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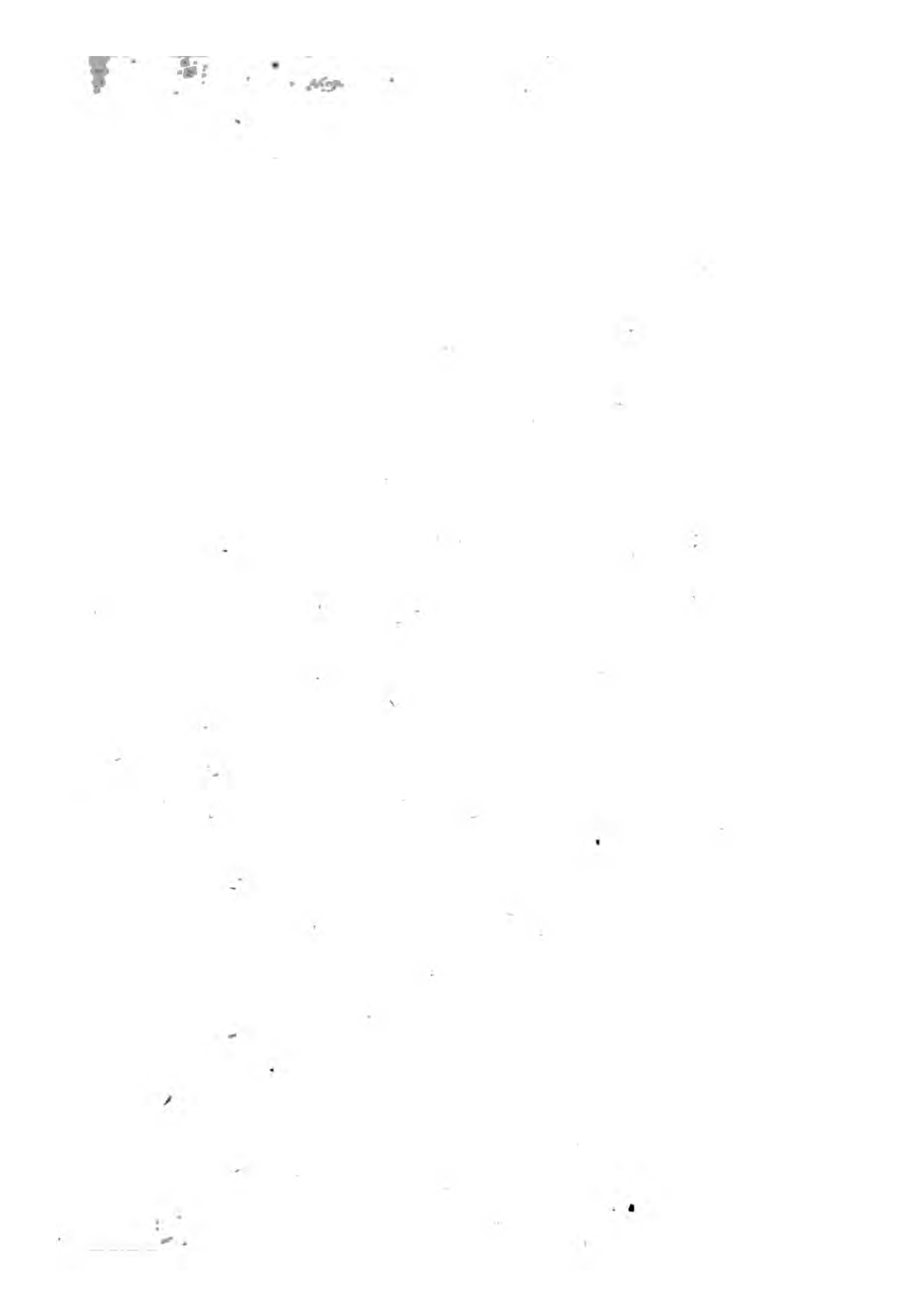


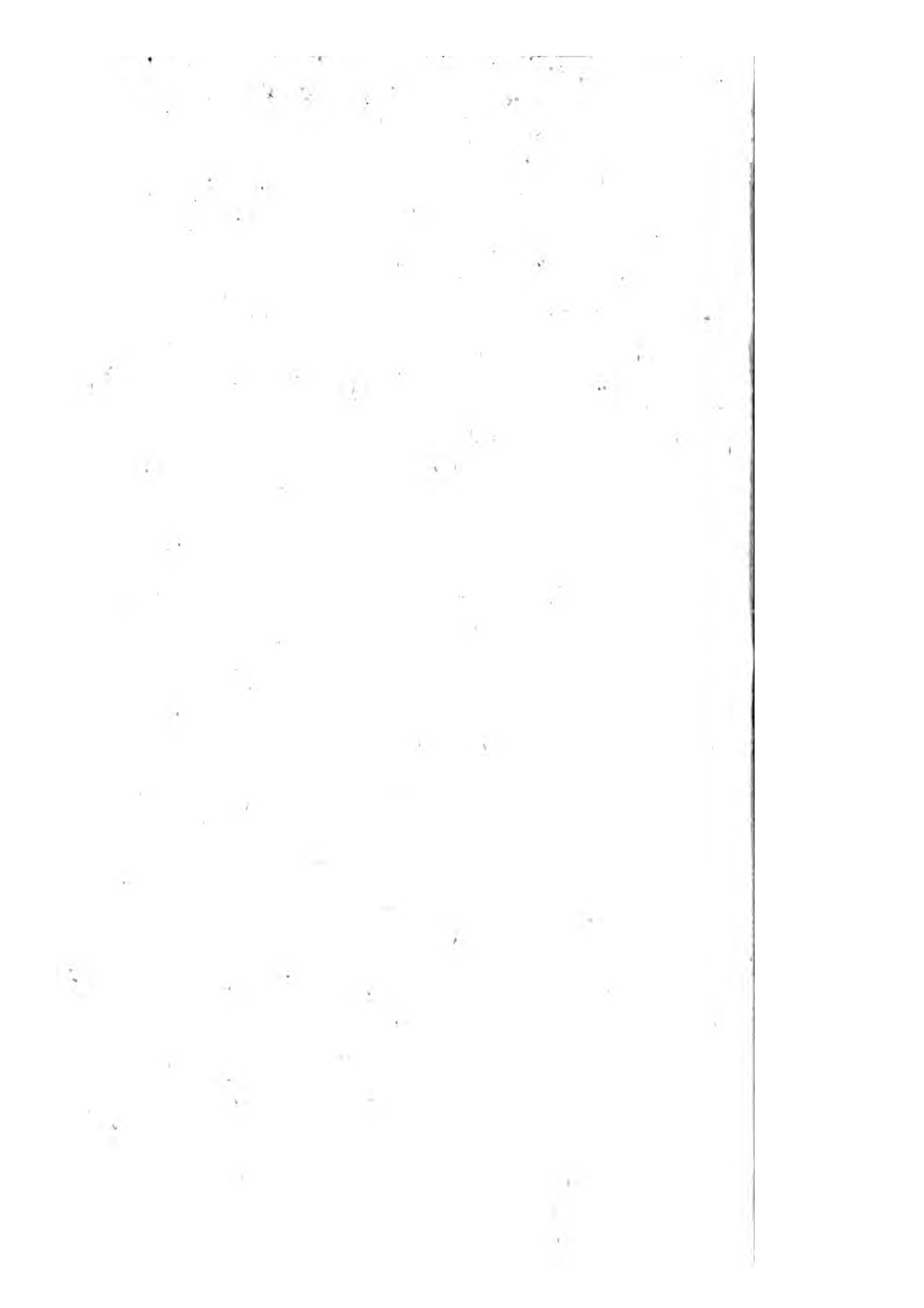
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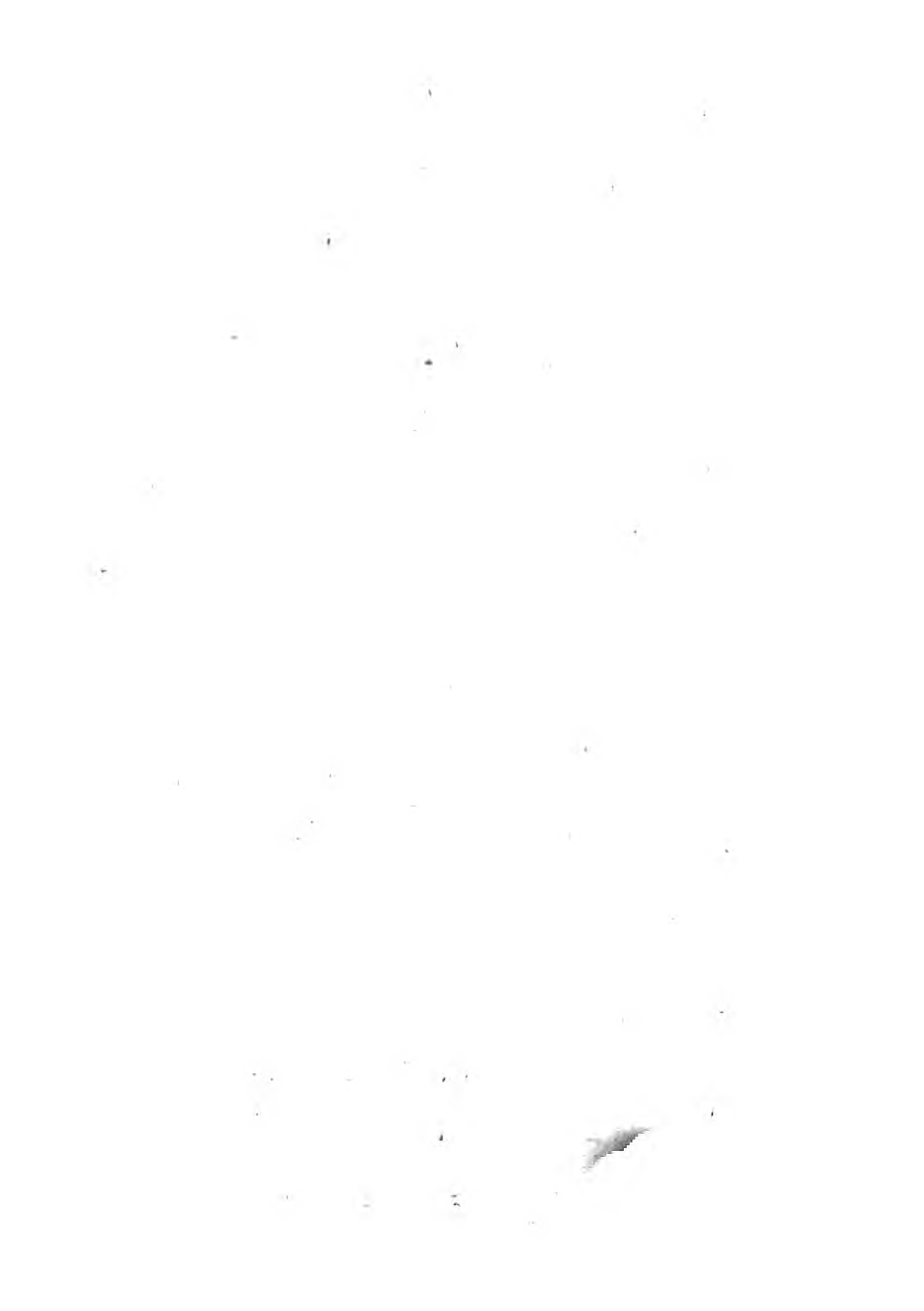


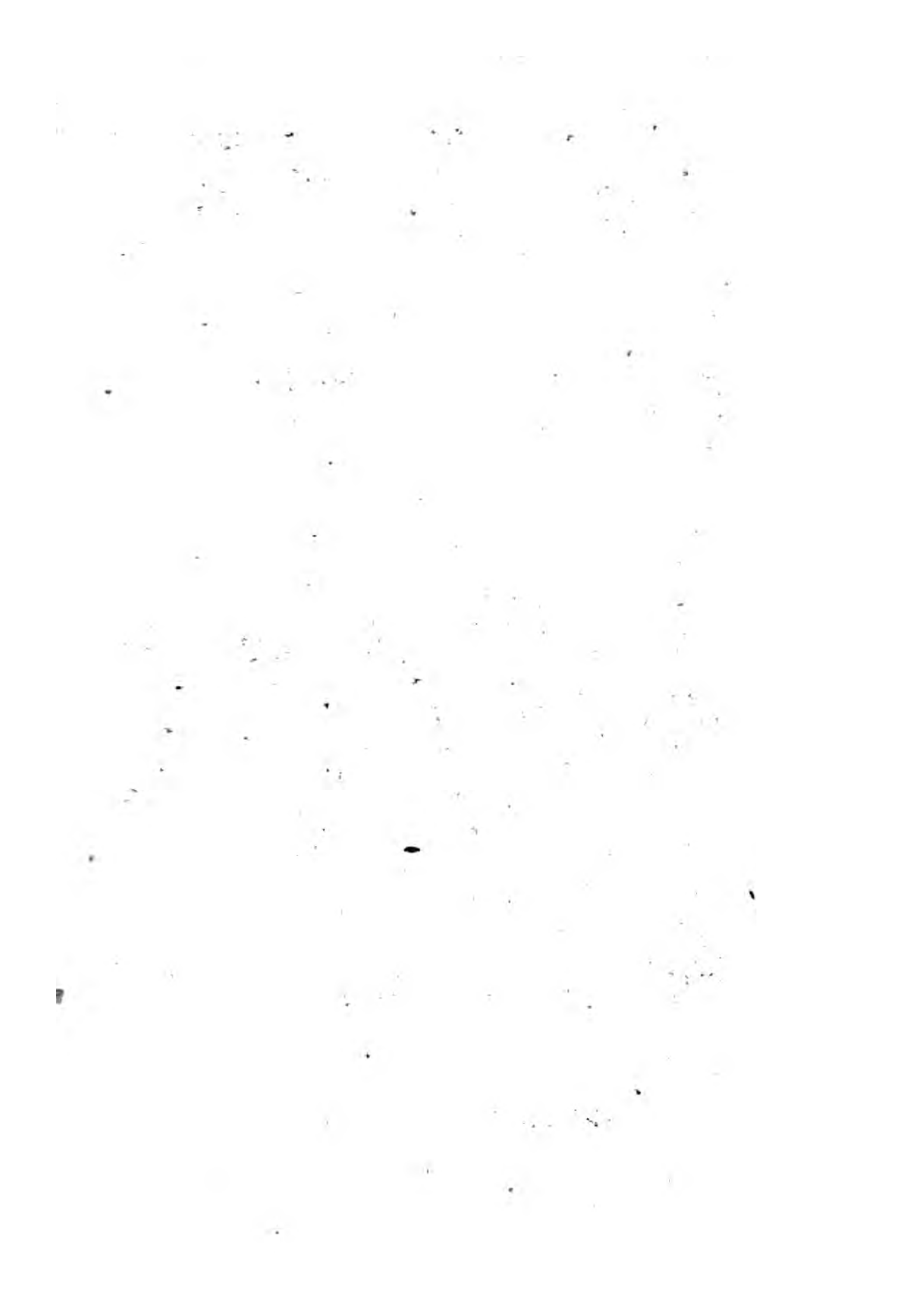
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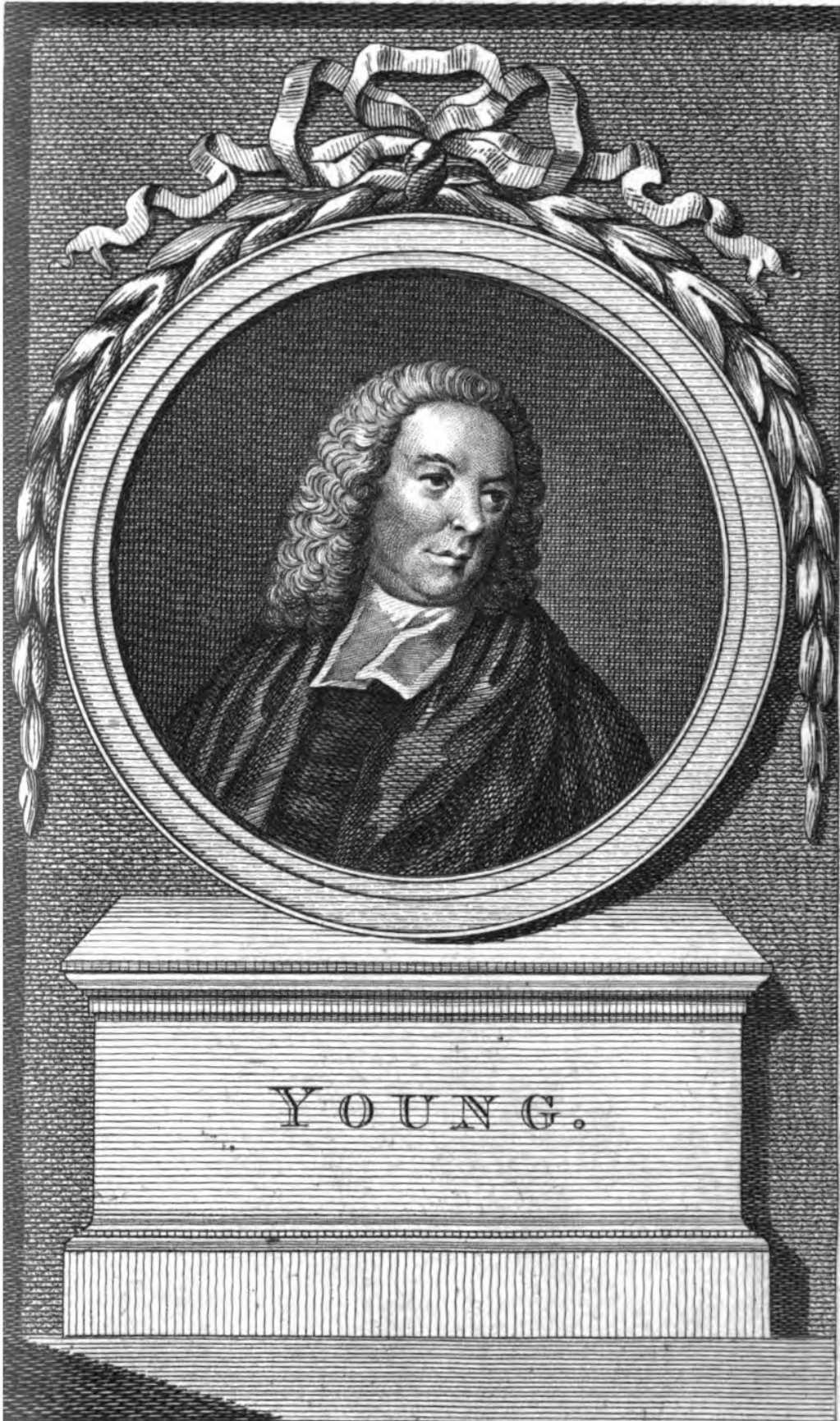












Cook Sculp.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTIETH.

L O N D O N :

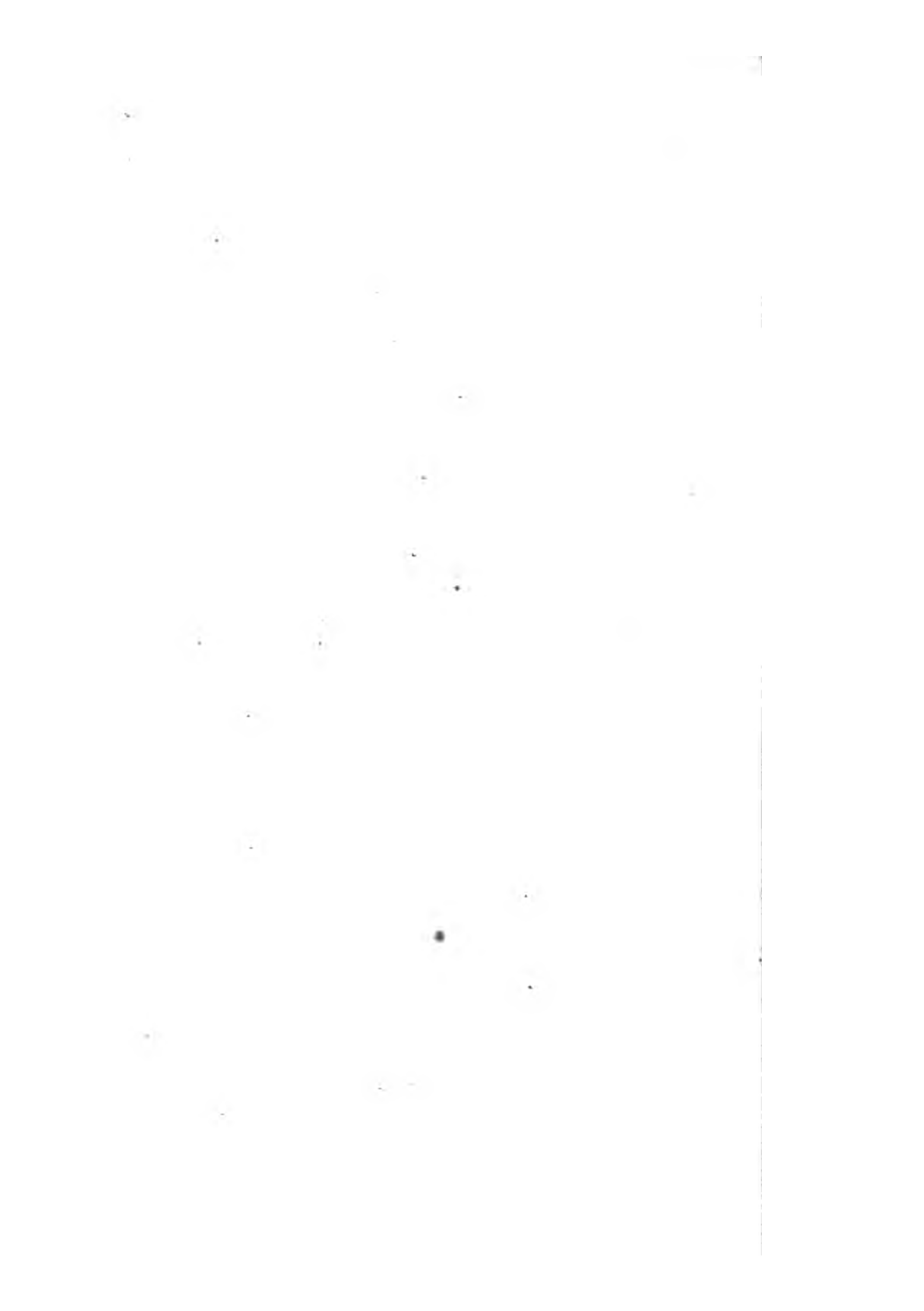
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M D C C L X X I X .



THE
P O E M S
OF
Y O U N G.
VOLUME I.



A
P O E M
ON
THE LAST DAY.
IN THREE BOOKS.

“ Venit summa dies.”

VIRG.

VOL. I.

B



VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheist tremble; Thou alone
 Can bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
 Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen,
 How God descends to judge the souls of men.
 Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
 Driven out from God, and never must return.

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
 And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
 When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
 Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
 And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
 The patriarch thus, the fiery tempest past,
 With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
 The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
 For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleasure tell,
 To think so greatly, and describe so well!
 How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
 And find the thought of man could rise so high?
 Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
 And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
 Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse:
 O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
 To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;

TO A LADY,

To fix the soul on God ; to teach the mind
 To know the dignity of human-kind ;
 By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
 And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Madg. Coll.
 Oxon.

T. WARTON.

TO A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
 The prospect of a future state unfold :
 The realms of night to mortal view display,
 And the glad regions of eternal day.
 This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
 Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
 Full of her glorious theme, his towering Muse,
 With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues :
 Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
 And with a thousand bright ideas fires ;
 Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
 O'er the strait limits of mortality,
 To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
 Where only Milton gain'd renown before ;
 Where various scenes alternately excite
 Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the Muses sing in early times,
 Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes :
 Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous songs alone,
 And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.

But

But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They sooth the wanton pleasures of the great :
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age ;
Deceitful charms attract our wondering eyes,
And specious ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores,
Where serpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind :
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy ;
But bliss resembling that of Saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty Love :
Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you ;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten every grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
“ Of future judgment, and the rising dead ;
“ Of time's grand period, heaven and earth o'erthrown ;
“ And gasping nature's last tremendous groan.”
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore :
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

TO THE AUTHOR,
ON HIS LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, must they decay?
On nature's self, destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou canst hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's System be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or Thee?
Through life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;
First, beyond time our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just;
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

THE LAST DAY.

B O O K I.

“ Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
 “ Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
 “ Terra tremit: fugere feræ! et mortalia corda
 “ Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.” VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the Great;
 Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
 With Britain's Hero* set their souls on fire,
 And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;
 I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields 5
 A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
 The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
 And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
 Death's antient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
 The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom. 10
 'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
 And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
 Whatever great or dreadful has been done
 Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
 Is far beneath my daring: I look down 15
 On all the splendors of the British crown.

B 4

This

* The Duke of Marlborough.

This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
 Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around !
 O ! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
 Of every various order, place, and kind, 20
 Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays ;
 'Tis our Eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler ! Lord of all !
 Before whose throne Arch-angels prostrate fall ;
 If at thy nod, from discord, and from night, 25
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt e'en me ; all inward tumults quell ;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;
 To my great subject Thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my labouring soul with equal fire. 30

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face :
 See spring's gay bloom ; see golden autumn's store ;
 See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
 Leviathans but heave their cumberous mail, 35
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
 Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;
 Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ;
 There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds : 40
 There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.
 View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
 See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
 View the whole earth's vast landkip unconfin'd, 45
 Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then

THE LAST DAY, BOOK I.

9

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;
 'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
 How far from east to west ? The labouring eye
 Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry : 50
 Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,
 And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
 Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
 Call forth the seasons, and the year controul :
 They shine through time, with an unalter'd ray : 55
 See This grand period rise, and That decay :
 So *vast*, this world's a grain ; yet myriads grace,
 With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space ;
 So *bright*, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
 'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd. 60

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears !
 How worthy an immortal round of years !
 Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
 And earth and firmament be fought in vain :
 The tract forgot where constellations shone, 65
 Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne :
 Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,
 Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
 (A dreadful secret in the book of fate !) 70
 This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
 Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose ;
 When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
 Old empires fall, and give new empires birth ;
 While other Bourbons rule in other lands, 75
 And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes ;

While

While the still busy world is treading o'er
 The paths they trod five thousand years before,
 Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
 Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun; 80
 (Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
 Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and shake!)
 Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day;
 In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
 Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend; 85
 Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
 The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
 And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
 A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread;
 Darkness the circle of the sun invade; 90
 From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
 And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
 In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
 Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call 95
 Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
 Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
 The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blast! to which no equal sound
 Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound, 100
 Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
 And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
 Though God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
 The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware? 105
 How shall a son of earth decline the snare?

THE LAST DAY, Book I. 11

Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind:
None are supinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain. 110

This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate, 115
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would *this* great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array, 120

The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand, 125
And look regardless down on sea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threatening lance in vain!
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight. 130

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flows the terrors of that *day* I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast, 135
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,

All

All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
 Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake :
 The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
 In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes ; 140
 We view with joy, what once did horror move,
 And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my Muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
 Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night ;
 Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare 145
 The last extremes of terror and despair ;
 Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
 This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn ! the blissful earth, who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state ; 150
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest ;
 A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring :
 Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel, 155
 And some those watery worlds to sink, or swell :
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day :
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God, 160
 Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high ;
 No light, but from the terrors of the sky :
 Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost, 165
 And all into a second chaos tost :

One universal ruin spreads abroad ;

Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate : what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord ? 170

Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?

Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow

His boasted stature, and assuming brow ?

Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form, 175

That speaks distinction from his sister worm ?

What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade !

Lord, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast made ?

Who can sustain thy anger ? Who can stand

Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ? 180

It flies the reach of thought ; oh save me, Power

Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour !

Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,

And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;

Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein, 185

Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain ;

Whom death led captive through the realms below,

And taught those horrid mysteries of woe ;

Defend me, O my God ! Oh save me, Power

Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour ! 190

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,

Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;

Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,

Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep :

Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom, 195

And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown ;
 While death sits threatening in his prince's frown,
 His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command,
 To change his native for a distant land : 200
 Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
 Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
 The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
 Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint *that* day ? 205
 This time elaborately thrown away ?
 Words all in vain pant after the distress,
 The height of eloquence would make it less ;
 Heavens ! how the *good* man trembles !—

And is there a Last Day ? and must there come 210
 A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?
 Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
 Take all the winds that Vanity can blow ;
 Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
 And reach an India forth in either hand ; 215
 Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting *vine*,
 And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, shine ;
 Shine all ; in all your charms together rise ;
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
 While I mount upward on a strong desire, 220
 Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd !
 To smile at death ! to long to be dissolv'd !
 From our decays a pleasure to receive !
 And kindle into transport at a grave ! 225

What

What equals *this*? And shall the victor now
 Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
 Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
 Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
 Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole 230
 Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
 Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
 Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
 And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame? 235
 They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
 The mounting flames their burning power suspend;
 In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
 To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
 Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood, 240
 By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
 His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
 And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
 Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
 In the deep chambers of the gloomy main; 245
 When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
 And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightening flies,
 And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
 When now the foaming surges, tost on high, 250
 Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
 When death draws near, the mariners aghast
 Look back with terror on their actions past;
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
 Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away; 255
 Nor

Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempest can appease ;
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;
 Unload their shatter'd barque, though richly fraught,
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
 With gems and gold ; but oh, the storm so high ! 260
 Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
 They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;
 Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
 The billows close ; he 's number'd with the dead. 265
 (Hear, O ye just ! attend, ye virtuous few !
 And the bright paths of piety pursue)
 Lo ! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
 Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
 Covers his servant with his gracious hand, 270
 And bids tempestuous nature silent stand ;
 Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace :
 He bridles-in the monsters of the deep :
 The bridled monsters awful distance keep : 275
 Forget their hunger, while they view their prey ;
 And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders ; nature's Lord
 Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
 And calls the great leviathan : the great 280
 Leviathan attends in all his state ;
 Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
 Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth rebound ;
 Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
 And drives vast billows to the distant land. 285

As

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
 Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
 The whale expands his jaws enormous size;
 The prophet views the cavern with surprize;
 Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd, 290
 And rolls his wondering eyes from side to side:
 Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
 And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
 And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear; 295
 Or falls immers'd into the depths below;
 Where the dead silent waters never flow;
 To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
 Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
 Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath, 300
 And glides serenely through the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights through coral groves,
 Through labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves:
 When the third morning with its level rays
 The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays, 305
 It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
 His sacred guest un-injur'd on the shore:
 A type of that great blessing, which the Muse
 In her next labour ardently pursues.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

——— Ἐκ γὰρ τῆς ἐλπίζομεν ἔ; φάσιν ἐλθεῖν
 Λεῖψαν ἀποχοιμένων· ὀπίσω δὲ θεοὶ τελέθουσαι. PHOCYL.

“ —— We hope, that the departed will rise again
 “ from the dust: after which, like the gods,
 “ they will be immortal.”

NOW Man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.
 Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost, 5
 In wide Eternity I dare be lost.
 The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
 To *teach the swain*, or *celebrate the king*.
 I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
 I lift my voice, and sing to *human kind*: 10
 I sing to men and angels; angels join,
 While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
 Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
 Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
 An universal concourse to prepare 15
 Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
 In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
 Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
 To

THE LAST DAY, BOOK II. 19

To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race. 20

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet 25
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members and compleat the frame. 30

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made, 35
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell.
Obscure his fall! all weltering in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore! 40
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear, 45
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
 In airy rings, and wild meanders play, 50
 Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wanderings end,
 And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
 Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,
 Or midst the burning planets wondering stray'd, 55
 Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid ;
 Or rather coasted on her final state,
 And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate :
 This soul, returning with a constant flame,
 Now weds for ever her immortal frame. 60
 Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
 The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
 First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
 Before the structure firm with lasting oak, 65
 And marble bowels of the solid rock,
 Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
 And bear the lofty palace to the skies ;
 The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
 With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass. 70

That antient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
 Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
 From camps, and courts, though great, or wise, or just,
 To feed the worm, and moulder into dust ;
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead, 75
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,

Now

* Westminster Abbey.

THE LAST DAY, Book II.

21

Now populous o'erflows : a numerous race
 Of rising kings fill all th' extended space :
 A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord. 80

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
 Labours with man to this his second birth ;
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones 85
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.

The most magnificent and costly dome
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
 No spot on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave. 90
 All 's full of man ; and at this dreadful turn,
 The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise :
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes :
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light, 95
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
 Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
 Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown ; 100
 Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
 To face the thunders with a god-like mien ;
 The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above ;
 The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move :
 An earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide, 105
 A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,

Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And blest the dawn of everlasting day.

' Here *greatness* prostrate falls; there, *strength* gives
place;

Here, *lazars* smile; there, beauty hides her face. 110

Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.

Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,

With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,

In mutual friendship their long slumber break, 115

And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm

With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,

Than those, whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,

Have made them public fathers of mankind. 120

In that illustrious rank, what shining light

With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?

Bend down, my grateful Muse, that homage show,

Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.

Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illustrious * names, 125

Who to far distant times dispense your beams;

Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,

I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.

All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown

To blest a people, and oblige a crown. 130

And now you rise, eternally to shine,

Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent

* Founders of New-College, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a Member.

THE LAST DAY, BOOK II.

23

Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,

For bounty so profuse to human kind,

135

Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?

Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less

Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,

Was Nothing; shall I live, when every fire

And every star shall languish and expire?

140

When earth's no more, shall I survive above,

And through the radiant files of angels move?

Or, as before the throne of God I stand,

See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,

Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,

145

As we now tell how Michael fung or fought?

All that has being in full concert join,

And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*

But oh! before this blissful state, before

Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,

150

The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,

And all mankind is summon'd to the Bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:

Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.

Expect not here the known successful arts

155

To win attention, and command our hearts:

Fiction, be far away; let no machine

Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;

Behold the GOD of *Gods* indeed descend,

And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

160

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space

Must entertain the whole of human race,

At heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
 Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow 165
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below :
 And every age, and nation, pours along ;
 Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng :
 Adam salutes his youngest son ; no sign
 Of all those ages, which their births disjoin. 170

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart !
 What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
 To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent !
 What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise, 175
 To see the glorious race of antient days ;
 To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood !
 Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands.
 Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands. 180

How vast the concourse ! not in number more
 The waves that break on the resounding shore,
 The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above :
 Those overwhelming armies, whose command 185
 Said to one empire, *Fall* ; another *Stand* :
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on :
 Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
 Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield, 190
 (Another blow had broke the Fates' decree,
 And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)

Immortal

THE LAST DAY, BOOK II. 25

Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
 They All are here, and here they All are lost:
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain, 195
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
 "For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!"
 Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
 And hell through all her trembling realms resound. 200

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
 Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord;
 Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine 205
 The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
 Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my Muse,
 How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly; 210
 Lo! far within, and far above all height,
 Where heaven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
 Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*, 215
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
 Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
 And move obedient at his awful nod;
 Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
 At random on this air-suspended ball 220
 (Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
 The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal fight
 Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
 I see, on an empyreal flying throne 225
 Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlasting SON;
 Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,
 And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
 Support the train of their triumphant prince. 230
 A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
 Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
 Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
 And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
 Where-e'er serene he turns propitious eyes, 235
 Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The Eden kindles, and the world 's in flames.
 On one hand, Knowledge shines in purest light;
 On one, the sword of Justice, fiercely bright. 240
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!
 Thus glorious through the courts of heaven, the source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course;
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play; 245
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
 And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
 Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
 Could Satan hear, he were a god again. 250
 Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliss!
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this?

O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
 And indigence of *him* in Bethlem born;
 A needfess, helpfess, unaccounted, gueft, 255
 And but a fecond to the fodder'd beaft?
 How chang'd from *him*, who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wafh the feet himfelf had made?
 From *him* who was betray'd, forfook, deny'd,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirfted, groan'd, and
 dy'd; 260

Hung pierc'd and bare, infulted by the foe,
 All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
 And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
 Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
 I fee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine; 265
 The world is vanifh'd—I am wholly thine.

Miftaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blafphem'd;
 Thou, or thy Prifoner? which fhall be condemn'd?
 Well might'ft thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame! 270
 But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! Ev'n He
 Thou gav'ft to death, fhame, torture, dy'd for Thee.

Now the defcending triumph ftops its flight
 From earth full twice a planetary height.
 There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raife 275
 Diffinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
 One fix'd on earth, and one in fea, and round
 Its ample foot the fwelling billows found.
 Thefe an immeafurable arch fupport,
 The grand tribunal of this awful court. 280

Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
 Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns fly.
 Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd, 285
 With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
 Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
 And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
 From off his silver staff of wondrous height, 290
 Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
 And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
 The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
 Where-e'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
 Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood, 295
 And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
 Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
 Ah turn, unwary Muse, nor dare reveal
 What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell. 300
 Say not, (to make the *Sun* shrink in his beam)
 Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
 Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
 Or GOD be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
 But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold 305
 How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
 Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
 By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 And all the pious violence of Prayer? 310

Thus

Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
 I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
 In this great temple, which the skies surround,
 For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

“ O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
 “ Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
 “ Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
 “ That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
 “ Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 “ And on the boundless of thy goodness calls. 320

“ Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 “ To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
 “ Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
 “ And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee :
 “ Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow 325
 “ At thy command, nor human motive know!
 “ If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 “ And sin the graceful indignation raise.
 “ My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 “ And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd. 330

“ Oh may my understanding ever read
 “ This glorious volume, which Thy wisdom made!
 “ Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery pride?
 “ Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
 “ Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown? 335
 “ And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
 “ Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
 “ Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
 “ May sea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
 “ To bring th' eternal Author to my mind! 340

“ When

- " When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 " May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake my soul !
 " When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 " Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine* !
 " Through every scene of life, or peace, or war, 345
 " Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care !
 " Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
 " Thine is the vintage, and the conquest Thine :
 " Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow ;
 " The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow : 350
 " 'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
 " And giv'st Great Anne *Thy* sceptre o'er the north.
 " Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
 " Open with Prayer the consecrated day ;
 " Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise, 355
 " And with the mounting sun ascend the skies :
 " As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 " And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
 " Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
 " My endless worship shall be still begun. 360
 " And, oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
 " To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
 " When this world 's shut, and awful planets rise,
 " Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
 " Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight, 365
 " And shew all nature in a milder light ;
 " How every boisterous thought in calms subsides !
 " How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides !
 " O how divine ! to tread the milky way,
 " To the bright palace of the Lord of day ; 370
 " His

- “ His court admire, or for his favour sue,
“ Or leagues of friendship with His faints renew;
“ Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
“ While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
“ Canst Thou not shake the centre? Oh controul, 375
“ Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:
“ Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
“ Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
“ Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
“ Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain. 380
“ O may I pant for Thee in in each desire!
“ And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
“ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
“ Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
“ At the Great Day of recompence behold, 385
“ Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
“ Then wafted upward to the blisful seat,
“ From age to age, my grateful song repeat;
“ My Light, my Life, my GOD, my Saviour see,
“ And rival angels in the praise of THEE.” 390

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

“Esse quoque in fati reminiscitur, affore tempus,
 “Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
 “Ardeat; & mundi moles operosa laboret.”

OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the resplendent feat
 Of faints and angels; the tremendous fate
 Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
 And all the horrors of the world below;
 I next presume to sing: What yet remains
 Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
 And let the Muse or now affect the sky,
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
 She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
 She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
 And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
 Heaven opening, all its sacred pomp displays,
 And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
 The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
 And echoing nature lengthens out the sound!
 Ten thousand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse;

THE LAST DAY, Book III. 33

So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last. 20
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd, 25
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden prayer,
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;) 30
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll, 35
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And every groan is loaden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind. 40

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended interests level'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone 45
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;
How would it wound? What millions wouldst thou give
For One more trial, One more day to live?

Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of Grace; 50
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age?
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
 Arrest the Sun; but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace! 55
 Their Maker's image fresh in every face!
 What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
 Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love! 60
 To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.

Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust? 65
 Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws
 nigh,
 Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye, 70
 Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
 And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
 Left still some intervening chance should rise,
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize;
 In flame his woe, by bringing it so late, 75
 And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since

THE LAST DAY, BOOK III. 35

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast;
 Look round, vain-glorious Muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair; 80
 Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
 Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace;
 Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd;
 Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
 Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low; 85
 And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
 Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
 Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
 All lost? all undistinguish'd? no-where found?
 How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound? 90

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
 From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
 Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
 Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd;
 Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd, 95
 Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
 The point of time, for which the world was built,
 For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd—

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display 100
 Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day;
 Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
 Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
 And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God. 105

Horrors, *beneath*, darkness in darkness, hell
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
 A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
 O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
 Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey, 110
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
 The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
 And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene; and one short moment's space
 Concludes the hopes and fears of human race. 115

Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
 The whole creation swims before my sight:
 I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow;
 Say not, 'tis distant; I behold it *now*;
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow, 120
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
 That woe, those pangs, which from the *guilty* breast,
 In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
 “ Ah! cruel death, that would no longer save, 125
 “ But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
 “ And cast me out into the wrath of God;
 “ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
 “ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
 “ Our only song; black fire's malignant light, 130
 “ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
 “ Must all those powers, heaven gave me to supply
 “ My soul with pleasure, and bring-in my joy,
 “ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 “ *Sense, reason, memory*, increase my woe? 135

“ And

- “ And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
 “ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
 “ Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
 “ And with *existence* only measure *pain*?
 “ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given, 140
 “ No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!
 “ Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
 “ Is Love extinguish'd in the Source of Love?
 “ Bold that I am, did heaven stoop down to hell?
 “ Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal? 145
 “ Have I not been industrious to provoke?
 “ From his embraces obstinately broke?
 “ Pursued, and panted for his mortal hate,
 “ Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
 “ And dare I on extinguish'd Love exclaim? 150
 “ Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slackening flame;
 “ Just is my lot—but oh! must it transcend
 “ The reach of time, despair a distant end?
 “ With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
 “ Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies! 155
 “ *NEVER!* where falls the soul at that dread sound?
 “ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?
 “ Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
 “ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
 “ My plunge but still begun—And this for sin? 160
 “ Could I offend, if I had never been,
 “ But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
 “ Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?
 “ Father of mercies! why from silent earth
 “ Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth, 165

- " Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
 " And make a thankless present of thy light ?
 " Push into being a reverse of Thee,
 " And animate a clod with misery ?
 " The beasts are happy ; they come forth, and keep 170
 " Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.
 " Pain is for man ; and oh ! how vast a pain
 " For crimes, which made the God-head bleed in vain ?
 " Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
 " And flung his agonies, and death, away ? 175
 " As our dire punishment for ever strong,
 " Our constitution too for ever young.
 " Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same
 " Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame :
 " Still to be caught, and still to be pursued ! 180
 " To perish still, and still to be renew'd !
 " And this, *My Help ! My God !* at thy decree ?
 " Nature is chang'd, and *hell* should *succour* me.
 " And canst Thou then look down from perfect bliss,
 " And see me plunging in the dark abyss ? 185
 " Calling Thee Father, in a sea of fire ?
 " Or pouring blasphemies at Thy desire ?
 " With mortals anguish wilt Thou raise *Thy* name,
 " And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim ?
 " Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro, 190
 " Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe ;
 " Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay ;
 " On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
 " Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold-in Thy rage,
 " Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage : 195
 " Forget

“ Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame ;

“ But lose me in the greatness of Thy name.

“ Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,

“ And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?

“ Shall sinful man grow great by his offence, 200

“ And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?

“ Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, Great *God*, at least

“ This one, this slender, almost *no* request ;

“ When I have wept a thousand lives away,

“ When torment is grown weary of its prey, 205

“ When I have rav’d ten thousand years in fire,

“ Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire.”

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul

Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,

Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns 210

He ’s justly doom’d to pour eternal groans ;

Enclos’d with horrors, and transfix’d with pain,

Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain :

To talk to fiery tempests ; to implore

The raging flame to give its burnings o’er ; 215

To tofs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,

And bear the weight of an offended *GOD*.

The favour’d of their Judge in triumph move,

To take possession of their thrones above ;

Satan’s accurs’d desertion to supply, 220

And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;

Again to kindle long-extinguish’d rays,

And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze ;

To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ; 225
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their Almighty KING ;
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,
 And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain, 230
 And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
 What boldly I begin, let others end ;
 My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
 And chuse a less, but no ignoble, theme,
 Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame. 235

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
 And nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;
 Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
 Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball ;
 Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire, 240
 And, darted downward, set the world on fire ;
 Black rising clouds the thicken'd Æther choke,
 And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
 With keen vibrations cut the fullen night,
 And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light ; 245
 From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
 Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
 T' enrage the flame : It spreads, it soars on high,
 Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky :
 Here winding pyramids of fire ascend, 250
 Cities and desarts in one ruin blend ;
 Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
 The spacious face of a far distant realm ;

There,

THE LAST DAY, Book III. 41

There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills. 255
Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which
broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
What wonders must that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand, 260
A towering monument of God's right hand;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow, so lately, spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball 265
Have humbly fought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which heaven seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas! 270
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel, say where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Libya? Where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore? 275
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies, 280
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.

This

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
 Starve its devouring rage : the flakes aspire, 285
 And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey ;
 The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away ;
 All, all is lost ; no monument, no sign,
 Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
 So bubbles on the foaming stream expire, 290
 So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire ;
 The devastations of One dreadful hour
 The Great Creator's Six days work devour.
 A mighty, mighty ruin ! yet One *soul*
 Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ; 295
 Exalted in superior excellence,
 Casts down to nothing, such a vast expence.
 Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
 An earth dissolving, a descending God ?
 What strange surprizes through all nature ran ? 300
 For whom these revolutions, but for Man ?
 For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
 For him, through all eternity, awakes ;
 Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
 Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky. 305
 Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art ;
 Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart ;
 What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
 Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
 Enter the sacred temple of thy breast, 310
 And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest ;
 Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
 Wander through all the glories of thy mind.

THE LAST DAY, Book III. 43

Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright ! 315
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth !
There, buds the promise of celestial worth !
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate, 320
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait :
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod ;
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous GOD,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky : 325
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And GOD shine forth in one *Eternal DAY*.

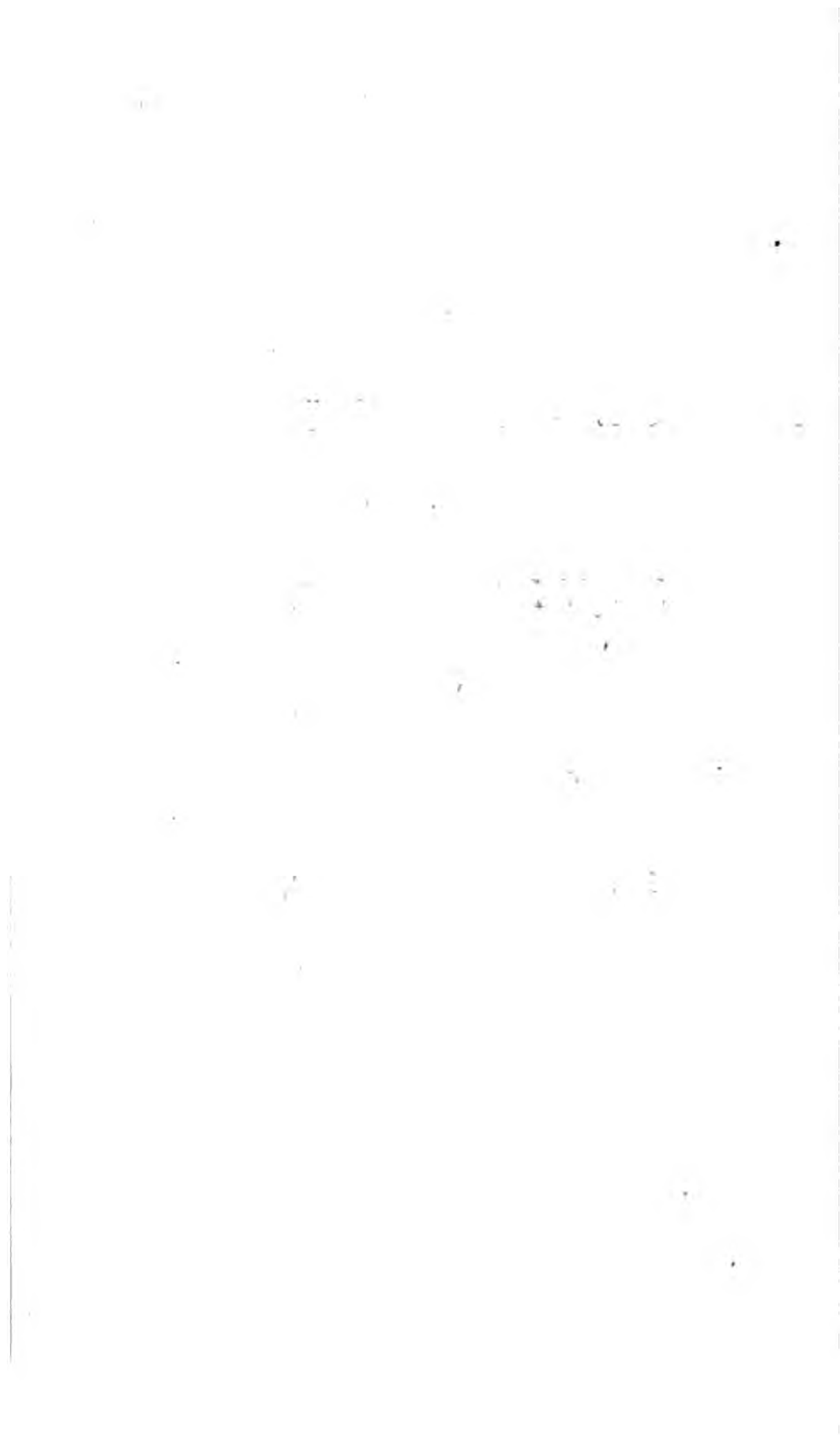
T H E

THE
FORCE OF RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISHED LOVE.

A
P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

“Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.” VIRG.



THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK I.

“ —Ad coelum ardentia lumina tollens,
 “ Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.”

VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on
 high,

And open'd wondrous scenes above the sky,
 My Muse descend : Indulge my fond desire ;
 With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
 And smooth my numbers to a female's praise : 5
 A partial world will listen to my lays,
 While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
 Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
 Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command, 10
Virtue is Beauty : But when charms of mind
 With elegance of outward form are join'd ;
 When *youth* makes such bright objects still more bright,
 And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light ;
 'Tis all of heaven that we below may view, 15
 And all, but Adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
 Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen, was born :

When

When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd,
 And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd, 20
 The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
 In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace ;
 Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
 And innocently fill'd another's throne ;
 Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state, 25
 With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
 With manly reason fortify his heart ?

At once she longs, and is afraid, to know :
 Now swift she moves, and now advances slow, 30
 To find her lord ; and, finding, passes by,
 Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye ;
 Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
 The mournful secret of his inward woes.
 Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face, 25
 The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
 And sorrow soften'd by her heavenly mien,
 She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
 While tender accents melt upon her tongue ; 40
 Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
 Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

“ Grieve not, my lord ; a crown indeed is lost ;
 “ What far outshines a crown, we still may boast ;
 “ A mind compos'd ; a mind that can disdain 45
 “ A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
 “ Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
 “ To wealth eternal ; and return above ;

“ Above,

" Above, where no distinction shall be known
 " 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne, 50
 " And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
 " Shone forth in all the splendor of the great :
 " Nor can I find the difference here below ;
 " I lately was a Queen ; I still am so,
 " While Guilford's Wife : Thee rather I *obey*, 55
 " Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
 " When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
 " Incens'd Maria may her rage forget ;
 " And I to death my duty will improve,
 " And what you miss in empire, add in love— 60
 " Your God-like soul is open'd in your look,
 " And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
 " For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
 " To find with what content we lay it down.
 " Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race 65
 " Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
 Her drooping lord ; whose boding bosom fear'd
 A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
 Severer vengeance on her guiltless head : 70
 Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt !
 For, lo ! a guard !—Forgive him, if he melt—
 How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
 The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
 In space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell ; 75
 Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.

His pain was equal, but his virtue less ;
 He thought in grief there could be no excess.
 Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
 And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair ; .80

Now, silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,
 And sicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate ;
 Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
 A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.

Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast, .85
 And anguish fed on his enjoyments past ;
 Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
 And every transport stabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
 That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night, .90
 Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
 (Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms ;
 Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
 Empire and Love! the vision of a day.

Thus, in the British clime, a summer-storm .95
 Will oft the smiling face of heaven deform ;
 The winds with violence at once descend,
 Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the forest bend ;
 A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
 O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year. 100

But whither is the captive borne away,
 The beautiful captive, from the cheerful day ?
 The scene is chang'd indeed ; before her eyes
 Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise :
 For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown, 105
 A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown ;

Black



FORCE OF RELIGION, BOOK I. 51

Black thoughts each morn invade the Lover's breast,
Each night, a ruffian locks the Queen to rest.

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds !

But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds. 110

Religion's force divine is best display'd

In deep desertion of all human aid :

To succour in extremes, is her delight,

And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the fight.

We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze, 115

And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise

To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,

And comfort those who come to bring relief :

We gaze ; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,

And all the world's vain glories fade away. 120

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,

And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,

Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,

Amid the silence of her dark retreat,

Address'd her God—" Almighty Power Divine ! 125

" 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress, is Thine ;

" With honour to light up the name unknown,

" Or to put out the lustre of a throne.

" In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,

" And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd, 130

" I'll bear it well : (O strengthen me to bear !)

" And if my piety may claim thy care ;

" If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,

" And tumult of a court, a Future State ;

" O favour, when thy mercy I implore 135

" For *one* who never guilty sceptre bore !

" 'Twas I receiv'd the crown ; my lord is free !
 " If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
 " Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
 " And in a guilty land to speak Thy praise ! 140
 " O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love,
 " Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above !
 " If *these* are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,
 " And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day 145
 In which the queen to her full wrath gave way ;
 Through rigid justice, rush'd into offence,
 And drank in zeal the blood of innocence :
 The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
 The sad necessity of his return ; 150
 The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
 Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain :
 The tapers cast an inauspicious light ;
 Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest ; 155
 Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,
 She sinks ; and in her sleep is re-inthron'd,
 Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
 She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
 And stretches wide her shadow of command : 160
 With royal purple is her vision hung ;
 By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung ;
 Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies ;
 Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd, 165
 Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade ;

The busy trades in cities had began
 To found, and speak the painful life of man.
 In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
 And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse. 170
 At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
 Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
 Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;
 Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
 A short-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er, 175
 That dy'd in birth, that shone, and was no more:
 She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
 Of mind, well suited to her alter'd fate,
 Serene, though serious; when dread tidings come
 (Ah wretched Guilford!) of her instant doom. 180
 Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
 Thy face involve; be guiltless of the sight;
 Or haste more swiftly to the western main;
 Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain!
 Oh! how severe! to fall so new a bride, 185
 Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;
 When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
 And open'd all the wonders of her face!
 To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
 Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief. 190
 Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
 (Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view;
 No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
 No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;
 Pleasures that blossom ev'n from doubts and fears; 195
 And bliss and rapture rising out of *cares*:

No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
 Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face ;
 Who, when her *dearest father* shall return,
 From pouring tears on her untimely urn, 200
 Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
 And fill her place in his indulgent heart :
 As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
 And the blest Indian of his care beguile.
 In vain these various reasons jointly press, 205
 To blacken death, and heighten her distress ;
 She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her sight
 To the blest regions of eternal light,
 And fills her soul with peace : To weeping friends
 Her *father*, and her *lord*, she recommends ; 210
 Unmov'd herself : Her foes her air survey,
 And rage to see their malice thrown away.
 She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care—
 But Guilford ; who still struggles for his share.
 Still will his form importunately rise, 215
 Clog and retard her transport to the skies ;
 As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
 Now catch the brand with a returning light,
 Thus her soul onward from the seats above
 Falls fondly back, and kindles into love : 220
 At length she conquers in the doubtful field ;
 That Heaven she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
 Now death is welcome ; his approach is slow ;
 'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh ! mortals, short of fight, who think the past 225
 O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last :

Alas !

Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,
 And oft in life form one perpetual chain ;
 Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
 Till life and sorrow meet one common end. 236

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
 And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near :
 Her rigid trials are not yet complete ;
 The news arrives of her great father's fate.
 She sees his hoary head, all white with age, 235
 A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
 How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
 Ere the dire sentence on her father past !

A fonder parent nature never knew ;
 And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew. 240
 A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd ;
 The pious daughter in her heart overflow'd.
 And can she from all weakness still refrain ?
 And still the firmness of her soul maintain ?
 Impossible ! a sigh will force its way ; 245
 One patient tear her mortal birth betray ;
 She sighs and weeps ! but so she weeps and sighs,
 As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial Patience ! how dost thou defeat
 The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate ? 250
 While Passion takes his part, betrays our peace ;
 To death and torture swells each slight disgrace ;
 By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
 And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.
 Now *she* revolves within her anxious mind, 255
 What woe still lingers in reserve behind.

Griefs rise on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
 While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
 The ſword is drawn : The queen to rage inclin'd,
 By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd. 260
 What mercy can the Zealot's heart affuage,
 Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage ?
 She thought, and ſigh'd. And now the blood began
 To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
 New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye, 265
 And on her cheek the fading roſes die.
 Alas ! ſhould Guilford too—when now ſhe's brought
 To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
 While there ſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
 Nor can recede, till heaven's decrees are known ; 270
 Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
 But not to cheer her heart and dry her tears !
 Not now, as uſual, like the riſing day,
 To chaſe the ſhadows and the damps away :
 But, like a gloomy ſtorm at once to ſweep 275
 And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
 Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
 His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair :
 Slow, like a gholt, he mov'd with ſolemn pace ;
 A dying paleneſs fat upon his face. 280
 Back ſhe recoil'd, ſhe ſmote her lovely breaſt,
 Her eyes the anguiſh of her heart confeſs'd ;
 Struck to the ſoul, ſhe ſtagger'd with the wound,
 And funk, a breathleſs image, to the ground.
 Thus the fair lily, when the ſky's o'ercaſt, 285
 At firſt but ſhudders in the feeble blaſt ;

But

FORCE OF RELIGION, Book I. 57

But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend ;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed. 290

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

O R,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK II.

“ Hic pietatis honos ? sic nos in scepra reponis ? ”

VIRG.

HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
 And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
 To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
 A lighted taper, touch'd; restores the fire:
 She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light, 5
 And Guilford too, or she had loath'd the sight:
 Her *father's* death she bore, despis'd her *own*,
 But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
 Ah! Guilford, she began, and would have spoke;
 But sobs rush'd in, and every accent broke: 10
 Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
 Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.
 So the youth lost his *image* in the well,
 When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
 The scatter'd features slid into decay, 15
 And spreading circles drove his face away.
 To touch the soft affections, and controul
 The manly temper of the bravest soul,

What

What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair? 20

It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd; and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain

The weeping fair: sunk deep in soft desire, 25

Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:

Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,

As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,

With ill-dissembled grief; "My life, forbear!

"You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear: 30

"Did you not chide my grief? Repress your own;

"Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone:

"Have you beheld, how, from the distant main,

"The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,

"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore; 35

"There burst their noisy pride, and are no more?

"Thus the successive flows of human race,

"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase;

"They found, and swell, their haughty heads they rear;

"Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear. 40

"Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay;

"And where 's the mighty lucre of a day?

"Why should you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis most unkind;

"Your *own* you bore with an unshaken mind:

"And which, can you imagine, was the dart 45

"That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?

"I cannot live without you; and my doom

"I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—

"And

“ And are again your tears profusely spilt !

“ Oh ! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt ; 50

“ It foils itself, if it recall your pain ;

“ Life of my life, I beg you to refrain !

“ The load which fate imposes, you increase ;

“ And help Maria to destroy my peace.”

But, oh ! against himself his labour turn'd ; 55

The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd :

Compassion swells our grief ; words soft and kind

But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind :

Her sorrow flow'd in streams ; nor Her's alone,

While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own. 60

Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,

Hail'd him great partner of the regal state ;

When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,

And bending nations on the glory gaz'd ?

'Tis now the Queen's command, they both retreat, 65

To weep with dignity, and mourn in state :

She forms the *decent* misery with joy,

And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.

A spacious hall is hung with black ; all light

Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night. 70

From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,

Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky :

It sheds a quivering melancholy gloom,

Which only shews the darkness of the room.

A shining ax is on the table laid ; 75

A dreadful sight ! and glitters through the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd ;

A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind !

A scene,

FORCE OF RELIGION, BOOK II. 61

A scene, that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd, every love but theirs. 80

What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—

Then Guilford, thus abruptly; “ I despise

“ An empire lost; I fling away the crown;

“ Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;

“ But where 's the Charles, or Dioclesian where, 85

“ Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?

“ Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand

“ In full possession of thy snowy hand!

“ And, through th' unclouded crystal of thine eye,

“ The heavenly treasures of the mind to spy! 90

“ Till rapture reason happily destroys,

“ And my soul wanders through immortal joys!

“ Give me the world, and ask me, Where 's my bliss?

“ I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *This*.

“ And shall the grave”—He groans, and can no more; 95

But all her charms in silence traces o'er;

Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;

And, wondering, sees, in sad *presaging* thought,

From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,

And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball! 100

Oh! let those *tremble*, who are greatly blest!

For who, but Guilford, could be thus distress'd?

Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,

From flowery meadows, and from rooms of state;

Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy, 105

But to refine, and to exalt your joy:

Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care

On nobler titles than the Brave or Fair.

Was

Was ever such a mournful, moving, fight?
 See, if you can, by that dull, trembling, light: 110
 Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
 Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
 Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
 They stiffen into statues of despair:
 Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind, 115
 They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
 And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
 And, quite wrapp'd-up in love, forget their fate.
 A short delusion! for the raging pain
 Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again. 120
 Mean time, the Queen new cruelty decreed;
 But, ill content that they should *only* bleed,
 A priest is sent; who, with insidious art,
 Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart;
 And Guilford drank it: Hanging on the breast, 125
 He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.
 When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
 And in her dearest lord she first must die,
 The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
 The most unguarded passes of her mind, 130
 Bespoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your power
 "Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."
 Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
 A sudden horror thrills through every vein;
 Life seems suspended, on his words intent; 135
 And her soul trembles for the great event.
 The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of Rome,
 "And ward your own, your lord's and father's doom."

Ye blessed spirits ! now your charge sustain ;
The past was ease ; now *first* she suffers pain. 140

Must she pronounce her father's death ? must she
Bid Guilford bleed ?—It must not, cannot, be.
It *cannot* be ! But 'tis the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise

The weakness of our nature ; and deride 145
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.

What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart ;
Though tainted air our vigorous *youth* can break,
And a chill blast the hardy *warrior* shake, 150

Yet are we strong : Hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more ;
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might ; and thunders raise our humble names ;
'Tis *our* Jehovah fills the heavens ; as long 155

As He shall reign Almighty, We are strong :
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne ;
And almost make Omnipotence our own :

We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer ;
And call forth triumph out of *man's* despair. 160

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad—Then, brightening, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unknown ; 165

And breathing life and spirit scarce her own ;
She, rising, speaks : “ If these the terms ———”

Here,

Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous man !
 Is this thy love ?) as swift as lightning ran ;
 O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught, 170
 And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought ;
 Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
 Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears ;
 His fears for her *alone* : he beat his breast,
 And thus the fervour of his soul exprest : 175
 " Oh ! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
 " And shew one moment uninflam'd with love !
 " Oh ! if thy kindness can no longer last,
 " In pity to thyself, forget the past !
 " Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear, 180
 " Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear :
 " Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
 " Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more ;
 " That to *continue*, was its utmost power,
 " And make the future like the present hour. 185
 " Now call a ruffian ; bid his cruel sword
 " Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord ;
 " Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),
 " And stain his honour with a *Traitor's* name.
 " *This* might perhaps be borne without remorse ; 190
 " But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force !
 " Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
 " Through cruel torment to the grave descend ?
 " His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
 " Wash a slave's feet, and smooke upon the ground ? 195
 " But he to you has ever been severe ;
 " Then take your vengeance"--Suffolk now drew near ;
 Bending

Bending beneath the burden of his care;
 His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
 Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring, 200
 Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring:
 Downward he cast a melancholy look;
 Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; than faintly spoke,
 " Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
 " That ax can only rob *me* of a day; 205
 " For *thee*, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
 " And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain?
 " When you shall know a mother's tender name,
 " My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
 At this, afar his bursting groans were heard; 210
 The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
 He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
 And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
 Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
 And foil'd his hoary temples in the dust. 215

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
 Has the Queen brib'd you to distress her foe?
 O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
 By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
 When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly, 220
 And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky!
 And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
 Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
 When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
 The broken force of her aspiring mind; 225
 As round the generous eagle, which in vain
 Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,

Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His poisonous tail, and stings her as she flies!

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels, 230
And with its force her resolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, weltering on the ground,
Three headless trunks, of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd; 235
The lifted ax assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed? or here break off my tale?
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal.

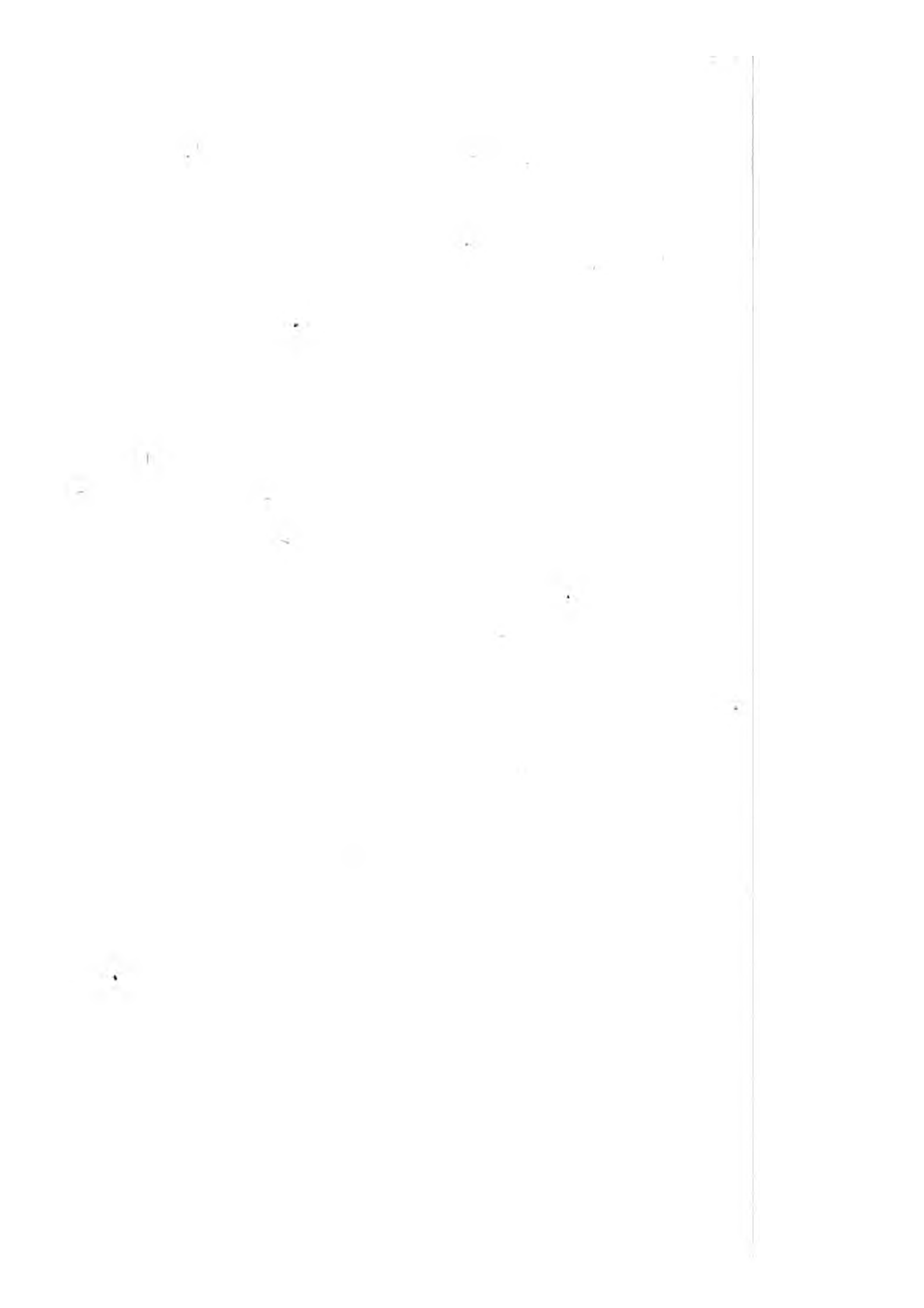
She met this utmost malice of her fate 240
With Christian dignity, and pious state:
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breast:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace! 245
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky:

“ Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
“ I am well pleas'd you make my death so *great*;
“ I joy I cannot save you; and have given 250
“ Two lives, much *dearer* than my own to heaven,
“ If so the *Queen* decrees* :—But I have cause
“ To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
“ And there is mercy still, for you, in store:
“ With me the bitterness of death is o'er. 255
“ He

* Here she embraces them.

FORCE OF RELIGION, Book II. 67

“ He shot his sting in *that* farewell-embrace ;
“ And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
“ Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress’d,
“ Nor seem to envy my approaching rest.”
Then, turning to the ministers of fate, 260
She, smiling, says, “ My victory’s complete :
“ And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
“ And grieve my gratitude I cannot show :
“ A poor return I leave in England’s crown,
“ For everlasting pleasure, and renown : 265
“ Her guilt alone allays this happy hour ;
“ Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power.”
Not Rome, untouch’d with sorrow, heard her fate ;
And fierce Maria pity’d her too late.



L O V E O F F A M E,
T H E
U N I V E R S A L P A S S I O N.

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

“ —Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
“ Non minus ignotos generosis.”

H O R.



P R E F A C E.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation; the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible, that Satire may not do much good: men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others: It is much *to be feared*, that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by Satire; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chased out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions. Ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a Satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that Satire is in verse too: nay, in the first Ages,

Philosophy and Poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress : so that, I hope, these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the author has failed in his aim. Nay, Historians themselves may be considered as Satirists, and Satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to *relate* is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing *indifferent* to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for *this* reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach: For to reason we owe our passions: had we not reason,

we

we should not be offended at what we find amiss : and the *Cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any *Effect*.

Moreover, Laughing Satire bids the fairest for success : the world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor ; and when an Author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master : he appears in good humour while he censures ; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion : He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality : The last of which I have had in my eye ; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the sixth Satire (where the occasion most required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner ; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined *both* the Roman Satirists with great success ; but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, *pressness*, particularly ; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose Satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit ; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed

succeed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of Cervantes and Rabelais! The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it is, * “*aliena* “*venia, quam sua providentia tutior.*”

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the *weak*, in some Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the *wise* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal success: for though ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an impostor, they are the *last* of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly,

which

* Val. Max.

which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things : and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a Wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love; one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *Poetry*. Love, says he, is the son of the goddess Poverty, and the god of Riches: he has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made; *viz.* That Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical *quiver*; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However,

However, this is not *necessity*, but *choice*: were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.

S A T I R E I.

T O

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

“ — Tanto major Famæ fitis est, quam
 “ Virtutis.” JUV. Sat. x.

MY verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
 And *patronize* a Muse you cannot *fear*.
 To poets sacred is a Dorset's name :
 Their wonted passport through the gates of fame;
 It *bribes* the partial reader into praise, 5
 And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays :
 The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
 And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me.
 But you decline the *mistress* we pursue ;
 Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you. 10
 Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause !
 Thou shining *supplement* of public *laws* !
 When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
 Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;
 When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land, 15
 Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand ;
 When the *Law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
 And South-sea treasures are not brought to light ;
 When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,
 Polite apostates from God's *grace* to *Wit* ; 20
 When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament ;

When

When dying finners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
 To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase, 25
 Shall Panegyrick reign, and Censure cease?

Shall Poesy, like Law, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications wash an Æthiop white,
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*? 30
 Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
 And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train, 35
 Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
 Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
 And guilt's chief foe, in Addison, is fled;
 Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the goal, while others run, 40
 He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
 Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find,
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly * Roman's shining path to tread, 45
 And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?
 Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
 Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
 What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*? 50

The

* Horace.

The *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart :
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.

O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ; 55

Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells :

'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.

Here, to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence ;

There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*. 60

It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,

And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;

Nor ends with *life* ; but nods in fable *plumes*,

Adorns our *bearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to see 65
So many like himself in high degree :

The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread

Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed ;

And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born

To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn. 70

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,

And come back much more guilty than they went :

One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,

Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;

And when their sins they set sincerely down, 75

They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,

When they have got their *picture* towards a book :

Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,

Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine. 80

If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
 T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still.
 But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
 Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.

Imperious some a classic *fame* demand, 85
 For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
 A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
 While A's *depos'd*, and B with pomp *restor'd*.

Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning doat,
 And think they grow immortal as they *quote*. 90
 To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
 Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *glafs* how witty is a noble peer!
 Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?
 Polite diseases make some ideots *vain*; 95
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
 And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
 Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
 By spitting on your face, to make it clean. 100

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
 Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
 What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
 Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame:
 Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep: 105
 And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.

Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
 Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
 Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen. 110

By

By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
 Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
 It makes *Globose* a speaker in the house;
 He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
 It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail, 115
 And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
 Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?
 My growing subject seems but just begun,
 And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run. 120

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
 To take a catalogue of British fools.
 Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
 A knave or fool should perish in each line;
 Though for the first all Westminster should plead, 125
 And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
 To *quality* belongs the highest place.
 My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
 Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room: 130
 He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
 By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.

With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
 Above the man by *three descents* less wise!
 If virtues at his noble hands you crave, 135
 You bid him raise his father's from the grave.
 Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
 Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate. 140

To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
 Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
 Slight, or important, only by their place?
 Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise* ; 145
 The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
 Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
 Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
 Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine. 150

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
 We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
 Mean sons of earth, who, on a South-sea tide
 Of full success, swim into *wealth* and *pride*.
 Knock with a purse of gold at Antis' gate, 155
 And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
 They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
 Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause* !
 And a rich knave 's a *libel* on our *laws*. 160

Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd ;
 He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound ;
 But *builds* himself a name ; and, to be great,
 Sinks in a quarry an immense estate !
 In cost and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do ; 165
 And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.

The pile is finish'd ; every toil is past ;
 And full perfection is arriv'd at last ;
 When, lo ! my lord to some small corner runs,
 And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*. 170

The

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
 Provides a home from which to run away.
 In Britain, what is many a lordly feat,
 But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame; 175
 Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
 Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known;
 Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
 The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
 And bid him turn his Venus into gold. 180

"No, sirs, he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail:
 "Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
 Such *beads* might make their very *busto's* laugh:
 His daughter starves; but * Cleopatra 's safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate, 185
 May spill their treasure in a nice conceit.
 The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
 To say you 're *curious*, when we swear you 're *mad*.
 By your revenue measure your expence;
 And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*. 190

No man is blest'd by *accident* or *guess*;
 True *wisdom* is the price of *happinefs*:
 Yet few without long discipline are sage;
 And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.
 But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long 195
 The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
 Thy most inviting theme? The *court* affords
 Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.

G 2

"What

* A famous statue.

"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
 One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*. 200
 "How comes it then to pass we see preface
 "On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?"
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
 As in its home it triumphs in *high place*, 205
 And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
 Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
 Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
 Some lords it bids *resign*; and turns their wands,
 Like Moses', into serpents in their hands. 210
 These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
 With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.
 But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
 The boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.
 What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, strive 215
 To seem the most transported things alive?
 As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood:
 And all the fortunate were *wife* and *good*.
 Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
 And stifled groans frequent the ball and play. 220
 Completely dress'd by * Monteuil and grimace,
 They take their *birth-day* suit and *public* face:
 Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*.
 Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.
 What bodily fatigue is half so bad? 225
 With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What

* A famous taylor.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
 Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance* ;
 The tavern ! park ! assembly ! mask ! and play !
 Those dear destroyers of the tedious day ! 230
 That wheel of fops ! that faunter of the town !
 Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
 Fools grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like, support,
 Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
 Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*, 235
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
 High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create :
 None think the Great unhappy, but the Great :
 Fools gaze, and envy ; envy darts a sting,
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king. 240
 I envy none their pageantry and show ;
 I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
 Give me, indulgent Gods ! with mind serene,
 And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene ;
 No splendid poverty, no smiling care, 245
 No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there* :
 There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest ;
 The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest ;
 On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;
 In every rill a sweet instruction flows. 250
 But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whispering rill,
 In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still :
 Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
 In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.
 The *Squire* is *proud* to see his coursers strain, 255
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.

Say, dear Hippolytus (whose drink is ale,
 Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back) 260
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
 And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
 Is that *thy* praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
 Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
 Nor envies, when a gypsy *you* commit, 265
 And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,
 And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew:
 Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view. 270
 Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
 Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
 Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
 Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
 Fewer grave lords to Scrope discreetly bend; 275
 And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
 Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
 At Bath, in *summer*, chants the reigning lads,
 And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass? 280
 Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
 That runs for ages without winding-up?
 Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame?
 Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme:
 Nor would these heroes of the task be glad, 185
 For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*?

S A T I R E II.

MY Muse, proceed, and reach they destin'd end;
 Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
 Plain Satire calls for *sense* in every line:
 Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose! 5
 All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
 When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage;
 'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage:
 And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
 I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write. 10

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd.
 Almighty *vanity*! to thee they owe
 Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
 Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain, 15
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
 Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
 * Hippolytus demands the *sylvan* crown; 20
 But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
 Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
 Why shines the sun? To make † Paul Diack rise.

G 4

From

* This refers to the first Satire. † The name of a tulip.

From morn to night has Florio gazing stood, 25
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good ;
 What shape ! What hue ! Was ever nymph so fair ?
 He doats ! he dies ! he too is *rooted* there.
 O solid blifs ! which nothing can destroy,
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy. 30
 In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight ;
 The tulip's dead ! See thy fair sifter's fate,
 O C—— ! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
 Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all ; 35
 Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
 A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame ;
 A Quaker ferv'd him, Adam was his name ;
 To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent ; 40
 But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour :
 He rag'd ! he roar'd ! " What *daemon* cropt my flower ?"
 Serene, quoth Adam, " Lo ! 'twas crusht by me ;
 " Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."
 But all men want *amusement* ; and what crime 45
 In such a paradise to fool their time ?
 None : but why proud of this ? To fame they soar ;
 We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.
 We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
 And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy : 50
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,
 Survey with envy, and pursue with fire ?
 What 's he who fights for wealth, or fame, or power ?
 Another Florio doating on a flower !

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. II. 89

A short-liv'd flower ; and which has often sprung 55
From fordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus ! is thy fancy smit ?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau. 60

How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view !
Thy Books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard ;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home 65
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study 's the specious *trifling* of the mind ;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for *sport* alone, and not for *game*. 70
If so, sure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent ;
His farms were floun ; when, lo ! a sale comes on, 75

A choice collection ! what is to be done ?
He sells his *last* ; for he the whole will buy ;
Sells ev'n his house ; nay, wants whereon to lie :
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran. 80

When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone 85
 Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown :
 Editions various, at high prices bought,
 Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought* ;
 And to this cost another must succeed
 To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read ; 90
 Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen ;
 But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between ;
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
 And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O Stanhope, whose accomplishments make good 95
 The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,
 In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
 The strictest *honour* ! and the finest *taste* !
 Accept this verse ; if Satire can agree
 With so consummate an *humanity*. 100

By your example would Hilario mend ;
 How would it grace the talents of my friend,
 Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
 Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit !
 But time his fervent petulance may cool ; 105
 For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
 In time he 'll learn to *use*, not *waste*, his sense ;
 Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
 He spares nor friend nor foe ; but calls to mind,
 Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind. 110

What though *wit* tickles ? tickling is unsafe,
 If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
 Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. II. 91

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd ; 115
 Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *ſword* ;
 And never on the *weak* ; or you 'll appear
 As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.

As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
 So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet : 120
 Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen ;
 Both pain us *leaſt* when exquisitely keen.
 The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find ;
 Dull is the *jester*, when the joke 's *unkind*.

Since Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit, 125
 To pay my compliment, what place ſo fit ?
 His moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
 Which my Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand :
 If that a *juſt* offence to Marcus gave,

Say, Marcus, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knaave* ? 130
 For all but ſuch with caution I forebore ;
 That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before :
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who* ;
 No maſk ſo good, but Marcus muſt ſhine through :
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell ; 135
 Thy beſt concealment had been writing *well* :
 But thou a brave neglect of *fame* haſt ſhown,
 Of *others'* fame, great genius ! and thy *own*.
 Write on unheeded ; and this maxim know,
 The man who *pardons*, *diſappoints* his foe. 140

In malice to *proud wits*, ſome proudly lull
 Their *peeviſh* reaſon ; *vain* of being dull ;

When

* Letters ſent to the author, ſigned Marcus.

When some home-joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
 In vengeance they determine—to be *fools* ;
 Through spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*, 145
 Quite zealous in the ways of *beaviness* ;
 To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take ;
 And disinherit sons that are *awake*.

These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you—“ *He's a wit.*” 150
 Poor *negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spite
 To cacodemons, say, they 're *devilish white*.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
 Sighs o'er one child ; but triumphs in the rest.
 How just his *grief* ! one carries in his head 155
 A less proportion of the father's lead ;
 And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.

The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
 And feel a passion for a *grain of corn* ; 160
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
 Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son ; 165
 And by Heaven's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea ;
 One learns to *lisp* ; another, *not* to see :
 Miss D——, tottering, catches at your hand :
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ? 170
 Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through pride,
 Others affect what nature has deny'd ;

What

What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue :
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craſſus, a *grateful* ſage, our awe and ſport ! 175
Supports grave forms ; for forms the ſage ſupport.
He hems ; and cries, with an important air,
“ If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair :”
Then quotes the Stagyrite, to prove it true ;
And adds, “ The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*.” 180
Is 't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead ?
As far a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Theſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men, 185
Though Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace :
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark ! where *pins* are to be ſold. 190
What 's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd ?
The *body's* wiſdom to conceal the mind.

A man of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain ;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain* ;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot, 195
Solemnity 's a cover for a *ſot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *ſcreen* ;
For 'tis the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.

Hence, Cheſterfield, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic* art ; 200
Hence (manly praiſe !) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
 Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade;
 Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace, 205
 And hide secure behind a *naked face*?

Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
 And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
 Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
 And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone? 210

These all their care expend on outward show
 For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
 Of late at White's was young Florello seen!
 How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!
 So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign! 215
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
 His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
 A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
 Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils, 220
 Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
 So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
 The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
 And either shoulder has its share of fame;
 His sumptuous *watch-case*, though conceal'd it lies, 225
 Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
 Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.

Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
 On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye, 230
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
 But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.

In

In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned *beels*.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day, 235
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd. 240
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valued, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.

A fam'd furtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?) 245
Level'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame:

But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent*:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
"And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out*." 250

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim; 255
The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.

Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide. 260
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass;

* Milton.

While

While both are *one* : and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

“ But who art Thou ? ” methinks Florello cries : 265

“ Of all thy species art Thou only wise ? ”

Since smallest things can give our fins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,

Florello, thou my monitor shalt be ;

I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*. 270

O THOU myself ! abroad our counsels roam,

And, like ill husbands, take no care at home :

Thou too art wounded with the common dart,

And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart ;

And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ? 275

Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.

Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,

Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?

While I a moment name, a moment's past ;

I'm nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last* : 280

What then is to be done ? Be wise with speed ;

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of fame ?

How vain the prize ! how impotent our aim !

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime, 285

But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,

That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,

Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour ?

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
 And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
 We bring some new materials, and what 's old 25
 New cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse;
 And from four critics vindicate the Muse.

“ Your work is long,” the critics cry. 'Tis true,
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you: 30
 Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
 For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
 As hunted *bags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
 Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile, 35
 That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
 Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
 And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
 For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
 Than those who thunder in the critic's name? 40
 Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
 To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his fable cloak,
 Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
 As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries, 45
 “ Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!”
 Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach,
 Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
 The poem is at noon, and wrong at night: 50
 Another judges by a surer gage,
 An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;

Since

Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
 The poem doubtless must be written well.
 Another judges by the writer's *look* ; 55
 Another judges, for he *bought the book* ;
 Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep ;
 Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
 To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame. 60
 The very best *ambitiously* advise,
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
 Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
 Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry 65
 Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
 Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can crown
 Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste :
 The genius of a *dish* some justly taste, 70
 And *eat* their way to *fame* ; with anxious thought
 The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
 Impatient art rebukes the fun's delay,
 And bids December yield the fruits of May ;
 Their various cares in one great point combine 75
 The business of their lives, that is—to *dine*.

Half of their precious day they give the *feast* ;
 And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
 Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
 Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown. 80

These worthies of the palate guard with care
 The sacred annals of their *bills of fare* ;

In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
 And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
 If man by *feeding well* commences *great*, 85
 Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
 Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
 They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*. 90

Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
 And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
 Niger adopts stray libels; wisely prone 95
 To covet shame still greater than his own.

Bathylus, in the winter of threescore,
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
 Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name; 100
 Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
 And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
 Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
 Men *forged the patents* that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays, 105
 So most grow infamous through love of praise.
 But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
 When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
 For such the vanity of great and small,
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all. 110
 Nor can even Satire blame them; for, 'tis true,
 They have most ample cause for what they do.

O fruit-



LOVE OF FAME, SAT. III. 101

O fruitful Britain ! doubtless thou wast meant
 A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
 Though Phoëbus and the Nine for ever mow, 115
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
 'Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill ;
 A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn ;
 Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram. 120
 When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
 In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment posselt,
 Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest :
 What need he stay ? for when the joke is o'er, 125
 His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
 Is there of *these*, ye fair ! so great a dearth,
 That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth ?

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire ;
 Of *houses* some ; nay, houses that they *bire* : 130
 Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous *wife* ;
 And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their airs ;
 My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears* ;
 Then, stranger still ! on turning of the wind, 135
 My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To shew the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
 By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
 What numbers are there, which at once pursue
 Praise, and the glory to contemn it, too ? 140
 Vincenna knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
 And therefore lays a stratagem for fame ;

Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
 To win applause ; and takes it by surprize.
 " To err," says he, " in small things, is my fate." 145
 You know your answer, " he 's exact in great."
 " My *style*," says he, " is rude and full of faults."
 " But oh ! what sense ! what energy of thoughts !"
 That he wants algebra, he must confess ;
 " But not a soul to give our arms success." 150
 " Ah ! That 's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries ;
 " But who in heat of blood was ever wise ?
 " I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,
 " To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack ;
 " All say, 'twas madness ; nor dare I deny ; 155
 " Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
 Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
 It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee* ;
 Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
 So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong. 160
 Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear ;
 And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
 Are these expedients for renown ? Confess
 Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.
 Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake ; 165
 Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, shall make.
 Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
 In hardy service make a long campaign ;
 Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
 And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great* 170
 With painful art, and application warm,
 And take, at last, some *little place* by storm ;
 Enough

Enough to keep *two shoes* on Sunday clean,
 And *starve* upon discreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
 Already *this* thy fortune can afford ; 175
 Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
 'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer :
 But often, even in doing right, they err :
 From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come :
 They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom : 180
 The man that 's nearest, *yawning*, they advance :
 'Tis *inhumanity* to *blefs* by chance.
 If *merit* sues, and greatness is so loth
 To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
 I grant at court, Philander, at his need, 185
 (Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
 Of every charm and virtue she 's possess'd :
 Philander ! thou art exquisitely blest ;
 The public envy ! now then, 'tis allow'd,
 The man is found, who may be *justly* proud : 190
 But, see ! how sickly is ambition's taste !
 Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast ;
 For, lo ! Philander, of reproach afraid,
 In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
 Some nymphs sell reputation ; others buy ; 195
 And love a market where the rates run high :
 Italian music 's sweet, because 'tis dear ;
 Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear* :
 Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
 And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well ; 200
 Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
 And *own*, that English is their mother tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereffes outshine ;
 While *tradesmen* starve, these Philomels are gay ; 205
 For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.

Behold the masquerade's fantastick scene !
 The Legislature join'd with Drury-Lane !
 When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
 And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done. 210

“ Are we not then allow'd to be polite ? ”
 Yes, doubtless ; but first set your notions right.
Worth, of *politeness* is the needful ground ;
 Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
 Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel ; 215
 'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

Great, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,
 To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways !
 Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy *master* serve ;
 Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve, 220
 Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd ;
 In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
 Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.

Inferior offerings to thy god of vice 225
 Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice* ;
 Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids* !
 That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !
 If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
 An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice. 230
 Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
 To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.

And

And that thy minister may never fail,
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
 Of *minor prophets* a succession sure 235
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
 In solemn council met, and deep debate!
 What Godlike enterprize is taking birth?
 What wonder opens on th' expecting earth? 240
 'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
 Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings*!

Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths
 like these,

Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please:
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou, 245
 Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.

How terrible it were to common-sense,
 To write a *Satire*, which gave none *offence*!
 And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
 If men dislike them, do they censure *me*? 250

The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
 And Godlike an attempt the world to mend;
 The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price! 255
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
 If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
 A curse within, a smile upon his face; 260

A beau-

A beauteous filter, or convenient wife,
 Are *prizes* in the lottery of life ;
 Genius and Virtue they will soon defeat,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.
 To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain* 265
 For men's refusing what you ought to gain.
 May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view
 By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
 Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd; 270
 And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
 Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd !
 Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear ;
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

S A T I R E IV.

T O

THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine
 grows,
 And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
 So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious *verse*, should be,
 (O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
 Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside, 5
 Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide;
 Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
 And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
 Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
 The Crown's asserter, and the People's friend: 10
 Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
 To listen to the labours of the Muse;
 Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
 And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.
 Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won, 15
 The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
 Chremes, for airy pensions of *renown*,
 Devotes his service to the State and Crown;
 All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
 Though Britain's thankless, still *this patriot* loves: 20
 But

But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,
 He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good ;
 Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
 What storms, or sun-shine, Providence decrees ;
 Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate ; 25
 A Quidnunc is an *almanack* of State.

You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use ;
 Why may not time his secret worth produce ?
 Since *apes* can roast the choice Castanian *Nut*,
 Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *Put* ; 30
 Since half the Senate " Not content " can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings ?
 An incapacity for smaller things :
 Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own estate*, 35
 And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
 And boldly claims a province higher still :
 To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
 At once, a Bible, and a *shoulder-knot* ; 40
 Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
 And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul* ;
 To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
 Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed :
 Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies, 45
 Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
 For this disease ; poor rogues run seldom mad.
 Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
 And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief ? 50

While

While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous
force ;

But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.

Such useful *instruments* the weather show,

Just as their *mercury* is high or low :

Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark ; 55

A fever argues better than a Clarke :

Let but the logick in his *pulse* decay,

The Grecian he 'll renounce, and learn to pray ;

While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,

Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well. 60

C——, who makes merry with the Creed,

He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed* ;

But only thinks so ; to give both their due,

Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.

Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage, 65

That they 're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian *club* disclaims ;

Nay, a Free-mason, with some terror, names ;

Omits no duty ; nor can *envy* say,

He mis'd, these many years, the Church, or Play : 70

He makes no noise in Parliament, 'tis true ;

But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due ;

His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,

And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean* ;

A smile eternal on his lip he wears, 75

Which equally the wise and worthless shares.

In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,

Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,

Most

Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
 For ornament, in every public place ; 80
 As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,
 And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms :
 When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
 And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three :
 Narcissus is the glory of his race ; 85
 For who does *nothing* with a better grace ?
 To deck my list, by nature were design'd
 Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
 Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and *passion* to be wrong. 90
 To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,
 Some for renown are *singular* and *odd* ;
 What other men dislike, is sure to please,
 Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes* ;
 Through pride, not malice, they run counter still, 95
 And *birth-days* are their days of dressing *ill*.
 Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a fage,
 S——ly will fright you, E—— engage ;
 By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
 Stones mount, and Suffex is the worst of friends ; 100
 They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
 And blush, if you surprize them in the *right* ;
 If they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
 A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.
 Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt, 105
 A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that 's *out*.
 His passion for absurdity 's so strong,
 He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong ;

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. IV. III

Though wrong the mode, comply ; more sense is shewn
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*. 110

If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than Sloane the foremost *toyman* of his time ?

His nice ambition lies in curious fancies, 115

His daughter's portion a rich *shell* inhances,

And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,

Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru !

How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore

That painted coat, which Joseph *never* wore ! 120

He shews, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,

That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.

“ Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,

“ Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,

“ Was ever year unblest as *this* ? ” he'll cry, 125

“ It has not brought us one new *butterfly* ! ”

In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,

Unhappy I——y ! how came *you* to please ?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game ;

But, in effect, his chace is much the same : 130

Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,

Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate* :

Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find

Or Lico, or their *shadows*, lag behind ;

He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run, 135

Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning-dun* ;

As

As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
 And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught :
 But after seven years dance, from place to place,
 The * Dane is more familiar with his Grace. 140

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer ;
 Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
 For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, through the town ?
 Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace, 145
 Still to reflect the temper of his face ;
 Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *it* leave ;
 Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll, or *thump* it, for his better ease ; 150
 Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, bespoke,
 When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke ?
 Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not find
 His lordship's jest ; or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow, 155
 That can cry, " Chimney sweep," or drive a *plough* ?
 With terms like these, how mean the tribe that *close* !
 Scarce meaner they, who terms like these *impose*.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply ?
 The men of ink, or antient authors lye ; 160
 The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold :
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast :

For

* A Danish dog of the duke of Argyll.

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. IV. 113

For fame no cully makes so much her jest, 165

As her old constant spark, the bard profess.

“ Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,

“ Pelham ’s magnificent ; but I can write,

“ And what to my great soul like glory dear ?”

Till some god whispers in his tingling ear, 170

That *fame* ’s unwholesome taken without *meat*,

And life is best sustain’d by what is *eat* :

Grown *lean*, and *wife*, he curses what he writ,

And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah ! what avails it, when his *dinner* ’s lost, 175

That his triumphant name adorns a *post* ?

Or that his shining page (provoking fate !)

Defends Sirloins, which *sons of dulness eat* ?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,

What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears, 180

When the poor Mule, for less than half a crown,

A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,

With other whores undone, though *not* in print,

Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint ?

Ye bards ! why will you sing, though uninspir’d ? 185

Ye bards ! why will you *star-ve*, to be *admir’d* ?

Defunct by Phœbus’ laws, beyond redress,

Why will your *spectres* haunt the frightened press ?

Bad metre, that *excrecence* of the head,

Like *hair*, will sprout, although the poet ’s *dead*. 190

All other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg* ;

A dedication is a *wooden leg* ;

A barren Labeo, the true *mumper*’s fashion,

Exposes *borrow’d brats* to move *compassion*.

Though such myself, vile bards I discommend; 195
 Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.
 "Is 't then a crime to *write*?"—If talent rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
 For some, though few, there are large-minded men,
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen; 200
 Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
 Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
 Argyll true wit is studious to restore; 205
 And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
 Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
 And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.

But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
 That fame, which poets languish for in vain. 210
 How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*!
 Fame 's a *reversion* in which men take place
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease.
 This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well, 215
 He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
 That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
 Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags*;
 And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*. 220
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
 Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
 The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
 Shall match the veriest huncks in Lombard-street,

From

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. IV. 115

From rescued candles' ends, who rais'd a sum, 225
 And starves, to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.

A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
 To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
 Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*. 230

For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.

Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
 No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd, 235
 Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:

Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
 When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:

He 'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
 Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*. 241

"Who 'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
 While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:

To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right—
Just is his title—for he will not *fight*:

All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*, 245
 As maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:

But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;

He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
 A sweet *revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword. 250

Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
 A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid*:

Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;

Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy*:

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree; 255
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim, 260
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak;
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

S A T I R E V.
 O N
 W O M E N.

“ O fairest of creation ! last and best
 “ Of all God’s works ! Creature in whom excell’d,
 “ Whatever can to fight, or thought, be form’d
 “ Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
 “ How art thou lost ! ” — MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone ;
 Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own :
 But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
 Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings* :
 Attend, and you discern it in the fair 5
 Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair* ;
 Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye* ;
 Or, in full joy, elaborate a *figh*.

The sex we honour, though their faults we blame ;
 Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme : 10
 A theme, fair ——— ! doubly kind to me,
 Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee* ;
 Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin’d,
 A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia’s daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*, 15
 Too fond of admiration, lose their price ;

Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
 To throngs, and tarnish to the fated fight :
 As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
 Through every *sign* of vanity they run ; 20
 Assemblies, Parks, coarse feasts in City-halls,
 Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,
 Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield scenes,
 And Fortune-tellers Caves, and Lions Dens,
 Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-rooms, 25
 Installments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,
 Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-shows, Reviews,
 Sales, Races, Rabbets, (and, still stranger!) Pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame ;
 And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame ; 30
 Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses ; *then*,
 Like April suns, dives into clouds again :
 With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms ;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms :
 'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain, 35
 And to be taken with a sudden pain ;
 Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
 And is, sweet soul ! just as sincere in this :
 O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight* !
 And looks delightfully with all her might ! 40
 But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wife,
 She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows ;
 Without she freezes, and within she glows :
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd, 45
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd,

She

She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In — Cleopatra, or the last new play.

Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *bides* behind her face. 50

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her *larum* cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head, 55
And vows—“that her great-grandfather is dead.”

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to bear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That *shows*, or *makes*, you both polite and wise. 60

Xantippe cries, “Let nymphs who nought can say
“ Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
“ And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
“ By tame behaviour, and a soft address!”
Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply 65

With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain: 70
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame; 75
But keen Xantippe, scorning *borrow'd* flame,

Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
 O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea* :
 Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
 She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice : 80
 Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,
 And the *last word* is her eternal right.
 Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rife
 To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wife* ?
 Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng 85
 Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong :
 What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state !
 What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate* !
 If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow ;
 We *make* misfortune ; *suicides* in woe. 90
 Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !
 Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill ?
 How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
 (That iron tongue of death !) with solemn knell,
 On *Folly's* errands as we vainly roam, 95
 Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home ?
 Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
 Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
 Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
 We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace ; 100
 Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
 Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week :
 Our very joys are anxious, and expire
 Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.
 Now what reward for all this grief and toil ? 105
 But *one* ; a female friend's endearing smile ;

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. V.

128

A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye; 110
Victorious tendernefs! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete; 115
There *Master Betty* leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miss Charles* to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rathly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd steed*; 120
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the *Fair*.

More than *one steed* must *Delia's* empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng, 125
With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong!
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:
Sesostris like, such charioteers as *these*
May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please: 130
They *drive, row, run*, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the Belle-lettres lovely *Daphne* reigns;
Again the god *Apollo* wears her chains:
With legs tofs'd high, on her sophee she sits, 135
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:

Of

Of each performance she 's the final test ;
 One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest ;
 And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
 Fully convinces all the town—*she 's fair.* 140

Had lovely Daphne, Hecate's face,
 How would her elegance of taste decrease !
 Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
 And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes.*

But hold, she cries, lampooner ! have a care ; 145
 Must I want common sense, because I 'm fair ?

O no : see Stella ; her *eyes* shine as bright,
 As if her tongue was never in the right ;
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !
 She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire : 150

How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
 Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear ?
 We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense,*
 Nor is 't a sanction for *impertinence.*

Sempronia lik'd her man ; and well she might ; 155
 The youth in person, and in parts, was bright ;
 Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart :

He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
 And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd : 160
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own ;
 Their bliss the themè and envy of the town :

The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
 In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *threescore.*
 The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear : 165
 Of *pride* and *avarice* who can cure the fair ?

Man's

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true;
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
 Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
 But fools create themselves new appetites: 170
 Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
 Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.
 When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,
 In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,
 In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show, 175
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
 On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
 Lemira 's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
 He comes; but where 's his patient? At the ball. 180
 The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,
 And cries, " My Lady, Sir, is always so:
 " Diversions put her maladies to flight;
 " True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night:
 " I 've known my Lady (for she loves a tune) 185
 " For *fevers* take an opera in June:
 " And, though perhaps you 'll think the practice bold,
 " A midnight Park is sovereign for a *cold*:
 " With *colics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
 " With *indigestions*, supper just at three." 190
 A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
 Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
 Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
 But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*:
 For want—but not of health, are ladies ill; 195
 And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's* bill.

Alas,

Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair
 Yon lady lolls! With what a tender air!
 Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
 O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen. 200
 Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?

“Late sitting-up has turn'd her roses white.”
 Why went she not to bed? “Because 'twas *night*.”
 Did she then dance, or play? “Nor this, nor that.” 205
 Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.

“No, all alone, her *prayers* she rather chose;
 “Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose.”
 Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
 Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed: 210
 This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
 Her soul is silly, but her body 's wife.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
 And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
 You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite; 215
 To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
 Next day she shines in glossy *black*; and then
 Revolves into her native *red* again:
 Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
 And is her own dear rival in your arms. 220

But *one* admirer has the painted lads;
 Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass:
 Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
 That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.

* Lap-dog.

To

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. V. 125

To deck the female cheek, HE only knows, 225
 Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile! Such blessings *nature* pours,
 O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
 In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
 She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green: 230

Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
 And *waste* their music on the savage race.

Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?

Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?

But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse, 235

And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuse.

Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air

(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;

Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,

And larks, and nightingales, are odious things; 240

But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;

And to be press'd to death, transports her quite:

Where silver rivulets play through flowery meads,

And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,

Black kennels' absent *odours* she regrets, 245

And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?

Or is the public to the private scene?

Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;

Through briars and brambles in the *world* we stray; 250

Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,

And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,

Which choak our passage, our career controul,

And wound the firmest temper of our soul.

O sacred

O sacred solitude! divine retreat! 255
 Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
 (Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*: 260
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the *next*;
There too the Muses sport; these numbers free, 265
 Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses; but not there alone:
 Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
 Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
 A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit: 270
 Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
 Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
 With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
 On Dufey's poetry, and Bunyan's prose:
 The learned war both wage with equal force, 275
 And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
 Is proud of being rich in happiness:
 Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
 Content with pains, since they're reputed joys. 280
 With what well-acted transport will she say,
 "Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday*!
 "And then that charming party for *to-morrow*!"
 Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow:
 But

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. V. 127

But she dares never boast the *present* hour; 285
 So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:
 For such is or our weakness, or our curse,
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
 The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*. 290

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
 Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains; 295
 What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
 Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lyes;
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
 There's no satiety of charms divine: 300

Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
 She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
 The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found 305
 (Surprizing sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.

"What miracle, says Strephon, makes thee weep?
 "Ah, barbarous man", she cries, "how could you—
 "sleep?"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*! 310
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
 We wish our mistress, and our meat, away:

But

But soon the fated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn :
Eternal Love let man, then, never swear; 315
 Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair*;
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
 Hunger and Love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind : 320
 But not of that unfashionable set
 Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal Love exactly hits her taste;

Phyllis demands eternal love at *least*.
 Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes, 325
Eternal Love I vow, the swain replies :
 But say, my *All*, my *Mistress*, and my *Friend*!
 'What day next week th' *Eternity* shall end?

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love*;
 Elope from mortal man, and range above. 330
 The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
 Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies :
 She sees the planets in their turns advance,
 And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance :

Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air; 335
 And Whiston has *engagements* with the fair.
 What vain experiments Sophronia tries!

'Tis not in air-pumps the gay Colonel dies.
 But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
 (O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains. 340
 Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
 Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To—— turn; she never took the height
 Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
 She strikes each point with native force of mind, 345
 While puzzled Learning blunders far behind,
 Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
 The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.
 Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
 When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet; 350
 In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe;
 In crouds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
 Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,
 She takes a noble pride in doing good;
 Yet, not superior to her sex's cares, 355
 The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
 Of *silks* and *china* she 's the last appeal;
 In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
 And if disputes of *empire* rise between
 Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen, 360
 'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
 Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.
 When such her mind, why will the fair express
 Their emulation only in their *dress*?

But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*, 365
 And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,
 Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
 And make her family a *sine-cure*:
 The theme divine at *cards* she 'll not forget,
 But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*; 370
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
 And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.

What angels would those be, who thus excel
 In theologies, could they *sew* as well!
 Yet why should not the fair her text pursue? 375
 Can she more decently the doctor woo?
 'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
 Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
 When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain, 380
 To beauteous Marcia often will repair
 With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.

O how his pious soul exults to find
 Such love for *holy* men in womankind!
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he 385
 Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee*;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower*!

The *young* and *gay* declining, Appia flies
 At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise*: 390
 By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
 She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
 What gay distress! what splendid misery!
 Whatever fortune lavishly can pour, 395
 The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
 Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
 Like any lord, it *promises*—and *pays*.
 How will the miser startle, to be told
 Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold! 400
 What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
 All *more* is but the fashion of the plate,

Which,

Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
 It charms us *now*; *anon* we cast anew;
 To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd: 405
 Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
 And think accomplishments will win the fair:
 The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
 As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the *sun*; 410

And yet in female scales a fop out-weighs,
 And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
 Nought shines so bright in vain *Liberia's* eye
 As riot, impudence, and perfidy;

The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd, 415
 And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
 For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
 Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;

And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
 The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*. 420
 If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
 But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in state,
 Who was not born to carry her own weight;
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid 425
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.

Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
 She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
 But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
 To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the *stairs*. 430

My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* stile;

And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
 That Betty rather *sees*, than *bears* the call :
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye, 435
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.

O listen with attention most profound !
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
 And help ! oh help ! her spirits are so dead,
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head. 440
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
 She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.

Let the robust and the gigantic *carve*,
 Life is not worth so much, she 'd rather *starve* :
 But chew she must herself ; ah cruel fate ! 445
 That Rosalinda can't by *proxy* eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lies
 (Kind heaven !) against the *poison* of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien ;
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene. 450
 In fair and open dealing where 's the shame ?
 What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.

This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,
 And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
 (Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd, 455
 If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)

And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
 An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
 Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
 And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear. 460
 By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain ;
 She, on the Christian System, is prophane.

But

But though the volley rattles in your ear,
 Believe her *dress*, she 's not a grenadier.
 If thunder 's awful, how much more our dread, 465
 When Jove deposes a lady in his stead?

A *lady*! pardon my mistaken pen,
 A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;
 Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense; 470
 The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
 With outward grace, the *body's* *virtue*, join'd.
 A violated decency now reigns;

And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
 With Chinese painters modern *toasts* agree, 475
 The point they aim at is *deformity*:

They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air
 Across the room, and *tofs* into the chair.
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
 They, for our manners, have exchange'd their own. 480

The modest look, the castigated grace,
 The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
 For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
 Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
 Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude, 485
 Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
 And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
 When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile, 490
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
 What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.

Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration! give me something *more*, 495

Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threescore*:
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we 're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*. 500

Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.

O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round, 505

And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day. 510

Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but *herself* is old.

Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
And art has *level'd* her deep furrow'd face.

Her strange demand no mortal can approve, 515
We 'll ask her *bleffing*, but can't ask her *love*.

She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! Her grey hairs *engage*; 520

Whose thoughts are suited to her life 's decline:
Virtue 's the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine.

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. V. 135

That, and that *only*, can old age sustain;
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
 Not numerous are our joys, when life is new; 525
 And yearly some are falling of the *few*;
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,
 They drop *apace*; by *nature* some decay,
 And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away; 530
 Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.
 Where 's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
 What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view, 535
 Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
 Who into *shelter* takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
 The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide; 540
Fancy and *passion* tofs it to and fro;
 A while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
 Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
 Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.
 Life swarms with ills; the *boldest* are afraid; 545
 Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
 When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
 The least obliging; and by favours lost. 550
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate;
 And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.

S A T I R E VI.

O N

W O M E N.

INSCRIBED TO

The Right Hon. the Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

“ Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem.”

HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but fought in vain.
 Apollo whisper'd in my ear—“ Germain.”—
 I know her not.—“ Your reason's somewhat odd ;
 “ Who knows his patron, now ?” reply'd the god.
 “ Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown ; 5
 “ Then steal great names, to shield them from the town.
 “ Detected *worth*, like *beauty* difarray'd,
 “ To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid :
 “ Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
 “ In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*. 10
 “ Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;
 “ When such the theme, 'twill easily be done.”

Ye fair ! to draw your excellence at length,
 Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength ;
 You, *here*, in miniature your picture see ; 15
 Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.

My

My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side* ;
 His portraits will *inflamm*e, mine *quench*, your pride :
 He 's *dear*, you *frugal* ; choose my *cheaper* lay ;
 And be your *reformation* all my *pay*. 20

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane* ;
 To Church as constant as to Drury-lane.
 She decently, *in form*, pays heaven its due ;
 And makes a civil visit to her pew.
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air, 25
 Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer* :
 Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed ;
 Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed.
 Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to *speak* ;
 Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break ; 30
 Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
 To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
 But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd* ;
 For they 're before their Maker—and *mankind* :
 When ladies once are proud of praying well, 35
 Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
 Drusa receives her visitants in bed ;
 But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
 The very blackest tongue of calumny. 40
 When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
 She begs you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the fight,
 That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
 There is no *woman*, where there 's no *reserve* ; 45
 And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.

But

But with a modern fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye ;
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh. 50

“ Or if you take a lion by the beard * ,
 “ Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
 “ Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,”
 First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.

This lady glories in profuse expence ; 55
 And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
 To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight ;
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite* ;

Had ever nymph such reason to be glad ?
 In *duel* fell two lovers ; one run *mad*. 60
 Her *foes* their honest execrations pour ;
 Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
 And generously supports him in his want.
 But marriage is a fether, is a snare, 65
 A hell, no lady so polite can bear.

She 's faithful, she 's observant, and with pains
 Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
 But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*. 70

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint ;
 Whate'er she *is*, she 'll not *appear* a faint :
 Her soul superior flies formality ;
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,

Some

* Shakespeare.

Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*— 75
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried *Abra* puts on formal airs ;
Her cushion 's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*. 80

And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
“ Who would not think that *Abra* was a maid ? ”

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed ;
For where 's the man that 's worthy of their bed ?
If no disease reduce her pride before, 85
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.

Then she submits to venture in the dark ;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.
Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*. 90

The goods of fortune, which her soul possesses,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness ;
The rude *material* : *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss ;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need, 95
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread ;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

If *Tullia* had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence : 100
But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run ;
And by too great accomplishments undone :

With

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. VI. 141

With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue, 105
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty* :
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay. 110

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.

Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she 's *proud* of secret innocence ; 115
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace* :
He lov'd her much ; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd. 120

"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted long ;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong :
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd* ;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.

What greater vengeance have the gods in store ? 125
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more !
She tries a thousand arts ; but none succeed :
She 's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed* :

Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*. 130

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due :
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore ;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.

His

His wounded ears complaints eternal fill, 135
As uncoil'd hinges, querulously thrill.

“ You went last night with Celia to the ball.”
You prove it false. “ Not go ! that 's worst of all.”
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame ;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*. 140

Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen ;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin :
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There 's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest ;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf 145
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she 's exquisitely fair :
Should I dispute her beauty, how she 'd stare ?
How would Melania be surpriz'd to hear
She 's quite deform'd ? And yet the case is clear ; 150
What 's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine ?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between ;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face, 155
They know not why, of no peculiar grace :
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear ;
Some, none *resist* though not exceeding fair.

Arpasia 's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read ; 160
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.

“ Folks are so awkward ! Things so unpolite !”
She 's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.

Her

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. VI. 143

Her delicacy 's shock'd where-e'er she goes; 165

Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.

Heaven by its favour has the fair distress'd,

And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring?

Thou *shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched* thing; 170

Old-age *will* come; disease *may* come before;

Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.

Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:

But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,

Their basis totters, their foundation shakes; 175

Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;

Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;

The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia 's a manager; she 's born for rule;

And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*; 180

Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*

That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:

For difficult amours can smooth the way,

And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.

But, if depriv'd of such important cares, 185

Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.

For her *own* breakfast she 'll *project* a *scheme*,

Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;

Prefides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;

Important, by the virtue of *grimace*. 190

Ladies supreme among amusements reign;

By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*.

Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:

Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?

Syrena

Syrena is for ever in extremes. 125
 And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames,
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
 She strains too much to make it understood.
 Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
 Because she 's right, she 's ever in the wrong. 200
 Brunetta 's wife in actions, great, and rare;
 But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
 Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
 Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
 Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear; 205
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
 And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
 Or you may die, before you truly live.
 Go breakfast with Alicia, there you 'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree: 210
 Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
 And what she has of head-dress, is aside.
 She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
 Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
 A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves; 215
 And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
 Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
 Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.
 Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can she fail
 With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail? 220
 For Harvey, the first *wit* she cannot be,
 Nor, cruel Richmond, the first *toast*, for thee.
 Since full each other station of *renown*,
 Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?

Women

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. VI. 145

Women were made to give our eyes delight; 225
 A *female sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of *fame*,
 That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;
 Through hopes of contradiction, oft she 'll say,
 "Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!" 230

When most the world applauds you, most beware;
 'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.

Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
 And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.

The breath of *others* raises our renown; 235
 Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.

Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
 Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*. 240

So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it *should* procure.

Whom praise we *most*? The virtuous, brave, and wise?
 No; wretches, whom, in secret, we despise.

And who so blind, as not to see the cause? 245
 No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;

And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
 By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
 Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall? 250

So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.

Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
 Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.

But Clio thus: "What! railing without end? 255
 "Mean task! how much more generous to commend!"
 Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.
 "Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye:
 "What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry! 260
 "Aspasia's shape indeed—But then her air—
 "The man has parts who finds destruction there.
 "Almeria's wit has something that 's divine;
 "And wit 's enough—how few in all things shine!
 "Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor— 265
 "Who was it said Selina 's near threescore?
 "At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
 "The world congratulates so wise a choice;
 "His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
 "But mortgages will sap the best estate. 270
 "In Shirley's form might cherubims appear;
 "But then—she has a *freckle* on her *ear*."

Without a *but*, Hortensia she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright: 275
 But how comes this to pass?—She dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
 Indeed *that* 's needless, if *such praise* prevail.
 And whence such praise? Our virulence is thrown
 On *others'* fame, through fondness for our *own*. 285

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
 For are not *coronets* a-kin to *crowns*?
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
 The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.

• You

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. VI. 147

You seek perfections worthy of her rank; 285

Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.

By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,

For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.

As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*;

And quite as much detested as a *wit*. 290

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?

Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine?

Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less

To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.

That happiness which great-ones often see, 295

With rage and wonder, in a low degree;

Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor;

But what are they who *droop* amid their store?

Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of state*;

The *happy* only are the truly *great*. 300

Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;

And those best satisfied with cheapest things.

Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,

Our envy would be due to large expence.

Since not, those pomps which to the great belong, 305

Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.

See how they beg an alms of flattery!

They languish! oh support them with a *lye*!

A *decent competence* we fully taste;

It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast: 310

More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;

The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*.

To feel their great abundance; and request

Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;

To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told, 315
 And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But *some*, great souls! and touch'd with warmth
 divine,

Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.

All *boarded* treasures they repute a load;
 Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd. 320

Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
 Through *secret* streams diffusively they blefs;
 And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.

But Satire is my task; and these destroy 325

Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.

Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,

And blast our common enemy, Germain:

But our *invectives* must despair success;

For, next to *praise*, she values nothing less. 330

What picture 's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?

Or is 't Asturia, that affected dame?

The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade

To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.

Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize, 335

We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.

In Albuinda's native grace is seen

What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.

Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,

Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please. 340

Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,

And all the movements of the soft machine:

: How

How two red lips affected Zephyrs blow,
 To cool the Bohea, and inflame the Beau:
 While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conspire 345
 To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
 As Lethe, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
 What devastations on thy banks are seen!
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been! 350
 An *hecatomb* of characters supplies
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.

H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee, decay,
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,
 And recommend the more to mortal taste; 355
 Scandal 's the sweetner of a *female* feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting Naiads call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
 But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!* 360
 Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
 And who dares give Citronia's nose the lye?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
 And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
 At length, to rescue man, the generous lass 365
 Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.

As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
 But every bolder vice of bold mankind. 370

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,
 Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?
 There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd 375
 And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
 Without thin *decency* held up to view,
 Naked she stalks o'er Law and Gospel too.
 Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
 Men sigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives*; 380
 Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
 And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
 And one eternal tempest of debate.
 What foul eruptions, from a look most meek! 385
 What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
 Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
 But then, their *reason* is at due command.
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
 Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife. 390
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
 And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?
 What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see!
 And misses, *antient* in iniquity!
 What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming! 395
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
 Such griping avarice, such profuse expence;
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times; 400
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;

Such

Such dissolution through the whole I find,
 'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-drefs'd *belle* 405
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *bell*;
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
 Who listen less to Collins than St. Paul.

Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
 Till now, She-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth. 410

Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character, in timorous things?

Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,

A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.

But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own 415

In this pursuit they court not fame alone;

But join to that a more substantial view,

“ From thinking free, to be free agents too.”

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
 In complaisance to all the fools in town. 420

O how they tremble at the name of *prude*!

And die with shame at thought of being *good*!

For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,

What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?

They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave; 425

Through cowardice, most execrably brave.

With our own judgments durst we to comply,

In virtue should we live, in glory die.

Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise;

They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies. 430

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own;

And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.

From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
 God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive*.
 His other excellence they 'll not dispute; 435
 But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.
 Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
 A *lady's* soul in everlasting pain?
 Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
 For now and then a *sip* of transient joy? 440
 No, he 's for ever in a smiling mood;
 He 's like themselves; or how could he be good?
 And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose,—
 Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose,
 The *pure!* the *just!* and set up, in his stead, 445
 A deity, that 's perfectly *well-bred*.
 “ Dear Tillotson! be sure the best of men;
 “ Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.
 “ Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
 “ Poor Satan! doubtless, he'll at length be sav'd. 450
 “ Let priests do something for their One in Ten;
 “ It is their *trade*; so far they 're honest men.
 “ Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
 “ And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black*;
 “ Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*, 455
 “ From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
 “ Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
 “ But then they leave our *untith'd* *virtue* free.
 “ *Virtue's* a *pretty thing* to make a *show*:
 “ Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?” 460
 Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
 And, pleading, safely enters on his list,
Let

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain ;
 Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *prophane*.
 For what 's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*? 465
 Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
 She, then, that 's haunted with an impious mind,
 The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline : the Fair long vigils keep :
 They sleep no more ! Quadrille has * murder'd sleep. 470
 " Poor K—p ! cries Livia ; I have not been there
 " These two nights ; the poor creature will despair.
 " I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—
 " And people of condition should bestow."
 Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run ; 475
 Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son ;
 Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly ;
 And beggar half their race—through *charity*.

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
 I less should blame this criminal delight : 480
 But since the gay assembly's gayest room
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,
 Methinks, we need not our *short* being shun,
 And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
 We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*, 485
 And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills ;
 With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills ;
 Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood ;
 Destroys the power and will of doing good ; 490

Kills

* Shakespeare.

Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal* and the *ruin* of our isle!

And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band, 495

A form divine high wave her snowy hand;

That rattles loud a small enchanted box,

Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.

And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,

From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, 500

From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,

Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!

For men, I mean—the fair discharges none;

She (guiltless creature!) swears to heaven alone,

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell! 505

Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.

Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!

Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!

And when the cruel morning calls to bed,

And on her pillow lays her aking head, 510

With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,

The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round;

Imaginary ruin charms her still;

Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *spadille*:

And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one, 515

He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair,

Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir

Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,

And hide his glories in a mean retreat? 520

Why

Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?

Why pale distraction through the family?

See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,

And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent? 525

What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?

Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?

O nothing, but last night—my lady *play'd*.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme?

Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*? 530

Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,

'Twas first a *vain-devotion* to the *mode*;

Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;

The torrent sweeps all womankind along.

This may be said, in honour of our times, 535

That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide:

Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride:

Ye fair apostates from love's antient power!

Can nothing *ravish*, but a *golden shower*? 540

Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize;

Must Cupid learn to *punt*, ere he can *please*?

When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,

What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste*?

Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away? 545

They find no woman disengag'd—from play.

Why pine the *marry'd*?—O feverer fate!

They find from play no disengag'd—*estate*.

Flavia, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,

Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel card*. 550

Nor

Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
 Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
 While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,
 To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long his *own*;
 Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire; 555
 Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
 Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the Fair;
 Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close
 In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*: 560
 Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,
 In spite of all our wisdom, you 'll proceed:
 Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
 Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
 I hear you cry, "This fellow 's very odd." 565
 When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
 But I 've a charm your anger shall controul,
 And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
 That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight. 570
 What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with awe?
 Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
 'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
 Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*!
 Her favour is diffus'd to that degree, 575
 Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
 When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
 Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
 She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
 From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew. 580

Thus

Thus * the majestic mother of mankind,
 To her own charms most amiably blind,
 On the green margin innocently stood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood ;
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave, 585
 And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* Milton.

S A T I R E VII.

T O

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

“ Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.”

VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain:
 To *thee*, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
 Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?
 That glory, which thy counsels make so bright; 5
 That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
 To *give*, and *take*, a lustre from the throne.
 Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
 The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*. 10
 How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
 This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
 Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
 Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
 The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless; 15
 For caprice is the daughter of *success*,
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
 And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
 Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
 And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*. 20

While I survey the blessings of our isle,
 Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
 Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
 Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme again, 25
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murdering sword,
 And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind;
 Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd: 30
 But daring men there are (Awake, my Muse,
 And raise thy verse!) who bolder phrenzy chuse;
 Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
 The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*, 35
 With rage and terror stalking by his side,
 Raves round the globe; he soars into a God!
 Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
 The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
 And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains. 40
 What slaughter'd *hosts*! what *cities* in a blaze!
 What wasted *countries*! and what crimson *seas*!
 With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
 And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise 45
 The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
 Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
 Or *famine*, or *volcano*? They perform
 Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
 And spread their ample desarts in a day. 50

O great

O great alliance! O divine renown!
 With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.
 When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
 Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy, is murder by the law; 55
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
 To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.

When, after battle, I the field have seen
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men; 60
 A *nation* crush'd, a nation of the *brave*!
 A realm of death! and on this side the grave!

Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
 This *human chaos*, carry smiles away?
 How did my heart with indignation rise! 65
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
 How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
 Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!

How guilty these! Yet not less guilty they,
 Who reach false glory by a smoother way: 70
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
 And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
 Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*;
 Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;

All real kindness for the shew discard, 75
 As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
 Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,
 "With open arms their enemies embrace;"
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
 "The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:" 80

Or,

Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
 And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
 Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
 Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse! the *catalogue* is writ; 85
 Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
 Though disappointed thousands justly blame
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
 Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
 May furnish laughter for another year. 90

Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
 The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,
 With patience wait; and be content to reign
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell 95
 How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
 And every vice is to the Scripture laid. 100

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;
 His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How Versus is less qualify'd to steal
 With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers fees to such excess are run, 105
 That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport;
 And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
 And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*. 110

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
 Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
 Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
 But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
 That duty done, I hasten to complete 115
 My own design; for Tonson's at the gate.

The love of Fame in its *effect* survey'd,
 The Muse has sung; be now the *cause* display'd:
 Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
 What is this power, whom all mankind obey? 120

Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
 This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
 To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
 Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
 By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd, 125
 Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;
 Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest;
 And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
 It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine.
 What more can prove its origin divine? 130

But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
 On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
 The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
 Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force, 135
 Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source;
 Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
 Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
 And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
 How kind a pattern Pollia *might* have been. 140

Pursuit

Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
 And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools* ;
 Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
 And Newton lifts above a mortal height ;
 That key of nature, by whose wit she clears 145
 Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul ?
 (For, though in all not equally, she reigns)
 Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains. 150

Ye doctors ! hear the doctrine I disclose,
 As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose ;
 As if a letter'd dunce had said, " 'Tis right,"
 And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

Ambition, in the *truly noble mind*, 155
 With Sister-virtue is for ever join'd ;
 As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
 From *guilt* and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled :
 Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
 And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ; 160
 But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
 Dead by her side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.

In *meaner minds* ambition works alone ;
 But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
 That not more like in feature and in mien, 165
 The God and mortal in the comic scene *.
 False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
 Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

* Amphitryon.

No mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,
 But in full light pricks up her ass's ears : 170
 All I have sung are instances of *this*,
 And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife ;
 Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life.
 The *true* ambition there alone resides, 175
 Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides ;
 Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state ;
 Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great ;
 Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend ;
 Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*. 180
 Would'st thou be *fam'd*? Have those high deeds in view
 Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.

Behold a Prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame ;
 No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame* :
 But when the welfare of mankind inspires, 185
 And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
 Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight ;
 Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight ;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
 His people's blessings to their ardent king : 190
 But, when those great heroic motives cease,
 His swelling soul subsides to native peace ;
 From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
 A *sudden* foe to splendor and applause ;
 Greatly deferring his arrears of fame, 195
 Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
 O pride celestial! which can pride disdain ;
 O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

From

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. VII. 165

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
 In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie, 200
 Here burst the Rhone and founding Po; there shine,
 In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
 From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
 Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores, 205
 Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
 When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
 Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
 George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
 And charm envenom'd Satire into praise. 210

Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives,
 But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves* *.
 Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
 And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
 Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree, 215
 Stiles Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.

While *sea* and *air*, great Brunswick! shook our state,
 And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
 Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear
 Of *ever* losing what she held most dear, 220
 How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
 And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep*!
 Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
 Strive, for Thee, with the surge, and fight the storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm! 225
 Our Palinurus slept not at the helm;

M 3

His

* The king in danger by sea.

His eye ne'er clos'd; long since enur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions tofs'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast: 239
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm.

O C E A N;

A N O D E.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

OF

THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING;

AND

A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK Myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance; and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it: A consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads Me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. [Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.]

T O

T H E K I N G.

I.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly-British theme I sing;
A theme so great,
I dare compleat,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's King.

II.

To Gods and Kings,
The poet sings;
To Kings and Gods the Muse is dear;
The Muse inspires
With all her fires;
Begin, my soul! thy bold career.

III.

From awful state,
From high debate,
From morning-splendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd,
From plans of blessings and renown;

IV. Great

YOUNG'S POEMS.

IV.

Great Monarch ! bow
 Thy beaming brow ;
 To Thee I strike the sounding lyre,
 With proud design
 In verse to shine ;
 To rival Greek and Roman fire.

V.

The Roman Ode
 Majestic flow'd ;
 Its stream divinely clear and strong ;
 In sense, and sound,
 Thebes roll'd profound ;
 The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
 So fam'd, perfume
 To triumph o'er a Northern Isle ;
 Late Time shall know
 The North can glow,
 If dread Augustus deign to smile.

VII.

The work is done !
 The distant sun
 His smile supplies ! exalts my voice !
 Through Earth's wide bound
 Shall George resound,
 My theme, by duty, and by choice.

TO THE KING.

17E

VIII.

The Naval crown
Is all his own!
Our Fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the main
Sublimes my strain,
To whom should I address my song?
To whom but Thee?
The boundless *Sea*,
And grateful Muse, to George belong.

X.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If Gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail subject new!
As Britain's due
Reserv'd by the Pierian maid.

XI.

Durst Homer's Muse,
Or Pindar's, chuse
To pour the billows on his string?
No, both defraud
The tuneful God;
Scarce more sublime, when Jove they sing.

XII. No

XII.

No former race,
 With strong embrace;
 This theme to ravish durst aspire;
 With virgin charms
 My soul it warms,
 And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
 My fingers fly,
 Now pause, and now fresh musick spring;
 Now dance, now creep,
 Now dive, now sweep,
 And fetch the sound from every string.

XIV.

Now numbers rise,
 Like virgin's sighs;
 The soft Favonians melt away;
 As from the North
 Now rushes forth
 A blast, that thunders in my lay.

XV.

My lays I file
 With curious toil;
 Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
 On anvils neat
 Your strokes repeat;
 At every stroke the work refines!

XVI. How

XVI.

How music charms!
 How metre warms!
 Parent of actions good and brave!
 How vice it tames!
 And worth inflames!
 And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
 A scanty span,
 But lent him wings to fly his doom;
 Wit scorns the grave;
 To wit he gave
 The life of Gods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

Since years will fly,
 And pleasures die,
 Day after day, as years advance;
 Since, while life lasts,
 Joy suffers blasts
 From frowning fate, and fickle chance;

XIX.

Nor life is long;
 But soon we throng,
 Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
 We make, at least,
 Of *bad* the *best*,
 If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

XX. Our

XX.

Our strains divide
 The laurel's pride;
 With those we lift to life, we live;
 By fame enroll'd
 With heroes bold,
 And share the blessings which we give.

XXI.

What hero's praise
 Can fire my lays,
 Like his, with whom my lay begun?
 " Justice sincere,
 " And courage clear,
 " Rise the two columns of his throne.

XXII.

" How form'd for sway!
 " Who look, obey;
 " They read the Monarch in his port.
 " Their love and awe
 " Supply the law;
 " And his own lustre makes the court;

XXIII.

" But shines supreme,
 " Where heroes flame;
 " In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
 " By godlike arts
 " Enthron'd in hearts,
 " Our bosom-lord o'er wills presides."

XXIV. Cur

XXIV.

Our factions end!
 The nations bend!
 For when Britannia's sons, combin'd
 In fair array,
 Ali march one way;
 They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If equal all
 Who tread the ball,
 Our bounded prospect, *here*, would end;
 But heroes prove
 As steps to Jove,
 By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend.

XXVI.

From what we view
 We take the clue,
 Which leads from great, to greater things;
 Men doubt no more,
 But Gods adore,
 When such resemblance shines in Kings.

XXVII.

On yonder height,
 What golden light
 Triumphant shines, and shines *alone*?
 Unrivall'd blaze!
 The nations gaze!
 'Tis not the sun, 'tis Britain's throne.

XXVIII. Our

XXVIII.

Our Monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XXIX.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
• While interest wings
Bold foreign Kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XXX.

At his proud foot
The Sea pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth, and state,
And power, and—Fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

HOW imperfect soever my own composition may be, yet am I willing to speak a word or two, of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to shew that I have, at least, some idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myself poet enough entirely to rely on inspiration for my success in it.

To our having, or not having this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as also the modesty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in speaking of it I shall shew how it unavoidably comes to pass, that *bad* Poets, that is, Poets in general, are esteemed, and really *are*, the most vain, the most irritable, and most ridiculous set of men upon earth. But Poetry in its own nature is certainly

“ — Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.” VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *must*: and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how short or improper soever, will be looked on fondly by him; because it is all pure gains, and more than he promised to himself; and because he has no test, or standard in his judgement, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in Poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and because more refined, therefore more difficult; and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have said, the source of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity consequentially flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that quick resentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the "genus irritabile" among mankind. And from this combustible temper, this serious anger for no very serious things, things looked on by most as foreign to the important points of life, as consequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As soon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonson's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

" —Concordes animæ—dum nocte prementur;
 " Heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
 " Attigerint, quantas acies, stragemque ciebunt!
 " Qui Juvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires.
 " Ne, Pueri! ne tanta animis assuefcite bella.
 " Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 " Syderio flagrans clypeo, & cœlestibus armis,
 " Projice tela manu, fanguis meus!
 " Nec te ullæ faciès, non terruit ipse Typhœus
 " Arduus, arma tenens; non te Messapus & Ufens,
 " Contemptorque Deûm Mezentius."

VIRG.

But

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be *modest*; because to rise up to that idea, which he proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two observations account for what may seem as strange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they shew us why good writers have the lowest, and bad writers the highest, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or less, have proportionable degrees of modesty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good understanding makes a tolerably just judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The Ode, as it is the eldest kind of Poetry, so it is more spiritous, and more remote from Prose than any other, in sense, sound, expression, and conduct. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral; its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious; its expression pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other Poems; its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connexion, which gives form and life to *some* compositions, takes away the very soul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and select thought, are indispensable; an hum-

ble, tame, and vulgar Ode is the most pitiful error a pen can commit.

“Musa dedit Fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum.”

And as its subjects are sublime, its writer's genius should be so too; otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, viz. an involuntary burlesque.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the Ode, a little to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taste in their judgments; and, like persons of a tender sight, they look on bright objects, in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what is most delightful to a stronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Aristotle or Euclid, to some critics has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine spirit. Dwarf-understandings, measuring others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a monster, when they see a man.

And indeed it seems to be the amends which nature makes to those whom she has not blessed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish.

Judgement, indeed, that masculine power of the mind, in Ode, as in all compositions, should bear the supreme sway; and a beautiful imagination, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion. Hence,
and

and hence only, can proceed the fairest offspring of the human mind.

But then in Ode, there is this difference from other kinds of Poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judgement, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shews the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It must be very enterprising; it must, in Shakespeare's style, have hair-breadth 'scapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the *real* judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *contrary*.

Such is Casimire's strain among the moderns, whose lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might justly be much admired, if any thing more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own: his original, from which I have taken my motto, through all the disadvantages of a Northern prose translation, is still admirable; and, Cowley says, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great Masters of Lyric poetry among Heathen writers. Pindar's Muse, like Sacharissa, is a stately, imperious, and accomplished beauty; equally disdaining the use of art, and the fear of any rival; so intoxicating

that it was the highest commendation that could be given an Antient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms;

“ Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus ;”

a danger which Horace declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's Muse is like Amoret, most sweet, natural, and delicate; all over flowers, graces, and charms; inspiring complacency, not awe; and she seems to have good-nature enough to *admit* a rival, which she cannot *find*.

Sappho's Muse, like Lady ——, is passionately tender, and glowing; like oil set on fire, she is *soft*, and *warm*, in excess. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; Time has swallowed the rest; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was dissolved at her banquet, may be esteemed (as was that jewel) a sufficient ornament for the goddess of beauty herself.

Horace's Muse (like one I shall not presume to name) is correct, solid, and moral; she joins all the sweetness and majesty, all the sense and the fire of the *former*, in the justest proportions and degrees; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this particularity, That she abounds in *bidden* graces, and *secret* charms, which none but the discerning can discover; nor are any capable of doing full justice, in their opinion, to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But,

But, after all, to the honour of our own country I must add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no composition of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the occasion. Those by which he has chosen to express Majesty, (viz.)

Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

are chosen in the following Ode, because the subject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the pleasure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the Writer must take care that the difficulty *is* overcome. That is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect sense, and expression, as could be expected if he was free from that shackle. Otherwise, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleasure to the reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the Poet.

To sum the whole: Ode should be peculiar, but not strained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obscure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which should be most harmonious, without the least sacrifice of ex-

pression, or of sense. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, somewhat of an original spirit should be, at least, attempted; otherwise the Poet, whose character disclaims mediocrity, makes a secondary praise his ultimate ambition; which has something of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the best Imitations, as men from the most animated pictures of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due deference for the great standards of Antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtless their example is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general motives, and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themselves. This is a distinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the first may make us their equals; the second must pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmost success. But the first of these prizes is not so readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the thief.

The Antients had a particular regard to the choice of their subjects; which were generally national and great. My subject is, in its own nature, noble; most proper for an Englishman; never more proper than on this occasion; and (what is strange) hitherto un Sung.

If I stand not absolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the spirit of Ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that "Music alone, sometimes, makes an excellent Ode,"

"Versus

“ Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;”

if there is any thought, enthusiasm, and picture, which are as the body, soul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope smaller faults will meet indulgence for the sake of the design, which is the glory of my Country and my King.

And indeed, this may be said, in general, that great subjects are above being nice; that dignity and spirit ever suffer from scrupulous exactness; and that the minuter cares effeminate a composition. Great masters of Poetry, Painting, and Statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and justly; for a truly-masculine air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

“ Grandis oratio haberet majestatis suæ pondus.”

PETRON.

A Poem, like a criminal, under too severe correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire. We know it was Faber imus, that was such an artist at a hair or a nail. And we know the cause was

“ Quia ponere totum

“ Nescius.”

HOR.

To close; If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I must own; that those who have strength of mind sufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the *severer* studies, I despair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and strengthened by variety; and he that sometimes is sporting with his pen, is only taking the most effectual means

means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of History; from which I could cite very celebrated instances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I should condemn myself, who am so little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

O C E A N ;

O C E A N;

A N O D E.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

“ Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their
“ hands.” PSAL. xcvi.

I.

SWEET rural scene!
Of flocks and green!
At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All nature still,
But yonder rill;
And listening pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In prospect wide,
The boundless tide!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in measure, to the shore.

III. Who

III.

Who sings the source
 Of wealth and force ?
 Vast field of commerce and big war :
 Where wonders dwell !
 Where terrors swell !
 And Neptune thunders from his car ?

IV.

Where ? where are they,
 Whom Pæan's ray
 Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave ?
 What, none aspire ?
 I snatch the lyre,
 And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave rebounds !
 The rock rebounds !
 The Nereids to my song reply !
 I lead the choir,
 And they conspire
 With voice and shell to lift it high ;

VI.

They spread in air
 Their bosoms fair ;
 Their verdant tresses pour behind.
 The billows beat
 With nimble feet,
 With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

VII.

Who love the shore,
 Let those adore
 The God Apollo, and his Nine,
 Parnassus' hill,
 And Orpheus' skill;
 But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
 Is Britain's reign;
 Her strength, her glory, is her fleet;
 The main! the main!
 Be Briton's strain;
 As Triton's strong, as Syren's sweet.

IX.

Through nature wide,
 Is nought descry'd
 So rich in pleasure, or surprize;
 When all-serene,
 How sweet the scene!
 How dreadful, when the billows rise.

X.

And storms deface
 The fluid glass,
 In which ere-while Britannia fair
 Look'd down with pride,
 Like Ocean's bride,
 Adjusting her majestic air.

XI. When

YOUNG'S POEMS.

XI.

When tempests cease,
 And hush'd in peace
 The flatten'd surges smoothly spread
 Deep silence keep,
 And seem to sleep
 Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
 The level glance,
 Unbroken, shoots along the seas!
 Which tempt from shore
 The painted oar;
 And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When rushes forth
 The frowning North
 On blackening billows, with what dread
 My shuddering soul
 Beholds them roll,
 And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
 Yon flying bark!
 Now, center-deep descend the brave;
 Now, tofs'd on high
 It takes the sky,
 A feather on the towering wave!

XV.

Now, spins around
 In whirls profound;
 Now, whelm'd ; now, pendant near the clouds ;
 Now, stunn'd, it reels
 Midst thunder's peals ;
 And, now, fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XVI.

All æther burns !
 Chaos returns !
 And blends once more the seas and skies ;
 No space between
 Thy bosom green,
 O Deep ! and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blast,
 The shatter'd mast,
 The fyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
 The breaking spout,
 The stars gone out,
 The boiling freight, the monsters shock,

XVIII.

Let others fear ;
 To Britain dear
 Whate'er promotes her daring claim ;
 Those terrors charm,
 Which keep her warm
 In chace of honest gain or fame.

XIX. The

XIX.

The stars are bright
 To cheer the night,
 And shed, through shadows, temper'd fire;
 And Phœbus flames
 With burnish'd beams,
 Which some adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the seas
 Outshone by these?
 Bright Thetys! thou art not outshone;
 With kinder beams,
 And softer gleams,
 Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in green,
 Gold-stars are seen,
 A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
 And when the sun
 His race has run,
 He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those clouds, whose dyes
 Adorn the skies,
 That silver snow, that pearly rain;
 Has Phœbus stole
 To grace the pole,
 The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII. The

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
 Whose colours glow,
 Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
 To Phœbus' ray
 Which paints so gay,
 By thee the watery woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
 Where waters sleep,
 What unknown treasures pave the floor!
 The pearl in rows
 Pale lustre throws ;
 The wealth immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
 With proud designs,
 The merchant, sworn, digs golden ore.
 The tempests rise,
 And seize the prize,
 And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
 In pious strains
 " Ah ! cruel thirst of gold ! " he cries ;
 Then ploughs the main,
 In zeal for gain,
 The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

YOUNG'S POEMS.

XXVII.

Thou watery vast !
 What mounds are cast
 To bar thy dreadful flowings-o'er ?
 Thy proudest foam
 Must know its home ;
 But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold Pleasure buys ;
 But Pleasure dies,
 Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
 Though raptures court,
 The sense is short ;
 But Virtue kindles living joys ;

XXIX.

Joys felt alone !
 Joys ask'd of none !
 Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss ;
 Joys that subsist,
 Though Fates resist,
 And unprecarious endless bliss !

XXX.

The soul refin'd
 Is most inclin'd
 To every moral excellence ;
 All Vice is dull,
 A knave 's a fool ;
 And Virtue is the child of Sense.

XXXI. The

XXXI.

The virtuous mind
 Nor wave, nor wind,
 Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
 The shaken ball,
 Nor planets fall,
 From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
 And therefore glows
 With generous passions, and expends
 Her wealth and zeal
 On public weal,
 And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great,
 As that which late
 Awoke the Genius of the *main*,
 Which towering rose
 With George to close,
 And rival great Eliza's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
 From Britain's throne
 To reinflame a grand design;
 That voice shall rear
 Yon * *fabrick fair*,
 As Nature's rose at the *divine*.

O 2

XXXV. When

* Greenwich.

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
 Blest angels fung,
 And shouted o'er the rising ball ;
 For strains as high
 As man's can fly,
 These sea-devoted honours call :

XXXVI.

From boisterous seas,
 The lap of ease
 Receives our wounded and our old ;
 High domes ascend !
 Stretch'd arches bend !
 Proud columns swell ! wide gates unfold !

XXXVII.

So sleeps the grain,
 In fostering rain,
 And vital beams, till Jove descend ;
 Then bursts the root !
 The verdures shoot !
 And earth enrich, adorn, defend !

XXXVIII.

Here, soft-reclin'd
 From wave, from wind,
 And Fortune's tempest safe ashore,
 To cheat their care,
 Of former war
 They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
 Our fleet prevails ;
 In tales the lenitives of age !
 And, o'er the bowl,
 They fire the soul
 Of listening youth, to martial rage.

XL.

The story done,
 Their setting sun,
 Serenely smiling down the West,
 In soft decay,
 They drop away ;
 And Honour leads them to their rest.

XLI.

Unhappy they !
 And falsely gay !
 Who bask for ever in success ;
 A constant feast
 Quite palls the taste,
 And long enjoyment is distress.

XLII.

What charms us most,
 Our joy, our boast,
 Familiar, loses all its gloss ;
 And gold refin'd
 The fated mind
 Fastidious turns to perfect dross.

YOUNG'S POEMS.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
 His native soil
 The panting mariner regains,
 What transport flows
 From bare repose !
 We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike slain !
 Beneath the main,
 Wrapt in a watery winding sheet ;
 Who bought with blood
 Your country's good,
 Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What powerful charm
 Can death disarm ?
 Your long, your iron slumbers break ?
 By Jove, by Fame,
 By George's name,
 Awake ! awake ! awake !

XLVI.

Our joy so proud,
 Our shout so loud,
 Without a charm the dead might hear :
 And see, they rouse !
 Their awful brows,
 Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear !

XLVII. With

XLVII.

With spiral shell,
 Full-blasted, tell
 That all your watery realms should ring;
 Your pearl-alcoves,
 Your coral-groves,
 Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

XLVIII.

As long as stars
 Guide mariners,
 As Carolina's virtues please,
 Or suns invite
 The ravish'd fight,
 The British flag shall sweep the seas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both !
 Our soil's strong growth,
 And our bold natives hardy mind ;
 Sure Heaven bespoke
 Our hearts, and oak,
 To give a master to mankind.

L.

That noblest birth
 Of teeming earth,
 Of forests fair that daughter proud,
 To foreign coasts
 Our grandeur boasts,
 And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud.

LI.

Now big with war
 Sends Fate from far,
 If rebel realms their Fate demand;
 Now, sumptuous spoils
 Of foreign soils
 Pours in the bosom of our land.

LII.

Hence, Britain lays
 In scales, and weighs
 The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
 And as she frowns,
 Or smiles, on crowns
 A night or day of glory springs.

LIII.

Thus Ocean swells
 The streams and rills,
 And to their borders lifts them high;
 Or else withdraws
 The mighty cause,
 And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

LIV.

How mixt, how frail,
 How sure to fail,
 Is every pleasure of mankind!
 A damp destroys
 My blooming joys,
 While Britain's glory fires my mind.

LV. For



LV.

For who can gaze
 On restless seas,
 Unstruck with life's more restless state?
 Where all are tofs'd,
 And most are lost
 By tides of passion, blasts of fate?

LVI.

The world 's the main,
 How vext! how vain!
 Ambition swells, and Anger foams;
 May good men find,
 Beneath the wind,
 A noiseless shore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The public scene
 Of harden'd men
 Teach me, O teach me to despise!
 The world few know
 But to their woe,
 Our crimes with our experience rise;

LVIII.

All tender sense
 Is banish'd thence,
 All maiden nature's first alarms;
 What shock'd before
 Disgusts no more,
 And what disgusted has its charms.

LIX. In

YOUNG'S POEMS.

LIX.

In landkips green
 True Blifs is feen,
 With Innocence, in shades, ſhe ſports;
 In wealthy towns
 Proud Labour frowns,
 And painted Sorrow ſmiles in courts.

LX.

Theſe ſcenes untry'd
 Seduc'd my pride,
 To Fortune's arrows bar'd my breaſt;
 Till Wiſdom came,
 A hoary dame!
 And told me pleaſure was in reſt.

LXI.

“ O may I ſteal
 “ Along the vale
 “ Of humble life, ſecure from foes!
 “ My friend ſincere!
 “ My judgement clear!
 “ And gentle buſineſs my repoſe!

LXII.

“ My mind be ſtrong
 “ To combat wrong!
 “ Grateful, O King! for favours ſhown!
 “ Soft to complain
 “ For others' pain!
 “ And bold to triumph o'er my own!

LXIII.

- “ (When Fortune’s kind)
 “ Acute to find,
 “ And warm to relish every boon !
 “ And wise to still
 “ Fantastic ill,
 “ Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon !

LXIV.

- “ No fruitless toils !
 “ No brainless broils !
 “ Each moment level’d at the mark !
 “ Our day so short
 “ Invites to sport ;
 “ Be sad and solemn when ’tis dark.

LXV.

- “ Yet Prudence still
 “ Rein thou my will !
 “ What ’s most important, make most dear !
 “ For ’tis in this,
 “ Resides true bliss ;
 “ True bliss, a deity severe !

LXVI.

- “ When temper leans
 “ To gayer scenes,
 “ And serious life void moments spares,
 “ The sylvan chace
 “ My sinews brace !
 “ Or song unbend my mind from cares !

LXVII. “ Nor

YOUNG'S POEMS.

LXVII.

- " Nor shun, my soul !
 " The genial bowl,
 " Where mirth, good-nature, spirit, flow !
 " Ingredients these,
 " Above, to please
 " The laughing gods, the wise, below.

LXVIII.

- " Though rich the vine,
 " More wit, than wine,
 " More sense, than wit, good-will than art,
 " May I provide !
 " Fair Truth, my pride !
 " My joy, the converse of the heart !

LXIX.

- " The gloomy brow,
 " The broken vow,
 " To distant climes, ye gods ! remove !
 " The nobly-soul'd
 " Their commerce hold
 " With words of truth, and looks of love !

LXX.

- " O glorious aim !
 " O wealth supreme !
 " Divine Benevolence of soul !
 " That greatly glows,
 " And freely flows,
 " And in one blessing grasps the whole !

LXXI. " Prophetic

LXXI.

- “ Prophetic schemes,
“ And golden dreams,
“ May I, unfangine, cast away!
“ Have, what I have!
“ And live, not leave,
“ Enamour'd of the present day!

LXXII.

- “ My hours my own!
“ My faults unknown!
“ My chief revenue in content!
“ Then, leave one beam
“ Of honest fame!
“ And scorn the labour'd monument!

LXXIII.

- “ Unhurt my urn!
“ Till that great turn
“ When mighty Nature's self shall die.
“ Time cease to glide,
“ With human pride,
“ Sunk in the Ocean of Eternity.”



A

P A R A P H R A S E

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.



T O T H E

RIGHT HON. THOMAS LORD PARKER,
 BARON OF MACCLESFIELD,
 LORD HIGH-CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN,
 ETC. ETC.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being known to your Lordship, I presume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themselves in possession of, as being the only method they have of making their way to persons of your Lordship's high station without struggling through multitudes for access. I may possibly fail in my respect to your Lordship, even while I endeavour to shew it most; but if I err, it is because I imagined I ought not to make my first approach to one of your Lordship's exalted character with less ceremony than that of a Dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to suffer more from the malice of its enemies, than from the importunity of its admirers; and perhaps it would be unjust, that your Lordship should hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you possess all the talents, of a patron.

I have here a fair occasion to celebrate those sublime qualities, of which a whole nation is sensible, were it not inconsistent with the design of my present application. By the just discharge of your great employments, your Lordship may well deserve the prayers

of the distressed, the thanks of your country, and the approbation of your Royal Master: this indeed is a reason why every good Briton should applaud your Lordship; but it is equally a reason why none should disturb you in the execution of your important affairs by works of fancy and amusement. I was therefore induced to make this address to your Lordship, by considering you rather in the amiable light of a person distinguished for a refined taste of the polite arts, and the candour that usually attends it, than in the dignity of your public character.

The greatness and solemnity of the subjects treated of in the following Work cannot fail in some measure to recommend it to a person who holds in the utmost veneration those sacred books from which it is taken; and would at the same time justify to the world my choice of the great name prefixed to it, could I be assured that the undertaking had not suffered in my hands. Thus much I think myself obliged to say, that if this little Performance had not been very indulgently spoken of by some, whose judgment is universally allowed in writings of this nature, I had not dared to gratify my ambition in offering it to your Lordship: I am sensible that I am endeavouring to excuse one vanity by another; but I hope I shall meet with pardon for it, since it is visibly intended to shew the great submission and respect with which I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

A
P A R A P H R A S E

O N P A R T O F

T H E B O O K O F J O B .

TH R I C E happy Job long liv'd in Regal State,
 Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great ;
 Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
 At length misfortunes take their turn to reign, 5
 And ills on ills succeed ; a dreadful train !
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more ! 10
 A change so sad what mortal here could bear ?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear ;
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he prest,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd, 15
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd ;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent ;
 A debt of reverence to distress so great !
 Then J O B contain'd no more ; but curs'd his fate. 20

His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
 That seat of peace, that mansion of repose, 25
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
 (O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends; 30
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
 Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field:
 So high at length their arguments were wrought, 35
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
 A pause ensued.—When, lo! heaven interpos'd,
 And awefully the long contention clos'd.

Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprize,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies: 40
 (They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness broke
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke:

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
 Lifts up his thought against me from the dust, 45
 And tells the World's Creator what is just?
 Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply:
 Where didst Thou dwell at nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth? 50

Who

Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air;
 When the bright morning stars in concert sung, 55
 When heaven's high arch with loud hosannahs rung,
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
 Earth's numerous *kingdoms*, hast Thou view'd them all?
 And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball? 60
 Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
 Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side, 65
 And did a basin for the floods provide;
 I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
 Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
 "Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
 "And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd." 70

Hast Thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
 Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
 Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
 Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread, 75
 Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
 Death's inmost chambers didst Thou ever see?
 E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
 To the black portal through th' incumbent shade? 80

Deep are those shades ; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the *light* ? In what refulgent dome ?
And where has *darkness* made her dismal home ?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught 85
With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought ;
Since nature was call'd forth when Thou wast by,
And into Being rose beneath thine eye !

Are *mists* begotten ? Who their father knew ?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew ? 90
To bind the stream by night, what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost* ?
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone ?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd, 95
And lays one half of the creation waste ?

Thou know'st Me not ; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from Thee.
Canst Thou in *whirl-winds* mount aloft ? Canst Thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow ; 100
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night ?

Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole ?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain, 105
And quench the summer with a waste of rain ?
Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile ?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone. 110

To check the shower, who lifts his hand on high,
 And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
 When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
 Her naked mountains, and her ruffet plains ;
 But, new in life, a chearful prospect yields 115
 Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields ;

When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
 And earth and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume ?

Hast Thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen
 Of *bail* and *snows* my northern magazine ? 120

These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
 My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
 When clouds rain death, and storms at my command
 Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast, 125
 Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast ?

Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour ?
 Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar
 Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
 And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball ? 130
 Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
 Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
 And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies ?
 Did Thy resentment hang him out ? Does he 135
 Glare on the nations, and denounce, from Thee ?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
 That guides the *stars* along th' ethereal plain ?
 Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
 Their lustre brighten, and supply their force ? 140

Canst Thou the skies benevolence restrain,
 And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain ;
 Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
 Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year ;
 Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know, 145
 And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow ?
 Mine is the *night*, with all her stars ; I pour
 Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost Thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
 And draw the purple curtain of the morn ; 150
 Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
 And glad *thy* world with his obsequious ray ?
 Hast Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driven
 Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven ?
 That pomp of light, what hand so far displays, 155
 That distant earth lies basking in the blaze ?

Who did the *soul* with her rich powers invest,
 And light up reason in the human breast ?
 To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
 When stars and sun are set in endless night ? 160
 To these my various questions make reply.
 Th' Almighty spoke ; and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, Chaldæan Sire, was thy surprize !
 Thus Thou, with trembling heart and down-cast eyes :
 " Once and again, which I in groans deplore, 165
 " My tongue has err'd ; but shall presume no more.
 " My voice is in eternal silence bound,
 " And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceas'd : When, lo ! again th' Almighty spoke ;
 The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

PARAPHRASE ON JOB. 217

Can that arm measure with an arm divine? 170
And canst Thou thunder with a voice like Mine;
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise 175
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy power display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake; 180
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and mayst undaunted stand, 185
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast Thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd;
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd? 190
When pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food:
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid Ostrich has subdued 195
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky: 200

Adopted

Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
 They ripen under his prolific ray.
 Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
 May crush her young in their neglected bed.
 What time she skims along the field with speed, 205
 She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the Peacock ! what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun !
 He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day ; 210
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the Hawk to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies ?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind, 215
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind ;
 The sun returning, she returns again,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Though strong the Hawk, though practis'd well to fly,
 An Eagle drops her in a lower sky ; 220
 An Eagle, when, deserting human fight,
 She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight :
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift,
 So high in air, and set her on the clift,
 Where far above *thy* world she dwells alone, 225
 And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own ;
 Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
 And with a glance predestinates her prey ?
 She feasts her young with blood ; and, hovering o'er
 Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the *promis'd* gore. 230

Know't

Know'st Thou how many moons, by Me assign'd,
 Roll o'er the mountain Goat, and forest Hind;
 While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
 They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
 Hale are their young, from human frailties freed; 235
 Walk unfustain'd, and unassisted feed;
 They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
 Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
 Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
 And find a home in each delightful shade. 240

Will th' tall Reem, which knows no Lord but Me,
 Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
 Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
 Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
 Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care; 245
 Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
 Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
 And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the Wild-Afs discharge,
 And break his bonds, and bid him live at large, 250
 Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
 And lose himself in his unbounded home?
 By nature's hand magnificently fed,
 His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
 As in pure air aloft he bounds along, 255
 He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
 Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
 The threatening driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike Horse! didst Thou invest
 With thunder his robust distended chest? 260
 No

No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;
 To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
 And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
 High-rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar, 265
 And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
 And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
 And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.

How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
 Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance; 270
 While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
 Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
 He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,
 Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
 But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast 275
 Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly Lion stalks,
 Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
 When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
 He clears the desert with his rolling eye. 280
 Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
 And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
 Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood, 285
 And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
 Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground. 290

Now

Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
 They rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws distil
 With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore;
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust, 295
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame;
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food; 300
 Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof and shut against a wound.

How like a mountain cedar moves his tail! 305
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail.

Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His port majestic and his armed jaw
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law. 310
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire,
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.

The fens and marshes are his cool retreat, 315
 His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
 Their sedgey bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
 He trusts to turn its current down his throat; 320

In

In less'n'd waves it creeps along the plain :
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide :

With slender hair Leviathan command, 325

And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.

Will he become Thy servant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?

Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,

And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play? 330

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?

And the bowl journey round his ample size?

Or the debating merchants share the prey,

And various limbs to various marts convey?

Through his firm skull what steel its way can win? 335

What forceful engine can subdue his skin?

Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might:

The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;

The rashest dare not rouse him up: Who then

Shall turn on Me, among the sons of men? 340

Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard

Whence come the gifts that are on Me conferr'd?

My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,

And Mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:

Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own; 345

And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.

And dar'st Thou with the World's great Father vye,

Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my large Leviathan shall rise,

Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size. 350

Who,

Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
 Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose 355
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
 What hideous fangs on either side arise!
 And what a deep abyss between them lies!
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet found,
 The one how long, the other how profound. 360
 His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
 As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas, 365
 Thy terror, this thy great Superior please;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart. 370
 When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
 And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread, 375
 The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
 Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd eyes
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.
 In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade; 380
 His

His naked breast their impotence defies ;
 The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears ;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow ; 385
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud ;
 The billows feel him, as he works his way ;
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea ; 390
 The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
 And distant failors point where death has been.

His *like* earth bears not on her spacious face ;
 Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
 For utter ignorance of fear renown'd, 395
 In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around :
 Makes every swollen, disdainful heart, subside,
 And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the Chaldæan eas'd his labouring breast,
 With full conviction of his crime oppress'd. 400

“ Thou canst accomplish All things, Lord of Might :
 “ And every thought is naked to Thy fight.
 “ But, oh ! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
 “ Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
 “ Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Power ; 405
 “ But never saw Thee till this dreadful hour.
 “ O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
 “ Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.
 “ Nor shall my weakness tempt Thine anger more :
 “ Man is not made to *question*, but *adore*.” 410

NOTES ON THE PARAPHRASE.

Book of Job.] It is disputed amongst the critics who was the Author of the Book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of those opinions; and because I do not find them mentioned by any one else, I have flung them into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

Ver. 1.] The Almighty's speech, chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most antient Poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the Poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the Poem, and joined them to it; so that this Piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole Book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *sun*, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regula-

rity. The judicious, if they compare this Piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

Ver. 41.] The Book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the Tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek Stage, when there happened "dignus vindice nodus") is fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any since. Frequent before the Law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. c. xix. Ezek. c. i. &c. Hence is he said to "dwell in thick darkness: and "have his way in the whirlwind."

Ver. 69.] There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and
foaming,

foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of "Let there be light," &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moses is author of the Book of Job.

Ver. 191.] Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κελεύσων, ἀ κίραξ*, Ælian. l. ii. c. 48. is "to ask earnestly." And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

Ver. 195.] There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. *First*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight:

" Stat lumine clauso

" Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

" Quæ non ipsa videt." CLAUD.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an Ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabulus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinc-

tion in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing; nor *withdraw*, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A *likeness* is lost in too much description, as a *meaning* often in too much illustration.

Ver. 205.] Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

“ Vasta velut Libyæ venantùm vocibus ales

“ Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,

“ Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis

“ Pulverulenta volat.”

CLAUD. in Eutr.

Ver. 206.] Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

Ver. 207.] Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true: “ Expandit colores adverso maximè sole,
“ quia sic fulgentius radiant.” PLIN. l. x. c. 20.

Ver. 219.] Thuanus (de Re Accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose

suppose the hawk, as well as the crow *abovementioned*, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Ver. 227.] The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that, when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a Naturalist as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

Ver. 231.] The meaning of this question is. Knowest thou the *time* and *circumstances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called Sefelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect. Pf. xxix. In so early an age to observe these things, may style our author a Naturalist.

Ver. 259.] The description of the horse is the most celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critique on it in the *Guardian*. I shall therefore only observe that in this description, as in other parts of this speech, our *vulgar translation* has much more spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the most poetic and exalted sense, so that most commentators, even on the Hebrew itself, fall beneath it.

Ver. 289.] Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion. Pf. cvi. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies "the hunter by moonshine."

Ver. 332.] "Cephesi glaciale caput quo fuetos
" anhelam

" Ferre fitim Python, annemque avertere pōnto."

STAT. Theb. v. 349.

" Qui spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu

" Flumina, &c."

CLAUD. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

Ver. 323.] The taking of the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, "Nemo antea religavit."

Ver. 339.] This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

Ver. 353.] The crocodile's mouth is exceedingly wide. When he gapes, says Pliny, "fit totum os." Martial says to his old woman,

" Cùm comparata rictibus tuis ora

" Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta ;"

so that the expression here is barely just.

Ver.

Ver. 364.] This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him:

“Collectumque premens volvitur sub naribus ignem.”

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

Ver. 377.] “His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.” I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures pro-

duced.

duced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered Behemoth and Leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it: but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the Hippotamus and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him; it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

On MICHAEL ANGELO's famous Piece of
the CRUCIFIXION;
Who is said to have stabbed a Person that he might
draw it more naturally*.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring Artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies:
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up every pang repeats his blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

* Though the report was propagated without the
least truth, it may be sufficient ground to justify a
poetical fancy's enlarging on it.

T O M R. A D D I S O N,
O N
T H E T R A G E D Y O F C A T O.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
“Cato begins to live in Anna’s reign,”
The world’s great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

All Souls Coll. Oxon.

H I S T O R Y

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE
 TO THE BROTHERS,
 A TRAGEDY.

AN *Epilogue*, through custom, is your right,
 But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
 To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
 Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
 In history's authentic record read
 What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade;
 Vengeance so great, that when his tale is told,
 With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.

Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
 But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
 Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder flew,
 And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
 Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
 For *this* night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled:
 His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
 And all his father's anguish rent his heart.

When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
 And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung;
 The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe;
 At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
 So sad the scene! What then must Perseus feel,
 To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:

To see the slaves of his worst foes increase,
From such a source!—An emperor's embrace!
He sicken'd soon to death; and, what is worse,
He well *deserv'd*, and *felt*, the coward's curse;
Unpity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's power:
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No suit retards, no comfort sooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling shares his fate:
His throne forgot! His weeping country chain'd!
And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crime pursue,
So public blessings are his virtue's due.
Shout, Britons, shout—auspicious fortune blest!
And cry, Long live—*Our title to success!*

E P I T A P H

E P I T A P H
ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK*,
IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1740.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep :
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn ;
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate ;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires :
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar ;
And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

* Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth son of the Duke of St. Alban's, who was one of the sons of King Charles the Second. He was born in the year 1711; and, being regularly bred to the sea service, in 1731 he was appointed to the command of his majesty's ship the Ludlow Castle; and he commanded the Prince Frederick at the attack of the harbour of Carthage, March 24, 1741. This young nobleman was one of the most promising Commanders in the king's service. When on the desperate attack of the castle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the said harbour, he lost his life, both his legs being first shot off. The prose part of the Inscription on his Monument, was the production of Mrs. Mary Jones of Oxford; who also wrote a poem on his death, printed in her Miscellanies, 8vo. 1752. R.

E P I T A P H

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

IF fond of what is rare, attend!

Here lies an *honest man*,

Of perfect piety,

Of lamblike patience,

My friend, James Barker;

To whom I pay this mean memorial,

For what deserves the greatest.

An example

Which shone through all the clouds of fortune,

Industrious in low estate,

The lesson and reproach of those above him.

To lay this little stone

Is my ambition;

While others rear

The polish'd marbles of the great!

Vain pomp!

A turf o'er virtue charms us more.

E. Y. 1749.

A LETTER

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

OCCASIONED

BY THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq. 1719.

“ —Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.” VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts and sacred friendship join'd ;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost ;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion ! bring, 5
And teach me thy departed friend to sing :
A darling theme ! once powerful to inspire,
And now to melt, the Muses' mournful choir :
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth ; nor shall our praise offend. 10
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
See, see, she cry'd, old Maro's Muse appears,
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years :
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings, 15
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
All read transported his pure classic page ;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The State, when now his rising fame was known,
 Th' unrival'd genius challeng'd for her own, 20
 Nor would that one, for scenes of action strong,
 Should let a life evaporate in song.

As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
 Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense :
 Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd, 25
 With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
 In conscious pride their own importance find,
 Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind !
 Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
 The slight amusement of a leisure hour ; 30
 Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
 Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
 Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy ;
 Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms, 35
 And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
 In action, too, have been distinguish'd most :
 * This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth
 From the malignant regions of the North, 40
 To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
 Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;
 Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
 And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.

With

* Lord Sommers procured a pension for Mr. Addison, which enabled him to prosecute his Travels. R.

LETTER TO MR. TICKELL. 241

With secret pain the prudent patriot gave, 45
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Aufonia soon receiv'd her wondering guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd, 50
To see her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
In like surprize was her Æneas lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys, 55
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought ;
Great work ! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,
Wife in her senate, graceful in her court ; 60
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O Warwick ! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
O Warwick ! by divine contagion bright, 65
How early didst thou catch his radiant light !
By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn, 70
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
We now, surpriz'd, her fruitful branches see ;

Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time 75
 It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :
 He first the plant to richer gardens led,
 And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed :
 The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
 And gathers from her ornament her use. 80

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
 And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
 The various labours of his easy page,
 A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
 Beyond this truth old Bards could scarce invent, 85
 Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,
 The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
 A glory more sublime remains in store,
 Since such his talents, that he sung no more. 90

No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
 Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
 But their fair purpose and important end ;
 To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws, 95
 To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause ;
 With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
 Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliss above.

Where hadst thou room, great Author ! where to roll
 The mighty theme of an immortal soul ? 100
 Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
 brought

Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought ?

LETTER TO MR. TICKELL. 243

One let me join, all other may excel,
 "How could a mortal essence think so well?"
 But why so large in the Great Writer's praise? 105
 More lofty subjects should my numbers raise;
 In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
 The statesman, patriot, christian, and the friend!
 His glory such, it borders on disgrace
 To say he sung the best of human race. 110

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
 Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
 Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
 Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;
 And, as thy strain describes the matchless man, 115
 Thy life shall second what thy Muse began.
 Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
 Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
 Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
 Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause. 120

But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
 The noble work well trusted to thy care,
 * The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
 To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
 Collect the labours, join the various rays, 125
 The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
 Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
 In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
 Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
 In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile; 130
 With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
 And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.

What

* The publication of his Works.

What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend ?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow, 135
Those cares suspended for a private woe ;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown ;
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

R E F L E C T I O N S

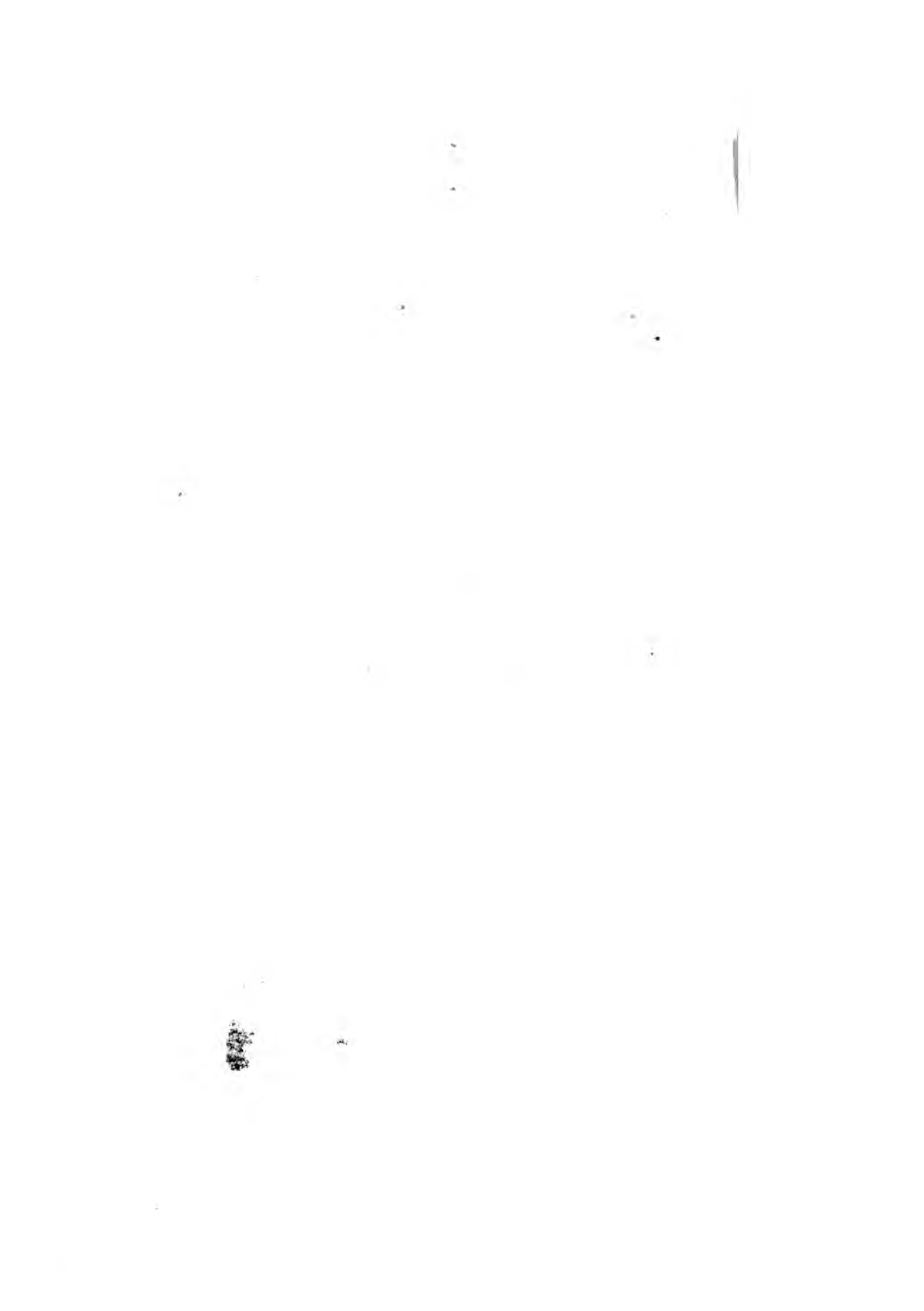
ON THE

PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM,

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.



REFLECTIONS ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION
OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
 Be thou illustrious in far more than power.
 Great things are small when greater rise to view.
 Though station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
 Disdain not to peruse my serious song, 5
 Which peradventure may push by the world:
 Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
 And leave Europa's counsels less mature!
 For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
 Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame 10
 Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
 Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
 States' intricate demands and high debates!
 As thou of use to those, so this to thee;
 And in a point that empire far outweighs, 15
 That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
 Let greatness prove its title to be great.
 'Tis power's supreme prerogative to stamp
 On others' minds an image of its own.
 Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem 20
 The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;
 The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
 Far

Far as thou may'st give life to virtue's cause ;
 Let not the ties of personal regard
 Betray the nation's trust to feeble hands : 25
 Let not fomented flames of private pique
 Prey on the vitals of the public good :
 Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
 Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach :
 Let not best laws, the wisdom of our fires, 30
 Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,
 The bastards of their blood ! and serve no point
 But, with more emphasis to call them fools :
 Let not our rank enormities unhinge
 Britannia's welfare from divine support. 35
 Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn ;
 No power is shown but in such deeds as these :
 All, all is impotence but acting right ;
 And where's the statesman but would shew his power ?
 To prince and people thou, of equal zeal ! 40
 Be it henceforward but thy second care
 To grace thy country, and support the throne ;
 Though this supported, that adorn'd so well,
 A throne superior our first homage claims ;
 To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due : 45
 A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
 And splendid sacrilege of all beside :
 Illustrious followers ; we must first be just ;
 And what so just as awe for the Supreme ?
 Less fear we rugged ruffians of the north, 50
 Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home ;
 Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,

Than

Than traitors lurking in our appetites ;
 Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
 Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace : 55
 Yon' savage mountaneers are tame to these.
 Against those rioters send forth the laws,
 And break to reason's yoke their wild careers.

Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
 Though some seem more importunate and great. 60
 Though Britain's generous views and interests spread
 Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
 And their grand entries make on distant lands ;
 Though Britain's genius the wide wave bestrides,
 And, like a vast Coloffus, towering stands 65
 With one foot planted on the continent ;
 Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
 Though such high cares should call as call'd of late ;
 The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
 And Europe's little balance drop a while ; 70
 For greater drop it : ponder and adjust
 The rival interests and contending claims
 Of life and death, of now and of for-ever ;
 Sublimest theme ; and needful as sublime.

Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd, 75
 Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts !),
 Thus every statesman thought that ever—*dy'd*.
 There's inspiration in a fable hour,
 And death's approach makes politicians wise.

When, thunderstruck, that eagle Wolfey fell ; 80
 When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
 Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,

His

His gasping grandeur! naked on the strand,
 Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
 Assistance ; no more wallowing in his wealth, 85
 Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
 On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
 And sunk beneath the level of a man ?
 On the grand article, the sum of things !
 The point of the first magnitude ! that point 90
 Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach ;
 Some painted cloud still intercepts their fight.
 First right to judge ; then chuse ; then persevere,
 Stedfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
 These, these are politicks will stand the test, 95
 When finer politics their masters sting,
 And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
 These, these are politics will answer now,
 (When common men would fain to statesmen swell)
 Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme. 100
 All safety rests on honest counsels : these
 immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
 Make the prince triumph, and the people smile ;
 In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
 Close-leagued with an invincible ally, 105
 Which honest counsels never fail to fix
 In favour of an unabandon'd land ;
 A land—that starts at such a land as this,
 A parliament, so principled, will sink
 All ancient schools of empire in disgrace, 110
 And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
 Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.

ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS. 251

Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins;
Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field, 115
Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
O what illustrious images arise!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes, 120
What full-blown laurels on our fathers brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial spoils!
Ye scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike strangers! stay. 125
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulse: the noble pulse of war
Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march,
Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes slain. 130
No more our great fore-fathers stain our cheeks
With blushes; their renown our shame no more.
In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts Old Britain; crosses are laid by;
Trade wields the sword, and agriculture leaves 135
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In distant courts is our commotion felt;
And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones. 140
What arm can want or sinews or success,
Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends,

With

With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
 The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
 At every stroke, and save a sinking land? 145
 Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
 To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
 Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix display'd,
 Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they shed;
 By giving, not supporting, pains and death! 150
 Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints
 Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
 Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
 Whose darling title is The Prince of Peace,
 The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes; 155
 To save us in a world they recommend,
 And yet forbear, themselves with earth content:
 What modesty!—such virtues Rome adorn!
 And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
 Whose name from Jesus, and whose hearts from hell! 160
 And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
 Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
 And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd
 Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
 To cut his passage to the British throne? 165
 One that has suck'd-in malice with his milk,
 Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
 Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
 The howling nurse of plundering Romulus,
 Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there. 170
 Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still:
 Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!

Nature's anointed empress of the deep !
 The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns !
 Supreme in commerce ! that exuberant source 175
 Of wealth, the nerve of war ; of wealth, the blood,
 The circling current in a nation's veins,
 To set high bloom on the fair face of peace !
 This once so celebrated seat of power,
 From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar triumph'd !
 Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast !
 This terror of armadas ! this true bolt
 Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
 Salmonean thunders from the papal chair !
 This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe !
 Which says to their ambition's foaming waves,
 " Thus far, nor farther !"—Let her hold, in life,
 Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown ;
 Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
 To be transmitted to their latest sons. 190
 By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
 Their cancel'd will is impiously profan'd,
 Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.
 Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
 By your own valour won. This sacred isle, 195
 Cut from the continent, that world of slaves ;
 This temple built by heaven's peculiar care,
 In a recess from the contagious world,
 With ocean pour'd around it for its guard.
 And dedicated, long, to liberty, 200
 That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil life !
 This temple of still more divine ; of faith

Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
 Like gold, to take anew Truth's heavenly stamp,
 And (rising both in lustre and in weight) 205
 With her bless'd Master's unmaim'd image shine ;
 Why should she longer droop ? why longer act
 As an accomplice with the plots of Rome ?
 Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
 And give him leave, among his dastard troops, 210
 To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes ?
 Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
 And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes ?
 Where are her foes most fatal ? Blushing Truth,
 " In her friends' vices,"—with a sigh replies. 215
 Empire on virtue's rock unshaken stands ;
 Flux as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
 If heaven reclaims us by the scourge of war,
 What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid ?
 Would they a revolution ?—Aid their aim, 220
 But be the revolution—in our hearts !

Would'st thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,
 The shaken bark of Britain, should out-ride
 The present blast, and every future storm ?
 Give it that balast which alone has weight 225
 With Him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
 Persist. Are others subtle ? thou be wise :
 Above the Florentine's court-science raise ;
 Stand forth a patriot of the moral world ;
 The pattern, and the patron, of the just : 230
 Thus strengthen Britain's military strength ;
 Give its own terror to the sword she draws.

Ask

ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS. 255

Ask you, "What mean I?"—The most obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.

When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd 235

Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall;

Of aid from him by whom the feeble stand;

Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,

Or gives the sword commission to destroy;

Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom— 240

Emafculated, then, most manly might;

Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:

Then wither'd weakness foils the sinewy arm

Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:

Our naval thunders, and our tented fields 245

With travel'd banners fanning southern climes,

What do they? This; and more what can they do?

When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,

The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,

By such bold inroads into foreign lands, 250

Such elongation of our armaments,

But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,

While heaven commands her executioner,

Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge

Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow, 255

And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength;

"And that the proudest empire holds of heaven."

O Britain! often rescued, often crown'd,

Beyond thy merit and most sanguine hopes,

With all that's great in war, or sweet in peace! 260

Know from what source thy signal blessings flow,

Though bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,

Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
 Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
 Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard; 265
 In Him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
 Though weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could restore.

How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
 To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
 Have the winds snatch'd the victory from war? 270
 Or, rather, won the day, when war despair'd?
 How oft has providential succour aw'd,
 Aw'd while it blest'd us, conscious of our guilt;
 Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
 And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too! 275

Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
 But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
 Would shock too much? Kind heaven! avert events
 Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
 Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
 In northern skies, and pointed to the south. 281
 Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
 More formidably blackens in the wind;
 Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
 And higher charges the suspended storm. 285

“ That public vice portends a public fall ” —
 Is this conjecture of adventurous thought?
 Or pious coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream;
 Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
 What says Experience, in her awful chair 290
 Of ages, her authentic annals spread
 Around her? What says Reason eagle-eyed?

Nay,

Nay, what fays Common Senfe, with common care
 Weighing events, and caufes, in her fcale?
 All give one verdict, one decision fign; 295
 And this the fentence Delphos could not mend :
 “ Whatever fecondary props may rife
 “ From politics, to build the public peace,
 “ The bafis is the manners of the land.
 “ When rotten thefe, the politician’s wiles 300
 “ But ftruggle with deftrudtion, as a child
 “ With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
 “ The ftatesman’s arts to conjure up a peace,
 “ Or military phantoms void of force,
 “ But fcare away the vultures for an hour; 305
 “ The fcent cadaverous (for, oh ! how rank
 “ The ftench of profligates !) foon lures them back ;
 “ On the proud flutter of a Gallio wing
 “ Soon they return ; foon make their full defcent ;
 “ Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin; 310
 “ Their idols grac’d and gorgeous with our fpoils,
 “ Of univerfal empire fure prefage !
 “ Till now repell’d by feas of Britifh blood.”
 And whence the manners of the multitude ?
 The colours of their manners, black or fair, 315
 Falls from above ; from the complexion falls
 Of ftate Othellos, or white men in power :
 And from the greater height example falls,
 Greater the weight, and deeper its impreff
 In ranks inferior, paffive to the ftroke : 320
 From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
 The pupil preffes, but the pattern drives.

What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
 To duty, double duty, are the great !
 And are there Samsons that can burst them all ? 325
 Yes ; and great minds that stand in need of none,
 Whose pulse beats virtues, and whose generous blood
 Aids mental motives to push-on renown,
 In emulation of their glorious fires,
 From whom rolls down the consecrated stream. 330

Some sow good seeds in the glad people's hearts,
 Some cursed tares, like Satan in the text :
 This makes a foe most fatal to the state ;
 A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
 In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes, 335
 Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
 Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
 (Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
 French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
 A Gothic hero * rising from the dead, 340
 And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
 With succour suitable from lower still)
 A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
 Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
 Rend up her ancient honours by the root, 345
 And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
 Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
 And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hagues,
 Her Cresseys, and her Blenheims) in the dust.

How must this strike a horror through the breast,
 Through

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII.
 of Sweden.

Through every generous breast where honour reigns,
 Through every breast where honour claims a share!
 Yes, and through every breast of honour void!
 This thought might animate the dregs of men;
 Ferment them into spirit; give them fire 355
 To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
 Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
 What wreck of empire has the stream of time
 Swept, with her vices, from the mountain height
 Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind, 360
 To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
 Or flagrant infamy's eternal brand!
 Those names, at which surrounding nations shook,
 Those names ador'd, a nuisance! or forgot!
 Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye, 365
 But nature's course; no single chance against it.
 For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
 'Tis fixt, as is the basis of the world,
 Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
 What saw these eyes, surpriz'd?—Yet why surpriz'd?—
 For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call, 371
 And how divine was the monition given!
 As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
 My peace disturb'd by rumours from the North,
 While thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd, 375
 As giving signal of some strange event,
 And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
 Albion the fair! so long his empire's queen,
 Whose reign is, now, contested by her foes,
 On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright, 380

Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
And thus the title ran :

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

“ Ye states ! and empires ! nor of empires least,
“ Though least in size ; hear, Britain ! thou whose lot,
“ Whose final lot, is in the balance laid !
“ Irresolutely play the doubtful scales,
“ Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know then
“ from me,
“ As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise :
“ State-ministers, as upright or corrupt, 390
“ Are balm or poison in a nation's veins ;
“ Health or distemper ; hasten or retard
“ The period of her pride, her day of doom :
“ And though, for reasons obvious to the wise,
“ Just Providence deals otherwise with men, 395
“ Yet believe, Britons ! nor too late believe,
“ 'Tis fix'd ! by Fate irrevocably fix'd !
“ Virtue and Vice are empire's life and death.”

Thus it is written — Heard you not a groan ?
Is Britain on her death bed ?—No, that groan 400
Was utter'd by her foes.—But soon the scale,
If this divine monition is despis'd,
May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule !
With reverence read ; with steadfastness believe ;
With courage act as such belief inspires ;
Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree ;
Then shall your name in adamant be writ,

In

In records that defy the tooth of time,
By nations fav'd, resounding your applause.

While deep beyond your monument's proud base,
In black Oblivion's kennel, shall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
(The meteors of the state!) give Vice her head,
To license lewd let loose the public rein; 415
Quench every spark of conscience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applause:
Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,
Their country sell, sell all their fathers bought
With funds exhausted and exhausted veins,
To demons, by his Holiness ordain'd
To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by consecrated bulls;
And how illustrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded self's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that destin'd hell, 430
Inflicted here, since here their beings end;
And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
On disbelievers—of the Statesman's Creed.

Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies 435
By most, or all) these truths political
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irresistibly supports,

The Christian Creed. Are you surpriz'd?—Attend ;
And on the statesman's build a nobler name. 440

This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore must believe ;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exist, 445

What is it but an argument of sense,
Or rather demonstration, to support
Our feeble faith—“ That they who states compose,
“ That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
“ Shall meet like measure at their proper hour ?” 450

For God is equal, similarly deals
With states and persons, or he were not God ;
What means a rectitude immutable ?
A pattern sure of universal right.

What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man? 455
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom ?
Reply'd by politicians well as priests :

Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals ; these pronounce his doom.

Thus (what might seem a daring paradox) 460
Ev'n politics advance divinity :

True masters there are better scholars here.
Who travel history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other aims inspire, 465

And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Christians on their road :
Digging for silver, they may strike on gold ;

May

ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS. 263

May be surpriz'd with better than they fought,
And entertain an angel unawares. 470

Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.

As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief, 475

And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.

Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
For deviations in our moral line ?

This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye
As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view 480

His own exalted science, both conspire

To recommend and fix us in the right.

If we reward the politics of heaven,

The grand administration of the whole,

What 's the next world ? A supplement of this : 485

Without it, Justice is defective here ;

Just as to states, defective as to men :

If so, what is this world ? as sure as Right

Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.

Prize you the prophet ? then believe him too : 490

His prophecy more precious than his smile.

How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,

That this should charm us, that should discompose ?

Long as the statesman finds this case his own,

So long his politics are uncomplete ; 495

In danger he ; nor is the nation safe,

But soon must rue his inauspicious power.

What hence results ? a truth that should resound

For ever awful in Britannia's ear :

“ Reli-

" Religion crowns the statesman and the man, 500
 " Sole source of public and of private peace."
 This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
 And praise and preach it too:—and when that 's done,
 Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
 What highland pole-axe half so deep can wound? 505
 But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
 Assume my seat in the Dictator's chair?
 Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inspir'd),
 Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
 Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes? 510
 Two mighty columns rise in my support;
 In their more awful and authentic voice,
 Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,
 Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening song.
 Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead 515
 That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.
 Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
 And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
 Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.
 Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim; 520
 And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant
 Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
 Whose clangor kindles cowards into men.
 Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
 Which talks of immortality, and bids, 525
 In every British breast, true glory rise,
 As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
 To close, my Lord! with that which all should close
 And all begin, and strike us every hour,

Though

ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS. 265

Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd.—

The morning rises gay ; yet gayest morn

Less glorious after night's incumbent shades ;

Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd

With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,

Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day ? 535

Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)

Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns ;

Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,

Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,

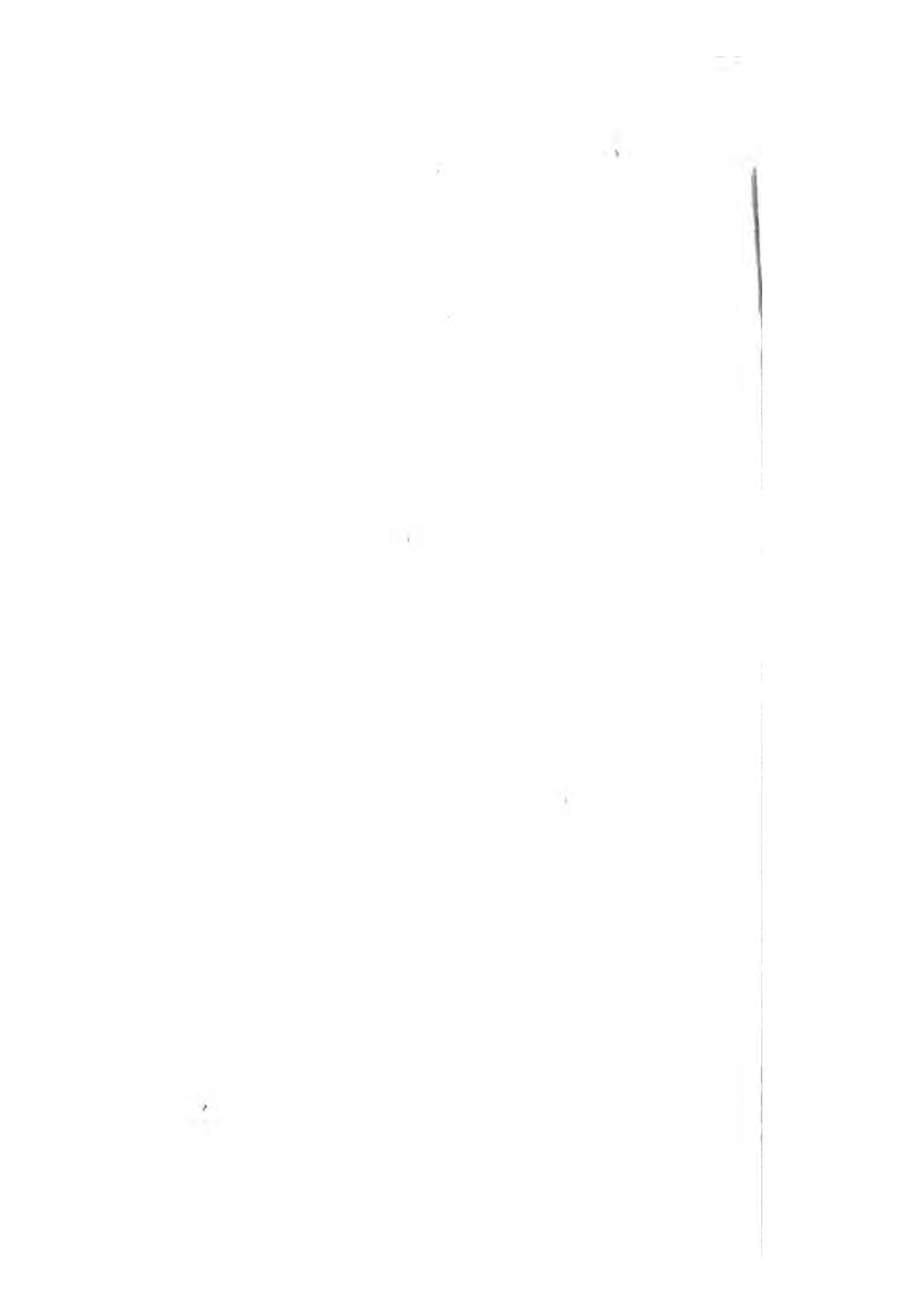
From the sun's death, and every planet's fall, 540

His all-illustrious and eternal year ;

Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of awe

And distance here) shall rank with common men,

Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.



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