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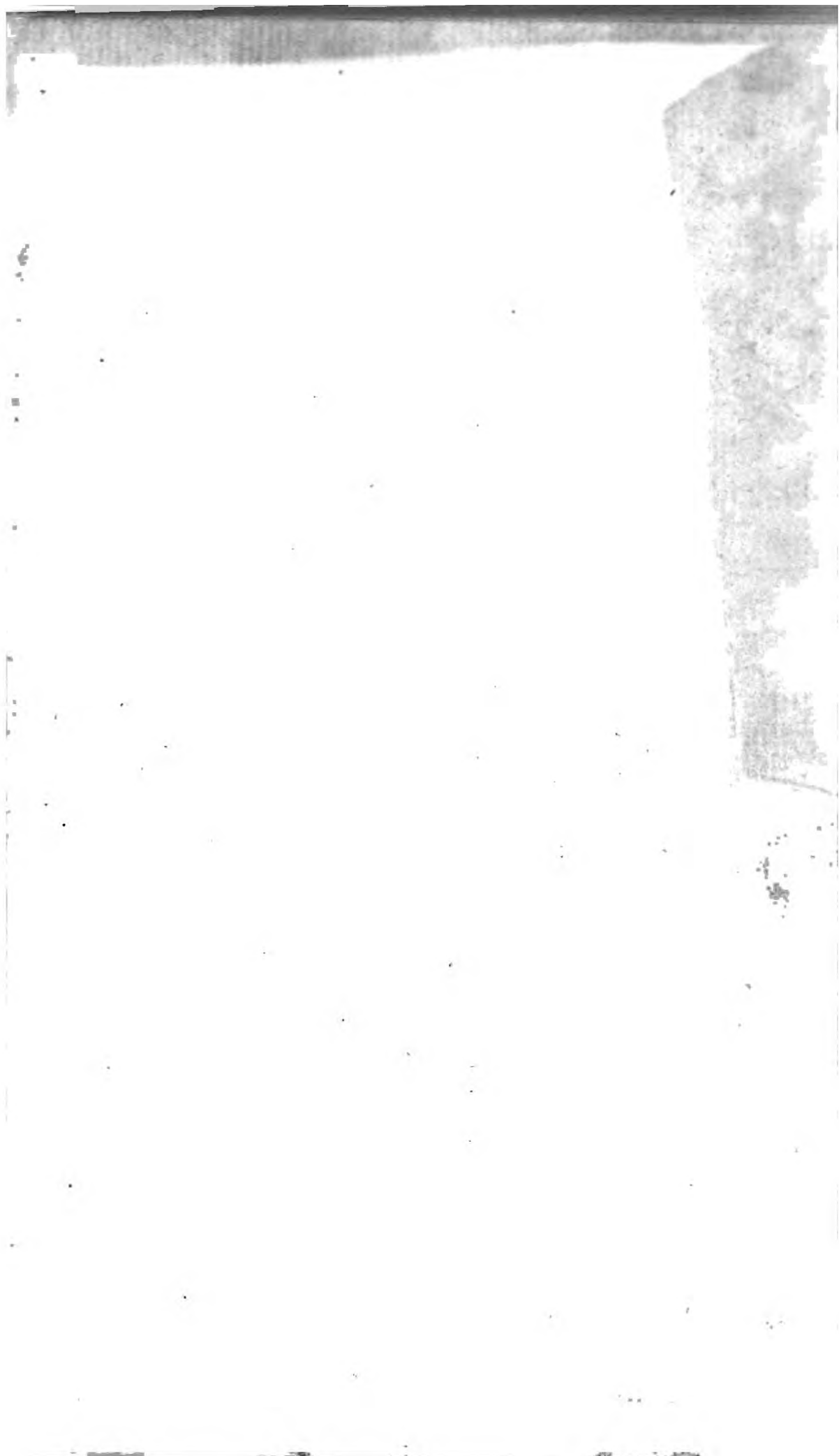


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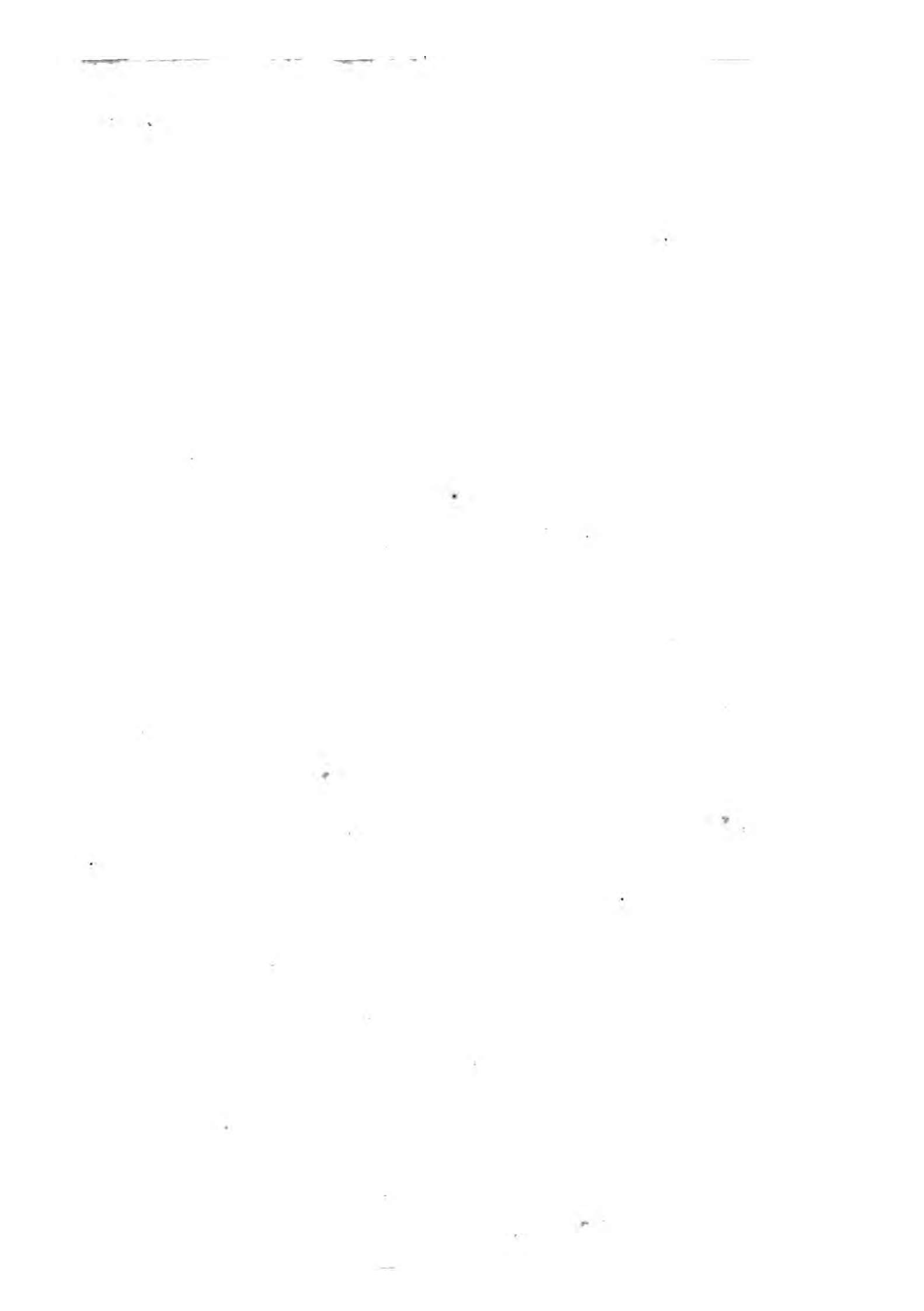
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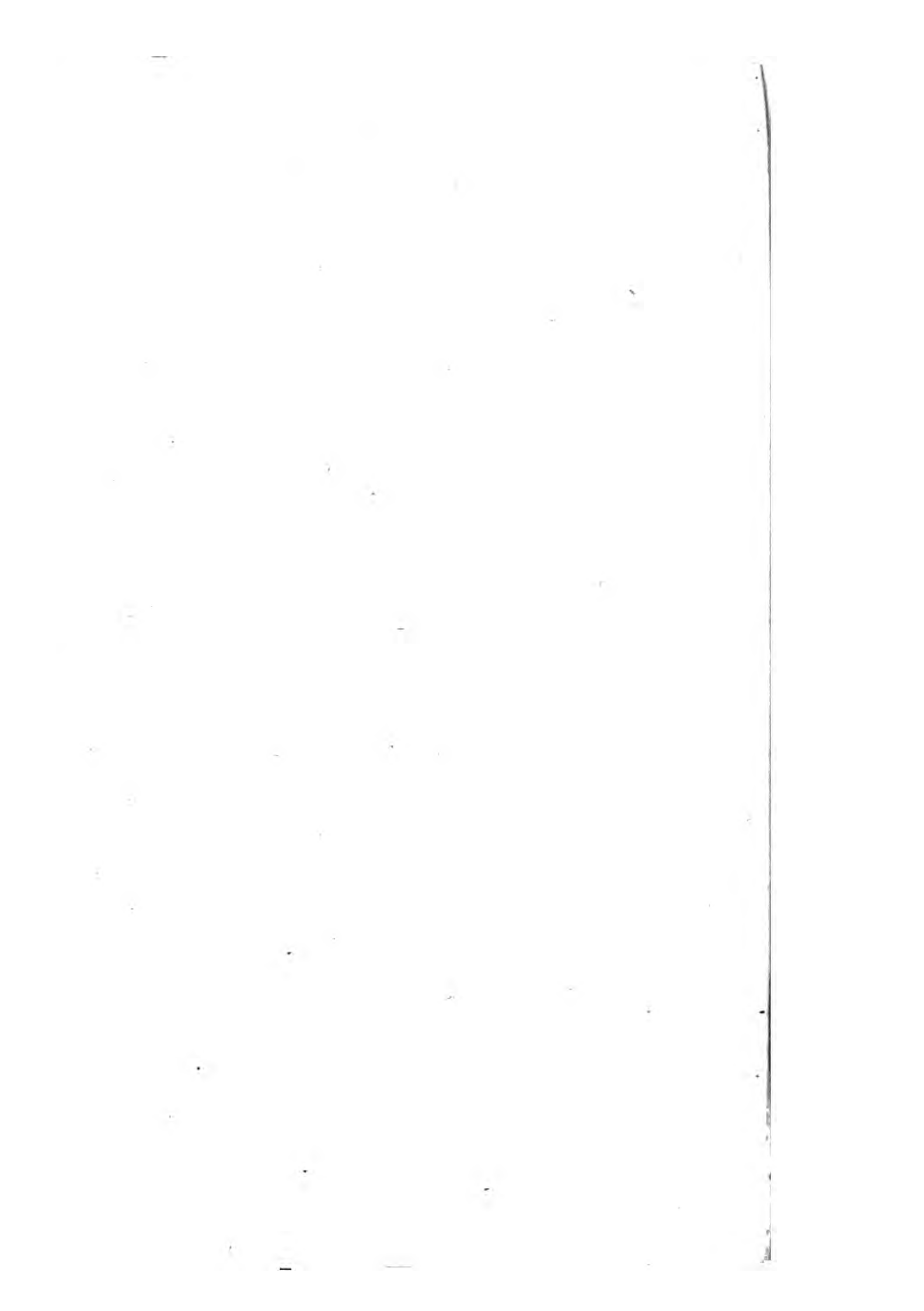
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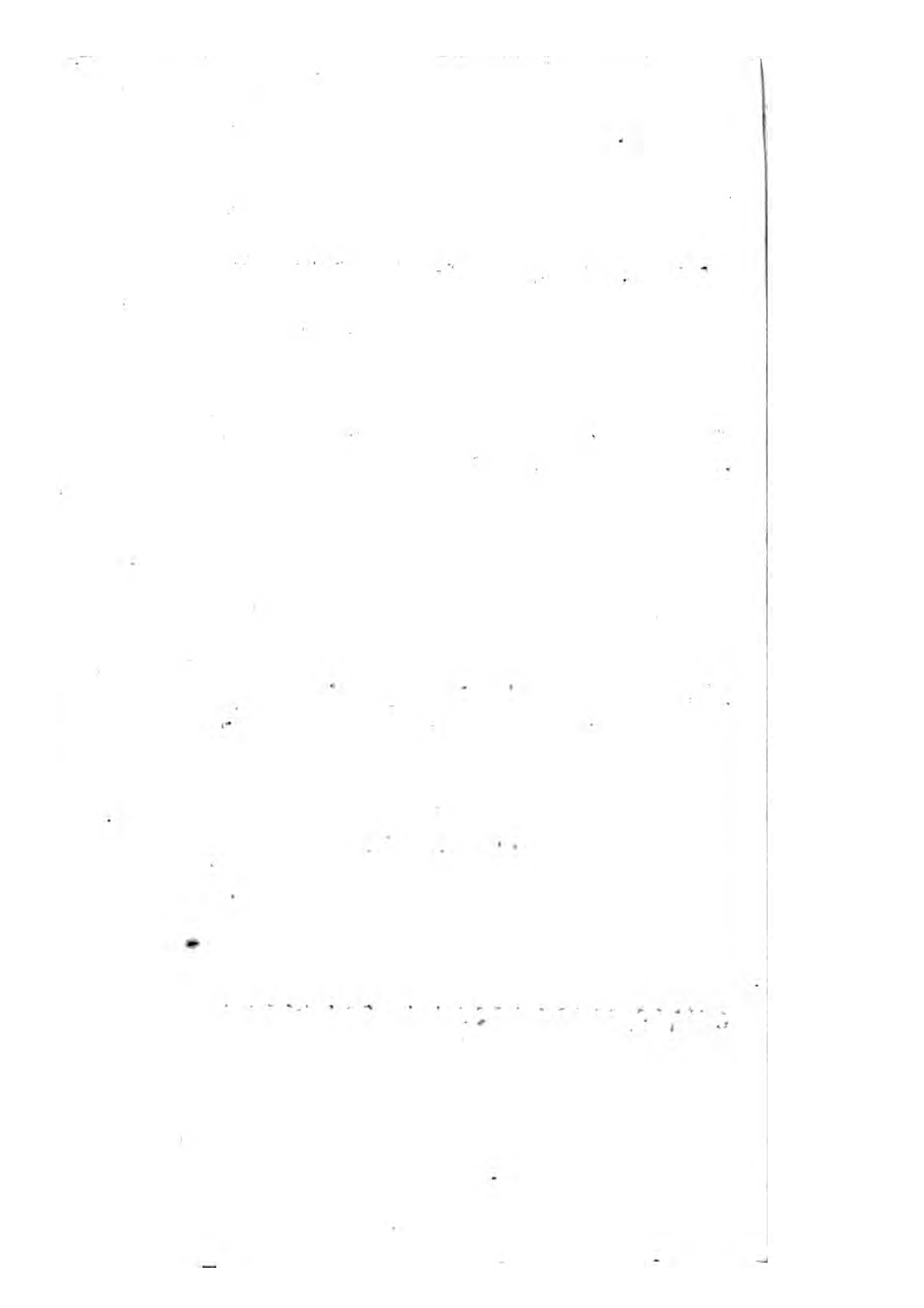
P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

V O L. II.

et al. et al. et al. et al. et al. et al. et al. et al. et al. et al.



P O E M S,
Robert ^{ON} *Stanford*
Several Occasions.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

IN

T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N:

Sold by A. MANSON, P. THOMPSON, H. NEW-
TON, S. BLAND, and R. DURSLEY.

MDCCLXXVII.



THE
C O N T E N T S.

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AN
O D E,
HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE
Q U E E N,
ON THE
GLORIOUS SUCCESS
O F
H E R M A J E S T Y ' S A R M S.
M D C C V I.

Written in imitation of SPENSER'S style.

*Te non paventis funera Galliae,
Duraeque tellus audit Iberiae :
Te caede gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis,*

Hos;

T H E

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an ode, than for any other sort of poetry; I therefore set HORACE before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of DRURUS after his expedition into GERMANY, and of AUGUSTUS upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to

P R E F A C E.

TO

follow our great countryman SPENSER; which I have done (as well as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number; having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words, as I found too obsolete. I have however retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like SPENSER'S. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *prowess*, strength; *I weet*, I know; *I ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my MUSE less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also in SPENSER'S manner, used *Cæsar* for the Emperor, *Boya* for Bavaria, *Bavar* for that Prince, *Ister* for Danube, *Iberia* for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Illo

Jaçtata Tuscis aequoribus, &c.

where HORACE praises the Romans, as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the BRITISH nation, descended from BRUTE, likewise a TROJAN. That this BRUTE, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in ENGLAND, and built LONDON, which he called *Troja Nova* or *Troynovante*, is a story which (I think) owes its original if not to GEOFFRY of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers, yet is not rejected by our great CAM-

DEN, and is told by MILTON, as if (at least) he was pleased with it; though possibly he does not believe it; however it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that BRUTE came into ENGLAND, as that AENEAS went into ITALY; and upon the supposition of these facts, VIRGIL wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and SPENSER paid Queen ELIZABETH the greatest compliment.

I NEED not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,

whereas he was not born, when that city was destroyed. VIRGIL in the case of his own AENEAS relating to DIDO, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

MY two great examples, HORACE and SPENSER, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know how to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous; both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached; both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their num-

P R E F A C E.

13

Ver. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted **PARNASSUS**, and all the flowery roads on that side of the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

A N O D E,

Humbly inscribed to the

Q U E E N.

I.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
And sent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars,
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home;
He saw his fame increasing with his years;
Horace, great bard (so fate ordain'd) arose;
And bold, as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung;
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands;
And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;
An equal genius was in Spenser found:
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:
Reciting wond'rous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
 Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
 Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew;
 What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
 What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say
 Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
 O fairest model of imperial sway!
 What equal pen shall write thy wond'rous reign?
 Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
 Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet:
 Yet if the sov'reign lady deigns to smile,
 I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
 And cloath the verse in Spenser's native style.
 By these examples rightly taught to sing,
 And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
 Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
 High as Olympus I my flight will raise:
 And latest times shall in my numbers read
 Anna's immortal fame, and Marlbro's hardy deed.

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
 Mindless of warlike rage, and hostile care,
 Plays round the rocky cliff, or crystal flood;
 'Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
 And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
 His bosom with the vengeful message glows:
 Upward the noble bird directs his wing;
 And tow'ring round his master's earth-born foes,
 Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire;
 Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlbro' fate;
 Shaded with laurels, in his native land ;
 'Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
 And gives her second thunder to his hand.
 Then leaving sweet repose, and gentle ease,
 With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe :
 Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
 He meditates, and strikes the wond'rous blow.
 Our thought flies slower than our general's fame :
 Grasps he the bolt ? (we ask) when he has hurl'd the
 flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
 Did from afar the British chief behold;
 Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
 Something within his warring bosom roll'd :
 He views that fav'rite of indulgent fame,
 Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore :
 Too well, alas ! the man he knows the same,
 Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r :
 And sent them trembling thro' the frighted lands,
 Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sand.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve ;
 Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
 It now would shine, and only give him leave
 To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
 So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
 His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
 Though deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
 Roars terrible, and meditates new war ;

In fullen fury traverses the plain
To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Misguided prince! no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of Marlbro's stronger star.
Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth)
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
While bold assertor of resistless truth,
Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed;
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier
head.

X.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confess:
'Tis thou art chang'd; while heav'n is still the same;
From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
Impartial justice holds her equal scales:
'Till stronger virtue does the weight incline;
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails;
He now defends the cause, that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue;
For Jove's great handmaid Power, must Jove's de-
crees pursue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms:
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws:

When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
 And all of William that was mortal dy'd;
 The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
 From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.
 Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown, [run.
 Where-e'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
 The master sword, disposer of thy pow'r:
 'Tis that which Caesar gave the British peer.
 He took the gift: nor ever will I sheath
 This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain)
 The general said, unless by glorious death
 Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
 Returns like these our mistrefs bids us make,
 When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
 Her force augmented by the Boyan bands:
 So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
 Rolls with new fury down through Ruffia's lands.
 Like two great rocks against the raging tide
 (If virtue's force with nature's we compare)
 Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
 Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
 Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats;
 And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power re-
 treats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
 With mingl'd anger, and collected might,

P O E M S.

To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
How Britain's sons, and Britain's friends can fight:
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them rushing through the Gallic host.
Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly desolation:

XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows;
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain presses her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the strong, and quells the great?
Whence look the soldiers cheeks dismay'd and pale?
Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevails;
And the pursuers only not recede.
Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For anxious, lo! they croud around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful Io's sound:
I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground——
Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The ev'ning star so falls into the main,
To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
 The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field:
 The Briton fights, by fav'ring gods sustain'd:
 Freedom must live; and lawless power must yield.
 Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
 That wav'ring conquest still desires to rove!
 In Marlbro's camp the goddess knows to dwell:
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.
 Again France flies: again the Duke pursues:
 And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
 From thy triumphant country's public voice:
 Thy country greater thanks can only give
 To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
 Recording Schellenbergs, and Blenheim's toils,
 We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat:
 We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallie spoils;
 And in those spoils we thought thy praise compleat:
 For never Greek, we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
 In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
 A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
 Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize,
 Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.
 Those heights, where William's virtue might have
 staid,
 And on the subject world look'd safely down,
 By Marlbro' pass'd, the props and steps were made,
 Sublimer yet to raise his queen's renown:

Still gaining more, still flighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd, while ought undone
remain'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia, in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has fortune been severe?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd
coast?

XXI.

To the close rock the frightened raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air:
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight;
Our conquest we by stratagem should make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by surprize to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes;

And this be Troynovante, he said, the feat
 By heav'n ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place;
 Superior here to all the bolts of fate
 Live, mindful of the author of your race,
 Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
 Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuart's off-spring flow:
 Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
 Talbot to Gallia's pow'r eternal foe,
 And Seymour, fam'd in council, or in field;
 Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
 And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea:
 Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
 Herbet's and Churchill's warring progeny:
 Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal:
 For oh! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to
 tell!

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
 Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
 Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke;
 Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
 And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies:
 So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise;
 And ev'ry age she with a race is crown'd,
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate pow'r whom nothing can repel;
 Not the fierce Saxon, nor the Dane.

Nor deep impresson of the Norman steel,
 Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain,
 Nor France on universal sway intent,
 Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars;
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
 Their own intestine-feuds, and mutual jars;
 Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
 What tidings shall the messenger convey?
 Shall the loud herald our success relate,
 Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
 Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
 They to my statue now must bow no more:
 Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallic pow'r—
 The Woman chief is master of the war:
 Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd heav'n by
 pray'r.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
 Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
 What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends?
 Now shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
 Oh! deign to let the eldest of the Nine
 Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
 Oh! with her sister, Sculpture let her join
 To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
 To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
 To thee our dearest dread; to thee, our softer King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe fav'd the column high erect,
 Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's ;
 Where sembling art may carve the fair effect,
 And full atchievement of thy great designs.
 In a calm heav'n, and a serener air,
 Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
 And pointing down to earth her dread command.
 All winds, all storms that threaten human woe,
 Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage

XXIX.

[below.

There fleets shall strive by winds and waters tost ;
 Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
 Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
 Shall fix his foot : and this, be this the land,
 Great Jove, where I for ever will remain
 (The empire's other hope shall say) and here
 Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie ; or crown'd, I'll reign
 O virtue, to thy British mother dear !
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide ;
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
 Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone.
 Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
 Shall Anna's terrors, and her mercies own :
 Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
 Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
 Numb'ring the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
 Whom Anna clad in arms, and sent to war ;

Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne :
And made him more than king, in calling him her son.

XXXI.

There Ister pleas'd, by Blenheim's glorious field
Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania fav'd by Britain's ample shield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear :
Shall bid them mention Marlbro', on that shore
Leading his islanders renown'd in arms,
Thro' climes, where never British chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms :
Shall bid them bless the Queen, who made his streams
Glorious as those of Boyn, and safe as those of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with tow'rs,
With decent joy shall her Deliv'rer meet ;
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bless thy pow'rs,
Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd ;
With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having sheath'd the sword.
From these their sister provinces shall know,
How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed spears
In artful piles around the work shall lie ;
And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with signs of Gallic heraldry ;
And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,
Marks of high pow'r and national command,

Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
 Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand :
 Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
 From Cresly's battle sav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And as fine art the spaces may dispose,
 The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
 Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British Rose,
 Type of sweet rule, and gentle majesty :
 The Northern Thistle, whom no hostile hand
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween ;
 Hibernia's Harp, device of her command,
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen :
 Thy vanquish'd Lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
 Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh ! very far beneath,
 Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
 To save herself from darkness, and from death,
 That Muse desires the last, the lowest place ;
 Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string ;
 For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing :
 And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease ;
 Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to peace.

C A N T A T A.

Set by MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

R E C I T.

BENEATH a verdant lawrel's ample shade,
 His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
 Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
 To Venus thus address'd the song:
 Ten thousand little Loves around
 List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry sound.

A R I E T.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.
 Youth on silent wings is flown:
 Graver years come rolling on.
 Spare my age, unfit for arms:
 Safe and humble let me rest,
 From all am'rous care releas'd.
 Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.

R E C I T.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
 The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
 Why do I all day lament and sigh,
 Unless the beauteous maid be nigh?

And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Through flow'ry meads, and crystal streams?

R E C I T.

Thus sung the bard; and thus the goddess spoke;
Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke:

Ev'ry state, and ev'ry age
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me thy muse shall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

A R I E T.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
Soft desire, and gentle pain:
Often praise, and always love her:
Through her ear her heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her:
Cupid does with Phoebus reign.

H E R R I G H T N A M E.

AS Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this, and blaming that;
Tell me, she said; but tell me true;
The nymph who cou'd your heart subdue,
What sort of charms does she possess?
Absolve me, fair one, I'll confess;
With pleasure I reply'd. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her iv'ry bosom roll,
And hiding half, adorns the whole.

In her high forehead's fair half round
 Love sits in open triumph crown'd :
 He in the dimple of her chin,
 In private state, by friends is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black, nor gray ;
 Nor fierce, nor feeble is their ray :
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.
 Her lips no living bard, I weet,
 May say how red, how round, how sweet :
 Old Homer only could indite
 Their vagrant grace, and soft delight :
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke——
 The gipsy turning to her glass,
 Too plainly show'd, she knew the face :
 And which am I most like, she said,
 Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown maid ?

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the surest guide
 You can name to show the way
 To any woman, maid, or bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no : for my virginity,
 When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die :
 Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,
 Rose, were you not extremely sick ?

A N O T H E R.

HER eye brow-box one morning lost,
 (The best of folks are oft'nest crost)
 Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
 Her careles but afflicted maid ;
 Put me to bed then, wretched Jane :
 Alas! when shall I rise again?
 I can behold no mortal now :
 For what's an eye without a brow ?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house
 Poor Helen sits, and sobs and cries ;
 She will not see her loving spouse,
 Nor her more dear picquet-allies :
 Unless she finds her eye-brows,
 She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was just slipt into bed :
 Her eye-brows on the toilet lay ;
 Away the kitten with them fled,
 As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careles Jane,
 Assure yourself was loudly rated :
 And Madam getting up again,
 With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as fages write,
Depends our human joy, or sorrow :
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas ! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

P H Y L L I S ' s A G E s .

HOW old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages ?
To answer is no easy task :
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocard, and pinch'd in stays ;
Her patches, paint, and jewels-on ;
All day let envy view her face ;
And Phyllis is but twenty one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd ;
And Phyllis is some forty-three.

Forma bonum fragile.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, says Baron la 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 dropt the eye, and broke it.

A critical moment:

HOW capricious were nature and art to poor
Nell?
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

A N E P I G R A M.

Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a-year,
Do you complain you cannot bear
An ill, you may soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modefter
By much than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Louis' d'or;
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice: probatum est.
Why do the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest?

EPILOGUE TO PHAEDRA.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, who acted ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore,
 For one who never troubled you before :
 An Oxford man extremely read in Greek,
 Who from Euripides makes Phaedra speak ;
 And comes to town, to let us moderns know,
 How women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play :
 I'gad ! we know all that, as well as they :
 Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
 Firm in his seat, and running his career ;
 Our souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames,
 As e'er inspir'd the antient Grecian dames :
 Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast ;
 And ev'ry dear Hyppolytus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
 Are e'en as good, as any two of theirs,
 And if Hippolytus can but contrive
 To buy the gilded chariot ; John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
 And Phaedra's morals in this scholar's play,
 Something at least in justice should be said :
 But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—
 Well ! Phaedra liv'd as chaste as she cou'd ;
 For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood.
 Her aukward love indeed was oddly fated :
 She and her Poly were too near related :
 And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
 If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd :

But when he came, what needed he to know,
 But that all matters stood in statu quo?
 There was no harm, you see, or grant there were:
 She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
 'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
 Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
 He should have sent a night or two before,
 That he would come exact at such an hour:
 Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest;
 Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest;
 The picquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
 And spouse alone impatient for her dear.

But if these gay reflections come too late,
 To keep the guilty Phaedra from her fate;
 If your more serious judgment must condemn
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
 Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
 Let love and innocence engage your care:
 My spotless flames to your protection take;
 And spare poor Phaedra for Ismena's sake.

EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS.

Spoken by Mr. HORTON.

THE female author who recites to-day,
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
 Like father Bayes securely she sits down:
 Pit, box and gallery, Gad! all's our own.
 In antient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
 By their applause the critics show'd their wit,

They tun'd their voices to her Lyric string ;
 Tho' they could all do something more than sing.
 But one exception to this fact we find ;
 That booby Phaon only was unkind,
 An ill-bred boat-man rough as waves and wind. }
 From Sappho down thro' all succeeding ages,
 And now on French or on Italian stages,
 Rough satires, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
 Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
 Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
 Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
 The blust'ring bully in our neighb'ring streets
 Scorns to attack the female that he meets :
 Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns :
 The hoop secures whatever it furrounds.
 The many-colour'd gentry there above,
 By turns are rul'd by tumult, and by love :
 And while their sweet-hearts their attention fix,
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering sticks.
 Now, Sirs——
 To you our author makes her soft request,
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best.
 Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
 From tender friendship, and endearing love.
 If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse ;
 And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse ;
 She hopes from you—pox take her hopes and fears ;
 I plead her sex's claim : what matters her's ?
 By our full pow'r of beauty we think fit,
 To damn this Salique law impos'd on wit :
 We'll try the empire you so long have boasted ;
 And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted.

Approve what one of us presents to night ;
 Or ev'ry mortal woman here shall write :
 Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme ; }
 Female remarks shall take up all your time. }
 Your time, poor souls ! we'll take your very money.
 Female third days shall come so thick upon ye.
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
 Unless ye yield for better and for worse : }
 Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course ; }
 And the grey mare shall prove the better horse. }

The THIEF and the CORDELIER, a BALLAD.

*To the tune of King JOHN and the ABBOT
of CANTERBURY.*

WHO has e'er been at Paris, must needs know
 the Greve,
 The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave :
 Where honour and justice most odly contribute,
 To ease hero's pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

[on ;

There death breaks the shackles, which force had put
 And the hangman compleats what the judge but be-
 gun :

There the 'squire of the pad and the knight of the post,
 Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no
Derry down, &c. [more crost.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known ;

And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own ;
But my hearers cry out ; what a duce dost thou ail ;
Cut off thy reflections ; and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witnesses, to back a bad cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear :
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?

Derry down, &c.

The 'squire whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste, that the show should begin :
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;
And often took leave ; but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the
priest :

You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon :
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pugh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies :

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis ;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest ;
You have only to die : let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid :
 It reflects upon me ; as I knew not my trade :
 Courage, friend : to-day is your period of sorrow ;
 And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ! our hero reply'd in a fright :
 He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-
 night.
 Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly trufs'd
 For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup. [up.
Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the
 treat,
Parblew, I shall have little stomach to eat :
 I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace ;
 Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to
 boot :
 But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
 The feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste :
 For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said ;
 Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade :
 For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie ;
 And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

A N E P I T A P H.

*Stet quicumque volet potens
Aulae culmine lubrico, &c.*

Senec.

INTER'D beneath this marble stone,
Lie saunt'ring Jack, and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well:
If changing empires rose or fell;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They soundly slept the night away:
They just did nothing all the day:
And having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more:
Nor sister either had, nor brother:
They seem'd just tally'd for each other:
Their moral and oeconomy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded:
They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did:
Her maids she neither prais'd, nor chid:
So ev'ry servant took his course:
And bad at first, they all grew worse.

P O E M S.

41

Slothful disorder fill'd his stable ;
And fluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong ; their wine was Port ;
Their meal was large ; their grace was short ;
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate ;
And took, but read not the receipt :
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumb'ring in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know ;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend ;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor ;
That might decrease their present store.
Nor barn nor house did they repair ;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added, nor confounded ;
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear ;
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear, nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made ;
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :
Their jugg was to the ringers carry'd ;
Whoever either dy'd, or marry'd.
Their billet at the fire was found ;
Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;
They would not learn, nor could advise :

Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were:
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd;
 And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd.

HORACE Lib. I. Epist. IX.

*Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
 Quanti me facias, &c.*

IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable Mr. HARLEY.

DEAR Dick, howe'er it comes into his head,
 Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
 That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
 Tho' I plain Mat, you *minister of state*.
 One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
 Wou'd fix his fortune in some little place.
 Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
 How far my interest with my patron goes;
 And answering all objections I can make,
 Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
 One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread;
 That I, in fact, a real interest have,
 Which to my own advantage I wou'd save,
 And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
 To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by;
 And make my reason with his will comply;

Hoping for my excuse, 'twill be confess,
 That of two evils I have chose the least,
 So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
 Receive the partner of my inmost-soul:
 Him you will find in letters, and in laws
 Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
 Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
 And, in one word, a good man and a true.

To Mr. HARLEY, wounded by GUISCARD,
 1711.

————— *ab ipso*
Dulcit opes animumque ferro.

Her.

I.

IN one great *Now*, superior to an age,
 The full extremes of nature's force we find:
 How heav'nly virtue can exalt: or rage
 Infernal, how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand;
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand;
 He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives:
 The wounds his country from his death must feel,
 The *Patriot* views; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

The barb'rous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame :
 And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
 In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
 Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound :
 She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws ;
 And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
 Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe ;
 A stranger to her altars, and her land :
 No son of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care :
 Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath
 Softens thy anguish : in her pow'rful pray'r
 She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
 O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heav'n !
 No higher can aspiring virtue soar :
 Enough to thee of grief, and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION TO THE EARL OF
OXFORD, LORD HIGH TREASURER, 1712.

MY LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
To try for once, if they can dine
On bacon-ham, and mutton-chine:
If weary'd with the great affairs,
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humblest statesman, may'st descend,
Thy mind one moment to unbend;
To see thy servant from his soul
Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl;
Among the guests, which e'er my house
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof——
Tho' Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

In CHAUCER'S Style.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Batten beside Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch.
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast lyche as heart of mouse more wish.

As guests fat jovial at the board,
 Forth leap'd our mice : estfoons the Lord
 Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
 Who maketh oft propos full queint,
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
 To Matthew seated on t'oth' side ;
 To thee, lean bard, it doth pertain
 To understand these creatures tweine.
 Come frame us now some clear device,
 Or playfant rhyme on yonder mice :
 They seem, God shield me, Mat. and Charles,
 Bad as Sir Topaz, or Squire Quarles
 (Matthew did for the nonce reply)
 At emblem, or device am I :
 But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
 Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee :
 Ne verse from me (so God me thrive)
 One mouse, or other beast alive.
 Certes, I have these many days
 Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
 Ne armed knight ydred in war
 With lyon fierce will I compare :
 Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
 Harming in secret guise the flocks :
 Ne priest unworth of goddess coat,
 To swine ydrunk, or filthy float.
 Elk simile farewell for aye,
 From elephant, I trow, to flea.
 Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene,
 Matthew is angred on the spleen.
 Ne so, quoth Mat. ne shall be e'er,
 With wit that falleth all so fair :

Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine intent
 Boweth to your commandement,
 If by these creatures ye have seen,
 Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
 Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
 The rest in order to explain.

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
 I liken to * St. Stephen's court:
 Therein is space enough, I trow,
 For elk comrade to come and goe:
 And therein eke may both be fed
 With shiver of the wheaten bread.
 And when, as these mine eyne survey,
 They cease to skip, and squeak and play;
 Return they may to diff'rent cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other Tells.

Dear Robert, quoth the *Saint*, whose mind,
 In bounteous deeds no mean can bind;
 Now as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
 Let that be wrought which Mat. doth say:
 Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

In the same 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.

* *Exchequer.*

Now sure as priest did e'er thrive finner,
Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

In the same Style.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well mainteine,
Al gates assaulted fore by letchours tweine :
Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full young.

Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde ;
Had they been young (pardie) and she been olde :
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer tryal ;
Full marveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

A FLOWER *Painted by SIMON 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, that ne'er shall fade.

To the Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY, since Marchioness of CARMARTHEN, on a column of her drawing.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew ;
They shall confess that Britain could not raise
A fairer column to the father's praise.

P R O T O G E N E S A N D A P E L L E S .

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
 As nature pointed out the view:
 Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
 To spoil the well-proportion'd piece:
 And in our verse ere monkish rhimes
 Had jangl'd their fantastic chimes:
 Ere on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burges's scot and lot;
 And, as old Pliny's writings show,
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.
 Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came;
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure, or commend,
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candor might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings:
 His servants follow with the things:
 Appears the governante of the house:
 For such in Greece were much in use:
 If young or handsome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me, or thee to know.

Does 'Squire Protogenes live here?
 Yes, Sir, says she with gracious air,
 And curt'sey low; but just call'd out
 By lords peculiarly devout;
 Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
 Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow.
 To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
 I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,
 To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
 The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
 So like th' original, they say,
 But I have no great skill that way.
 But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
 Dromo must make my master's tea:
 At six, Sir, if you please to come,
 You'll find my master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
 Was found some twenty ages after:
 Authors, before they write, shou'd read.
 'Tis very true: but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present wou'd you please
 To leave your name——fair maiden, yes.
 Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
 But done. With one judicious stroke,
 On the plain ground Apelles drew
 A circle regularly true;
 And will you please, sweet heart, said he,
 To shew your master this from me?
 By it he presently will know,
 How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
 Smiling and curt'sing, Sir, she said,

I shall not fail to tell my master :
 And Sir, for fear of all difaster
 I'll keep it my own self : safe bind,
 Says the old proverb, and safe find.
 So, Sir, as sure as key or lock——
 Your servant Sir——at six o'clock.

Again at six Apelles came ;
 Found the same prating civil dame.
 Sir, that my master has been here,
 Will by the board itself appear.
 If from the perfect line he found,
 He has presum'd to swell the round,
 Or colours on the draught to lay ;
 'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)
 Thus write the painters of this isle :
 Let those of Co remark the style.

She said ; and to his hand restor'd
 The rival pledge, the missive board.
 Upon the happy line were laid
 Such obvious light, and easy shade ;
 That Paris' apple stood confest,
 Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece ;
 And live, said he, the arts of Greece !
 Howe'er Protogenes and I
 May in our rival talents vie ;
 Howe'er our works may have express'd,
 Who truest drew, or colour'd best ;
 When he beheld my flowing line ;
 He found at least I could design :
 And from his artful round, I grant,
 That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest *Genius* cannot fail
 To find the moral of my tale :
 That the distinguish'd part of men,
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
 Shou'd in life's visit leave their name,
 In characters, which may proclaim,
 That they with ardor strove to raise
 At once their arts, and country's praise ;
 And in their working took great care,
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

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?

For my own Tomb stone.

TO me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'twas giv'n
 To live: alas! one moment sets us ev'n.
 Mark! how impartial is the will of Heav'n?

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS ad Amicos.

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitae,
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
 Arctoa florens sophia, Samiisque superbus
 Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.

Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto ;
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico ;
 Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
 Vitai faciles molliter ire vias :
 Vinaque coelicolis media inter gaudia libo ;
 Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
 Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, coeli ;
 Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis.
 Fabula sit terris agitur quae vita relictis ;
 Quique superstes, homo ; qui nihil, esto Deus.
 Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas
 Proderit, ac vitae commoditate frui,
 Et fostos agitasse dies, aevique fugacis
 Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
 His me parentem praeceptis occupet orcus,
 Et mors ; seu divum, seu nihil esse velit :
 Nam sophia ars illa est, quae fallere suaviter horas
 Admonet, atque orci non timuisse minas.

I M I T A T E D.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
 That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
 I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
 And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
 When mortal man resigns his transient breath ;
 The body only I give o'er to death,
 The parts dissolv'd, and broken frame I mourn :
 What came from earth, I see to earth return.
 The immaterial part, th' aethereal soul,
 Nor can change vanquish, nor can death controul.

Glad I release it from its partner's cares;
 And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
 Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
 Which, spight of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
 The draught to the dead's mem'ry I commend,
 And offer to the now immortal friend.
 But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
 Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor pow'r of Jove;
 On its dark side if thou the prospect take;
 Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake:
 In total death suppose the mortal lie,
 No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
 Yet bear thy lot content; yet cease to grieve:
 Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
 The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant *now*
 And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
 And of this little hast thou ought to spare
 To sad reflection, and corroding care?
 The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
 With pleasant mem'ry of the blifs they gave.
 The pleasant hours in present mirth employ,
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy,
 The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
 Were destin'd erst; nor can by fate's decree
 Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

The first H Y M N of CALLIMACHUS
 to J U P I T E R.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
 Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove himself,
 The god for ever great, for ever king;

Who flew the earth-born race, and measures right
 To heav'n's great habitants? Dictæan hearest thou
 More joyful, or Lycaean, long dispute
 And various thought has trac'd. On Ida mount,
 Or Dicte, studious of his country's praise,
 The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
 He meets reproof deserv'd: for the presumptuous
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ft
 To die, but liv'ft the same to-day and ever.
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth: great Rhea
 Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
 And wild Lycaeus, black with shading pines;
 Holy retreat! Sithence no female hither,
 Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
 Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd [spring
 The pond'rous birth: she sought the neighb'ring
 To wash the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,
 (However streamy) now adust and dry,
 Deny'd the goddess water: where deep Melas,
 And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smok'd
 Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty trav'ler
 In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
 In subterraneous caverns: forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'er shading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon,
 And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
 Thou too, O earth, great Rhea said, bring forth;
 And short shall be thy pangs: she said; and high
 She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
 The yawning cliff: from its disparted height.

Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
 And cheer'd the valleys: there the heav'nly mother
 Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them
 In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
 To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
 Careful and secret: Neda of the nymphs
 That tended the great birth, next Philyre
 And Styx, the eldest. Smiling she receiv'd thee,
 And conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust:
 Not unrewarded; since the river bore
 The fav'rite virgin's name: fair Neda flows
 By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
 Fast by the flow'ry bank the sons of Arcas,
 Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy care protect
 Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, God, to Cnosus Neda brought: the nymphs
 And Corybantes thee their sacred charge
 Receiv'd: Adraste rock'd thy golden cradle:
 The goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
 Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distant
 With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
 Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around the fierce Curetes (order solemn
 To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
 Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding arms;
 Industrious with the warlike din to quell
 Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn.
 Swift growth and wond'rous grace, O heav'nly Jove,
 Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
 And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act.
 That Saturn's sons receiv'd the threefold empire
 Of heav'n, of ocean, and deep hell beneath.

As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
 Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
 Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value
 By lot are parted: but high Heav'n, thy share,
 In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
 Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
 Wherefore not chance, but pow'r, above thy brethren
 Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
 Commands thy chariot forth; impetuous strength,
 And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
 Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
 And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
 Grant thy glad omen; let thy fav'rite rise
 Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser gods hast well assign'd
 Their proper shares of pow'r: thy own, great Jove,
 Boundless and universal, those who labour
 The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
 Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleening armor,
 Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
 Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
 O'er hanging cliffs; who spreads his net successful,
 And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
 The soldier from successful camps returning,
 With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
 Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
 Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
 To make his hero and himself immortal.
 Those, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
 Who model nations, publish laws, announce
 Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
 Man owns the pow'r of kings; and kings of Jove.

And as their actions tend subordinate
 To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
 Proportion'd to the work; thou see'st impartial,
 How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
 His different realm, accountable to thee,
 Great ruler of the world: these only have
 To speak and be obey'd: to those are giv'n
 Assistant days to ripen the design;
 To some whole months; revolving years to some:
 Others, ill-fated are condemn'd to toil
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
 With fruitless act, and impotence of council.

Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
 Of ev'ry good: thy praise what man yet born
 Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
 Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
 Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
 For without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
 And virtue without wealth exerts less pow'r,
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
 Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift.

The second H Y M N *of* C A L L I M A C H U S *to*
 A P O L L O.

HAH! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
 And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
 The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
 The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
 Feel the glad impulse: and the sever'd bars
 Submissive clink against their brazen portals.

Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd : and hov'ring swans, their throats releas'd
From native silence, carol sounds harmonious ?

Begin, young men, the hymn : let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence ; and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first by ardent pray'r, and clear lustration
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness :
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With silver hairs, and fair descent of children ;
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies' encrease.

Pay sacred rev'rence to Apollo's song ;
Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent nature stands ;
And seas subside, obedient to the sound :
Of Io, Io Pean ! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death :
For Phoebus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother !
Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring
To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Io ! again repeat ye, Io Pean !

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.
He that resists the pow'r of Ptolemy,
Resists the pow'r of heav'n : for pow'r from heav'n
Derives ; and monarchs rule by gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
The ditty still unfinish'd ; and the day

Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
 Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
 And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
 And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
 Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
 And Liſſian bow are gold: with golden sandals
 His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!
 Beneath his steps the yellow min'ral rises;
 And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
 Eternal deck his cheek: from his fair head
 Perfumes distil their sweets; and chearful *Health*,
 His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
 With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spear-man's arm by thee, great God, directed,
 Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
 Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
 Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
 Eludes the urn: and chains, or exiles death.

Thee Nömian we adore; for that from heav'n
 Descending, thou on fair Amphryfus' banks
 Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sith thence the cow
 Produc'd an ampler store of milk: the she-goat
 Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder;
 And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
 Now dropp'd their two-fold burdens. Blest the cattle,
 On which Apollo cast his fav'ring eye?

But Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
 Delight'ft in building cities. Bright Diana,
 Kind sister to the infant-deity
 New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle, [lers
 Brought hunted wild goats-heads, and branching ant-

Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
 These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range,
 (Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models,
 With emblematic skill, and mystic order,
 Thou shew'dst, where towers or battlements should
 rise;

Where gates should open; or where walls should
 compass:

While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd
 The future strength, and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
 The Libyan strand; when the foreboding crow
 Flew on the right before the people, marking
 The country destin'd the auspicious seat
 Of future kings, and favour of the God,
 Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boedromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
 Phœbus, great king? for diff'rent are thy names,
 As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
 Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
 Carnean let me call thee; for my country
 Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
 Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
 Ere settled in Cyrene; there w' appointed
 Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars
 Smoking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls;
 As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend,
 Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites,
 Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
 Io Carnean Phœbus! Io Pean!

The yellow Crocus there, and fair Narcissus
 Reserve the honours of their winter-store,

To deck thy temple ; till returning spring
 Diffuses nature's various pride : and flow'rs
 Innumerable, by the soft south-west
 Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
 Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
 Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
 When annual the Carnean feast is held :
 The warlike Lybians clad in armor, lead
 The dance ; with clanging swords and shields they beat
 The dreadful measure ; in the chorus join
 Their women, brown but beautiful : such rites
 To thee well-pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
 From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
 And lands determin'd for their last abodes ;
 But wander'd thro' Azilis' horrid forest
 Dispers'd ; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
 Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
 Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
 Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair one view
 Her Typic people : thou with pleasure taught'st her
 To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
 And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
 Happy the nymph, who honour'd by thy passion,
 Was aided by thy pow'r ! the monstrous Python
 Durst tempt thy wrath in vain : for dead he fell,
 To thy great strength, and golden arms unequal.
 Io ! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
 Another, and another dart ; the people
 Joyful repeated Io ! Io Pean !
 Elance the dart, Apollo : for the safety,
 And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.
 Envy thy latest foe suggested thus ;

Like thee I am a pow'r immortal ; therefore
 To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
 Those poets who write little ? vast and great
 Is what I love : the far-extended ocean
 To a small riv'let I prefer. Apollo
 Spurn'd Envy with his foot ; and thus the god :
 Daemon, the headlong current of Euphrates,
 Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy ;
 And carries forward with his stupid force
 Polluting dirt ; his torrent still augmenting,
 His wave still more defil'd : mean while the nymphs
 Melissa, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
 Studious to have their off'rings well receiv'd,
 And fit for heav'nly use, from little urns
 Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Io! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
 Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake,
 Draw tuns unmeasurable ; while thy favour
 Administers to my ambitious thirst
 The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
 Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
 Adown the mountains where thy daughter haunts.

C H A R I T Y.

*A PARAPHRASE on the thirteenth CHAPTER of the
 First EPISTLE to the CORINTHIANS.*

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung :
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define ;

And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
 When Moses gave them miracles, and law:
 Yet, gracious *Charity*, indulgent guest,
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast;
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r:
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
 A tymbal's sound were better than my voice:
 My faith were form: my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
 Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives:
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n:
 And opens in each heart a little *Heav'n*.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows;
 To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r;
 And finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
 But lasting *Charity's* more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's interveening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass ;
A little we discover ; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can show :
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By *Faith* directed, and confirm'd by *Hope* :
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd :
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant *Faith*, and holy *Hope* shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair *Charity*,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the host of Heav'n confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

*Engraven on a COLUMN in the Church of HALSTEAD
in ESSEX. The spire of which, burnt down by
lightning, was rebuilt at the expence of Mr.
SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.*

VIEW not this spire by measure giv'n
To buildings rais'd by common hands :
That fabric rises high as heav'n,
Whose basis on devotion stands.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our *Faith* and *Hope* declare :
But *Charity* beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.

Blest be he call'd among good men,
Who to his God this column rais'd :
Though lightning strike the dome again ;
The man, who built it, shall be prais'd.

Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains ;
And *Faith*, and *Hope* themselves shall die ;
While deathless *Charity* remains.

*Written in MONTAIGNE's Essays, given to the Duke of
SHREWSBURY in FRANCE, after the Peace 1713.*

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities, and of courts, of books and men ;
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live ;
 And from the transcript of thy prose receive,
 What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile
 Accept the work ; and the instructed isle,
 For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
 Wisdom in English Idiom shall be heard ;
 While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

A N E P I S T L E,

*Desiring the QUEEN'S Picture. Written at Paris,
 1714, but left unfinished, by the sudden news of
 her MAJESTY'S Death.*

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
 The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate
 Let other ministers, great Anne, require ;
 And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
 To the fair portrait of my sov'reign dame,
 To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
 If ever I found favour in thy sight ;
 If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
 My past has took, or future life may take,
 Be grateful to my Queen : permit my pray'r,
 And with this gift reward my total care.
 Will thy indulgent hand, fair faint, allow
 The boon ? and will thy ear accept the vow ?

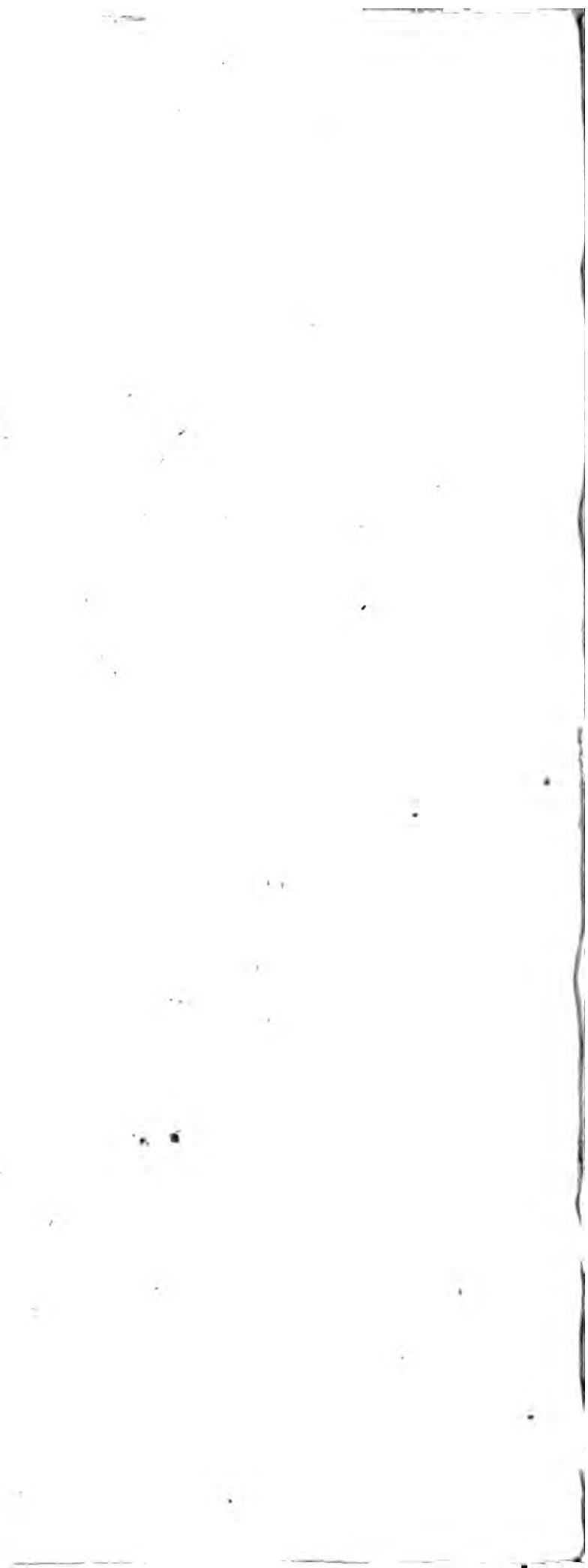
That in despite of age, of impious flame,
 And eating time, thy picture like thy fame
 Entire may last ; that as their eyes survey
 The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
 Thus great, thus gracious look'd Britannia's Queen ;
 Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene ;
 When to a low, but to a loyal hand
 The mighty empress gave her high command,
 That he to hostile camps, and kings should haste,
 To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past ;
 To say, she wills detested wars to cease ;
 She checks her conquest, for her subject's ease ;
 And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
 Thee, Queen of Peace—If time and fate have power
 Higher to raise the glories of thy reign ;
 In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
 May future bards the mighty theme rehearse,
 Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
 The votive tablet I suspend * * * * *

A L M A:
OR, THE
P R O G R E S S
OF THE
M I N D.
IN
T H R E E C A N T O S.

*Πάντα γέλας, και πάντα κρινς, και πατα το μηδέν
Παυτα γαρ ἐξ αλογων τα εσι γιγνομενα.*

Incert. ap. Stobaem.



THE
FIRST CANTO.

MATTHEW met Richard, *when or where*
From story is not mighty clear :
Of many knotty points they spoke ;
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuscript have eat :
Dire hunger ! which we still regret ;
O ! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast.
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins :

* * * * Here Matthew said :

Alma in verse ; in prose, the *Mind*,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is *bona fide*, all in all.
And yet, flap-dash, is all again
In ev'ry sinew, nerve, and vein :
Runs here and there like Hamlet's ghost ;
While every where she rules the roast.

This *System*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.

They say (for in good truth they speak
 With small respect of (that old Greek)
 That putting all his words together,
 'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain,
 Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain;
 And from that seat of thought dispenses
 Her sov'reign pleasure to the senses.
 Two *optic* nerves, they say, she ties,
 Like spectacles, across the eyes;
 By which the spirits bring her word,
 Whene'er the balls are fix'd, or stirr'd;
 How quick at park and play they strike;
 The Duke they court; the toast they like;
 And at St. James's turn their grace
 From former friends, now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
 Her pow'r, they hold, had been precarious:
 The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin;
 And she not known, what they were doing.
 Foolish it had been, and unkind,
 That they should see, and she be blind.

Wise nature likewise, they suppose,
 Has drawn two conduits down our nose;
 Could *Alma* else with judgment tell,
 When *Cabbage* stinks, or *Roses* smell?
 Or who would ask for her opinion
 Between an *Oyster* and an *Onion*?
 For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
 Some little bits ask leave to flow;
 And, as through these canals they roll,
 Bring up a sample of the whole.

Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn, what lord approaches.
By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small beer for Citron waters.

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear;
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are, but th' *Alarums* which they beat.

Last to enjoy her sense of feeling
(A thing she much delights to deal in)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes' and fingers' ends;
And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the judge gives diff'rent journeys
To country counsel, and attornies;
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home;
Yet sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess,
The diff'rence but from more to less.
The *Mind*, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain;
You grant, at least, she is extended;
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
For 'till to-morrow shou'd you plead
From form and structure of the head:
The *Mind* as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole *Machine*.
Why shou'd all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain :
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he ?
For music, grant the head receives it ;
It is the artist's hand that gives it.
And though the scull may wear the laurel ;
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears and eyes
Are not his parts, but his allies.
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone ?
A foolish figure he must make ;
Do nothing else, but sleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that you can show,
How to the head the spirits go.
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins cou'd roll.

Now we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.

If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of *Num-scul's* self shou'd take the place.
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch,
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter;
And strike the bottom of your feet;
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover
Confess, that feeling lies all over.

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
'That eyes were made, but could not view;
Nor hands embrace, not feet pursue;
But heedless nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act, was yet unknown,
'Till all is mov'd by chance alone.

A man first builds a country seat;
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wond'ring sees
Nor books, nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims aver.
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late, in season.

But no man sure e'er left his house,
And saddl'd Ball, with thoughts so wild,

To bring a midwife to his spouse,
 Before he knew she was with child.
 And no man ever reapt his corn,
 Or from the oven drew his bread,
 Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
 That taught them both to sow and knead.
 Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
 Can—pray, says Dick, hold in your muse,
 While you Pindaric truths rehearse;
 She hobbles in *Alternate* verse.

Verse? Mat. reply'd: is that my care?
 Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.

This looks, friend Dick, as nature had
 But exercis'd the *Salesmand's* trade:
 As if she haply had fat down,
 And cut out cloaths for all the town;
 Then sent them out to Monmouth street,
 To try, what persons they would fit.
 But ev'ry free and licens'd tailor
 Would in the Thesis find a failure.
 Should whims like these his head perplex,
 How could he work for either sex?
 His cloaths, as atomes might prevail,
 Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
 No, no: he views with studious pleasure
 Your shape, before he takes your measure.
 For real Kate he made the bodice,
 And not for an *Ideal* goddess.
 No error near his shop-board lurk'd:
 He knew the folks for whom he work'd.
 Still to their size he aim'd his skill:
 Else, prythee, who would pay his bill?

Next, Dick, if Chance herself shou'd vary;
 Observe, how matters would miscarry:
 Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;
 Your spectacles upon your toes;
 Then you and Memmius shall agree,
 How nicely men would walk or see.

But wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
 Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd.
 And still your knowledge will increase,
 As you make other people's less.
 In arms and science 'tis the same:
 Our rivals hurts create our fame.
 At Faubert's if disputes arise
 Among the champions for the prize;
 To prove, who gave the fairer butt,
 John shews the chalk on Robert's coat.
 So, for the honour of your book,
 It tells, where other folks mistook:
 And, as their notions you confound,
 Those you invent get farther ground.

The commentators on old Ari-
 stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
 They to their own conceits have brought
 The image of his general thought.
 Just as the melancholic eye
 Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
 And to the poor apprentice ear
 The bells sound Whittington Lord May'r.
 The conj'rer thus explains his *scheme*:
 Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;
 North-Britons thus have *Second sight*;
 And Germans free from gunshot fight.

Theodoret, and Origen,
 And fifty other learned men
 Attest, that if their comments find
 The traces of their master's mind;
Alma can ne'er decay nor die :
 This flatly t'other sect deny,
 Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand ;
 Great names, but hard in *verse* to stand.
 They wonder men should have mistook
 The *Tenets* of their master's book ;
 And hold, that *Alma* yields her breath,
 O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
 How which were wise? and which were fools?
 Poor *Alma* sits between two stools :
 The more she reads, the more perplex;
 The comment ruining the text :
 How fears, now hopes her doubtful fate :
 But Richard, let her look to that——
 Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
 These diff'rent *Systems*, old or new,
 A man with half an eye may see,
 Were only form'd to disagree.
 How to bring things to fair conclusion,
 And save much Christian ink's effusion ;
 Let me propose an healing *scheme*,
 And sail along the middle stream :
 For, Dick, if we could reconcile
 Old Aristotle with Gassendus ;
 How many would admire our toil ?
 And yet how few would apprehend us ?
 Here, Richard, let my *scheme* commence,
 Oh ! may my words be lost in sense ;

While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of *Alma's* flight.

My simple *system* shall suppose,
The *Alma* enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees:
Next as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigor to the thighs:
And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waste:
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter;
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd, by time
Up to the heart she loves to climb:
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head;
Pithy, and short, says Dick: proceed:

Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Observe the progress of the motion:
First I demonstratively prove,
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go:
For they have nothing else to do.
Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Lest *Alma* newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christ'ning's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.

Full piteous seems young *Alma's* case :
 As in a luckless gamester's place,
 She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again as she grows something stronger,
 And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
 If in the night too oft he kicks,
 Or shows the *loco-motive* tricks ;
 These first assaults fat *Kate* repays him.
 When half-asleep she overlays him.

Now mark, dear *Richard*, from the age,
 That children tread this worldly stage,
 Broom-staff, or poker they bestride,
 And round the parlor love to ride ;
 'Till thoughtful father's pious care
 Provides his brood, next *Smithfield* fair,
 With supplemental hobby-horses :
 And happy be their infant courses !

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still :
 Their legs, you see, direct their will.
 From opening morn 'till setting sun,
 Around the fields and woods they run :
 They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play ;
 Nor heed, what *Friend* or *Snap* can say.

To her next stage as *Alma* flies,
 And likes, as I have said, the thighs :
 With *Sympathetic* power she warms
 Their good allies and friends, the arms.
 While *Betty* dances on the green ;
 And *Susan* is at stool-ball seen :
 While *John* for nine-pins does declare ;
 And *Roger* loves to pitch the bar ;

Both legs and arms spontaneous move :
 Which was the thing I meant to prove.
 Another motion now she makes :
 O need I name the feat she takes ?
 This thought quite chang'd the stripling finds ;
 The spot and race no more he minds :
 Neglected Tray and Pointer lie :
 And covies unmolested fly.
 Sudden the jocund plain he leaves ;
 And for the nymph in secret grieves.
 In dying accents he complains
 Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
 The nymph too longs to be alone ;
 Leaves all the swains and sighs for one.
 The nymph is warm'd with young desire ;
 And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
 They meet each evening in the grove :
 Their parley but augments their love.
 So to the priest their case they tell :
 He ties the knot; and all goes well.
 But, O my *Muse*, just distance keep :
 Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
 In nine months' time the boddice loose,
 And petticoats too short, disclose,
 That at this age the active mind
 About the waste lies most confin'd ;
 And that young life, and quick'ning sense
 Spring from his influence darted thence.
 So from the middle of the world
 The *Sun's* prolific rays are hurl'd :
 'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
 Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
 Here stroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat ;
 Then slapp'd his hand upon the board ;
 And thus the youth put in his word.
 Love's advocate, sweet Sir, would find him
 A higher place than you assign'd him.
 Love's advocates, Dick, who are those? —
 The poets, you may well suppose.
 I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
 The men, with whom 'till now you herded.
Prose-men alone for private ends,
 I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius ;
 If he may be allowed to teach us.
 The self same thing soft Ovid says
 (A proper judge in such a case.)
 Horace his phrase is *torret jecur* ;
 And happy was that curious speaker.
 Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion :
 What signifies too long quotation ?
 In Ode and Epic plain the case is,
 That love holds one of these two places.

Dick, without passion or reflexion,
 I'll straight demolish this objection,
 First poets, all the world agrees,
 Write half to profit, half to please.
 Matter and figure they produce ;
 For garnish this, and that for use ;
 And, in the structure of their feasts,
 They seek to feed, and please their guests :
 But one may balk this good intent,
 And take things otherwise than meant.

Thus if you dine with my Lord May'r,
 Roast beef and ven'son is your fare :
 Thence you proceed to swan, and bustard,
 And persevere in tart, and custard :
 But *Tulip leaves*, and *Lemon-peel*,
 Help only to adorn the meal :
 And painted flags, superb and neat,
 Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
 The man of sense his meat devours ;
 But only smells the peel, and flow'rs :
 And he must be an idle dreamer,
 Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
 And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
 Is all but emblem to acquaint one,
 The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
 Such images have sometimes shown
 A *Mystic* sense, but oftner none.
 For who conceives, what bards devise,
 That heav'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes,
 Or where's the sense, direct or moral,
 That teeth are pearls, or lips are coral ?
 Your Horace owns, he various writ,
 As wild, or sober maggots bit ;
 And where too much the poet ranted,
 The sage philosopher recanted.
 His grave Epistles may disprove
 The wanton Odes he made to Love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
 With Cupid, and his fancy'd mother :
 Calls her great queen of earth and air,
 Declares, that winds and seas obey her ;

And, while, her honour he rehearſes,
 Implores her to inſpire his verſes.

Yet free from this poetic madneſs,
 Next page he ſays in ſober ſadneſs,
 That ſhe and all her fellow-gods
 Sit idling in their high abodes,
 Regardleſs of this world below,
 Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
 Nor once diſturb their heavenly ſpirits
 With Scapin's cheats, or Caefar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin poets prove,
 Where lies the real feat of love.
 Jecur they burn, and Cor they pierce,
 As either beſt ſupplies their verſe:
 And, if folks aſk the reaſon for't,
 Say, one was long, and t'other ſhort.
 Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh muſe,
 May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.
 In proſe our property is greater;
 Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre?
 If Cupid throws a ſingle dart;
 We make him wound the lover's heart:
 But if he takes his bow and quiver;
 'Tis ſure he muſt tranſfix the liver:
 For rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe;
 And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.

But let your friends in verſe ſuppoſe,
 What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in proſe;
 Anatomifts can make it clear,
 The *Liver* minds his own affair:
 Kindly ſupplies our public uſes;
 And parts and ſtrains the vital juices;

Still lay some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide ;
Else we should want both gibe and satire ;
And all be burst with pure good nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witness ;
And love is all delight and sweetness ;
My *Logic* then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same :
And, he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler.
The like may of the *Heart* be said ;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those, whose hearts are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the *Tat too* ;
And mighty physical their fear is :
For, soon as noise of combat near is,
Their hearts descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
But heroes who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high :
The strings of which, in battles heat,
Against their very *Corsets* beat ;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure ;
And yield 'em most excessive pleasure.
Now if tis chiefly in the heart,
That courage does itself exert ;
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the throne of love.
Would nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire, and fell debate ?
Most people only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tir'd with fighting !

And has no man, but who has kill'd
 A father, right to get a child?
 These notions then I think but idle:
 And love shall still possess the middle.
 This truth more plainly to discover,
 Suppose your hero were a lover,
 Though he before had gall and rage,
 Which death, or conquest must assuage;
 He grows dispirited and low:
 He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

In scornful sloth Achilles slept;
 And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
 Nor would return to war and slaughter;
 Till they brought back the parson's daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
 Augustus pressing, Asia lost.
 His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,
 To keep the fair, he gave the world.

Edward our fourth, rever'd and crown'd;
 Vig'rous in youth, in arms renown'd;
 While England's voice, and Warwick's care
 Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
 Chang'd peace and pow'r for rage and wars,
 Only to dry one widow's tears.

France's fourth Henry we may see,
 A servant to the fair d'Estree;
 When quitting Coutras prosp'rous field,
 And fortune taught at length to yield;
 He from his guard and midnight tent,
 Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
 To wanton with the sprightly dame;
 And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic, who dares prove,
These heroes were no friends to love;
And bolder he, who dares aver,
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their *Heart*, or fir'd their *Liver*;
Fond *Alma* to these parts was gone,
Which *Love* more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four:
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen;
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For some in ancient books delight,
Others prefer what moderns write;
Now I should be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

T H E

S E C O N D C A N T O .

BUT shall we take the *Muse* abroad,
To drop her idly on the road ?
And leave our subject in the middle ;
As Butler did his bear and fiddle ?
Yet he, consummate master, knew,
When to recede, and where pursue :
His noble negligences teach,
What other toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope :
If after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip ;
Straight gath'ring all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his flight ;
And owe your pleasure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
False *mimic* of my master's dance :
Around the cord a while I sprawl ;
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.
My preface tells you, I digress'd :
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.
I like, quoth Dick, your *Simile* ,
And in return, take two from me.

P O E M S.

As masters in the *Glare-obscure*,
 With various light your eyes allure:
 A flaming yellow here they spread;
 Draw off in blue or charge in red:
 Yet from these colours odly mix'd,
 Your sight upon the whole is fix'd.
 Or as, again, your courtly dames
 (Whose cloaths returning birth-day claims)
 By arts improve the stuffs they vary;
 And things are best as most contrary.
 The gown with stiff embroid'ry shining,
 Looks charming with a slighter lining:
 The out, if Indian figures stain;
 The in-side must be rich and plain.
 So you, great authors, have thought fit,
 To make digression temper wit:
 When arguments too fiercely glare,
 You calm 'em with a milder air:
 To break their points, you turn their force;
 And *Furbelow* the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine
 Speak something fly, and something fine:
 But I shall e'en resume my theme;
 However thou may'st praise, or blame.

As people marry now, and settle;
 Fierce love abates his usual mettle:
 Worldly desires, and household cares
 Disturb the godhead's soft affairs;
 So now, as health or temper changes,
 In larger compass *Alma* ranges,
 This day below, the next above;
 As light or solid whimsies move.

P O E M S.

So merchant has his house in town,
And country-seat near Bansted down :
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors :
In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smoaks his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For story and experience tell us,
That man grows cold, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure :
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r.
His wishes tend abroad to roam ;
And hers, to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees ;
And ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below :
But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bread feints, and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon, when she was sick ;
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus having strove some tedious years,
With feign'd desires, and real fears ;
And tir'd with answers and replies,
Oft John affirms, and Martha lies ;

P O E M S.

98

Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.

Poltis, that gen'rous King of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.

All Asia now was by the ears:
And gods beat up for voluntiers
To Greece, and Troy; while Poltis sat
In quiet, governing his state.

And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise, and discord spring?

Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife:

The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse:
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.

What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.

Again, how can her old good-man
With honour take her back again?

From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.

Now I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:

One to Atrides I will send;
And t'other to my Trojan friend.

Each prince shall thus with honour have,
What both so warmly seem to crave:

The wrath of gods and man shall cease;
And Poltis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

Howe'er swift *Alma's* flight may vary,
 (Take this by way of *Corollary* :)
 Some limbs she finds the very same,
 In place, and dignity, and name :
 These dwell at such convenient distance,
 That each may give his friend assistance.
 Thus he who runs or dances, begs
 The equal vigour of two legs ;
 So much to both does *Alma* trust,
 She ne'er regards, which goes the first.
 Teague could make neither of them stay,
 When with himself he ran away.
 The man who struggles in the fight,
 Fatigues left arm as well as right :
 For whilst one hand exalts the blow,
 And on the earth extends the foe ;
 T'other would take it wond'rous ill,
 If in your pocket he lay still.
 And when you shoot and shut one eye,
 You cannot think, he would deny
 To lend the other friendly aid,
 Or wink, as coward, and afraid.
 No, Sir ; whilst he withdraws his flame ;
 His comrade takes the surer aim.
 One moment if his beams recede ;
 As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
 Opening again, he lays his claim
 To half the profit, half the fame ;
 And helps to pocket up the game.
 'Tis thus, one tradesman slips away,
 To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again in bulk or stature
 Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
 In concert act, like modern friends;
 Because one serves the other's ends.
 The arm thus waits upon the heart,
 So quick to take the bully's part:
 That one, though warm, decides more slow
 Than t'other executes the blow.

A stander-by may chance to have it,
 Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The am'rous eyes thus always go
 A-strolling for their friends below:
 For long before the 'Squire and dame
 Have *tete a tete* reliev'd their flame;
 Ere visits yet are brought about,
 The eye by sympathy looks out;
 Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her:
 And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
 Though at fash-window, on the stairs,
 At court, nay (authors say) at pray'rs.—

The funeral of some valiant knight
 May give this thing its proper light.
 View his two gauntlets: these declare
 That both his hands were us'd to war.
 And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
 His feet were equally concern'd.
 But have you not with thought beheld
 The sword hung dangling o'er the shield?
 Which shows the breast, that plate was us'd to,
 Had an ally right arm to trust to:
 And by the peep-holes in his crest,
 Is it not virtually confest,

That there his eyes took distant aim,
 And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
 In whose delight his hope was centred,
 And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *System*

May rise perhaps; and I have mist them:
 But I can call to my assistance
 Proximity (mark that!) and distance:
 Can prove, that all things, on occasion,
 Love union, and desire adhesion;
 That *Alma* merely is a scale;
 And motives, like the weights, prevail.
 If neither side turn down or up,
 With loss or gain, with fear or hope;
 The balance always would hang ev'n,
 Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heav'n.

This, Richard, is a curious case:
 Suppose your eyes sent equal rays,
 Upon two distant pots of ale,
 Not knowing, which was mild or stale:
 In this sad state your doubtful choice
 Would never have the casting voice:
 Which best or worst, you could not think;
 And die you must, for want of drink;
 Unless some chance inclines your sight,
 Betting one pot in fairer light;
 Then you prefer or A, or B,
 As lines and angles best agree:
 Your sense resolv'd impells your will:
 She guides your hand,—so drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
 Between two equal panniers sway'd?

Her tallies useleſs lie, and idle,
 If plac'd exactly in the middle :
 But forc'd from this unactive ſtate,
 By virtue of ſome caſual weight ;
 On either ſide you hear 'em clatter,
 And judge of right and left-hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
 Without your choice, muſt take its courſe,
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
 Like loaded needles to the North.

And thou and I, by pow'r unſeen,
 Are barely paſſive, and ſuck'd in
 To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
 As ſtraw and paper are by amber.

If we ſit down to play or ſet
 (Suppoſe at Ombre or Baſſet)

Let people call us cheats or fools ;
 Our cards and we are equal tools.

We ſure in vain the cards condemn :
 Ourſelves both cut and ſhuff'd them.

In vain on fortune's aid rely :

She only is a ſtander-by.

Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they
 Do ſome impuſive force obey ;

And are but play'd with — Do not play.

But ſpace and matter we ſhould blame ;
 They palm'd the trick that loſt the game.

Thus to ſave further contradiction,
 Againſt what you may think but fiction :
 I for attraction, Dick, declare :
 Deny it thoſe bold men that dare.

As well your motion, as your thought
 Is all by hidden impulse wrought :
 Ev'n saying, that you think or walk,
 How like a country 'Squire you talk ?
 Mark then ;——where fancy or desire
 Collects the beams of vital fire ;
 Into that limb fair *Alma* slides,
 And there, *pro tempore*, resides.
 She dwells in Nicholini's tongue,
 When Pyrrhus chants the heav'nly song :
 When Pedro does the lute command,
 She guides the cunning artist's hand.
 Thro' Macer's gullet she runs down,
 When the vile glutton dines alone.
 And void of modesty and thought,
 She follows Bibo's endless draught.
 Through the soft sex again she ranges ;
 As youth, caprice, or fashion changes.
 Fair *Alma* careless and serene,
 In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen ;
 While they diffuse their infant beams,
 Themselves not conscious of their flames.
 Again fair *Alma* sits confest,
 On Florimel's experter breast ;
 When she the rising sigh constrains,
 And by concealing speaks her pains.
 In Cynthia's neck fair *Alma* glows,
 When the vain thing her jewels shows :
 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
 Fair *Alma* plays about her waste ;
 And when the swelling hoop sustains
 The rich brocard, fair *Alma* deigns

Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round, herself the centre.

Again: that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature)
Which most did *Alma's* passion move,
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the am'rous breast.

O Abelard, ill fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song.
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern, and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn;
That love with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime, he strives to hide:
And softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his vot'ries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear *Eloisa's* face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

Next Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols *Alma* plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn, and pole;

Tho' gout and age his speed detain,
 Old John halloo's his hounds again :
 By his fire-side he starts the hare ;
 And turns her in his wicker chair :
 His feet, however lame, you find,
 Have got the better of his mind.

If while the mind was in her leg,
 The dance affected nimble Peg ;
 Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty one,
 Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan,
 In public mask, or private ball,
 From Lincoln's-Inn, to Goldsmith's-Hall,
 All Christmas long away she trudges ;
 Trips it with prentices and judges ;
 In vain her children urge her stay ;
 And age or palsy bar the way.
 But if those images prevail,
 Which whilom did affect the tail ;
 She still reviews the ancient scene ;
 Forgets the forty years between ;
 Aukwardly gay, and oddly merry,
 Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry ;
 O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,
 She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If *Alma*, whilst the man was young,
 Slip'd up too soon into his tongue :
 Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.
 On any point if you dispute,
 Depend upon it, he'll confute :
 Change sides ; and you increase your pain :
 For he'll confute you back again.

For one may speak with Tully's tongue ;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.

Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse :
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again : if in the female sex,
Alma should on this member fix ;
(A cruel and a desp'rate case,
From which heav'n shield my lovely lass)
For evermore all care is vain,
That would bring *Alma* down again.

As in habitual gout, or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet :
So, if for any sin of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe tho' just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife ;
'Till death shall bring the kind relief :
We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know, a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me, when I last was sick,
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of *Plastic* forms, and *Mental* pow'rs :
Describ'd our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation :
And lest I should be weary'd, Madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;

From whence, as fast as she was able,
 She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :
 Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece she goes ;
 And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on gen'ral nature :
 This is a system, not a satire.
 Turn we this globe ; and let us see,
 How diff'rent nations disagree,
 In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
 Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
 In water as you smell and taste
 The soils, thro' which it rose and past ;
 In *Alma's* manners you may read
 The place where she was born and bred.

One people from their swadling bands
 Releas'd their infants feet and hands :
 Here *Alma* to these limbs was brought ;
 And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought :

Another taught their babes to talk,
 Ere they cou'd yet in goe-carts walk :
 There *Alma* settl'd in the tongue ;
 And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighb'ring lands,
 The diff'rent use of mouths and hands :
 As men repos'd their various hopes,
 In battles these, and those in tropes.

In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
 The ladies trip in petticoats ;
 Which for the honour of their nation,
 They quit but on some great occasion.
 Men there in breeches clad you view :
 They claim that garment, as their due.



In Turkey the reverse appears :
 Long coats the haughty husband wears :
 And greets his wife with angry speeches ;
 If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantastic *Climes* the fair
 With cleanly powder dry their hair :
 And round their lovely breast and head
 Fresh flow'rs their mingled odors shed.
 Your nicer Hottentotes think meet,
 With guts and tripe to deck their feet ;
 With downcast looks on Totta's legs,
 The ogling youth most humbly begs,
 She would not from his hopes remove
 At once his breakfast, and his love :
 And if the skittish nymph should fly ;
 He in a double sense must die.

We simple *Toasters* take delight
 To see our women's teeth look white.
 And ev'ry saucy ill-bred fellow
 Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
 In China none hold women sweet,
 Except their snags are black as jett.
 King Chihu put nine queens to death,
 Convict on statute, *iv'ry teeth*.

At Tonquin if a prince should die :
 (As Jesuits write, who never lie)
 The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
 Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best ;
 Prepare, and light his fun'ral fire,
 And chearful on the pile expire.
 In Europe 'twould be hard to find
 In each degree one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest east,
 And there observe the gentry drest;
 Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
 Scar'd with ten thousand comely blisters;
 The marks remaining on the skin,
 To tell the quality within.
 Distinguish'd flashes deck the great:
 As each excells in birth, or state;
 His oylet-holes are more, and ampler:
 The king's own body was a sampler.
 Happy the climate, where the beau
 Wears the same suit for use, and show:
 And at a small expence your wife,
 If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.

Westward again the Indian fair
 Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
 Before you see, you smell your toast:
 And sweetest she, who stinks the most:
 The finest sparks, and cleanest *Beaux*
 Drip from the shoulders to the toes.
 How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
 There slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding:
 Begin we in our children's reading.
 To Master John the English maid
 A horn-book gives of ginger-bread;
 And that the child may learn the better,
 As he can name, he eats the letter:
 Proceeding thus with vast delight,
 He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
 But shew a Hebrew's hopeful son,
 Where we suppose the book begun;

The child would thank you for your kindness,
 And read quite backward from our *Finis*.
 Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
 Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter,
 Is in the manners of a daughter.
 In Europe, if a harmless maid,
 By nature and by love betray'd,
 Should ere a wife become a nurse ;
 Her friends would look on her the worse.
 In China, Dampier's travels tell ye :
 (Look in his index for Pagelli :)
 Soon as the British ships unmoore,
 And jolly long-boat rows to shore ;
 Down come the nobles of the land :
 Each brings his daughter in his hand,
 Beseeching the imperious tar
 To make her but one hour his care.
 The tender mother stands affrighted,
 Lest her dear daughter should be slighted.
 And poor Miss Yaya dreads the shame
 Of going back the maid she came.

Observe how custom, Dick, compells
 The lady that in Europe dwells ;
 After her tea she slips away ;
 And what to do, one need not say.
 Now see great Pomonque's queen
 Behav'd herself among the men :
 Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant souk
 First drank, then water'd in the bowl,
 And sprinkl'd in the captain's face
 The marks of her peculiar grace————

To close this point, we need not roam
 For instances so far from home.
 What parts gay France from sober Spain?
 A little rising rocky chain.
 Of men born south or north o'th' hill,
 Those seldom move; these ne'er stand still.
 Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
 Rome not far distant from Geneve.
 If the good Pope remains at home,
 He's the first prince in Christendom.
 Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay;
 Nor westward curious take thy way.
 Thy way unhappy should'st thou take
 From Tyber's bank to Leman-lake;
 Thou art an aged priest no more,
 But a young flaring painted whore;
 Thy sex is lost: thy town is gone,
 No longer Rome, but Babylon.
 That some few leagues should make this change,
 To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
 But need we, friend, insist on this?
 Since in the very Cantons Swiss,
 All your philosophers agree,
 And prove it plain, that one may be
 A heretic, or true believer,
 On this, or t' other side a river.
 Here with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
 Your proofs come mighty full, and thick——
 The bard on this extensive chapter,
 Wound up into poetic rapture,
 Continu'd: Richard cast your eye
 By night upon a winter sky:

Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land :
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below ;
Into these common places look,
Which from great authors I have took ;
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need ;
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For standing ev'ry critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My *System*, as a gift bequeath,
Victorious over spight, and death.

T H E
T H I R D C A N T O.

RICHARD, who now was half a-sleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer silence keep;
And sense like this, in vocal breath
Broke from his twofold hedge of teeth.
Now if this phrase too harsh be thought;
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
If 'tis not sense; at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first, because they're pleasing;
Then prove what they have once asserted;
Nor care to have their lie deserted;
'Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em;
And oft repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as again those am'rous blades,
Who trifle with their mother's maids:
Though at the first their wild desire,
Was but to quench a present fire:
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove;
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket, at a neighbour's door:
But by the flatt'ring glass of nature,
Viewing themselves in *Cake-bread's* feature;

With serious thought and care support,
What only was begun in sport.

Just so with you, my friend, it fares;
Who deal in philosophic wares;
Atomes you cut; and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure;
'Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget:
And pleas'd to find your *System* mended,
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsy you pursue:
'Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew: friend, as far as I
Through art or nature cast my eye:
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought:
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught;
He made his list'ning scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand;
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres;
Deny'd all *transmigrating* scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius takes his void;
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his subtle matter;
You leave him neither fire, nor water.

How odly would Sir Isaac look,
 If you, in answer to his book,
 Say in the front of this discourse,
 That things have no *Elastic* force?
 How could our *Chymic* friends go on,
 To find the *Philosophic* stone;
 If you more pow'rful reasons bring,
 To prove, that there is no such thing?
 Your chiefs in sciences and arts,
 Have great contempt of *Alma's* parts,
 They find, she giddy is, or dull;
 She doubts, if things are void, or full:
 And who should be presum'd to tell,
 What she herself should see, or feel?
 She doubts if two and two make four,
 'Though she has told them ten times o'er,
 It can't—it may be—and it must:
 To which of these must *Alma* trust?
 Nay further yet they make her go,
 In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
 Can *Syllogism* set things right;
 No: *Majors* soon with *Minors* fight:
 Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
 The *Consequence* limps fast behind.
 So to some cunning man she goes,
 And asks of him how much she knows.
 With patience grave he hears her speak;
 And from his short notes, gives her back
 What from her tale he comprehended:
 Thus the dispute is wisely ended:
 From the account the loser brings,
 The conj'ror knows, who stole the things.

'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these cunning men ?

Dear Dick, quoth Mat. let not thy force
Of Eloquence spoil my discourse.

I tell thee, this is *Alma's* case,
Still asking, what some wise-man says,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant; though few can spell.
You tell your doctor, that y'are ill:
And what does he but write a bill,
Of which you need not read one letter?
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.
For if you knew but what you take;
Though you recover, he must break.

Ideas, forms, and intellects
Have furnish'd out three diff'rent sects.
Substance, or Accidents divides
All Europe into adverse sides.

Now, as engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause:
In *Philosophic* matters so
Your judgment must with others go.
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

Poor *Alma*, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haste, and quick surprize,
From ev'ry leaf that stirs, she flies:
'Till mingl'd with the neighb'ring herd,
She flights what erst she singly fear'd,
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue; if they dare lead:

As their example still prevails ;
 She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
 Thinks for himself, becomes a fool.

As party-man who leaves the rest,
 Is call'd but *whimsical* at best.

Now, by your favour, Master Mat,
 Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.

I must be list'd in your sect ;
 Who, though they teach not, can protect.

Right, Richard, Mat. in triumph cry'd :
 So put off all mistrust and pride.

And while my principles I beg,
 Pray answer only with your leg.

Believe what friendly I advise :
 Be first secure ; and then be wise.

The man within the coach that fits,
 And to another's skill submits,

Is safer much (whate'er arrives)

And warmer too, than he that drives.

So, Dick Adept, tuck back thy hair ;
 And I will pour into thy ear

Remarks, which none did e'er disclose,
 In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobling prose.

Attend, dear Dick ; but don't reply :

And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When *Alma* now in diff'rent ages,
 Has finish'd her ascending stages ;

Into the head at length she gets,

And there in public grandeur sits,

To judge of things, and censure wits.

}

Here, Richard, how could I explain,
 The various lab'rincths of the brain ?
 Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
 Of Cerebrum, and Cerebellum ?
 How could I play the commentator
 On Dura, and on Pia Mater ?
 Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
 Strive each the other's place to get ;
 And with incessant toil and strife,
 Would keep possession during life.
 I could demonstrate every pore,
 Where mem'ry lays up all her store ;
 And to an inch compute the station,
 'Twixt judgment, and imagination.
 O friend ! I could display much learning,
 At least to men of small discerning.
 The brain contains ten thousand cells :
 In each some active fancy dwells ;
 Which always is at work, and framing
 The several follies I was naming.
 As in a hive's vimineous dome,
 Ten thousand bees enjoy their home ;
 Each does her studious action vary,
 To go and come, to fetch and carry :
 Each still renews her little labour ;
 Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour :
 Each—whilst this Thesis I maintain ;
 I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
 O with the mighty *Thems* affected,
 Could I but see thy head dissected !
 My head, quoth Dick, to serve your whim ?
 Spare that, and take some other limb.

Sir, in your nice affairs of *System*,
 Wise men propose ; but fools assist 'em.
 Says Matthew : Richard, keep thy head,
 And hold thy peace ; and I'll proceed.
 Proceed ? quoth Dick : Sir, I aver,
 You have already gone too far.
 When people once are in the wrong ;
 Each line they add, is much too long.
 Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
 Is only furthest from his way.
 Bless your conceits ! must I believe,
 Howe'er absurd, what you conceive :
 And, for your friendship, live and die
 A Papist in philosophy ?
 I say, whatever you maintain
 Of *Alma* in the heart, or brain ;
 The plainest man alive may tell ye,
 Her seat of empire is the belly :
 From hence she sends out those supplies,
 Which makes us either stout or wise :
 The strength of ev'ry other member,
 Is founded on your belly timber :
 The qualms or raptures of your blood
 Rise in proportion to your food :
 And if you would improve your thought,
 You must be fed, as well as taught.
 Your stomach makes your fabric roll ;
 Just as the bias rules the bowl.
 That great Achilles might employ
 The strength design'd to ruin Troy :
 He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
 On toasts of ammunition bread :

But by his mother sent away,
 Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
 Effeminate he sat and quiet :
 Strange product of a cheese-cake diet !
 Now give my argument fair play ;
 And take the thing the other way :
 The youngster, who at nine and three
 Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
 From breakfast reads 'till twelve a clock,
 Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke ;
 He pays due visits after noon
 To cousin Alice, and Uncle John :
 At ten from coffeehouse or play
 Returning, finishes the day.
 But give him Port, and potent Sack ;
 From *Milk-sop* he starts up *Mohack* :
 Holds that the happy know no hours :
 So through the street at midnight scours :
 Breaks watchmen's heads, and chairmen's glasses ;
 And thence proceeds to nicking fashes :
 'Till by some tougher hand o'ercome,
 And first knock'd down, and then led home ;
 He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
 And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various operations
 Of food, and drink in several nations.
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel,
 Upon the strength of water gruel ?
 But who shall stand his rage and force ;
 If first he rides, then eats his horse ?
 Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar.

And, if I take Dan Congreve right ;
 Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Today and *Coffee* cause this work,
 Between the German and the Turk :
 And both, as they provisions want,
 Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords
 Give the same death in diff'rent words.
 To push this argument no further ;
 To starve a man, in law, is murder.

As in a watch's fine machine,
 Though many artful springs are seen ;
 The added movements, which declare
 How full the moon, how old the year,
 Derive their secondary pow'r
 From that, which simply points the hour,
 For, though these gim-cracks were away
 (*Quare* would not swear ; but *Quare* would say)
 However more reduc'd and plain,
 The watch would still a watch remain :
 But if the *Heral* orbit ceases ;
 The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces ;
 Is now no longer what it was ;
 And you may e'en go sell the case ;
 So if unprejudic'd you scan
 The goings of this clock-work, man ;
 You find a hundred movements made
 By fine devices in his head :
 But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke,
 That tells his being, what's a clock.
 If you take off his *Rhet'ric*-trigger ;
 He talks no more in mode and figure :

Or clog his *Mathematic* wheel :
 His buildings fall ; his ship stands still,
 Or lastly, break his *Politic* weight ;
 His voice no longer rules the state.
 Yet if these finer whims were gone ;
 Your clock, though plain, would still go on
 But spoil the engine of digestion ;
 And you entirely change the question ;
Alma's affairs no pow'r can mend ;
 The jest alas ! is at an end :
 Soon ceases all this worldly bustle ;
 And you consign the corps to Ruffek.

Now make your *Alma* come or go,
 From leg to hand, from top to toe ;
 Your *System*, without my addition,
 Is in a very sad condition.
 So Harlequin extoll'd his horse.
 Fit for the war, or road, or course ;
 His mouth was soft ; his eye was good ;
 His foot was sure as ever trod :
 One fault he had, a fault indeed ;
 And what was that ? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
 Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
 Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
 That *Alma* is a mere machine :
 That telling others what's a clock,
 She knows not what herself has struck ;
 But leaves to standers-by the trial,
 Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Di
 And rais'd his voice exceeding quick :

Fight fair, Sir : what I never meant
 Don't you infer. In argument,
 Similies are like songs in love :
 They much describe ; they nothing prove.

Mat, who was here a little gravell'd ;
 Toft up his nose, and would have cavil'd :
 But, calling Hermes to his aid,
 Half-pleas'd, half angry, thus he said :

Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
 That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
 In danger heroes, and in doubt
 Poets find gods to help 'em out.

Friend Richard, I begin to see,
 That you and I shall scarce agree.
 Observe how odly you behave :
 The more I grant, the more you crave.
 But, comrade, as I said just now,
 I should affirm, and you allow.
 We *System-makers* can sustain
 The *Thesis*, which you grant, was plain ;
 And with remarks and comments teaze ye ;
 In case the thing before was easy.
 But in a point obscure and dark,
 We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke ;
 And when no reason we can show,
 Why matters this or that way go,
 The shortest way the thing we try,
 And what we know not, we deny :
 True to our own o'erbearing pride,
 And false to all the world beside.

That old philosopher grew cross,
 Who could not tell what motion was :

Because he walk'd against his will;
 He fac'd men down, that he stood still.
 And he who reading on the heart
 (When all his *quodlibets* of art
 Could not expound its pulse, and heat)
 Swore, he had never felt it beat.
 Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
 Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
 That all things which our mind can view,
 May be at once both false, and true.
 And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
 As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
 Says he, so little can our mind
 Of matter, or of spirit find,
 That we by guess, at least, may gather
 Something, which may be both, or neither.
 Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
 (But this is only *entre nous*)
 That many knotty points there are,
 Which all discuss, but few are clear.
 As nature slyly had thought fit,
 For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit,
 Circles to square, and cubes to double,
 Would give a man excessive trouble:
 The longitude uncertain roams,
 In spite of Wh——n and his bombs.
 What *system*, Dick, has right aver'd
 The cause, why woman has no beard;
 Or why, as yeats our frame attack,
 Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black?
 In points like these, we must agree,
 Our barber knows as much as we.

Yet still unable to explain,
 We must persist the best we can;
 With care our *systems* still renew,
 And prove things likely, though not true.
 I could, thou see'st, in quaint dispute,
 By dint of *Logic* strike thee mute;
 With learned skill, now push, now parry,
 From Darii to Bocardo vary,
 And never yield, or, what is worst,
 Never conclude the point discours'd.
 Yet, that you *hic et nunc* may know,
 How much you to my candor owe;
 I'll from the disputant descend,
 To show thee, I assume the friend:
 I'll take thy notion for my own—
 (So most philosophers have done)
 It makes my *system* more compleat:
 Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
 Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friends;
 But bring thy matter to an end.

I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
 Who first offend will first complain.
 Thou wishest, I should make to shoar;
 Yet still put'st in thy thwarting oar.
 What I have told thee fifty times
 In prose, receive for once in rhimes:
 A huge fat man in country-fair,
 Or city church, (no matter where)
 Labour'd and push'd amidst the croud,
 Still bawling out extremely loud;
 Lord save us! why do people press!
 Another marking his distress,

Friendly reply'd; plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can :
Or cease to push, or to exclaim :
You make the very croud you blame.

Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so e'en proceed :
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short ;
So far, at least, I thank you for't.

Mat. took his thanks, and in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.

Now *Alma* settles in the head ;
As has before been fung, or said :
And here begins this farce of life ;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife ;
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L'Avare not using half his store,
Still grumbles, that he has no more ;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year ;
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the *sur-tout* you wear
Repells the rigor of the air ;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric, and the loom ?
And if two boots keep out the weather ;
What need you have two hides of leather ?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a Sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut,
Whence every string at first was cut ?

When Rarus shows you his carton;
 He always tell you, with a groan,
 Where two of that same hand were torn,
 Long before you, or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
 For part of his Petronius lost;
 That he can never take the pains
 To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take?
 What strict enquiries did he make,
 To get one medal wanting yet,
 And perfect all his Roman sett?
 'Tis found: and O his happy lot!
 'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
 Of these no more you hear him speak:
 He now begins upon the Greek.
 These rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns
 Remain obscure, as in their urns.

My copper-lamps at any rate,
 For being true antique, I bought;
 Yet wisely melted down my plate,
 On modern models to be wrought:
 And trifles I alike pursue;
 Because they're old; because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight,
 For Gregory make a paper kite.
 And simple odes too many show ye,
 My servile complaisance to Cloe.
 Parents and lovers are decreed
 By nature fools——That's brave indeed!
 Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving:
 Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.

Now, *Alma*, to divines and prose
 I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
 Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
 But of thy follies, idle creature,
 The turns of thy uncertain wing,
 And not the malice of thy sting:
 Thy pride of being great and wise,
 I do but mention, to despise.
 I view with anger and disdain,
 How little gives thee joy or pain:
 A print, a Bronze, a flow'r, a root,
 A shell, a butter-fly can do't.
 Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
 Help thee to pass the tedious time,
 Which else would on thy hand remain:
 Though flown, it ne'er looks back again.
 And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
 To ease the pain of coward-thought.
 Happy result of human wit!
 That *Alma* may herself forget.

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
 Or to's'd by hope, or sunk by care.
 With endless pain this man pursues
 What, if he gain'd, he could not use:
 And t'other fondly hopes to see
 What never was, nor e'er shall be.
 We err by use, go wrong by rules,
 In gesture grave, in action fools:
 We join hypocrisy to pride,
 Doubling the faults, we strive to hide.
 Or grant, that with extreme surprize,
 We find ourselves at sixty wise;

And twenty pretty things are known,
 Of which we can't accomplish one ;
 Whilst, as my *system* says, the mind
 Is to these upper rooms confin'd :
 Should I, my friend, at large repeat
 Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit ;
 The bede-roll of her vicious tricks ;
 My poem would be too prolix.
 For could I my remark sustain,
 Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne ;
 Who in these times would read my books,
 But Tom o' Stiles, or John o' Nokes ?

As Brentford kings discreet and wise,
 After long thought and grave advice,
 Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
 Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping :
 So *Alma* now to joy or grief
 Superior, finds her late relief :
 Weary'd of being high, or great,
 And nodding in her chair of state ;
 Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat,
 Of Will did this, and Nan said that ;
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
 Which nature forc'd by time, must make ;
 Through which she wings her distant way :
 Upward she soars : and down drops clay :
 While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, till that day appears,
 Which must decide our hopes and fears,
 Would *Fortune* calm her present rage,
 And give us play-things for our age :

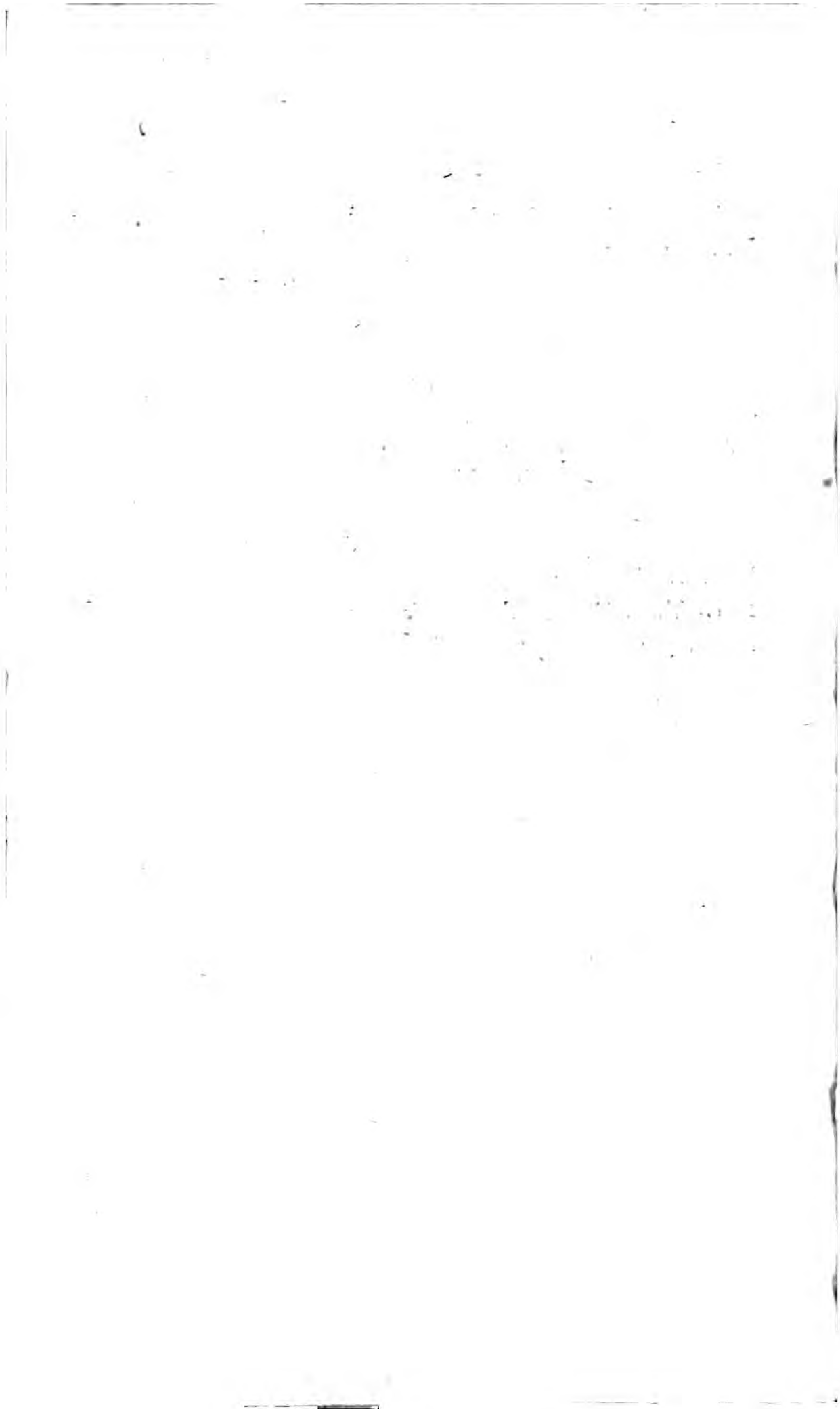
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
 And twist our thread with gold and silk :
 Would she in friendship, peace and plenty,
 Spin out our years to four times twenty :
 And should we both in this condition,
 Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition ;
 (Else those two passions by the way,
 May chance to show us scurvy play :)
 Then Richard, then should we sit down,
 Far from the tumult of this town :
 I fond of my well-chosen seat,
 My pictures, medals, books compleat :
 Or should we mix our friendly talk,
 O'er-shaded in that fav'rite walk ;
 Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
 Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted :
 Yet then, ev'n then one cross reflexion
 Would spoil thy grove, and my collection :
 Thy son, and his, e'er that, may die ;
 And time some uncouth heir supply ;
 Who shall for nothing else be known,
 But spoiling all, that thou hast done.
 Who set the twigs, shall he remember,
 That is in haste to fell the timber ?
 And what shall of thy woods remain,
 Except the box that threw the main ?

Nay may not time and death remove
 The near relations, whom I love ?
 And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary
 (Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
 My fav'rite books and pictures sell
 To Smart, or Doiley by the ell ?

Kindly throw in a little figure,
 And set the price upon the bigger ?
 Those who could never read their grammar,
 When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
 May think books best, as richest bound.
 My copper medals by the pound
 May be with learned justice weigh'd :
 To turn the balance, Otho's head
 May be thrown in ; and for the mettle,
 The coin may mend a tinker's kettle——
 Tir'd with these thoughts—Lefs tir'd than I,
 Quoth Dick, with your philosophy——
 That people live and die, I knew
 An hour ago, as well as you.
 And if fate spins us longer years,
 Or is in haste to take the shears ;
 I know, we must both fortunes try,
 And bear our evils, wet or dry.
 Yet let the goddess smile, or frown ;
 Bread we shall eat, or white, or brown :
 And in a cottage, or a court,
 Drink fine Champagne, or muddl'd Port.
 What need of books these truths to tell,
 Which folks perceive, who cannot spell ?
 And must we spectacles apply,
 To view what hurts our naked eye ?
 Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim,
 To make me merrier than I am ;
 I'll be all night at your devotion——
 Come on, friend ; broach the pleasing notion :
 But if you would depress my thought ;
 Your *System* is not worth a groat——

For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say?
E'en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.
If to be sad is to be wise;
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

Dear Drift, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Des-Cart', and Aristotle:
Here, Jonathan, your master's bottle.



S O L O M O N
O N T H E
V A N I T Y of the World.

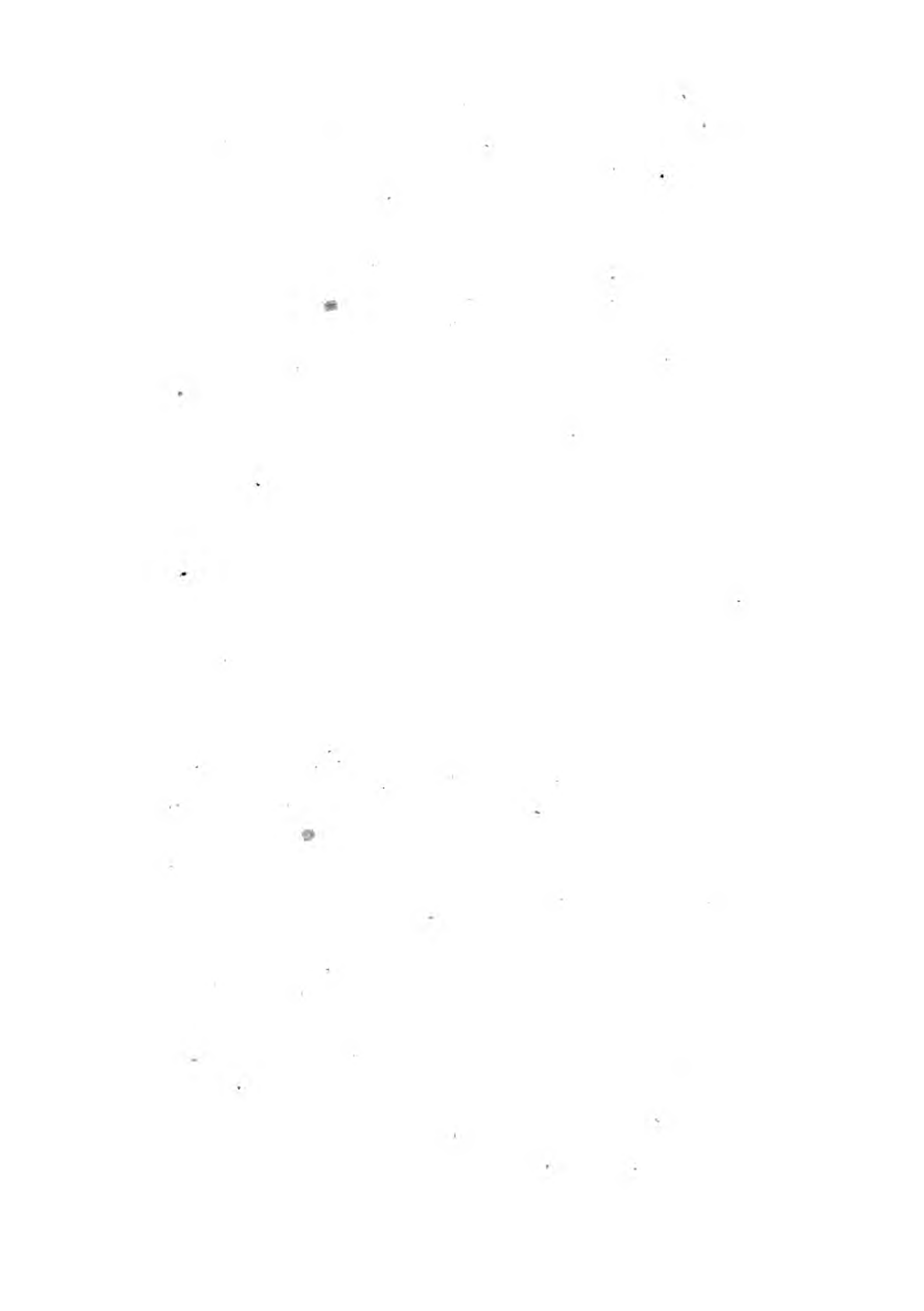
A
P O E M
I N
T H R E E B O O K S.

Ὁ βίος γὰρ ὄνομα ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργω πέλει. Eurip.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac aetate recuperascam. et in cunis uagiam, valde recusem. Cic. de Senect.

The bewailing of man's miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many, in the writings as well of philosophers, as divines. And it is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation.

Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

IT is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: he can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satire made on him by another: and though he may justly desire, that a friend should praise him: yet if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a *Culprit*: the public are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *Felo de se*; and by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, and other books commonly attributed to SOLOMON, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the GREEK, LATIN, or any modern

language: how far they were verse in their original, is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heap'd up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the ECCLESIASTES, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge, what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing, and disposing; or (as the painters term it) in *grouping* such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the *simplex duntaxat et unum*, which HORACE prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long; I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalie, or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics; desiring them to be favourable in their censure; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief personage or character in the *Epic*, is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration, and the moral. HOMER intended to show us in his ILIAD, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest

enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His **ACHILLES** therefore is haughty, and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his **ODYSSEYS** the same poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. **ULYSSES** therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient. **VIRGIL's** design was to tell us, how from a small colony established by the **TROJANS** in **ITALY**, the **ROMAN** empire rose, and from what ancient families **AUGUSTUS** (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour of the Gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of **ACHILLES**, and adds to the virtues of **ULYSSES**; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of **ÆNEAS**.

As **VIRGIL** copy'd after **HOMER**, other *Epic* poets have copied after them both. **TASSO's** *Gierusalemme Liberata* is directly *Troy Town* sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in **HOMER** which the **LATIN** poet had join'd in one, the **ITALIAN** has separated in his **GODFREY** and **RINALDO**; but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. **ROUSSEAU's** **FRANCIADE**, (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again **VIRGIL's** **ÆNEIS**. His hero comes from a foreign country, settles a colony and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these, as the greatest **ITALIAN** and **FRENCH** poets in the *Epic*. In our language **SPENSER** has not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation: he launches out into very flowery paths, which

still seem to conduct him into one great road. His *Fairy Queen* (had it been finished) must have ended in the account, which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine **GLORIANA**. The whole would have been an *Heroic* poem, but in another cast and figure, than any that ever had been written before; Yet it is observable that every hero (as far as we can judge by the books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares: and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who therefore more proper for the business, than **SOLOMON** himself? and why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? if in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness; the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade, that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because **SOLOMON** felt the same, has a better argument, than **LUCRETIUS** had; when in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to death without repining, because **EPICURUS** died.

The whole poem is a soliloquy : SOLOMON is the person that speaks : he is at once the hero and the author ; but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book, and his women and their attendants in the second : with these the sacred history mention him to have conversed ; as likewise with the angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the JEWISH nation, at the time when SOLOMON lived : and where I allude to the customs of the GREEKS, I believe I may be justified by the strictest *Chronology* ; though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an historian. VIRGIL has anticipated two hundred years ; or the TROJAN Hero and CARTHAGINIAN Queen could not have been brought together : and without the same *Anachronism* several of the finest parts of his *ÆNEIS* must have been omitted. Our countryman MILTON goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years after the fall of man : nor could he otherwise have written, or we read one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philosophy are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the *Geography* or *Astronomy*

of SOLOMON'S time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dress'd, not exactly in the same habits which they wore; but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. RA-
PHAEL and TASSO have shewed their discretion, where PAUL VERONESE and ARIOSTO are to answer for their extravagancies. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure, in which this, and most poems of the age are written. *Heroic* with continued rhyme, as DONNE and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As DAVENANT and WALLER corrected; and DRYDEN perfected it; it is too confined: it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following: and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for *Epic*. And as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into *Blank Verse*, as MILTON did, (and in this kind Mr. PHILIPS, had he lived, would have excelled), or running the thought into *Alternate*

and *Stanza*, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse; as SPENSER and FAIRFAX have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only inquiring, in order to be better informed; without presuming to direct the judgment of others. And while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living; who have in *Epic* carried the harmony of their numbers as far, as the nature of this measure will permit. But once more; he that writes in rhimes, dances in fetters: and as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive *Panegyric* upon GREAT BRITAIN, in the first book: I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best poet, or greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece, tho' I have in a literal sense observed HORACE's *nonum prematur in annum*; yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the term prescribed; but in the mean time I had little leisure, and less inclination to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of public life, in which I have been employed; my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been

expressed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires : all these, and some other circumstances which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had lock'd up these papers in my scritoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What alter'd this design ; or how my scritoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed ; is the question. The true reason I take to be the best : many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence : and the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion : and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure ; I shall always think myself happy, if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord HARLEY and Lord BATHURST as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour in the beginning of my book, in the folio edition : these two only ought to be angry with me : for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

K N O W L E D G E :

T H E

F I R S T B O O K.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

SOLOMON *seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin, and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the System of the visible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; enquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the attributes of the supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins, and doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes, that, as to human science, ALL IS VANITY.*

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

The words of the Preacher, the son of David King of Jerusalem. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. I. verse 1.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity, ver. 2.

I communed with mine own heart, saying, lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom, than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. ver. 16.

He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes, 1 *Kings*, Chap. IV. ver. 33.

I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it; and God doth it, that men should fear before him, *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. III. ver. 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time; also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. ver. 11.

For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow. Chap. I. ver. 18.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh, Chap. XII. ver. 12.

K N O W L E D G E :

T H E

F I R S T B O O K.

YE fons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious *Muse* inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain.
That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end.
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares :
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths, which from these pensive numbers flow,
That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking : fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire,
Cause of our care, and error of our mind :
Oh ! hadst thou ever been by heav'n design'd
To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon
Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon :

On me the partial lot had been bestow'd ;
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.

But O! ere yet original man was made ;
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid ;
It was opponent to our search, ordain'd,
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
This sad experience cites me to reveal ;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great David's fav'rite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court with Ophir's treasures blest,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body cloth'd with ev'ry outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment found.
Arise (I commun'd with myself) arise :
Think, to be happy ; to be great, be wise :
Content of spirit must from science flow ;
For 'tis a godlike attribute, to know.

I said ; and sent my edict through the land :
Around my throne the letter'd Rabbins stand,
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing, as the younger read :
Attent, I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said :

The *vegetable* world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair *cedar*, on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
To creeping *moss*, and *hyssop* on the wall :

Yet just and conscious to myself, I find
 A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.
 I know not why the *beach* delights the glade
 With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
 Whilst tow'ring *firs* in conic forms arise,
 And with a pointed spear divide the skies :
 Nor why again the changing *oak* should shed
 The yearly honour of his stately head ;
 Whilst the distinguish'd *yew* is ever seen,
 Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
 Wanting the sun why does the *caltha* fade ?
 Why does the *cypress* flourish in the shade ?
 The *fig* and *date*, why love they to remain
 In middle station, and an even plain ;
 While in the lower marsh the *gourd* is found ;
 And while the hill with *olive*-shade is crown'd ?
 Why does one climate, and one soil endue
 The blushing *poppy* with a crimson hue ;
 Yet leave the *lily* pale, and tinge the *violet* blue ?
 Why does the fond *carnation* love to shoot
 A various colour from one parent root ;
 While the fantastic *tulip* strives to break
 In two-fold beauty, and a parted streak ?
 The twining *jasmine*, and the blushing *rose*,
 With lavish grace their morning scents disclose :
 The smelling *tub'rose* and *junquale* declare,
 The stronger impulse of an evening air.
 Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
 A various instinct, or a diff'rent power ?
 Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
 breath
 Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death ?

Whence does it happen, that the plant which well
 We name the *sensitive* should move and feel?
 Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
 And with quick horror fly the neighb'ring hand?

Along the sunny bank, or wat'ry mead,
 Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread:
 Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
 They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
 Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
 Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
 The *cowslip* smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,
 Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast.
 A fairer red stands blushing in the *rose*,
 Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
 Take but the modest *lily* of the field;
 And if our pride will to our reason yield,
 It must by sure comparison be shown
 That on the regal seat great David's son,
 Array'd in all his robes and types of power
 Shines with less glory, than that simple flow'r.

Of fishes next, my friends, I would enquire,
 How the mute race engender, or respire;
 From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
 Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
 To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
 And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays. }
 How they in warlike bands march gently forth
 From freezing waters, and the colder north,
 To southern climes directing their career,
 Their station changing with th' inverted year.

How all with careful knowledge are indu'd,
 To chuse their proper bed, and wave, and food : }
 To guard their spawn, and educate their brood. }

Of birds, how each according to her kind
 Proper materials for her nest can find ;
 And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
 Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
 How in small flights they know to try their young,
 And teach her callow child her parent's song.
 Why these frequent the plain, and these the wood,
 Why ev'ry land has her specific brood,
 Where the tall *crane*, or winding *swallow* goes,
 Fearful of gathering winds, and falling snows ;
 If into rocks, or hollow trees they creep,
 In temporary death confin'd to sleep ;
 Or conscious of the coming evil, fly
 To milder regions, and a southern sky.

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
 The wond'rous nature, and the various race ;
 Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
 Of us what they, or what of them we know ?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into nature's bosom, whence the *bee*
 Was first inform'd her vent'rous flights to steer
 Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air.
 Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
 The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
 And honey-making flow'rs their opening buds dis- }
 close. }

How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun
 Finds she the labour of her day is done ?

Who taught her against winds and rain to strive,
 To bring her burden to the certain hive,
 And through the liquid fields again to pass
 Dutious, and heark'ning to the sounding brass?

And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the *ant*,
 'Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want:
 By constant journies careful to prepare
 Her stores: and bringing home the corny ear,
 By what instruction does she bite the grain,
 Laid hid in earth, and taking root again,
 It might elude the foresight of her care?
 Distinct in either insect's deed appear
 The marks of thought, contrivance, hope and fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal eye
 On the young *gnat*, or new-engender'd *fly*:
 On the vile *worm*, that yesterday began
 To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
 Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they see,
 They show their passions by their acts, like thee:
 Darting their stings, they previously declare
 Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
 Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
 The genial pow'r, and full effect of love.
 Each then has organs to digest his food,
 One to beget, and one receive the brood:
 Has limbs and sinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
 Life and her proper functions to sustain,
 Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
 What more can our penurious reason grant
 To the large *whale*, or castled *elephant*,
 To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
 The crested *snake*, and long-tail'd *crocodile*,

Than that all differ but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame ?

For potent nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract :
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye :
Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight ;
Becomes mix'd blackness, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound ;
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows
round.

Thus while with fruitless hope, and wearied pain,
We seek great nature's pow'r, but seek in vain ;
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat ;
Around her, myriads of *Ideas* wait.
And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain :
As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *tiger* still remains :
He tires his life in biting on his chains :
For the kind gifts of water, and of food,
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood :
While the strong *camel*, and the gen'rous *horse*,
Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit ;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.

Again : the lonely *fox* roams far abroad,
 On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud ;
 Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn ;
 And flies the hated neighbourhood of man :
 While the kind *spaniel*, and the faithful *hound*,
 Likest that *fox* in shape and species found,
 Refuses through the cliffs and lawns to roam ;
 Pursues the noted path, and covets home ;
 Does with kind joy domestic faces meet ;
 Takes what the glutton child denies to eat ;
 And dying licks his long-lov'd master's feet.

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
 In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
 I see in others, or I think I see,
 That strict their principles, and ours agree.
 Evil, like us, they shun, and covet good ;
 Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
 Like us they love or hate : like us they know
 To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
 With seeming thought their action they intend,
 And use the means proportion'd to the end.
 Then vainly the philosopher avers,
 That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
 How can we justly diff'rent causes frame,
 When the effects entirely are the same ?
 Instinct and reason how can we divide ?
 'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
 With the same folly sure, man vaunts his sway ;
 If the brute beast refuses to obey.
 For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
 Proclaims himself the universal lord ;

Does he not tremble, lest the *lion's* paw
 Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?
 Would not the learned coward leave the chair;
 If in the schools or porches should appear
 The fierce *hyaena*, or the foaming *bear*?

The combatant too late the field declines;
 When now the sword is girded to his loins.
 When the swift vessel flies before the wind;
 Too late the sailor views the land behind,
 And 'tis too late now back again to bring
 Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the wing:
 Forward she strives, averse to be with-held
 From nobler objects, and a larger field.

Consider with me this ethereal space,
 Yielding to earth and see the middle place.
 Anxious I ask ye, how the penfile ball
 Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
 When I reflect, how the revolving sun
 Does round our globe his crooked journies run;
 I doubt of many lands, if they contain
 Or herd of beast, or colony of man:
 If any nations pass their destin'd days
 Beneath the neighb'ring sun's directer rays:
 If any suffer on the polar coast,
 The rage of *Arctos*, and eternal frost.

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
 To each of these some secret good dispense?
 Those who amidst the horrid regions live,
 May they not gales unknown to us receive;
 See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth,
 And bless the flow'ry buds succeeding birth?

May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
 The various heav'n of an obliquer sphere ;
 While by fix'd laws, and with a just return
 They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that
 burn,

And praise the neighb'ring sun, whose constant flame
 Enlightens them with seasons still the same ?

And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
 North beyond Tartary's extended waste ;

Where through the plains of one continual day,

Six shining months pursue their even way ;

And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,

Obscur'd with vapours and o'erwhelm'd with night :

May not, I ask, the natives of these climes

(As annals may inform succeeding times)

To our quotidian change of heav'n prefer

Their one vicissitude, and equal share

Of day and night, disparted through the year ?

May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,

To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,

Hast'ning from morn, and headlong driv'n from noon,

Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done ?

May they not justly to our climes upbraid

Shortness of night, and penury of shade :

That e'er our wearied limbs are justly blest

With wholesome sleep and necessary rest ;

Another sun demands return of care,

The remnant toil of yesterday to bear ?

Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,

Bold and secure in half a year of light,

Uninterrupted voyages they take

To the remotest wood, and farthest lake ;

Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
 With more extended nerves, and more continu'd force.
 And when declining day forsakes their sky ;
 When gath'ring clouds speak gloomy winter nigh ;
 With plenty for the coming season blest,
 Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
 From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
 Which our sad scenes of daily action know :
 They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
 And with full mirth receive the welcome guest :
 Or tell their tender loves (the only care
 Which now they suffer) to the list'ning fair ;
 And rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease
 (Grateful alternates of substantial peace)
 They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
 On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discov'ers find,
 Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
 The rugged *bear's*, or spotted *lynx's* brood,
 Frighten the vallies, and infest the wood :
 The hungry *crocodile*, and hissing *snake*
 Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake :
 And man untaught, and rav'nous as the beast,
 Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream infest.
 Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
 From trunk of oak, and pregnant womb of earth ?
 Whence then the old belief that all began
 In Eden's shade, and one created man ?
 Or grant, this progeny was wafte'd o'er
 By coasting boats from next adjacent shore :
 Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
 Slaughter to harmless lands, and poison bring ?

Would they on board or *bears*, or *lynxes* take,
 Feed the *she-adder*, and the brooding *snake*?
 Or could they think the new discover'd isle
 Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *crocodile*?

And since the savage lineage we must trace
 From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race;
 How should their fathers happen to forget
 The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
 To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
 And load with grateful flames the holy shrine?
 While the great fire's unhappy sons are found,
 Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground.
 Struggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
 And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God.

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
 The varied forms of every thing we view;
 That all is chang'd, though all is still the same,
 Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
 Of those materials, which have been confess'd
 The pristine springs, and parents of the rest,
 Each becomes other. Water stop'd gives birth
 To grass and plants, and thickens into earth:
 Diffus'd it rises in a higher sphere;
 Dilates its drops, and softens into air;
 Those finer parts of air again aspire:
 Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
 That fire once more by thicker air o'ercome,
 And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
 Alters its particles; is fire no more;
 But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore;
 Or running through the mighty mother's veins,
 Changes its shape; puts off its old remains;

With wat'ry parts its lessen'd force divides ;
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And deep furcharg'd by sandy mountains lie,
Obscurely sepulchred. By beating rain,
And furious wind down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
Shall fall : the plain by slow degrees shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the summit-hill :
For time must nature's great behests fulfil.

Thus by a length of years, and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, small or great :
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear ;
And Egypt's *pyramids* refine to air.
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood :
And travellers enquire, where Babel stood.

Now where we see those changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural :
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear :
Let active thought these close *meanders* trace :
Let human wit their dubious bound'ries place.
Are all things miracle ; or nothing such ?
And prove we not too little, or too much ?

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud ;
Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
Strip'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
Shou'd push, in spring, ten thousand blooming buds ;
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods ?
That each successive night from opening heav'n
The food of angels should to man be giv'n ;

Is this more strange, than that with common bread
 Our fainting bodies every day are fed ;
 Than that each grain and seed consum'd in earth,
 Raises its store, and multiplies its birth ;
 And from the handful which the tiller sows,
 The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows ?

Then from whate'er we can to sense produce
 Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
 From nature's constant or eccentric laws,
 The thoughtful soul this gen'ral influence draws,
 That an effect must presuppose a cause.

And while she does her upward flight sustain,
 Touching each link of the continu'd chain,
 At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see

A first, a source, a life, a Deity ;
 What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great existence thus by reason found,
 Blest by all pow'r, with all perfection crown'd :
 How can we bind or limit his decree,
 By what our ear has heard, or eye may see ?
 Say then : is all in heaps of water lost,
 Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast ?
 Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
 Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
 Countries by future plow-shares to be torn,
 And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn !
 Ere the progressive course of restless age
 Performs three thousand times its annual stage ;
 May not our power and learning be suppress'd ;
 And arts and empire learn to travel west ?

Where, by the strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
 Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,

Ascends my soul ? what sees she white and great
 Amidst subjected seas ? an Isle the seat
 Of pow'r and plenty ; her imperial throne,
 For justice and for mercy fought and known :
 Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heav'n,
 From thence to this distinguish'd nation giv'n :
 Yet farther west the western Isle extends
 Her happy fame ; her armed fleet she sends
 To climates folded yet from human eye ;
 And lands, which we imagine wave and sky,
 From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
 And rules an empire by no ocean bound ;
 Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd
 In other Indies, and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
 Be first in conquest, and preside in fame :
 Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
 The teeth of envy, and the force of age :
 Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,
 Of human things least changeable, least vain.
 Yet all must with the gen'ral doom comply ;
 And this great glorious pow'r, tho' last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
 To the large convex of yon' azure sky ;
 Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
 Now streak'd, and glowing with the morning red ;
 Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
 And chusing sable for the peaceful night.
 Ask reason now, whence light and shade were giv'n,
 And whence this great variety of heav'n :
 Reason our guide, what can she more reply,
 Than that the sun illuminates the sky ;

Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day?

But we expect the morning red in vain :
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require :
'Tis black in storm, or red in light'ning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears :
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wise, send forth your lab'ring thoughts :
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns ev'ry moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke :
Yet this solution but once more affords
New change of terms, and scaffolding of words :
In other garb my question I receive ;
And take the doubt the very same I gave.

Lo ! as a giant strong the lusty sun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run,
Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year.
Again when his descending orb retires,
And earth perceives the absence of his fires ;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day :
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet shining in its proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer :
Each sees his lamp with diff'rent lustre crown'd :
Each knows his course with diff'rent periods bound :

And in his passage thro' the liquid space,
 Nor hastens, nor retards his neighbour's race.
 Now shine these planets with substantial rays?
 Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?
 Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown) }
 Dart furtive beams, and glory not their own, }
 All servants to that source of light, the sun? }

Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
 Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares :
 (Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
 When we would plant, or cultivate, or build).
 But shining with such vast, such various light,
 As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite :
 How mean the order and perfection sought
 In the best product of the human thought,
 Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
 In what the spirit of the world ordains !

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day;
 How small a portion of his pow'r is giv'n
 To orbs more distant, and remoter heav'n ?
 And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
 Has doom'd, and fix'd to one eternal sky,
 Each by a native stock of honour great,
 May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
 Itself a sun ; and with transmissive light
 Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight :
 Around the circles of their ambient skies
 New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise ;
 And other stars may to those suns be earths ;
 Give their own elements their proper births ;

Divide their climes, or elevate their pole ;
 See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll ;
 Yet these great orbs thus radically bright,
 Primitive founts, and origins of light,
 May each to other (as their diff'rent sphere
 Makes or their distance, or their height appear) }
 Be seen a nobler, or inferior star ;
 And in that space, which we call air and sky, }
 Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns may lie }
 Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human eye.
 In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
 And find and fix its centre here or there ;
 While its circumf'rence scorning to be brought
 Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd thought.
 Where then are all the radiant *monsters* driv'n
 With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd heav'n ?
 Where will their fictitious images remain ?
 In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.
 This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
 Let us for once a child of truth confess ;
 That these fair stars, these objects of delight }
 And terror, to our searching dazl'd sight, }
 Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite :
 But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
 Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride ?
 Thyself but dust : thy stature but a span,
 A moment thy duration ; foolish man !
 As well may the minutest emmet say,
 That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way :
 The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
 Was destin'd only for his walk, and food ;

The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
 That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,
 The craggy rock projects above the sky,
 That he in safety at its foot may lie ;
 And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell
 Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.

A higher flight the vent'rous Goddess tries,
 Leaving material worlds, and local skies :
 Enquires, what are the beings, where the space,
 That form'd and held the angels ancient race.
 For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
 (I offer only what tradition taught)
 Embattl'd cherub against cherub rose ;
 Did shield to shield, and pow'r to pow'r oppose : }
 Heav'n rung with triumph : hell was fill'd with woes. }
 What were these forms of which your volumes tell,
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell :
 These bound to bear an everlasting load,
 Durance of chain, and banishment of God ;
 By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire ;
 To swim in sulph'rous lakes, or land on solid fire ;
 Whilst those exalted to primaeval light,
 Excess of blessing and supreme delight,
 Only perceive some little pause of joys
 In those great moments, when their God employs
 Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
 On the proud king, or the rebellious state :
 Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
 And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
 When to his duty the proud king returns,
 And the rebellious state in ashes mourns.

How can good angels be in heav'n confin'd ;
 Or view that presence, which no space can bind ?
 Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here ?
 He who made all, is he not ev'ry where ?
 Oh how can wicked angels find a night
 So dark to hide 'em from the piercing light,
 Which form'd the eye, and gave the pow'r of sight ?

What mean I now of angel, when I hear
 Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air ?
 Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
 Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
 Should only act and prompt us from within,
 Nor by external eye be ever seen.

Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
 That these had appetite, and limb, and bone ?
 Else how could Abram wash their weary'd feet ;
 Or Sarah please their taste with sav'ry meat ?
 Whence should they fear ? or why did Lot engage
 To save their bodies from abusive rage ?
 And how could Jacob in a real fight,
 Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might ?
 How could a form its strength with matter try ?
 Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh ?

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays ?
 How guide they then our pray'r, or keep our ways,
 By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
 By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost ?

Have they again (as sacred song proclaims)
 Substances real, and existing frames ?
 How comes it, since with them we jointly share
 The great effect of one Creator's care ;

That whilst our bodies sicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath,
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
Do they more blest'd perpetual life employ
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found, that nothing by itself was made;
When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with trees,
From smoaking min'rals, and from rising streams;
From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four footed move
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins, or feathers fly
Through the aerial, or the warry sky;
From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul,
That miserable master of the whole:
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;
From effences unseen, celestial names,
Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our reason to that Sov'reign Cause
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with
laws;
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same;

To whom a thousand years are but a day;
 Who bade the light her genial beams display;
 And set the moon, and taught the sun his way:
 Who waking time, his creature, from the source
 Primaeval, order'd his predestin'd course:
 Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
 Holding, obedient to his high command,
 The deep abyfs, the long continu'd store,
 Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes
 pour
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more.
 This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
 Who like the potter in a mold has cast
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the eyes of sense and reason see;
 Yet if he wills, may change or spoil the whole:
 May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
 And burn it, like an useless parchment scroll:
 May from its basis in one moment pour
 This melted earth——
 Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
 Who sole in pow'r at the beginning said;
 Let sea, and air, and earth, and heav'n be made:
 And it was so——And when he shall ordain
 In other sort, has but to speak again,
 And they shall be no more: of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
 This God, I would discourse——
 The learn'd elders sat appal'd, amaz'd;
 And each with mutual look on other gaz'd.
 Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame:
 Too plain, alas! their silence spake their shame:

'Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
 And turn superior to the vulgar herd,
 Began ; that human learning's furthest reach
 Was but to note the doctrines I could teach ;
 That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey :
 For I in knowledge more, than pow'r did sway :
 And the astonish'd world in me beheld
 Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
 Humble a second bow'd, and took the word ;
 Foresaw my name by future age ador'd.
 O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise !
 As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise
 Excelling thee——

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
 Pernicious flatt'ry ! thy malignant seeds
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand
 Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
 And choak the hopes and harvest of the year.
 And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd
 Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,
 Echo'd the word : whence things arose, or how
 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know :
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
 All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see.

My prophets, and my sophists finish'd here
 Their civil efforts of the verbal war :
 Not so my Rabbins, and logicians yield ;
 Retiring still they combat : from the field
 Of open arms unwilling they depart,
 And sculk behind the subterfuge of art.

To speak one thing mix'd dialects they join ;
 Divide the simple, and the plain define ;
 Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
 Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
 Ill-grounded maxims by false gloss enlarg'd,
 And captious science against reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought :
 The adverse sect deny'd, what this had taught ;
 And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched impotence of human mind !
 We erring still excuse for error find ;
 And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

Vain man ! since first the blushing fire essay'd
 His folly with connected leaves to shade ;
 How does the crime of thy resembling race
 With like attempt that pristine error trace ?
 Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
 Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
 By masks of eloquence, and veils of pride ?

With outward smiles their flatt'ry I receiv'd ;
 Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd ;
 But bent and inward to myself again
 Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd ; in vain.
 My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
 At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
 Impartial ; both in equal ballance laid ; [weigh'd.
 Light flew the knowing scale : the doubtful heavy

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
 That human science is uncertain guess.
 Alas ! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
 Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.

Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who shall tell me what is space or time?

In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast; the object faster flies.

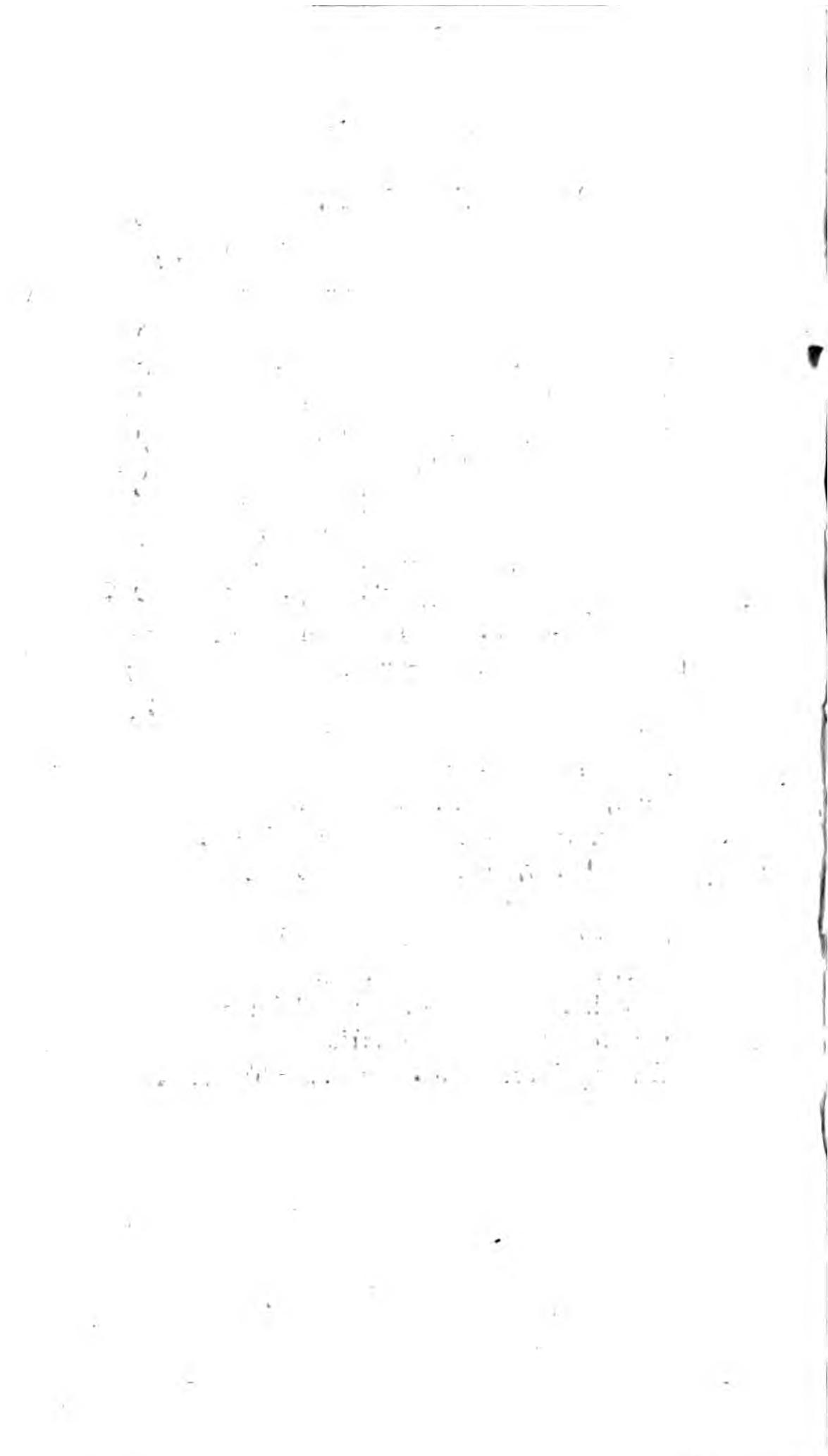
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.

Various discussions tear our heated brain:
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increases pain?

How narrow limits were to wisdom giv'n?

Earth she surveys; she thence would measure heav'n;
Thro' mists obscure, now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a day;
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd desire to know,
Offspring of Adam, was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew thy vile pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry Cherubs guard.



P L E A S U R E :

T H E

S E C O N D B O O K.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

S O L O M O N again seeking happiness, enquires if wealth and greatness can produce it : begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting, and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shewn the follies and troubles of that passion. *S O L O M O N* still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry ; recovers his thought, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the pursuit of pleasure, and sensual delight, **ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.**

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

- I said in mine heart, go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. II. ver. 1.
- I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards. ver. 4.
- I made me gardens and orchards; and I-planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits. ver. 5.
- I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees. ver. 6.
- Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do, and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit-under the sun. ver. 11.
- I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. ver. 8.
- I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine (yet unacquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, 'till I might see what was that good for the-sons of men, which they should do under heaven, all the days of their life. ver. 3.
- Then I said in my heart, as it happeneth unto the fool, so it happeneth even unto me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity. ver. 15.
- Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me. Chap. II. ver. 17.
- Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking flavour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour. Chap. X. ver. 1.
- The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot. *Proverbs*, Chap. X. ver. 7.

P L E A S U R E;

T H E

S E C O N D B O O K.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave.
For weary'd nature find some apter scheme:
Health be thy hope; and pleasure be thy theme:
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where study brings thee; from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay field, and flow'ry path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
For sake what may instruct, for what may please:
Essay amusing art, and proud expence;
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus: the pow'r of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of costly pride.
Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours:
I founded palaces, and planted bow'rs.
Birds, fishes, beasts of each exotic kind
I to the limits of my court confin'd.
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth;
And bid a foreign shade grace Juda's earth.
Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew:
And hills were levell'd to extend the view.

Rivers diverted from their native course,
 And bound with chains of artificial force:
 From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd;
 Or rose thro' figur'd stone, or breathing gold.
 From furthest Africa's tormented womb
 The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
 Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
 On which the painted grove, and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,
 To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
 To mark the pavement there with various stone:
 And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
 The spreading *cedar*, that an age had stood,
 Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
 Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
 And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thousand artists shew their cunning pow'r,
 To raise the wonders of the iv'ry tow'r.
 A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
 To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
 'Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
 That on her coast the Murex is no more;
 'Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,
 The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
 And India's woods return their just complaint,
 Their brood decay'd, and want of *elephant*.

My full design with vast expence achiev'd,
 I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
 I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste:
 For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad thought did still repair;
 And round my gilded roofs hung hov'ring Care.

The soft ideas of the chearful note,
 Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot:
 The solemn violence of the graver sound
 Know to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry
 The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
 How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
 Flying ere night what is at noon enjoy'd.
 And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
 The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound,
 Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
 Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bad the virgins and the youth advance,
 To temper music with the sprightly dance.
 In vain! too low the mimic motions seem:
 What takes our heart, must merit our esteem.
 Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
 Forming her movements to the rules of art;
 And vex'd I found, that the musician's hand
 Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noise;
 An airy scene of transitory joys.
 In vain I trusted, that the flowing bowl
 Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
 To the late revel, and protracted feast
 Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest;
 And as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
 Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night;
 What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done;
 How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?
 Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly croud,
 And made the jovial table laugh so loud,

To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
 To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
 To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
 Offence and torture to the sober ear.

Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
 From this man's error, from another's fault;
 From topics which good-nature would forget,
 And prudence mention with the last regret.

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
 In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
 Or harsh, which once escap'd must ever fly,
 Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
 Seed of severe distrust, and fierce debate;
 What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
 Of health suppress'd, by wine's continu'd force.

Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
 To diff'rent ills alternately engage.

Who drinks, alas! but to forget: nor sees,
 That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
 Mem'ry confes'd, and interrupted thought,
 Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught:
 And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,
 Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll.

Remains there ought untry'd, that may remove
 Sicknefs of mind, and heal the bosom?—love,

Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
 Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,

And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
 This last great remedy's mysterious pow'r.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast?
 Why ceases it one moment to be blest?

Fly swift, my friends; my servants, fly; employ
 Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
 Let all my wives and concubines be drest:
 Let them to-night attend the royal feast;
 All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair;
 The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war.
 Before their monarch they shall singly pass:
 And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said: the feast was serv'd: the bowl was crown'd;
 To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round:
 The women came: as custom wills, they pass:
 On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
 The fav'rite glance: O! yet my mind retains
 That fond beginning of my infant pains.
 Mature the virgin was of Egypt's race:
 Grace shap'd her limbs; and beauty deck'd her face:
 Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air:
 Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose; her hair
 Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
 Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd;
 And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd.

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
 Aid me my friends, contribute to improve
 Your monarch's bliss, I said; fresh roses bring
 To strow my bed; 'till the improv'rish'd spring
 Confess her want; around my am'rous head
 Be dropping myrrhe, and liquid amber shed,
 'Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
 Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument require
 Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph, draw nigh;
 Thou in whose graceful form and potent eye

Thy master's joy long sought at length is found;
 And as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;
 O fav'rite virgin, that hast warm'd the breast,
 Whose sov'reign dictates subjugate the east!

I said; and sudden from the golden throne
 With a submissive step I hasted down.

The glowing garland from my hair I took;
 Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
 Prepar'd to place it on her comely head;
 O fav'rite virgin! (yet again I said)
 Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
 And O above thy fellows happy thou!
 Their duty must thy sov'reign word obey,
 Rise up, my love; my fair one, come away.

What pang, alas! what extacy of smart
 Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart;
 When she with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
 Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd?

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
 Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest;
 And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast:
 Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
 Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
 To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bow'r,
 And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.
 Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid,
 (Swift are the steps that love and anger tread)
 Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
 Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace:
 By turns put on the suppliant, and the lord:
 Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;

Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
 And choice of happy love, or instant death.
 Averse to all her am'rous king desir'd,
 Far as she might, she decently retir'd:
 And darting scorn, and sorrow from her eyes,
 What means, said she, King Solomon the wise?
 This wretched body trembles at your pow'r:
 Thus far could fortune: but she can no more.
 Free to herself my potent mind remains;
 Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
 'Tis said that thou can'st plausibly dispute,
 Supreme of seers, of angel, man, and brute;
 Can'st plead with subtle wit and fair discourse,
 Of passion's folly, and of reason's force.
 That to the tribes attentive thou can'st show
 Whence their misfortunes, or their blessings flow.
 That thou in science, as in pow'r art great;
 And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
 Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
 With just advice, and timely counsel fraught?
 Where now, O judge of Israel, does it rove?—
 What in one moment dost thou offer? love—
 Love? why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife:
 'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
 And human mis'ry must begin or end,
 As he becomes a tyrant, or a friend.
 Would David's son, religious, just and grave,
 To the first bride-bed of the world receive
 A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave?
 Or grant, thy passion has these names destroy'd;
 That love, like death, makes all distinction void;

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast,
 His flames and torments only are express:
 His rage can in my smiles alone relent:
 And all his joys solicit my consent,
 Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
 Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
 Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
 The pleasing extacy, which each receives:
 Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy it grows;
 Its chearful buds their op'ning bloom disclose;
 And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
 If angry fate that mutual care denies;
 The fading plant bewails its due supplies:
 Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd:
 The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
 Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ:
 Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
 Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;
 Nor reap the harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the field.
 Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
 Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey;
 But wilful love thou must with smiles appease;
 Approach his awful throne by just degrees;
 And if thou wouldst be happy, learn to please.

Not that those arts can here successful prove:
 For I am destin'd to another's love.
 Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
 To my dear equal, in my native land,
 My plighted vow I gave: I his receiv'd:
 Each swore with truth: with pleasure each believ'd:

The mutual contract was to heav'n convey'd:
 In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
 Its solemn force, and clap'd their wings, and spread
 The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
 Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd;
 End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
 Thy ill-starr'd passion, and my stedfast hate.
 For long as blood informs these circling veins;
 Or fleeting breath its latest pow'r retains:
 Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare,
 Hate is my part: be thine, O King, despair.

Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast;
 Stand it in Judah's chronicles confess'd,
 That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
 Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd.
 Ashamed, confus'd, I started from the bed;
 And to my soul yet uncollected said:
 Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
 Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
 When I through number'd years have pleasure sought;
 And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
 To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
 'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.

Am I a king, great Heav'n! does life or death
 Hang on the wrath, or mercy of my breath;
 While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore;
 And one mad damsel dares dispute my pow'r?

To ravish her? that thought was soon depress'd,
 Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
 To send her back? O whither, and to whom?
 To lands where Solomon must never come;

To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdain'g me, she keeps her charms.

Fantastic tyrant of the am'rous heart ;
How hard thy yoke ! how cruel is thy dart !
Those 'scape the anger, who refuse thy sway ;
And those are punish'd most, who most obey.
See Judah's King revere thy greater pow'r :
What can'st thou covet, or how triumph more ?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's pray'r ?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run,
From the fond arms of David's fav'rite son ?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now black with winds, and cover'd now with snow :
Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
And household cares suppress thy genial fires ?

Too aptly the afflicted heathens prove
The force, while they erect the shrines of love.
His mystic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold express :
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow :
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow :
A quiver by his side sustains a store
Of pointed darts ; sad emblems of his pow'r :
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone ; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends. }
Entirely thus I find the friend pourtray'd,
Since first alas ! I saw the beauteous maid :

I felt him strike ; and now I see him fly :
 Curs'd daemon ! O ! for ever broken lie
 Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed !
 O ! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed !
 Tir'd may'st thou pant and hang thy flagging wing ;
 Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
 The damsel back, and save the love-sick king. }

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
 Unable to enjoy, or to forget ;
 I reason'd much, alas ! but more I lov'd ;
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd :
 'Till hopeless plung'd in an abyss of grief,
 I from necessity receiv'd relief,
 Time gently aided to assuage my pain ;
 And wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But O how short my interval of woe !
 Our griefs how swift ; our remedies how slow !
 Another nymph (for so did Heav'n ordain,
 To change the manner, but renew the pain).
 Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
 That made my softer hours their solemn care,
 Before the rest affected still to stand ;
 And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
 Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
 To grace my presence ; Abra went the last :
 Abra was ready ere I call'd her name ;
 And though I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal ;
 And laughing gloss'd that Abra serv'd so well.
 To me her actions did unheeded die,
 Or were remark'd but with a common eye ;

'Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
 More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.
 The sun declin'd had shot his western ray;
 When tir'd with business of the solemn day,
 I purpos'd to unbend the ev'ning hours,
 And banquet private in the women's bow'rs.
 I call'd before I sat to wash my hands:
 For so the precept of the law commands.
 Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
 To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage, and submissive dread
 The maid approach'd, on my declining head
 To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd;
 With an unguarded look she now devour'd
 My nearer face: and now recall'd her eye,
 And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.
 And whence, said I, can thou have dread, or pain?
 What can thy imag'ry of sorrow mean?
 Secluded from the world, and all its care,
 Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
 For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
 Ne'er felt Love's anger, or receiv'd his dart.
 Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:
 Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.

If the great master will descend to hear
 The humble series of his handmaid's care;
 O! while she tells it, let him not put on
 The look, that awes the nations from the throne:
 O! let not death severe in glory lie
 In the king's frown, and terror of his eye.

Mine to obey: thy part is to ordain:
 And tho' to mention, be to suffer pain;

If the King smiles, whilst I my woe recite ;
 If weeping I find favour in his sight ;
 Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight.

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O! witness earth beneath, and heav'n above;
 For can I hide it? I am sick of love:
 If madness may the name of passion bear;
 Or love be call'd, what is indeed despair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret will controls
 The inward bent and motion of our souls !
 Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
 Between the cause and cure of my disease ?
 The mighty object of that raging fire,
 In which unpity'd Abra must expire,
 Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
 The lowing herd, or fleecy sheep his care,
 At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
 Scornful of winter's frosts, and summer's sun.
 Still asking, where he made his flock to rest at noon.
 For him at night, the dear expected guest,
 I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast ;
 And from the cottage o'er the distant plain,
 Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain ;
 Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear ;
 'Till he and joy together should appear ;
 And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
 On my declining neck, and open breast,
 I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest ;
 And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
 With softest care have stoln my arm away ;
 To rise, and from the fold release the sheep,
 Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

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Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my flame
 (For sure from Heav'n the faithful ardour came)
 Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
 With height of title, and extent of pow'r :
 Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
 Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's Queen,
 To see the comeliest of the sons of men ;
 To hear the charming poet's am'rous song,
 And gather honey falling from his tongue ;
 To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
 Sweeter than breezes of her native south ;
 Likening his grace, his person, and his mien
 To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
 Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
 Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams ;
 Ruddy as gold his cheek ; his bosom fair
 As silver ; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
 Black as the raven's wing ; his lip more red,
 Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread ;
 Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
 Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock. }
 Iv'ry with sapphires interspers'd, explains
 How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
 Columns of polish'd marble firmly set
 On golden bases, are his legs and feet.
 His stature all majestic, all divine,
 Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
 Saffron and myrre are on his garments shed :
 And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.

What utter I? where am I? wretched maid!
 Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
 Thy foul's desire to meet his high embrace,
 And blessings stamp'd upon thy future race;
 To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
 With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.

O foolish maid! and O unhappy tale!
 My suff'ring heart for ever shall defy
 New wounds, and danger from a future eye.

O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
 The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,
 The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.

As time, I said, may happily efface
 That cruel image of the king's disgrace;
 Imperial reason shall resume her seat;
 And Solomon once fall'n, again be great.
 Betray'd by passion, as subdu'd in war,
 We wisely should exert a double care,
 Nor ever ought a second time to err.

This Abra then——

I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
 Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true;
 And generous pity to that truth was due.
 Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;
 I call'd her often; for she always serv'd.
 Use made her person easy to my sight;
 And ease insensibly produc'd delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bow'rs
 (For first I sought her but at looser hours)

The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet :
The cake she kneaded was the fav'ry meat :
But fruits their odour lost, and meat their taste ;
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand :
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand :
And when the virgins form'd the ev'ning choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre ;
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill ;
One show'd too much, and one too little skill :
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone ;
'Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest ;
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.
A bright *tiara* round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride :
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd :
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm ;
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm.
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd ;
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, and vow, and blame
The several follies of my former flame ;
Willing my heart for recompence to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosp'rous love.
For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe ?
The damsel's sole ambition is to please :
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease ;
She sooths, but never can enthral my mind :
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd ?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy creature man is made!
 How by himself insensibly betray'd!
 In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
 And by the blast of self opinion mov'd;
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
 On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way:
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind:
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
 Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We wave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl;
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll:
 'Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise;
 'Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
 And swift into the boundless ocean born,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
 And from our troubl'd view the lessen'd lands retreat.

O mighty love! from thy unbounded pow'r
 How shall the human bosom rest secure?
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
 Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
 The diff'rent shapes, thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
 The haughty nymph in open beauty drest,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state:
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.

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Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
 And guard our conduct with becoming pride ;
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.
 She that can please is certain to persuade:
 To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.

We think we see through reason's optics right ;
 Nor find, how beauty's rays elude our sight :
 Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind ;
 And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel pow'r, thou arm'st the fair
 With flowing sorrow, and dishevel'd hair ;
 Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
 Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
 Her gen'rous softness warms the honest breast :
 We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd :
 And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief ;
 Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief :
 We sicken soon from her contagious care ;
 Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair ;
 And against love too late those bosoms arm,
 Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruelest of foes,
 What shall wit meditate, or force oppose ?
 Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid ;
 If by our pity, and our pride betray'd ?
 External remedy shall we hope to find,
 When the close fiend has gain'd our treach'rous mind ;
 Insulting there does reason's pow'r deride ;
 And blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide ?
 My conqu'ror now, my lovely Abra, held
 My freedom in her chains ; my heart was fill'd

With her, with her alone : in her alone
 It fought its peace and joy : while she was gone,
 It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her stay :
 Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief away :
 Her absence made the night : her presence brought
 the day.

The ball, the play, the mask by turns succeed.
 For her I make the song : the dance with her I lead.
 I court her various in each shape and dress,
 That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day beneath the palm-tree on the plains
 In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns :
 The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow :
 And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
 The mimic chorus sings her prosp'rous hand ;
 As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air ;
 Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war ;
 The form of peaceful Abigail assumes ;
 And from the village with the present comes :
 The youthful band depose their glittering arms ;
 Receive her bounties, and recite her charms ;
 Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
 To meet with due regard my future queen.

If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
 To range the woods, or chace the flying hind :
 Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
 Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
 In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
 Thy King, Jerusalem, descends to wait,
 Till Abra comes. She comes : a milk-white steed,
 Mixture of Persia's, and Arabia's breed,

Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose
(As the Sydonian maids, or Thracian, use)
And half her knee, and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight:
A silver bow she carries in her right:
And from the golden quiver at her side,
Ruffles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.

Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
The fav'rite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves:
Her, as the present goddess, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her mystic praise: the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills: the hills reflect the sound.
If tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fish pools, or the glassy floods
Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands,
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the wat'ry beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle.
A golden chariot in the midst is set;
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.
Abra, bright Queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move;
And sing in moving strains the force of love:
Whilst as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crouds speak mighty Venus near;

I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
 Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
 With arms and hopes extended, to receive
 The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave.
 O subject reason! O imperious love!
 Whither yet further would my folly rove?
 Is it enough, that Abra should be great
 In the wall'd palace or the rural feat?
 That masking habits, and a borrow'd name
 Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?
 No, no: Jerusalem combin'd must see
 My open fault, and regal infamy,
 Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast:
 Abra invites: the nation is the guest.
 To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
 The woods are travers'd: and the lakes are drain'd:
 Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
 The edible creation decks the board:
 Hardly the Phenix 'scapes——
 The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
 To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise;
 And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
 In lying strains, and ignominious verse:
 While from the banquet leading forth the bride,
 Whom prudent love from public eyes should hide;
 I show her to the world, confess'd and known
 Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
 And now her friends and flatt'ers fill the court:
 From Dan, and from Beersheba they resort:
 They barter places, and dispose of grants,
 Whole provinces unequal to their wants.

They teach her to recede, or to debate ;
 With toys of love to mix affairs of state ;
 By practis'd rules her empire to secure ;
 And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
 They gave, and she transfer'd the curs'd advice,
 That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
 Dissemble and command, be false and wise ;
 By ignominious arts for servile ends
 Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
 And now I leave the true and just supports
 Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
 Barzillai's, and the fierce Benaiah's heirs ;
 Whose fires, great partners in my father's cares,
 Saluted their young king at Hebron crown'd,
 Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
 And now, unhappy counsel, I prefer
 Those whom my follies only made me fear,
 Old Corah's brood, and taunting Shimei's race ;
 Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace ;
 Though they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him
 to his face.

Still Abra's pow'r my scandal still increas'd ;
 Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd :
 Her will alone could settle or revoke ;
 And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care :
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.
 I durst not reason with my wounded heart.
 Abra possess'd ; she was its better part.
 O ! had I now review'd the famous cause,
 Which gave my righteous youth so just applause ;

In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
 Had cunning art, and sly persuasion hung,
 And real care in vain, and native love
 In the true parent's panting breast had strove;
 While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
 Or slain, or sav'd, as Abra frown'd, or smil'd.
 Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
 A lifeless king, a royal shade I lay,
 Unheard the injur'd orphans now complain:
 The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
 Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file;
 And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
 No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
 To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
 No more the young nobility were taught,
 How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
 Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay;
 Or lost in drink and game the solid day:
 Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
 Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
 Or nodded, threatening ruin——
 Half pillars wanted their expected height;
 And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
 The artists grieve; the lab'ring people droop:
 My father's legacy, my country's hope,
 God's temple lies unfinish'd——

The wise and grave deplor'd their monarch's fate,
 And future mischief of a sinking state.
 Is this, the serious said, is this the man,
 Whose active soul through ev'ry science ran?
 Who by just rule and elevated skill
 Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?

Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
 On large Phylacteries expressive writ,
 Were to the forehead of the Rabbins ty'd,
 Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?
 Could not the wise his wild desires restrain;
 Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
 What from his life and letters were we taught,
 But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
 (As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
 Sent the full goblets, charg'd with Abra's name,
 And charms superior to their master's fame:
 Laughing some praise the king, who let 'em see,
 How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
 Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife;
 And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
 However, friend, here's to the king, one cries:
 To him who was the king, the friend replies.
 The king, for Judah's, and for wisdom's curse,
 To Abra yields: could I, or thou do worse?
 Our looser lives let chance or folly steer:
 If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
 Let Dinah bind with flow'rs her flowing hair:
 And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air:
 Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
 Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
 Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow:
 Thought brings the weight, that sinks the soul to woe.
 Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy pow'r express'd,
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!

And harsh the rules, which we from thee receive; }
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give; }
 And more to think be only more to grieve. }
 If Judah's King at the tribunal try'd,
 Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride;
 And changing sorrows, I am only found [bound.
 Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more strictly

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain,
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
 While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
 To no two men, who e'er discours'd the same;
 The idle product of a troubled thought,
 In borrow'd shapes, and airy colours wrought;
 A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade;
 A chain which man to fetter man has made,
 By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
 Whence ever I thy cruel essence bring,
 I own thy influence; for I feel thy sting.
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul.
 Yes; thy insulting dictates shall be heard:
 Virtue for once shall be her own reward:

Yes; rebel Israel, this unhappy maid
 Shall be dismiss'd: the croud shall be obey'd:
 The king his passion, and his rule shall leave,
 No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
 My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate:
 I will, alas! be wretched, to be great,
 And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.

I said: resolv'd to plunge into my grief
 At once so far, as to expect relief

From my despair alone——

I chose to write the thing I durst not speak,
To her I lov'd; to her I must forsake.

The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove,
How inconsistent majesty, and love.

I always should, it said, esteem her well;

But never see her more: it bid her feel

No future pain for me; but instant wed

A lover more proportion'd to her bed;

And quiet dedicate her remnant life

To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read; and forth to me she wildly ran,

To me, the ease of all her former pain.

She kneel'd, intreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,

And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd:

Till now deny'd the liberty to mourn,

And by rude fury from my presence torn,

This only object of my real care,

Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,

In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd

From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from the
world.

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious-soul,

What diff'rent sorrows did within thee roll?

What pangs, what fires, what racks didst thou sustain?

What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?

How oft from pomp and state did I remove,

To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?

How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,

Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms?

How oft, with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,

Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace?

How oft desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
 And live in shades with her and love alone?
 How oft, all night, pursu'd her in my dreams,
 O'er flow'ry vallies, and through crystal streams;
 And waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
 And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone?

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love,
 In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove;
 At length they broke their bounds: at length their
 force

Bore down whatever met its stronger course:
 Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste:
 And scatter'd ruin, as the torrent past.

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
 The congregated snow, and swelling rain;
 Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain;
 Precipitate the furious torrent flows:

In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose;
 Towns, forests, herds, and men promiscuous
 drown'd,

With one great death deform the dreary ground:
 The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound.

And now, what impious ways my wishes took;
 How they the monarch, and the man forsook;
 And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
 Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;
 How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
 By turns my prostituted bed receives:

Through tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
 Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;
 And by the instinct of capricious lust,
 Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:

O be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
 In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd !
 O, be the wanton images convey'd
 To black oblivion, and eternal shade !
 Or let their sad *epitome* alone,
 And outward lines to future age be known,
 Enough to propagate the sure belief, [grief.
 That vice engenders shame ; and folly broods o'er
 Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease I lay :
 The night I revell'd ; and I slept the day.
 New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires ;
 And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
 By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd ;
 And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
 No longer now does my neglected mind
 Its wonted stores, and old ideas find.
 Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
 To take the true, or set the false aside.
 No longer does swift mem'ry trace the cells,
 Where springing wit, or young invention dwells.
 Frequent debauch to habitude prevails :
 Patience of toil, and love of virtue fails.
 By sad degrees impair'd my vigor dies ;
 Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.
 The women on my dotage build their sway :
 They ask ; I grant : they threaten ; I obey.
 In regal garments now I gravely stride,
 Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride.
 Now with the looser Syrian dance, and sing,
 In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.
 Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
 And shape my foolishness to their desire.

Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
 At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
 With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail ;
 And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
 To each new harlot I new altars dress ;
 And serve her god, whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded sense, was flown ?
 Where the high majesty of David's throne ?
 Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
 With which the living GOD inform'd my youth ?
 When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
 Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
 In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
 Beastly divinities, and droves of gods :
 Osiris, Apis, pow'rs that chew the cud,
 And dog Anubis, flatt'rer for his food :
 When in the woody hill's forbidden shade
 I carv'd the marble, and invok'd his aid :
 When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
 Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell ;
 To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid ;
 And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd :
 When to all beings sacred rites were giv'n ;
 Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heav'n.

Through these sad shades, this *chaos* in my soul,
 Some seeds of light at length began to roll.
 The rising motion of an infant ray
 Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
 And now one moment able to reflect,
 I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
 Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect. }
 I found my subjects amicably join,
 To lessen their defects by citing mine.

The priest with pity pray'd for David's race ;
 And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
 The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son,
 The sad examples which he ought to shun,
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.
 Each bard, each sire did to his pupil sing,
 A wise child better than a foolish king.

Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd ;
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
 A mighty king I am, an earthly god :
 Nations obey my word, and wait my nod,
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free ;
 And life or death depends on my decree.
 Fond the *Idea*, and the thought is vain :
 O'er Judah's king ten-thousand tyrants reign,
 Legions of lust, and various pow'rs of ill
 Insult the master's tributary will :
 And he, from whom the nations should receive
 Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
 Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
 Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

O Reason ! once again to thee I call :
 Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
 Wisdom, thou say'st, from heav'n receiv'd her birth ;
 Her beams transmitted to the subject earth.
 Yet this great empress of the human soul
 Does only with imagin'd pow'r controul ;
 If restless passion by rebellious sway
 Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art !
 Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart

To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft have I said, the praise of doing well
Is to the ear, as ointment to the smell.
Now if some flies perchance, however small,
Into the alabaster urn should fall;
The odours of the sweets inclos'd, would die;
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply.
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed:
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Loft Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past errors recollect the store:
And silent weep, that while the deathless muse
Shall sing the just; shall o'er their head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand; she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone; and to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women, and their gods asham'd,
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise;
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth, and greatness unenjoy'd,
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,
Their wishes, smiles, and looks deceitful, all in vain.

P O W E R :

T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

SOLOMON considers man through the several stages and conditions of life; and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from ADAM down to himself; and still concludes that all is VANITY. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of ISRAEL: and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

- Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. XII. ver. 6.
- The sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. Chap. I, ver. 5.
- The wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again, according to his circuits, ver. 6.
- All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. ver. 7.
- Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Chap. XII. ver. 7.
- Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house, *II. Chronicles*, Chap. VII, ver. 1.
- By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down: yea, we wept, when we remembered Sion, &c, *Psalms* CXXXVII, ver. 1.
- I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it? *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. II. ver. 2.
- No man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end, Chap. III, ver. 11.
- Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it; and God doeth it, that men should fear before him. ver. 14.
- Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. Chap. XII. ver. 13.



P O W E R :

T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

COME then, my soul: I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing from whence I know I am ;
For knowing that I am, I know thou art :
Since that must needs exist, which can impart,
But how thou cam'st to be, or whence thy spring :
For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some sep'rate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet ;
Companion of the body's good or ill ;
From force of instinct more than choice of will ;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain ;
Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth dost flourish, and with age dost fail ;
'Till mingl'd with thy partner's latest breath
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death.

Or if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime ; of heav'nly fire
Wert thou a spark struck off, a sep'rate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial day ;

With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
 To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel ;
 To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame ;
 Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame :
 To guide its actions with informing care,
 In peace to judge, to conquer in the war :
 Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
 As fits the various course of human age ;
 'Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
 The captive breaks her prison's mould'ring walls ;
 Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
 Which now the pile, or sepulchre contains ;
 And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
 Impatient to regain her native skies.

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go
 (Points which we rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
 Which for thy sake from passions I divest :
 For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
 Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
 Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
 As temp'rance wills, and prudence may persuade :
 Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
 Guided to what may great or good appear ;
 And try if life be worth the liver's care. }
 Amass'd in man there justly is beheld
 What thro' the whole creation has excell'd :
 The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
 The angel's forecast and intelligence :
 Say from these glorious seeds, what harvest flows :
 Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.

In its true light let clearest reason see
 The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be ;
 Helpless and naked on a woman's knees
 To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please ;
 Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease.
 His tender eye by too direct a ray
 Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day ;
 His heart assaulted by invading air,
 And beating fervent to the vital war ;
 To his sense how various forms appear :
 That strike his wonder and excite his fear ?
 By his distortions he reveals his pains ;
 He by his tears, and by his sighs complains ;
 'Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
 By broken words, and rudiments of speech,
 His wants in plainer characters to show,
 And paint more perfect figures of his woe,
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
 To babling ign'rance, and to empty fears ;
 To pass the riper period of his age,
 Acting his part upon a crowded stage ;
 To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,
 To open dangers, and to secret snares ;
 To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
 And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
 His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
 Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill :
 Or sadly censur'd in their curst debate,
 Who in the scorner's or the judge's seat
 Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
 Or would he rather have this frantic scene ;
 And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men

In the remotest wood and lonely grott
 Certain to meet the worst of evils, thought;
 Diff'rent *Ideas* to his mem'ry brought:
 Some intricate, as are the pathless woods;
 Impetuous some, as the descending floods:
 With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
 No sweet companion near with whom to mourn;
 He hears the echoing rock return his sighs;
 And from himself the frightened hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what path soe'er of life we rove,
 Rage companies our hate, and grief our love:
 Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
 Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
 Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap:
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
 For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
 But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
 Of woes, a-new which were we to sustain,
 We should refuse to tread the path again.
 Still adding grief, still counting from the first;
 Judging the latest evils still the worst;
 And sadly finding each progressive hour
 Heighten their number, and augment their pow'r:
 'Till by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
 Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
 We find the vital springs relax'd and worn:
 Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
 Thus, through the round of age to childhood we
 return:
 Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
 We yesterday came forth: that in the tomb

Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
 Born to lament, to labour, and to die.
 Pass we the ills, which each man feels or dreads,
 The weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our heads;
 The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
 The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
 The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
 The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood;
 The noisom pest'ence, that in open war
 Terrible, marches through the mid-day air,
 And scatters death; the arrow that by night
 Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings the flight;
 The billowing snow, and violence of the show'r,
 That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
 And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
 The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
 Canker or locust hurtful to infest
 The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
 And eminence of want distinguishes the year.
 Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
 Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
 The cruel stone with congregated war
 Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
 With frequent impulse, and continu'd strife,
 Weak'ning the wasted seats of irksom life;
 The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
 The sad experience of decay; and age,
 Herself the forest ill; while death, and ease,
 Oft and in vain invoc'd, or to appease,
 Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
 From the vex'd patient, and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair;
 Angelic, softest work of heav'n, draws near
 To the cold shaking paralytic hand,
 Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command,
 Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
 The dictates of its feeble master's will.

Nought shall the psaltry, and the harp avail,
 The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale;
 When the quick spirits their warm march forbear;
 And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flow'ry hill,
 The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
 The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore,
 Beautiful objects, shall delight no more;
 When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
 In wat'ry damps, or dim suffusion lie.
 Day follows night; the clouds return again
 After the falling of the latter rain;
 But to the aged blind shall ne'er return
 Grateful vicissitude; he still must mourn
 The sun, and moon, and ev'ry starry light
 Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where age's wretched victim lies:
 See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes:
 Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves:
 To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives;
 And only by his pains, awaking finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring time the silver cord
 Diffever'd lies: unhonour'd from the board
 The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by;
 And apter utensils their place supply.

These things and thou must share an equal lot ;
 Die, and be lost, corrupt and be forgot ;
 While still another, and another race
 Shall now supply, and now give up the place.
 From earth all came, to earth must all return ;
 Frail as the cord and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd :
 And view we man with health and vigour blest'd.
 Home he returns with the declining sun,
 His destin'd task of labour hardly done ;
 Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
 Again his travel for his bread to pay,
 And find the ill sufficient to the day.
 Hap'ly at night he does with horror shun
 A widow'd daughter, or a dying son :
 His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees :
 And doubly feels his want in their increase ;
 The next day, and the next he must attend
 His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
 In ev'ry act and turn of life he feels
 Public calamities, or household ills :
 The due reward to just desert refus'd :
 The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd :
 The judge corrupt, the long depending cause,
 And doubtful issue of misconstru'd laws.
 The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
 And violent will of the wrong-doing great :
 The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame,
 Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advance reclaim.
 Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
 Produc'd as atoms form their flutt'ring dance ?

Or higher yet their essence may we draw
 From destin'd order, and eternal law ?
 Again, my muse, the cruel doubt repeat :
 Spring they, I say, from accident, or fate ?
 Yet such, we find, they are, as can controul
 The servile actions of our wav'ring soul ;
 Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will ;
 Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search! in which the lab'ring mind,
 Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
 A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
 From years of pain, one moment of release ;
 Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
 Against experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
 Has through this doleful vale of mis'ry past ;
 Who to his destin'd age has carry'd on
 The tedious load, and laid his burden down ;
 Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble shows
 Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.
 He happier yet, who priviledg'd by fate
 To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,
 Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Order'd to-morrow to return to death.

But O! beyond description happiest he,
 Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea ;
 Who with blest freedom from the gen'ral doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.

Who breathes, must suffer ; and who thinks must
 And he alone was blest, who ne'er was born. [mourn ;

- " Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher, hear :
 " Are not these general maxims too severe ?
 " Say : cannot pow'r secure its owner bliss ?
 " And is not wealth the potent fire of peace ?
 " Are victors blest with fame, or kings with ease ? }

I tell thee life is but one common care :
 And man was born to suffer and to fear.

- " But is no rank, no station, no degree
 " From this contagious taint of sorrow free ?"

None, mortal, none : yet in a bolder strain
 Let me this melancholy truth maintain :
 But hence, ye wordly, and prophane, retire :
 For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre
 To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd :
 Ye still must covet life, and be deceiv'd :
 Your very fear of death should make ye try
 To catch the shade of immortality ;
 Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
 Part of its prey from the devouring grave ;
 To those who may survive ye, to bequeath
 Something entire, in spite of time and death ;
 A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
 And in a book, or from a building live.
 False hope ! vain labour ! let some ages fly :
 The dome shall moulder, and the volume die :
 Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
 That all the parts of this great fabric change ;
 Quit their old station, and primæval frame ;
 And lose their shape, their essence, and their name !

Reduce the song : our hopes, our joys are vain :
Our lot is sorrow ; and our portion pain.

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wise or great, of judge or king ?
What is a king, a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care ;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease ;
Now falls a victim to the people's ease :
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flatt'ry, and estrang'd from truth :
At home surrounded by a servile croud,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud :
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears ;
His very state acknowledging his fears :
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
His secret terror of a thousand foes :
In war however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events, and fickle chance a slave :
Seeking to settle what for ever flies ;
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.

But he returns with conquest on his brow ;
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow :
The captive gen'ral's to his car are ty'd :
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride. }
What is this triumph ? madness, shouts and noise
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back, in chains relate,
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate.
The spoils and trophies born before him, show
National loss, and epidemic woe, }
Various distresses, which he and his may know.

Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain;
 The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
 Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
 Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
 Does he not weep the lawrel, which he wears,
 Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tears?

See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
 See millions crouding round the gilded car:
 In the vast joys of this exstatic hour,
 And full fruition of successful pow'r,
 One moment and one thought might let him scan
 The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.

Are the dire images of sad distrust,
 And popular change, obscur'd amid the dust,
 That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
 Can the loud clarion, or shrill pipe repel
 The inward cries of care? can nature's voice
 Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise;
 Though shouts as thunder loud afflict the air,
 Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the iv'ry chair?

Yon' croud (he might reflect) yon' joyful crowd,
 Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud
 (Should fleeting victory to the vanquish'd go;
 Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
 Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
 At the high palace, or the crouded gate;
 With restless rage would pull my statues down;
 And cast the brass a-new to his renown.

O impotent desire of worldly sway!
 That I, who make the triumph of to-day:
 May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
 Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!

Then (vileness of mankind!) then of all these,
 Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
 Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
 Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
 The victor's pastime, and the sport of war;
 Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
 Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?
 Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?
 To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes?
 To know with more distinction to complain,
 And have superior sense in feeling pain?

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
 Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie,
 And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
 Or pleasure ever may with pow'r remain.

Adam, great *type*, for whom the world was made,
 The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
 A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land;
 And all that move therein to his command
 Render'd obedient: say, my pensive muse,
 What did these golden promises produce?
 Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
 One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd:
 Defin'd the next his journey to pursue,
 Where wounding thorns, and cursed thistles grew.
 E'er yet he earns his bread, adown his brow,
 Inclined to earth, his lab'ring sweat must flow:
 His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress'd;
 E'er long-wish'd night brings necessary rest:
 Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
 He for her follies, and his own must grieve.

Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless choice ;
 His ear oft frightened with the imag'd voice
 Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd ; oft his view
 Aghast, as when the infant light'ning flew ;
 And the stern Cherubs stop'd the fatal road,
 Arm'd with the flames of an avenging GOD.
 His younger son on the polluted ground,
 First fruit of death, lies plaintiff of a wound
 Giv'n by a brother's hand : his eldest birth
 Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a fugitive o'er earth.
 Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,
 Becomes not man, nor angels to enquire.
 Each age sinn'd on ; and guilt advanc'd with time :
 The son still added to the father's crime ;
 Till GOD arose, and great in anger said :
 Lo ! it repenteth me, that man was made.
 Withdraw the light, thou sun ! be dark, ye skies !
 And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise !
 The frightened angels heard the Almighty Lord ;
 And o'er the earth from wrathful viols pour'd
 Tempest and storm, obedient to his word. }
 Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
 The guard of all, that he design'd to save.
 Exempt from gen'ral doom the patriarch stood ;
 Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
 The winds fall silent ; and the waves decrease :
 The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace :
 Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
 Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
 If on the backward world his views are cast ;
 'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.

Present (sad prospect!) can he ought descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 The beauties of the ancient fabric lost,
 In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
 While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
 Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
 When of GOD's image only eight he found
 Snatch'd from the wat'ry grave, and sav'd from na-
 tions drown'd;

And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
 The seed, whence empires must receive their birth,
 One he foresees excluded heav'nly grace,
 And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race.

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of GOD,
 Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
 By blood and battles must his pow'r maintain,
 And slay the monarchs, ere he rules the plain;
 Must deal just portions of a servile life
 To a proud handmaid, and a peevish wife;
 Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
 In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
 Must take his other child, his age's hope,
 To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
 Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood;
 Destroy his heir, or disobey his GOD.

Moses beheld that GOD; but how beheld
 The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
 While present, too severe for human sight,
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night. }
 The following days, and months, and years decreed
 To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.

His youth with want and hardships must engage :
 Plots and rebellions must disturb his age,
 Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
 Prompter to sink the state, than he to save :
 And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
 That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
 His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd,
 In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage he liv'd ;
 And dy'd obedient to severest law,
 Forbid to tread the promis'd land, he saw.
 My father's life was one long line of care,
 A scene of danger, and a state of war,
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
 The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
 By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
 Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
 Forlorn he must, and persecuted fly ;
 Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie ;
 And often ask, and be refus'd to die.

For ever, from his manly toils, are known
 The weight of pow'r, and anguish of a crown.
 What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes ;
 When God, and Nathan were declar'd his foes ?
 When ev'ry object his offence revil'd,
 The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
 The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child ?
 What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd ;
 When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land ;
 And the inexorable prophet's voice [choice ?
 Gave famine, plague, or war ; and bid him fix his
 He dy'd ; and oh ! may no reflexion shed
 Its pois'nous venom on the royal dead :

Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd ;
 Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast :
 Dying he added to my weight of care :
 He made me to his crimes undoubted heir :
 Left his unfinish'd murder to his son,
 And Joab's blood intail'd on Judah's crown.
 Young as I was, I hasted to fulfill
 The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
 Of his fair deeds a distant view I took ;
 But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look ;
 Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
 His care of right, his reverence to the laws :
 But could with joy his years of folly trace,
 Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace ;
 Could follow him, where-e'er he stray'd from good,
 And cite his sad example : whilst I trod
 Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood. }
 Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
 With smiles I could betray, with temper kill :
 Soon in a brother could a rival view ;
 Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
 In vain for life he to the altar fled :
 Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
 Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell ;
 But that my interest did my rage conceal :
 Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive ;
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears are vain :
 With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain :
 Join fraud to force, and policy to pow'r ;
 Till of the destin'd fugitive secure,

In solemn state to parricide I rise ;
 And, as GOD lives, this day my brother dies.

Be witness to my tears, celestial muse !
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
 Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;
 In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt :
 The deed was acted by the subject's hand ;
 The sword was pointed by the king's command.
 Mine was the murder : it was mine alone ;
 Years of contrition must the crime atone :
 Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
 But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
 Her love of truth superior to her art.
 Already the reflecting muse has trac'd
 The mournful figures of my action past.
 The pensive goddess has already taught,
 How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought ;
 From growing childhood to declining age,
 How tedious ev'ry step, how gloomy ev'ry stage.
 This course of vanity almost compleat,
 Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
 In the still shades of death : for dread and pain,
 And grief will find the shafts elanc'd in vain,
 And their points broke, retorted from the head,
 Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frighted Reason! what is death?
 Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath?
 The utmost limit of a narrow span,
 And end of motion which with life began?
 As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
 Is seen this moment, and the next expires ;

As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
 Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost;
 So vanishes our state, so pass our days:
 So life but opens now, and now decays:
 The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh;
 To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
 Death only shews us, what we knew was near.
 With courage therefore view the pointed hour;
 Read not death's danger; but expect his pow'r;
 Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn;
 But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.

Cautious thro' doubt; by want of courage, wife,
 To such advice the reas'ner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continu'd space,
 Ev'ry successive day's repeated race,
 Since time first started from his pristine goal,
 'Till he had reach'd that hour, wherein my soul
 Join'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was,
 (At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
 Again to nothing, when this vital breath
 Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest, and death?
 Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
 To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
 And never shall those particles agree,
 That were in life this individual He?
 But sever'd, must they join the general mass,
 Thro' other forms, and shapes ordain'd to pass;
 Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
 Does the great Word that gave him sense, ordain,
 That life shall never wake that sense again?

And will no pow'r his sinking spirit save [grave?
 From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the
 Each evening I behold the setting sun
 With downward speed into the ocean run :
 Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
 Exerts his vigour, and renews his pow'r ;
 Starts the bright race again : his constant flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the same.
 I mark the various fury of the winds ;
 These neither seasons guide, nor orders binds :
 They now dilate, and now contract their force :
 Various their speed, but endless is their course.
 From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
 Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows ;
 Though sundry drops or leave, or swell the stream ;
 The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same.
 Still other waves supply the rising urns ;
 And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.
 Why then must man obey the sad decree,
 Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea ?
 A flow'r, that does with opening morn arise,
 And flourishing the day, at evening dies ;
 A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
 The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
 A fire, whose flames thro' crackling stubble fly ;
 A meteor shooting from the summer sky ;
 A bowl a-down the bending mountain roll'd ;
 A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;
 A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream
 Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
 Our earthly course : But, O my soul ! so fast
 Must life run off ; and death for ever last ?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd;
 Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
 Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
 Reward or punishment, delight or pain?
 Say: shall our relics second birth receive?
 Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
 When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
 And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries;
 Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead?
 The spirit only from the body fled,
 The grosser part of heat and motion void,
 To be by fire, or worm, or time destroy'd;
 The soul, immortal substance, to remain,
 Conscious of joy, and capable of pain?
 And if her acts have been directed well,
 While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell;
 Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat?
 Find her rest endless, and her bliss compleat?
 And while the bury'd man we idly mourn;
 Do angels joy to see his better half return?
 But if she has deform'd this earthly life
 With murd'rous rapine, and seditious strife;
 Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driven
 From the aetherial seat, and blissful heav'n,
 In everlasting darkness must she lie,
 Still more unhappy, that she cannot die?
 Amid two seas on one small point of land
 Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd we stand:
 On either side our thoughts incessant turn:
 Forward we dread; and looking back we mourn.
 Losing the present in his dubious haste;
 And lost ourselves betwixt the future, and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
 My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,
 Once more I said: once more I will enquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
 This flutt'ring motion, which we call the mind?
 How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
 Have we the pow'r to guide her, as we please?
 Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease?
 We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
 Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain:
 And, while poor nature labours to be blest,
 By day with pleasure, and by night with rest:
 Some stronger pow'r eludes our sickly will;
 Dashes our rising hope with certain ill;
 And makes us with reflective trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our mind,
 Is his decree by human pray'r inclin'd?
 Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
 And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
 Then let religion aid, where reason fails:
 Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales:
 And let the silent sanctuary show,
 What from the babbling schools we may not know,
 How man may shun, or bear his destin'd part of woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our fate?
 Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
 Betwixt infinity and nothing: bounds,
 Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.
 Unequal thoughts; whilst all we apprehend,
 Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end;
 As our Creator deigns to be our friend.

I said;—and instant bad the priests prepare
 The ritual sacrifice, and solemn pray'r,
 Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
 A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
 'The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
 They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
 The maids in comely order next advance;
 They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
 Follow the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
 Chanting by just return the holy song.
 Along the choir in solemn state they pass,
 —The anxious King came last.

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
 I paid: and bowing at the altar low,

Father of heav'n! I said, and judge of earth!
 Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
 By whose kind pow'r and influencing care
 The various creatures move, and live, and are;
 But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r,
 They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
 Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,
 To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that can'st still the raging of the seas,
 Chain up the winds and bid the tempests cease;
 Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
 Of cruel passion, and deceitful lusts:
 From storms of rage, and dang'rous rocks of pride,
 Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
 (It was thy hand that made it) through the tide
 Impetuous of this life: let thy command
 Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.

If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
 Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
 It hap'ly be thy will, that I should know
 Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe,
 From *now*, from instant *now*, great Sire, dispel
 The clouds that press my soul; from *now* reveal
 A gracious beam of light; from *now* inspire
 My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;
 My open'd thought to joyous prospect raise;
 And, for thy mercy, let me sing thy praise.
 Or, if thy will ordains, I still shall wait
 Some new *Here-after*, and a future state;
 Permit my strength, my weight of woe to bear;
 And raise my mind superior to my care.
 Let me, howe'er unable to explain
 The secret lab'rinth of thy ways to man,
 With humble zeal confess thy awful pow'r;
 Still weeping hope, and wond'ring still adore.
 So in my conquest be thy might declar'd:
 And, for thy justice, be thy name rever'd.

My pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
 Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome:
 To the beginning miracle succeed
 An awful silence, and religious dread.
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common day:
 The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
 Untouch'd, unlighted glows—
 Ambrosial odor, such as never flows
 From Arab's gum, or the Sabaeen rose,
 Does round the air evolving scenes diffuse:
 The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dews:

Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,
 Such Miriam's timbrel would in vain require)
 Strikes to my thought thro' my admiring ear,
 With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear :
 And lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels
 My wond'ring soul ? an opening cloud reveals
 An heav'nly form embody'd, and array'd
 With robes of light, I heard : the angel said :

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
 From daily trouble, and continu'd grief.
 Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind :
 Suppress thy passions ; and prepare thy mind.
 Free and familiar with misfortune grow :
 Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe.
 By weak'ning toil, and hoary age o'ercome,
 See thy decrease ; and hasten to thy tomb.
 Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
 Portions of toil, and legacies of care.
 Send the successive ills thro' ages down ;
 And let each weeping father tell his son,
 That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
 He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

The child to whose success thy hope is bound,
 Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd ;
 To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd
 (That curst poison to the prince's mind !)
 Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
 And lose his great defence, his people's love.
 Ill counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
 Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd.
 Shall sigh, the king diminish'd, and the crown
 With lessen'd rays descending to his son.

Shall see the wreaths, his grandfire knew to reap
 By active toil, and military sweat,
 Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed
 Their falling honours from his giddy head.
 By arms, or pray'r unable to assuage
 Domestic honour, and intestine rage,
 Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
 From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear :
 Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
 By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kindred
 blood.

Hence lab'ring years shall weep their destin'd race
 Charg'd with ill omens, sully'd with disgrace.
 'Time by necessity compell'd, shall go
 Through scenes of war, and epochas of woe.
 The empire lessen'd by a parted stream,
 Shall lose its course——

Indulge thy tears: the heathen shall blaspheme ;
 Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and thame ;
 And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypts yet, and second bounds remain,
 A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.

Again obedient to a dire command,
 Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.
 Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
 Shall on Euphrates' banks renew the grief of Nile.

These pointed spires that wound the ambient sky,
 Inglorious change! shall in destruction lie
 Low, levell'd with the dust: their heights unknown,
 Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
 For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
 Of kings for ever blest, for ever great,

Remov'd by the invader's barb'rous hand,
 Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
 The tyrant shall demand yon' sacred load
 Of gold and vessels set apart to **GOD**,
 Then by vile hands to common use debas'd ;
 Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
 With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete :
 Empires by various turns shall rise and set ;
 While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know
 A diff'rent master, and a change of woe :
 With downcast eyelids, and with looks aghast,
 Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.
 Afflicted Isreal shall sit weeping down,
 Fast by the streams, where Babel's waters run ;
 Their harps upon the neighb'ring willows hung,
 Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
 Nor chearful dance their feet ; with toil oppress'd,
 Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
 In the reflective stream the sighing bride,
 Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 Her pensive head ; and in her languid face
 The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race :
 While pond'rous fetters vex their close embrace.
 With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn
 Their long-neglected feasts despair'd return,
 And sad oblivion of their solemn days.
 Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
 Louder to weep. By day your frighted Seers
 Shall call for fountains to express their tears ;
 And wish their eyes were floods : by night from dreams
 Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging flames,

Starting amaz'd, shall to the people show
Emblems of heav'nly wrath, and mystic types of woe:

The captives, as their tyrant shall require,
That they should breathe the song, and touch the lyre,
Shall say : Can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Untun'd the music, and disus'd the voice ?
What can we play (they shall discourse) how sing:
In foreign lands, and to a barb'rous king ?
We and our fathers from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve
(Outcast of mortal race !) can we conceive
Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay ?
Alas ! when we have toil'd the longsome day ;
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know,
Is but some interval from active woe ;
In broken rest, and startling sleep to mourn,
'Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge return.
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme ?
Our endless anguish does not nature claim ?
Reason, and sorrow are to us the same.

Alas ! with wild amazement we require,
If idle folly was not pleasure's fire :
Madness, we fancy, gaye an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe,
Which thou alas ! and thine are born to know.
Illustrious wretch ! repine not, nor reply :
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with reason's eye ;
Too bright the object is : the distance is too high.
The man who would resolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked straight :

Stop the enquiry then ; and curb the sense :
 Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
 'Tis GOD who must dispose, and man sustain,
 Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
 Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil ;
 What derogates from his command, is ill ;
 And that alone is good, which centers in his will. }

Yet that thy lab'ring senses may not droop,
 Lost to delight, and destitute of hope ;
 Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
 From him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
 The land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn ;
 Shall from her sad captivity return.
 Sion shall raise her long-dejected head :
 And in her courts the law again be read.
 Again the glorious temple shall arise,
 And with new-lustre pierce the neighb'ring skies.
 The promis'd seat of empire shall again
 Cover the mountain, and command the plain ;
 And from thy race distinguish'd, *One* shall spring
 Greater in act than victor, more than king
 In dignity and pow'r, sent down from heav'n,
 To succour earth. To *Him*, to *Him*, 'tis giv'n,
 Passion, and care, and anguish to destroy.
 Through *Him* soft peace, and plenitude of joy
 Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow,
 No more may man enquire, nor angel know.

Now, Solomon, rememb'ring who thou art,
 Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
 Go forth : be strong : with patience, and with care
 Perform, and suffer : to thyself severe,

Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues, first of men, be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain ;
O may they graven in thy heart remain !
Be humble, and be just, the angel said :
With upward speed his agile wings he spread ;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object : at length (my mournful look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke :
 Supreme, All Wise, Eternal Potentate !
Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate !
Enthron'd in light, and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see !
Original of beings ! Pow'r Divine !
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine ;
Benign Creator, let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect. Let thy command
Restore, great Father, thy instructed son ;
And in my act may *thy great will be done.*

[Mr PRIOR, after the publication of the folio edition of his works, from which this is taken, printed, singly, the four Poems which follow,]

T H E
C O N V E R S A T I O N.

A

T A L E.

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the company you meet;
And sure there may be secret danger,
In talking much before a stranger.
Agreed: What then? then drink your ale,
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

No matter where the scene is fixt:
The persons were but odly mixt;
When sober Damon thus began:
(And Damon is a clever man.)
I now grow old; but still, from youth,
Have held for *modesty* and *truth*.
The men who by these sea-marks steer,
In life's great voyage never err:
Upon this point I dare defy
The world: I pause for a reply.

Sir, either is a good assistant :
 Said one who sat a little distant :
Truth decks our *speeches* and our *books* ;
 And *modesty* adorns our *looks* :
 But farther progress we must take,
 Not only born to *look* and *speak* :
 The man must *act*. The Stagyrite
 Says thus, and says extremely right :
 Strict justice is the sov'reign guide,
 That o'er our actions should preside :
 This queen of virtues is confessed,
 To regulate and bind the rest.
 Thrice happy, if you can but find
 Her equal balance poize your mind :
 All diff'rent graces soon will enter,
 Like lines concurrent to their center.

'Twas thus, in short, these *two* went on,
 With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
 Through many points divinely dark,
 And Waterland assaulted Clarke ;
 'Till, in theology half lost,
 Damon took up the *Evening-Post* ;
 Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
 And deep in politics held forth.

Methinks we're in the like condition,
 As at the *Treaty of Partition* :
 That stroke, for all King William's care,
 Begat another tedious war.
 Matthew, who knew the *whole Intrigue*,
 Ne'er much approv'd that *Mystic League* :

In the vile Utrecht *Treaty* too,
 Poor man, he found enough to do.
 Sometimes to me he did apply;
 But downright dunstable was I,
 And told him, *where* they were *mistaken*,
 And counsell'd him to *save his bacon* :
 But (pass his *politics* and *prose*)
 I never herded with his foes;
 Nay, in his *verses*, as a friend,
 I still found something to commend :
 Sir, I excus'd his *Nut-brown Maid* ;
 Whate'er severer critic said :
 Too far I own, the girl was try'd :
 The women all were on my side.
 For Alma I return'd him thanks :
 I lik'd her with her little pranks :
 Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme,
 Was much too grave to be sublime.

Pindar and Damon scorn transition :
 So on he ran a new Division ;
 'Till out of breath he turn'd to spit :
 (Chance often helps us more than wit)
 T'other that lucky moment took,
 Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the gifts the gods afford,
 (If we may take old Tully's word)
 The greatest is a friend ; whose love
 Knows how to praise, and when reprove :
 From such a treasure never part,
 But hang the jewel on your heart :

And, pray, sir (it delights me) tell ;
You know this author mighty well——
“ Know him ! d’ye question it ? Ods fish :
“ Sir, does a beggar know his dish ?
“ I lov’d him, as I told you, I
“ Advis’d him——Here a stander-by
Twitch’d Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, silence broke ;
“ Damon, ’tis time we should retire :
“ The man you talk with is Mat. Prior.”

Patron thro’ life, and from thy birth my friend ;
Dorset, to thee, this fable let me send :
With Damon’s lightness weigh thy solid worth ;
The foil is known to set the diamond forth :
Let the feign’d tale this real moral give,
How many Damons, how few Dorsets live.

July, 1721.

COLIN'S MISTAKES.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENCER'S STYLE.

*Me ludit Amabilis
Infania.*

Hor.

I.

FAST by the banks of Cam was Colin bred :
 (Ye Nymphs, for ever guard that sacred
 stream ;)

To Wimpole's woody shade his way he sped :
 (Flourish those woods, the Muses endless theme.)
 As whilom Colin ancient books had read,
 Lays Greek and Roman wou'd he oft rehearse,
 And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said,
 What father Spenser sung in British verse.
 Who reads that bard, desires like him to write,
 Still fearful of success, still tempted by delight.

II.

Soon as Aurora had unbarr'd the morn,
 And light discover'd nature's chearful face ;
 The sounding clarion, and the sprightly horn
 Call'd the blythe huntsman to the distant chace,
 Eftsoons they issue forth a goodly band ; [air,
 The deep-mouth'd hounds with thunder rend the
 The fiery *courfers* strike the rising sand :
 Far thro' the thicket flies the frightened *deer* :

Harley the honour of the day supports ;
His presence glads the wood ; his orders guide the
sports.

III.

On a fair *palfrey* well equipt did sit
An Amazonian-dame ; a scarlet vest
For active horsemanship adaptly fit
Inclos'd her dainty limbs ; a plumed crest
Wav'd o'er her head ; obedient by her side
Her friends and servants rode ; with artful hand
Full well knew she the *steed* to turn and guide ;
The willing *steed* receiv'd her soft command :
Courage and sweetness in her face were seated ;
On her all eyes were bent, and all good wishes waited ;

IV.

This seeing, Colin thus his Muse bespake.
For altydes was the Muse to Colin nigh,
Ah me too nigh ! or, Clio, I mistake ;
Or that bright form that pleaseth so mine eye,
Is Jove's fair daughter Pallas, gracious queen
Of lib'ral arts ; with wonder and delight
In Homer's verse we read her ; well I ween,
That em'lous of his Grecian master's flight,
Dan Spenser makes the fav'rite goddess known ;
When in her graceful look fair Britomart is shown.

V.

At noon as Colin to the castle came,
Ope'd were the gates, and right prepar'd the feast.
Appears at table rich yclad a dame,
The lord's delight, the wonder of the guest.
With pearl and jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
As well became her dignity and place ;

But the beholders mought her gems neglect,
 To fix their eyes on her more lovely face,
 Serene with glory, and with softness bright:
 O beauty sent from heav'n, to cheer the mortal sight!

VI.

Lib'ral Munificence behind her stood;
 And decent state obey'd her high command;
 And Charity diffuse of native good
 At once portrays her mind, and guides her hand,
 As to each guest some fruits she deign'd to list,
 And silence with obliging parley broke:
 How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted gift;
 But how more gracious what the giver spoke?
 Such ease, such freedom did her deed attend,
 That ev'ry guest rejoic'd, exalted to a friend.

VII.

Quoth Colin: Clio, if my feeble sense
 Can well distinguish yon illustrious dame,
 Who nobly doth such gentle gifts dispense;
 In Latian numbers Juno is her name,
 Great goddess, who with peace and plenty crown'd,
 To all that under sky breathe vital air
 Diffuseth bliss, and through the world around
 Pours wealthy ease, and scatters joyous cheer;
 Certes of her in semblant guise I read;
 Where Spenser decks his lays with Gloriana's deed.

VIII.

As Colin mus'd at ev'ning near the wood;
 A nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by him past;
 Down to her feet her silken garment flow'd:
 A ribbon bound and shap'd her slender waist:

A veil dependent from her comely head,
 And beauteous plenty of ambrosial hair,
 O'er her fair breast and lovely shoulders spread,
 Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the air.
 The smiling Zephyrs call'd their am'rous brothers;
 They kiss'd the waving lawn, and waded it to others.

IX.

Daisies and violets rose, where'er she trod,
 As Flora kind her roots and buds had sorted :
 And led by Hymen, wedlock's mystic god ;
 Ten thousand Loves around the nymph disported.
 Quoth Colin ; now I ken the goddess bright,
 Whom poets sing : All human hearts enthrall'd,
 Obey her pow'r ; her kindness the delight
 Of gods and men ; great Venus she is call'd,
 When Mantuan Virgil doth her charms rehearse ;
 Belphebe is her name, in gentle Edmond's verse.

X.

Heard this the Muse, and with a smile reply'd,
 Which shew'd soft anger mixt with friendly love,
 Twin sisters still were ignorance and pride ;
 Can we know right, 'till error we remove ?
 But, Colin, well I wist, will never learn :
 Who flights his guide shall deviate from his way ;
 Me to have ask'd what thou cou'dst not discern,
 To thee pertain'd ; to me the thing to say.
 What heav'nly will from human eye conceals.
 How can the bard aread, unless the muse reveals ?

XI.

Nor Pallas thou, nor Britomart has seen ;
 When soon at morn the flying deer was chas'd :

Nor Jove's great wife, nor Spenser's fairy queen
 At noontyde dealt the honours of the feast :
 Nor Venus, nor Belphebe didst thou spy,
 The evening's glory, and the grove's delight.
 Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
 That all the day to knowing mortals fight
 Bright Ca'ndish-Holles Harley stood confest,
 As various hour advis'd, in various habit drest.

VERSES *spoke to the* Lady HENRIETTA-CAVEN-
 DISH-HOLLES HARLEY, *in the Library of* St.
 JOHN'S College, CAMBRIDGE, *November 9th,*
Anno 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the muses-seat,
 (Around her tomb let weeping angels wait)
 Hail *thou*, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
 Most gracious neighbour * and most welcome guest.
 Not Harley's self to Cam and Isis dear,
 In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir,
 Not *He* such present honours shall receive,
 As to his *Consort* we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thought to-day neglects
 To pay due homage to the softer-sex :
 Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
 And their great foll'wers whom this house has bred,
 To study lessons from thy morals giv'n,
 And shining characters, impress'd by Heaven.

* The seat of this noble family is at Wimploe in Cambridgeshire.

Science in books no longer we pursue,
 Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
 For when with beauty we can virtue join,
 We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,
 To the kind mem'ry of some bounteous King,
 With grateful hand, due altars let them raise,
 To some good Knight's or holy Prelate's praise; *
 We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
 Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim,
 Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
 Enjoin'd by statute, to the fair we bow;
 In spite of time we keep our ancient vow;
 What Margaret Tudor was is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN.

Represented by some of the Westminster-Scholars, at
 Hickford's dancing-room in Panton-street, near
 Leicester-fields, the second of February, 1720.

Spoken by the Lord DUPLIN, who acted CORDELIO. †

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me
 Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play? [say?
 Such work by hireling actors shou'd be done,
 Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown:

* Sir Thomas White was the founder of St. John's College, Oxon; and the greatest benefactor, next to him, was Archbishop Laud.

† The Page in the Orphan,

Our gen'rous scenes for friendship we repeat;
 And if we don't delight; at least we treat.
 Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder,
 We may be ask'd *whose patent we act under?*

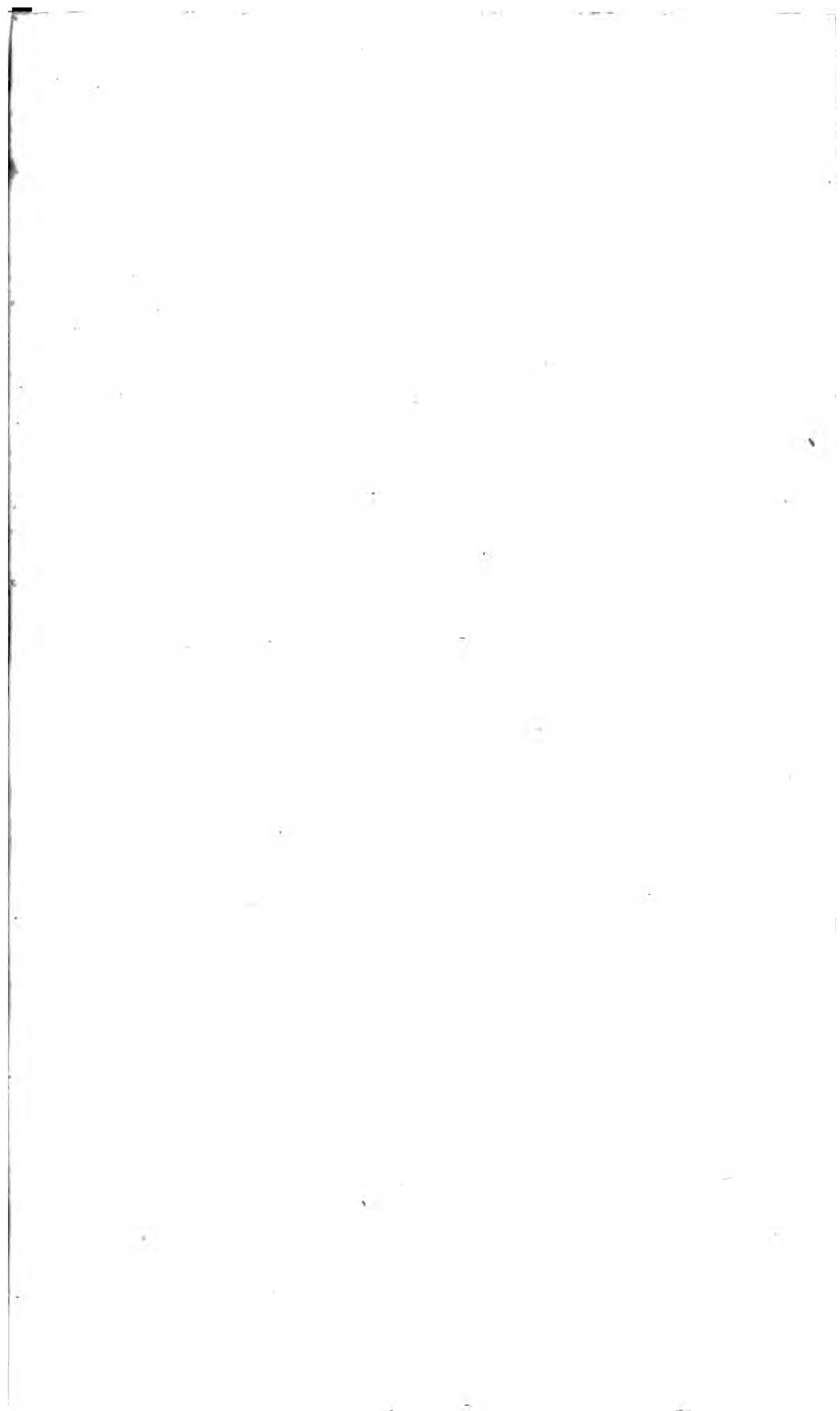
How shall we gain your *Alamode de France?*
 We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance.
 In cutting capers we shall never please:
 Our learning does not lie below our knees.

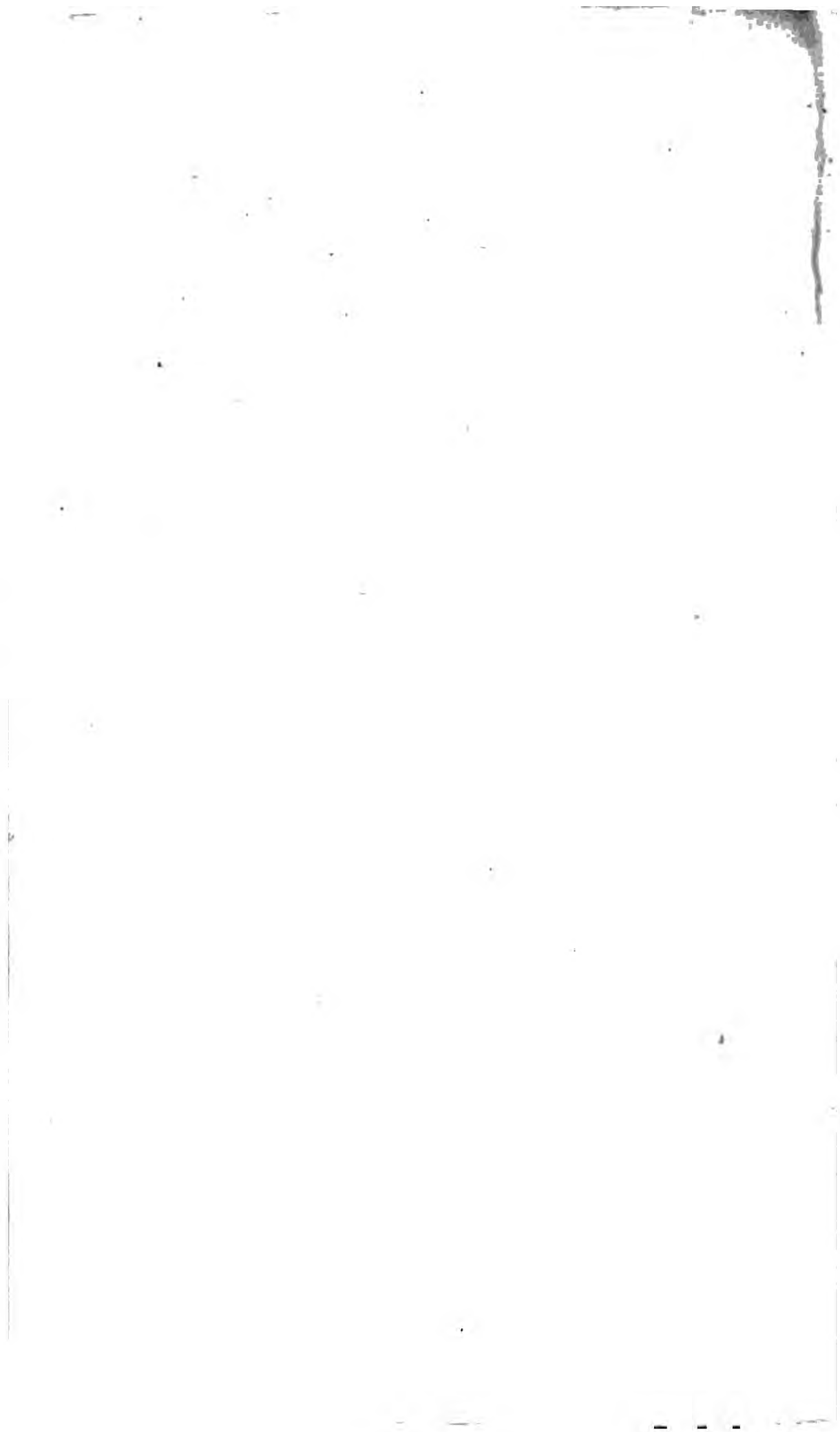
Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
 Then you must each subscribe *two hundred pound,*
 There we should fail too, as to point of voice:
 Mistake us not: *We're no Italian boys:*
 True Britons born: from Westminster we come;
 And only speak the style of antient Rome.
 We would deserve, not poorly beg applause;
 And stand or fall by Friend's and Busby's laws.

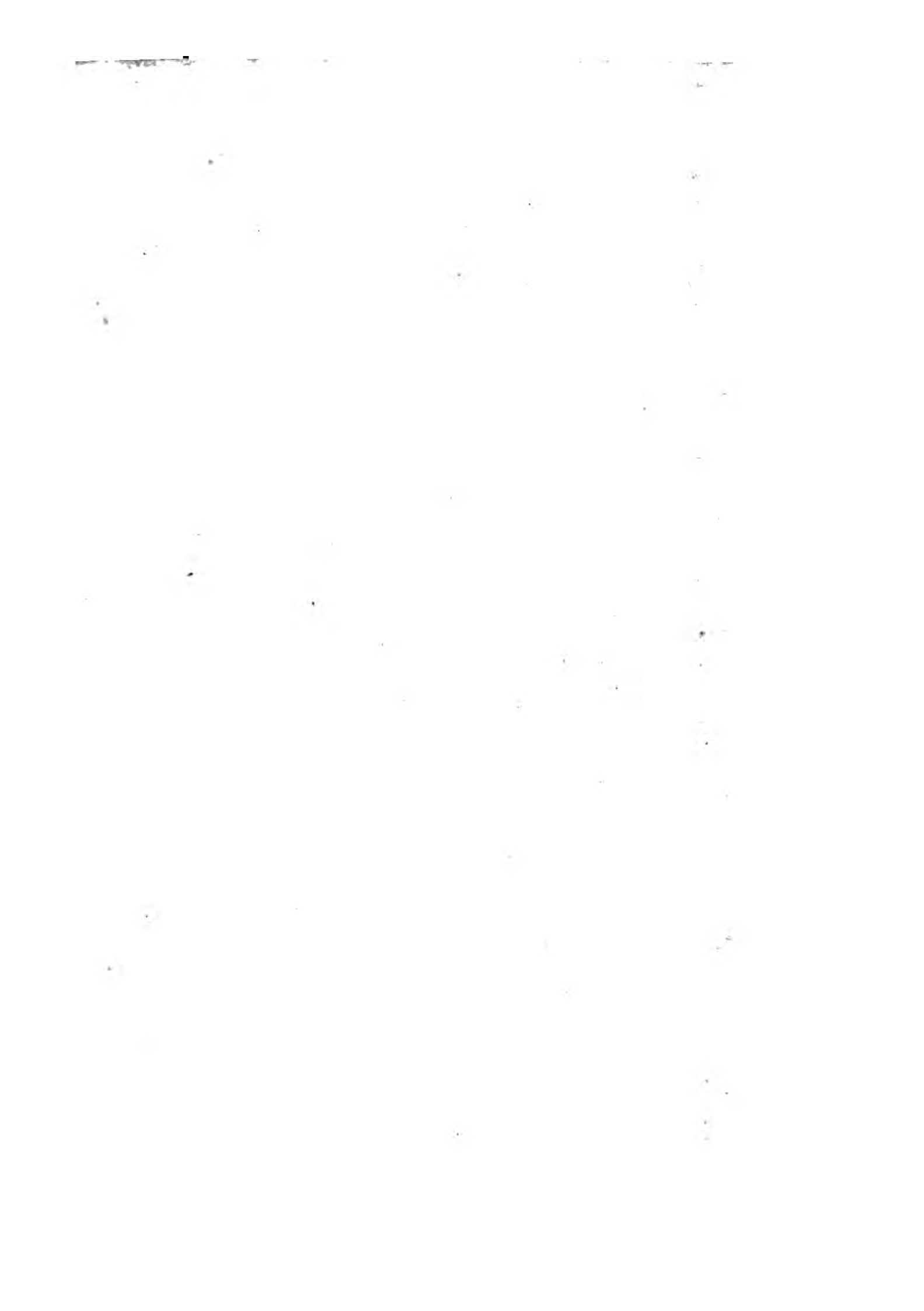
For the *distress'd* your pity we implore:
 If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
 But leave our *Orphan* squalling at your door.

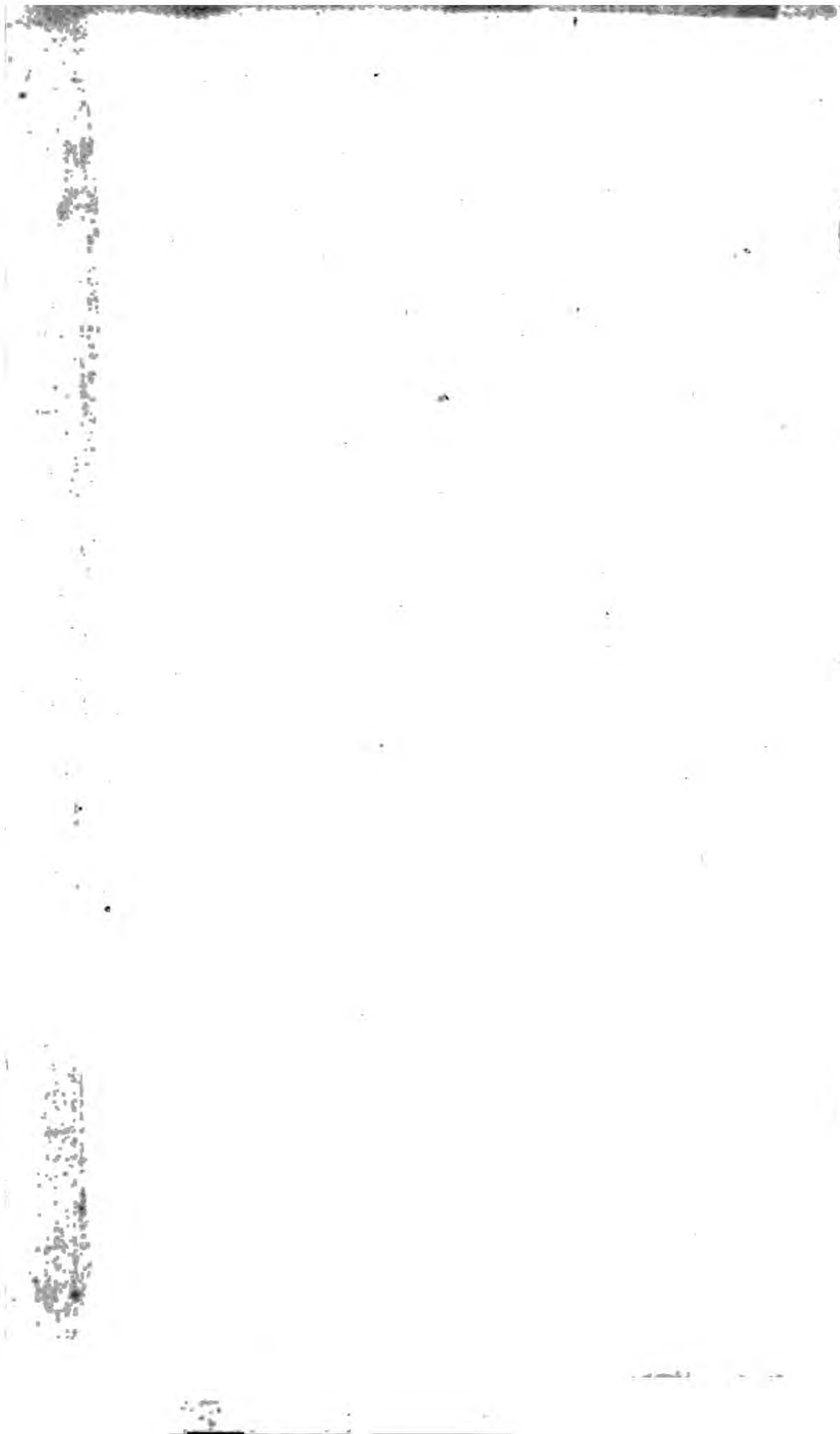
T H E E N D.













55-2007

