f—d.

IMMORTAL *Newton* never spoke
 More truth than here you'll find ;
 Nor *Pope* himself e'er penn'd a joke
 More cruel on mankind.

The picture, plac'd the busts between,
 Gives satyr all its strength :
 Wisdom and Wit are *little* seen,
 But Folly at *full length*.

XXI. On

XXI.

On Mr. Nash's Statue —

*Not being plac'd in the Center of the Pump-room, where
the Clock stands.*

QUOTH Nash to the clock, "stand out of my way:" }
 Quoth the clock, "Mr. Nash, 'tis too late in the day }
 " For you to command whom you ought to obey. }
 " You are no monarch now, your pow'r's decry'd, }
 " And the whole corporation, to humble your pride, }
 " Have agreed, thus in public, to *set you aside.*" }

XXII.

On the Picture of King Charles II.

BEHOLD a witty, foolish king,
 Whose faith no man relies on!
 Who never *said* a foolish thing,—
 Nor ever did a wise one.

XXIII.

On King William's Exploits, during two
Campaigns in Flanders.

THE author sure must take great pains,
 Who fairly writes his story,
 In which of these two last campaigns
 He gain'd the greatest glory:
 For, while that he march'd on to fight,
 Like hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his fight,
 And *Mons* within his hearing.

XXIV. The

XXIV.

The Balance.

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

XXV.

On the Duchess of Portsmouth's Picture.

WHO can on this picture look,
And not straight be wonder-struck,
That such a wither'd, dowdy thing,
Should make a beggar of a king!
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears;—
False and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you see, and old:
In a word,—her haughty grace
Is whore in all things—but her face.

XXVI.

On a Prelate's going out of Church to wait on
the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

LORD *Pam* in the church (could you think it!) kneel'd
down;
When told that the duke was just come to town;
His station deserting—unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God, to attend on his grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.

XXVII.

On a fine Seat unfinished.

WHEN *Iliou* rose, to grace the fair design,
The walls were built by architects divine;
Neptune

Neptune and *Phæbus* left their heavenly bow'rs,
 To form the bastions, and erect the tow'rs :
 Could *Gallio* hire his workmen from the skies,
 To its just height his dome might then arise ;
 By their assistance reach the upper floor,
 If gods would work—for men will trust no more.

XXVIII.

By Mr. Pope.

MY lord complains—that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
 Has lopp'd three trees, the value of three farthings ;
 “ But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
 “ And, if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.”—
 What, on compulsion ! and against my will
 A lord's acquaintance—let him file his bill.

XXIX.

From Mr. Prior.

TO *John* I ow'd great obligation,
 But *John*, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation —
 Sure *John* and I are more than quit!

XXX.

In Chaucer's Style.

FULL oft doth *Mat* with *Topaz* dine,
 Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh *Greek* wine :
 But *Topaz* his own werke rehearseth ;
 And *Mat* mote praise what *Topaz* verseth :
 Now, sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
 Full hardly earneth *Mat* his dinner.

XXXI. By

XXXI.

By the same.

TH Y nags (the leanest things alive)
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,
 It cost thee more in whips than hay.—

XXXII.

A smart Repartee.

CR I E S Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
 What reason can be given,
 (Since marriage is a holy thing)
 That there are none in heaven?
 There are no women he reply'd;—
 She quick returns the jest—
 Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest.

XXXIII.

L Y E on! while my revenge shall be,
 To speak the very truth of three!—

XXXIV.

The Fate of Envy.

Y E little wits, that gleam'd a while,
 When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
 Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
 How soon you fade away!
 To compass Phœbus' car about,
 Thus empty vapours rise;
 Each lends his cloud, to put *him* out,
 That rear'd him to the skies.

Alas!

Alas ! those skies are not your sphere,
 There, he shall ever burn !
 Weep, weep, and fall ! for earth ye were,
 And shall to earth return.

XXXV.

Extempore—By Lord B—.

WELL ! Sir, suppose the bust is a damn'd head ;
 Suppose that Pope's an elf ;
 All he can say for't, is, he neither made
 The busto nor himself.

XXXVI.

Friendly Advice to Mr. Pope.

WING'D by the muse's god to rise sublime,
 What has thy fame to fear from peevish rhyme !
 Shalt thou, decreed till time's own death, to live,
 Yet want the noblest courage—to forgive ?
 Slander'd in vain, *enjoy* the spleen of foes ;
 Let these from *envy* hate ; from *interest*, those :
 Guilt, like the first, your gratitude requires,
 Since none can *envy*, till he first admires ;
 And *nature* tells the last his crime is *none*,
 Who, to *your* interest, but prefers his *own*.

XXXVII.

The Plagiary.

MORE always smiles, whenever he recites ;
 He smiles, you think, approving what he writes ;
 And yet, in this, no vanity is shown ;
 A *modest* man may like what's not his own.

XXXVIII. The

XXXVIII.

The Mutual Vouchers.

CARLO you say writes well, suppose it true ;
 You pawn your word for him, who'll vouch for you.
 So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
 To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

XXXIX.

On Shakespear restored.

TIS generous, *Tibbald*, in thee and thy brothers
 To help us thus to read the works of others ;
 Never for this can just returns be shewn,
 For who will help us e'er to read thy own !

XL.

Par nobile fratrum.

BURNET and *Ducket*, friends in spite,
 Came hissing forth in verse ;
 Both were so forward, each would write,
 So dull, each hung an a——.

Thus * *amphisbæna*, I have read,
 At either end affails ;
 None knows, which leads, or which is led,
 For both heads are but tails.—

XLI.

On an obscure Writer.

DEAR *Welsted*, mark, in dirty hole,
 That painful animal, a mole ;

* A kind of worm.

Above ground never born to go,
 What mighty stir it keeps below !
 To make a mole-hill all this strife ;
 It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 How proud a little dirt to spread,
 Conscious of nothing o'er its head !
 Till lab'ring on, for want of eyes,
 It blunders into light—and dies !

XLII.

On the Grubstreet Writers.

OF old, when the wags attack'd Colley Cibber,
 As player, as bard, and odaic wine-bibber,
 To a friend that advis'd him to answer their malice,
 And check, by reply, their extravagant fallies,
 No, no, quoth the laureat, with a smile of much glee,
 They write for a dinner which they sha'n't get from me.

XLIII.

Answer.

SINCE the laureat, quoth *Dactyl*, is cruelly bent
 Not to answer our malice, that we may keep Lent ;
 Let him give up the bays, and return to the stage,
 And try, as an actor, to charm the dull age ;
 For, if he writes on,—o'er a glass and good chear
 We shall feast on his odes,—at least twice a year.

XLIV.

To Dr. Tr—p * on his Translation of Virgil.

MIND but thy preaching, T—p, translate no
 further :
 Is it not written, “ Thou shalt do no murther ?”

* Though Dr. Tr—p's translation of Virgil is not poetical, he gives the sense of his author, and his notes are very judicious.

XLV. On

XLV.

On the same:—*From Dr. Young.*

IF at his title Tr—p had drop'd his quill,
Tr—p might have pass'd for a great genius still;
But Tr—p, alas! (excuse him if you can)
Is now a scribler, who was once a man.

XLVI.

On Glover's Leonidas, being compared to
Virgil.

EQUAL to Virgil!—It may perhaps;
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trap's.

XLVII.

On a bad Translation.

HIS work now done, he'll publish it no doubt;
For sure I am, "that *murder will come out.*"

XLVIII.

On a certain Poet.

THY verses are *eternal*, O! My friend,
For he that reads them, reads them to *no end.* *

XLIX.

On the Translation of Suetonius.

By Dr. Philemon Holland.

PHILEMON with translations does so fill us,
He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus.*

* These are all instances of mixt wit,—but, as they have met with applause, are here inserted.—See the Essay prefixed.

L.

On Mr. Cornelius Marten.

NIGRINUS leads a married life
 Not with his own, but neighbour's wife;
 And, tho' *Cornelius* knows it's thus,—
 Still he's *Cornelius tacitus*.

LI.

On a Company of *bad* Dancers to *good* Music.

HOW ill the motion with the music suits!
 So Orpheus fiddled—and so danc'd the brutes.

LII.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well he *mov'd* old Nick,
 Whilst thou *mov'st* nothing—but thy fiddle-stick.

LIII.

On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion
 and a Cock at Blenheim.

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
 Than *Van*, to grace his fame, in marble wrought;
 No more in arms, than he in emblems skill'd,
 The *cock* had drove the *lion* from the field.

LIV.

On the Bridge at Blenheim.

By *Dr. Evans*.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shews,
 The stream, an emblem of his bounty, flows.

LV. On

LV.

On Dr. Evans's cutting down a Row of Trees,
at St. John's-College, Oxon.

INDULGENT nature on each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves; and sailors steer from rocks,
Evans, the gallows, as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

LVI.

On a bad Painter.

FABIUS, you say, is much inclin'd,
Each cheek with too much red to fill;
His pieces only *blush* to find
The painter draws their looks so ill.

LVII.

Prometheus ill-painted.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' fate appear!
Whilst he his second misery suffers here;
Draw him no more; lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great *Jove's* less than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty out-do,
If once again his liver thus should grow:
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once stole from thee grant him now!

LVIII.

The Antidote.

WHEN *Lebia* first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought

I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
 As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire:
 But, soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
 And what her eyes enthral'd, her tongue unbound.

LIX.

On the same Subject.

SELINDA sure's the brightest thing,
 That decks our earth, or breathes our air
 Mild are her looks, like op'ning spring,
 And like the blooming summer fair.

But yet her wit's so very small,
 That all her charms appear to lie,
 Like glaring colours on a wall,
 And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our ears are absent from the feast;
 One sense is surfeited with sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen, with aspect bright,
 And tawdry pride, a tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
 Dull and insipid to the smell.

LX.

Short-liv'd Beauty.

BEAUTY is but a short-liv'd flower,
 Alas! too subject to decay,
 That blooms, th' amusement of an hour,
 And sheds its glory with the day.

Whoever

Whoever ancient *Phyllis* knows,
 Will find this literally true ;
 Mark on her cheeks the blushing rose,
 Short-liv'd, as on the tree it grew.

Tho' on the beauties of each feature
 Th' embellishments of art are laid,
 Yet all her charms, to copy nature,
 Bloom in the morn, at ev'ning fade.

LXI.

By Lord Lansdown.

BRIGHT as the day, and as the morning fair,
 Such Cloe is—and common as the air.

LXII.

The Fate of Artifice.

IN church, the pray'r-book, and the fan display'd,
 And solemn curt'sies, shew the wily maid ;
 At plays, the leering looks and wanton airs,
 And nods, and smiles, are fondly meant for snares :
 Alas ! vain charmer, you no lover get,
 There you seem hypocrite, and here coquet.

LXIII.

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
 At all times, and in ev'ry place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
 Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my *Fannia* ; Oh, forbear,
 If your own health or our's you prize ;
 For all mankind that hear you swear,
 Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd ;
 All are distracted while they gaze,
 But, if they listen, they are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more praise,
 Than all you say, or all you write ;
 One look ten thousand charms displays,
 Then hush ! - and be an angel quite.

LXIV.

To a painted Lady.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
 And nature's failing honestly confess :
 Double we see those faults, which art would mend,
 Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

LXV.

On a homely Lady that patched much.

YOUR homely face, *Flippanta*, you disguise,
 With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes ;
 I own that patching's requisite for you,
 For more we're pleas'd, if less your face we view :
 Yet I advise, if my advice you'd ask,
 Wear but one patch,—but be that patch a *mask*.

LXVI.

On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

CLOE a coquet in her prime,
 The vainest ficklest thing alive ;
 (Behold the strange effects of time !)
 Marries and dotes at forty-five.

Thus weathercocks, who, for a while,
 Have turn'd about with every blast,

D

Grows

Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point and fix at last.

LXVII.

Ill judged Expence.

SYLVIA, methinks, you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For, tho' we all allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face:
Then where's the pleasure, where's the good
Of spending time and cost?
For, if your wit's not understood,
Your keeper's bliss is lost.

LXVIII.

By Swift.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

LXIX.

On Wedlock.

NO more, O Rome, thy modern creed defend:
No more for seven sacraments contend;
Each wedded wretch can readily confute
Thy boasted arguments in this dispute.
For all, by sad experience taught, proclaim,
Penance and matrimony are the same.

LXX.

On Indulgences at Rome.

IF without gold salvation can't be bought,
How curs'd the wretch,—who is not worth a groat!
But,

But, if Christ's death for all has purchas'd peace,
Rejoice, ye poor, and let your misery cease.

LXXI.

On a Modern Fine Lady.

COULD our first father, at his toilsome plough,
Thorns in his path, and labour on his brow;
Cloath'd only in a rude, unpolished skin,
Could he a vain fantastic nymph have seen,
In all her airs, in all her modern graces,
Her various fashions and more various faces;
How had it puzzled him, who late assign'd
Just appellations to each several kind,
A right idea of the sight to frame,
'To guess from what new element she came,
To fix the wavering form, and give the *thing* a name? }

LXXII.

On an ancient Gentlewoman who painted.

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like *Glastonbury* thorn.
If e'er impatient of the bliss
Into her arms you fall,
The plaister'd fair returns the kiss,
Like *Thisbe*, thro' a wall!

LXXIII.

The Oracle.

A Nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray'd,
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd;
They came then to try, if his oracle knew,
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.

Apollo stood mute, and had almost been pos'd ;
 At length he thus sagely the question disclos'd :
 " * He alone may be true, in whom none will confide ;
 " And the nymph may be chaste — that has never been try'd."

LXXIV.

THOU'lt fight, if any man call Phœbe wh—re ;
 That she is thine, what can proclaim it more !

LXXV.

On the Death of Queen Mary, and of the
 Marshal Luxemburgh.

BEHOLD, Dutch prince, here lie th' unconquer'd pair,
 Who knew your strength in love, and strength in war.
 Unequal match ! from both no conquest gains,
 No trophy of your love, or war, remains.

LXXVI.

On the Alliance between Spain and Germany,
 1726.

NEVER before did fate dispense
 A friendship every way so meet ;
 Great *Charles's* hope is *Philip's* sense,
 And *Philip's* trust is *Charles's* fleet.

LXXVII.

Effectual Malice.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
 Cotin's the sharpest, — and succeeds the best ;

* This is inserted, as having met with applause, in the last age ; but several to the same purpose have been omitted, as the insinuation is unpolite and of immoral tendency.

Others

Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
 With ferious rancour, and true *Christian* spite :
 But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,——
 Writes scoundrel verses,—and then says they're mine.

LXXVIII.

To a Person who wrote ill, and spoke worse of
 the Author.

LIE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf,
 Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee !
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself—
 Then why should I answer, since first I must read thee.

Pursue me with satyr ; what harm is there in't ?
 But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear ;
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print,
 There may be a little from what thou shalt swear.

LXXIX.

The Scribbler.

WHILE, faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes,—
 His case appears to me, like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away with by his legs.—
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command ;
 Quicken his senses or restrain his hand :
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink ;—
 So may he cease to write—and learn to think.—

LXXX.

ARTHUR, they say, has wit ; for what ?
 For writing ? No ; for writing not.

LXXXI.

From Buchanan.

THOU speak'st always ill of me,—
 I speak always well of thee;—
 But, spite of all our noise and pother,
 The world believes nor one, nor t'other.

LXXXII.

On Sir Richard Blackmore's Job.

POOR *Job* lost all the comforts of his life,
 And hardly sav'd a pottherd and a wife.
 Yet *Job* bless'd God, and *Job* again was blest;
 His virtue was assay'd—and bore the test.
 But, had Heaven's wrath pour'd out its fiercest phial,
 Had he been *thus* burlesqu'd—without denial,
 The patient man had yielded to that trial:
 His pious spouse, with Blackmore on her side,
 Must have prevail'd—*Job* had *blasphem'd* and dy'd.

LXXXIII.

On the same.

THY fatyr's harmless—'tis thy prose that kills,
 When thou prescrib'st thy potions and thy pills.—

LXXXIV.

On the same.

I Charge thee, knight, in great Apollo's name,
 If thou'rt not dead to all reproof or shame,
 Either thy rhymes, or clysters, to disclaim.
 Both are too much, our feeble brain to rack;
 Besides, the bard will soon undo the quack;
 Such shoals of readers thy damn'd fustian kills,
 Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills.

LXXXV. To

LXXXV.

To the Author of the *Satire* against *Wit*.

SOME scribbling fops so little value fame,
 They sometimes hit, because they never aim :
 But thou for erring hast a certain rule,
 And aiming art inviolably dull :
 Thy muddy stream no lucid drop supplies,
 But puns, like bubbles, on the surface rise ;
 All that for wit you could, you've kindly done ;
 You cannot write, but can be writ upon :
 And a like fate doth either side best,
 Immortal dulness, or immortal wit ;
 In just extremes an equal merit lies,
 And *Boyle* and *Garth* with thee must share the prize ;
 Since thou canst sink, as much as they can rise.

LXXXVI.

From *Prior*.

YES, every poet is a fool ;
 By demonstration *Ned* can shew it :
 Happy, could *Ned*'s inverted rule
 Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

LXXXVII.

A Compliment to the Ladies.

WE men have many faults,
 Poor women have but two :—
 There's nothing good they say ;
 There's nothing good they do.

LXXXVIII.

Woman's Resolution.

O H! cry'd *Arfenia*, long in wedlock blest,
 Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
 D 4 " Should

" Should death divide thee from thy doating wife,
 " What comfort could be found in widow'd life?
 " How the thought shakes me!—Heav'n my Strephon save,
 " Or give the lost *Arsenia* half his grave."
 Jove heard the lovely mourner and approv'd:
 " And should not wives, like this, (said he) be lov'd?
 " Take the soft mourner at her word, and try,
 " How deeply rooted woman's vows can lie."
 'Twas said and done—the tender Strephon dy'd;
 Arsenia two long months—t'out-live him try'd;
 But in the third—alas!—became a bride.

LXXXIX.

The Modern Penitents.

WHEN Israel's daughters mourn'd their past of-
 fences,
 They dealt in sack-cloth, and turn'd cinder-wenches:
 The *Richmond* fair ones ne'er will spoil their locks:
 They use white powder, and wear Holland smocks.
 O beauteous church! where females think clean linnen
 As decent to repent in, as to sin in.

XC.

On an affected Old Maid.

LET age and envious time do what they will,
Cloe remains the same soft creature still,
 In her first coat, as when she romp'd and smil'd.
 A babe in years, at sixty still a child,

XCI.

On a fair Pedant.

THO' Artemisia talks by fits,
 Of councils, fathers, classics, wits,
 Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*;

Yet

Yet in some things methinks she fails ;—
 'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.--

XCII.

Æneas and Creusa.

WHEN on his back, thro' hostile swords and fire,
 The Trojan hero bore his aged fire,
 Just Heav'n rewarded well the pious deed,
 Death seiz'd his wife—and the good man was freed.

XCIII.

The Scourge.

WHEN Pharaoh's sons provok'd th' Almighty's hand
 To pour his wrath upon the guilty land,—
 A tenfold plague the great avenger shed,—
 The king offended, and the nation bled.
 Hadst thou, unaided *Feria*, but been sent,
 Phial elect, for Pharaoh's punishment,
 Thro' what a various course the wretch had run !
 He more than Heaven's *ten* plagues had felt in *one*.

XCIV.

On an old Rake.

HOARY Apicius, like Sicilia's mount *,
 Tho' winter veils his venerable front,
 Tho' his grave head is cover'd o'er with snow,
 Yet labours with incessant fires below.

XCV.

To a prudish Lady left alone with a Gentleman.

WH Y then that blush ? Allay that needless fear ;
 Mistaken maid ! no ravisher is near.

* *Ætna*.

When thou art next in danger, ask thy glass,
 Would any forfeit heaven for *such* a face?
 Whoe'er attempts thy virtue to abuse,
 Offends without temptation or excuse;
 Whoe'er thy chastity would then molest,
 Shew 'em thy face, and that will guard the rest.

XCVI.

Hardship upon the Ladies, *or*, the Drudgery
 of Cards :

By Swift.

WHAT tho', fair nymphs, your business is to *play*,
 'Tis hard you must be busy night and day.
 Why should you want the privilege of men,
 Not take some small diversion now and then!
 Had women been the makers of our laws,
 (And, that they were not, I can see no cause)
 The men should *drudge* at cards, from morn to night;
 And female *pleasure* be to *read* and *write*.

XCVII.

Bigots to Incredulity.

WHAT legions of fables, and whimsical tales,
 Pass current for gospel, where priest-craft prevails!
 Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd,
 What stories of goblins for truth they believ'd!
 But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
 Even truth, now a-days, are apt to suspect:
 From believing too much, the right faith we let fall;
 So now we believe—just nothing at all!—

XCVIII.

The polite Casuists.

OUR fathers took oaths, as of old they did wives,
 To have and to hold for the term of their lives :

But

But we take our oaths, like whores, for our ease,
And a whore and a rogue may part when they please.

XCIX.

The Victory.

U N H A P P Y *Chremes*, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke.
And injured still the more, the more he spoke:
At length, resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right, by statute and by law;
A suit in Chancery the wretch begun:
Nine happy terms, thro' bill and answer, run,
Obtain'd his cause,—had costs and—was undone.

C.

On our imitating the French.

T H E formal ape endeavours, all he can,
With antic tricks to imitate a man;
Parisian fops no less ambitious seem
To have a face, an air, a tail like them.
From whom our taste thus only disagrees,
These mimic apes—and we but mimic these.

CI.

On a slender Collection for Charity at Bath.

S O little given at the church-door!—
This people doubtless must be poor!
So much at gaming thrown away!
No nation, sure, so rich as they.—
Britons, 'twere greatly for your glory,
Should those, who shall transmit your story,
Their notions of your grandeur frame,
Not as you *give*—but as you *game*.

CII.

On the Busto's in Queen Caroline's Grotto :

By Dr. Swift.

LEWIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head :
Our queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads which cannot eat.

CIII.

Answered.

OUR queen, more anxious to be just,
Than flatter'd, rears the living bust,
To those among the learned tribe,
Whom, Lewis-like, she cannot bribe.

CIV.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present
of Books to Cambridge, by King George I,
1715.

THE king, observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment ; for why ?
'That *learned* body wanted loyalty! —
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning,
How much that *loyal* body wanted learning.

CV.

The friendly Contest.

WHILE *Cam* and *Isis* their *sad* tribute bring
Of rival grief to weep their pious king,

The

The bards of *Ifis* half had been forgot,
 Had not the sons of *Cam* in pity wrote;
 From their learn'd brothers, they took off the curse,
 And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing worse.

CVI.

An honest Prejudice.

A Cambridge soph, just freed from band and gown,
 Went to the sermon, with his friend in town.
 The doctor, not a Sherlock, I suppose,
 Soon lull'd his audience to a sweet repose.
 When, now, the slumberous charm was at an end,
 Up starts Cantab, and wakes his drowsy friend:
 He rubb'd his eyes, and curs'd the stupid preacher,
 And, pray, says he, d'you know this learned teacher?
 No! cries the soph; but, 'ere the drone began,
 I knew our fate—for he's an *Oxford man*.

CVII.

To Cardinal *Richlieu*.

SICK of a life, possess'd in vain,
 I soon shall wait upon the ghost
 Of our late monarch; in whose reign,
 None, who had merit, mis'd a post.
 Then will I charm him with your name,
 And all your glorious wonders done;
 The pow'r of *France*,—the *Spaniards* shame,
 The rising honours of his son.
 Grateful, the royal shade will smile,
 And dwell, delighted, on your name;
 Sweetly appeas'd, his griefs beguile,
 And drown old losses in new fame.
 But when he asks me, in what post
 I did your wish'd commands obey,
 And how I shar'd your favours most;
 — What would you please to have me say?

N. B. To this the cardinal answer'd—“ Nothing.—”

CVIII. On

CVIII.

On the Barrenness of the Highlands.

HAD Cain been *Scot* *, God had revers'd his doom ;
Not forc'd to wander, but confin'd at home.

CIX.

To Lord ———.

WE thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate,
While, by your humble self alone,
You seem'd unrated and unknown.

But now, on Fortune's swelling tide
High-borne, in all the pomp of pride ;
Of grandeur vain, and fond of self ;
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

CX.

Ch—ch—ll dissected :

Written in August, 1764.

AMAN, without one feeling for his kind ;
Without one seed of goodness in his mind :
Intent, on all he hates, to pour his rage,
Respecting neither merit, rank, nor age :
His characters to his own manners suits ;
A bear, exhibiting a shew of brutes :
But deviates still from satyr's *moral* plan ;
He makes a monster whom God made a man :
And, while by slanders foul he courts applause,
Appears the very villain that he draws.

* The popularity of this epigram is a striking instance of the honest prejudice of a true Englishman, in favour of his own country.



A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK III.

AMOROUS.

I.

From the Greek :

By Dr. Swift.

TWO goddesses now must *Cyprus* adore ;
The muses are ten, the graces are four :
Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face,
She shines a new *Venus*, a *muse*, and a *grace*.

II.

From the Greek.

NO colours, laid by pencil on,
Can match her eye, her skin, her hair !
Who paints the splendor of the sun,
May paint the beauty of the fair !

III. From

III.

From the Greek.

IF youth and beauty fade, my dear,
 Impart them wisely, whilst you may :—
 If still they last, why should you fear
 To give what none can *give* away.

IV.

The Greek paraphrased.

IF the quick spirit, Delia, in your eye,
 'Ere long will languish, and must one day die ;
 If every beauty, every youthful grace,
 Must surely fly from that forsaken face ;
 Then let us, lovely charmer, reap our joys,
 'Ere cruel time such goodly fruit destroys.

But, if those jetty locks must ever grow,
 Nor e'er be whiten'd o'er with age's snow ;
 If those bright suns, thy eyes, must know no shade,
 And thy now blooming beauties never fade ;
 Then scruple not, my Delia, to bestow
 What, freely gather'd, shall as freely grow.

Thus, nymph, whate'er the effects of time may prove,
 They furnish motives strong for present love.

V.

From the Latin of Ausonius,

Epig. 105.

LONG did great *Jove* the weighty point debate,
 Whether a nymph or goddess to create :
 Irresolute, he cry'd, " What must be done ?—
 " We'll form a nymph and goddess both in one :

" But,

“ But, from what pattern, of celestial race,
 “ The features of her heav’nly part to trace ?
 “ Shall lovely *Venus* to the picture sit ?
 “ Or *Pallas* lend her air and sprightly wit ?
 Still unresolv’d, thus to the lovely maid,
 As *bright* she rose, “ Be both at once,” he said :
 Hence both, in thy lov’d composition, meet,
 As *Pallas* graceful, and as *Venus* sweet.

VI.

From Aufonius :

By *Mr. Prior*.

VENUS, take my votive glafs !
 Since I am not what I was ;
 What from this day I shall be,
 Venus, let me never see !

VII.

From Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 16.

By *Mr. M—lm—tb*.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch’d the sword,
 And gave the deathful weapon to her lord ;
 My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
 But thine alone, my Fætus, pains my heart.

VIII.

Lib. i. Ep. 58.

YOU ask me, my friend, what last I’d enjoy ?
 I’d have one that is neither too coming—nor coy ;
 A medium is best ; that gives us no pain
 By too much indulgence—nor too much disdain.

IX. From

IX.

From Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 69.

LET *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk ;—
 Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk :—
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute ;
 Still he must talk of *Nævia*, or be mute.
 He wrote to his father ending with this line :
 “ I am, my lovely *Nævia* ! ever thine.”—

X.

Lib. vi. Ep. 34.

By Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

COME, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter sure never girl gave ;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then, prithee, my charmer, be kind ;
 For, while I love thee above measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.
 Count the bees that on Hybla are playing ;
 Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields ;
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying ;
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields.
 Go number the stars in the heaven ;
 Count how many sands on the shore ;
 When so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be craving for more.
 To a heart full of love let me hold thee ;
 To a heart which, dear Cloe, is thine :
 With my arms I'll for ever infold thee,
 And twist round thy limbs, like a vine.

What

What joy can be greater than this is !
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
 But the wretch that can number his kisses,
 With few will be ever content.

XI.

The *Je ne sçay quoi* :

By Mr. M. Whitehead.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And *Cælia* has undone me ;
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel :

'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common :
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm, —
 'Twas both perhaps — or neither :
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of *Cælia* altogether.

XII.

The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied :

From Waller.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspir'd train,
 Fair *Saccharissa* lov'd—but lov'd in vain.

Like

Like *Phœbus* sung the no less am'rous boy ;
 Like *Daphne* she, as lovely and as coy.
 With numbers he the flying nymph pursues ;
 With numbers such as *Phœbus*' self might use !
 Such is the chace, where love and fancy leads,
 O'er craggy mountains and thro' flow'ry meads ;
 Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel fair.
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled ; and, now approachin' near,
 Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet, what he sung, in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :
 All but the nymph, that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 Like *Phœbus* thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

XIII.

On a Lady's Girdle :

By the same.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd
 Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest *sphere*,
 The pale which held that lovely *deer* ;
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair !
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

XIV. Under

XIV.

Under a Lady's Picture :

By the same.

SUCH Helen was ! and who can blame the boy,
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy ?
But, had like virtue shone in that fair Greek,
The am'rous shepherd had not dar'd to seek
Or hope for pity ; but, with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

XV.

Love - Tears.

BOAST not thy golden show'r, great *Jove* ! Behold,
Cupid descends in show'rs more rich than gold !

XVI.

To a Painter, drawing a Lady's Picture.

THE * wretch, that *Jove's* artillery feign'd so well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell ;
How then dar'st thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye ?
Painter, desist ! or soon th' event will prove,
That *Love's* as jealous of his arms as *Jove*.

XVII.

To a Lady, playing on the Lute.

TO burning *Rome* when frantic *Nero* play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames ; but, struck with strange surprize,
Confess'd them less than those of *Anna's* eyes :

But,

* *Salmoneus*.

But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
 His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd :
 Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
 And from destruction call'd the rising town :
 Malice to music had been forc'd to yield ;
 Nor could he burn so fast as thou couldst build.

XVIII.

To a Lady stung by a Bee.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
 Upon my *Delia's* face,
 Its honey to the part she laid,
 And bade me kiss the place :

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and, from the wound,
 Suck'd both the sweet and smart ;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

XIX.

On being expell'd a Lady's Company.

THUS *Adam* look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
 And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n :
 Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth ;
 Like him I go, for *angels* drive us both.
 Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind ;
 His *Eve* went with him, but mine stays behind.

XX.

The Modest Swain.

WHEN first I gaz'd on *Cloe's* face,
 And saw each killing eye,
 I thought 'twas heav'n — and so it was,
 But not for such as I.

XX I. By

XXI.

By Mr. N—g—nt.

TH O' chearful, discreet, and with freedom well-bred,
 She never repented an idle word said :
 Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,
 They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

XXII.

Written in a Lady's *Sherlock* upon Death :

By Lord Ch—rf—ld.

MI S T A K E N fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
 His doctrine is deceiving ;
 For, whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master ;
 Then let us only study now,
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blefs, be blefs'd,
 With mutual inclination ;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But, if thus blefs'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny ;

To me at least your *Sherlock* give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

XXIII.

To a Lady, with a new Watch :

By Lord L——.

WI T H me while present, may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
 Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time by joy succeeding joy.

But

But when the cares, that interrupt our blifs,
 To me not always will thy fight allow ;
 Then oft, with kind impatience, look on this,
 Then ev'ry minute count—as I do now.

XXIV.

By the same.

NONE, without hope, e'er lov'd the brightest fair ;
 But love can hope where reason would despair.

XXV.

Constancy.

TRUE constancy no time, no pow'r can move ;
 He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

XXVI.

The Folly of Love.

DID love, like agues, ever intermit,
 How should we blush, in absence of the fit !

XXVII.

Jealousy.

THE shaken tree grows faster at the root ;
 And love grows firmer for some blasts of doubt.

XXVIII.

On a Fan :

By Dr. Atterbury—in his Youth.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
 Can with resistless art employ.
 This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
 An engine of small force in love ;

Yet

Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Nor to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motion so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame.

XXIX.

On a Handkerchief worked by Mrs. —

By Lord Lansdown.

WHEN Myra casts around her conquering eyes,
 A thousand victims fall a sacrifice.
 No bounds her charms acknowledge, but her will;
 And wheresoe'er she darts a look can kill.
 Why should she then new artifices find,
 T'extend her pow'r, and vanquish human kind?
 Cannot the pointed rays, shot from her eyes,
 Her graceful person, and her air suffice?
 But she must triumph in acquir'd art,
 And turn her very needle to a dart.

XXX.

By the same.

CLOE, now married, looks at men no more:
 Why then, 'tis plain, for what she look'd before.

XXXI.

A Patch upon a Lady's Face.

THAT artful speck upon her face
 Had been a foil on one less fair;
 In her it hides a wounding grace,
 And she, in mercy, plac'd it there.

E

XXXII. Writ-

XXXII.

Written in a Lady's Pocket-Book.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
 Were but her book an emblem of her breast?
 As I, from that, all former marks efface,
 And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their place;
 So might I chace all others from her heart,
 And my own image in the room impart!
 But, ah! how short the blifs would prove, if he
 Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me!

XXXIII.

CLOE's the wonder of her sex:
 'Tis well her heart is tender,
 How might such killing eyes perplex,
 With virtue to defend her?
 But nature, graciously inclin'd,
 Not bent to vex, but please us,
 Has, to her boundless beauty, join'd
 A boundless will to ease us.

XXXIV.

To Cloë weeping.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloë, see
 The world in sympathy with thee:
 The chearful birds no longer sing,
 Each droops his head, and hangs his wing:
 The clouds have bent their bosoms low'r,
 And shed their sorrows in a show'r;
 The brooks beyond their limits flow,
 And louder murmurs speak their woe.
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares,
 They learn thy sighs, and weep thy tears.

Fantastic

Fantastic nymph! that *grief* should move
 Thy heart obdurate against *love* :
 Strange tears! whose pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear breast on which they fall.

XXXV.

On a Lady with fine Eyes and a bad Voice.

LUCETTA's charms our hearts surprise,
 At once, with love and wonder :
 She bears Jove's *lightning* in her eyes,
 But in her voice his thunder.—

XXXVI.

To Mira at a Review :

By Lord Lansdown.

LET meaner beauties conquer singly still,
 But haughty Mira will by thousands kill ;
 Through well-arm'd ranks triumphantly she drives,
 And with one glance commands a thousand lives :
 The trembling heroes nor resist nor fly,
 But at the head of all their squadrons die.

XXXVII.

Inscription under a Statue of Cupid :

By the same.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and master see ;
 Thou *was't* my slave, thou *art*, or thou *shalt* be,

XXXVIII.

On Women :

By the same.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd; we play
 A round or two; when us'd, we throw away:—
 E 2 Take

Take a fresh pack ; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving —

XXXIX.

The Relief:

By the same.

OF two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair : I urge, be kind.
Flavia, be kind ; the remedy's as sure :
'Tis the most pleasant and the quickest cure.

XL.

To a Lady on her Parrot.

WHEN nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
The gods disguis'd were never known to fail.
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd *Jove*
Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love :
There's no celestial, but his heav'n would quit
For any form, which might to you admit.
See ! how the wanton bird, at every glance,
Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous trance ;
The queen of beauty has forsook the dove,
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

XLI.

On a Lady viewing herself in a Stream.

BEHOLD these waves ! ah, never at a stay !
How swift their course, how soon they glide away !
Each virgin's envy now, and lover's theme,
Thy beauties, Myra, are that fleeting stream.
Each, after each, how soon shall they retire ?
Thy cheek resign its bloom, thine eye its fire ?

Myra,

Myra, be lost, new wonders to supply,
That other Myra's may be born—to die.

XLII.

To an angry Rival.

'TIS not the fear of death or smart
Makes me averse to fight;
But to preserve a tender heart,
Not mine, but *Celia's* right.

Then let your fury be suppress'd,
Not me, but *Celia* spare;
Your sword is welcome to my breast,
When *Celia* is not there.

XLIII.

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please;
Forgive a wond'ring youth's desire:
Those charms, those virtues, when he sees,
How can he see, and not admire?

While each the other still improves,
The fairest face, the fairest mind;
Not, with the proverb, "he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind."

XLIV.

The charitable Fair-one.

BELINDA has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis heaven to lie within her arms:
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in heaven.

XLV.

The Beauty of Innocence.

POOR *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,
 If I but ask the favour;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her;
 Would she could make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a sinner.

XLVI.

On a Lady's Picture.

THE poet and the painter safely dare
 To form an image of the proudest fair:
Your brighter charms, by lavish nature wrought,
 Transcend the painter's skill, and poet's thought.

XLVII.

To Julia throwing a Snow-Ball.

YOUNG wanton *Julia* flung the gather'd snow,
 Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow:
 'Tis cold, I cried, but ah! too soon I found,
 Sent by that hand, it dealt a scorching wound.
 Resistless fair! we fly thy power in vain,
 Who turn't to fiery darts the frozen rain.
 Burn, *Julia*, burn like me; and that desire,
 With water, which thou kindlest, quench *with fire* *.

* This kind of mix'd wit was much in vogue in the last age—"apud sæclum pius"—But is now so well understood, that young people need not be caution'd against a wrong-plac'd admiration.

XLVIII. The

XLVIII.

The Amorous Contest.

MY love and I for kisses play'd ;
 She would keep stakes ; I was content :
 But, when I won, she would be paid ;
 I, angry, ask'd her, what she meant ?
 Nay, since, says she, you wrangle thus in vain,
 Give me my kisses back ; take yours again !

XLIX.

Written on a Window, under a Vow against
 Matrimony.

THE Lady who this resolution took,
 Wrote it on glass, to shew it *might* be broke.

L.

On a Feather in a Lady's Hair.

IF *Cloe* but wear it, a feather's a charm ;
 Ah ! who can be safe, when such weapons can harm ?
 Since first I beheld it, what a life have I led ?
 All joy and content with that feather are fled.
 Fly, youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art ;
 And, warn'd by the feather, beware of the dart.

LI.

On Mrs D——.

OH ! D—— if fewer with thy charms are fir'd,
 Than when by G——'s name thou wast admir'd ;
 'Tis not that marriage makes thee seem less fair,
 But then we *hop'd*, and now we must *despair* !

LII.

On the Duchess of St. Alban's.—

THE line of *Vere*, so long renown'd in arms,
 Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms :
 Her conquering eyes have made their race complete,
 They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

LIII.

On Lady Harriot Godolphin.

GODOLPHIN's easy and unpractis'd air
 Gains without art, and governs without care ;
 Her conquering race with various fate surpris'd,
 Who 'scape *their* arms, are captives to *her* eyes.

LIV.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes !
 And now the *sun* begins to rise !
 Less glorious is the morn, that breaks
 From *his* bright beams, than *her* fair eyes.

With light united day they give ;
 But different fates, 'ere night, fulfill :
 How many by his warmth will live !
 How many will her coolness kill !—

LV.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

SEE here, how bright the first-born virgin shone,
 And how the first fond lover was undone !
 Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,
 As *Milton* wrote ; and, such as yours, her look ;

Yours,

Yours, the best copy of that perfect face,
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race.
 Such charms no author could escape but he ;
 There's no way to be safe, but not to see !

LVI.

From the French.

I Die with sadness, if the blushing fair
 These eyes adore, rejects her lover's pray'r ;
 I die with transport if her gentle ear
 Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.
 How can a wretch ev'n hope his fate to shun,
 Both by her rigour and her smiles undone ?
 Each way I look, I view my ruin sure,
 Fall by the wound, or perish by the cure.

LVII.

On a Fan : In which the Story of *Cephalus* and
Procris was painted, with the Motto, "*Aura
 veni.*"

COME, gentle air, th' *Æolian* shepherd said,
 While *Procris* panted in the secret shade.
 Come, gentle air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo ! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play :
 In *Delia's* hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.
 Both gifts destructive to the giver prove ;
 Alike both lovers fall, by those they love.
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives ;
 At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives ;
 She views the story with attentive eyes,
 And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.

LVIII.

By Mr. N—g—t.

I Lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
 And plighted an eternal vow :
 So alter'd are thy face and mind,
 'Twere *perjury* to love thee now.

LIX.

By Lord Lyttl—n.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind ?
 Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest !
 The jealous doubt, the tender care
 That rack the amorous breast ?
 Alas ! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain ;
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

LX.

By Mr. N—g—t.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
 I thought I could not live without you :
 Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
 How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

LXI.

By the same.

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
 When thou may'st rule the willing mind ?
 Can the poor pride of giving pain
 Repay the joys that wait the kind ?

I curse

I curse my fond enduring heart,
 Which scorn'd presumes not to be free ;
 Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
 To hate myself and burn for thee.

LXII.

By the same.

L OVELY shines thy wedded fair,
 Gentle as the yielding air :
 Chearing as the solar beam ;
 Soothing as the fountain-stream.

Why then, jealous husband, rail ?
 All may breathe the ambient gale,
 Bask in heaven's diffusive ray,
 Drink the streams that pass away.

All may share unlesseing joy,
 Why then, jealous, peevish boy ?
 Water, air, and light confine,
 'Ere thou think'st her only thine.

LXIII.

Written in Silvia's Prior :

By D. G.

U NTOUCH'D by love, unmov'd by wit,
 I found no charms in Matthew's lyre ;
 But unconcern'd read all he writ,
 Tho' love and Phœbus did inspire.

Till Sylvia took her favourite's part,
 Resolv'd to prove my judgment wrong—
 Her proofs prevail'd, they reach'd my heart,
 And soon I *felt* the poet's song.

LXIV.

On a Lady's Embroidery.

By the same.

A *RACHNE* once, as poets tell,
 A goddess at her art defied;
 But soon the daring mortal fell
 The hapless victim of her pride.

Oh! thou beware *Arachne's* fate;
 Be prudent, Cloe, and submit,
 For you'll more surely feel her hate.
 Who rival both her art and wit.

LXV.

To Lady H—y:

By Voltaire.

H—Y, would you know the passion
 You have kindled in my breast,
 Trifling is the inclination,
 That by words can be express'd.

In my *silence* see the lover,
 True love is by silence known;
 In my eyes you'll best discover
 All the power of your own.

LXVI.

The Rattle.

K *ITTY's* charming *voice* and face,
 Syren-like, first caught my fancy;
 Wit and humour next take place,
 And now I doat on sprightly *Nancy*.

Kitty

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
 With airs most languishing and dying;
 Calls me false ungrateful swain,
 And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy, with resistless art,
 Always humourous, gay, and witty,
 Has *talk'd* herself into my heart,
 And quite excluded *tuneful* *Kitty*.

Ah! *Kitty*, Love, a wanton boy,
 Now pleas'd with song and now with prattle,
 Still longing for the newest toy,
 Has chang'd his whistle for a *rattle*.

LXVII.

Left upon a Young Lady's Toilette.

S O F T god of sleep, when next you steal,
 To charming *Cælia's* eyes,
 To the dear maid in dreams reveal,
 Who 'tis that for her dies.

But, should the fair one be displeas'd,
 At the unwelcome theme,
 Fly her, and let her heart be eas'd
 By finding it a *dream*.

LXVIII.

To a young Lady with a Pair of Gloves, on
 Valentine's Day, said to be by Dr. B——y.

B R I M F U L of anger, not of love,
 The champion sends his foe a glove;
 But I that have a double share
 Of th' softer passion—send a pair.
 Nor think it, dearest *Delia*, cruel,
 That I invite you to a duel.

Ready

Ready to meet you face to face,
 At any time, in any place :
 Nor shall I leave you in the lurch,
 Tho' you should dare to fix the church.
 There come equipp'd with all your charms,
 A ring and licence are my arms.
 I will th' unequal contest try,
 Resolv'd to fight, tho' sure to die.

LXIX.

To a Lady playing at Quadrille.

THREE Goddesses of old, on Ida's hill,
 Sat with young *Paris*, playing at quadrille :
 The shepherd held the hand ; but whom to call,
 That was the doubt ; contention's fatal ball !
 Diamond's proud monarch Juno wav'd on high,
 Emblem of wealth, and pow'r, and majesty.
 But *Pallas*, hoping to inspire the youth,
 With love of virtue, and a zeal for truth,
 Shew'd him the majesty of spades, thereby
 Inviting him to toil and industry ;
 Whilst *Venus*, practising her usual arts,
 Glanc'd at him, thrice, the majesty of hearts.
 But oh ! if you, *Belinda*, had been there,
 Adorn'd with such a face, with such an air !—
 So much good sense with so much beauty join'd,
 So fair a face enrich'd with such a mind,
 Would soon have fix'd his choice : In you we see
 All the perfections of each deity.
 There are no charms, but what your presence brings,
 And, play who will, yet you *bold* all the kings !



A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK IV.

MORAL.

I.

From the Greek of Solon.

SOME wicked men are rich, some good men poor;
Yet I'd not change my virtue for their store.
Virtue's a sure possession, firm as fate,
Whilst wealth now flies to this man, now to that.

II.

On the Gout.

FROM Love and Bacchus, nerve-relaxing,
Too frequently, no doubt,
Is born that other hopeful offspring
The nerve-relaxing gout.

III. Against

III.

Against Life :

From the Greek of Posidippus.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
 Can mortals chuse thro' human life?
 Attend the courts, attend the bar—
 There discord reigns, and endless jar:
 At home the weary wretches find
 Severe disquietude of mind:
 To till the fields gives toil and pain;
 Eternal terrors sweep the main:
 If rich, we fear to lose our store;
 Need and distress await the poor:
 Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
 Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarry'd live:
 Are children born? we anxious groan;
 Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
 Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
 Weakness and wants depress old-age.
 Would fate then with my wish comply,
 I'd never live, or quickly die.

F. F.

IV.

For Life :

From the Greek of Metrodorus.

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by strife,
 Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
 Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
 And peace concludes the wordy war:
 At home auspicious mortals find
 Serene tranquillity of mind:
 All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
 And merchants plow for gold the main:
 Respect arises from our store;
 Security from being poor:
 More joys the bands of Hymen give;
 Th' unmarried with more freedom live:

IF

If parents, our blest lot we own ;
 Childless, we have no cause to moan :
 Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage ;
 And venerable hairs old-age.
 Since all is good, then who would cry,
 " I'd never live, or quickly die ?"

F. F.

V.

Lucian's Greek Epigram,

*Inscribed on a Column erected in a Piece of Land, that
 had been often bought and sold,*

Imitated.

I, Whom thou seest begirt with tow'ring oaks,
 Was once the property of John o'Nokes ;
 On him prosperity no longer smiles,
 And now I feed the flocks of John o'Stiles.
 My former master call'd me by his name ;
 My present owner fondly does the same :
 While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
 Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs.
 Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
 For, Fortune! Fortune! I am thine alone.

C. S.

VI.

From the Greek :

By Prior.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
 By native heat asserts his dreadful fire :
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
 He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
 To all the brethren at the *Bell and Vine* * ;
 The moral says, " Mix water with your wine."

* A noted tavern.

VII. Solon's

VII.

Solon's septennial Division of Time.

THE *seven* first years of life, man's break of day,
 Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display :
 When *fourteen* springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
 His soft and bashful meanings learn to speak :
 From *twenty-one* proud manhood takes its date ;
 Yet is not strength complete till *twenty-eight* :
 Thence, to his *five-and-thirtieth*, life's gay fire
 Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce desire :
 At *forty-two* his eyes grave wisdom wear,
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care :
 With *forty-nine* behold his toils increase,
 And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace :
 At *fifty-six* cool reason reigns intire,
 Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire :
 But *sixty-three* unbends the body's strength,
 'Ere th' unweary'd mind has run her length :
 And when, from *seventy*, age surveys her last,
 Tir'd, she stops short, and wishes all were past.

From the LATIN.

VIII.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 16.

By Mr. Hay.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
 A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends ;
 Remember you are now almost threescore ;
 Few days of life remain, if any more :

Defer

Defer not what no future time insures,
 And only what is past, esteem that your's.
 Successive cares and trouble for you stay,
 Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away;
 Then seize it fast; embrace it 'ere it flies;
 In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
 "I'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
 To-morrow is too late;—then live to-day.

IX.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 3.

WHY dost thou come, great censor of the age,
 To see the loose diversions of the stage?
 With awful countenance and brow severe,
 What, in the name of goodness, dost thou here?
 See the mix'd croud, how giddy, lewd, and vain!
 Dost thou come in but to go out again?

X.

Lib. i. Epig. 56.

SINCE you, whom all the world admires,
 Would know what your poor friend desires;
 Some little spot of earth he prays,
 To pass *incognito* his days.
 Who'd bear the noisy pomp of state,
 Or croud of clients at his gate,
 That might, in his own fields and wood,
 Find his diversion and his food?
 His ponds with various fishes stor'd;
 The bees for him their honey hoard:]
 A nut-brown las, both kind and neat,
 To make his bed and dress his meat.
 He that hates me, or likes not this,
 May he ne'er taste so sweet a blis;
 But, fool'd by riches and renown,
 Still stay behind and rot in town.

IX. Martial,

XI.

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 80.

By *Mr. Hay*.

HIMSELF he flew, when he the foe would fly ;
What madness this—for fear of death to die ?

XII.

Lib. v. Ep. 42.

THIEVES may break locks, and with your cash retire ;
Your ancient seat may be consum'd by fire :
Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe ;
Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow :
You may be plunder'd by a jilting whore ;
Your ships may sink at sea, with all their store :
Who gives to friends, so much from fate secures ;
That is the only wealth for ever your's.

XIII.

Ep. 52.

YOUR favours to me I remember well,
But do not mention them—because *you* tell :
Whenever I begin, I'm answer'd strait,
“ I heard, from his own mouth, what you relate.”
Two ill become the business but of one ;
Be you but silent, I will speak alone.
Great are your gifts ; but, when proclaim'd around,
The obligation dies upon the found.

XIV.

Lib. vi. Ep. 25.

THOU true descendant of a worthy sire,
Whom in the field the Russian troops admire ;
Take

Take the advice your friend at home thinks best,
 And keep it like the military chest.
 Let not your eager valour make you run
 On a pike's point, or mouth of a great gun :
 Thick skulls are best against a fabre ; you
 May guard your country, and may grace it too.

XV.

To the Dean of L——d, on his observing
 that the Men of this Age are averſe to
 Matrimony :

By a young Lady.

YOU tell us, with a ſerious air,
 What we without a ſigh can hear :
 You ſay your ſex no longer deign
 To pay their vows at Hymen's fane :
 E'en let them take their final leave,
 For little cauſe have *we* to grieve :
 What does our ſex by marriage gain ?
 A plenteous ſhare of care and pain.
 Soon as we give our hand away,
 And utter that dread word *obey*,
 Fair freedom inſtant takes its flight ;
 We bid adieu to each delight :
 For, tho' we chance to wed a fool,
 As huſband, he'll expect to rule ;
 Will think he's ſenſe enough to guide ;
 For all men have their ſhare of pride. —
 Good-nature and good ſenſe are ſeen
 But ſeldom to unite in men :
 In ſome, I own, ſome few they join ;
 In thee conſpicuouſly they ſhine !
 But, of mankind, how ſmall a part
 Poſſeſs ſo good, ſo great a heart !

The

The nymph who in love's lott'ry tries,
 Stands a poor chance—to gain a prize ;
 The best, when got, alas how small !
 Though for that prize we hazard all.

XVI.

To a young Lady, on her Birth-Day, being
 the First of April.

LET others write with vain designs,
 I seek some moral in my lines,
 Which whosoever reads must bear,
 Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair ;
 Permit me then, with friendly lay,
 To moralise your *April-day*.

Checquer'd, your natal month appears,
 With sunny gleams and cloudy tears ;
 'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
 Its frowns as transient as its smiles ;
 Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,
 For life is but an *April-day*.

Health will not always last in bloom,
 But age or sickness surely come ;
 Are friends belov'd ? why fate must seize
 Or these from you, or you from these :
 Forget not, earnest in your play,
 For youth is but an *April-day*.

When piety and fortune move
 Your heart to try the bands of love,
 As far as duty gives you pow'r,
 Guiltless, enjoy the present hour :
 Gather your rose-buds while you may,
 For love is but an *April-day*.

XVII. From

XVII.

From Prior.

BLESS'D be the princes who have fought
 For pompous names or wide dominion ;
 Since, by their error, we are taught,
 That happiness is but opinion.

XVIII.

The Wish :

By Mr. Merrick.

MAY I, through life's uncertain tide,
 Be still from pain exempt ;
 May all my wants be still supply'd ;
 My state too low t'admit of pride,
 And yet above contempt.

But, should your providence divine
 A greater bliss intend ;
 May all these blessings you design,
 If e'er those blessings shall be mine,
 Be center'd in a friend !

XIX.

Fortune :

By Lord Lansdown.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
 Some lurking ill, some hidden mischief near :
 Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
 And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.
 Fickle and false to others she may be ;
 I can complain but of her *constancy*.

XX. To

XX.

To a young Lady—on her breaking a Glas :
By her Brother.

SEE, sifter, in this shatter'd glas,
 The fate of many a pretty las !
 Woman, like glas, is frail and weak,
 Is apt to slip, is apt to break ;
 Guard, therefore, ev'ry step with caution,
 For frail as glas is reputation :
 Both broke to pieces in once falling,
 For ever lost, and past recalling.

XXI.

True Riches.

RICHES chance may take or give ;
 Beauty lives a day, and dies ;
 Honour lulls us while we live ;
 Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.
 Is then nothing worth our care ?
 Time, and chance, and death our foes ;
 If our joys so fleeting are,
 Are we only ty'd to woes ?
 Let bright Virtue answer No ;
 Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
 When honours, riches, cease to flow,
 And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

XXII.

The Old Gentry :
From Swift.

THAT all from Adam first begun
 Sure none, but W——n, doubts ;
 And that his son, and his son's son,
 Were plowmen, clowns, and louts.—

Here lies the only diff'rence now,
 Some shot off late, some soon;
 Your fires in the morning left off plough,
 And ours in th' afternoon.

XXIII.

The Revenge of America :

By Mr. Warton.

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
 O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
 Old India's awful genius rose :
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
 And heard a thousand nations groan ;
 For grief his feathery crown he tore,
 To see huge *Plata* foam with gore ;
 He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
 To view his cities smoaking round.

What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
 O'er my poor country widely roll'd !
 Plund'ers proceed ! my bowels tear,
 But ye shall meet destruction there ;
 From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
 Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice ;
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity !
 I see all Europe's children curst
 With lucre's universal thirst :
 The rage that sweeps my sons away
 My baneful gold shall well repay.

XXIV.

Love and Jealousy.

HOW much are they deceiv'd, who vainly strive,
 By jealous fears, to keep our flames alive !

F

Love's

Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts:
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

XXV.

On a married State.

THE bed unchaste, the harlot's eye,
A-while their captives may allure;
Beauty, and guiltless love, supply
A passion always to endure.

Where hearts, by virtue warm'd, unite,
Fate throws its angry shafts in vain;
This doubles ev'ry soft delight,
And lessens ev'ry woe and pain.

XXVI.

Apology for Wedlock.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd;
A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud:
How can a marriage-state then be accurs'd,
Since the last day's as happy as the first *?

XXVII.

The Lady's Wish.

IF it be true, celestial pow'rs,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care:
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind;
What envious time takes from my face
Bestow upon my mind.

* False reasoning.

XXVIII. By

XXVIII.

By Mr. Earl.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
Do various hearts surprife ;
In Stella's foul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd ;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast not, Flavia, thy fair face,
Thy beauty's only store ;
Thy charms will ev'ry day decrease ;
Each day gives Stella more.

XXIX.

The Game of Life.

WHO has the better game, still fears the end ;
Who has the worse, still hopes his game will mend.

XXX.

From Prior.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty ! says baron *le Cras*,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass ;
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she, more confus'd as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true ;
She dropp'd the eye and broke it.

XXXI.

On a Shadow.

THE sun now clear, serene the golden skies,
 Where'er you go, as fast the shadow flies ;
 A cloud succeeds, the sun-shine now is o'er,
 The fleeting phantom, fled, is seen no more :
 With your bright day its progress too does end ;
 See here, vain man ! the picture of your friend.

XXXII.

The Mirrour.

WHEN I revolve this evanescent state,
 How fleeting is its form, how short its date !
 My being and my stay dependent still,
 Not on my own, but on another's will ;
 I ask myself, as I my image view,
 Which is the real shadow of the two ?

XXXIII.

On Love.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
 By ignorance, by expectation fed ;
 Destroy'd by knowledge, and, at best,
 Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

XXXIV.

The Deformity of Vice.

WOULD thou hadst beauty less, or virtue more ;
 For nothing's uglier than a pretty whore.

XXXV. The

XXXV.

The Lady's Resolve.

WHILST thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame,
 In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim ;
 With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud ;
 Fond of a train, and happy in a croud :
 On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance ;
 Each conquest owing to some loose advance :
 Whilst vain coquettes affect to be pursu'd,
 And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd ;
 Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide ;--
 In part she is to blame who has been try'd ;
 He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

XXXVI.

The Bride.

WHEN the chaste lamb is from her sisters led,
 And interwoven garlands paint her head,
 The gazing flock, all envious at her pride,
 Behold her skipping at the priestess' side ;
 Each hopes the flow'ry wreath, with longing eyes,
 While she, alas ! is led to sacrifice :
 Thus walks the bride, in all her state array'd,
 The gaze and envy of each thoughtless maid.

XXXVII.

What is Thought ?

THE hermit's solace in his cell ;
 The fire that warms the poet's brain ;
 The lover's heaven, or his hell ;
 The mad-man's sport, the wise-man's pain.

XXXVIII.

On Fear :

From Sir Thomas More.

IF evils come not, then our fears are vain ;
And, if they do, fear but augments the pain.

XXXIX.

Enemies.

TALK, as you please, of *Turk* and *Pope*—but I
Still find my neighbour my worst enemy.

XL.

Mutual Pity.

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.

Is thus that we two disagree :
So diff'rent is our whim ;
The fellow fondly laughs at me—
While I could cry for him.

XLI.

Superstition.

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor. LUCRET.

THIS fav'rite maxim modern atheists boast,
“ That *fear* first form'd the gods, tremendous host ;”
But let them say, the knotty point to clear,
If *fear* made gods, who made almighty *fear* ?

XLII. The

XLII.

The Stage of Life.

OUR life's a journey in a winter's-day ;
 Some only *break* their *fast*, and so away ;
 Others stay *dinner*, and depart full-fed,
 The deepest age but *sups* and goes to bed :
 He's most in debt that lingers out the day ;
 Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

XLIII.

True Riches.

IRUS, tho' wanting gold and lands,
 Lives chearful, easy, and content ;—
Corvus unbles'd, with twenty hands
 Employ'd to count his yearly rent.

Sages of *Lombard* ! tell me which
 Of these you think possesses more ?
 One, with his poverty, is rich ;
 And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

XLIV.

Univerfal Complaisance.

THRO' servile flattery thou dost all commend —
 Who cares to please, whom no man can offend ?

XLV.

The Cure of Ambition.

TO curb th' ambitious, parsons preach,
 And stories poets feign ;
 And what they frame, and what these teach,
 Is all, alas ! in vain.

One remedy is yet in store,
 Which may the mad-men save ;
 Tell 'em that *Brunswic* is no more,
 And shew them *William's* grave.

XLVI.

The Emperor Hadrian to his departing Soul :

Imitated by Mr. Prior.

POO R, little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
 Must we no longer live together ?
 And dost thou plume thy trembling wing,
 To take thy flight thou know'st not whither ?

Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
 Lies all neglected, all forgot ;
 And, pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

XLVII.

On the Death of a late Queen.

HOW soon frail royalty is o'er !
 That fame-deluded monarchs trust ;
 To-day their greatness we adore,
 To-morrow trample on their dust !

How near oblivion to renown !
 The end of glory to its bloom !
 The altar, where she took her crown,
 Close to the spot that boasts her tomb !

Thus state and majesty are lost,
 And death recruits its empty urns ;
 Thus the vain pomp, the mighty boast,
 To silence and the shade returns.

XLVIII. On

XLVIII.

On Sir *Walter Raleigh*.

O! Hadst thou serv'd the heroine all thy days ;
 Had Heav'n from storms of envy screen'd thy bays ;
 Hadst thou still flourish'd in a warlike reign,
 Thy sword had made a conquest like thy pen !
 But nought to such untimely fate could bring
 The valiant subject, but a tim'rous king.

XLIX.

On a Bee stified in Honey.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
 See the bless'd, busy lab'rer fly ;
 When all that from her toil she gains,
 Is in the sweets she hoards to die.

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
 With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy :
 If we taste wisely, they relieve ;
 But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.

L.

A Cure for the Evils of Life.

LORD! if our days be few, why do we spend
 And lavish them to such an evil end ?
 Or why, if they be evil, do we wrong
 Ourselves and thee, in wishing them so long ?

Our days decrease, our evils still renew,
We make them evil, and *thou* mak'st them few.

LI.

On Self-conceit.

HA I L ! charming pow'r of self-opinion !
 For none are slaves in thy dominion :
 Secure in thee, the mind's at ease ;
 The vain have only *one* to please.

LII.

Fruitless Toil.

WH O seeks to please all men each way,
 And not himself offend ;
 He may begin his work to-day,
 But *God* knows when he'll end.

LIII.

The Poet's Fate.

SE V E N wealthy towns contend for *Homer* dead,
 Thro' which the living *Homer* begg'd his bread.

LIV.

Against poetical Studies :

From the Latin:

BO Y, break thy reeds, and split thy useless pen,
 And follow fordid trade, with other men ;
 Nay, tho' thou art for ev'ry trade unfit,
 Never, I charge thee, meddle more with wit :
 By common hawking thou a meal may'st buy,
 But not a bit of bread with poetry :
 For my mad muse no more to me affords,
 Than idle echoes to my tuneful words.

LV. The

LV.

The Poet's Power.

TRUE poets can depress and raise,
 Are lords of infamy and praise ;
 They are not scurrilous in satire,
 Nor will in panegyric flatter.

Unjustly poets we asperse ;
 Truth shines the brighter clad in verse ;
 And all the fictions they pursue
 Do but insinuate what is true.

LVI.

From Prior.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tin-man's shop ?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage
 In jumping round the rolling cage ?
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,
 Striking a ring of bells a-top ?—
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs ;
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades
 That frisk it under *Pindus'* shades :
 In noble songs, and lofty odes,
 They tread on stars and talk with gods.
 Still dancing in an airy round,
 Still pleas'd with their own verse's sound ;
 Brought back, how fast so'er they go ;
 Always aspiring, always low.

LVII.

Written in an Inn :

By Mr. Shenstone.

WHOE'ER has travell'd life's dull round,
 Where'er his various tour has been,
 May sigh to think how oft he found
 His warmest welcome at an inn.

LVIII.

An Inscription on an Hermitage at Lord
Westmoreland's.

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

LIX.

Under the Statue of a Water-Nymph, at
Stourhead, Somersetshire :*By Mr. Pope. — From the Latin.*

NYMPH of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
 And to the murmur of these waters sleep :
 Ah spare my slumbers ! gently tread the cave,
 Or drink in silence, or in silence lave.

LX.

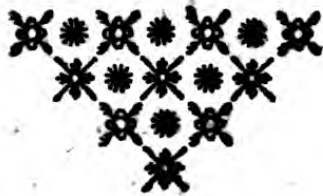
On his own Grotto :

By Mr. Pope.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent
 wave
 Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave ;

Where

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
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.
Approach ! but awful !—Lo th' Egerian grott',
Where, nobly pensive, *St. John* sat 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.





A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK V.

HUMOROUS.

I.

The Decanter :

From the Greek.

O ! Thou, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck and single ear;
With well-turn'd, narrow mouth ; from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence ;
'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine ;
Sacred to *Phæbus* and the nine !
That mirth and soft delight can't move,
Sacred to *Venus* and to love.
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair ;
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty I ;
And, when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

II. From

II.

From the Greek.

THESSE cups by *Piso* to his friends were giv'n,
 Whose round presents the concave vault of heav'n,
 On this half-globe the northern stars appear,
 Engrav'd on that the southern hemisphere.
 Drink deep; all heaven you'll at the bottom see:
 Who would not wish to learn astronomy!

III.

From Martial.

BY a *Ravenna* vintner once betray'd,
 So much for wine and water *mix'd* I paid.
 But, when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
 The rascal fobb'd me off with *only* wine.

IV.

From Martial.

I Offer love, but thou respect wilt have:
 Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave:
 But know! I can be no man's *friend* and *slave*.

V.

A Description of Blenheim:

Imitated from Martial—by Swift.

SEE, Sir, see here, the grand approach!
 This way is for his grace's coach:

And

And there's the bridge, and there's the clock ;
 Observe the lion and the cock !
 The spacious porch, the colonnade,
 And see ! how high the hall is made !
 The gallery is contriv'd for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in,
 The council-chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks Sir, said I, 'tis mighty fine !
 But where d'ye sleep, and where d'ye dine ?
 I find, by what you have been telling,
 That 'tis a house—but not a dwelling.—

VI.

Martial, Lib. 1. Ep. 87.

By the same.

MY neighbour *Hunks's* house and mine
 Are built so near they almost join ;
 The windows too project so much,
 That through the casements we may touch.
 Nay, I'm so happy, most men think,
 To live so near a man of chink,
 That they are apt to envy me,
 For keeping such good company :
 But he's as far from me I vow,
 As London is from good * Lord *Howe*.
 For, when old *Hunks* I chance to meet,
 Or one or both must quit the street.

Thus he who would not see old Roger,
 Must be his neighbour—or his lodger.

* Governor of Barbadoes at that time.

VII. Martial,

VII.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 20.

WHEN mother Douglas first I knew,
 Four teeth in all she reckon'd ;
 Comes a damn'd cough, and whips out two,
 The other two were second.

Courage, old dame, and do not fear
 The third, whene'er it comes ;
 Give me but t'other jug of beer,
 And I'll secure your gums.

VIII.

IF for mere wantonness you buy so fast,
 For very want, you must sell all at last.

IX.

Lib. iii. Ep. 61.

By Mr. Hay.

'TIS a mere nothing that you ask, you cry :—
 If you ask nothing, nothing I deny.

X.

Lib. v. Ep. 66.

I Often bow ; your hat you never stir :
 So, once for all, your humble servant—Sir !

XI.

Lib. vi. Ep. 8.

WELSH Judges two, four military men,
 Seven noisy lawyers, Oxford scholars ten,

Were

Were of an old man's daughter in pursuit :
 Soon the curmudgeon ended the dispute,
 And gave his daughter to a thriving grocer :
 What think you? did he play the fool, or no, Sir?

XII.

Martial, Lib. vii. Ep. 7.

MIL O's from home, and, Milo being gone,
 His land bears nothing—but his wife a son.
 Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field?
 The land lay fallow—but the wife was till'd.

XIII.

From Martial—* Literally translated.

A Landlord of Bath put upon me a queer *bum* :
 I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me * *mere*
rum!

XIV.

Lib. vi. Ep. 19.

MY cause concerns not battery, or treason ;
 I sue my neighbour for this only reason,
 That late three sheep of mine to pound he drove ;
 This is the point the court would have you prove :
 Concerning *Magna Charta* you run on,
 And all the perjuries of old king John !
 Then of the Edwards and black prince you rant,
 And talk of John O'Stiles and John O'Gaunt ;
 With voice and hand a mighty pother keep—
 Now, pray, dear Sir, one word about the sheep.

* *Merum* is not translated at all.

XV.

Martial, Ep. 65.

WHAT? in long verse write epigrams? say you;
 I say 'tis usual, and 'tis lawful too.
 Then, they are long. This too is law and use.
 If you like short, do you the distichs chuse.
 Let us agree; the bargain does no hurt;
 I may write long; and you may read the short.

XVI.

Lib. viii. Ep. 35.

BOTH man and wife, as bad as bad can be;
 I wonder, they no better should agree.

XVII.

Ep. 74.

A Doctor lately was a captain made;
 It is a change of title, not of trade.

XVIII.

Lib. x. Ep. 18.

NO dinners! presents! he is no man's bail!
 He cannot lend, because his riches fail!
 Yet crouds attend his *future* power and grace—
 For fools of all sorts London is the place.

XIX.

Ep. 43.

SEVEN wives! and in one grave! there is not found,
 On the whole globe, a richer spot of ground.

XX. The

XX.

The Power of Music :

From the Spanish, by Dr. Lisle.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
 Which men are forbidden to see ;
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
 To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far —but how vast their surprise !
 When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
 Old Pluto had puzzled his brain ;
 But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
 —So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
 And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again in reward of his art,
 Such merit had music in hell !

XXI.

On Dancing to a Lady.

MAY I presume in humble lays,
 My dancing fair, thy steps to praise ?
 While this grand maxim I advance,
 That all the world is but a dance.

That human kind, both man and woman,
 Do dance, is evident and common.
 David himself, that godlike king,
 We know could dance as well as sing :

Folks,

Folks, who at court would keep their ground,
 Must dance attendance the year round ;
 Whole nations dance, gay frisking France,
 Has led the English many a dance ;
 And some believe both France and Spain
 Intend to take us out again.

All nature is one ball we find,
 The water dances to the wind ;
 The sea itself at night and noon
 Rises and dances to the moon ;
 The moon around the earth does tread
 A Cheshire round, yet ne'er looks red ;
 The earth and planets round the sun
 Still dance, nor will their dance be done,
 'Till nature in one blast be blended,
 Then may we say the ball is ended.

XXII.

The Extent of Cookery.

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

See him to *Lincoln's-Inn* repair
 His resolution flag,
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.

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

Adieu, ye bobs ! ye bags, give place !
 Full bottoms come instead !
 Good Lord ! to see the various ways
 Of dressing—a calf's head.

XXIII. By

XXIII.

By Mr. W. T.

IT blew an hard storm, and, in utmost confusion,
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution ;
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd,
 Were transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the
 priest ;
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They toss'd the poor parson soufe into the ocean.

XXIV.

By J. S. 1731.

ADAM alone could not be easy,
 So he must have a wife, an't please ye :
 But how did he procure this wife,
 To chear his solitary life ?
 Why, from a rib cut off his side
 Was form'd this necessary bride.
 But how did he the pain beguile ?
 Pho ! he slept sweetly all the while.
 But when this rib was re-applied,
 In woman's form, to Adam's side,
 How then, I pray you, did it answer ?
 He never slept so sweet again, Sir.

XXV.

A common Case.

YOU dare not marry, friend, you own,
 For fear your family should frown ;
 Why, wedlock would your freedom gain,
 Which others uses to inchain ;

Y'had

Y'had better follow my advice,
 And marry once than marry twice;
 Betwixt your sister and your brother,
 Husband to one and wife to t'other.

XXVI.

Lingua potentior armis.

THAT speech surpasses force is no new whim;
Jove caus'd the heav'ns to tremble; *Juno* him.

XXVII.

The Choice.

LO! here's the *bride*, and there's the *tree*,
 Take which of these best liketh thee.—
 “The bargain's bad on either part—
 “But—hangman, come! drive on the cart.”

XXVIII.

From the French.

TEN months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
 And was brought in a laudable manner to bed;
 She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
 That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise;
 But when *Florimel* chose to lie privately in,
 Twelve months before she and her spouse were a kin,
 She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
 That her nurse, nay, her midwife, scarce heard her once
 squeal.

Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
 That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

XXIX. A

XXIX.

A prudent Choice.

WHEN *Loveless* marry'd lady *Jenny*,
 Whose beauty was the ready penny ;
 I chose her, says he, like old plate,
 Not for the fashion, but the weight.

XXX.

True Fortitude.

MY sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
 Oft tells me — “ *Billy*, I shall die ;”
 I griev'd, but recollected strait,
 'Tis bootless—to contend with fate :
 So resignation to Heav'n's will
 Prepar'd me for succeeding ill ;
 'Twas well it did, for, on my life,
 'Twas Heav'n's will—to spare my wife.

XXXI.

The Virtuoso.

IF in his study *Curio* takes such care
 To hang all *strange* things, let his wife beware.

XXXII.

On Mr. Hearn, the Oxford Antiquary.

POX on't, says *Time*, to *Thomas Hearn*,
 Whatever I forget you learn.

XXXIII.

On a fat Doctor.

WHEN *Tadloe* treads the streets, the paviors cry,
 “ God bless you, Sir’—and lay their rammers by.

XXXIV.

„ a Corporation Dispute—at Manchester—
carried on between a fat and lean Alderman.

HERE's bone and skin, because they're thin,
Would starve the town—or near it;—
But be it known, to skin and bone,
That flesh and blood won't bear it.

XXXV.

From Prior.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats:
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes;
Yet, sighing, he says, “ we must certainly break,”
(And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak)
For, of late, I invite him—but four times a week. }

XXXVI.

By Swift.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

XXXVII.

On Christmas.

O Blessed season! lov'd by faints and finners,
For long devotions, or for longer dinners;
More grateful still to those that deal in books,—
Now not with readers, but with pastry cooks:
Learn'd works, despis'd by those to merit blind,
By these *well-weigh'd*, their certain value find.

G

XXXVIII. On

XXXVIII.

On a Miser's Treat.

THANKS to a miracle, for 'tis no less;
 We're fed with manna in a wilderness;
 In barren desarts we have found relief,
 And felt the wonders of a rump of beef.
 Here chimnies smoke that never smok'd before;
 And here we've din'd, where we must dine no more.

XXXIX.

On a frugal Beau.

CURIO's rich side-board feldom sees the light;
 Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright:
 His knives and spoons, all rang'd in even rows,
 No hands molest, or fingers discompose:
 A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
 For ever still, whose flyers never fly:
 His plates unfullied, shining on the shelf;
 For *Curio* dresses nothing but himself.

XL.

On a great House adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,
 The gods without, the dev'l within.

XLI.

On a hafty Marriage.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
 But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
 In ancient times, when folk did wed,
 'Twas to be one at "board and bed:"
 But hard's his case, who can't afford
 His charmer either bed or board.

XLII. Courage

XLII.

Courage misplaced.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life :
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble ;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice :
 But *Tom* is a person of honour so nice ;
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning ;
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :
 Three duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his life,
 Went home, and — was cudgell'd again by his wife.

XLIII.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London *Bobadil* had been,
 Yet not the *lions* nor the *tombs* had seen :
 I cannot tell the cause without a smile ; —
 The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

XLIV.

To a Spendthrift disinherited.

HIS whole estate, thy father, by his will,
 Gave to the *poor* — thou hast good title still.

XLV.

On a pale Lady.

WHENCE comes it, that, in *Clara's* face,
 The lily only has a place ? —
 Is it, that the absent rose
 Is gone to paint her husband's nose ?

XLVI.

On a Sermon against Inoculation.

WE'RE told, by one of the black robe,
 The devil inoculated *Job* :
 Suppose 'tis true what he does tell ;
 Pray, neighbours, did not *Job do well* ?

XLVII.

The Musical Contest :

By Swift.

SOME say that signior *Bononcini*,
 Compar'd to *Handel*, 's a mere ninny :
 Others aver, that, to him, *Handel*
 Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
 Strange ! that such difference should be
 'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee* !

XLVIII.

On a certain Writer.

HALF of your book is to an index grown ;
 You give your book *contents*,—your readers none.

XLIX.

JOHN Dryden enemies had three,
 Call'd * *Dick*, * *Old Nick*, and * *Jeremy* :
 The doughty knight was forc'd to yield ;
 The other two have kept the field :
 But, had the poet's life been holier,
 He had foil'd the *devil* and the *Collier*.

* Sir Richard Blackmore—the d—l—and Jeremy Collier,—who wrote against the immorality of the stage.

L. On

L.

On Serjeant G—dl—r's putting on the Coif.

WHEN G—dl—r the coif in a whimsey put on,
 Such crouding and staring sure never was known !
 A figure so strange in the world was ne'er seen ;
 All marvell'd what such an appearance could mean :
 'Tis the *devil* cry'd one ; but another cry'd no,
 The devil would never disguise himself so ;
 Why then, cry'd a third, 'egad it is *Joe*.

LI.

The happy Physiognomy.

YOU ask why * Roome diverts you with his jokes,
 Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks ?
 You wonder at it !—This, Sir, is the case ;
 The jest is lost—unless he prints his face.

LII.

SOME gallipots falling, a well-tim'd difaster,
 Broke his head, while poor *Syringe* was spreading a
 plaister.

LIII.

On a blind Husband.

IF *Argus*, with an hundred eyes, not one
 Could guard ; think'st thou to keep thine, who hast
 none ?

LIV.

TREASON does *never* prosper : What's the reason ?
 Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

* Author of a paper, called *Pasquin*, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

G 3

LV. The

LV.

The Humorist :

Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant felly ;
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee nor without thee.

LVI.

To a fair Millener.

OH! what bosom but must yield,
 When like Pallas you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,
 And a needle for your lance!

Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art ;
 And, in pity to my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

LVII.

On a young Lady's refusing to shew her Hand.

NO argument could *Cælia* move ;
 With strong reluctance still she strove
 Her lovely hand to hide :
 The case is plain, she was afraid,
 That, plac'd in view, it might be said,
 'Twas by *her hand* they dy'd.

LVIII. To

LVIII.

To Mrs. Mutable.

WHAT tho' for beauty you may bear the * *bell*;
Yet, ever to ring *changes sounds* not well.

LIX.

On Sir M—k W—v—ll.

I'VE lost my mistress, horse, and wife;
But, when I think on human life,
Am glad it is no worse:
My wife was ugly and a scold,
My mistress was grown lean and old;
I'm sorry for my horse.

LX.

By Mr. Rowe.

Clavus clavo pellitur.

WHEN at our house the servants brawl,
And raise an uproar in the hall;
When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
About the plate and linen vary,
Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking dog! and ugly b-tch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them silent all and civil.

* If a lady could in any sense be compared to a *bell* (which, since the disuse of hoops, I am afraid she cannot) this *peal of puns* might be tolerable; but, as it depends intirely upon the metaphor of bearing a *bell*, (which by the way is only a sheep-bell) if the author had substituted *excel* in its place, the whole wit of his epigram, like a baseless fabric, had fallen to the ground.—Ibi omnis effusus labor!

Thus cannons clear the cloudy air,
 And scatter tempests brewing there :
 Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
 And one scold makes another cease:

LXI.

On certain Pastorals.

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

LXII.

On a voluminous Poet of * Kidderminster.

TH Y verses, friend, are Kidderminster stuff,
 And, in good truth, thou'st measur'd out enough.

LXIII.

On one who made long Epitaphs :

By Mr. Pope.

FR I E N D ! for your epitaphs I'm griev'd,
 Where still so much is said ;
 One half will never be believ'd,
 The other never read.

LXIV.

On the Collar of a Dog presented by Mr. Pope
 to the Prince of Wales.

I Am his highness' dog at *Kew* ;
 Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you ?

* Famous for a coarse woollen manufactory.

LXV. Another

LXV.

Another :

By Dr. Swift.

PRAY steal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

LXVI.

On the Sign of the Sun, kept by Robin Hoare,
near Oxford.

TH O' my wife is as honest, as no woman more,
Yet she tells me my Sun is the *Sun of a Hoare* :
Indeed it's too true ; for, when all's said and done,
I ne'er could *get* more than the *sign* of a *Sun*.

LXVII.

Written on a Pane of Glass, at Littlemore,
near Oxford.

THIS little village serves to show
What lengths the pride of man will go ;
For, in whatever state or place,
(As if contentment were disgrace)
Ambition prompts us to desire
Another post, a little higher.
Search this capacious globe all o'er,
You still will wish *a little more*.

LXVIII.

On Ben Johnson's Bust, with the Buttons on
the wrong Side, in Westminster-Abbey.

OH rare Ben Johnson ! what, a turn-coat grown !
Thou ne'er wert such till thou wert clad in stone.

When time thy coat, thy only coat, impairs,
Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years :
Then let not this mistake disturb thy sprite ;
Another age shall set thy buttons right.

LXIX.

Light-finger'd Jack.

JACK, who thinks all his own that once he handles,
For practice-fake purloin'd a pound of candles,
Was taken in the fact:—Ah! thoughtless wight!
To steal such things as needs must come to *light*.

LXX.

On Epigrams.

ONE day, in *Christ-church* meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says *Ralph*, a merry wag,
An epigram, if right and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.

Your simile; I own, is new,
But how dost make it out, quoth Hugh?
Quoth *Ralph*, I'll tell thee, friend :
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end.



A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK VI.

MONUMENTAL.

I.

From the Greek.

A Blooming youth lies bury'd here,
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage-state to prove,
But *Death* had quicker wings than *Love*.

II.

On Euripides.

DIVINE Euripides, this tomb we see
So fair is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it; since all will own,
Thy name, and lasting praise, adorns the stone.

G 6

III. O_B

III.

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle ever-green, to form a shade
 Around the tomb, where Sophocles is laid :
 Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine :
 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung :
 Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
 Among the muses and the graces writ.

IV.

On Philip, Father of Alexander.

HERE rest I *Philip*, on th' *Ægean* shore,
 Who first to battle led *Æmathia's* pow'r,
 And dar'd what never monarch dar'd before :
 If there be man who boasts he more has done,
 To me he owes it, for he was my son.

}

V.

On Henry the Second, King of England.

IF conquer'd realms, or pow'r, from death could save,
 I, *Henry*, mighty king, had 'scap'd the grave !
 To me, who thought the earth's extent too small,
 Now eight poor feet, a narrow space, are all.
 Reader ! behold in mine thy own sure fate,
 And curb thy vast desires, and know thy state ;
 He, whom the globe intire could not suffice,
 In this small tomb, in smaller ashes lies.

VI. On

VI.

On the Marquis of Winchelsea :

By Mr. Dryden.

HE who in pious times undaunted stood,
 And, 'midst rebellion, dar'd be just and good ;
 Whose arms asserted, and whose suff'rings more
 Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before ;
 Rests here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince,
 For what his earthly could not recompence.

Pray, reader, that such times no more appear ;
 Or, if this happen, learn true honour here.

VII.

On Lord Viscount Dundee :

By the same.

O, Last and best of *Scots* ! who didst maintain
 Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign ;
 New people fill the land now thou art gone,
 New gods the temples, and new kings the throne !
Scotland and thou did in each other live,
 Thou would'st not her, nor could she thee survive :
 Farewell ! who, living, didst support the state,
 And could'st not fall but with thy country's fate.

VIII.

On a young Lady of Norfolk :

By the same.

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
 So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
 Require at least an age in one to meet ;

}
 In

In her they met ! but long they could not stay,
 'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay ;
 Heav'n's beauty was in her so well express'd,
 Her very sight upbraided all the rest ;
 Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
 Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

IX.

On Captain Grenville :

By Lord Lyttleton.

YE weeping muses, graces, virtues, tell,
 If, since your all-accomplish'd *Sidney* fell,
 You, or afflicted *Britain*, e'er deplor'd
 A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
 Such spotless honour ; such ingenuous truth ;
 Such rip'ned wisdom in the bloom of youth !
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
 To such heroic warmth and courage join'd !
 He too, like *Sidney*, nurs'd in learning's arms,
 For nobler war forsook her foster charms :
 Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
 The secret wish of ev'ry female heart ;
 Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
 He, unrepining, for his country dy'd.

X.

On Captain Cornwall, slain off Toulon, 1743 :

By the same.

TH O' Britain's genius hung her drooping head,
 And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled ;
 On that fam'd day, when *France*, combin'd with *Spain*,
 Strove for the wide dominion of the main :
 Yet, *Cornwall* ! all with gen'ral voice agree
 To pay the tribute of applause to thee.

When

When his bold chief, in thickest fight engag'd,
 Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd ;
 With indignation mov'd, he timely came,
 To rescue from reproach his country's name ;
 Success too dearly did his valour crown ;
 He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

XI.

On Lady Lyttleton :

By the same.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
 Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wise :
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen :
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentlest female tenderness, was join'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love ;
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove :
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song ;
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong :
 Her form each beauty of the mind express'd ;
 Her mind was virtue, by the graces dress'd.

XII.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke :

By Ben Johnson.

UNDERNEATH this fable hearse,
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death, 'ere thou hast slain another,
 Fair, and wise, and good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

XIII. By

XIII.

By the same.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
 As much virtue as could die ;
 Which, when alive, did vigour give
 To as much beauty as could live :
 If she had a single fault,
 Leave it bury'd in this vault.

XIV.

On Shakespear :

By Milton.

WHAT needs my Shakespear, for his honour'd bones,
 The labour of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star-y pointing pyramid !
 Dear son of memory, great *heir* of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument :
 For whilst, to th' shame of slow endeav'ring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
 These *Delphic lines* with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XV.

From the Latin of Cowley on himself :

Translated by Addison.

FROM life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
 His debt of human toil discharg'd ;

Here

Here *Cowley* lies! beneath this shed,
 To ev'ry worldly interest dead;
 With decent poverty content,
 His hours of ease not idly spent;
 To Fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
 And hating wealth by all care's'd.
 'Tis true he's dead; for lo! how small
 A spot of earth is now his all:
 O! wish that earth may lightly lay,
 And ev'ry care be far away;
 Bring flow'r's, the short-liv'd roses bring,
 To life deceas'd fit offering:
 And sweets around the poet strew,
 Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

XVI.

Intended for Dryden :

By Mr. Pope.

THIS *Sheffield* rais'd. The sacred dust below
 Was *Dryden* once : The rest who does not know ?

XVII.

On Mr. Rowe :

By the same.

THY reliques, *Rowe*! to this sad shrine we trust,
 And near thy *Shakespeare* place thy honour'd bust.
 Oh! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
 For never heart felt passion more sincere;
 To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
 For never *Briton* more disdain'd a slave.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
 Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
 And bless'd, that timely from our scene remov'd,
 Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

XVIII. On

XVIII.

On Mr. Fenton :

By the same.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
 A poet, blest'd beyond the poets fate,
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace,
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XIX.

On Mr. Gay :

By the same.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child;
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies Gay.*

XX. Mr.

XX.

Mr. Pope's own Epitaph.

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you:
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

XXI.

On Mr. Pope:

By Mr. Rolt.

YE muses, weep! ye sons of Phœbus, mourn,
 And decorate with tears this sacred urn!
 Pope dy'd: Fame bade the muses sound his praise;
 They said, 'twas done in his immortal lays.

XXII.

Mr. Prior's Epitaph:

By Himself.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lie the bones of *Matthew Prior*,
 The son of *Adam* and of *Eve*;
 Let *Bourbon* or *Nassau* go higher.

XXIII.

Mr. Gay's Epitaph:

By Himself.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;
 I thought so once, but now I know it.

XXIV. On

XXIV.

On Tom D'Urfey.

HERE lies the *Lyric*, who, with tale and song,
 Did life to threescore years and ten prolong :
 His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet ;
 His heart was chearful—but his thirst was great.
 Grieve, reader ! grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
 His song has ended, and his tale has told.

XXV.

On the Monument to Butler's Memory, erected
 in Westminster-Abbey.

WHEN Butler, needy wretch ! was still alive,
 No gen'rous patron would a dinner give :
 See him, when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust !
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown ;
 He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a *stone*.

XXVI.

Prior on himself.

TO me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
 To live ; alas ! one moment sets us even ;
 Mark how impartial is the will of Heav'n.

}

XXVII.

On one who died of the Hyp.

DEATH, by a conduct strange and new,
 Prov'd here th' effect and motive too :
 Ned met the blow he meant to fly,
 And dy'd, because he fear'd to die.

XXVIII, In-

XXVIII.

Inscription on an Urn at Lord Corke's :

To the Memory of the Dog Hector.

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
 See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
 These are the honours, by his master paid,
 To Hector's manes and lamented shade:
 Nor words nor honours can enough commend
 The social dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
 From nature all his principles he drew;
 By nature faithful, vigilant, and true:
 His looks and voice his inward thoughts express'd;
 He growl'd in anger, and in love care's'd.
 No human falshood lurk'd beneath his heart;
 Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
 When Hector's virtues man, proud man! displays,
Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise.

XXIX.

On the Parson of a Country Parish.

COME let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall;
 For, egad, had he liv'd, he'd have bury'd us all.

XXX.

On the Clerk of the same Parish.

HERE lies, within his tomb, so calm,
 Old Giles: Pray sound his knell;
 Who thought no song was like a psalm,
 No music like a bell.

XXXI. On

XXXI.

On an old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.

BENEATH this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
 Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay :
 By earth and clay she got her self,
 Yet now she's turn'd to earth herself.
 Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
 Abate your grief, and dry your eyes ;
 For what avails a flood of tears ?
 Who knows but in a run of years,
 In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
 She in her shop may be again.

XXXII.

To the *pye-house* Memory of Nell Batchelour—
 the Oxford Pye-Woman.

HERE, into the dust,
 The mouldering crust
 Of Eleanor Batchelour's shoven ;
 Well-vers'd in the arts
 Of pyes, custards, and tarts,
 And the lucrative skill of the oven.
 When she'd liv'd long enough,
 She made her last puff—
 A puff by her husband much prais'd :
 Now here she does lie,
 And makes a dirt-pye,
 In hopes that her *crust* shall be *rais'd*.

XXXIII.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect.

LIE heavy on him, earth ! for he
 Laid many a heavy load on thee.

XXXIV.

Posthumous Fame.

A Monster, in a course of vice grown old,
 Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
 Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
 Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
 If on his spacious marble we rely,
 Pity a worth, like his, should ever die!
 If credit to his real life we give,
 Pity a wretch, like him, should ever live.

XXXV.

Epitaph on a Miser :

By Dr. Swift.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
 * *Demar*, the wealthy and the wise:
 His heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his carcase in a chest;
 The very chest in which, they say,
 His other self, his money, lay.
 And, if his heirs continue kind
 To that dear self he left behind,
 I dare believe that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

XXXVI.

On a Miser married to a Coquette.

HERE lies a wretch, 'midst other clay,
 Who heap'd up riches ev'ry day,
 Yet never gave one groat away;
 Parted with nothing, all his life,
 But what in common was—his wife.

}

* *Demar* was the real name of an usurer at Dublin.

XXXVII. On

XXXVII.

On an Undertaker.

SUBDU'D by death, here death's great herald lies,
 And adds a trophy to his victories ;
 Yet sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd breath,
 Made it his business still to *look for* death.

XXXVIII.

On an Old Maid.

BENEATH this silent stone is laid
 A noisy, antiquated maid,
 Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
 And ne'er before was out of breath.
 Whither she's gone we cannot tell ;
 For, if she talks not, she's in hell ;
 If she's in heav'n, she's there unblest'd ;
 Because she hates a place of rest.

XXXIX.

On a scolding Wife, who died in her Sleep.

HERE lies the quintessence of noise and strife,
 Or, in one word, here lies a scolding wife ;
 Had not death took her when her mouth was shut,
 He durst not for his *ears* have touch'd the flut.

XL.

On a Woman who had three Husbands.

HERE lies the body of Mary Sextone,
 Who pleas'd three men, and never vex'd one — }
 This she can't say beneath the next stone.

XLI. On

XL I.

On a Welch-man, killed by a Fall from his Horse.

HERE lies interr'd, beneath these stones,
David ap-Morgan, ap-Shenkin, ap-Jones :
Hur was born in Wales, hur was travell'd in France,
And hur went to heaven—by a bad mischance.

XLII.

On a Scotch-man.

HERE I lie Martin Elton-broad ;
Have mercy on my soul, good God,
As I would do, if I were God,
And you were Martin Elton-broad.

XLIII.

On Sir Francis Drake, drowned at Sea.

WHERE Drake first found, there last he lost his fame,
And for his tomb left nothing but a name :
His body's bury'd under some great wave ;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave :
Of him no man true epitaph can make,
For who can say, "*Here lies Sir Francis Drake !*"

XLIV.

On the Death of Sir Albertus and Lady Morton :

By Sir Henry Wotton.

HE first deceas'd—she, for a little, try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

H

XLV. On

XLV.

On a Man and his Wife, buried in the same
Tomb.

HERE sleep, whom neither life, nor love,
Nor friendship's strictest tie,
Could in such close embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave, ally. —

Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine;
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.

XLVI.

On two Twin-Sisters.

FAIR marble, tell, to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

XLVII.

On the Picture of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, drawn
after her Death, playing on the Lute.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so blest'd with skill divine,
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

XLVIII. On

XLVIII.

On a young Gentleman.

OF gentle race, his parents' only treasure,
 Their lasting sorrow and their vanish'd pleasure :
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
 A large provision for so short a race !
 More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
 Too early fitted for a better fate !
 Impatient for his home, to shun delay,
 From youth he soar'd to heav'n—the shortest way.

XLIX.

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt :

By Mr. Pope.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near ;
 Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear :
 Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
 Or gave his father grief—but when he dy'd.
 How vain is reason, eloquence how weak !
 If *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak :
 Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
 And, with a father's sorrow, mix his own.

L.

On Mrs. Corbet — who died of a Cancer in
her Breast :

By the same.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence ;
 Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense :
 No conquests *she*, but o'er herself, desir'd ;
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd, that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind ;
 So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refin'd ;
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd ;
 The faint sustain'd it—but the woman dy'd.

LI.

On General Withers :

By the same.

HERÉ, *Withers*, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
 O born to arms ! O worth in youth approv'd !
 O soft humanity, in age belov'd !
 For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age :
 Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

LII.

On Mr. Craggs :

By the same.

STatesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear !
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end ;
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend !
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muse he lov'd.

LIII. On

LIII.

On Cardinal Richelieu.

STAY, traveller! for all you want is near.
 “Wisdom and pow’r I seek.”—They both lie here.
 “Nay, but I look for more; aspiring aim
 “At wit, taste, learning, elegance, and fame.”
 Here ends your journey then; for here the store
 Of Richelieu lies. — “Alas! repeat no more:
 “Shame on my pride! what hope remains for me,
 “When here death treads—on all that man can be?”

LIV.

On Dr. Mead.

HIS gen’rous mind’s to latest ages known
 From others’ works, his learning from his own.

LV.

On Sir Isaac Newton.

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with awe divine,
 ’Tis *Newton’s* name that consecrates this shrine!
 That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
 Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
 That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
 That genius, which ennobled human kind!
 Confess’d supreme of men, his country’s pride!
 And half esteem’d an angel—till he dy’d:
 Who in the eye of Heav’n like Enoch stood,
 And thro’ the paths of knowledge walk’d with God:
 Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
 Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

LVI.

On the same :

By Mr. Pope.

NA TURE, and nature's laws, lay hid in night ;
 God said, " Let Newton be !" and all was light.

LVII.

From Cowley.

H E R E lies the great—False marble, tell me where ?
 Nothing but poor and fordid dust lies here.

LVIII.

On a young Lady :

By Mr. Mallet.

T H I S humble grave, tho' no proud structure grace,
 Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place :
 Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
 Lamented maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb :
 Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
 Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more !
 What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
 Regard and pity wait sincere on thee !
 Lo ! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
 And holy friendship fits a mourner here.

LIX.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son :

By the same.

D E A R to the wife and good, beneath this stone
 Here sleep in peace the father and the son !
 By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
 The painter's genius, but without the pride :

Worth

Worth unambitious, wit *afraid* to shine,
 Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
 The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date ;
 But oh ! how more severe the parent's fate !
 He saw him torn untimely from his side,
 Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd !

LX.

On a young Lady.

HERE innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
 Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death :
 Hence did she go just as she did begin
 Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
 Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

LXI.

On the young Lord Mount-Castel :

By Mrs. Barber.

CHILDREN are snatch'd away, sometimes,
 To punish parents for their crimes :—
 Thy mother's merit was so great,
 Heav'n hasten'd thy untimely fate,
 To make her character complete :
 Tho' many virtues fill'd her breast,
 'Twas *resignation* crown'd the rest.

LXII.

On an Infant.

TO the dark and silent tomb
 Soon I hasted, from the womb ;
 Scarce the dawn of life began,
 'Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew ;
 I no gay delights could view :
 Joyless sojourner was I,
 Only born to weep and die. —

Happy infant, early blest !
 Rest, in peaceful slumber, rest ;
 Early rescu'd from the cares
 Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
 Smiling as they seem, and gay ;
 Short and sickly are they all,
 Hardly taited 'ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
 All our laughter is but pain :
 Lasting only, and divine,
 Is an *innocence* like thine.

LXIII.

• Another.

BENEATH a sleeping infant lies ;
 To earth her body's lent :
 More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
 Tho' not more innocent.

When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
 And souls to bodies join,
 Millions will wish their lives below
 Had been as short as thine !

LXIV.

On Claudius Philips, an excellent Musician,
 at Bridgenorth, Salop.

PHILIPS ! whose touch, harmonious, could remove
 The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,

Rest

Rest here ! distress'd by poverty no more ;
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before :
 Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

LXV.

By Mr. Gray.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear ;
 He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd—a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their drear abode ;
 (Where they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his father and his God.

LXVI.

Written in the Year 1745. :

By Mr. Collins.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
 There honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And freedom shall a-while repair
 To dwell a-weeping hermit there.

H 5

LXVII. In

LXVII.

In a Country Church-yard—on a young Woman who fell a Sacrifice to the Infidelity of her Lover.

STAY, Christian, stay; nor let thy pride disdain
This humble stone, that tells thee, "Life is vain!"
Here beauty lies, in mould'ring ruins lost;
A blossom, nipp'd by death's untimely frost.
Yet her chaste soul exults in realms above,
Where constancy's for ever crown'd with love:
Like a young bride, whose bloom shall ne'er decay,
But celebrate an endless nuptial-day.

LXVIII.

Epitaph on a young Lady.

AS she was once, few of her sex you'll see;
As she is now, the brightest maid must be:
She liv'd to die, who dying yet shall live,
Whilst honour, wit, or gratitude survive.
Her eyes on ev'ry eye diffus'd delight,
And nothing but her goodness shone more bright:
Beauty to virtue gave a soft'ning grace,
And virtue added beauty to her face.
She prais'd all worth, unconscious of her own,
And thought, with so much merit, she had none.
Her use of books th' intent of reading shew'd;
Beyond the closet practically good.
Her life for living was the justest plan;
She charm'd as woman, and she thought as man!

Fair reader, learn! perfection is deny'd
To the most fair, for fairest Marcia dy'd.

LXIX. To

LXIX.

To the Memory of his Ancestors :

By Mr. N—gent.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
 Here sleeps in silent tomb a gentle train.
 No folly wasted their paternal store ;
 No guilt, no fordid av'rice, made it more.
 With honest fame and sober plenty crown'd
 They liv'd, and spread their chearing influence round.
 May he, whose hand this pious tribute pays,
 Receive a like return of filial praise !

LXX.

To the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Shuckburg,
 who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.

REMOV'D from all the pains and cares of life,
 Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife :
 Ennobled by the virtues of her mind ;
 Constant to goodness, and in death resign'd :
 Who plac'd true practice in a wise retreat,
 Privately pious ; and unknown, tho' great ;
 Sure, in the silent sabbath of the grave,
 To taste that tranquil peace she always gave.
 O early-lost, in virtue's fairest prime !
 Thy pieties supply'd life's want of time.
 No death is sudden to a soul prepar'd,—
 When God's own hour brings always God's reward.
 Thy death, (and such, O reader, wish thy own !)
 Was free from terrors, and without a groan :
 Thy spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
 Mild as his sun exhales th' ascending dew.

W. H.

LXXI.

On General Wolfe :

*In the Church of Westerham, in Kent—where he was born,
1727.*

WHILE *George* in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,—
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.

Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,—
And from *thy* matchless honour date our own.

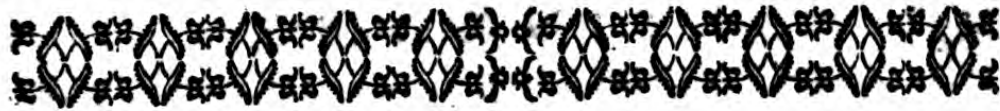
LXXII.

On a libertine Gamester.

“*Jacta est alea!*”

HERE lies a Sceptic, long in doubt,
If death could kill the soul, or not.
His scruples death resolves at last;
Convinc'd—but oh! the die is cast!





A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK V.
MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS,
And POEMS of an Epigrammatical Turn :
The greater Part never before printed.

*Nasutus sis usque licet, sis denique nasus,
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas
Ipse ego quàm dixi.*—— MART.

From the GREEK.

I.

The Rival Beauties :

From Rufinus.

THREE lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
Display'd their charms before my critic eyes :
Superior beauties heighten'd ev'ry grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race :
But I, who, blest'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a *Venus* was—and pleas'd them all.

II. *Æneas*

II.

Æneas and Anchises :

Literally translated.

WHILST from the flames of Troy, thro' hostile spears,
 His sacred charge the pious hero bears :
 " O spare my helpless fire, ye Greeks, he cries ;
 " To *you* how small, to *me* how rich a prize !"

III.

On Leonidas and his 300 Spartans.

TO stop the Persian monarch's way,
 In vain the swelling ocean rose ;
 In vain, his progress to delay,
 The lofty mountains interpose.

Rous'd by the Spartan chief to fight,
 When lo ! his slender band obeys ;
 These turn'd th' unnumber'd hosts to flight :—
 Blush then, ye mountains and ye seas !

IV.

On the Statue of Jupiter, by Phidias.

DID Jove descend, and thus unveil
 His form before the sculptor's eyes ?
 Or Phidias' self Olympus scale,
 To view the monarch of the skies ?

V.

On the Statue of a Cow, by Myron.

HENCE, foolish calf!—thy cries refrain,
 Nor torture thus my teats in vain :
 The sculptor's hand has done its part,
 But *real milk* exceeds his art.

VI. On

VI.

On a bad Singer.

WHEN screech-owls scream, their note portends,
 To frightened mortals, death of friends;
 But, when *Corvino* strains his throat,
 E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

VII.

On an affected Philosopher.

IF by your *beard* your wisdom you would shew,
 Then goats have beards—but Plato was a beau.

VIII.

An Epitaph.

CELSUS nor gave me purge nor clyster,
 Nor felt my pulse, nor order'd blister:
 But, being ill, I chanc'd to hear
 The doctor's name—and dy'd for fear.

IX.

The Miser and the Mouse.

AS Pedro stalk'd around his house,
 The jealous miser spy'd a mouse:
 "How now, cries he, what dost thou here?"—
 "Sir, says the mouse, dismiss your fear;
 "I come not with the *hopes* of food,
 "But for the sake of—solitude."

X.

FOR wealth, ye thieves, some statelier house explore,
 Whilst poverty, stout guard! defends my door.

XI. In

XI.

IN youth, by cheerless poverty oppress'd,
 By fortune's flatt'ring smiles in age care's'd;
 I sure was doom'd, of all mankind, alone
 To live, to all the joys of life unknown:
 Without the means, when young and bless'd with health;—
 When past enjoyment, tantaliz'd with wealth!

XII.

The Prayer of a wise Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
 (Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
 Ask'd, or unask'd, what's good supply;
 What's evil—to our *pray'rs* deny!

XIII.

Epitaph on Timocritus.

AN hero, bold in war, here finds his grave;
 But Mars the coward spares—and smites the brave.

From the **L A T I N**.

XIV.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 14.

Arria and Pætus.

THUS to her much-lov'd, virtuous lord,
 With tender grief oppress'd,
 Chaste *Arria* said, and gave the sword,
 Drawn reeking from her breast:

“ Believe

“ Believe me, Pætus, void of pain
 “ I’ve found the pointed steel :
 “ But oh ! the wound that *you’ll* sustain,
 “ *That* wound I doubly feel.”

XV.

Martial, Lib. iii. Ep. 44. modernised.

The impertinent Poet.

YOU often wonder what the devil
 Can make the town so damn’d uncivil.—
 With what indifference they treat you !
 There’s not a foul that cares to meet you.
 Where’er you come, what consternation !
 What universal desolation ! —
 But for the cause—Why, must you know it ?
 I’ll tell you ; “ you’re *too great* a poet ;”
 And that’s a thing true Britons fear,
 More than a tiger or a bear.
 Your man of sense, of all God’s curses,
 Dreads nothing like *repeating* verses.
 And really, *Tom*, you’re past all bearing ;
 You’d tire a *Dutch-man* out with hearing.
 One must submit, there’s no contending ;
 You keep one sitting, keep one standing.—
 Got loose, with more than decent speed
 I trudge away—yet you proceed.
 Go where one will, there’s no retreat ;
 You’re at it still, *repeat, repeat*.
 I fly to ‘Nando’s *—you are there,
 Still thund’ring distichs in one’s ear :
 Thence to the Park—still you’re as bad ;
 The ladies think you drunk or mad :
 “ But come, ’tis late, at three we dine ;”
 You stop one with “ a *charming line* !”

*. A coffee-house near Temple-Bar.

Now down we sit ; but lo ! repeating
Is greater joy to you than eating.
Quite tir'd, I nod, and try to dose ;—
In vain—you've murder'd all repose.

But prithee, *Tom*, repent in time ;
You see the sad effect of rhyme ;
(And check this humour, if you can,)
That such an honest, worthy man,
With so much sense, and such good-nature,
* Should be so *terrible* a creature !

XVI.

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 5.

WITH you, dear *Tom* ! I'd often spend the day,
And laugh, and chat, and trifle life away ;
But ten long miles, you know, divide us twain ;
Those ten make twenty, measur'd back again.
Then, o'er the downs, with patience should I come,
You're always out, at least you're not at home ;
Or busy, or engag'd in rhyme and metre ;
Or with your child—that *entertaining* creature !
In short, to *see* my friend ten miles I'd go ;
But twenty, *not* to see you—'ll never do.

XVII.

Lib. ii. Ep. 41.

YES ; I submit, my lord ; you've gain'd your end :
I'm now your slave—that would have been your friend.
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove ;—
Respect, adore you—ev'ry-thing but—love.

* *Vir justus, probus, innocens—timeris.*

XVIII. Martial,

XVIII.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 101.

To an affected Old Maid.

TH O' pappà and mammà, my dear,
So prettily you call,
Yet you, methinks, yourself, appear
The grand-mamma of all.

XIX.

Lib. viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not ;
But take his word for't ; *Hal's* not worth a groat.

XX.

Lib. i. Ep. 29. literally translated.

OF last night's wine you say Acerra stinks ;
'Tis false ; till morning, still Acerra drinks.

XXI.

Lib. i. Ep. 47. paraphrased.

DIAULUS, late who, void of skill,
Profess'd the healing art,
Now acts, in league with Pluto still,
The undertaker's part.

Yet hear the man his change deplore ;
" Hard fate ! thus forc'd to slave."—
Wretch, when a quack, what didst thou more
Than cater for the grave ?

XXII. From

XXII.

From Owen's Epigrams.

THE doctor lives by sporting with our lives ;
And, by our follies fed, the lawyer thrives*.

XXIII.

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 53.

*Advice to a Chaplain:—Familiarised in the Manner of
Dr. Swift.*

PARSON ! 'tis false ; I'll ne'er believe
With liberty you wish to live :
You hug your chains, and cut your jokes
On us, poor independent folks.—
But would you then indeed be free ?
Come, I'll prescribe—without a fee.

First then, 'tis plain you love to eat,
And haunt the tables of the great :
You shun the man, and think him poor.
That cannot give you "four and four."
Indeed, my friend, this must *not* be ;
A parasite can ne'er be free.

Next, doctor, you must drink no wine.—
Cb. Why so ? *Saint Paul*, that great divine,
Says, "Drink a little."—*F.* That's not the question ;
You can't afford it.—*Cb.* But for digestion —
F. A glass of cyder, or old mead,
Or e'en mild ale, will do the deed.

Then, you're a captain in your dress ;
A good black frize would cost you less,

* These general reflections, on the most learned professions, only prove that there have been, in all ages, quacks and pretenders ;—and that the vulgar have charged the ignorance or knavery of a few individuals on the whole fraternity.

And

And look more venerable too,
 Than that *grey* cloth—which I call *blue*.
 Talk what you please, you'll ne'er be free,
 If you despise œconomy.
 Perhaps, too, you may think a wife
 Amongst the requisites of life :
 Why, take some healthy farmer's daughter,
 Some *Blousalind*—nay spare your laughter :
 She'll mend your shirts, inspect your brewing ;—
 A lady, Sir, would be your ruin.
 Your pars'nage-house, I own, is mean ;
 But see ! that fragrant jessamine ;
 See ! how that woodbine round the door
 And lattice blooms !—What would you more ?
 Oh ! doctor, could you but despise
 Life's pompous superfluities ;
 Could you but learn to live content
 With what indulgent Heav'n has sent ;
 Whate'er your lot, you'd live more free
 Than any prince—in * *Germany*.

XXIV.

The Wolf and Mastiff :
 From Phædrus, Lib. iii. Fab. 7.

On the same Subject.

A Wolf, that long had rang'd the wood,
 A stranger to the taste of food,
 Meets an old house-dog, sleek and fat :
 Each known to each, they stop and chat.
 “ Lord ! says the wolf, how plump you're grown !
 “ Is that round belly all your own ?
 “ Pray how d'you live, and what d'you eat ?
 “ I wish you'd give me your receipt :
 “ For, not to under-rate *your* merit,
 “ I think, my friend, I don't want spirit

* Partho rege.

“ T'attack

" T'attack the foe by day or night;
 " And yet you see *my* wretched plight."
 ' Why, quoth the dog, with conscious air,
 ' My place requires a world of care.
 ' If you desire to serve the great,
 ' Faith! you must work—as well as eat:
 ' Preferments are not giv'n for nought,
 ' But by some useful *service* bought.'

W. " What *service* then would be expected!

" No honest terms should be rejected."

D. ' Why, you must guard the doors by night;

' Bark at the thieves, the beggars fright.'—

W. " Oh! I should bless the happy change;—

" Who'd wish thro' rain and snow to range,

" That, snug and warm, could take his pleasure,

" And fill his belly at his leisure?"

' Well then, quoth Snap, since we're agreed,

' Let us with gentle trot proceed;'

When lo! the wolf's too curious eye

Chanc'd the poor mastiff's neck to spy,

Gall'd with a chain beneath the ear:

" Aha! cries he, what have we here?"

' Nothing,' says Snap, and turn'd aside—

" Nay, let's know all," the wolf reply'd.

' Why, as I'm pretty fierce, you know,

' They chain me up by day—or so:

' (My master's whim—I can't refuse it;

' There's nothing in't—indeed I *chuse* it:)

' For, as I'm usefess while 'tis light,

' I sleep by day—and watch by night;

' When night comes on, my chain's unbound,

' And thus I rove the country round.

' As for my meat, I'm well supply'd,

' At table by my master's side:

' The servants tofs me bones half-pick'd,

' And oh! what plates of sauce I've lick'd!

' But come!—What now? you lag behind—'

W. " Why faith! I think I've chang'd my mind;

" I don't

“ I don't much like that curf'd *chain* ;—
 “ I'll e'en go range the woods again.—
 “ Enjoy your scraps—for I'd not be
 “ A king—without my liberty.”

XXV.

The Wolf and the Lamb :

From Phædrus, Lib. i. Fab. 1.

A Wolf and lamb, one sultry day,
 To the fame meadow chanc'd to stray ;
 By thirst constrain'd, they fought the rill
 That iffu'd from a neighb'ring hill.
 The wolf flood near the fountain's head ;
 The lamb, far diftant, down the mead.
Ifgrim, who dearly lov'd difputes,
 With fell intent the lamb falutes :
 “ You Sir ! ftand off ! you tread the brink in,
 “ And mud the ftream fo, there's no drinking.”
 The harmlefs lamb, with much furprife,
 Looks up, and, trembling, thus replies :
 ‘ I can't conceive how that can be, Sir,
 ‘ The ftream flows down from you to me, Sir.
 “ You can't conceive !—Friend, don't be faucy ;
 “ I'll let you know, Sir, what the laws fay.
 “ Befides—you mutter'd—fo and fo,
 “ Behind my back, fix months ago.”
 ‘ Upon my word, Sir, you miftake,
 ‘ (But don't be angry, for Heav'n's fake ;)
 ‘ I never could have fuch intention,
 ‘ Nor was I *born*, the time you mention.’
 The wolf, by force of truth repell'd,
 With fhame and anger foam'd and fwel'd :
 “ It was your father then,” cries he,
 “ And that, you know, 's the fame to me,”
 He faid, and feiz'd the helpiefs victim,
 And to the bones the tyrant pick'd him.

PANEGYRICAL:

Spoken occasionally by the young Gentlemen of a private School.

XXVI.

On the Coronation of GEORGE the Third,
Sept. 22, 1761.

THREE monarchs now, of Brunfwick's honour'd race,
Shall, with the fame great name, our annals grace,
The first, tho' view'd by party's envious eyes,
Contending factions own, was—*good* and *wife*.
Thro' a long reign, brave, mild, and just approv'd,
Our second George we style “* the *well-belov'd*.”
But now a youth ascends the British throne,
Whom ev'ry royal virtue calls her own!
Unenvied he his *native* right obtains,
And in the heart of every Briton reigns.
Proceed, young prince, a *patriot* king complete,
And George the Third henceforth be GEORGE the GREAT.

XXVII.

On Mr. P—tt's Return to his Country-seat,
in October, 1761.

BRITANNIA long her hapless fate had mourn'd,
By factions rent at home, by Europe scorn'd:
Successless wars her languid councils show;
Her troops still fly before th' insulting foe:

* *Le bien-aimé*.

No

No more her fleets triumphant rule the main,
For aid whilst sick'ning commerce sues in vain.

To guide her tott'ring bark, a pilot fit
At length she seeks—and casts her eyes on P—tt
P—tt left his rural seat, and active rose,
Retriev'd her credit and subdu'd her foes :
From pole to pole, on ev'ry hostile shore,
Again her flag's display'd, her cannons roar ;
The lakes of Canada our triumphs hear,
And Afric's sons the name of P—tt revere.
Nay more, he bids e'en *civil* discord cease,
And sees each boisterous faction hush'd in peace ;
Then quits the helm, without a title great,
And seeks once more at Hayes a calm retreat.

Great *Cincinnatus* thus, at *Rome's* request,
Left his lone farm, and took th' imperial vest :
With heav'n-born zeal his patriot breast inspir'd ;
Thus fav'd his country, triumph'd, and retir'd.

XXVIII.

Mr. A——n, or the Great Plebeian *.

— *Sanctus haberi*

Iustitiæq; tenax factis dictisq; mereris ?

Agnosco Procerem — Juv.

YE haughty youths, of noble lineage vain,
Who scour the turf, and revel in champaigne ;
Who boldly claim the honours of your race,
And boast *their* names, whose *titles* you disgrace :
Tell me, what first your grandsire's blood refin'd ?
Was it their birth, or virtues of the mind ?—
'Twas virtue gave that lustre to their name,
And plac'd them foremost in the lists of fame :
For civil arts, or feats of arms, renown'd,
Their merit *unbought* titles justly crown'd.

* Alluding to an expression in a public paper.

But tho' the wretch, that soils their glorious deeds,
 To his fire's honours *legally* succeeds ;
 Tho' titles may descend where virtues fail,
 No royal grant can *real* worth intail :
 Such tinsel pomp may dazzle vulgar eyes,
 Whilst men of sense the *glittering cheat* despise.

But see the man of virtuous parents born,
 Whose useful life exalted acts adorn !
 With genius bless'd, whose ev'ry purpose tends
 T' improve his country or enrich his friends :
 Who pours his wealth on works of public use,
 In worthiest deeds still gloriously profuse :
 Whose pious care seeks merit in distress,
 His unknown hand whilst wond'ring wretches bless ;
 Like some celestial planet's friendly rays,
 To all around diffusive bliss conveys :
 Who thus thro' life pursues one glorious plan
 Is more than noble—is a godlike man !

XXIX.

On the ancient City of Bath :

Written on the finishing the Circus.

Ἐγκώμιον νεθέρικον.

'MIDST flow'ry meads and Avon's winding floods,
 Romantic hills, wild rocks, and pendant woods ;
 Behold fair Bath her stately front advance,
 In all the pomp of Latian elegance !
 The hills, that rise in rich profusion round,
 With gardens deck'd, or splendid villas crown'd !
 There health and pleasure hand in hand appear,
 And, smiling, weave their roseate arbors there.
 Deep in their mossy grotts, beneath those hills,
 The bounteous Naiads form the gushing rills.
 There various springs their min'ral virtues blend,
 And, warm, in salutary streams descend :

Those streams to mortals balmy health restore ;
 The gout grows mild, and cholics are no more :
 Here languid nymphs regain the bloom of May ;
 Here cripples dance—and hurl the crutch away.

Hither, with lavish hand, fresh peasants bring
 The fruits of autumn and the flow'rs of spring ;
 Whilst lowing herds, from richest pastures, pour
 The draught salubrious in their milky store :
 Each fowl, of various plume, that haunts the wood,
 Or skims the heath, or dives the liquid flood :
 The spreading sea-fish, and the scaly fry,
 Contiguous coasts or neighb'ring streams supply.
 Thus art and nature join, in friendly strife,
 To show'r on Bath the blandishments of life.

Oh ! Bath, thrice happy, if to man 'twere giv'n
 T' enjoy, with temp'rate use, the gifts of Heav'n !
 Didst thou thy partial fate but truly prize ;
 Didst thou increase in virtue as in size :
 Were luxury banish'd, with each baneful vice ;
 Th' infernal arts of scandal, * cards, and dice :
 The vagrant herds, that ev'ry street infest,
 And insolence, with rigorous care suppress'd :
 Did no base miscreants, to themselves unjust,
 By mean exactions *liberal* minds disgust :
 From distant counties thanes in crouds should fly,
 Proud in thy domes to shun the wint'ry sky :
 † *Augusta's* self should half-deserted stand,
 And Bath possess the riches of the land.

* The author is aware of the unpoliteness of this censure : But, tho' a sober game at " whist and swobbers" might make an innocent part of the festival entertainments of our ancestors, yet he cannot but consider *cards*, in the present age, (when made a necessary introduction to *good* company, and the chief employment, summer and winter, of people of fashion) as equally prejudicial to the serious business, and the real enjoyment of life.

† The Roman name for London.

XXX.

To a Limner at Bath :

Equally excellent in Portraits and Landskips.

CHARM'D by the magic pow'rs of light and shade,
 To G—nsb—gh's skill be this slight tribute paid :
 To charm the soul, with equal force conspire
 The painter's genius and the poet's fire.
 When Milton sings of angels, bold in fight,
 Or blooming cherubs, half-dissolv'd in light ;
 Or leads his Eve to Adam's longing arms,
 In all the lustre of primeval charms ;
 Fir'd with the song, thro' Eden's blissful groves,
 With the first pair, th' inraptur'd fancy roves :
 'Midst crystal founts, or amaranthine bow'rs,
 Ambrosial fruits, and ever-blooming flow'rs,
 We trace each step, by various passions tost,
 And quit with tears the "*paradise they lost.*"

Like that bless'd pair, by G—nsb—gh's pencil drawn,
 Here * each fond couple treads the flow'ry lawn ;
 Or sun-burnt heroes shine in mimic arms,
 Or beauties glow with never-fading charms :
 Each eye the animated features strike ;
 Ev'n lovers, pleas'd, confess the portrait like.

But, when the landskip's various charms we trace,
 Where nature's self appears with heighten'd grace ;
 There sylvan scenes present the op'ning glade,
 Th' enamell'd lawn, or cool sequester'd shade ;
 The ruddy dawn there gilds the distant tow'r ;
 There the smooth lake reflects the purple flow'r.
 In silent wonder fix'd, with joy serene,
 The mind surveys th' imaginary scene ;
 And owns the pleasing cheat so well sustain'd,
 Each landskip seems a "*paradise regain'd.*"

* Several gentlemen and ladies drawn in that taste.

XXXI.

To William Shenstone, Esq; at the Leasowes,
1760.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from restraint set free!
Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
The mall, the route, the play-house, and the court:
Soon for some varnish'd nymph, of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peers, counterfeit a flame.
Behold him now, inraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind fate, restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected, native charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms;
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career:
From feat to feat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprise;
Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigu'd, not satisfy'd, to town.
Yet, if some kinder genius point his way
To where the muses o'er thy *Leasowes* stray,
Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,
Where art assumes the sweets of nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move:
Like the sage captive in Calypso's grott',
The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

To M. G. Esq;

On the Improvements made at M-k-t-n House in Gloucestershire—written in 1740:—A Fragment.

IS this the place where late, in tonfile yew,
Crowns, dragons, pyramids, and peacocks grew?
Where quaint parterres presented to the eye
The various angles of a Christmas pye?
Or alleys met, with correspondent glades,
And trees in rows cast equi-distant shades?
Where * terraces you scal'd by many a step,
From which at once poor frogs in panics leap?
And walls surrounding, thirty cubits high,
Left to the view scarce thirty ells of sky?
Around the mansion, barns, and stables lay,
And spread night's mantle o'er the face of day.
These spacious lawns an hundred hedges shar'd,
Like tenements of cards, by children rear'd.

What taste perverse our ancestors inspir'd,
Who banish'd oaks, and mournful yews admir'd!
Who rais'd huge walls to guard a few jonquils,
Pent up from flow'ry meads and verdant hills!
Disdaining nature, in her richest dress,
Till tortur'd into Gothic littleness!

Yet here those ancestors—a virtuous train!
In health contented dwelt, thro' many a reign.—
Each country-seat was then a well-stor'd farm,
Which knew no beauties but in snug and warm.
Pleas'd, round their barns they heard their oxen lowe,
And the same steeds then drew the coach and plough.
Strangers to form, their neighbour was their guest,
Where mirth and rural plenty made the feast:
Nor hyson yet, nor Gallic wines were known,
Nor deem'd polite the annual jaunt to town.
While summers thus, and chearful winters, pass'd,
They liv'd thrice happy—in their want of taste.

* Most of the gardens of the last age consisted of little terraces, with infinite flights of steps instead of slopes.

XXXIII.

The Epicure :

To W. M—lls, Esq; on a late Act of Generosity.

Y O U call it lux'ry, when, in all his glory,
 Qu—n loads his plate with turtle and *John-Dory* *;
 Or snuffs the pinguid haunch's fav'ry steam,
 And crowns the feast with jellies and ic'd cream.
 But when, with more indulgence, you employ
 Your wealth to give the pensive bosom joy;
 When, by one lib'ral act, the mind's best treat!
 You make a † *brother's* happiness complete;
 There is, you'll own, tho' rarely understood,
 The highest luxury in doing good;
 Nay, view his heart, and Qu—n will grant, I'm sure,
 The gen'rous man's the truest Epicure.

XXXIV.

To William M—lm—th, Esq;

On his Translation of Pliny's Epistles.

T H O', justly rank'd the classic wits among,
 Great Pliny charms us in his native tongue;
 Tho' sense and candour breathe thro' ev'ry page;—
 Yet—does his *language* speak th' Augustan age?
 Like Tully good, yet critics still require
 The je-n'-sçai-quoi which Tully's friends admire;
 And, taught by M—lm—th, pedants must confess,
 He shines, more perfect, in his English dress.

Henceforth, when men of taste shall chance to name
 Each British author of distinguish'd fame,
 Amongst *our* classics Pliny shall be one,
 High in the list, with Swift and Addison.

* *John-Dory*—a fish much in vogue in the eighteenth century.

† He took his brother to the Bank one morning, and transferr'd
 10,000 l. to him, as a present.

XXXV.

On Tully's Head in Pall-Mall :

To Mr. R. Doddsley, on his writing *Cleone*, 1756.

1.
WHERE Tully's bust and honour'd name
 Point out the venal page,
 There *Doddsley* consecrates to fame
 The classics of his age.

2.
 In vain the poets, from their mine,
 Extract the shining mass,
 Till *Doddsley's* mint has stamp'd the coin,
 And bid the sterling pass.

3.
 Yet he, I ween, in *Cæsar's* days,
 A nobler fate had found ;
Doddsley himself with verdant bays
 Had been by *Cæsar* crown'd.

4.
 His bust near *Tully's* had been plac'd,
 Himself a classic bard ;
 His works Apollo's temple grac'd,
 And met their just reward.

5.
 Eut still, my friend, be virtue, sense,
 And competence thy share ;
 And think each boon, that courts dispense,
 Beneath a poet's care.

6.
 Persist to grace this humbler post ;
 Be *Tully's* head the sign ;
 Till future booksellers shall boast
 To vend their tomes at *thine*.

XXXVI. On

XXXVI.

On the Bishop of Cloyne's Book upon
Tar-Water, 1744.

1.
LO! ev'ry subject Berkley treats
With elegance and ease!
Tar breathes forth aromatic sweets,
And metaphysics please!

2.
Tho', humbly first, the sage explores
The virtues of the pine;
To loftiest themes he gently soars,
Physician and divine!

3.
Here batter'd rakes, for taint or gout,
A sure balsamic find;
Here sophs may learn what *Plato* thought
Of the *eternal mind**.

4.
Henceforth let none the lawn decry,
If Berkley's pious care
Teach wits to own a Trinity,
And beaux to relish tar.

XXXVII.

To the Right Honourable Lady Ch———,
1763.

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the play,
Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines the day;
From crouds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:

* From investigating the subtile fire, to which the virtues of tar are chiefly ascribed—the bishop ascends to the Platonic notion of the Supreme Being—mind—and vivifying spirit, &c.

A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms,
 Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.
 But when, retir'd amidst their rural bow'rs,
 She cheers th' illustrious patriot's calmer hours ;
 Or, smiling, sits her infant tribe among,
 And guides to virtue's paths the list'ning throng :
 Behold, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
 The tender mother and th' engaging wife !
 More just applause these humbler virtues share,
 And Portia shines—as good as she is fair.

XXXVIII.

On Miss —, afterwards Lady —, 1740.

LUCIA was form'd by Heav'n in courts to shine,
 With grace, and air, and majesty divine ;
 Yet, o'er those charms, her virtuous thoughts dispense
 The humblest mien, with rural innocence.
 Hence viscounts wait their doom from Lucia's eyes,
 Whilst many a swain—in hopeless silence dies.

XXXIX.

Venus genetrix.

To Mrs. —, 1760.

1.
WHEN Stella joins the blooming throng
 Of virgins dancing on the plain,
 A *grace* she seems the nymphs among,
 Or Dian' 'midst her virgin train.

2.
 But when, with sweet maternal air,
 She leads Iulus thro' the grove,
 Herself appears like Venus fair,
 Her wanton boy the god of love.

XL.

On the accomplished Miss — :

By a School-Boy.

WHEN for the prize the heavn'ly rivals strove,
 Before the Phrygian prince, in Ida's grove,
 Venus in vain had brib'd her judge with Helen,
 Had Pallas nam'd *her* fav'rite Molly A—n.

XLI.

On the celebrated Miss —.

FRESH as the spring, and like Aurora fair,
 Clarinda issues forth, the public care!
 Where'er she moves admiring crouds resort,
 Whilst round her charms the loves and graces sport.
 Her eyes the hearts of heedless fops beguile,
 Who catch each glance — and feed upon each smile:
 But the bless'd youth, distinguish'd from the throng,
 Who hears th' enchanting accents of her tongue;
 Her native wit, her more than manly sense,
 Express'd with sweet, bewitching diffidence;
 Owns in her mind more pow'rful beauty lies,
 And scarce observes the lustre of her eyes.

XLII.

An Apology to Lucinda.

FROWN not, Lucinda, that the wand'ring muse
 Thro' distant fields her fav'rite task pursues;
 For, tho' with various sweets she decks her lays,
 Collecting ev'ry flow'r that merits praise;
 Tho' in each nymph some charm perhaps may find,
 Some faint resemblance of Lucinda's mind;
 From you she paints each grace, each winning art;
 They share my verse, but *you* possess my heart.

SATYRICAL.

XLIII.

The Dangler.

CHARM'D with the empty sound of pompous words,
 Carlo vouchsafes to dine with none but lords ;
 Whilst rank and titles all his thoughts employ,
 For these he barter every social joy :
 For these, what you and I sincerely hate,
 He *lives* in form, and often starves in state.—
Carlo, enjoy thy peer ! content to be
 Rather a slave to him than friend to me.
 Go, sell the substance to retain the show ;
 May you *seem* happy—whilst I'm really so !

XLIV.

1.

THE wretch that courts the sordid great,
 And with the splendid *Florio* dines,
 Is tantalised in empty state,
 And thirsts amidst his costly vines.

2.

There's Burgundy, he lets you know,
 Or bright champagne's more sprightly juice :
 There's claret too ;—but all for show ;
 The honest port alone's for use.

3. Thus

3.

Thus vex'd, his tortur'd guests complain,
 And stare at what they fear to touch ;
 Thus *Florio*, covetous and vain,
 Still does too little—or too much.

XLV.

To Avaro.

THUS to the master of a house,
 Which, like a church, would starve a mouse ;
 Which never guest had entertain'd,
 Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd ;
 I said :—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat ;
 But where d'you drink, and where d'you eat ?
 If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
 It costs you more in mops than wine.

XLVI.

The Impudence of Wealth.

BUFO, whose pride disdains to give attention,
 Still asks you things above his comprehension ;
 But, 'ere you speak, his thoughts are on himself ;
 His dress, his dinner, or his paltry pelf.
 One day, quoth he, “ What signifies your learning ?
 “ Does Greek or Latin make one more discerning ?
 “ For all your classics I'd not give one groat ;
 “ Who's e'er the richer, pray, for all they wrote ?
 “ If books then neither make men rich or wiser,
 “ Your man of learning is the greatest miser ;
 “ Whose studies, day and night, his thoughts employ,
 “ To heap up stores, which he can ne'er enjoy.”
 Your premisses are odd, I told the man, Sir,
 But you'll not *listen* to a proper answer ;
 Yet, if your inference from thence be true,
 A scholar is as great a fool—as you.

XLVII. The

XLVII.

The Test of Merit :

On the Earl of Ch——.

“ **I**S this the man so fam’d for wit ?”
 Cries *Bufo*, fam’d for wanting it ;
 “ This little man, so thin and queer ?—
 “ Who’d take his lordship for a peer ?
 “ His eyes indeed have something sprightly,
 “ But sure his person’s far from fightly :
 “ They praise his speeches and his jokes ;
 “ He looks and talks like other folks.”

Thus *Bufo*, puff’d with pride and fat,
 Still vents his spleen in frothy chat :
 More vers’d in butcher’s meat than books,
 Enquires how fat or lean one looks ;
 And sagely, by mechanic rules,
 Deems men philosophers or fools :
 His balance rais’d, with air profound,
 He weighs your *merit*—by the *pound*.

XLVIII.

Lorenzo, or the Man of Reading.

LORENZO is, tho’ much a beau,
 The greatest reader that I know :
 Reads each new pamphlet, each new play,
 And knows, of each, what people say ;
 Thence fixes, with a critic spirit,
 (At second hand) each writer’s merit :
 The first to know, still more exact,
 The name and author of each tract :
 Despises those that have not bought
 The last new thing that *Churchill* wrote :
 Points out each bright, each fav’rite line,
 And vows—the whole is vastly fine !

But

But yet, with all this various reading,
Lorenzo is a man of breeding.
 Tho' he had been two years at college,
 He ne'er insults you with *deep* knowledge;
 No scraps of Latin quotes, nor borrows
 A thought from *Virgil* or from *Horace* :
 No learned points he e'er unravels;
 Ne'er mentions history or travels :
 Gives no account of ancient times,
 Or what is done in foreign climes :
 In short, his reading, you will find,
 Floats on the surface of his mind.
Lorenzo reads, as others play ;
 He reads—for *something* still to say :
 He reads a thing, because 'tis *new*,
 Or reads—because his neighbours do.

Why then, I find, thou art, my friend,
 An *endless* reader—to no end.
 If these, said I, are all your views,
 Throw by your books—and read the *news* !

XLIX:

The Force of Fashion.

VARUS, tho' merely led by fashion,
 For worth alone pretends a passion ;
 Affects, with truly lib'ral spirit,
 To idolise a man of merit :
 Applauds the deeds, the sense, the jokes,
 Of good, of wise, of witty folks :—
 He daily at your house attends,
 And seems to rank you with his friends :
 In public too he'll still affect
 To treat you with profound respect,
 (More than Venetians do their doge)
 For what?—because you are in vogue.

For, Sir, you must not think it strange
 If *Varus* should his conduct change.

The public, fickle as a child,
 Now frowns on what so late it smil'd ;
 Still fond of change, wants something new ;
 Caressing me, neglecting you.
 See Varus, in his turn, affect
 To treat you with the same neglect ;
 Nay, shuns you, as a worthless rogue,
 For what ? Because you're out of vogue.

L.

The fair Stoic.

“ **B**EAR and *forbear* ;” thus preach the Stoic sages ;
 And in two words include the sense of pages.
 With patience *bear* life's certain ills ; and oh !
Forbear those pleasures which must end in woe.
 With these wise maxims *Sappho* still can treat us,
 And prove her text from * *Carter's Epictetus*.
 Thus to be Stoics each fair friend she teaches,
 Whilst *Sappho* ne'er can practise what she preaches ;
 For, turn'd of fifty, we may safely swear,
Sappho will neither *bear*—nor yet *forbear*.

LI.

To be written in a young Lady's Milton.

CLOE, to *Cloe's* foibles somewhat blind,
 Admires the froward whims of woman-kind.—
 “ Strange ! that our mother Eve, so void of grace,
 “ Should for an *apple* curse the human race.”—
 Her censures thus on Eve rash *Cloe* pours,
 Whilst she herself green fruit and chalk devours.
 But cease, fair maid, that fatal crime to blame,
 When you, more frail, had surely done the same :
 For less restraint your Maker's will had cross'd,
 Nay, for a *crab*, your paradise had lost.

* *Epictetus* elegantly translated by miss Carter.

LII. The

LII.

The Heroines, or modern Memoirs.

IN ancient times, some hundred winters past,
 When British dames, for conscience-sake, were chaste,
 If some frail nymph, by youthful passion sway'd,
 From virtue's paths unhappily had stray'd ;
 When banish'd reason re-assum'd her place,
 The conscious wretch bewail'd her foul disgrace ;
 Fled from the world, and pass'd her joyless years
 In decent solitude and pious tears ;
 Veil'd, in some convent made her peace *with* Heav'n,
 And almost hop'd—by prudes to be forgiv'n.
 Not so of modern wh-res, th' illustrious train,
 Renown'd Constantia, P-lkington, and V-ne :
 Grown old in sin, and dead to am'rous joy,
 No acts of penance *their* great souls employ.
 Without a blush behold each nymph advance,
 The luscious heroine of her own romance ;
 Each harlot triumphs in her loss of fame,
 And boldly prints and *publishes* her shame.

LIII.

The Œconomist.

LAURA, profuse as city dame *can* be,
 Still piques herself on her œconomy :
 She ne'er *will* buy a thing that's dear, she vows,
 Yet, by her bargains, pillages her spouse.
 “ That set of china was the cheapest thing !—
 “ 'Tis fine enough to entertain the king.
 “ This cambric, sily flipp'd into her hand,
 “ Was *such* a bargain—she could *not* withstand !
 “ That cloth, tho' dear, cost nothing, one may say ;—
 “ 'Twill wear for ever—and—I know 'twill pay.”—
 Then she has bought the finest goose in town ;
 They ask'd three shillings—but took half-a-crown.

“ And

“ And don't you think this ham *prodigious* cheap ?
 “ We did not want it—but, you know, 'twill keep.”
 Her friends with bargains thus poor Laura treats,
 Laughs at her tradesmen, whilst herself she cheats :
 But, Laura, stop in time ; too late, I fear,
 You'll find these *bargains* cost you dev'lish dear.

LIV.

The curious Impertinent.

A Man there is, to all the country known,
 Who neither lives in country nor in town :
 He's here, he's there ; from place to place he flies,
 In quest of that which Heav'n to man denies.
Curio, the present joys of life forgot,
 Still fancies greater joys where *he* is not :
 Hence, ever restless, go where'er you will,
 You'll find poor *Curio* at your elbow still.
 He boasts no wit ; but yet, the Lord knows why,
Curio still keeps the best of company.
 Wherever well-dress'd folks in crouds appear,
 Ask'd, or unask'd—you'll still find *Curio* there.
 At every venison, every turtle feast,
 See him, with anxious looks, a constant guest !
 Drawn by the favoury steam, no doubt ?—why no ;
 He only *comes* to see how matters go.
 In shooting season, *Curio* takes his gun ;
 Is there a fishing party ? *He* makes one :
 Not for the sport—No ; *Curio* neither went
 To shoot or fish—but just to learn th' event.
 To-day he comes, to shew my lord your place ;
 To-morrow does the same—t'oblige his grace :
 Thus, mov'd by wires, this arrant punchinello,
 For want of business—is a *busy* fellow !

LV.

Snip-Snap, or Town-Life and Country-Life.

T. **H**OW dull's a country life? sage *Bufo* cries.
C. Dull as your life in town, his friend replies.
T. How *can* you bear the same things o'er and o'er?
C. Yet what can Bath or London, pray, give more?
T. You eat and drink, and stroll about your fields;—
C. Such are the joys your favourite town-life yields:
 Yet, whilst our fields are green, our flow'rs are sweet,
 You breathe in smoke—and tread the dusty street.
T. To shift the scene we've various public places;—
C. Yet still you meet the same dull-busy faces.
T. Then fresh and fresh we read the daily news;—
C. Content, some weekly journal I peruse.
T. Can you the rooms, cards, company resign?
C. Yes; for health, ease, good air, and wholesome wine.
T. But you've no neighbours.—**C.** Yes, we have a few;
 And then—we're seldom plagu'd with folks like you.

LVI.

The Man of Sense.

MILLO, you tell me, is a man of sense,
 Who thus displays his wit at your expence:
 Whilst with your claret Milo you regale,
 He soothes your ear with jest or humorous tale:
 Yet, stung with satyr or malignant sneer,
 You often buy your mirth extremely dear.
 He entertains your company, 'tis true;
 But, whilst you laugh with him, we laugh at you.
 Milo, whene'er you speak, looks wond'rous wise,
 Or cuts you short with insolent replies:
 If contradicted, heav'ns! what exclamations!
 He fills the room with rude vociferations:
 With cynic snarls maintains the loud debate,
 Fierce as a cur before his master's gate.

Wit

Wit as he is, and fraught with learned store,
 Yet Milo wants one happier talent more.
 None laugh sincere but those who're at their ease ;
 Then, Milo, learn the better art—to please :
 Fools are reveng'd when wit gives just offence,
 And true *good-nature* far outshines good sense.

H U M O R O U S.

LVII.

Strephon and Blowfalind, or the Amorous
 'Squire.

STREPHON in vain pursu'd a rural fair,
 The rosy object of his tender care !
 The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier swain,
 Still view'd the amorous Strephon with disdain.
 Provok'd, he strove by force to storm her charms ;
 She rais'd her hand—and dash'd him from her arms :
 “ Oh cease, he cries, subdue that barbarous spite,
 “ Tho' doom'd to love—I was not born to fight !
 “ You've stol'n my heart, deprive me not of breath ;
 “ Those *frowns* are cruel—but that *fiſt* is death !”

LVIII.

The Invisible :

Written at College, 1747.

WHAT mortal burns not with the love of fame ?
 Some write, some fight—some eat themselves a
 name.

For

For fame beau Frightful haunts each public place,
 And grows conspicuous for—his ugly face.
 Laura, the rural circle's constant boast,
 Sighs for the Mall, and longs to be a toast.
 The priestling, proud of doctrine not his own,
 Usurps a scarf—and longs to preach in town.
 Ev'n Whitefield's saints, whose cant has fill'd the nation,
 Toil more for fame, I trow, than reformation.

Verus, tho' blest'd with learning, sense, and wit,
 Yet *prides* himself in never shewing it :
 Safe in his cell, he shuns the staring croud,
 And inward shines, like Sol behind a cloud.
 For fame let fops to distant regions roam,
 Lo! here's the man—who never stirs from home !
 That unseen wight—whom all men wish to see ;
 Illustrious grown—by mere obscurity.

LIX.

On a Quack—who “ travels by Act of Par-
 liament.”

YE solemn tribe, who write—and take your fees,
 Adorn'd with English or with Scotch degrees :
 Who boast of licenses, and idly puff
 Your lectures, hospitals, and such vain stuff :
 Behold a man, of more intrinsic worth,
 For public good, tho' “ *gouty*,” fallies forth !
 “ His UNCLE's pupil ;”—who, for thirty years,
 Has check'd the widow's and the orphan's tears ;
 “ *Allow'd by all a most ingenious*” sage ;
 Styl'd, by himself, “ *The wonder of the age* * !”
 The great SHAPPEE !—who scorns your letter'd skill,
 Great B-ylis, L-cas, and ev'n doctor H-ll !
 Sent forth—“ by act of parliament”—to kill.

* The words of his advertisement.

LX.

Liberty in Danger—on the new Act against
Swearing :

Written in 1747.

SINCE first * the Norman fix'd his standard here,
Britons have claim'd a right—to curse and swear.
In vain the preacher, with his milk-white hand,
Denounc'd d-mnation on a guilty land :
With “ D-mn you, Jack !” each friend his friend still greets ;
And “ Blood and thunder !” echoes thro' our streets.

But stronger sanctions now our pulpits arm,
Prisons and mulcts th' abandon'd wretch alarm :
The fear of hell, 'twas found, could nought avail ;
But ev'n a captain trembles at a jail :
'The loss of money, sure, tho' not of soul,
Must strike vice dumb, and blasphemy controul ;
Sailors themselves henceforth shall grow more civil,
And dread † *De Veil* at least, tho' not the devil.

LXI.

War proclaimed at Brentford :

Written in 1744.

BRTAIN at length her wrath declares,
And fierce to meet the foe prepares :
Bellona mounts her iron car,
Grac'd with the implements of war :
Augusta sounds the dread alarm,
And all our ports their gallies arm :
Bristol and York have heralds sent,
Denouncing George's dire intent ;
Nay, Brentford now proclaims defiance ;—
Let Bourbon tremble at th' alliance !

* The Normans are supposed to have introduced this custom.

† An active Middlesex justice at that time.

LXII.

An Incident in high Life.

THE *Bucks* had din'd, and deep in council sat;
 Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat;
 Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
 And lo! “a race! a race!” in rapture cries:
 ‘Where,’ quoth Sir John: “Why, see! two drops of rain
 “Start from the summit of the crystal pane:—
 “A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest force
 “Performs its current down the slippery course!”
 The betts were fix'd; in dire suspense they wait
 For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
 Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll—like pearls from Cloe's eyes.
 But ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short!—
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
 Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
 Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!



B O N M O T S :

O R,

O L D S T O R I E S .*L'Epigramme —**N'est souvent qu'un Bon Mot de deux rimes ornè.*

BOILEAU.

LXIII.

AS a west-country mayor, with formal address,
 Was making his speech to the haughty queen Bess:
 "The Spaniard, quoth he, with inveterate spleen,
 "Has presum'd to attack you, a poor virgin-queen;
 "But your majesty's courage has made it appear,
 "That the don had ta'en the wrong *sow* by the ear."

LXIV.

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
 Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
 But much too serious for a court,
 Who at all preaching made a sport:
 He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God.
 The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
 "Pray 'wake the earl of Lauderdale:
 "My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
 "You snore so loud—you'll 'wake the king."

LXV. O R

LXV.

On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and
Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, “ I’ll certainly stop up that door,
“ If ever I find it unlock’d any more.”
‘ Your threats, replies Radcliffe, disturb not my ease ;
‘ And, so you don’t *paint* it, e’en do what you please.’
“ You’re smart, rejoins Kneller ; but, say what you will,
“ I’ll *take* any thing *from you*—but potion or pill.”

LXVI.

A Clown’s Apology to the Doctor.

A S honest *Richard*, a substantial clown,
Had brought his corn, one market-day, to town,
He met the *doctor*, who look’d vastly big,
And sternly frown’d beneath his awful wig.
The clown, whose heart still ran upon his treasure,
Thus guess’d the cause of *Syrinx*’s displeasure :
“ I han’t been lately at your shop, quoth Dick ;
“ But don’t be angry—for I ha’n’t been sick.”

LXVII.

The empty Gun.

A S Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And, face to face, the noisy contest wage ;
“ Don’t *cock* your chin at me,” Dick smartly cries ;
‘ Fear not—his head’s not *charg’d*,’ a friend replies.

LXVIII.

The Alternative.

I N heat of youth, poor Jack engag’d a wife,
Whose tongue, he found, might prove a scourge for life ;
K Perplex’d,

Perplex'd, he still put off the evil day;
 Grew sick at length—and just expiring lay:
 To which sad crisis having brought the matter,
 "To wed or die"—Jack wisely chose the latter.

LXIX.

To Doctor Abel ——— :

In his Sickness.

ABEL! prescribe thyself; trust not another:
 Some envious leech, like Cain, may slay his *brother*.

LXX.

Against Riddles.

OF all the fops that plague mankind,
 None with th' ænigmatist can vye,
 Who vainly hopes applause to find,
 By studying obscurity.

When Nimrod's sons, to mount the skies,
 With rash intent a tow'r began,
 What stratagem did Heaven devise
 To dissipate that impious clan?

Heav'n sent no famines, plagues, or wars;
 But gave each man a puzzling riddle:
 His neighbour's dulness each abhors,—
 And leaves the building in the middle.

LXXI.

The Virtuoso.

WHAT, to the valiant knight of Spain,
 Was Donna del Toboso;—
 Such is the idol of his brain
 To ev'ry virtuoso.

Don.

Don Quixotte to a goddess lifted
 An home-spun country lass ;
 Each grain of corn the damsel sifted
 With him for pearls could pass.

Whate'er the curious deifies,
 It thus his fancy warms,
 And gives to shells and butterflies
 Imaginary charms.

But let not those, that look more grave,
 Themselves their wisdom pride on ;
 Since every man must sometimes have
 His hobby-horse to ride on.

LXXII.

The Prayer of an Humorist.

1.

CURIO, 'tis plain, by all these motto's,
 Romantic wight ! prefers
 Wild woods, wild rocks, and shapeless grotto's,
 To gardens and parterres.

2.

Each weed he culls of various hue ;
 Wild flow'rs are his delight :
 The primrose pale, the hyacinth blue,
 And dog-rose charm his fight.

3.

All these, around his mossy seat,
 He plants with wond'rous care ;
 And thus, in times of parching heat,
 To Heav'n directs his pray'r :

4.

“ O ! send us rain, ye gracious pow'rs
 “ The earth refreshment needs :
 “ Not for my corn, my fruits, or flow'rs ;
 “ But oh !—preserve my weeds.”

LXXIII.

To — —, Esq; Antiquary and F. R. S.

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new ;
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

LXXIV.

P-mbroke the humble to Chr-ft - Church the
ample ; or, The Rival Colleges.

Impar congressus !—

TRUCE with thy sneers ! thou proud, insulting college ;
Tho' not much known—we may be men of know-
ledge.

LXXV.

Meditation in a Coffee - House :

In the Manner of Dr. Swift.

FOR P—tt or B—te
Let men dispute,
And wrangle e'er so long !
Whilst party - spite
Thinks nothing right,
Sure all are in the wrong !

LXXVI.

On the foregoing Epigrams.

YOU imitate dean Swift, you say ;
His ease, his humour—well ! you may ;
From Greek and Latin you translate ;
You alter this, allude to that :—

Hints

Hints too you borrow, up and down,—
 Yet still your dulness is your own :
 And, should each bird his plumes reclaim,
 Adieu to your poetic fame !

LXXVII.

The Impertinence of the Critics.

FREED from his academic gown,
 When *Rakebell* first arriv'd in town,
 Soon to *Vauxhall* the youth was led,
 Lock'd arm in arm with *Frank* and *Ned*.
 Struck with the wonders of the place,
 Amazement seiz'd his brazen face :
 The glittering lights, the gay alcoves,
 The music warbling thro' the groves :
 O'er each illumin'd walk he strays,
 Each paste-board edifice surveys ;
 'Till, having view'd them o'er and o'er,
 Begins to wish for something more :
 To each fair sportive nymph he talks,
 And longs to rove in private walks ;
 But here the decent care of * *Tyers*
 Had plac'd his beadles and his wires,
 To keep men chaste ;—a sturdy tribe !
 Who scorn to take—a slender bribe.
 Young *Rakebell* now grows soundly tir'd
 Of what he just before admir'd :
 He damns the place ; and swears, in short,
 “ *These constables—spoil all the sport !*”
 The youthful bard, when first he roves,
 Thus wildly, thro' Arcadian groves,
 Still longs to cull forbidden flow'rs,
 And wanton loose in rosy bow'rs :
 The path of common-sense forfakes,
 For painted meads and silver lakes :

* Proprietor of the gardens.

Excursive leaps o'er nature's bounds,
And truth with falshood still confounds.

Check'd by the critic's chaster law,
At length he learns to stand in awe;
But yet, with sad reluctance, bends
To have his lays *review'd* by friends;
Provok'd, that reason's rigid rules
Forbid ev'n bards—to write like fools.

LXXVIII.

To an Old Maid.

OF suff'rings past why thus complain;
Or why, for joys you've miss'd, so cross?
Could pleasures, pass'd, be deem'd a gain?
Can pain, once pass'd, be deem'd a loss?

LXXIX.

1.

WHEN I the busy, fruitless cares,
The pride, the folly, hopes and fears
Of mortal men survey;
Like that old * *Greek*, I sometimes think,
True wisdom is to eat and drink,
And *laugh* the live-long day.

2.

But, when I seriously reflect
How much depends on our neglect,
Or careful use of time,
Taught of my folly to repent, I
Could almost think, when turn'd of twenty,
To *laugh at all's* a crime,

* Democritus.

LXXX. Under

LXXX.

Under an Hour-Glass, in a Grotto near the
Water.

1.

THIS babbling stream not uninformative flows,
Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main :
Each flow'r it feeds that on its margin grows,
And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

2.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides
Time's current, stealing on with silent haste ;
For lo ! each falling sand his folly chides,
Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

LXXXI.

On the Death a fine Girl of nine Years old :

To Mrs. Cr——.

JOY of her friends, her parents' only pride,
When scarce she'd tasted life, Eliza dy'd :
She was—but words are wanting to say what ;
Say all that's good and pretty—she was that.

LXXXII.

On erecting a Monument to Shakespear, un-
der the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Bur-
lington, &c.

TO mark her Shakespear's worth and Britain's love,
Let Pope design and Burlington approve :
Superfluous care ! When distant times shall view
This tomb grown old—his works shall still be new.

LXXXIII. On

LXXXIII.

On the Pyramidical Mausoleum erected to
R——h A——n, Esq; in Cl——t——n
Church-yard, 1764.

O'ER A——n's dust what needs this pious care
To raise yon splendid structure high in air?
How vain these efforts to adorn a name
So long recorded in the rolls of fame!
The great, the good, the friend of human-kind,
If such may hope a just return to find;
His virtuous acts, thro' distant ages spread,
Shall live, when tombs are vanish'd with their dead.

Yet hold! perhaps in emblematic stile
Some artist plann'd this pyramidic pile!—
As from its spreading base th' aspiring cone,
Tow'rd heav'n, high-rais'd, directs the pointed stone;
Thus A——n's gen'rous deeds still glorious rise,
Wide-spread on earth—all pointing to the skies.

F I N I S.



Erasmus to San Thos More

Quod nunc dixisti

De Urone Christo

"Credere quod edas et edis"

Sic tibi rescribo

Et tuo palfrido

Credere quod habes et habes

on false quantity. In Euphrates. upon

He came to Euphrates the cold made

him shiver

So to get over quicker he shortened

the river

Yent ad Euphratem glaci con-

terribus hecist

ut bene transit corrumpit fluvium.

repealed by L. Reed

author of "The

bold to mend"

In an old woman of Chester who sold pottery

Beneath the stone lies Catherine Gray

changed to a lifeless lump of clay

By earth and clay she got her self

yet now she's turned to earth itself

ye weeping friends, let me advise

abide your grief and dry your eyes

for what a ball a flood of tears

Who knows but in a run of years

In some tall petcher or broad pan

She or her shop may be again

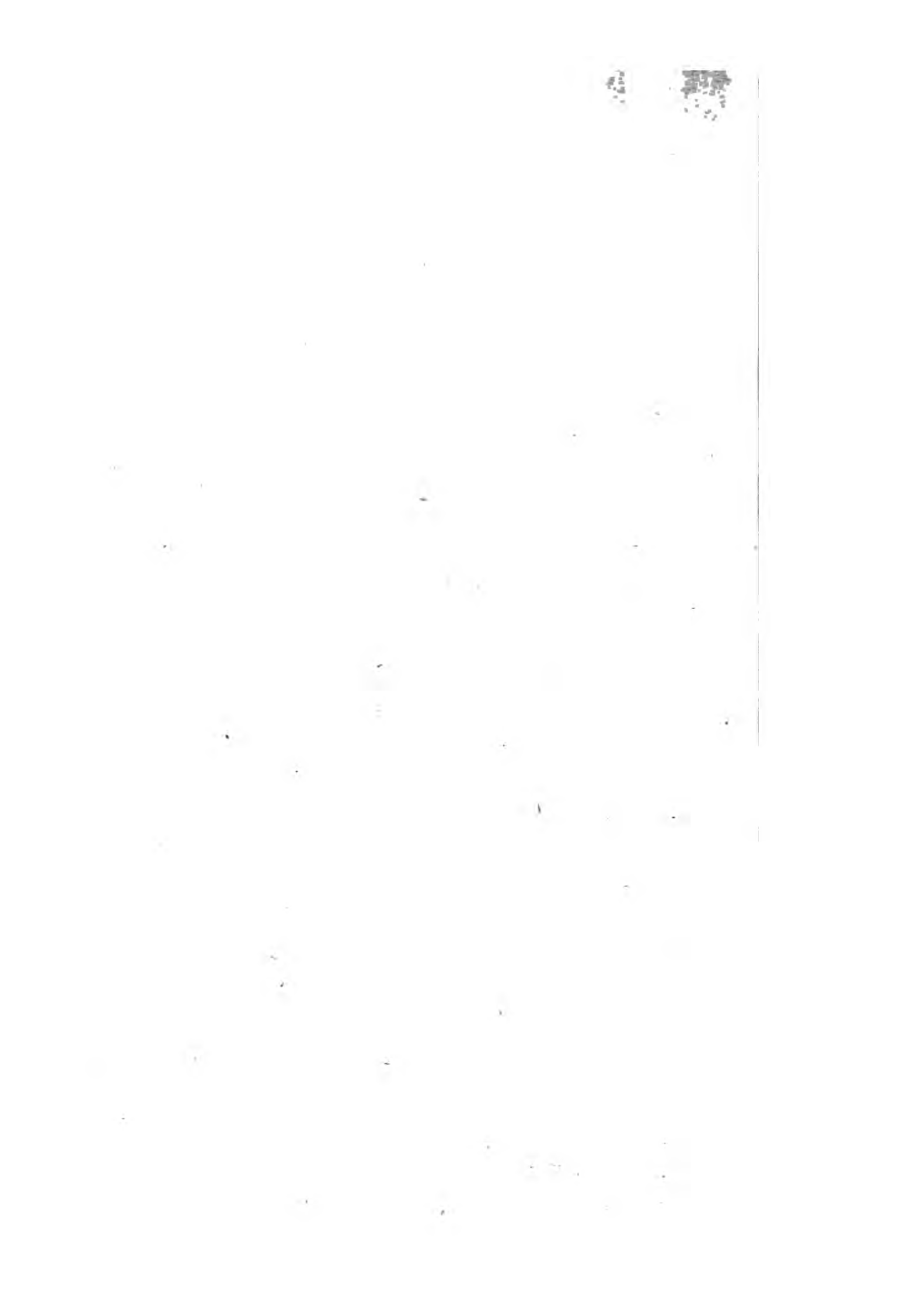
Some aim to tell what seemed to hit
Where last they dined. What then seemed with
now meets contain'ts & crosses
Jokes are like trees I deni place of birth
best souls them, moved to other earth
They perish in the process -
July. 11 1860. from R. H. S. Barker

Why should the Electors of Pontefract sully
Their honour by sending to Parliament Gully
The

Quis leonem pluma? pulvis quid pulvorem opus
Quid verba muler Quid mulem? nihil

сб

640



5
17
36
40
121 -
127
189



