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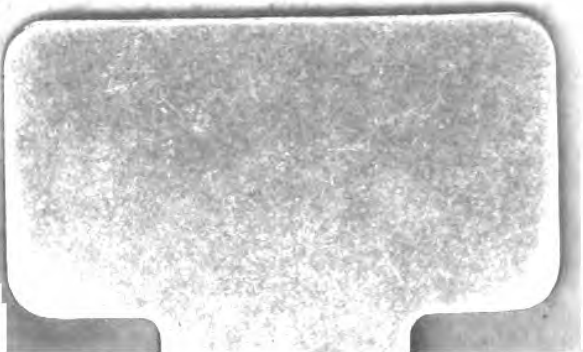
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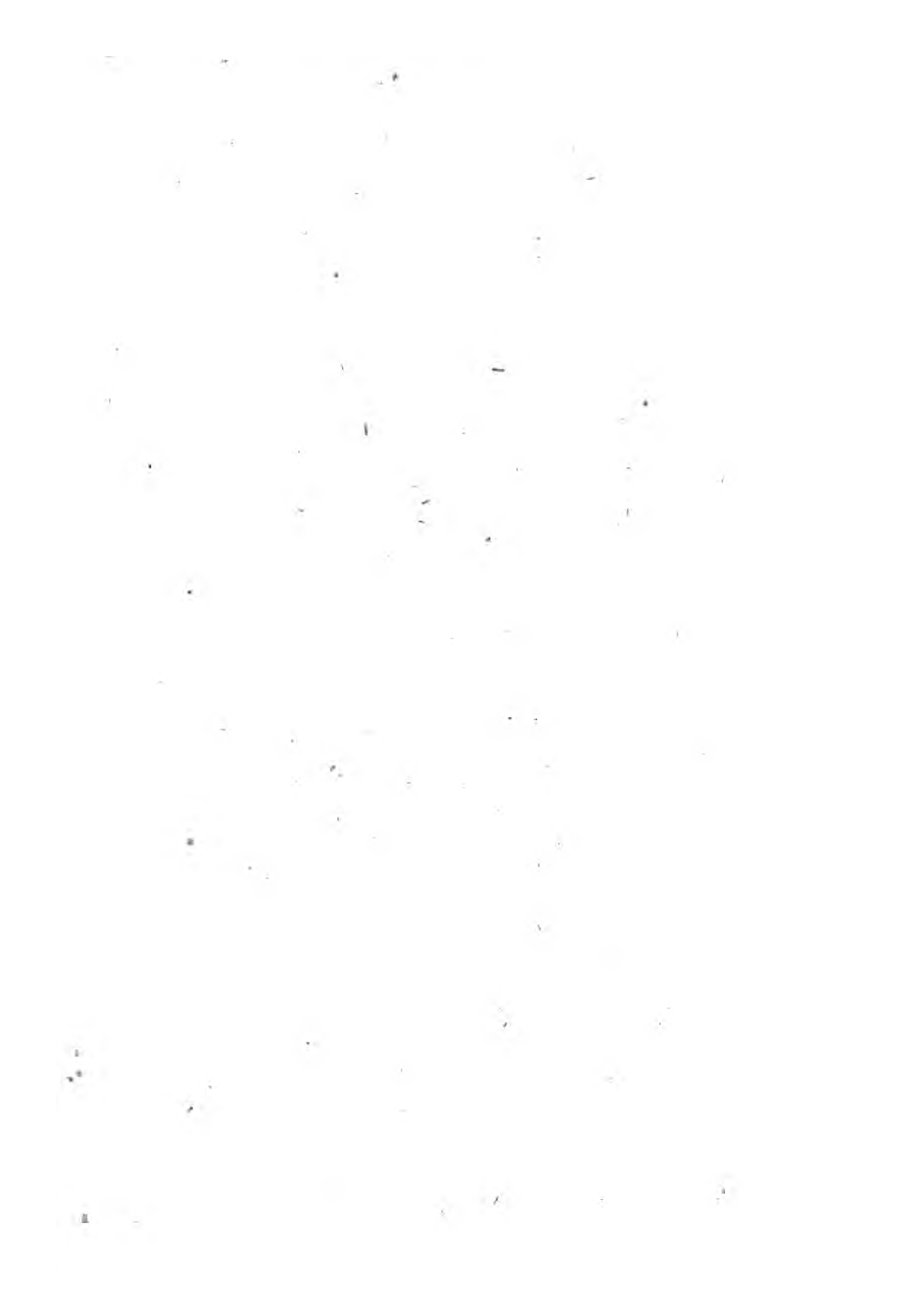


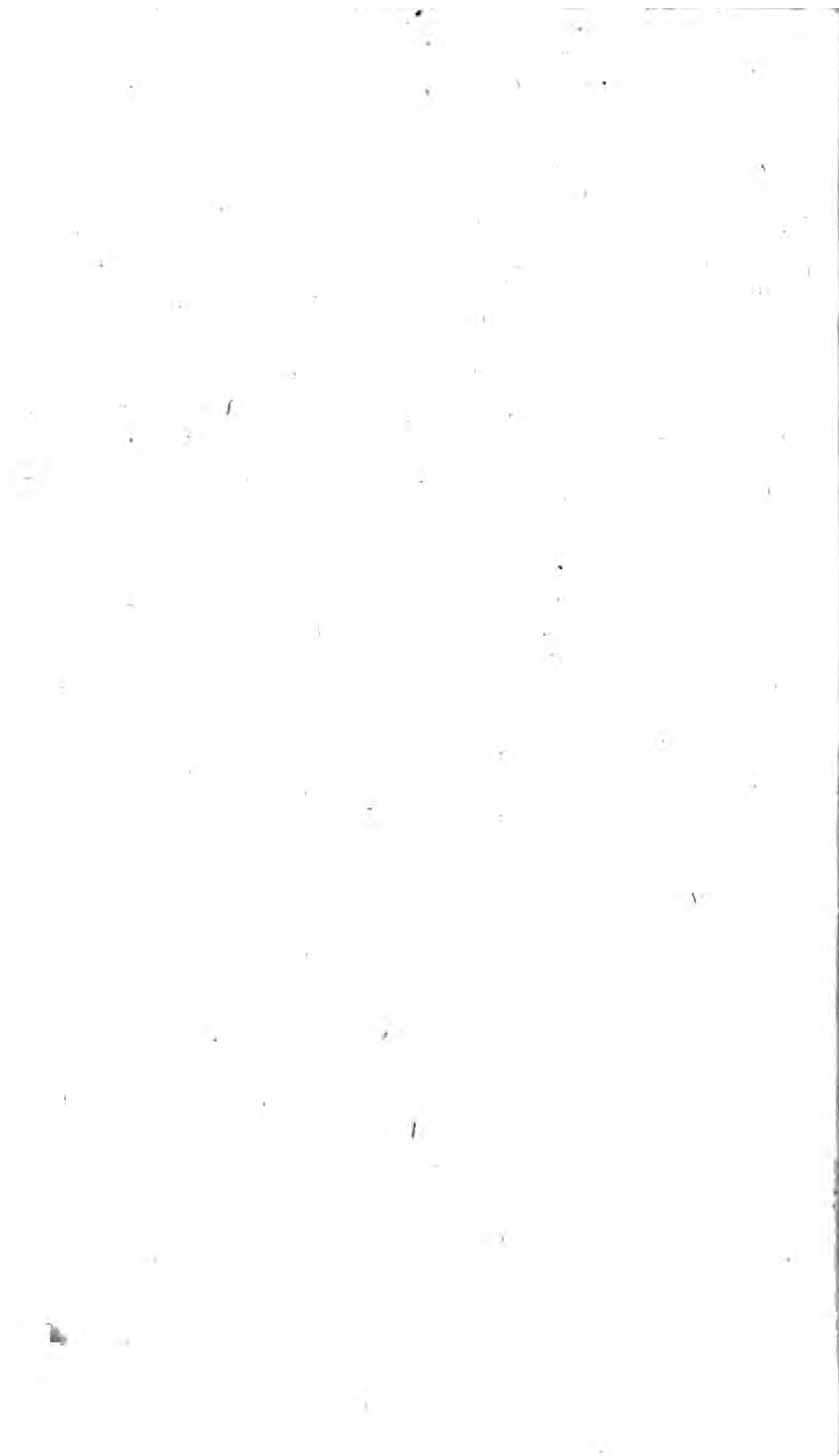
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THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

---

VOLUME THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

---

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  
S O M E R V I L E.



THE  
C H A C E.  
A  
P O E M.

“ Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.”

VIRG. Georg. iii.

“ Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,

“ Vitæque, et membris.”

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii.



## P R E F A C E.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recal to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminatè over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gayeties of life.

“ Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris ;

“ Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luētantur arenâ :

“ Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.

“ Arma procul, currûsque virûm miratur inanes.

“ Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti

“ Per campum pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm

“ Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes

“ Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.”

VIRG., *Æneid.* vi.

Part on the grassy cirque their pliant limbs

In wrestling exercise, or on the sands

Struggling dispute the prize. Part lead the ring,

Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.

The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,  
 Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharnes'd steeds  
 Graze unrestrain'd; horses, and cars, and arms,  
 All the same fond desires, and pleasing cares,  
 Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious part of mankind) if at my leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, some of those chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result of these rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the Georgick manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

It is most certain, that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were *μαθηταὶ κυνηγεσιῶν*, disciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly  
 serviceable

serviceable to them in military discipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny observes, those who were designed for great captains, were first taught “certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum calididis astu:” to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed; with the boldest, in strength; with the most cunning, in craft and subtilty. Plin. Panegy. And the Roman emperors, in those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do justice to this heroick exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verse;

“Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.”

Lib. iv. Pont.

Gratius shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses; and what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs.

“Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum.”

Georg. iii.

The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.



And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. "Pasce fero pingui." He has, it is true, touched upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th books of the *Æneid*. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days; and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his story of Actæon, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon taken from the Sepulchre of the Nasos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs followed by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the "odora canum vis." Thus Nemesianus says,

" Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,

" Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant."

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,

And trail the hare unto her secret form.

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those hounds, which he  
calls

calls *ἰχθυοτῆρες*, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chace. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, essay, will shew the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well-skilled in human nature. Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.

The gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but

what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the *Paradise Lost*, Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragick writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the criticks will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

“ En age, segnes,

“ Rumpemoras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,

“ Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;

“ Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.”

VIRG. Georg. iii.

Hark, away,

Cast far behind the lingering cares of life.

Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry

Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains

For us the generous steed; the hunter's shouts,

And chearing cries, assenting woods return.

T O

T O

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

ON HIS POEM CALLED

T H E C H A C E.

**W**HILE you, Sir, gain the steep ascent to fame,  
 And honours due to deathless merit claim;  
 To a weak Muse a kind indulgence lend,  
 Fond with just praise your labours to commend,  
 And tell the world that Somerville's her friend. }  
 Her incense guiltless of the forms of art  
 Breathes all the huntsman's honesty of heart;  
 Whose fancy still the pleasing scene retains  
 Of Edric's villa and Ardena's plains:  
 Joys, which from change superior charms receiv'd,  
 The horn hoarse founding by the lyre reliev'd:  
 When the day crown'd with rural chaste delight,  
 Relinquishes obsequious to the festive night;  
 The festive night awakes th' harmonious lay,  
 And in sweet verse recounts the triumphs of the day.

Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long,  
 The Chace, the sport of Britain's kings, un Sung!  
 Distinguish'd land! by Heaven indulg'd to breed  
 The stout, sagacious hound, and generous steed;  
 In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,  
 To celebrate the glorious sylvan toil.

For

For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,  
 God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre ?  
 Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,  
 Somerville meditates th' adventurous song.  
 Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,  
 His numerous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.  
 From him, ye British youths, a vigorous race,  
 Imbibe the various science of the chace ;  
 And while the well-plann'd system you admire,  
 Know Brunswick only could the work inspire ;  
 A Georgick Muse awaits Augustan days,  
 And Somerviles will sing, when Fredericks give the  
     bays.

JOHN NIXON.

[ 11 ]

T O T H E  
A U T H O R  
O F  
T H E C H A C E.

**O**NCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,  
And in my bosom feel poetic fire.  
For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,  
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays,  
What, though I daily turn each learned sage,  
And labour through the unenlighten'd page :  
Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,  
As flints give fire when aided by the steel.  
Though in sulphureous clouds of smoke confin'd,  
Thy rural scenes spring fresh into my mind.  
Thy genius in such colours paints the chace,  
The real to fictitious joys give place.  
When the wild musick charms my ravish'd ear,  
How dull, how tasteless Handel's notes appear !  
Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns,  
He yields—but to the musick of thy lines.  
If friends to poetry can yet be found ;  
Who without blushing sense prefer to sound ;  
Then let this soft, this soul-enfeebling band,  
These warbling minstrels, quit the beggar'd land.

They

They but a momentary joy impart,  
 'Tis you, who touch the soul, and warm the heart.  
 How tempting do thy sylvan sports appear !  
 Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an ear,  
 Might her fond lust of power a while compose,  
 And gladly change it for thy sweet repose.  
 No fierce, unruly senates, threaten here,  
 No axe, no scaffold, to the view appear,  
 No envy, disappointment, and despair. }  
 Here, blest vicissitude, whene'er you please,  
 You step from exercise to learned ease :  
 Turn o'er each classic page, each beauty trace,  
 The mind unwearied in the pleasing chace.  
 Oh! would kind Heaven such happiness bestow,  
 Let fools, let knaves, be masters here below.  
 Grandeur and place, those baits to catch the wise,  
 And all their pageant train, I pity and despise.

J. T R A C Y.

T H E

T H E C H A C E.  
B O O K I.

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

The subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chace. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

**T**HE Chace I sing, Hounds, and their various breed,  
And no less various use. O thou Great Prince!  
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,  
Deign



Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.  
 While grateful citizens with pompous shew, 5  
 Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits  
 Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave  
 Thy way with flowers, and, as the Royal Youth  
 Passing they view, admire and sigh in vain;  
 While crowded theatres, too fondly proud 10  
 Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,  
 The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,  
 And airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-founding horn  
 Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings;  
 Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse 15  
 Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care  
 Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,  
 Or on the river bank receive thee safe,  
 Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.  
 Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth! 20  
 And if, in future times, some envious prince,  
 Careless of right and guileful, should invade  
 Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain  
 To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;  
 Thy hunter-train, in chearful green array'd, 25  
 (A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)  
 Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,  
 Or hew thy passage through th' embattled foe,  
 And clear thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee  
 The nobler chace of glory shall pursue 30  
 Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.  
 Nature, in her productions slow, aspires  
 By just degrees to reach Perfection's height:

**T H E C H A C E, B O O K I. 15**

So mimic Art works leifurely, till Time  
Improve the piece, or wife Experience give 35  
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,  
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,  
And stain'd the woodland-green with purple dye,  
New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;  
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide. 40  
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,  
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude  
Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch  
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,  
And scower the plains below; the trembling herd 45  
Start at th' unusual sound, and clamorous shout  
Unheard before; surpriz'd alas! to find  
Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,  
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet  
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain 50  
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood:  
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,  
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last,  
Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear  
Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey: 55  
Part on their altars smoke a sacrifice  
To that all-gracious power, whose bounteous hand  
Supports his wide creation; what remains  
On living coals they broil, inelegant  
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts 60  
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,  
And strong necessity, thus first began  
The chace of beasts; though bloody was the deed,  
Yet

Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone  
 Unequal to sustain man's labouring race, 65  
 Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth  
 Was granted him for food\*. So just is Heaven,  
 To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-times  
 Some few improvements made, but short as yet 70  
 Of due perfection. In this isle remote  
 Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,  
 To arms devote, of the politer arts  
 Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts  
 Victorious William, to more decent rules 75  
 Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to speak  
 The proper dialect, with horn and voice  
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry  
 His listening peers approve with joint acclaim.  
 From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join 80  
 In bloody social leagues, the multitude  
 Dispers'd, to size, to fort their various tribes,  
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd isle,  
 And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis given 85  
 To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those  
 Begot by winds, or the celestial breed  
 That bore the great Pelides through the press  
 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;  
 Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins 90  
 Cheerful his course? and ere his beams decline,

\* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.  
 In thee alone, fair land of liberty!  
 Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed  
 As yet unrival'd, while in other climes 95  
 Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.  
 In vain malignant steams and winter fogs  
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,  
 The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,  
 Defies the noxious vapour, and confides 100  
 In this delightful exercise, to raise  
 His drooping herd, and cheer his heart with joy.  
 Ye vigorous youths, by smiling Fortune blest  
 With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,  
 Heap'd copious by your wise fore-fathers' care, 105  
 Hear and attend! while I the means reveal  
 T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,  
 Too costly for the poor: To rein the steed  
 Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack  
 Opening in comforts of harmonious joy, 110  
 But breathing death. What though the gripe severe  
 Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease  
 Creeping through every vein, and nerve unstrung,  
 Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,  
 Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts 115  
 Of angry Jove; though blasted, yet unfallen;  
 Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view  
 Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene  
 In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl  
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on 120  
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way:

Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,  
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.

First let the Kennel be the huntsman's care,  
Upon some little eminence erect, 125  
And fronting to the ruddy dawn ; its courts  
On either hand wide opening to receive  
The sun's all-chearing beams, when mild he shines,  
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack  
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch, 130  
And bask in his invigorating ray :

Warn'd by the streaming light and merry lark,  
Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats  
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd  
Salute the new-born day. For not alone 135  
The vegetable world, but men and brutes  
Own his reviving influence, and joy  
At his approach. Fountain of light ! if chance  
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,  
In vain the Muses aid ; untouch'd, unstrung, 140  
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard  
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,  
A vain expence, on charitable deeds  
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch, 145  
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor  
Pinch'd with afflictive want : For use, not state,  
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.  
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps  
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones 150  
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust

That

That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,  
 And all his future triumphs, must depend.  
 Soon as the growling pack with eager joy  
 Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve, 155  
 From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,  
 To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains,  
 For much to health will cleanliness avail.

Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,  
 And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent 160  
 O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads  
 Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off  
 Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell  
 Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit  
 The nitrous air and purifying breeze. 165

Water and shade no less demand thy care:  
 In a large square th' adjacent field inclose,  
 There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,  
 Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,  
 If at the bottom of thy spacious court, 170  
 A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,  
 From its transparent bosom shall reflect  
 Downward thy structure and inverted grove.  
 Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy  
 The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack, 175  
 Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,  
 And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades  
 Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt thou find  
 The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:  
 Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream, 180  
 There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy

Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that  
 From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud  
 And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :  
 Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch 185  
 Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings  
 Courting around, pursuing and pursued,  
 The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye,  
 Attend their frolicks, which too often end 190  
 In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head  
 Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice  
 Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,  
 And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport  
 Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195  
 Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize  
 Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore  
 Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,  
 Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :  
 Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd 200  
 Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried wretch  
 And thirsting for his blood, drag different ways  
 His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.  
 O breasts of pity void ! t' oppress the weak,  
 To point your vengeance at the friendless head, 205  
 And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n !  
 Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,  
 Knowing instructor ! 'mong the ranker grass  
 Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice 210  
 Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay

Each

Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine  
 Of Providence, beneficent and kind  
 To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes  
 A ready remedy, and is himself 215  
 Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,  
 And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,  
 Regardless of the frolick pack, attends  
 His master's side, or slumbers at his ease  
 Beneath the bending shade ; there many a ring 220  
 Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil  
 Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate  
 Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his speed,  
 Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey :  
 And in imperfect whimperings speaks his joy. 225  
 A different hound for every different chace  
 Select with judgment ; nor the timorous hare  
 O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence  
 To the mean, murderous, coursing crew ; intent  
 On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heaven !  
 And all their painful drudgeries repay  
 With disappointment and severe remorse.  
 But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope  
 To all her subtle play : by nature led  
 A thousand shifts she tries ; t' unravel these 235  
 Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,  
 Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings  
 Her doleful knell. See there with countenance blithe,  
 And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound  
 Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose 240  
 Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes



Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;  
 His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,  
 In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,  
 Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs      245  
 Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,  
 Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail  
 O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;  
 On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;  
 His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-spread thighs,  
 And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,      251  
 His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,  
 Or far-extended plain ; in every part  
 So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill  
 Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.      255  
 Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean  
 Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size  
 Gigantick ; he in the thick-woven covert  
 Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake  
 Torn and embarrass'd bleeds ; But if too small,      260  
 The pigmy brood in every furrow swims ;  
 Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag  
 Behind inglorious ; or else shivering creep  
 Benumb'd and faint beneath the sheltering thorn.  
 For hounds of middle size, active and strong,      265  
 Will better answer all thy various ends,  
 And crown thy pleasing labours with success.  
 As some brave captain, curious and exact,  
 By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks  
 His gay battalion, as one man they move      270  
 Step after step, their size the same, their arms

Far-

Far-gleaming, dart the fame united blaze :  
 Reviewing generals his merit own ;  
 How regular ! how just ! And all his cares  
 Are well repaid, if mighty George approve. 275  
 So model thou thy pack, if honour touch  
 Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.  
 But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds  
 Of different kinds ; discordant sounds shall grate  
 Thy ears offended, and a lagging line 280  
 Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.  
 But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,  
 Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns ;  
 Or if the harmonious thunder of the field  
 Delight thy ravish'd ears ; the deep-flew'd hound 285  
 Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure ;  
 Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head  
 Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice  
 Awake the mountain echo in her cell,  
 And shake the forests : The bold Talbot kind 290  
 Of these the prime ; as white as Alpine snows ;  
 And great their use of old. Upon the banks  
 Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat  
 Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew  
 The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands 295  
 To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,  
 There dwelt a pilfering race ; well train'd and skill'd  
 In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil  
 Their only substance, feuds and war their sport :  
 Not more expert in every fraudulent art 300

Th' arch \* felon was of old, who by the tail  
 Drew back his lowing prize : in vain his wiles,  
 In vain the shelter of the covering rock,  
 In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames  
 That issued from his mouth ; for soon he paid 305  
 His forfeit life : a debt how justly due  
 To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heaven !  
 Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,  
 Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize  
 Becomes their prey ; nor flocks nor herds are safe, 310  
 Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors  
 Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn  
 Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan  
 The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips  
 A thousand thronging curses burst their way : 315  
 He calls his stout allies, and in a line  
 His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice  
 That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers :  
 Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail  
 Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around 320  
 His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs  
 Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,  
 Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart  
 Beats quick ; his snuffling nose, his active tail,  
 Attest his joy ; then with deep opening mouth, 325  
 That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims  
 Th' audacious felon ; foot by foot he marks  
 His winding way, while all the listening crowd

\* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,  
 Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills, 330  
 O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,  
 Unerring he pursues; till at the cot  
 Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat  
 The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:

So exquisitely delicate his sense! 335

Should some more curious sportsman here enquire  
 Whence this sagacity, this wondrous power  
 Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?  
 What guide invisible points out their way,  
 O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain? 340  
 The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.

The blood that from the heart incessant rolls  
 In many a crimson tide, then here and there  
 In smaller rills disparted, as it flows  
 Propell'd, the ferous particles evade 345

Through th' open pores, and with the ambient air  
 Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,  
 And hang upon the gently purling brook,  
 There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd.  
 The panting chace grows warmer as he flies, 350

And through the net-work of the skin perspires;  
 Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by  
 The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless  
 By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified  
 By the meridian sun's intenser heat. 355

To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,  
 Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.  
 With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale

26 SOMERVILLE'S POEMS.

The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath  
 Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting 360  
 Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,  
 And in triumphant melody confess

The titillating joy. Thus on the air  
 Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks  
 At eve forebode a blustering stormy day, 365

Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,  
 When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts  
 Of the dry parching east, menace the trees  
 With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare

Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw 370  
 Low-sinking at their ease; listless they shrink

Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice  
 Though oft invoc'd; or haply if thy call  
 Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes 374

Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails  
 Inverted; high on their bent backs erect  
 Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts  
 Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant  
 Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.

These inauspicious days, on other cares 380  
 Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend  
 With open arms embrace, and from his lips  
 Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.

But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove  
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books 385  
 Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page  
 Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.  
 Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead;

With

T H E C H A C E, Book I. 27

With great examples of old Greece or Rome  
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,  
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,  
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap  
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,  
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,  
The bookless fauntering youth, proud of the skut 395  
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,  
And rusty couples gingling by his side.  
Be thou of other mold; and know that such  
Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd  
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward. 400

## B O O K II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to feat in the morning. Of the variety of feats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chace. Transition to the Asiatick way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

**N**OR will it less delight th' attentive sage  
 T' observe that Instinct, which unerring guides  
 The brutal race, which mimicks reason's lore,  
 And oft transcends: Heaven-taught, the roe-buck swift  
 Loiters at ease before the driving pack 5  
 And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies,  
 But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent  
 That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.  
 Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes  
 Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess each nerve, 10  
 Each

Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam;  
 Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills  
 Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd  
 To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous hare 15  
 To chuse her soft abode: With step revers'd  
 She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn  
 Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains  
 No settled residence observe, but shift 20  
 Their moving camp, now, on some cooler hill  
 With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;  
 And then, below, where trickling streams distil  
 From some penurious source, their thirst allay,  
 And feed their fainting flocks: So the wise hares 25  
 Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye  
 Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles  
 Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes  
 Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,  
 Or matted blade, wary and close they sit. 30

When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,  
 In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,  
 They cool their boiling blood: When summer suns  
 Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields  
 Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young: 35  
 But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains  
 Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank  
 Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid  
 The dripping covert: Yet when winter's cold  
 Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd 40



In the long grafs they skulk, or shrinking creep  
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still,  
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.

But every feafon carefully observ'd,

Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,

45

The wife experienc'd huntsman foon may find

His fubtle, various game, nor wafte in vain

His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,

With difappointment vex'd, each fpringing lark

Babbling purfue, far fcatcer'd o'er the fields.

50

Now golden Autumn from her open lap

Her fragrant bounties fhowers ; the fields are fhorn ;

Inwardly fmiling, the proud farmer views

The rifing pyramids that grace his yard,

And counts his large increafe ; his barns are ftor'd

55

And groaning ftaddles bend beneath their load.

All now is free as air, and the gay pack

In the rough briftly ftubbles range unblam'd ;

No widow's tears o'erflow, no fecret curfe

Swells in the farmer's breaft, which his pale lips

60

Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd :

But courteous now he levels every fence,

Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,

Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.

Oh bear me, fome kind power invifible !

65

To that extended lawn, where the gay court

View the fwift racers, ftretching to the goal ;

Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,

Than proud Elean fields could boaft of old.

Oh ! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,

70

And

And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!  
 Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye  
 In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last  
 Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,  
 And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs, 75  
 Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs  
 With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,  
 And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!  
 Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread 80  
 O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,  
 And orient pearls from every shrub depend.  
 Farewel, Cleora; here deep sunk in down  
 Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,  
 Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive 85  
 Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,  
 The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform  
 Th' important work. Me other joys invite,  
 The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd  
 Their mattins chaunt, nor brook my long delay. 90  
 My courser hears their voice; see there, with ears  
 And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;  
 Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,  
 And boils in every vein. As captive boys  
 Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns 95  
 Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks  
 If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain  
 The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,  
 But give a loose to all their frolick play:  
 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;

A thousand wanton gaieties express  
 Their inward extasy, their pleasing sport  
 Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.  
 The rising sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,  
 As many colours from their glossy skins 105  
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow  
 When April showers descend. Delightful scene!  
 Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,  
 And in each smiling countenance appears  
 Fresh blooming health, and universal joy. 110

Huntsman, lead on! behind the clustering pack  
 Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip  
 Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey:  
 Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves;  
 But let thy brisk assistant on his back 115  
 Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash  
 Bite to the quick, till howling he return,  
 And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind  
 With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes; 120  
 Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead  
 Affords the wandering hares a rich repast;  
 Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread,  
 And range around, and dash the glittering dew.  
 If some stanch hound, with his authentic voice, 125  
 Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe  
 Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,  
 The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills  
 Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread  
 The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along! 130

But

But quick they back recoil, and wisely check  
 Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground  
 How leisurely they work, and many a pause  
 Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more assur'd  
 With joy redoubled the low vallies ring. 135  
 What artful labyrinths perplex their way!  
 Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts  
 If now she lives; she trembles as she fits,  
 With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grafs that clings  
 Around her head, of the same ruffet hue 140  
 Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes  
 With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.  
 At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,  
 No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,  
 Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain 145  
 Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.  
 Now gently put her off; see how direct  
 To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman, bring  
 (But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,  
 And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150  
 And seem to plough the ground! then all at once  
 With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam  
 That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose  
 From the dark caverns of the blustering God,  
 They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn. 155  
 Hope gives them wings while she's spurr'd on by fear.  
 The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,  
 In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,  
 Stripp'd for the chace, give all your souls to joy!  
 See how their courfers, than the mountain roe 160

More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds  
 Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print  
 The grafs unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd  
 They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,  
 O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush 165  
 The thorny-twining hedge: The riders bend  
 O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns  
 Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.  
 Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,  
 Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone, 170  
 And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings  
 She wheel her mazy way, in the same round  
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.  
 But if she fly, and with the favouring wind 175  
 Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:  
 Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch  
 The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,  
 O'er plains remote she stretches far away,  
 Ah! never to return! For greedy Death 180  
 Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those towering oaks  
 Above the humble copse aspiring rise,  
 What glorious triumphs burst in every gale  
 Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout, 185  
 The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,  
 The pack wide opening load the trembling air  
 With various melody; from tree to tree  
 The propagated cry redoubling bounds,  
 And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy 190

Through

Through all the regions near : afflictive birch  
 No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,  
 Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call ;  
 The weary traveller forgets his road,  
 And climbs th' adjacent hill ; the ploughman leaves  
 Th' unfinish'd furrow ; nor his bleating flocks      196  
 Are now the shepherd's joy ! men, boys, and girls,  
 Desert th' unpeopled village ; and wild crowds  
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.  
 Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon opening glade      200  
 Slips glancing by ! while, at the further end,  
 The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,  
 Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound  
 Silly she skirts ; behind them cautious creeps  
 And in that very track, so lately stain'd      205  
 By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue  
 The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny  
 That brutes have reason ; sure 'tis something more,  
 'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspires  
 Beyond the short extent of human thought.      210  
 But hold—I see her from the covert break ;  
 Sad on yon little eminence she sits ;  
 Intent she listens with one ear erect,  
 Pondering, and doubtful what new course to take,  
 And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,      215  
 That still urge on, and still in volleys loud  
 Insult her woes, and mock her fore distress.  
 As now in louder peals the loaded winds  
 Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail ;  
 And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,      220

36 SOMERVILLE'S POEMS.

Away she flies ; nor ships with wind and tide,  
 And all their canvass wings, scud half so fast.  
 Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,  
 And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,  
 In pleasing hurry and confusion tost ; 225  
 Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack  
 Hang on the scent unwearied, up they climb,  
 And ardent we pursue ; our labouring steeds  
 We press, we gore ; till once the summit gain'd,  
 Painfully panting ; there we breathe a while ; 230  
 Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down  
 Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.  
 Happy the man who with unrival'd speed  
 Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view  
 The struggling pack ; how in the rapid course 235  
 Alternate they preside, and jostling push  
 To guide the dubious scent ; how giddy youth  
 Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd ;  
 How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound  
 Hangs in the rear, till some important point 240  
 Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace  
 Sinking he finds : then to the head he springs  
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.  
 Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career.  
 Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze, 245  
 Have haply foil'd the turf. See ! that old hound,  
 How busily he works, but dares not trust  
 His doubtful sense ; draw yet a wider ring.  
 Hark ! now again the chorus fills. As bells,  
 Sally'd a while, at once their peal renew, 250  
 And

And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.  
 See, how they tofs, with animated rage  
 Recovering all they loft!—That eager hafte  
 Some doubling wile forefhews.—Ah! yet once more  
 They're check'd,—hold back with fpeed—on either hand  
 They flourish round—ev'n yet perfift—'Tis right,  
 Away they fpring; the ruftling ftubbles bend  
 Beneath the driving ftorm. Now the poor chace  
 Begins to flag, to her laft fhifts reduc'd.  
 From brake to brake ſhe flies, and viſits all                    260  
 Her well-known haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,  
 With love and plenty bleſt. See! there ſhe goes,  
 She reels along, and by her gait betrays  
 Her inward weakneſs. See, how black ſhe looks!  
 The ſweat, that clogs th' obſtructed pores, ſcarce leaves  
 A languid ſcent. And now in open view  
 See, ſee, ſhe flies! each eager hound exerts  
 His utmoſt ſpeed, and ſtretches every nerve.  
 How quick ſhe turns! their gaping jaws eludes,  
 And yet a moment lives; till, round inclos'd                    270  
 By all the greedy pack, with infant ſcreams  
 She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.  
 So when the furious Bacchanals affail'd  
 Threïcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!  
 Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,  
 Return'd their clamorous rage; diſtreſs'd he flies,  
 Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;  
 For eager they purſue, till panting, faint,  
 By noify multitudes o'erpower'd, he ſinks  
 To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.                    280



The huntsman now, a deep incision made,  
 Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down  
 Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.  
 These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite  
 For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies  
 A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes  
 Cold death exults, and stiffens every limb.  
 Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds  
 Around her bay; or at their master's foot,  
 Each happy favourite courts his kind applause, 290  
 With humble adulation cowering low.

All now is joy: With cheeks full-blown they wind  
 Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack  
 The concert swell, and hills and dales return  
 The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare, 295  
 A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd  
 In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.  
 But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains  
 So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,  
 Magnificence, and grandeur of the chace; 300  
 Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,  
 Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,  
 Their silken streamers waving in the wind?  
 Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent, 305  
 Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?  
 Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,  
 This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?  
 Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;  
 Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host,

Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires  
 To rob and to destroy, beneath the name  
 And specious guise of war. A nobler cause  
 Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,  
 No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries, 315  
 No violated leagues, with sharp remorse  
 Shall sting the conscious victor: but mankind  
 Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts  
 He draws his vengeful sword! on beasts of prey  
 Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes! 320  
 Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,  
 Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,  
 And all the pomp of war. Before them sound  
 Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,  
 And bold defiance. High upon his throne, 325  
 Borne on the back of his proud elephant,  
 Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:  
 Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze  
 Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,  
 And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod: 330  
 And potent Rajahs, who themselves preside  
 O'er realms of wide extent; but here submit  
 Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.  
 Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,  
 The fair sultanas of his court: a troop 335  
 Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd  
 From each intrusive eye; one look is death.  
 Ah cruel Eastern law! (had kings a power  
 But equal to their wild tyrannic will)  
 To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray,

340  
 Were

Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,  
 Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns  
 Her empty and depopulated streets.

Now at the camp arriv'd with stern review,  
 Through groves of spears, from file to file he darts 345  
 His sharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,  
 Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,  
 Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.

Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd  
 On these extended plains, when Ammon's son 350

With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,  
 The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host  
 More numerous of old, which the great king \*  
 Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East;  
 That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore, 355

And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops  
 The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,  
 A wide circumference; full many a league  
 In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,  
 Large provinces; enough to gratify 360

Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound  
 Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan  
 The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.  
 He from the throne high-eminent presides,  
 Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace, 365  
 From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,  
 And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive  
 His irreversible decrees, from which

\* Xerxes.

To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands  
 Each to his station leads; encamping round, 370  
 Till the wide circle is compleatly form'd.  
 Where decent order reigns, what these command,  
 Those execute with speed, and punctual care;  
 In all the strictest discipline of war:  
 As if some watchful foe, with bold insult, 375  
 Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high resolve  
 That flies on wings through all th' encircling line,  
 Each motion steers, and animates the whole.  
 So by the sun's attractive power controll'd,  
 The planets in their spheres roll round his orb: 380  
 On all he shines, and rules the great machine.  
 Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,  
 The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,  
 Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,  
 Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems; 385  
 And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom  
 Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,  
 And all the brazen instruments of war,  
 With mutual clamour, and united din,  
 Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp 390  
 They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,  
 Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell  
 Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den  
 The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd  
 Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once 395  
 Onward they march embattled, to the sound  
 Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,  
 That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold

Heroic

Heroic deeds. In parties here and there  
 Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range 400  
 Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight  
 The boldest brute, around their masters wait,  
 A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive  
 From every covert, and from every den,  
 The lurking savages. Incessant shouts 405  
 Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires  
 Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems  
 One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly  
 Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,  
 Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew 410  
 Of grim blood-thirsty foes; growling along,  
 They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still  
 Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears  
 Present immediate death. Soon as the night  
 Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chace, 415  
 They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around  
 The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires  
 At proper distances ascending rise,  
 And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.  
 So round some island's shore of large extent, 420  
 Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,  
 The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,  
 Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide  
 Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.  
 What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar, 425  
 Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird  
 That glads the night had chear'd the listening groves  
 With sweet complainings. Through the silent gloom  
 Oft

**T H E C H A C E, B O O K I I. 43**

Of them the guards assail; as oft repell'd  
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage 430  
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.

Thus day by day they still the chace renew,  
At night encamp; till now in freighter bounds  
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive  
The wall that hems them in on every side. 435

And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;  
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage  
Against their fellow brutes, With teeth and claws  
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.  
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves: 440

Horrible discord! till the crowd behind  
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.  
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb  
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,  
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man, 445  
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.

So abject is a tyrant in distress!

At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,  
A lifted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,  
An amphitheatre more glorious far 450

Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in heaps,  
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array  
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band  
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,  
Early resolv'd to assert their royal race, 455

And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth  
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread  
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds

With

44 SOMERVILLE'S POEMS.

With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear  
 The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock 460  
 Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge  
 Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave  
 Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves  
 With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye  
 Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone 465  
 He fears, and, to redeem his life, unmov'd  
 Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,  
 From his high-elevated throne, beholds  
 His blooming race; revolving in his mind  
 What once he was, in his gay spring of life, 470  
 When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy  
 Melts in his eye, and flushes in his cheek.  
 Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts  
 Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,  
 And the wild howlings of the beasts within 475  
 Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd  
 With death, and javelins launch'd from every arm,  
 Gall fore the brutal bands, with many a wound  
 Gor'd through and through. Despair at last prevails,  
 When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all 480  
 Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,  
 Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band  
 They rush implacable. They their broad shields  
 Quick interpose; on each devoted head  
 Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove, 485  
 Descend unerring, Prostrate on the ground  
 The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore  
 Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand

The

The trusty slaves ; with pointed spears the pierce  
 Through their tough hides ; or at their gaping mouths  
 An easier passage find. The king of brutes  
 In broken roarings breathes his last ; the bear  
 Grumbles in death ; nor can his spotted skin,  
 Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,  
 Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate. 495

The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,  
 Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.  
 Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,  
 A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,  
 And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain 500  
 Alive, with vain assault contend to break  
 Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear  
 Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath  
 The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.  
 Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd. 505  
 And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the work  
 Of death had been compleat ; and Aurengzebe  
 By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.  
 When lo ! the bright sultanas of his court  
 Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display 510  
 Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save  
 The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny  
 When suppliant beauty begs ? At his command,  
 Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops 515  
 Leave a large void for their retreating foes.  
 Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,  
 To seek on distant hills their late abodes.



Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult  
In wantonness of power, 'gainst the brute race,      520  
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war  
Wage uncontroll'd : here quench your thirst of blood ;  
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

B O O K III.

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

Of King Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves heads upon the kings of Wales : from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts. Censure of an over-numerous pack. Of the several engines to destroy foxes and other wild beasts. The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pitfall for the lion ; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

**I**N Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,  
 He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs  
 Launch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets  
 Cover'd his wide domain : there proudly rode  
 Lord of the deep, the great prerogative 5  
 Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,  
 Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,  
 And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.  
 He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores  
 With swelling sails the trembling corfair fled. 10  
 Rich commerce flourish'd ; and with busy oars  
 Dash'd

Dash'd the refounding fudge. Nor less at land  
 His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious prince!  
 His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,  
 And from rapacious savages their flocks: 15  
 Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid  
 Their tributary wolves; head after head,  
 In full account, till the woods yield no more,  
 And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.  
 In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd 20  
 The social troops; and soon their large increase  
 With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.  
 But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,  
 A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around  
 In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy. 25  
 In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,  
 Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood  
 Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,  
 Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night  
 Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain: 30  
 While in th' adjacent bush, poor Philomel,  
 (Herself a parent once, till wanton churls  
 Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,  
 With sweeter notes, and more melodious woe.  
 For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare 35  
 Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis  
 To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile  
 To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,  
 Or stars retire from the first blush of day,  
 With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack, 40  
 And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,

Thick

T H E C H A C E, Book III. 49

Thick with entangling grafs, or prickly furze,  
With filence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,  
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range  
Dispers'd, how bufily this way, and that, 45  
They cros, examining with curious nofe  
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear  
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry  
More nobly full, and fwel'd with every mouth.  
As fraggling armies, at the trumpet's voice, 50  
Prefs to their ftandard; hither all repair,  
And hurry through the woods; with hafty ftrep  
Ruftling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps  
They push, they ftrove; while from his kennel sneaks  
The confcious villain. See! he skulks along, 55  
Sleek at the shepherd's coft, and plump with meals  
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.  
Though high his brush he bear, though tipt with white  
It gaily fhine; yet ere the fun declin'd  
Recal the fhades of night, the pamper'd rogue 60  
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels  
Behold the juft avenger, fwift to feize  
His forfeit head, and thirfting for his blood.  
Heavens! what melodious ftains! how beat our hearts  
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales 65  
Breathe harmony; and as the tempeft drives  
From wood to wood, through every dark recess  
The foreft thunders, and the mountains fhake.  
The chorus fwells; lefs various, and lefs fwet,  
The trilling notes, when in thofe very groves, 70  
The feather'd chorifters falute the fpring.

E

And

And every bush in concert joins ; or when  
 The master's hand, in modulated air,  
 Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers  
 Of musick in one instrument combine,                      75  
 An universal minstrelsy. And now  
 In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd  
 Impregnable, nor is the covert safe ;  
 He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts  
 Re-echo through the groves ! he breaks away.                      80  
 Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound  
 Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.  
 'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,  
 Now give a loose to the clean generous steed ;  
 Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ;                      85  
 But, in the madness of delight, forget  
 Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,  
 And dangerous our course ; but in the brave  
 True courage never fails. In vain the stream  
 In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch                      90  
 Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,  
 Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,  
 And clings to every twig, gives us no pain ;  
 But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold  
 To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,                      95  
 By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft :  
 So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink  
 Adown the steepy wave, then tofs'd on high  
 Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

What lengths we pass ! where will the wandering chace  
 Lead us bewilder'd ! smooth as swallows skim

The



The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.  
 See my brave pack ; how to the head they press,  
 Jostling in close array, then more diffuse  
 Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths 105  
 The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes  
 Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing  
 Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang  
 From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind  
 The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain ! 110  
 The panting courser now with trembling nerves  
 Begins to reel ; urg'd by the goring spur,  
 Makes many a faint effort : he snorts, he foams,  
 The big round drops run trickling down his sides,  
 With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view  
 The strange confusion of the vale below,  
 Where four vexation reigns ; see yon poor jade,  
 In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears ;  
 With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides ;  
 He can no more : his stiff unpliant limbs 120  
 Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,  
 For every cruel curse returns a groan,  
 And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief  
 Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,  
 His minion, and his daily care, well cloath'd, 125  
 Well fed with every nicer cate ; no cost,  
 No labour spar'd ; who, when the flying chace  
 Broke from the copse, without a rival led  
 The numerous train : now a sad spectacle  
 Of pride brought low, and humble insolence, 130  
 Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.

While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,  
 Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear  
 Their weights; another in the treacherous bog  
 Lies floundering half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts  
 Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments  
 His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth  
 Curfes his cumbersome bulk; and envies now  
 The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd  
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few           140  
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath  
 Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this height  
 Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge,  
 'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round  
 And claim him as their own. Was I not right?   145  
 See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,  
 And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws  
 His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure  
 Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields  
 To black despair. But one loose more, and all   150  
 His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now  
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,  
 And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.  
 Through every homestall, and through every yard,  
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;   155  
 Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes  
 Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes  
 In a superior stench to lose his own:  
 But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds  
 With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.   160  
 And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,

Into

Into the hen-rooft creeps, whose walls with gore  
 Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there  
 Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence  
 The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud, 165  
 Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood  
 With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes  
 Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead:  
 And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.

The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe 170  
 Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,  
 And grateful calls us to a short repast:  
 In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,  
 Our native product. And his good old mate  
 With choicest viands heaps the liberal board, 175  
 To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)  
 Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,  
 With which the vain profusion of the great  
 Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse. 180  
 Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence  
 Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,  
 Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,  
 Kens well the great advantage: flinks behind,  
 And slyly creeps through the same beaten track, 185  
 And hunts them step by step: then views, escap'd,  
 With inward extasy, the panting throng  
 In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.  
 So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms  
 Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes 190  
 They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:



But when the day of battle calls them forth  
 To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact  
 Of chosen veterans ; they press blindly on,  
 In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall      195  
 A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy :  
 The plunder'd warrener full many a wile  
 Devises to entrap his greedy foe,  
 Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,      200  
 With silence drags his trail ; then from the ground  
 Pares thin the close-graz'd turf, there with nice hand  
 Covers the latent death, with curious springs  
 Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread  
 Of man or beast unwarily shall press      205  
 The yielding surface. By th' indented steel  
 With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,  
 And struggles, but in vain : yet oft 'tis known,  
 When every art has fail'd, the captive fox  
 Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb      210  
 Compounded for his life. But, if perchance  
 In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no escape ;  
 But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,  
 The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds ; not ev'n the king      215  
 Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave :  
 But, by the wily African betray'd,  
 Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws  
 Expires indignant. When the orient beam  
 With blushes paints the dawn ; and all the race      220  
 Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire

Into

Into their darksom cells, there satiate snore  
 O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs  
 Of men and beasts; the painful forester  
 Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops, 225  
 With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,  
 Affail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,  
 And thickets intricate, trembling he views  
 His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road  
 And avenue to death. Hither he calls 230  
 His watchful bands; and low into the ground  
 A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.  
 Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,  
 The butt of some fair tree; upon whose top  
 A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam. 5  
 And next a wall they build, with stones and earth  
 Encircling round, and hiding from all view  
 The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades  
 Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow;  
 And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood, 240  
 Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,  
 Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide  
 His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.  
 The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,  
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears 245  
 The bleating innocent, that claims in vain  
 The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan  
 The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd  
 Another's meal. For now the greedy brute  
 Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound 250  
 To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd

Into the deep abyfs. Prostrate he lies  
 Aftunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail  
 Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,  
 That lashes thy broad fides, thy jaws befmeas'd      255  
 With blood and offals crude, thy fhaggy mane  
 The terror of the woods, thy ftately port,  
 And bulk enormous, fince by stratagem  
 Thy ftrength is foil'd? Unequal is the ftife,  
 When fovereign reason combats brutal rage.      260

On diftant Ethiopia's fun-burnt coafts,  
 The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,  
 But of a different kind, and different ufe.  
 With flender poles the wide capacious mouth,  
 And hurdles flight, they clofe; o'er thefe is fpread      265  
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers  
 Smiling delufive, and from ftricteft fearch  
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.  
 Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit  
 Of various kinds furcharg'd; the downy peach,      270  
 The cluftering vine, and of bright golden rind  
 The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey  
 Advances flow, befprinkling all around  
 With kind refreshing dews the thirfty glebe,  
 The ftately elephant from the clofe fhad      275  
 With ftep majestic ftrides, eager to tafte  
 The cooler breeze, that from the fea-beat fhore  
 Delightful breathes, or in the limpid fream  
 To lave his panting fides; joyous he fcents  
 The rich repaft, unweeting of the death      280  
 That lurks within. And foon he sporting breaks

The

The brittle boughs, and greedily devours  
 The fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;  
 The price is life. For now the treacherous turf  
 Trembling gives way ; and the unwieldy beast, 285  
 Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.  
 So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave  
 Th' incumbent earth ; if chance the cavern'd ground  
 Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,  
 Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulph'd 290  
 With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man !  
 How various are thy wiles ! artful to kill  
 Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race !  
 Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,  
 Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy ; 295  
 The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone  
 Confides not : at convenient distance fix'd,  
 A polish'd mirrour stops in full career  
 The furious brute : he there his image views ;  
 Spots against spots with rage improving glow ; 300  
 Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,  
 Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide  
 Distends his opening paws ; himself against  
 Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.  
 The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim 305  
 Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd  
 He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.  
 Thus man innumerable engines forms, t' assail  
 The savage kind ; but most the docile horse,  
 Swift and confederate with man, annoys 310  
 His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid

The

The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage  
 With the more active brutes an equal war.  
 But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,  
 Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure. 315

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his troop  
 Of bold compcers, ranges the deserts wild.  
 Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller  
 Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land  
 Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand 320  
 Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,  
 Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm,  
 And scouring round, make men and beasts their prey.

The grisly boar is singled from his herd,  
 As large as that in Erimanthian woods, 325  
 A match for Hercules. Round him they fly  
 In circles wide; and each in passing fends  
 His feather'd death into his brawny sides.

But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed  
 Haply too near approach; or the loose earth 330  
 His footing fail; the watchful angry beast  
 Th' advantage spies; and at one sidelong glance  
 Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,  
 And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls  
 Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground, 335  
 And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.

Mean while the furly monster trots along,  
 But with unequal speed; for still they wound,  
 Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood  
 Of darts upon his back he bears; adown 340  
 His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll

From

From many a gaping font. And now at last  
 Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muse, intent  
 On antique tales? While yet the royal stag 345  
 Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe  
 Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,  
 Charm'd once the listening Dryads, with his song  
 Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred shade,  
 To glean submits what thy full fickle leaves. 350

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays  
 Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train  
 Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course  
 A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,  
 In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs 355  
 The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells  
 Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove  
 For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade  
 These shine magnificent, and press around  
 The royal happy pair. Great in themselves, 360  
 They smile superior; of external show  
 Regardless, while their inbred virtues give  
 A lustre to their power, and grace their court  
 With real splendors, far above the pomp  
 Of Eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride. 365  
 Like troops of Amazons, the female band  
 Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms  
 As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,  
 Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.  
 The royal offspring, fairest of the fair, 370  
 Lead on the splendid train. Anna more bright

Than

Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,  
 With irresistible effulgence arm'd,  
 Fires every heart. He must be more than man,  
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.      375  
 Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,  
 With sweet engaging air, but equal power,  
 Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains  
 Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,  
 Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,      380  
 Without the needless aid of high descent,  
 Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords  
 To bow and sue for grace. But who is he  
 Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair  
 As opening lilies; on whom every eye      385  
 With joy and admiration dwells? See, see,  
 He reins his docile barb with manly grace.  
 Is it Adonis for the chace array'd?  
 Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!  
 May all your virtues with your years improve,      390  
 Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride  
 Of these our days, and to succeeding times  
 A bright example. As his guard of mutes  
 On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject  
 And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard      395  
 Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,  
 And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack  
 Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,  
 While pass the glittering court, and royal pair:  
 So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,      400  
 Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.

But

But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,  
 Let loose the general chorus ; far around  
 Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes 405  
 His wonted lair ; he shakes his dappled sides,  
 And tosses high his beamy head, the copse  
 Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts  
 He tries ! not more the wily hare ; in these  
 Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack 410  
 With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.

The woods reply, the hunter's chearing shouts  
 Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.  
 How merrily they chant ! their nostrils deep  
 Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry, 415  
 And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems  
 The battle kindling, and the statesman grave  
 Forgets his weighty cares ; each age, each sex,  
 In the wild transport joins ; luxuriant joy,  
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult 420  
 On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.

How happy art thou, man, when thou 'rt no more  
 Thyself ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,  
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,  
 Yield a short interval and ease from pain ! 425

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs  
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now  
 The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath  
 High-overgrown ? or who the quivering bog  
 Soft-yielding to the step ? All now is plain, 430  
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far

Beneath



Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades  
 The forest opens to our wondering view :  
 Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce  
 Lay waste the world ; his the more glorious part 435  
 To check their pride ; and when the brazen voice  
 Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)  
 T' employ his station'd legions in the works  
 Of peace ; to smooth the rugged wilderness,  
 To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope 440  
 Depending road, and to make gay the face  
 Of nature, with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart ! as I behold  
 Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,  
 Push on the generous steed, that strokes along 445  
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,  
 Nor falters in th' extended vale below :  
 Their garments loosely waving in the wind,  
 And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks !  
 While at their sides their pensive lovers wait, 450  
 Direct their dubious course ; now chill'd with fear  
 Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.

O ! grant, indulgent heaven, no rising storm  
 May darken with black wings this glorious scene !  
 Should some malignant power thus damp our joys, 455  
 Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old  
 Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen.  
 For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,  
 Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign  
 In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day. 460

Now

Now the blown stag, through woods, bogs, roads, and  
 Has measur'd half the forest; but alas! [streams.  
 He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.  
 Though far he cast the lingering pack behind,  
 His haggard fancy still with horror views 465  
 The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry  
 Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.  
 So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands  
 In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear  
 The dying shrieks; and the pale threatening ghost 470  
 Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.  
 See here his flot; up yon green hill he climbs,  
 Pants on its brow a while, sadly looks back  
 On his pursuers, covering all the plain;  
 But wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight, 475  
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale:  
 There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd  
 Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam  
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted power  
 Was still rewarded with successful love. 480  
 But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men,  
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim  
 Chace him from thence: needless their impious deed,  
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,  
 Black, and imboss; nor are his hounds deceiv'd; 485  
 Too well distinguish these, and never leave  
 Their once devoted foe; familiar grows  
 His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.  
 Again he flies, and with redoubled speed  
 Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew 490  
 Hang

Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,  
 And push him many a league. If haply then  
 Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train  
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip  
 Stops full their bold career; passive they stand, 495  
 Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,  
 As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.  
 So at their general's voice whole armies halt  
 In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood,  
 Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams 500  
 Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along  
 With fresh-recruited might. The stag, who hop'd  
 His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd  
 The dreadful din; he shivers every limb,  
 He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe. 505  
 Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,  
 Breathless, and faint, he falters in his pace,  
 And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce  
 Sustain their load: he pants, he sobs appall'd;  
 Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath 510  
 His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance  
 Some prying eye surprize him; soon he rears  
 Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn  
 With ill-diffembled vigour, to amuse  
 The knowing forester; who inly smiles 515  
 At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.  
 So midnight tapers waste their last remains,  
 Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.  
 From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,  
 And bellow through the vales; the moving storm 520  
 Thickens

Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,  
 And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude  
 To his approaching fate. And now in view  
 With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd  
 What strength is left: to the last dregs of life 525  
 Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on every side  
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least opening left  
 To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.  
 Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair  
 Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die, 530  
 He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,  
 And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet  
 These groveling lie, those by his antlers gor'd  
 Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd  
 He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk, 535  
 That covers well his rear, his front presents  
 An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,  
 The rude encounter, and believe your lives  
 Your country's due alone. As now aloof  
 They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd, 540  
 To dare some great exploit; he charges home  
 Upon the broken pack, that on each side  
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,  
 He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze  
 Urges his course with eager violence: 545  
 Then takes the foil, and plunges in the flood  
 Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts  
 Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs  
 Into some winding creek) close to the verge  
 Of a small island, for his weary feet

Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.  
 His nose alone above the wave draws in  
 The vital air; all else beneath the flood  
 Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye  
 Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack      555  
 Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut  
 The liquid wave with oary feet, that move  
 In equal time. The gliding waters leave  
 No trace behind, and his contracted pores  
 But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains      560  
 His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:  
 At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,  
 And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;  
 Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth  
 Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat      565  
 Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives  
 Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds  
 Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,  
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount  
 The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,      570  
 Again he stands at bay, amid the groves  
 Of willows, bending low their downy heads.  
 Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;  
 These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain  
 The slippery bank, while others on firm land      575  
 Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,  
 Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.  
 As when some wily corsair boards a ship  
 Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,  
 Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew

580

Upon

Upon her deck he flings; these in the deep  
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,  
 And clinging climb aloft; while those on board  
 Urge-on the work of fate; the master bold,  
 Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves 585  
 To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,  
 His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.  
 So fares it with the stag: so he resolves  
 To plunge at once into the flood below,  
 Himself, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd. 590  
 Ere yet he executes this dire intent,  
 In wild disorder once more views the light;  
 Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,  
 The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;  
 He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds 595  
 His wretched plight, and tenderness innate  
 Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command  
 Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack,  
 Retire submissive, and grumbling quit their prey.  
 Great Prince! from thee, what may thy subjects hope;  
 So kind, and so beneficent to brutes?  
 O mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!  
 Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!  
 Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,  
 On rocks of adamant it stands secure, 605  
 And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles  
 Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,  
 And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

## B O O K IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

W HATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns  
 Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,  
 Plants, animals, this whole material mass,  
 Are ever changing, ever new. The soul  
 Of man alone, that particle divine, 5  
 Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.

Hence

Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,  
 And God's bright image, man's immortal race.  
 The brute creation are his property,  
 Subservient to his will, and for him made. 10  
 As hurtful these he kills, as useful those  
 Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.  
 Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage  
 Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now  
 As vainly preach; the teeming ravenous brutes 15  
 Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,  
 Incumbering all the globe: should not his care  
 Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,  
 Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,  
 And through the deserts range, shivering, forlorn, 20  
 Quite destitute of every solace dear,  
 And every smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply  
 With annual large recruits, his broken pack,  
 And propagate their kind. As from the root 25  
 Fresh scions still spring forth and daily yield  
 New blooming honours to the parent-tree.  
 Far shall his pack be fam'd, far-sought his breed,  
 And princes at their tables feast those hounds  
 His hand presents, an acceptable boon. 30

Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram has urg'd  
 His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound  
 Her frozen bosom to the Western gale;  
 When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,  
 Select their mates, and on the leafless elm 35  
 The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest,



Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,  
 That curl their taper tails, and frisking court  
 Their pyebald mates enamour'd ; their red eyes  
 Flash fires impure ; nor rest, nor food they take,      40  
 Goaded by furious love. In separate cells  
 Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars  
 Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,  
 The growling rivals in dread battle join,  
 And rude encounter ; on Scamander's streams      45  
 Heroes of old with far less fury fought,  
 For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.  
 Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds shall lie,  
 Stretch'd on the ground ; thy kennel shall appear  
 A field of blood : like some unhappy town      50  
 In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes  
 Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,  
 Staining their impious hands in mutual death.  
 And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall :  
 Such are the dire effects of lawless love.      55  
     Huntsman ! these ills by timely prudent care  
 Prevent : for every longing dame select  
 Some happy paramour ; to him alone  
 In leagues connubial join. Consider well  
 His lineage ; what his fathers did of old,      60  
 Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,  
 Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake  
 With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars inwoven.  
 Observe with care his shape, fort, colour, size.  
 Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard      65  
 His inward habits : the vain babbler shun,

Ever

Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.  
 His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears  
 With false alarms, and loud impertinence.  
 Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks 70  
 Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge  
 Devious he strays, there every muse he tries :  
 If haply then he cross the steaming scent,  
 Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults  
 As of the pack supreme, and in his speed 75  
 And strength unrival'd. Lo! cast far behind  
 His vex'd associates pant, and labouring strain  
 To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach  
 Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,  
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose, 80  
 His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.  
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood  
 Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?  
 When now the third revolving moon appears,  
 With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink; 85  
 Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes  
 Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light  
 The smoking litter, crawling helpless, blind,  
 Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat  
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam 90  
 Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view  
 The marks of their renown'd progenitors,  
 Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these  
 Select with joy; but to the merciless flood  
 Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload 95  
 Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,

Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,  
 And to the foster-parent give the care  
 Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind  
 The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100  
 Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful they desert  
 Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf  
 With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chace,  
 Courting around; unto the choicest friends 105  
 Commit thy valued prize: the rustic dames  
 Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps  
 Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss  
 Carefs, and dignify their little charge  
 With some great title, and resounding name 110  
 Of high import. But cautious here observe  
 To check their youthful ardour, nor permit  
 The unexperienc'd younker, immature,  
 Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes  
 Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung, 115  
 And strength unequal; the laborious chace  
 Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth  
 Contract such vicious habits, as thy care  
 And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold, 120  
 Conduct them to the field; not all at once,  
 But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,  
 Select a few, and form them by degrees  
 To stricter discipline. With these consort  
 The staunch and steady fages of thy pack, 125  
 By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,

And

And subtle doublings of the various chace.  
 Easy the lesson of the youthful train,  
 When instinct prompts, and when example guides.  
 If the too forward younker at the head 130  
 Press boldly on in wanton sportive mood,  
 Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd  
 The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind  
 In wary modest guise, to his own nose  
 Confiding sure; give him full scope to work 135  
 His winding way, and with thy voice applaud  
 His patience, and his care; soon shalt thou view  
 The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,  
 And all the listening pack attend his call.  
 Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,  
 And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe  
 Their tender care. If at the crowding flock  
 He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste  
 Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;  
 In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram 145  
 Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first  
 His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,  
 Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:  
 Then, with his load fatigu'd, shall turn a-head,  
 And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal 150  
 The panting wretch; till, breathless and astunn'd,  
 Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou  
 The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides  
 Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,  
 Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud 155  
 His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves  
 Escap'd

Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,  
 Affail their dangerous foe, than he once more  
 Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age  
 Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend 160  
 The taper pliant twig, or potters form  
 Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is 't enough to breed; but to preserve,  
 Must be the huntsman's care. The staunch old hounds,  
 Guides of thy pack, though but in number few, 165  
 Are yet of great account; shall oft untie  
 The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand  
 Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.

O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,  
 O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd 170  
 Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.

As party-chiefs in senates who preside,  
 With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech,  
 Conduct the staring multitude; so these  
 Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve, 175  
 And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,  
 Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,  
 And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.  
 Short is their span; few at the date arrive 180

Of ancient Argus in old Homer's song  
 So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!  
 Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal  
 Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.  
 Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er 185  
 With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd,

Of

Of leffer ills the Muse declines to fing,  
 Nor stoops fo low ; of these each groom can tell  
 The proper remedy. But O ! what care,  
 What prudence, can prevent madnefs, the worst 190  
 Of maladies ? Terrific pest ! that blasts  
 The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads  
 Through all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,  
 More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite ;  
 Or that Apulian spider's poisonous sting, 195  
 Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams  
 Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou  
 Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,  
 Thy panting pack. If, in dark fullen mood, 200  
 The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,  
 Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,  
 Gloomy, disconsolate : with speed remove  
 The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains  
 Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease 205  
 Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But, this neglected, soon expect a change,  
 A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.  
 Or in some dark recess the senseless brute  
 Sits sadly pining : deep melancholy, 210  
 And black despair, upon his clouded brow  
 Hang lowering ; from his half-opening jaws  
 The clammy venom, and infectious froth,  
 Distilling fall ; and from his lungs inflam'd,  
 Malignant vapours taint the ambient air, 215  
 Breathing perdition : his dim eyes are glaz'd,

He

He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs  
 No more support his weight; abject he lies,  
 Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till death at last  
 Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief. 210

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!  
 A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes  
 Redden with fury, like some angry boar  
 Churning he foams; and on his back erect  
 His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd 225

He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends  
 The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice  
 Incessant bays; and snuffs th' infectious breeze;  
 This way and that he stares aghast, and starts  
 At his own shade: jealous, as if he deem'd 230

The world his foes. If haply towards the stream  
 He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills  
 His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.  
 Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge  
 Raving he runs, and deals destruction round. 235

The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets  
 Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence escap'd,  
 Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth  
 Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man, nor beast, 240

He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,  
 Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,  
 (Who haply now without the kennel's mound  
 Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy  
 The chearing cry, that morn and eve salutes 245  
 His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.

Unhappy

Unhappy quadruped ! no more, alas !  
 Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud  
 Thy gentleness, thy speed ; or with his hand  
 Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day 250  
 Visits thy stall, well pleas'd ; no more shalt thou  
 With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,  
 And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,  
 Glad his proud heart. For oh ! the secret wound  
 Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies ! 255  
 Hence to the village with pernicious haste  
 Baleful he bends his course : the village flies  
 Alarm'd ; the tender mother in her arms  
 Hugs close the trembling babe ; the doors are barr'd,  
 And flying curs by native instinct taught 260  
 Shun the contagious bane ; the rustic bands  
 Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize  
 Whate'er at hand they find ; clubs, forks, or guns,  
 From every quarter charge the furious foe,  
 In wild disorder, and uncouth array : 265  
 Till, now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,  
 At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse, return, and view  
 With heavy heart that hospital of woe ;  
 Where Horror stalks at large ! insatiate Death 270  
 Sits growling o'er his prey : each hour presents  
 A different scene of ruin and distress.  
 How busy art thou, Fate ! and how severe  
 Thy pointed wrath ! the dying and the dead  
 Promiscuous lie ; o'er these the living fight 275  
 In one eternal broil ; not conscious why,

Nor



Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,  
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble reigns.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid

The perilous debate! Ah! rouse up all 280

Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground

With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,

As erst the vestal flames; the pointed steel

In the hot embers hide; and if surpriz'd

Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home 285

Into the recent sore, and cauterize

The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' event:

Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here should the knowing Muse recount the means!

To stop this growing plague. And here, alas! 290

Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts

Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his separate feat

Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess

Apart, his range in open air; and then 295

If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,

Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,

A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects

Of this contagious bite on hapless man. 300

The rustic swains, by long tradition taught

Of leaches old, as soon as they perceive

The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.

Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth

Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish 305

The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath

The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.  
 A fate more dismal, and superior ill  
 Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,  
 Closing her monthly round, returns again 310  
 To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines  
 High in the vault of heaven; the lurking pest  
 Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam  
 Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,  
 And all its fiery particles saline, 315  
 Invades th' arterial fluid: whose red waves  
 Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,  
 Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,  
 And order to confusion turns embroil'd,  
 Now the distended vessels scarce contain 320  
 The wild uproar, but press each weaker part  
 Unable to resist: the tender brain  
 And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake  
 His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains  
 Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his fluttering pulse 325  
 Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns  
 His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends  
 Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,  
 Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,  
 And wildly stares; at last with boundless sway 330  
 The tyrant frenzy reigns: for as the dog  
 (Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)  
 Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.  
 Like agitations in his boiling blood  
 Present like species to his troubled mind; 335  
 His nature and his actions all canine.

80 SOMERVILLE'S POEMS.

So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild  
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms  
To swine transform'd, ran grunting through the groves,  
Dreadful example to a wicked world! 340

See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,  
But dares not drink. Till now at last his foul  
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,  
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial Maid! 345  
Another element demands thy song.

No more o'er craggy steep, through coverts thick  
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,  
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:  
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale, 350  
Where winding streams amid the flowery meads  
Perpetual glide along; and undermine  
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots  
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat  
Of the bright scaly kind; where they at will 355  
On the green watery reed their pasture graze,  
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,  
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope  
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.

Where rages not oppression? Where, alas! 360  
Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil  
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,  
Rivers and ponds inclose the ravenous pike;  
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him  
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate 365  
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears,  
That

That bristle on his back, defend the perch  
 From his wide greedy jaws ; nor burnish'd mail  
 The yellow carp, nor all his arts can save  
 Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head 370  
 Beneath the slimy mud ; nor yet escapes  
 The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,  
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,  
 This midnight pillager, ranging around,  
 Infatiate swallows all. The owner mourns 375  
 Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears  
 The huntsman's early call, and fees with joy  
 The jovial crew, that march upon its banks  
 In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.  
 This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind, 380  
 Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade  
 The deep still pool ; within some hollow trunk  
 Contrives his wicker couch : whence he surveys  
 His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all  
 The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths, 385  
 Dispute the felon's claim ; try every root,  
 And every reedy bank ; encourage all  
 The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge  
 Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.  
 Bid rocks and caves, and each refounding shore, 390  
 Proclaim your bold defiance ; loudly raise  
 Each chearing voice, till distant hills repeat  
 The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand  
 See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank  
 Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish, 395  
 Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.

G Ah !

Ah! on that yielding fag-bed, see once more  
 His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh  
 The fly goose-footed prowler bends his course,  
 And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring 400  
 Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.  
 Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,  
 The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,  
 Raise up your dripping heads above the wave, 405  
 And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes  
 Float with the stream; and every winding creek  
 And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood  
 Nods pendant; still improve from shore to shore  
 Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts! 410  
 What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheering sounds  
 Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way!  
 Nor quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains  
 The dancing billows! when proud Neptune rides  
 In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily 415  
 They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade  
 Rank-scenting clings! See! how the morning dews  
 They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop  
 Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.  
 Now on firm land they range; then in the flood 420  
 They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools  
 Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes  
 Their curious search. With quick sensation now  
 The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,  
 And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth 425  
 In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,

That

That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes  
 The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,  
 And dread abode. How these impatient climb,  
 While others at the root incessant bay ! 430  
 They put him down. See, there he dives along !  
 Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.  
 Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat  
 Into the sheltering deeps. Ah ! there he vents !  
 The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears 435  
 Menace destruction : while the troubled surge  
 Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,  
 Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,  
 And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents !  
 See, that bold hound has seiz'd him ; down they sink  
 Together lost : but soon shall he repent  
 His rash assault. See there escap'd, he flies  
 Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank  
 With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,  
 Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use, 445  
 This artful diver best can bear the want  
 Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,  
 Beneath the whelming element. Yet there  
 He lives not long ; but respiration needs  
 At proper intervals. Again he vents ; 450  
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd  
 His neck ; the crimson waves confess the wound.  
 Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,  
 Wheree'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,  
 With him it mounts ; sure guide to every foe. 455  
 Inly he groans ; nor can his tender wound

Bear the cold stream. Lo ! to yon fedy bank  
 He creeps disconsolate : his numerous foes  
 Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd through and  
 On pointed spears they lift him high in air ; [through,  
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :  
 Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling strains,  
 Proclaim the felon's fate ; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance  
 Above the wave, in sign of liberty 465  
 Restor'd ; the cruel tyrant is no more.  
 Rejoice secure and blest'd ; did not as yet  
 Remain, some of your own rapacious kind ;  
 And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy ! if ye knew your happy state, 470  
 Ye rangers of the fields ; whom Nature boon  
 Cheers with her smiles, and every element  
 Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown  
 From marble pedestals ; nor Raphael's works,  
 Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls ? 475  
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold ;  
 And at another's cost may feast at will  
 Our wondering eyes ; what can the owner more ?  
 But vain, alas ! is wealth, not grac'd with power.  
 The flowery landskip, and the gilded dome, 480  
 And vistas opening to the wearied eye,  
 Through all his wide domain ; the planted grove,  
 The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir  
 Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose  
 Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul 485  
 Is harrow'd day and night ; he mourns, he pines,  
 Until

Until his prince's favour makes him great.  
 See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes !  
 The circle 's form'd, and all his fawning slaves  
 Devoutly bow to earth ; from every mouth 490  
 The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns  
 With promises that die as soon as born.

Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.  
 Frown but the monarch ; all his glories fade ;  
 He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone, 495  
 The pageant of a day ; without one friend  
 To soothe his tortur'd mind ; all, all are fled.  
 For, though they bask'd in his meridian ray,  
 The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design, 500  
 No wicked interest, bribes the venal heart ;  
 But inclination to our bosom leads,  
 And weds them there for life ; our social cups  
 Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserv'd,  
 We speak our inmost souls ; good-humour, mirth, 505  
 Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,  
 Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere ! what wretch would groan  
 Beneath the galling load of power, or walk  
 Upon the slippery pavements of the great, 510  
 Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure ?

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,  
 Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,  
 Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read  
 Th' expanded volume, and submit adore 515  
 That great creative Will, who at a word



86      S O M E R V I L E ' S   P O E M S .

Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul  
 To this gross clay confin'd flutters on earth  
 With less ambitious wing; unskill'd to range  
 From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;      520  
 And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,  
 Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,  
 Who, veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone  
 Gives light to all; bids the great system move,  
 And changeful seasons in their turns advance,      525  
 Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself: yet this at least  
 Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,  
 Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits  
 Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise  
 My drooping friends, preventing modest Want      530  
 That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,  
 Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,  
 Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,  
 Each towering hill, each humble vale below,  
 Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds shall wake      535  
 The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

H O B B I N O L,  
O R T H E  
R U R A L G A M E S.  
A  
B U R L E S Q U E P O E M.  
I N B L A N K V E R S E.

“ Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum  
“ Quàm fit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.  
“ Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
“ Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quàm nulla priorum  
“ Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.”

VIRG. Georg. lib. iii.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author details the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary research techniques. The primary data was gathered through direct observation and interviews with key stakeholders. Secondary data was obtained from industry reports and public databases.

The final part of the report presents the findings and conclusions. It highlights the key trends and insights that emerged from the analysis. The data indicates a significant shift in consumer behavior over the period studied, which has implications for the industry as a whole. The author concludes that continued monitoring and adaptation are essential for success in this dynamic market.

Mr. H O G A R T H.

**P**ERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my Patron, being the greatest master in the burlesque way. In this indeed you have some advantage of your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye; yet remember, Sir, that we give speech and motion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your province is the Town; leave me a small out-ride in the Country, and I shall be content. In this, at least, let us both agree, to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of some service to mankind. I am,

S I R,

Your admirer, and

Most humble servant,

W. S.

## P R E F A C E.

**N**OTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourselves into disgrace. We climb the Aonian mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languished; till, grasping still at more, we lose our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

The Author of this piece would not thus be *felo de se*, nor would he be murdered by persons unknown. But as he is satisfied, that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle dispersed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he shall soon be exposed to view in such an attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it most prudent in this desperate case to throw himself on the mercy of the publick; and offer this whimsical work a voluntary sacrifice, in hope that he stands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his last hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

The Poets of almost all nations have celebrated the games of their several countries. Homer began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own Milton, who laid his scene beyond the limits of this sublunary world, has found room for descriptions of this sort, and has performed it in a more sublime manner than any who went  
before

before him. His, indeed, are sports; but they are the sports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do justice to his countrymen, the British freeholders, who, when dressed in their holiday clothes, are by no means persons of a despicable figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest hero in the Iliad. There is also some use in descriptions of this nature, since nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation, than their sports and diversions. If we see people dancing, even in wooden shoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we are soon convinced of the levity and volatile spirit of those merry slaves. The famous bull-feasts are an evident token of the Quixotism and romantic taste of the Spaniards. And a country-wake is too sad an image of the infirmities of our own people: we see nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenness, and eternal squabble:

Thus much of the subject; it may not be improper to touch a little upon the style. One of the greatest poets and most candid critics of this age has informed us that there are two sorts of burlesque. Be pleased to take it in his own words, *Spectator*, Numb. 242.

“ Burlesque (says he) is of two kinds. The first re-  
 “ presents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes;  
 “ the other, great persons acting and speaking like the  
 “ basest among the people. Don Quixote is an in-  
 “ stance of the first, and Lucian’s Gods of the second.  
 “ It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque  
 “ runs best in heroic, like the *Dispensary*; or in dog-  
 “ grel,

“grel, like that of Hudibras. I think, where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the most proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is best done in doggrel.” Thus far Mr. Addison. If therefore the heroic is the proper measure where the low character is to be raised, Milton’s style must be very proper in the subject here treated of; because it raises the low character more than is possible to be done under the restraint of rhyme; and the ridicule chiefly consists in raising that low character. I beg leave to refer to the authority of Mr. Smith, in his poem upon the death of Mr. John Philips. The whole passage is so very fine, and gives so clear an idea of his manner of writing, that the Reader will not think his labour lost in running it over.

But here it may be objected, that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in Horace:

“*Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.*”

Monsieur Boileau, in his dissertation upon the *Joconde* of de la Fontaine, quotes this passage in Horace, and observes, “*Que comme il n’y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chose grande en stile bas, aussi n’y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une histoire comique et absurde en termes graves et serieux.*” But then he justly adds this exception to the general rule in Horace; “*à moins que ce serieux ne soit affecté tout exprès pour rendre la chose encore plus burlesque.*” If the observation of that celebrated critic, Monsieur Dacier, is true, Horace himself, in the same Epistle to the Piso’s, and not far distant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the burlesque

lesque by the help of the sublime, in his note upon this verse :

“ Debemur morti nos nostraque ; five receptus

“ Terrâ Neptunus”—

And upon the five following verses has this general remark : “ ‘Toutes ces expressions nobles qu’ Horace entasse dans ces six vers servent a rendre plus plaisante cette chute :

“ Ne dum verborum stet honos.”—

“ Car rien ne contribue tant au *ridicule* que le *grand*.”

He indeed would be severe upon himself alone, who should censure this way of writing, when he must plainly see, that it is affected on purpose, only to raise the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale so much, as its being delivered with a grave and serious air. Our imaginations are agreeably surpris'd, and fond of a pleasure so little expected. Whereas he, who would bespeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous gestures, must play his part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the idea he has rais'd. It is true, Virgil was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean subject :

“ Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum

“ Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.”

But tells us for our encouragement in another place,

“ In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem

“ Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.”

Mr. Addison is of the same opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increased by writing in blank verse.



verse. “ The English and French (says he) who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or by the pompousness of the whole phrase to wear off any littleness, that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters of the tongue; especially when they write upon *low subjects*.” Remarks upon Italy, p. 99. But there is even yet a greater difficulty behind: the writer in this kind of burlesque must not only keep up the pomp and dignity of the style, but an artful sneer should appear through the whole work; and every man will judge, that it is no easy matter to blend together the Hero and the Harlequin.

If any person should want a key to this poem, his curiosity shall be gratified: I shall, in plain words, tell him, “ It is a satire against the luxury, the pride, the wantonness, and quarrelsome temper, of the middling sort of people.” As these are the proper and genuine cause of that bare-faced knavery, and almost universal poverty, which reign without controul in every place; and as to these we owe our many bankrupt farmers, our trade decayed, and lands uncultivated; the author has reason to hope that no honest man, who loves his country, will think this short reproof out of season: for, perhaps, this merry way of bantering men into virtue, may have a better effect than the most serious admonitions; since many, who are proud to be thought immoral, are not very fond of being ridiculous.

## H O B B I N O L.

## C A N T O I.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Proposition. Invocation addressed to Mr. John Philips, author of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Description of the Vale of Evesham. The feat of Hobbinol; Hobbinol a great man in his village, seated in his wicker smoking his pipe, has one only son. Young Hobbinol's education, bred up with Ganderetta his near relation. Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta chosen king and queen of May. Her dress and attendants. The May-games. Twangdillo the fiddler, his character. The dancing. Ganderetta's extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good music in the Highlands. Milonides, master of the ring, disciplines the mob; proclaims the several prizes. His speech. Pastorel takes up the belt. His character, his heroic figure, his confidence. Hobbinol, by permission of Ganderetta, accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring. His honourable behaviour, escapes a scowering. Ganderetta's agony. Pastorel foiled. Ganderetta not a little pleased.

**W**HAT old Menalcas at his feast reveal'd  
I sing, strange feats of ancient prowess, deeds  
Of high renown, while all his listening guests

With

With eager joy receiv'd the pleasing tale.

O thou \*! who late on Vaga's flowery banks      5  
 Slumbering secure, with Stirom † well bedew'd,  
 Fallacious cask, in sacred dreams were taught  
 By antient seers, and Merlin prophet old,  
 To raise ignoble themes with strains sublime,  
 Be thou my guide; while I thy track pursue      10  
 With wing unequal, through the wide expanse  
 Adventurous range, and emulate thy flights.

In that rich vale ‡, where with Dobunian § fields  
 Cornavian || borders meet, far fam'd of old  
 For Montfort's §§ hapless fate, undaunted earl;      15  
 Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours  
 Her kindly torrent on the thirsty glebe,  
 And pillages the hills t'enrich the plains;  
 On whose luxuriant banks flowers of all hues  
 Start up spontaneous; and the teeming foil      20  
 With hasty shoots prevents its owner's prayer:  
 The pamper'd wanton steer, of the sharp axe  
 Regardless, that o'er his devoted head  
 Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,  
 Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye      25  
 His labouring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,  
 And deems him blest, while on his languid neck  
 In solemn sloth he tugs the lingering plough.

\* Mr. John Philips.    † Strong Herefordshire Cyder.

‡ Vale of Evesham.

§ Gloucestershire.

|| Worcestershire.

§§ Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Evesham.

H O B B I N O L, C A N T O I. 97

So blind are mortals, of each other's state  
 Mis-judging, self-deceiv'd. Here as supreme 30  
 Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns  
 O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain.  
 Th' obsequious villagers, with looks submits  
 Observant of his eye, or when with seed  
 T' impregnate Earth's fat womb, or when to bring 35  
 With clamorous joy the bearded harvest home.

Here, when the distant sun lengthens the nights,  
 When the keen frosts the shivering farmer warn  
 To broach his mellow cask, and frequent blasts  
 Instruct the crackling billets how to blaze, 40  
 In his warm wicker-chair, whose pliant twigs  
 In close embraces join'd, with spacious arch  
 Vault this thick-woven roof, the bloated churl  
 Loiters in state, each arm reclin'd is prop'd  
 With yielding pillows of the softest down. 45  
 In mind compos'd, from short coeval tube  
 He sucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds  
 Of smoke around his reeking temples play ;  
 Joyous he sits, and impotent of thought  
 Puffs away care and sorrow from his heart. 50  
 How vain the pomp of kings ! Look down, ye great,  
 And view with envious eye the downy nest,  
 Where soft Repose, and calm Contentment dwell,  
 Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrain'd by power.

One son alone had blest his bridal bed, 55  
 Whom good Calista bore, nor long surviv'd  
 To share a mother's joy, but left the babe  
 To his paternal care. An orphan niece

H

Near

Near the same time his dying brother sent,  
 To claim his kind support. The helpless pair 60  
 In the same cradle slept, nurs'd up with care  
 By the same tender hand, on the same breasts  
 Alternate hung with joy; till reason dawn'd,  
 And a new light broke out by slow degrees:  
 Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd, 65  
 Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,  
 And pleasures erst unfelt. Whene'er with cares  
 Oppress'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,  
 Their harmless prattle sooth'd his troubled soul.  
 Say, Hobbinol, what extasies of joy 70  
 Thrill'd through thy veins, when climbing for a kiss  
 With little palms they strok'd thy grizly beard,  
 Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?  
 Thus from their earliest days bred up, and train'd,  
 To mutual fondness, with their stature grew 75  
 The thriving passion. What love can decay  
 That roots so deep! Now ripening manhood curl'd  
 On the gay stripling's chin: her panting breasts,  
 And trembling blushes glowing on her cheeks,  
 Her secret wish betray'd. She at each mart 80  
 All eyes attracted; but her faithful shade,  
 Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her side.  
 A frown from him dash'd every rival's hopes.  
 For he, like Pelus' son, was prone to rage,  
 Inexorable, swift like him of foot 85  
 With ease could overtake his dastard foe,  
 Nor spar'd the suppliant wretch. And now approach'd  
 Those merry days, when all the nymphs and swains,  
 In

H O B B I N O L, CANTO I. 99

In solemn festivals and rural sports,  
Pay their glad homage to the blooming spring. 99  
Young Hobbinol by joint consent is rais'd  
T' imperial dignity, and in his hand  
Bright Ganderetta tripp'd the jovial queen  
Of Maia's gaudy month profuse of flowers.  
From each enamel'd mead th' attendant nymphs 95  
Loaded with odorous spoils, from these select  
Each flower of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave  
Of party-colour'd sweets; each busy hand  
Adorns the jocund queen: in her loose hair,  
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays, 100  
The tufted Cowslips breathe their faint perfumes.  
On her refulgent brow, as crystal clear,  
As Parian marble smooth, Narcissus hangs  
His drooping head, and views his image there,  
Unhappy flower! Pansies of various hue, 105  
Iris, and Hyacinth, and Asphodel,  
To deck the nymph, their richest liveries wear,  
And lavish all their pride. Not Flora's self  
More lovely smiles, when to the dawning year  
Her opening bosom heavenly fragrance breathes. 110  
See on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd  
Thickens amain; the buxom nymphs advance  
Usher'd by jolly clowns: distinctions cease  
Lost in the common joy, and the bold slave  
Leans on his wealthy master, unprov'd: 115  
The sick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.  
Round his fond mother's neck the smiling babe  
Exulting clings; hard by decrepit age,

Prop'd on his staff with anxious thought revolves  
 His pleasures past, and casts his grave remarks 120  
 Among the heedless throng. The vigorous youth  
 Strips for the combat, hopeful to subdue  
 The fair-one's long disdain, by valour now  
 Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,  
 And prove his merit equal to her charms. 125  
 Soft pity pleads his cause; blushing she views  
 His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,  
 That looks a proud defiance on his foes.  
 Resolv'd and obstinately firm he stands;  
 Danger nor death he fears, while the rich prize 130  
 Is victory and love. On the large bough  
 Of a thick-spreading elm Twangdillo sits:  
 One leg on Ister's banks the hardy swain  
 Left undismay'd, Bellona's lightning scorch'd  
 His manly visage, but in pity left 135  
 One eye secure. He many a painful bruise  
 Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,  
 For brown Kate's sake, and for his country's weal:  
 Yet still the merry bard without regret  
 Bears his own ills, and with his sounding shell, 140  
 And comic phyz, relieves his drooping friends.  
 Hark, from aloft his tortur'd cat-gut squeals,  
 He tickles every string, to every note  
 He bends his pliant neck, his single eye  
 Twinkles with joy, his active stump beats time: 145  
 Let but this subtle artist softly touch  
 The trembling chords, the faint expiring swain  
 Trembles no less, and the fond yielding maid  
 Is



H O B B I N O L, CANTO I. 101

Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp  
The gaudy bands advance in trim array! 150  
Love beats in every vein, from every eye  
Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they bound  
Now to brisk airs, and to the speaking strings:  
Attentive, in mid-way the sexes meet;  
Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press 155  
To strict embrace, as resolute to force  
And storm a passage to each other's heart:  
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd back they  
Recoil disparted: each with longing eyes  
Pursues his mate retiring, till again 160  
The blended sexes mix; then hand in hand  
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel  
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,  
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, incessant shake  
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels  
Sonorous; down each brow the trickling balm  
In torrents flows, exhaling sweets refresh  
The gazing crowd, and heavenly fragrance fills  
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,  
When Orpheus play'd a lesson to the brutes, 170  
The listening savages; the speckled pard  
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe  
The lion gambol'd. But what heavenly Muse  
With equal lays shall Ganderetta sing,  
When goddess-like she skims the verdant plain, 175  
Gracefully gliding? Every ravish'd eye  
The nymph attracts, and every heart she wounds.  
Thee most, transported Hobbinol! Lo, now,



Now to thy opening arms she skuds along,  
 With yielding blushes glowing on her cheeks ; 180  
 And eyes that sweetly languish ; but too soon,  
 Too soon, alas ! she flies thy vain embrace,  
 But flies to be pursued ; nimbly she trips,  
 And darts a glance so tender as she turns,  
 That with new hopes reliev'd, thy joys revive, 185  
 Thy stature 's rais'd, and thou art more than man.  
 Thy stately port, and more majestic air,  
 And every sprightly motion speaks thy love.

To the loud bag-pipe's solemn voice attend,  
 Whose rising winds proclaim a storm is nigh. 190  
 Harmonious blasts ! that warm the frozen blood  
 Of Caledonia's sons to love or war,  
 And cheer their drooping hearts, robb'd of the sun's  
 Enlivening ray, that o'er the snowy Alps  
 Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better climes. 195

Forthwith in hoary majesty appears  
 One of gigantic size, but visage wan,  
 Miltonides the strong, renown'd of old  
 For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,  
 His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf 200  
 He rears deliberate, and with his plant  
 Of toughest virgin oak in rising aids  
 His trembling limbs ; his bald and wrinkled front,  
 Entrench'd with many a glorious scar, bespeaks  
 Submissive reverence. He with countenance grim 205  
 Boasts his past deeds, and with redoubled strokes  
 Marshals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.  
 Stern arbiter ! like some huge rock he stands,

That

That breaks th' incumbent waves; they thronging prefs  
In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads 210

Each above each, but from superior force  
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest view

A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,

And voice Stentorian, he proclaims aloud

Each rural prize. "To him whose active foot 215

"Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,

"This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands

"Embroider'd, seam'd with silk, and fring'd with gold.

"To him, who best the stubborn hilts can wield,

"And bloody marks of his displeasure leave 220

"On his opponent's head, this beaver white

"With silver edging grac'd, and scarlet plume.

"Ye taper maidens! whose impetuous speed

"Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender grass,

"See here this prize, this rich lac'd smock behold, 225

"White as your bosoms, as your kisses soft.

"Blest nymph! whom bounteous Heaven's peculiar

"Allots this pompous vest, and worthy deems [grace

"To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."

The gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd, 230

In speechless admiration fix'd, unmov'd.

Ev'n he who now each glorious palm displays,

In fullen silence views his batter'd limbs,

And sighs his vigour spent. Not so appall'd

Young Pastorel, for active strength renown'd: 235

Him Ida bore, a mountain shepherdess;

On the bleak woald the new-born infant lay,

Expos'd to winter snows, and northern blasts

Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove  
 Derive their proud descent, so might he boast      240  
 His line paternal : but be thou, my Muse !  
 No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give  
 To wealthy 'squire, or doughty knight, or peer  
 Of high degree. Him every shouting ring  
 In triumph crown'd, him every champion fear'd,      245  
 From \* Kiftsgate to remotest \* Henbury.  
 High in the midst the brawny wrestler stands,  
 A stately towering object ; the tough belt  
 Measures his ample breast, and shades around  
 His shoulders broad ; proudly secure he kens      250  
 The tempting prize, in his presumptuous thought  
 Already gain'd ; with partial look the crowd  
 Approve his claim. But Hobbinol, enrag'd  
 To see th' important gifts so cheaply won,  
 And uncontested honours tamely lost,      255  
 With lowly reverence thus accosts his queen.  
 " Fair goddess ! be propitious to my vows ;  
 " Smile on thy slave, nor Hercules himself  
 " Shall rob us of this palm : that boaster vain  
 " Far other port shall learn." She, with a look      260  
 That pierc'd his inmost soul, smiling applauds  
 His generous ardour, with aspiring hope  
 Distends his breast, and stirs the man within :  
 Yet much, alas ! she fears, for much she loves.  
 So from her arms the Paphian queen dismiss'd      265  
 The warrior god, on glorious slaughter bent,

\* Two hundreds in Gloucestershire.

Provok'd

Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd  
 Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds  
 Dispel the fleeting mists, at once he strips  
 His royal robes; and with a frown that chill'd 270  
 The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds  
 High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd:  
 But, as beseem'd one, whose plain honest heart,  
 Nor passion foul, nor malice dark as Hell,  
 But honour pure, and love divine, had fir'd, 275  
 His hand presenting, on his sturdy foe  
 Modestly he smiles; then, quick as thought,  
 With his left-hand the belt, and with his right  
 His shoulder seiz'd fast griping; his right-foot  
 Essay'd the champion's strength: but firm he stood, 280  
 Fix'd as a mountain-ash, and in his turn  
 Repaid the bold affront; his horny fist  
 Fast on his back he clos'd, and shook in air  
 The cumberous load. Nor rest, nor pause allow'd,  
 Their watchful eyes instruct their busy feet; 285  
 They pant, they heave; each nerve, each sinew's strain'd,  
 Grasping they close, beneath each painful gripe  
 The livid tumours rise, in briny streams  
 The sweat distils, and from their batter'd shins  
 The clotted gore distains the beaten ground. 290  
 Each swain his wish, each trembling nymph conceals  
 Her secret dread; while every panting breast  
 Alternate fears and hopes depress or raise.  
 Thus long in dubious scale the contest hung,  
 Till Pastorel, impatient of delay, 295  
 Collecting all his force, a furious stroke  
 At

At his left ankle aim'd ; 'twas death to fall,  
 To stand impossible. O Ganderetta !  
 What horrors seize thy foul ! on thy pale cheeks  
 The roses fade. But wavering long in air, 300  
 Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fallen,  
 On his right knee he slip'd, and nimbly 'scap'd  
 The foul disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd rope  
 The wingy-footed artist, frail support !  
 Stands tottering ; now in dreadful shrieks the crowd  
 Lament his sudden fate, and yield him lost :  
 He on his hams, or on his brawny rump,  
 Sliding secure, derides their vain distress.  
 Up starts the vigorous Hobbinol undismay'd,  
 From mother Earth like old Antæus rais'd 310  
 With might redoubled. Clamour and applause  
 Shake all the neighbouring hills, Avona's banks  
 Return him loud acclaim : with ardent eyes,  
 Fierce as a tiger rushing from his lair,  
 He grasp'd the wrist of his insulting foe. 315  
 Then with quick wheel oblique his shoulder point  
 Beneath his breast he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft  
 High o'er his head the sprawling youth he flung :  
 The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.  
 The crowd prefs forward with tumultuous din ; 320  
 Those to relieve their faint expiring friend,  
 With gratulations these. Hands, tongues, and caps,  
 Outrageous joy proclaim, shrill fiddles squeak,  
 Hoarse bag-pipes roar, and Ganderetta smiles.

C A N T O I I.

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

The fray. Tonforio, Colin, Hilderbrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. Sir Rhadamanth the justice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray. Rhadamanth's speech. Tumult appeas'd. Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilts; his character. The Kiftsgatians consternation, look wistfully on Hobbinol; his speech. The cudgel-playing. Gorgonius knock'd down, falls upon Twangdillo; his distress; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

L O N G while an universal hubbub loud,  
 Deafening each ear, had drown'd each accent mild;  
 Till biting taunts and harsh opprobrious words  
 Vile utterance found. How weak are human minds!  
 How impotent to stem the swelling tide, 5  
 And without insolence enjoy success!  
 The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate  
 With victory, know no restraint, but give  
 A loose to joy. Their champion Hobbinol  
 Vaunting they raise, above that earth-born race 10  
 Of giants old, who, piling hills on hills,  
 Pelion on Offa, with rebellious aim  
 Made war on Jove. The sturdy mountaineers,  
 Who

Who saw their mightiest fall'n, and in his fall  
 Their honours past impair'd, their trophies, won 15  
 By their proud fathers, who with scorn look'd down  
 Upon the subject vale, fullied, despoil'd,  
 And level'd with the dust, no longer bear  
 The keen reproach. But as when sudden fire  
 Seizes the ripen'd grain, whose bending ears 20  
 Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god  
 In footy triumph dreadful rides, upborn  
 On wings of wind, that with destructive breath  
 Feed the fierce flames; from ridge to ridge he bounds  
 Wide-wasting, and pernicious ruin spreads: 25  
 So through the crowd from breast to breast swift flew  
 The propagated rage; loud vollied oaths,  
 Like thunder bursting from a cloud, gave signs  
 Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury soon supplied  
 With arms uncouth; and tough well-season'd plants 30  
 Weighty with lead infus'd, on either host  
 Fall thick, and heavy; stools in pieces rent,  
 And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls, are hurl'd  
 With fell intent; like bombs the bottles fly  
 Hissing in air, their sharp-edg'd fragments drench'd 35  
 In the warm spouting gore; heaps driven on heaps  
 Promiscuous lie. Tonforio now advanc'd  
 On the rough edge of battle: his broad front  
 Beneath his shining helm secure, as erst  
 Was thine, Mambrino, stout Iberian knight! 40  
 Defied the rattling storm, that on his head  
 Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame  
 In his right-hand he bore, Herculean club!

Crowds,

Crowds, push'd on crowds, before his potent arm  
 Fled ignominious ; havock, and dismay, 45  
 Hung on their rear. Collin a merry swain,  
 Blithe as the soaring lark, as sweet the strains  
 Of his soft-warbling lips, that whistling cheer  
 His labouring team, they toss their heads well pleas'd,  
 In gaudy plumage deck'd, with stern disdain 50  
 Beheld this victor proud ; his generous soul  
 Brook'd not the foul disgrace. High o'er his head  
 His ponderous plough-staff in both hands he rais'd ;  
 Erect he stood, and stretching every nerve,  
 As from a forceful engine, down it fell 55  
 Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding sunk  
 Beneath the blow, and with its sharpen'd edge  
 Shear'd both his ears, they on his shoulders broad  
 Hung ragged. Quick as thought, the vigorous youth  
 Shortening his staff, the other end he darts 60  
 Into his gaping jaws. Tonforio fled  
 Sore maim'd ; with pounded teeth and clotted gore  
 Half-choak'd, he fled ; with him the host retir'd,  
 Companions of his shame ; all but the stout,  
 And erst unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man ! 65  
 Bold champion of the hills ! thy weighty blows  
 Our fathers felt dismay'd ; to keep thy post  
 Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now sad  
 Necessity compels ; decrepit now  
 With age, and stiff with honourable wounds, 70  
 He stands unterrify'd : one crutch sustains  
 His frame majestic, th' other in his hand  
 He wields tremendous ; like a mountain boar



In toils inclos'd, he dares his circling foes.  
 They shrink aloof, or soon with shame repent 75  
 The rash assault; the rustic heroes fall  
 In heaps around. Cuddy, a dextrous youth,  
 When force was vain, on fraudulent art rely'd :  
 Close to the ground low-cowering, unperceiv'd,  
 Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill 80  
 Cut sheer the frail support, prop of his age :  
 Reeling a while he stood, and menac'd fierce  
 Th' insidious swain, reluctant now at length  
 Fell prone, and plough'd the dust. So the tall oak,  
 Old monarch of the groves, that long had stood 85  
 The shock of warring winds and the red bolts  
 Of angry Jove, shorn of his leafy shade  
 At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance  
 The cruel woodman spy the friendly spur,  
 His only hold; that sever'd, soon he nods, 90  
 And shakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.

When manly valour fail'd, a female arm  
 Restor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth  
 Black Cindaraxa's busy hand prepar'd  
 The smoaky viands, she beheld, abash'd, 95  
 The routed host, and all her dastard friends  
 Far scatter'd o'er the plain; their shameful flight  
 Griev'd her proud heart, for hurried with the stream  
 Ev'n Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.  
 A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth 100  
 The greasy heroine snatch'd; o'er her pale foes  
 The threatening meteor shone, brandish'd in air,  
 Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.

Acrofs

H O B B I N O L, CANTO II. 111

Across the prostrate Hildebrand she strode,  
 Dreadfully bright : the multitude appall'd 105  
 Fled different ways, their beards, their hair in flames.  
 Imprudent she pursued, till on the brink  
 Of the next pool, with force united press'd,  
 And waving round with huge two-handed sway  
 Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake 110  
 The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray  
 Between the warring elements ; of old  
 Thus Mulciber, and Xanthus Dardan stream  
 In hideous battle join'd. Just sinking now  
 Into the boiling deep, with suppliant hands 115  
 She begg'd for life ; black ouse and filth obscene  
 Hung in her matted hair ; the shouting crowd  
 Insult her woes, and, proud of their success,  
 The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.  
 Now, like a gathering storm, the rally'd troops 120  
 Blacken'd the plain. Young Talgol from their front,  
 With a fond lover's haste, swift as the hind,  
 That, by the huntsman's voice alarm'd, had fled,  
 Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy brake,  
 Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth 125  
 Impatient rush'd. But when the fatal tale  
 He heard, the dearest treasure of his soul  
 Purloin'd, his Cindy lost ; stiffen'd and pale  
 A while he stood ; his kindling ire at length  
 Burst forth implacable, and injur'd love 130  
 Shot lightning from his eyes ; a spit he seiz'd,  
 Just reeking from the fat furloin, a long,  
 Unwieldy spear ; then with impetuous rage

Press'd

Press'd forward on th' embattled host, that shrunk  
 At his approach. The rich Avaro first, 135  
 His fleshy rump bor'd with dishonest wounds,  
 Fled bellowing: nor could his numerous flocks,  
 Nor all th' aspiring pyramids that grace  
 His yard well-stor'd, save the penurious clown.  
 Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collakin, 140  
 Nor his fond mother's prayers nor ardent vows  
 Of love-sick maids could move relentless Fate.  
 Wheree'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance  
 He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle swerv'd  
 With many an inroad goar'd. Then cast around 145  
 His furious eyes, if haply he might find  
 The captive fair; her in the dust he spy'd  
 Groveling, disconsolate; those locks, that erst,  
 So bright, shone like the polish'd jet, defil'd  
 With mire impure; thither with eager haste 150  
 He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid  
 Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds  
 And weltering in her blood, his trembling hand  
 Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance; on her pale cheeks  
 Ghastly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing storm, 155  
 That on his bare defenceless brow fell thick  
 From every arm: o'erpower'd at last, down sunk  
 His drooping head, on her cold breast reclin'd.  
 Hail, faithful pair! if ought my verse avail,  
 Nor Envy's spite nor Time shall e'er efface 160  
 The records of your fame; blind British bards  
 In ages yet to come, on festal days  
 Shall chant this mournful tale, while listening nymphs  
 Lament

H O B B I N O L, CANTO H. 113

Lament around, and every generous heart  
With active valour glows, and virtuous love. 165  
How blind is popular fury! how perverse,  
When broils intestine rage, and force controuls  
Reason and law! As the torn vessel sinks,  
Between the burst of adverse waves o'erwhelm'd;  
So fares it with the neutral head, between 170  
Contending parties bruis'd, incessant peal'd  
With random strokes that undiscerning fall;  
Guiltless he suffers most, who least offends.  
Mundungo from the bloody field retir'd,  
Close in a corner plied the peaceful bowl; 175  
Incurious he, and thoughtless of events,  
Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapt in the cloud  
That issued from his mouth, and the thick fogs  
That hung upon his brows; but hostile rage  
Inquisitive found out the rusty swain. 180  
His short black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,  
Staggering he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe  
The bulky jordan, that before him stood,  
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid freight disgorg'd  
Upon the prostrate clown; floundering he lay 185  
Beneath the muddy beverage whelm'd, so late  
His prime delight. Thus the luxurious wasp,  
Voracious insect, by the fragrant dregs  
Allur'd, and in the viscous nectar plung'd,  
His filmy pennons struggling flaps in vain, 190  
Lost in a flood of sweets. Still o'er the plain  
Fierce onset, and tumultuous battle spread;  
And now they fall, and now they rise, incens'd

With animated rage, while nought around  
 Is heard, but clamour, shout, and female cries, 195  
 And curses mix'd with groans. Discord on high  
 Shook her infernal scourge, and o'er their heads  
 Scream'd with malignant joy; when lo! between  
 The warring hosts appear'd sage Rhadamanth,  
 A knight of high renown. Nor Quixote bold, 200  
 Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,  
 Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee,  
 Great sultan of the vale! thy front severe,  
 As humble Indians to their pagods bow,  
 The clowns submit approach. Themis to thee 205  
 Commits her golden balance, where she weighs  
 Th' abandon'd orphan's sighs, the widow's tears;  
 By thee gives sure redress, comforts the heart  
 Oppress'd with woe, and rears the suppliant knee.  
 Each bold offender hides his guilty head, 210  
 Astonish'd, when thy delegated arm  
 Draws her vindictive sword; at thy command,  
 Stern minister of power supreme! each ward  
 Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs  
 Blazon'd with royal arms; dispatchful haste 215  
 Sits earnest on each brow, and publick care.  
 Encompass'd round with these his dreadful guards,  
 He spurr'd his sober steed, grizzled with age,  
 And venerably dull; his stirrups stretch'd  
 Beneath the knightly load; one hand he fix'd 220  
 Upon his saddle-bow, the other palm  
 Before him spread, like some grave orator  
 In Athens, or free Rome, when eloquence

Subdu'd

Subdued mankind, and all the listening crowd  
Hung by their ears on his persuasive tongue. 225

He thus the jarring multitude address'd.

“ Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the flower

“ Of Kiftsgate! ah! what means this impious broil?

“ Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?

“ Are Landen's plains so soon forgot, that thus 230

“ Ye spill that blood inglorious, waste that strength,

“ Which, well employ'd, once more might have com-

“ The stripling Anjou to a shameful flight? [pell'd

“ Or by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd

“ The British standard on Lutetian towers? 235

“ O sight odious, detestable! O times

“ Degenerate, of ancient honour void!

“ This fact so foul, so riotous, insults

“ All law, all sovereign power, and calls aloud

“ For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye know,

“ How flow this arm to punish, and how bleeds

“ This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.

“ O countrymen! all, all, can testify

“ My vigilance, my care for publick good.

“ I am the man, who by your own free choice 245

“ Select from all the tribes, in senates rul'd

“ Each warm debate, and emptied all my stores

“ Of ancient science in my country's cause.

“ Wise Tacitus, of penetration deep,

“ Each secret spring reveal'd; Thuanus bold 250

“ Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,

“ Rais'd at my call, the British rights confirm'd;

“ While Musgrave, How, and Seymour sneer'd in vain.

" I am the man, who from the bench exalt  
 " This voice, still grateful to your ears, this voice 255  
 " Which breathes for you alone. Where is the wretch  
 " Distress'd, who in the cobwebs of the law  
 " Entangled, and in subtle problems lost,  
 " Seeks not to me for aid ! In shoals they come  
 " Neglected, feeble clients, nor return 260  
 " Unedify'd ; scarce greater multitudes  
 " At Delphi fought the god, to learn their fate  
 " From his dark oracles. I am the man,  
 " Whose watchful providence beyond the date  
 " Of this frail life extends, to future times 265  
 " Beneficent ; my useful schemes shall steer  
 " The common-weal in ages yet to come.  
 " Your children's children, taught by me, shall keep  
 " Their rights inviolable : and as Rome  
 " The Sibyl's sacred books, though wrote on leaves  
 " And scatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe  
 " Collected ; so your sons shall glean with care  
 " My hallow'd fragments, every scrip divine  
 " Consult intent, of more intrinsic worth  
 " Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my friends ! 275  
 " Hear me, my countrymen ! Oh suffer not  
 " This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,  
 " To sink with sorrow to the grave." He spake,  
 And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when  
 The sovereign of the floods o'er the rough deep 280  
 His awful trident shakes, its fury falls,  
 The warring billows on each hand retire,  
 And foam, and rage no more. All now is hush'd,

The

The multitude appeas'd; a chearful dawn  
 Smiles on the fields, the waving throng subsides, 285  
 And the loud tempest sinks, becalm'd in peace.  
 Gorgonius now with haughty strides advanc'd,  
 A gauntlet seiz'd, firm on his guard he stood  
 A formidable foe, and dealt in air  
 His empty blows, a prelude to the fight. 290  
 Slaughter his trade; full many a pamper'd ox  
 Fell by his fatal hand, the bulky beast  
 Dragg'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,  
 His iron fist descending crush'd his skull,  
 And left him spurning on the bloody floor, 295  
 While at his feet the guiltless axe was laid.  
 In dubious fight of late one eye he lost,  
 Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing stroke  
 Bruis'd fore the rising arch, and bent his nose:  
 Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought stage, 300  
 Hockleian hero! Nor was more deform'd  
 The Cyclops blind, nor of more monstrous size,  
 Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,  
 Weeping the putrid gore, severe revenge  
 Of subtle Ithacus. Terribly gay 305  
 In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat  
 Of slaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion shone.  
 Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a frown  
 Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe.  
 For now each combatant, that erst so bold 310  
 Vaunted his manly deeds, in pensive mood  
 Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,  
 Pale and dismay'd. On Hobbinol at last



Intent they gaze, in him alone their hope,  
 Each eye solicits him, each panting heart 315  
 Joins in the silent suit. Soon he perceiv'd  
 Their secret wish, and eas'd their doubting minds.

“ Ye men of Kiftgate! whose wide spreading fame  
 “ In ancient days were sung from shore to shore,  
 “ To British bards of old a copious theme; 320  
 “ Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view  
 “ Your dastard souls. O mean, degenerate race!  
 “ But since on me ye call, each suppliant eye  
 “ Invites my sovereign aid, lo! here I come,  
 “ The bulwark of your fame, though scarce my brows  
 “ Are dry from glorious toils, just now achiev'd,  
 “ To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I swear,  
 “ By all my great forefathers fair renown,  
 “ By that illustrious wicker, where they sat  
 “ In comely pride, and in triumphant sloth 330  
 “ Gave law to passive clowns; or on this spot  
 “ In glory's prime, young Hobbinol expires,  
 “ And from his dearest Ganderetta's arms  
 “ Sinks to Death's cold embrace; or by this hand  
 “ That stranger, big with insolence, shall fall 335  
 “ Prone on the ground, and do your honour right.”

Forthwith the hilts he seiz'd; but on his arm  
 Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck  
 Curl'd in a soft embrace. Honour and love  
 A doubtful contest wag'd, but from her soon 340  
 He sprung relentless, all her tears were vain,  
 Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleasing mild:

“ Ill should I merit these imperial robes,

“ Ensigns

“ Ensigns of majesty, by general voice  
 “ Conferr’d, should pain, or death itself, avail 345  
 “ To shake the steady purpose of my soul.  
 “ Peace, fair-one ! peace ! Heaven will protect the man,  
 “ By thee held dear, and crown thy generous love.”  
 Her from the lifted field the matrons sage  
 Reluctant drew, and with fair speeches sooth’d. 350  
 Now front to front the fearless champions meet ;  
 Gorgonius, like a tower, whose cloudy top  
 Invades the skies, stood lowering ; far beneath  
 The stripping Hobbinol with careful eye  
 Each opening scans, and each unguarded space 355  
 Measures intent. While, negligently bold,  
 The bulky combatant, whose heart elate  
 Disdain’d his puny foe, now fondly deem’d  
 At one decisive stroke to win, unhurt,  
 An easy victory ; down came at once 360  
 The ponderous plant, with fell malicious rage,  
 Aim’d at his head direct ; but the tough hilts,  
 Swift interpos’d, elude his effort vain.  
 The cautious Hobbinol, with ready feet,  
 Now shifts his ground, retreating ; then again 365  
 Advances bold, and his unguarded shins  
 Batters secure : each well-directed blow  
 Bites to the quick ; thick as the falling hail,  
 The strokes redoubled peal his hollow sides :  
 The multitude amaz’d with horror view 370  
 The rattling storm, shrink back at every blow,  
 And seem to feel his wounds ; inly he groan’d,  
 And gnash’d his teeth, and from his blood-shot eye

Red lightning flash'd ; the fierce tumultuous rage  
 Shook all his mighty fabric ; once again 375  
 Ereft he ftands, collected, and refolv'd  
 To conquer, or to die : fwift as the bolt  
 Of angry Jove, the weighty plant descends.  
 But wary Hobbinol, whose watchful eye  
 Perceiv'd his kind intent, flip'd on one fide 380  
 Declining ; the vain ftroke from fuch an height,  
 With fuch a force impell'd, headlong drew down  
 Th' unwieldy champion : on the folid ground  
 He fell rebounding breathlefs, and aftunn'd,  
 His trunk extended lay ; fore maim'd from out 385  
 His heaving breaft, he belch'd a crimfon flood.  
 Full leifurely he rofe, but confcious shame  
 Of honour loft his failing ftrength renew'd.  
 Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,  
 Blacken'd his ftormy front ; rafh, furious, blind, 390  
 And lavish of his blood, of random ftrokes  
 He laid on load ; without defign or art  
 Onward he prefs'd outrageous, while his foe  
 Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,  
 Wife niggard of his ftrength. Yet all thy care, 395  
 O Hobbinol ! avail'd not to prevent  
 One haplefs blow ; o'er his ftong guard the plant  
 Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty point imprefs'd  
 His nervous chine ; he wreath'd him to and fro  
 Convolv'd, yet, thus diftrefs'd, intrepid bore 400  
 His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.  
 So when th' unwary clown, with hafty ftrep,  
 Crufhes the folded fnake, her wounded parts

Groveling

Groveling she trails along, but her high crest  
 Ereſt ſhe bears; in all its ſpeckled pride, 405  
 She ſwells inflam'd, and with her forky tongue  
 Threatens deſtruction. With like eager haſte,  
 Th' impatient Hobbinol, whom exceſſive pain  
 Stung to his heart, a ſpeedy vengeance vow'd,  
 Nor wanted long the means; a feint he made 410  
 With well-diſſembled guile, his batter'd ſhins  
 Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.  
 Gorgonius, whoſe long-ſuffering legs ſcarce bore  
 His cumbrous bulk, to his ſupporters frail  
 Indulgent, ſoon the friendly hilts oppos'd; 415  
 Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded creſt  
 The ſtroke deluſive fell; a diſmal groan  
 Burſt from his hollow cheſt; his trembling hands  
 Forfook the hilts, acroſs the ſpacious ring  
 Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly 420  
 T' eſcape the falling ruin. But, alas!  
 'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive  
 His ponderous trunk; on thee, on helpleſs thee,  
 Headlong and heavy, the foul monſter fell.  
 Beneath a mountain's weight, th' unhappy bard 425  
 Lay proſtrate, nor was more renown'd thy ſong,  
 O ſeer of Thrace! nor more ſevere thy fate.  
 His vocal ſhell, the ſolace and ſupport  
 Of wretched age, gave one melodious ſcream,  
 And in a thouſand fragments ſtrew'd the plain. 430  
 The nymphs, ſure friends to his harmonious mirth,  
 Fly to his aid, his hairy breſt expoſe  
 To each reſreſhing gale, and with ſoft hands

His

His temples chafe ; at their persuasive touch  
 His fleeting soul returns ; upon his rump 435  
 He sat disconsolate ; but when, alas !  
 He view'd the shatter'd fragments, down again  
 He sunk expiring ; by their friendly care  
 Once more reviv'd, he thrice assay'd to speak,  
 And thrice the rising sobs his voice subdued : 440  
 Till thus at last his wretched plight he mourn'd.  
 " Sweet instrument of mirth ! sole comfort left  
 " To my declining years ! whose sprightly notes  
 " Restor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,  
 " Soft healing balm to every wounded heart ! 445  
 " Despairing, dying swains, from the cold ground  
 " Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call,  
 " With ravish'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy.  
 " Gay pleasantry, and care-beguiling joke,  
 " Thy sure attendants were, and at thy voice 450  
 " All nature smil'd. But, oh, this hand no more  
 " Shall touch thy wanton strings, no more with lays  
 " Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem  
 " The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.  
 " Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol ! and all 455  
 " Thy triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave man !  
 " Thy bold exploits ? who shall thy grandeur tell,  
 " Supreme of Kiftsgate ? See thy faithful bard,  
 " Despoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills !  
 " Whose vocal cliffs were taught my joyous song. 460  
 " Or thou, fair nymph, Avona, on whose banks  
 " The frolic crowd, led by my numerous strains,  
 " Their orgies kept, and frisk'd it o'er the green,  
 " Jocund

H O B B I N O L, C A N T O I I. 123

“ Jocund and gay, while thy remurmuring streams  
“ Danc’d by, well pleas’d. Oh! let thy friendly waves  
“ O’erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head accurs’d!”

So plains the restless Philomel, her nest,  
And callow young, the tender growing hope  
Of future harmony, and frail return  
For all her cares, to barbarous churls a prey; 470  
Darkling she sings, the woods repeat her moan.

C A N T O

## C A N T O III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Good eating expedient for heroes. Homer praised for keeping a table. Hobbinol triumphant. Ganderetta's bill of fare. Panegyrick upon ale. Gossiping over a bottle. Compliment to Mr. John Philips. Ganderetta's perplexity discovered by Hobbinol; his consolatory speech; compares himself to Guy Earl of Warwick. Ganderetta, encouraged, strips for the race; her amiable figure. Fusca the gypsy, her dirty figure. Tabitha her great reputation for speed; hired to the dissenting academy at Tewksbury. A short account of Gamaliel the master, and his hopeful scholars. Tabitha carries weight. The smock race. Tabitha's fall. Fusca's short triumph, her humiliation. Ganderetta's matchless speed. Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The vicissitude of human affairs, experienced by Hobbinol. Mopfa, formerly his servant, with her two children, appears to him. Mopfa's speech; assaults Ganderetta; her flight. Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into custody by constables, and dragged to Sir Rhadamanth's.

**T**HOUGH some of old, and some of modern date,  
 Penurious their victorious heroes fed  
 With barren praise alone; yet thou, my Muse!

Benevolent,

Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes  
 Behold th' immortal Hobbinol ; reward 5  
 With due regalement his triumphant toils.  
 Let Quixote's hardy courage, and renown,  
 With Sancho's prudent care be meetly join'd.  
 O thou of bards supreme, Mæonides !  
 What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page ! 10  
 Laden with glorious spoils, and gay with blood  
 Of slaughter'd hosts, the victor chief returns.  
 Whole Troy before him fled, and men and gods  
 Oppos'd in vain : for the brave man, whose arm  
 Repell'd his country's wrongs, ev'n he, the great 15  
 Atrides, king of kings, ev'n he prepares  
 With his own royal hand the sumptuous feast.  
 Full to the brim, the brazen cauldrons smoke,  
 Through all the busy camp the rising blaze  
 Attest their joy ; heroes and kings forego 20  
 Their state and pride, and at his elbow wait  
 Obsequious. On a polish'd charger plac'd,  
 The bulky chine with plenteous fat inlaid,  
 Of golden hue, magnificently shines.  
 The choicest morsels sever'd to the gods, 25  
 The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,  
 The rich repast divides with Jove ; from out  
 The sparkling bowl he draws the generous wine,  
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd ; with unstinted joy  
 His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port 30  
 Sat the victorious Hobbinol ; the crowd  
 Transported view, and bless their glorious chief :  
 All Kiftsgate sounds his praise with joint acclaim.

Him



Him every voice, him every knee confess,  
 In merit, as in right, their king. Upon 35  
 The flowery turf, Earth's painted lap, are spread  
 The rural dainties; such as Nature boon  
 Presents with lavish hand, or such as owe  
 To Ganderetta's care their grateful taste,  
 Delicious. For she long since prepar'd 40  
 To celebrate this day, and with good cheer  
 To grace his triumphs. Crystal gooseberries  
 Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree  
 Defends her luscious fruit with pointed spears.  
 The ruby tinctur'd corinth clustering hangs, 45  
 And emulates the grape; green codlings float  
 In dulcet creams: nor wants the last year's store;  
 The hardy nut, in solid mail secure,  
 Impregnable to winter frosts, repays  
 Its hoarder's care. The custard's jellied flood 50  
 Impatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.  
 Cheesecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,  
 In well-built pyramids, aspiring stand.  
 Black hams, and tongues that speechless can persuade  
 To ply the brisk carouse, and cheer the soul 55  
 With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god  
 Deny his precious gifts; here jocund swains,  
 In uncouth mirth delighted, sporting quaff  
 Their native beverage; in the brimming glass  
 The liquid amber smiles. Britons, no more 60  
 Dread your invading foes; let the false Gaul,  
 Of rule insatiate, potent to deceive,  
 And great by subtle wiles, from th' adverse shore

Pour

Pour forth his numerous hosts ; Iberia ! join  
 Thy towering fleets, once more aloft display 65

Thy consecrated banners, fill thy sails

With prayers and vows, most formidably strong  
 In holy trumpery, let old Ocean groan

Beneath the proud Armada, vainly deem'd

Invincible ; yet fruitless all their toils, 70

Vain every rash effort, while our fat glebe,

Of barley-grain productive, still supplies

The flowing treasure, and with sums immense

Supports the throne ; while this rich cordial warms

The farmer's courage, arms his stubborn soul 75

With native honour, and resistless rage.

Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'erflows

With Britain's glory, and his country's love.

Here, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs

Pour out mellifluous streams, the balmy spoils 80

Of the laborious bee. The modest maid

But coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd :

Each lover with observant eye beholds

Her graceful shame, and at her glowing cheeks

Rekindles all his fires, but matrons sage, 85

Better experienc'd, and instructed well

In midnight mysteries, and feast-rites old,

Grasp the capacious bowl ; nor cease to draw

The spumy nectar. Healths of gay import

Fly merrily about ; now Scandal fly, 90

Influating, gilds the specious tale

With treacherous praise, and with a double face

Ambiguous Wantonness demurely sneers :

Till

Till circling brimmers every veil withdraw,  
 And dauntless Impudence appears unmask'd. 95  
 Others apart, in the cool shade retir'd,  
 Silurian cyder quaff, by that great bard  
 Ennobled, who first taught my groveling Muse  
 To mount aerial. O! could I but raise  
 My feeble voice to his exalted strains, 100  
 Or to the height of this great argument,  
 The generous liquid in each line should bound  
 Spirituous, nor oppressive cork subdue  
 Its foaming rage; but, to the lofty theme  
 Unequal, Muse, decline the pleasing task. 105

Thus they luxurious, on the grassy turf,  
 Revel'd at large: while nought around was heard  
 But mirth confus'd, and undistinguish'd joy,  
 And laughter far resounding; serious Care  
 Found here no place, to Ganderetta's breast 110  
 Retiring; there with hopes and fears perplex'd  
 Her fluctuating mind. Hence the soft sigh  
 Escapes unheeded, spight of all her art;  
 The trembling blushes on her lovely cheeks  
 Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glass 115  
 She flies abstemious, shuns th' untasted feast:  
 But careful Hobbinol, whose amorous eye  
 From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting still the place  
 Where his dear treasure lay, discover'd soon  
 Her secret woe, and bore a lover's part. 120  
 Compassion melts his soul, her glowing cheeks  
 He kiss'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart  
 He press'd to his; then, with these soothing words,  
 Tenderly

Tenderly smiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.

- “ Courage, my Fair! the splendid prize is thine.  
 “ Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joys,  
 “ Nor blast the glories of this happy day.  
 “ Hear me, ye swains! ye men of Kiftsgate! hear:  
 “ Though great the honours by your hands conferr'd,  
 “ These royal ornaments, though great the force 130  
 “ Of this puissant arm, as all must own,  
 “ Who saw this day the bold Gorgonius fall;  
 “ Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,  
 “ And knightly prowess, than that mighty Guy,  
 “ So fam'd in antique song, Warwick's great earl, 135  
 “ Who slew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight  
 “ Maintain'd a summer's day, and freed this realm  
 “ From Danish vassalage; his ponderous sword,  
 “ And massy spear, attest the glorious deed;  
 “ Nor less his hospitable soul is seen 140  
 “ In that capacious cauldron, whose large freight  
 “ Might feast a province; yet were I like him,  
 “ The nation's pride, like him I could forego  
 “ All earthly grandeur, wander through the world  
 “ A jocund pilgrim, in the lonesome den, 145  
 “ And rocky cave, with these my royal hands  
 “ Scoop the cold streams with herbs and roots content,  
 “ Mean sustenance; could I by this but gain  
 “ For the dear Fair, the prize her heart desires.  
 “ Believe me, charming maid! I'd be a worm, 150  
 “ The meanest insect, and the lowest thing  
 “ The world despises, to enhance thy fame.”

So cheer'd he his fair queen, and she was cheer'd.

Now with a noble confidence inspir'd,  
 Her looks assure success, now stripp'd of all 155  
 Her cumbrous vestments, beauty's vain disguise,  
 She shines unclouded in her native charms.  
 Her plaited hair behind her in a brede  
 Hung careless, with becoming grace each blush  
 Varied her cheeks, than the gay rising dawn 160  
 More lovely, when the new-born light salutes  
 The joyful Earth, impurpling half the skies.  
 Her heaving breast, through the thin covering view'd,  
 Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,  
 And lineaments exact, would mock the skill 165  
 Of Phidias; Nature alone can form  
 Such due proportion. To compare with her,  
 Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Fair virgin huntress, for the chace array'd,  
 With painted quiver and unerring bow, 170  
 Were but to lessen her superior mien,  
 And goddess-like deport. The master's hand,  
 Rare artisan! with proper shades improves  
 His lively colouring; so here, to grace  
 Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain 175  
 Fusca the brown appears, with greedy eye  
 Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects  
 Audacious, and with her legs unclean,  
 Booted with grim, and with her freckled skin,  
 Offends the crowd. She of the Gypfy train 180  
 Had wander'd long, and the sun's scorching rays  
 Imbrown'd her visage grim; artful to view  
 The spreading palm, and with vile cant deceive

The

H O B B I N O L, CANTO III. 135

The love-sick maid, who barter all her store  
For airy visions and fallacious hope. 185

Gorgonius, if the current fame say true,  
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank  
Together play'd, and many a mile had stroll'd,  
For him fit mate. Next Tabitha the tall  
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace, 190

And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near  
For matchless speed; she many a prize had won,  
Pride of that neighbouring \* mart, for mustard fam'd,  
Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join  
The sister floods, and with their liquid arms 195

Greeting embrace. Here Gamaliel sage,  
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod  
Trains up his babes of grace, instructed well  
In all the gainful discipline of prayer;  
To point the holy leer, by just degrees 200

To close the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms,  
T' expose the whites, and with the fightless ball  
To glare upon the crowd, to raise or sink  
The docile voice, now murmuring soft and low  
With inward accent calm, and then again 205

In foaming floods of rapturous eloquence,  
Let loose the storm, and thunder through the nose  
The threaten'd vengeance: every Muse profane  
Is banish'd hence, and, Heliconian streams  
Deserted, the fam'd Leman lake supplies 210

\* Tewksbury in the Vale of Evesham, where the  
Avon runs into the Severn.

132 SOMERVILLE'S POEMS.

More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.  
 Hail, happy youths! on whom indulgent Heaven  
 Each grace divine bestows; nor yet denies  
 Carnal beatitudes, sweet privilege  
 Of saints elect! Royal prerogative! 215  
 Here in domestic cares employ'd, and bound  
 To annual servitude, frail Tabitha,  
 Her pristine vigour lost, now mourns in vain  
 Her sharpen'd visage, and the sickly qualms  
 That grieve her soul; a prey to Love, while Grace 220  
 Slept heedless by! Yet her undaunted mind  
 Still meditates the prize, and still she hopes,  
 Beneath th' unwieldy load, her wonted speed.  
 Others of meaner fame the stately Muse  
 Records not; on more lofty flights intent, 225  
 She spurns the ground, and mounts her native skies.  
 Room for the master of the ring; ye swains!  
 Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high  
 The glittering prize, on the tall standard borne,  
 Waving in air; before him march in files 230  
 The rural minstrelsy, the rattling drum  
 Of solemn sound, and th' animating horn,  
 Each huntsman's joy; the tabor and the pipe,  
 Companion dear at feasts, whose chearful notes  
 Give life and motion to th' unwieldy clown. 235  
 Ev'n Age revives, and the pale puking maid  
 Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,  
 And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.  
 Counting each careful step, he paces o'er  
 Th' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal 240

His

His standard, there himself majestic swells.  
 Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait  
 Th' expected signal, with impatient eyes  
 Measure the space between, and in conceit  
 Already grasp the warm-contested prize. 245  
 Now all at once rush forward to the goal,  
 And step by step, and side by side, they ply  
 Their busy feet, and leave the crowd behind.  
 Quick heaves each breast, and quick they shoot along,  
 Through the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.  
 To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals  
 Short hopes, short fears, and momentary joy.  
 The breathless throng with open throats pursue,  
 And broken accents shout imperfect praise.  
 Such noise confus'd is heard, such wild uproar, 255  
 When on the main the swelling surges rise,  
 Dash o'er the rocks, and, hurrying through the flood,  
 Drive on each other's backs, and crowd the strand.  
 Before the rest tall Tabitha was seen,  
 Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field; 260  
 Swift as the shooting star that gilds the night  
 With rapid transient blaze, she runs, she flies;  
 Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure  
 The painful course, but drooping sinks away,  
 And, like that falling meteor, there she lies 265  
 A jelly cold on earth. Fusca, with joy,  
 Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corse  
 Insulting bounds; Hope gave her wings, and now,  
 Exerting all her speed, step after step,  
 At Ganderetta's elbow urg'd her way, 270



Her shoulder preſſing, and with poiſonous breath  
 Tainting her ivory neck. Long while had held  
 The ſharp conteſt, had not propitious Heaven,  
 With partial hands, to ſuch tranſcendent charms  
 Diſpens'd its favours. For as o'er the green 275  
 The careleſs Gypſy, with incautious ſpeed,  
 Push'd forward, and her rival Fair had reach'd  
 With equal pace, and only not o'erpaſs'd ;  
 Haply ſhe treads, where late the merry train,  
 In waſteful luxury, and wanton joy, 280  
 Lavish had ſpilt the cyder's frothy flood,  
 And mead with cuſtard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,  
 And in the treacherous puddle ſtruggling long,  
 She ſlipp'd, ſhe fell, upon her back ſupine  
 Extended lay ; the laughing multitude 285  
 With noiſy ſcorn approv'd her juſt diſgrace.  
 As the ſleek leveret ſkims before the pack,  
 So flies the nymph, and ſo the crowd purſue.  
 Born on the wings of wind, the Dear-one flies,  
 Swift as the various goddeſs, nor leſs bright 290  
 In beauty's prime ; when through the yielding air  
 She darts along, and with refracted rays  
 Paints the gay clouds ; celeftial meſſenger,  
 Charg'd with the high becheſts of Heaven's great queen !  
 Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd 295  
 Fond Hobbino! ; with active leap he ſeiz'd  
 The coſtly prize, and laid it at her feet.  
 Then pauſing ſtood, dumb with exceſs of joy,  
 Expreſſive ſilence ! for each tender glance  
 Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd. 300  
 Leſs

Less mute the crowd, in echoing shouts, applaud  
Her speed, her beauty, his obsequious love.

Upon a little eminence, whose top  
O'erlook'd the plain, a steep, but short ascent,  
Plac'd in a chair of state, with garlands crown'd, 305

And loaded with the fragrance of the spring,  
Fair Ganderetta shone; like mother Eve  
In her gay sylvan lodge, delicious bower!  
Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach  
Of rule, or art, had lavish'd all her store, 310

To deck the flowery roof; and at her side,  
Imperial Hobbinol, with front sublime,  
Great as a Roman consul, just return'd  
From cities sack'd, and provinces laid waste,  
In his paternal wicker sat, enthron'd. 315

With eager eyes the crowd about them press,  
Ambitious to behold the happy pair.

Each voice, each instrument, proclaims their joy  
With loudest vehemence: such noise is heard,  
Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call 320

Of Britain's sovereign, the rustic bands  
O'erspread the fields; the subtle candidates  
Dissembled homage pay, and court the fools  
Whom they despise; each proud majestic clown  
Looks big, and shouts amain, mad with the taste 325  
Of power supreme, frail empire of a day!  
That with the setting sun extinct is lost.

Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbinol!  
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign  
Of mortal pride: we play our parts a while, 330

And strut upon the stage; the scene is chang'd,  
 And offers us a dungeon for a throne.  
 Wretched vicissitude! for, after all  
 His tinsel dreams of empire and renown,  
 Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once 335  
 The goodly prospect, to his eyes presents  
 Her, whom his conscious soul abhorr'd, and fear'd.  
 Lo! pushing through the crowd, a meagre form,  
 With hasty step, and visage incompas'd!  
 Wildly she star'd; rage sparkled in her eyes, 340  
 And poverty sat shrinking on her cheeks.  
 Yet through the cloud that hung upon her brows,  
 A faded lustre broke, that dimly shone  
 Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face,  
 Impair'd by time, and shatter'd by misfortunes. 345  
 A froward babe hung at her flabby breast,  
 And tugg'd for life; but wept, with hideous moan,  
 His frustrate hopes, and unavailing pains.  
 Another o'er her bending shoulder peep'd,  
 Swaddled around with rags of various hue. 350  
 He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,  
 As of his share defrauded; then amain  
 He also screams, and to his brother's cries  
 In doleful concert joins his loud laments.  
 O dire effect of lawless love! O sting 355  
 Of pleasure past! As when a full-freight ship,  
 Blest in a rich return of pearls or gold,  
 Or fragrant spice, or silks of costly dye,  
 Makes to the wish'd-for port with swelling sails,  
 And all her gaudy trim display'd; o'erjoy'd 360

The master smiles ; but if from some small creek,  
 A lurking corfair the rich quarry spies,  
 With all her sails bears down upon her prey,  
 And peals of thunder from her hollow sides  
 Check his triumphant course ; aghast he stands 365  
 Stiffen'd with fear, unable to resist,  
 And impotent to fly ; all his fond hopes  
 Are dash'd at once ! nought now, alas ! remains  
 But the sad choice of slavery or death !  
 So far'd it with the hapless Hobbinol, 370  
 In the full blaze of his triumphant joy  
 Surpriz'd by her, whose dreadful face alone  
 Could shake his stedfast soul. In vain he turns,  
 And shifts his place averse ; she haunts him still,  
 And glares upon him, with her haggard eyes, 375  
 That fiercely spoke her wrongs. Words swell'd with sighs  
 At length burst forth, and thus she storms enrag'd.

“ Know’st thou not me ? false man ! not to know me  
 “ Argues thyself unknowing of thyself,  
 “ Puff’d up with pride, and bloated with success. 380  
 “ Is injur’d Mopsa then so soon forgot ?  
 “ Thou knew’st me once, ah ! woe is me ! thou didst.  
 “ But if laborious days and sleepless nights,  
 “ If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,  
 “ Inseparable guests, have thus disguis’d 385  
 “ Thy once-belov’d, thy handmaid dear ; if thine  
 “ And Fortune’s frowns have blasted all my charms ;  
 “ If here no roses grow, no lilies bloom,  
 “ Nor rear their heads on this neglected face ;  
 “ If through the world I range a slighted shade, 390  
 “ The

" The ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown ;  
 " At least know these. See ! this sweet-simpering babe,  
 " Dear image of thyself ; see ! how it sprunts  
 " With joy at thy approach ! see, how it gilds  
 " Its soft smooth face, with false paternal smiles ! 395  
 " Native deceit, from thee, base man, deriv'd !  
 " Or view this other elf, in every art  
 " Of smiling fraud, in every treacherous leer,  
 " The very Hobbinol ! Ah ! cruel man !  
 " Wicked, ingrate ! And could'st thou then so soon,  
 " So soon forget that pleasing fatal night,  
 " When me, beneath the flowery thorn surpriz'd,  
 " Thy artful wiles betray'd ? was there a star,  
 " By which thou didst not swear ? was there a curse,  
 " A plague on earth, thou didst not then invoke 405  
 " On that devoted head ; if e'er thy heart  
 " Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand  
 " Declin'd the nuptial bond ? But, oh ! too well,  
 " Too well, alas ! my throbbing breast perceiv'd  
 " The black impending storm ; the conscious moon  
 " Veil'd in a sable cloud her modest face,  
 " And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.  
 " And yet I love thee.—Oh ! could'st thou behold  
 " That image dwelling in my heart ! But why,  
 " Why waste I here these unavailing tears ? 415  
 " On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing,  
 " On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,  
 " All, all my vengeance fall ! ye lightnings, blast  
 " That face accurs'd, the source of all my woe !  
 " Arm, arm, ye furies ! arm ; all Hell break loose !  
 " While

“ While thus I lead you to my just revenge,  
 “ And thus”—Up starts th’ astonish’d Hobbinol  
 To save his better half. “ Fly, fly,” he cries,  
 “ Fly, my dear life, the fiend’s malicious rage.”

Borne on the wings of fear, away she bounds, 425  
 And in the neighbouring village pants forlorn.

So the cours’d hare to the close covert flies,  
 Still trembling, though secure. Poor Hobbinol

More grievous ills attend : around him press  
 A multitude, with huge Herculean clubs, 430

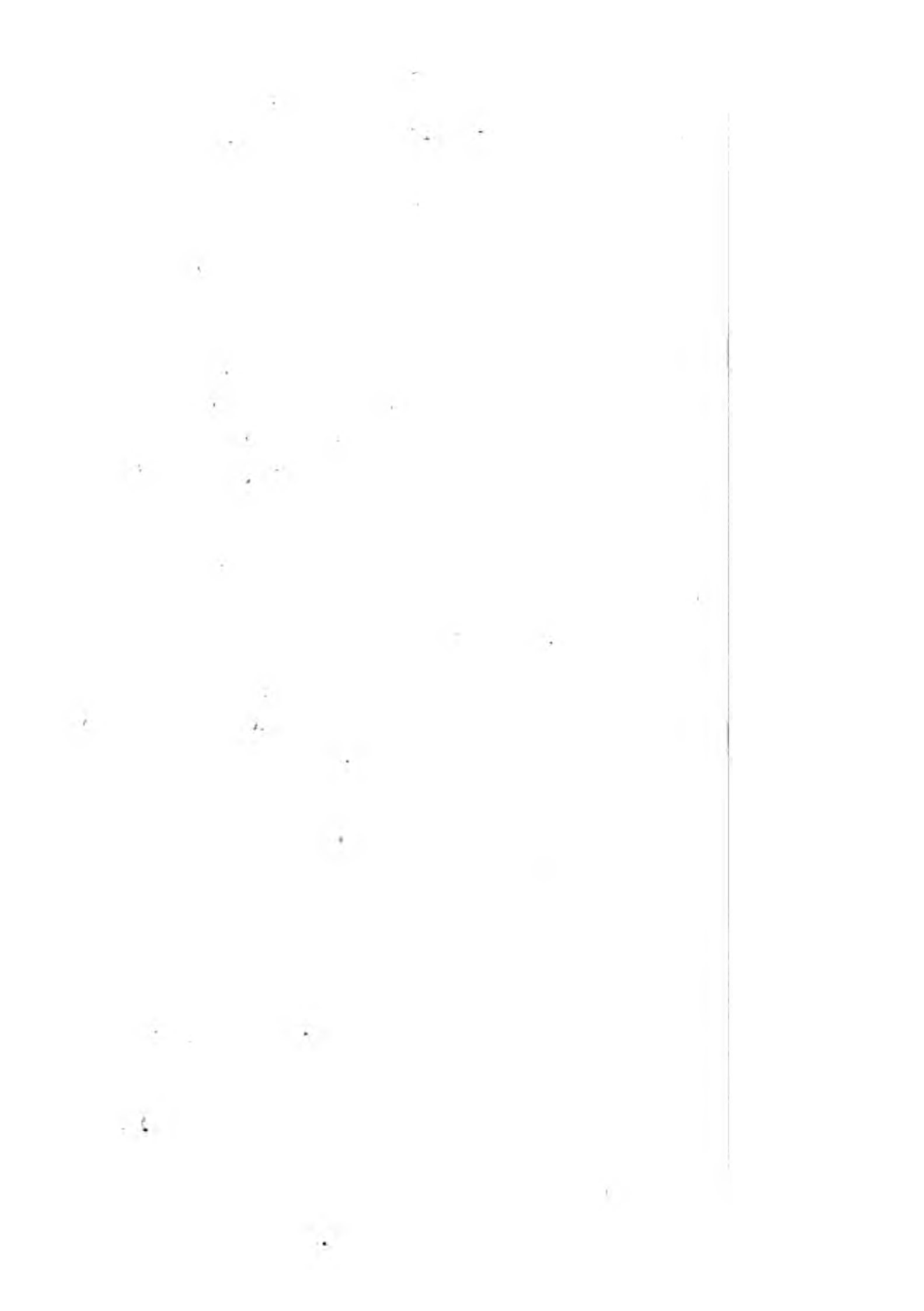
Terrific band ! the royal mandate these  
 Insulting shew : arrested, and amaz’d,

Half dead he stands ; no friends dare interpose,  
 But bow dejected to th’ imperial scroll :

Such is the force of law. While conscious shame 435  
 Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch

To Rhadamanth’s august tribunal dragg’d.

Good Rhadamanth ! to every wanton clown  
 Severe, indulgent to himself alone.



F I E L D - S P O R T S .

A

P O E M .

Humbly Addressed to

His Royal Highness the PRINCE.

“ - - - - - Hæc incondita folus

“ Montibus, & fylvis, studio jaçtabat inani.”

VIRG. Ecl. ñ.

First printed in 1742.



“ Mr. Somerville’s poem upon Hawking, called  
“ *Field-Sports*, was sent to Mr. Lyttelton, to be read  
“ to the Prince, to whom it is inscribed. It seems he  
“ is fond of hawking.”

SHENSTONE, Lett. to Mr. Graves, Dec. 24, 1742.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE several acts of parliament in favour of Falconry are an evident proof of that high esteem our ancestors had conceived for this noble diversion. Our neighbours, France, Germany, Italy, and all the rest of Europe, have seemed to vie with one another, who should pay the greatest honours to the courageous Falcon. Princes and states were her protectors; and men of the greatest genius, and most accomplished in all sorts of literature, with pleasure carried the Hawk on their fists. But the princes of Asia, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, &c. have greatly out-done us Europeans in the splendor and magnificence of their field-parades, both as huntsmen and falconers. For though the description of flying at the stag and other wild beasts with eagles, may be thought a little incredible, yet permit me to assure the reader that it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the ancient books of Falconry give us an account of it, and the relations of travellers confirm it. But what I think puts it out of all dispute, is the description the famous Monsieur de Thou has given us in his Latin poem, “*De Re Accipitrariâ*,” lately reprinted at Venice in 1735, with an Italian Translation and Notes.

“*Hoc studio Hæmonii circumsonat aula tyranni,  
 “ Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poscit,*

“*T*

- “ Tot pedites adfunt : longo nemus omne remugit  
 “ Latrantum occurfu, venatorumquè repulfis  
 “ Vocibus ; heic gemini, neque enim fatis effe ferendo  
 “ Unus tanto oneri poffit, cedente petauro  
 “ Circum aquilam geftant, aliam totidem inde miniftri  
 “ Impositam fubeunt : quarum minor illa volucris  
 “ Ore canum voces fingit, nemora avia complens  
 “ Terrore ingenti : latebris tum excita repentè  
 “ Infelix fera prorumpit : ruit altera demum  
 “ Sublimis compar magno ftridore per auras ;  
 “ Involat inque oculos & provolat, atque capaces  
 “ Expandens per inane finus, caligine denfâ,  
 “ Horribilique supervolitans cœlum obruit umbrâ.  
 “ Nec minor intereâ obfifit : fublimis ut illa,  
 “ Hæc humilis fic terga volans premit & latus urget :  
 “ Neve gradum referat retrò, & veftigia vertat,  
 “ Seu Caprea aut Cervus feffe tulit obvius illis,  
 “ Roftro atque ungue minax vetat, & cum compare vires  
 “ Alternat focias, artemque remunerat arte.  
 “ Nec mora, nec requies : furiis exterrita tantis  
 “ Donec in infidias cæcâ convalle locatas  
 “ Precipitet rabidis fera mox lanianda Moloffis.”

I am very much obliged to thofe gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon Hunting : their goodnefs has encouraged me to make this fhort fupplement to the Chace, and in this poem to give them fome account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

## F I E L D - S P O R T S.

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

Introduction, ver. 1. Description of flying at the stag with eagles, after the manner of the Asiatic princes, 7. Description of hern-hawking, 100. Of flying at the river, 179. Partridge-hawking, 232. Daring the lark with an hobby just mentioned, 235. Shooting flying, 241. Setting, 245. Angling, 261. Conclusion, 271.

**O**NCE more, Great Prince, permit an humble bard  
 Prostrate to pay his homage at your feet ;  
 Then, like the morning lark from the low ground  
 Towering aloft, sublime to soar, and sing ;  
 Sing the heart-cheering pleasure of the fields, 5  
 The choice delight of heroes and of kings.

In earlier times, monarchs of Eastern race  
 In their full blaze of pride, as story tells,  
 Train'd up th' imperial eagle, sacred bird !  
 Hooded, with jingling bells, she perch'd on high ; 10  
 Not as when erst on golden wings she led  
 The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,  
 Mankind her quarry ; but a docile slave,  
 Tam'd to the lure, and careful to attend  
 Her master's voice. Behold the man renown'd, 15  
 Abbas the great (whom all his fawning slaves

L

Deem'd

Deem'd king of kings ; vain fools ! They fure forgot  
 Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straits  
 Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell on heaps,  
 A dreadful carnage ! ) See his numerous host 20  
 Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborn  
 Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,  
 Two sister eagles, stately ponderous birds !  
 The air 's a desert, and the feather'd race  
 Fly to the neighbouring coverts dark retreats. 25  
 The royal pair on wing, this whirls around  
 In circles wide, or like the swallow skims  
 The ruffet plain, and mimics as she flies .  
 (By many a sleepless night instructed well)  
 The hound's loud openings, or the spaniel's quest. 30  
 What cannot wakeful industry subdue !  
 Mean while that mounts on high, and seems to view  
 A black ascending cloud ; when pierc'd the gloom  
 Of vapours dank condens'd, the sun's bright beams  
 Pain not her sight : she with expanded sails 35  
 Works through th' etherial fluid ; then perhaps  
 Sees through a break of clouds this self-pois'd orb .  
 Hard by her hand-maid moon. She looks beneath  
 Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,  
 This mole-hill earth, and all its busy ants 40  
 Labouring for life, which lasts so short a day  
 Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my soul,  
 That breath of life, which all men must perceive  
 But none distinctly know, when once escap'd  
 From this poor helpless corse, and when on high 45  
 Born on angelic wings, look down with scorn

On

On this mean lessening world, and knaves grown rich,  
 By chance, or fraud, or insolence of power.  
 Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,  
 With less ambition nearer earth she tends, 50  
 As yet scarce visible; and high in air  
 Pois'd on extended wings, with sharper ken  
 Attentive marks whate'er is done below.  
 Thus some wise general from a rising ground  
 Observes th' embattled foe, where ferried ranks 55  
 Forbid access, or where their order loose  
 Invites th' attack, and points the way to fate.  
 All now is tumult, each heart swells with joy,  
 The falconers shout, and the wide concave rings,  
 Tremble the forests round, the joyous cries 60  
 Float through the vales; and rocks, and woods, and hills  
 Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the stag,  
 Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess:  
 Fear hid him close, strange inconsistent guide!  
 Now hurries him aghast with busy feet 65  
 Far o'er the spacious plain; he pants to reach  
 The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step  
 To climb the craggy cliff: the grey-hounds strain  
 Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades  
 Their gaping jaws. One eagle wheeling flies 70  
 In airy labyrinths, or with easier wing  
 Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear  
 With hideous cries, then peals his forehead broad,  
 Or at her eyes his fatal malice aims.  
 The other, like the bolt of angry heaven, 75  
 Darts down at once, and fixes on his back

Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak  
 His pamper'd chine : the blood, and sweat distill'd  
 From many a dripping furrow, stains the foil.  
 Who pities not this fury-haunted wretch                      80  
 Embarrass'd thus, on every side distress'd ?  
 Death will relieve him ; for the greyhounds fierce,  
 Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground :  
 Groaning he falls ; with eyes that swim in tears  
 He looks on man, chief author of his woe,                      85  
 And weeps, and dies. The grandees press around  
 To dip their sabres in his boiling blood ;  
 Unseemly joy ! 'Tis barbarous to insult  
 A fallen foe. The dogs, and birds of prey  
 Insatiate, on his reeking bowels feast,                      90  
 But the stern falconer claims the lion's share.

Such are the sports of kings, and better far  
 Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws  
 Of all-devouring war. Each animal,  
 By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind :                      95  
 But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,  
 Free-booter unrestrain'd, destroys at will  
 The whole creation, men and beasts his prey,  
 These for his pleasure, for his glory those.  
 Next will I sing the valiant falcon's fame,                      100  
 Aerial fights, where no confederate brute  
 Joins in the bloody fray ; but bird with bird  
 Joists in mid-air. Lo ! at his siege the heron,  
 Upon the bank of some small purling brook,  
 Observant stands to take his scaly prize,                      105  
 Himself another's game. For mark behind

The

The wily falconer creeps; his grazing horse  
 Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fist  
 Th' unhooded falcon sits : with eager eyes  
 She meditates her prey, and, in her wild 110  
 Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.  
 Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,  
 Conscious of danger stretches far away,  
 With busy pennons and projected beak,  
 Piercing th' opponent clouds : the falcon swift 115  
 Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope  
 Gives vigour to her wings. Another soon  
 Strains after to support the bold attack,  
 Perhaps a third. As in some winding creek,  
 On proud Iberia's shore, the corsairs fly 120  
 Lurk waiting to surprize a British sail,  
 Full-freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,  
 Or rich Byzantium ; after her they skud,  
 Dashing the spumy waves with equal oars,  
 And spreading all their shrouds : she makes the main  
 Inviting every gale, nor yet forgets  
 To clear her deck, and tell th' insulting foe,  
 In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.  
 So flies the hern pursued, but fighting flies.  
 Warm grows the conflict, every nerve 's employ'd ; 130  
 Now through the yielding element they soar  
 Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove.  
 In trackless mazes through the troubled sky.  
 No rest, no peace. The falcon hovering flies  
 Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold 135  
 Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow



Full at his destin'd head. The watchful henn  
 Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift  
 That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen  
 And pointed beak, and gains a length of way. 140  
 Observe th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd  
 On this important war, and pleasing hope  
 Glows in each breast. The vulgar and the great,  
 Equally happy now, with freedom share  
 The common joy. The shepherd-boy forgets 145  
 His bleating care; the labouring hind lets fall  
 His grain unfown; in transport lost, he robs  
 Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze  
 'The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.  
 Where is the tongue can speak the falconer's cares, 150  
 'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest tost?  
 His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confess  
 His inward woe. Now like a wearied stag,  
 That stands at bay, the henn provokes their rage;  
 Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes 155  
 Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides  
 The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts  
 Like lightning from above, and in her breast  
 Receives the latent death; down plum she falls  
 Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore 160  
 Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!  
 The falconer in despair, his favourite bird  
 Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend  
 He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,  
 He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage: 165  
 Nor wants he long the means; the henn fatigu'd,

Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth  
 He drops : his cruel foes wheeling around  
 Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies  
 Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid ; 170  
 Then muttering inward curses breaks his wings,  
 And fixes in the ground his hated beak ;  
 Sees with malignant joy the victors proud  
 Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast.  
 Unhappy bird ! our fathers' prime delight ! 175  
 Who fenc'd thine eyrie round with sacred laws.  
 Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear  
 Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,  
 With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd.  
 Now, if the crystal stream delight thee more, 180  
 Sportsman, lead on, where through the reedy bank  
 Th' insinuating waters filter'd stray  
 In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there  
 Gluts on the fattening ouse, or steals the spawn  
 Of teeming shoals, her more delicious feast. 185  
 How do the sun-beams on the glassy plain  
 Sport wanton, and amuse our wondering eyes  
 With variously-reflected changing rays !  
 The murmuring stream salutes the flowery mead  
 That glows with fragrance ; nature all around 190  
 Consents to blefs. What sluggard now would sink  
 In beds of down ? what miser would not leave  
 His bags untold for this transporting scene ?  
 Falconer, take care, oppose thy well-train'd steed,  
 And flily stalk ; unhood thy falcon bold, 195  
 Observe at feed the unsuspecting team

Padling with oary feet: he's seen, they fly.  
 Now at full speed the falconer spurs away  
 T' assist his favourite hawk, she from the rest  
 Has singled out the mallard young and gay,      200  
 Whose green and azure brightens in the sun.  
 Swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain,  
 With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid sky:  
 Behoves him now both oar and sail; for see  
 Th' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.      205  
 Long holds th' aerial course; they rise, they fall,  
 Now skim in circling rings, then stretch away  
 With all their force, till at one fatal stroke  
 The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,  
 Trust'd in mid-air bears down her captive prey.      210  
 'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft the duck  
 Mistrusts her coward wings, and seeks again  
 The kind protecting flood: if haply then  
 The falcon rash aim a decisive blow,  
 And spring to gripe her floating prey; at once      215  
 She dives beneath, and near some osier's root  
 Pops up her head secure; then views her foe  
 Just in the grasping of her fond desires,  
 And in full pride of triumph, whelm'd beneath  
 The gliding stream. Ah! where are now, proud bird!  
 Thy stately trappings, and thy silver bells,  
 Thy glossy plumage, and thy silken crest?  
 Say, tyrant of the skies! Wouldst thou not now  
 Exchange with thy but late desponding foe  
 Thy dreadful talons, and thy polish'd beak,      225  
 For her web-feet despis'd? How happy they!

Who,

Who, when gay pleasure courts, and fortune smiles,  
 Fear the reverse, with caution tread those paths  
 Where roses grow, but wily vipers creep!

These are expensive joys, fit for the great 230  
 Of large domains possess'd: enough for me  
 To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,  
 Or fly the partridge from the bristly field,  
 Retrieve the covey with my busy train,  
 Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark. 235

But, if the shady woods my cares employ,  
 In quest of feather'd game, my spaniels beat  
 Puzzling th' entangled copse; and from the brake  
 Push forth the whirring pheasant; high in air  
 He waves his varied plumes, stretching away 240  
 With hasty wing. Soon from th' uplifted tube  
 The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death  
 O'ertakes him; and with many a giddy whirl  
 To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.

When autumn smiles, all-beauteous in decay, 245  
 And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues;  
 My setter ranges in the new-thorn fields,  
 His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge  
 Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides  
 In equal intervals, nor careless leaves 250  
 One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales  
 His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates  
 His beating heart, which, aw'd by discipline  
 Severe, he dares not own; but cautious creeps  
 Low-cowering, step by step; at last attains 255  
 His proper distance; there he stops at once,

And

And points with his instructive nose upon  
 The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborn  
 The floating net unfolded flies; then drops,  
 And the poor fluttering captives rise in vain. 260

Or haply on some river's cooling bank,  
 Patiently musing, all intent I stand  
 To hook the scaly glutton. See! down sinks  
 My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight  
 My taper angle bends; surpriz'd, amaz'd, 265  
 He glitters in the sun, and struggling pants  
 For liberty, till in the purer air  
 He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares,  
 And sweet amusements, such each busy drudge  
 Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy. 270

Thus, most illustrious Prince, have I presum'd  
 In my obscure sojourn to sing at ease  
 Rural delights, the joy, and sweet repast  
 Of every noble mind: and now perchance  
 Untimely sing; since from yon neighbouring shore 275  
 The grumbling thunder rolls; calm peace alarm'd  
 Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war  
 Sounds harsh in every ear. But righteous heaven!  
 Britain deserted, friendless, and alone,  
 Will not as yet despair: shine but in arms, 280  
 O Prince, belov'd by all! patron profess'd  
 Of liberty! with every virtue crown'd!  
 Millions shall croud her strand; and her white cliffs,  
 As Teneriff, or Atlas firm, defy  
 The break of seas, and malice of her foes; 285  
 Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæsar fail'd.

## N O T E S.

## O N

## F I E L D - S P O R T S.

Ver. 18. Straits of Thermopylæ. See the story of Xerxes.

Ver. 103. The place where the hern takes his stand, watching his prey.

Ver. 169. This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk: they generally also break their legs.

Ver. 172. The reward of the hawk made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian, *Soppa*.

Ver. 174. No man was permitted to shoot within 600 yards of the eyrie, or nest of an hern, under great penalties.

Ver. 176. The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Asia in their turbants.



OCCASIONAL POEMS,  
TRANSLATIONS,  
FABLES, AND TALES.

“ Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus.”

PHÆD.





T O

WILLIAM SOMERVILE of Warwickshire, Esq;

On reading several of his excellent Póems.

By A L L A N R A M S A Y.

SIR, I have read, and much admire,  
 Your Muse's gay and easy flow,  
 Warm'd with that true Idalian fire  
 That gives the bright and chearful glow.

I conn'd each line with joyous care,  
 As I can such from fun to fun;  
 And, like the glutton o'er his fare  
 Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature and art,  
 In all your numbers so combine,  
 As to complete their just desert,  
 And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your Muse regard,  
 When she like Pindar's spreads her wings;  
 And virtue, being its own reward,  
 Expresses by the Sister Springs.

Emotions tender croud the mind,  
 When with the royal bard you go,  
 To sigh in notes divinely kind,  
 "The mighty slain on mount Gilbo."

Much

Much surely was the virgin's joy,  
 Who with the Iliad had your lays ;  
 For e'er, and since the siege of Troy,  
 We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,  
 I never yet could think a crime ;  
 But first-rate virtues which inspire  
 The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,  
 And pump for fame by empty boast,  
 Like your " gilt Ass," who stood to bray,  
 Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him " th' incurious Bencher" hits,  
 With his own tale, so tight and clean,  
 That, while I read, streams gush, by fits  
 Of hearty laughter, from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine,  
 Fontaine and Prior, who have fung  
 Blyth tales the best ; had they heard thine  
 On Lob, they'd own'd themselves out-done.

The plot 's pursued with so much glee,  
 The too officious " Dog and Priest,"  
 The " Squire oppres'd," I own for me,  
 I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an Omber Game,  
 And " King revenging Captive Queen ;"  
 He merits ; but had won more fame,  
 If author of your " Bowling-green."

You paint your parties, play each bowl,  
 So natural, just, and with such ease,  
 That, while I read, upon my soul !  
 I wonder how I chance to please.

Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best ;  
 And sure to me laurels belong,  
 Since British fair, and 'mongst the best,  
 Somerville's consort likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair  
 Sing, like a dweller of the sky,  
 My verses with a Scotian air ;  
 Then faints were not so blest as I.

In her the valued charms unite ;  
 She really is what all would seem,  
 Gracefully handsome, wise and sweet :  
 'Tis merit to have her esteem.

Your noble kinsman, her lov'd mate,  
 Whose worth claims all the world's respect,  
 Met in her love a smiling fate,  
 Which has, and must have, good effect.

M

You

You both from one great lineage spring,  
 Both from de Somerville, who came,  
 With William, England's conquering king,  
 To win fair plains, and lasting fame.

Whichnour he left to 's eldest son ;  
 That first-born chief you represent :  
 His second came to Caledon,  
 From whom our Somer'le takes descent.

On him and you may fate bestow  
 Sweet balmy health and chearful fire,  
 As long 's ye 'd wish to live below,  
 Still blest with all you would desire.

O fir! oblige the world, and spread  
 In print those and your other lays ;  
 This shall be better'd while they read,  
 And after-ages found your praise.

I could enlarge—but if I should  
 On what you 've wrote, my Ode would run  
 Too great a length—Your thoughts so croud,  
 To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a Muse,  
 Who on her Piſkland hills ne'er tires :  
 Nor should (when worth invites) refuse  
 To sing the person she admires.

## A N O D E,

Humbly inscribed to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH,  
upon his Removal from all his Places.

“ Virtus repulsæ nescia fordidæ

“ Intaminatis fulget honoribus,

“ Nec sumit, aut ponit secures,

“ Arbitrio popularis auræ.”

HOR.

## I.

**W**HEN, in meridian glory bright,  
You shine with more illustrious rays,  
Above the Muse's weaker flight,  
Above the Poet's praise.

In vain the goddess mounts her native skies,  
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to rise;  
In vain she toils to do her hero right,  
Lost in excess of day, and boundless tracks of light.

The Theban swan with daring wings,  
And force impetuous, soars on high,  
Above the clouds sublimely sings,  
Above the reach of mortal eye.

But what, alas! would Pindar do,  
Were his bold Muse to sing of you?

Can Chromius' strength be nam'd with yours?

Can mimic fights and sportive war

With Schellemergh's demolish'd towers,

Or Blenheim's bloody field compare?

The Bard would blush at Theron's speed,

When Marlborough mounts the fiery steed;

And the despairing foe 's pursued  
 Through towns and provinces subdued.  
 Fond poet, spare thy empty boast,  
 In vain thy chariots raise so great a dust ;  
 See Britain's hero with whole armies flies,  
     To execute his vast designs,  
     To pass the Scheld, to force the lines,  
 Swift as thy smoking car, to win th' Olympic prize.  
 But now, when, with diminish'd light,  
 And beams more tolerably bright,  
 With less of grandeur and surprize,  
 Mild you descend to mortal eyes ;  
 Your setting glories charm us more,  
 Than all your dazzling pomp before.  
 Your worth is better understood,  
 The hero more distinctly view'd,  
 Glad we behold him not so great as good. }  
     True virtue's amiable face  
     Improves, when shaded by disgrace;  
     A lively sense of conscious worth,  
     Calls all her hidden beauties forth ;  
     Darts through the gloom a lovely ray,  
 And, by her own intrinsic light, creates a nobler day.

## II.

Let fickle Chance with partial hands divide  
 Her gaudy pomp, her tinsel pride ;  
 Who to her knaves and fools supplies  
 Those favours which the brave despise.  
 Let Faction raise the saucy crowd,  
 And call her multitude to arms ;

Let

Let Envy's vipers hiss aloud,  
 And rouse all hell with dire alarms :  
 Go shake the rocks, and bid the hills remove ;  
 Yet still the hero's mind shall be  
 Unchangeable, resolv'd, and free,  
 Fix'd on its base, firm as the throne of Jove.  
 Britons, look back on those auspicious days,  
 On Ister's banks when your great leader stood,  
 And with your gasping foes incumber'd all the flood.  
 Or when Ramillia's bloody plain  
 Was fatten'd with the mighty slain ;  
 Or when Blaregnia's ramparts were assail'd,  
 With force that heaven itself had scal'd.  
 Did then reviling pens profane  
     Your Marlborough's sacred name ?  
 Did noisy tribunes then debauch the crowd ?  
 Did their unrighteous votes blaspheme aloud ?  
 Did mercenary tools conspire  
 To curse the hero whom their foes admire ?  
 No !—The contending nations sung his praise ;  
     While bards of every clime  
     Exert their most triumphant lays,  
 No thought too great, no diction too sublime.  
 Hail, glorious prince ! 'tis not for thee we grieve,  
 For thy invulnerable fame  
 No diminution can receive,  
 Thou, mighty man ! art still the same,  
 Thy purer gold eludes the flame ;  
 This fiery trial makes thy virtue shine,  
 And persecution crowns thy brows with rays divine.



But what, alas ! shall fainting Europe do ?  
How stand the shock of her imperious foe ?

What successor shall bear the weight  
Of all our cares ? and prop the state ?  
Since thou our Atlas art remov'd,

O best deserving chief ! and therefore best belov'd ?

### III.

To your own Blenheim's blissful seat,  
From this ungrateful world retreat ;

A gift unequal to that hero's worth,

Who from the peaceful Thames led our bold Britons

To free the Danube and the Rhine ; [forth,

Who by the thunder of his arms

Shook the proud Rhône with loud alarms,

And rais'd a tempest in the trembling Seine,

After the long fatigues of war,

Repose your envy'd virtues here ;

Enjoy, my lord, the sweet repast

Of all your glorious toils,

A pleasure that shall ever last,

The mighty comfort that proceeds

From the just sense of virtuous deeds,

Content with endless fame, contemn the meaner spoils.

Pomona calls, and Pan invites,

To rural pleasures, chaste delights ;

The orange and the citron grove

Will by your hand alone improve ;

Would fain their gaudy liveries wear,

And wait your presence to revive the year.

In

In this Elysium, more than blest,  
 Laugh at the vulgar's senseless hate,  
 The politician's vain deceit,  
 The fawning knave, the proud ingrate.  
 Revolve in your capacious breast  
 The various unforeseen events,  
 And unexpected accidents,  
 That change the flattering scene, and overturn the great.  
 Frail are our hopes, and short the date  
 Of grandeur's transitory state.  
 Corinthian brass shall melt away,  
 And Parian marble shall decay;  
 The vast Colossus, that on either shore  
 Exulting stood, is now no more;  
 Arts and artificers shall die,  
 And in one common ruin lie.  
 Behold your own majestic palace rise,  
 In haste to emulate the skies;  
 The gilded globes, the pointed spires:  
 See the proud dome's ambitious height,  
 Emblem of power and pompous state,  
 Above the clouds aspires:  
 Yet Vulcan's spight, or angry Jove,  
 May soon its towering pride reprove,  
 Its painted glories soon efface,  
 Divide the ponderous roof, and shake the solid base.  
 Material structures must submit to fate,  
 But virtue which alone is truly great,  
 'Virtue like yours, my lord, shall be  
 Secure of immortality.

Nor foreign force, nor factious rage,  
 Nor envy, nor devouring age,  
 Your lasting glory shall impair,  
 Time shall mysterious truths declare,  
 And works of darkness shall disclose ;  
 This blessing is reserv'd for you  
 T' outlive the trophies to your merit due,  
 And malice of your foes.  
 If glorious actions, in a glorious cause,  
 If valour negligent of praise,  
 Deserving, yet retiring from applause,  
 In generous minds can great ideas raise :  
 If Europe sav'd, and liberty restor'd,  
 By steady conduct, and a prosperous sword,  
 Can claim in free-born souls a just esteem ;  
 Britain's victorious chief shall be  
 Rever'd by late posterity,  
 The hero's pattern, and the poet's theme.

O D E, occasioned by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S  
 embarking for OSTEND, An. 1712.

“ Interque mœrentes amicos

“ Egregius properavit exul.”

HOR.

**Y**E powers, who rule the boundless deep,  
 Whose dread commands the winds obey,  
 To roll the waters on a heap,  
 Or smooth the liquid way :

Propitious

Propitious hear Britannia's prayer,  
 Britannia's hope is now your care,  
 Whom oft to yonder distant shore,  
 Your hospitable billows bore,  
 When Europe in distress implor'd  
 Relief from his victorious sword;  
 Who, when the mighty work was done,  
 Tyrants repell'd, and battles won,  
 On your glad waves, proud of the glorious load,  
 Through these your watery realms, in yearly triumph  
 To winds and seas, distress'd he flies, [rode.  
 From storms at land, and faction's spight:  
 Though the more fickle crowd denies,  
 The winds, the seas, shall do his virtue right.  
 Be hush'd, ye winds! be still, ye seas!  
 Ye billows sleep at ease,  
 And in your rocky caverns rest!  
 Let all be calm as the great hero's breast.  
 Here no unruly passions reign,  
 Nor servile fear, nor proud disdain,  
 Each wilder lust is banish'd hence,  
 Where gentle love presides, and mild benevolence.  
 Here no gloomy cares arise,  
 Conscious honour still supplies,  
 Friendly hope, and peace of mind,  
 Such as dying martyrs find.  
 Serene within, no guilt he knows,  
 While all his wrongs sit heavy on his foes.

II. Say,

## II.

Say, Muse, what hero shall I sing,  
 What great example bring,  
 To parallel this mighty wrong,  
 And with his graceful woes adorn my song?  
 Shall brave Themistocles appear  
 Before the haughty Persian's throne?  
 While conquer'd chiefs confess their fear,  
 And shatter'd fleets his triumphs own;  
 In admiration fix'd, the monarch stood,  
 With secret joy, his glorious prize he view'd,  
 Of more intrinsic worth than provinces subdued.  
 Or faithful Aristides, sent,  
 For being just, to banishment,  
 He writ the rigid sentence down,  
 He pitied the misguided clown.  
 Or him, who, when brib'd orators misled  
 The factious tribes, to hostile Sparta fled;  
 The vile ingrateful crowd,  
 Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud,  
 But soon the fools discover'd to their cost,  
 Athens in Alcibiades was lost.  
 Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,  
 The great Dictator's fate deplore,  
 Camillus against noisy faction bold,  
 In victories and triumphs old.  
 Ungrateful Rome!  
 Punish'd by heaven's avenging doom,  
 Soon shall thy ardent vows invite him home,

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The

The mighty chieftain soon recall,  
 To prop the falling capitol,  
 And save his country from the perjur'd Gaul.  
 Search, Muse, the dark records of time,  
 And every shameful story trace,  
 Black with injustice and disgrace,  
 When glorious merit was a crime ;  
 Yet these, all these, but faintly can express  
 Folly without excuse, and madness in excess.

## III.

The noblest object that our eyes can bless,  
 Is the brave man triumphant in distress :  
 Above the reach of partial fate,  
 Above the vulgar's praise or hate,  
 Whom no feign'd smiles can raise, no real frowns de-  
 View him; ye Britons, on the naked shore, [press.  
 Resolv'd to trust your faithless vows no more,  
 That mighty man ! who for ten glorious years  
 Surpass'd our hopes, prevented all our prayers.  
 A name, in every clime renown'd,  
 By nations bless'd, by monarchs crown'd.  
 In solemn jubilees our days we spent,  
 Our hearts exulting in each grand event.  
 Factions applaud the man they hate,  
 And with regret, to pay their painful homage wait.  
 Have I not seen this crowded shore,  
 With multitudes all cover'd o'er ?  
 While hills and groves their joy proclaim,  
 And echoing rocks return his name.

Attentive

Attentive on the lovely form they gaze :

He with a chearful smile,

Glad to revisit this his parent isle,

Flies from their incense, and escapes their praise.

Yes, Britons, view him still unmov'd,

Unchang'd, though less belov'd.

His generous soul no deep resentment fires,

But, blushing for his country's crimes, the kind good man

Ev'n now he fights for this devoted isle; [retires,

And labours to preserve his native soil,

Diverts the vengeance which just heaven prepares,

Accus'd, disarm'd, protects us with his prayers.

Obdurate hearts! cannot such merit move?

The hero's valour, nor the patriot's love?

Fly, goddess, fly this inauspicious place;

Spurn at the vile degenerate race,

Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim

In other climes his lasting fame,

Where honest hearts, unknowing to forget

The blessings from his arms receiv'd,

Confess with joy the mighty debt,

Their altars rescued, and their gods reliev'd.

#### IV.

Nor fails the hero to a clime unknown,

Cities preserv'd, their great deliverer own :

Impatient crowds about him press,

And with sincere devotion bless.

Those plains, of ten years war the bloody stage,

(Where panting nations struggled to be free

And life exchange'd for liberty)

Retain the marks of stern Bellona's rage.

The doubtful hind mistakes the field  
 His fruitless toil so lately till'd :  
 Here deep intrenchments funk, and vales appear,  
 The vain retreats of Gallic fear ;  
 There new-created hills deform the plain,  
 Big with the carnage of the slain :  
 These monuments, when faction's spight  
 Has spit its poisonous foam in vain,  
 To endless ages shall proclaim  
 The matchless warrior's might,  
 The graves of slaughter'd foes shall do his valour right.  
 These when the curious traveller  
 Amaz'd shall view, and with attentive care  
 Trace the sad footsteps of destructive war ;  
 Successive bards shall tell,  
 How Marlborough fought, how gasping tyrants fell.  
 Alternate chiefs confess'd the victor's fame,  
 Pleas'd and excus'd, in their successor's shame..  
 In every change, in every form,  
 The Proteus felt his conquering arm :  
 Convinc'd of weakness, in extreme despair,  
 They lurk'd behind their lines, and wag'd a lazy war.  
 Nor lines nor forts could calm the soldier's fear,  
 Surpriz'd he found a Marlborough there.  
 Nature, nor art, his eager rage withstood,  
 He measur'd distant plains, he forc'd the rapid flood, }  
 He fought, he conquer'd, he pursued.  
 In years advanc'd, with youthful vigour warm'd,  
 The work of ages in a day perform'd.

When



When kindly gleams dissolve the winter snows  
 From Alpine hills, with such impetuous haste  
     The icy torrent flows ;  
     In vain the rocks oppose,  
 It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the regions waste.  
     Stop, goddess, thy presumptuous flight,  
     Nor soar to such a dangerous height,  
 Raise not the ghost of his departed fame,  
 To pierce our conscious souls with guilty shame :  
     But tune thy harp to humbler lays,  
     Nor meditate offensive praise.

To Mr. ADDISON, occasioned by his purchasing an  
 Estate in WARWICKSHIRE.

“ — En erit unquam

“ Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta !

“ En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem,

“ Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno !”

VIRG.

**T**O the gay town where guilty pleasure reigns,  
 The wise good man prefers our humble plains :  
 Neglected honours on his merit wait,  
 Here he retires when courted to be great,  
 The world resigning for this calm retreat. }  
 His soul with wisdom's choicest treasures fraught, }  
 Here proves in practice each sublimer thought, }  
 And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.

Great Bard ! how shall my worthless Muse aspire  
 To reach your praise, without your sacred fire ?

From

From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,  
To the best-natur'd man secure she flies.

When panting virtue her last efforts made,  
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid ;  
Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew,  
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.  
'Tis true, confederate wits their forces join,  
Parnassus labours in the work divine :  
Yet these we read with too impatient eyes,  
And hunt for you through every dark disguise ;  
In vain your modesty that name conceals,  
Which every thought, which every word, reveals.  
With like success bright Beauty's Goddess tries  
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes ;  
Her graceful port, and her celestial mien,  
To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen ;  
Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,  
She glides along the plain in majesty confess'd.  
Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,  
To please at once, and to reform mankind :  
Yet, when you write, Truth charms with such address,  
Pleads Virtue's cause with such becoming grace,  
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,  
He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys :  
You touch our follies with so nice a skill,  
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.  
Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,  
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays ;  
His great design all ages shall commend,  
But more his happy choice in such a friend.

So the fair queen of night the world relieves,  
 Nor at the sun's superior honour grieves,  
 Proud to reflect the glories she receives.

When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,  
 His merits censur'd, and his wounds forgot ;  
 When burnish'd helms and gilded armour rust,  
 And each proud trophy sinks in common dust :  
 Fresh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,  
 He shares the mighty blessings he bestows,  
 His spreading fame enlarges as it flows.  
 Had not your Muse in her immortal strain  
 Describ'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,  
 Ev'n Marlborough might have fought, and Dormer  
     bled in vain.

When honour calls, and the just cause inspires,  
 Britain's bold sons to emulate their fires ;  
 Your Muse these great examples shall supply,  
 Like that to conquer, or like this to die.  
 Contending nations ancient Homer claim,  
 And Mantua glories in her Maro's name ;  
 Our happier foil the prize shall yield to none,  
 Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.  
 Ye silvan powers, and all ye rural gods,  
 That guard these peaceful shades, and blest abodes ;  
 For your new guest your choicest gifts prepare,  
 Exceed his wishes, and prevent his prayer ;  
 Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,  
 And as his virtues, let his stores increase.  
 His lavish hand no deity shall mourn,  
 The pious bard shall make a just return ;

In lasting verse eternal altars raise,  
 And over-pay your bounty with his praise.

Tune every reed, touch every string, ye swains,  
 Welcome the stranger to these happy plains,  
 With hymns of joy in solemn pomp attend  
 Apollo's darling, and the Muses' friend.

Ye nymphs, that haunt the streams and shady groves,  
 Forget a while to mourn your absent loves ;  
 In song and sportive dance your joy proclaim,  
 In yielding blushes own your rising flame :  
 Be kind, ye nymphs, nor let him sigh in vain.

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Each land remote your curious eye has view'd,  
 That Grecian arts, or Roman arms subdued ;  
 Search every region, every distant soil,  
 With pleasing labour, and instructive toil :  
 Say then, accomplish'd Bard ! What god inclin'd  
 To these our humble plains your generous mind ?  
 Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,  
 Which none know better, or describe so well.

In vain ambrosial fruits invite your stay,  
 In vain the myrtle groves obstruct your way,  
 And ductile streams that round the borders stray.  
 Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,  
 Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakespeare's birth ;  
 Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,  
 And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides ;  
 Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant soil,  
 And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.  
 Here, on the painted borders of the flood,  
 The babe was born ; his bed with roses strow'd :

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Here in an ancient venerable dome,  
 Oppress'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.  
 Angels unseen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,  
 And in soft elegies complaining mourn :  
 While the blest'd faint, in loftier strains above,  
 Reveals the wonders of eternal love.  
 The heavens, delighted in his tuneful lays,  
 With silent joy attend their Maker's praise.  
 In heaven he sings ; on earth your Muse supplies  
 Th' important loss, and heals our weeping eyes.  
 Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart,  
 With equal genius, but superior art.  
 Hail, happy pair ! ordain'd by turns to blest,  
 And save a sinking nation in distress.  
 By great examples to reform the crowd,  
 Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.  
 When Brutus strikes for liberty and laws,  
 Nor spares a father in his country's cause ;  
 Justice severe applauds the cruel deed,  
 A tyrant suffers, and the world is freed,  
 But, when we see the godlike Cato bleed,  
 The nation weeps ; and from thy fate, oh Rome !  
 Learns to prevent her own impending doom.  
 Where is the wretch a worthless life can prize,  
 When Senates are no more, and Cato dies ?  
 Indulgent sorrow, and a pleasing pain,  
 Heaves in each breast, and beats in every vein.  
 Th' expiring patriot animates the crowd,  
 Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,  
 The dear-bought purchase of their fathers' blood.

Fair Liberty her head majestic rears,  
 Ten thousand blessings in her bosom bears;  
 Serene she smiles, revealing all her charms,  
 And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms.  
 Faction's repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey,  
 Forlorn she sits, and dreads the fatal day,  
 When eastern gales shall sweep her hopes away.  
 Such ardent zeal your Muse alone could raise,  
 Alone reward it with immortal praise.  
 Ages to come shall celebrate your fame,  
 And rescued Britain blest the poet's name.  
 So when the dreaded powers of Sparta fail'd,  
 Tyrtaeus and Athenian wit prevail'd.  
 Too weak the laws by wise Lycurgus made,  
 And rules severe without the Muses' aid:  
 He touch'd the trembling strings, the poet's song  
 Reviv'd the faint, and made the feeble strong;  
 Recall'd the living to the dusty plain,  
 And to a better life restor'd the slain.  
 The victor-host amaz'd, with horror view'd  
 Th' assembling troops, and all the war renew'd;  
 To more than mortal courage quit the field,  
 And to their foes th' unfinish'd trophies yield.

## An Imitation of HORACE, Book IV. Ode ix.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable James Stanhope, Esq; one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, afterwards Earl Stanhope.

**B**ORN near Avona's winding stream  
 I touch the trembling lyre,  
 No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,  
 Shall the bold Muse inspire.  
 'Tis immortality 's her aim;  
 Sublime she mounts the skies,  
 She climbs the steep ascent to fame,  
 Nor ever shall want force to rise,  
 While she supports her flight with Stanhope's name,  
 What though majestic Milton stands alone  
 Inimitably great!  
 Bow low, ye bards, at his exalted throne,  
 And lay your labours at his feet;  
 Capacious soul! whose boundless thoughts survey  
 Heaven, hell, earth, sea;  
 Lo! where th' embattled gods appear,  
 The mountains from their seats they tear,  
 And shake th' empyreal heavens with impious war.  
 Yet, nor shall Milton's ghost repine  
 At all the honours we bestow  
 On Addison's deserving brow,  
 By whom convinc'd, we own his work divine,  
 Whose skilful pen has done his merit right,  
 And set the jewel in a fairer light.

Enliven'd

Enliven'd by his bright Effay  
 Each flowery scene appears more gay,  
 New beauties spring in Eden's fertile groves,  
 And by his culture Paradise improves.  
 Garth, by Apollo doubly blest'd,  
 Is by the god entire possess'd :  
 Age, unwilling to depart,  
 Begs life from his prevailing skill ;  
 Youth, reviving from his art,  
 Borrows its charms and power to kill :  
 But when the patriot's injur'd fame,  
 His country's honour, or his friends,  
 A more extensive bounty claim,  
 With joy the ready Muse attends,  
 Immortal honours she bestows,  
 A gift the Muse alone can give ;  
 She crowns the glorious victor's brows,  
 And bids expiring virtue live.  
 Nymphs yet unborn shall melt with amorous flames  
 That Congreve's lays inspire ;  
 And Philips warm the gentle swains  
 To love and soft desire.  
 Ah ! shun, ye fair, the dangerous sounds,  
 Alas ! each moving accent wounds,  
 The sparks conceal'd revive again  
 The god restor'd, resumes his reign,  
 In killing joys and pleasing pain.  
 Thus does each bard in different garb appear,  
 Each Muse has her peculiar air,  
 And in propriety of dress becomes more fair ;



To each, impartial Providence  
 Well-chosen gifts bestows,  
 He varies his munificence,  
 And in divided streams the heavenly blessing flows.

## II.

If we look back on ages past and gone,  
 When infant Time his race begun,  
 The distant view still lessens to our sight,  
 Obscur'd in clouds, and veil'd in shades of night.  
 The Muse alone can the dark scenes display,  
 Enlarge the prospect, and disclose the day.  
 'Tis she the records of times past explores,  
 And the dead hero to new life restores,  
 To the brave man who for his country died,  
 Erects a lasting pyramid,  
 Supports his dignity and fame,  
 When mouldering pillars drop his name.  
 In full proportion leads her warrior forth,  
 Discovers his neglected worth,  
 Brightens his deeds, by envious rust o'ercast,  
 T' improve the present age, and vindicate the past.  
 Did not the Muse our crying wrongs repeat,  
 Ages to come no more should know  
 Of Lewis by oppression great  
 Than we of Nimrod now :  
 The meteor should but blaze and die,  
 Depriv'd of the reward of endless infamy.  
 Ev'n that brave chief, who set the nations free,  
 The greatest name the world can boast,

Without

Without the Muse's aid, shall be  
 Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion lost.  
 The sculptor's hand may make the marble live,  
 Or the bold pencil trace  
 The wonders of that lovely face,  
 Where every charm, and every grace,  
 That man can wish, or heaven can give,  
 In happy union join'd, confess  
 The hero born to conquer, and to bless.  
 Yet vain, alas! is every art,  
 Till the great work the Muse compleat,  
 And everlasting fame impart,  
 That soars aloft, above the reach of fate.  
 Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods bestow  
 A genius equal to the vast design,  
 Whose thoughts sublime in easy numbers flow,  
 While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.  
 How shall our trembling souls survey  
 The horrors of each bloody day;  
 The wreaking carnage of the plain  
 Incumber'd with the mighty slain,  
 The strange variety of death,  
 And the sad murmurs of departing breath?  
 Scamander's streams shall yield to Danube's flood,  
 To the dark bosom of the deep pursued  
 By fiercer flames, and stain'd with nobler blood.  
 The gods shall arm on either side,  
 Th' important quarrel to decide;  
 The grand event embroil the realms above,  
 And faction revel in the court of Jove;

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While heaven, and earth, and sea, and air,  
Shall feel the mighty shock and labour of the war.

## III.

Virtue conceal'd obscurely dies,  
Loft in the mean disguise  
Of abject sloth, depress'd, unknown.  
Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond lies,  
Till chance, or art, reveal its worth,  
And call its latent glories forth;  
But when its radiant charms are view'd,  
Becomes the idol of the crowd,  
And adds new lustre to the monarch's crown.  
What British harp can lie unstrung,  
When Stanhope's fame demands a song?  
Upward, ye Muses, take your wanton flight,  
Tune every lyre to Stanhope's praise,  
Exert your most triumphant lays,  
Nor suffer such heroic deeds to sink in endless night.  
The golden Tagus shall forget to flow,  
And Ebro leave its channel dry,  
Ere Stanhope's name to time shall bow,  
And loft in dark oblivion lie.  
Where shall the Muse begin her airy flight?  
Where first direct her dubious way;  
Loft in variety of light,  
And dazzled in excess of day?  
Wisdom and valour, probity and truth,  
At once upon the labouring fancy throng,  
The conduct of old age, the fire of youth,  
United in one breast perplex the poet's song.

Those

Those virtues which dispers'd and rare  
 The gods too thriftily bestow'd,  
 And scatter'd to amuse the crowd,  
 When former heroes were their care ;  
 T' exert at once their power divine,  
 In thee, brave chief, collected shine.  
 So from each lovely blooming face  
 Th' ambitious artist stole a grace,  
 When in one finish'd piece he strove  
 To paint th' all-glorious Queen of Love.  
 Thy provident unbiass'd mind  
 Knowing in arts of peace and war,  
 With indefatigable care,  
 Labours the good of human kind :  
 Erect in dangers, modest in success,  
 Corruption's everlasting bane,  
 Where injur'd merit finds redress,  
 And worthless villains wait in vain.  
 Though fawning knaves besiege thy gate,  
 And court the honest man they hate ;  
 Thy steady virtue charges through,  
 Alike unerring to subdue,  
 As when on Almanara's plain the scatter'd squa-  
 drons flew.

Vain are th' attacks of force or art,  
 Where Cæsar's arm defends a Cato's heart.  
 Oh ! could thy generous soul dispense  
 Through this unrighteous age its sacred influence ;  
 Could the base crowd from thy example learn  
 To trample on their impious gifts with scorn,

With

With shame confounded to behold  
 A nation for a trifle sold,  
 Dejected senates should no more  
 Their champion's absence mourn,  
**Contending** boroughs should thy name return;  
 Thy bold Philippicks should restore  
 Britannia's wealth, and power, and fame,  
 Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,  
 While tyrants trembled on a foreign shore.  
 No swelling titles, pomp, and state,  
 The trappings of a magistrate,  
**Can** dignify a slave, or make a traitor great.  
 For, careless of external show,  
 Sage Nature dictates whom t' obey,  
 And we the ready homage pay,  
 Which to superior gifts we owe.  
**Merit** like thine repuls'd an empire gains,  
 And virtue, though neglected, reigns.  
 The wretch is indigent and poor,  
 Who brooding sits o'er his ill-gotten store;  
 Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his sin,  
 He feels the rigid judge within.  
 But they alone are blest'd, who wisely know  
**T'** enjoy the little which the gods bestow,  
 Proud of their glorious wants, disdain  
 To barter honesty for gain;  
 No other ill but shame they fear,  
 And scorn to purchase life too dear:  
 Profusely lavish of their blood,  
 For their dear friends or country's good,

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If

If Britain conquer, can rejoice in death,  
And in triumphant shouts resign their breath.

To Dr. MACKENZIE.

**O** Thou, whose penetrating mind,  
Whose heart benevolent, and kind,  
Is ever present in distress;  
Glad to preserve, and proud to bless:  
Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,  
On Caledonian hills to rove.  
But hear our fond united prayer,  
Nor force a county to despair.

Let homicides in Warwick-Lane,  
With hecatombs of victims slain,  
Butcher for knighthood, and for gain;  
While thou pursuest a nobler aim,  
Declining interest for fame.  
Where'er thy Maker's image dwells,  
In gilded roofs, or smoky cells,  
The same thy zeal: o'erjoy'd to save  
Thy fellow-creature from the grave:  
For well thy soul can understand  
The poor man's call is God's command;  
No frail, no transient good, his fee;  
But heaven, and bless'd eternity.  
Nor are thy labours here in vain,  
The pleasure over-pays the pain.  
True happiness (if understood)  
Consists alone, in doing good;

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Speak,

Speak, all ye wife, can God bestow,  
 Or man a greater pleasure know ?  
 See where the grateful father bows !  
 His tears confess how much he owes :  
 His son, the darling of his heart,  
 Restor'd by your prevailing art ;  
 His house, his name, redeem'd by you,  
 His ancient honours bloom anew.  
 But oh ! what idioms can express  
 The vast transcendant happiness  
 The faithful husband feels ? his wife,  
 His better half, recall'd to life :  
 See, with what rapture ! see him view  
 The shatter'd frame rebuilt by you !  
 See health rekindling in her eyes !  
 See baffled death give up his prize !  
 Tell me, my friend, canst thou forbear,  
 In this gay scene to claim a share ?  
 Does not thy blood more swiftly flow ?  
 Thy heart with secret transports glow ?  
 Health, life, by heaven's indulgence sent,  
 And thou the glorious instrument !  
 Safe in thy art, no ills we fear,  
 Thy hand shall plant Elysium here ;  
 Pale Sickness shall thy triumphs own,  
 And ruddy Health exalt her throne.  
 The fair, renew'd in all her charms,  
 Shall fly to thy protecting arms ;  
 With gracious smiles repay thy care,  
 And leave her lovers in despair.

While

While multitudes applaud and bless  
 Their great asylum in distress,  
 My humble Muse, among the crowd,  
 Her joyful Pœans sings aloud.  
 Could I but with Mæonian flight  
 Sublimely soar through fields of light,  
 Above the stars thy name should shine,  
 Nor great Machaon's rival thine !  
 But father Phœbus, who has done  
 So much for thee his favourite son,  
 His other gifts on me bestows  
 With partial hands, nor hears my vows :  
 Oh ! let a grateful heart supply,  
 What the penurious powers deny !

### T H E W I F E.

**I**MPERIAL Jove (as poets sung of old)  
 Was coupled to a more imperial scold,  
 A jealous, termagant, insulting jade,  
 And more observant than a wither'd maid :  
 She watch'd his waters with unweari'd eyes,  
 And chac'd the god through every fly disguise,  
 Out-brav'd his thunder with her louder voice,  
 And shook the poles with everlasting noise.  
 At midnight revels when the gossips met,  
 He was the theme of their eternal chat :  
 This ask'd what form great Jove would next devise,  
 And when his godship would again Taurise ?

That



That hinted at the wanton life he led  
 With Leda, and with baby Ganymede :  
 Scandals and lyes went merrily about,  
 With heavenly lambs-wool, and nectarial stout.  
 Home she returns erect with lust and pride,  
 At bed and board alike unsatisfy'd ;  
 The hen-peck'd God her angry presence flies,  
 Or at her feet the passive thunderer lies,  
 In vain : still more she raves, still more she storms,  
 And heaven's high vaults echo her loud alarms :  
 To Bacchus, merry blade, the god repairs,  
 To drown in nectar his domestic cares,  
 The Fury thither too pursues the chace,  
 Palls the rich juice, and poisons every glass ;  
 Wine, that makes cowards brave, the dying strong,  
 Is a poor cordial 'gainst a woman's tongue.  
 To arms ! to arms ! th' impetuous Fury cries,  
 The jolly God th' impending ruin flies :  
 His trembling tigers hide their fearful heads,  
 Scar'd at a fierceness which their own exceeds ;  
 Bottles aloft like bursting bombs resound,  
 And smoking spout their liquid ruin round ;  
 Like storms of hail the scatter'd fragments fly,  
 Bruis'd bowls and broken glass obscure the sky ;  
 Tables, and chairs, and stools, together hurl'd,  
 With universal wreck fright all the nether world.  
 Such was the clamour, such great Jove's surprize,  
 When by gigantic hands the mountains rise,  
 To wrest his thunder, and invade the skies.

}  
Who

Who would not envy Jove eternal life,  
 And wish for godhead clogg'd with such a wife?  
 If e'er it be my wayward fate to wed,  
 Avert, ye powers, a Juno from my bed!  
 Let her be foolish, ugly, crooked, old,  
 Let her be whore, or any thing but scold!  
 With prayers incessant for my lot I crave  
 The quiet cuckold, not the hen-peck'd slave;  
 Or give me peace on earth, or give it in the grave!

In Memory of the Rev. Mr. MOORE.

OF humble birth, but of more humble mind,  
 By learning much, by virtue more refin'd,  
 A fair and equal friend to all mankind.  
 Parties and sects, by fierce divisions torn,  
 Forget their hatred, and consent to mourn;  
 Their hearts unite in undiffembled woe,  
 And in one common stream their sorrows flow.  
 Each part in life with equal grace he bore,  
 Obliging to the rich, a father to the poor.  
 From sinful riots silently he fled,  
 But came unbidden to the sick man's bed.  
 Manners and men he knew, and when to press  
 The poor man's cause, and plead it with success.  
 No penal laws he stretch'd, but won by love  
 His hearers' hearts, unwilling to reprove.  
 When four rebukes and harsher language fail,  
 Could with a lucky jest, or merry tale,  
 O'er stubborn souls in Virtue's cause prevail.

When's'er

Whene'er he preach'd, the throng attentive stood,  
 Feasted with manna, and celestial food :  
 He taught them how to live, and how to die ;  
 Nor did his actions give his words the lye.

Go, happy soul ! sublimely take thy flight  
 Through fields of æther, in long tracks of light,  
 The guest of angels ; range from place to place,  
 And view thy great Redeemer face to face.

Just God ! eternal source of power and love !  
 Whom we lament on earth, give us above ;  
 Oh ! grant us our companion and our friend,  
 In bliss without alloy, and without end !

## E P I T A P H

Upon HUGH LUMBER, Husbandman.

**I**N Cottages and homely cells,  
 True Piety neglected dwells ;  
 Till call'd to heaven, her native seat,  
 Where the good man alone is great :  
 'Tis then this humble dust shall rise,  
 And view his judge with joyful eyes ;  
 While haughty tyrants shrink afraid,  
 And call the mountains to their aid.



To mother earth's prolific bed,  
 Pensive I stoop my giddy head,  
 From thence too all my hopes are fled.  
 Nor flowers, nor grafs, nor shrubs appear,  
 To deck the smiling infant year;  
 But blasts my tender blóssoms wound,  
 And desolation reigns around.  
 If sea-ward my dark thoughts I bend,  
 O! where will my misfortunes end?  
 My loyal soul distracted meets  
 Attainted dukes, and \* Spanish fleets.  
 Thus jarring elements unite,  
 Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with spight,  
 Successive mischiefs every hour  
 On my devoted head they pour.  
 Whate'er I do, wheree'er I go,  
 'Tis still an endless scene of woe.  
 'Tis thus disconsolate I mourn,  
 I faint, I die, till thy return;  
 'Till thy brisk wit, and humorous vein,  
 Restore me to myself again.  
 Let others vainly seek for ease,  
 From Galen and Hippocrates,  
 I scorn such nauseous aids as these.  
 Haste then, my dear, unbrib'd attend,  
 The best elixir is a friend.

\* An invasion from Spain was then expected.

## T O A L A D Y,

Who made me a Present of a Silver Pen.

**F**AIR-ONE, accept the thanks I owe,  
 'Tis all a grateful heart can do.  
 If e'er my soul the Muse inspire  
 With raptures and poetic fire,  
 Your kind munificence I'll praise,  
 To you a thousand altars raise :  
 Jove shall descend in golden rain,  
 Or die a swan ; but sing in vain.  
 Phœbus the witty and the gay,  
 Shall quit the chariot of the day,  
 To bask in your superior ray.  
 Your charms shall every god subdue,  
 And every goddess envy you.  
 Add this but to your bounty's store,  
 This one great boon, I ask no more :  
 O gracious nymph, be kind as fair,  
 Nor with disdain neglect my prayer,  
 So shall your goodness be confess'd,  
 And I your slave entirely bless'd ;  
 This pen no vulgar theme shall stain,  
 The noblest palm your gift shall gain,  
 To write to you, nor write in vain.

}

}

Presenting to a Lady a White Rose and a Red on the  
Tenth of June.

**I**F this pale rose offend your sight,  
It in your bosom wear;  
'Twill blush to find itself less white,  
And turn Lancastrian there.

But, Celia, should the red be chose,  
With gay vermilion bright;  
'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,  
And in despair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,  
Their Babels build in vain;  
As uncontrollable as fate,  
Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty faction shall obey,  
And whigs and tories join,  
Submit to your despotic sway,  
Confess your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,  
They 're tyrants that oppress;  
'Tis mercy must support your throne,  
And 'tis like heaven to bless.

## THE BOWLING-GREEN.

**W**HERE fair Sabrina's wandering currents flow,  
 A large smooth plain extends its verdant brow,  
 Here every morn while fruitful vapours feed  
 The swelling blade, and blebs the smoaking mead,  
 A cruel tyrant reigns : like time, the swain  
 Whets his unrighteous scythe ; and shaves the plain-  
 Beneath each stroke the peeping flowers decay,  
 And all th' unripen'd crop is swept away,  
 The heavy roller next he tugs along,  
 Whifs his short pipe, or roars a rural song,  
 With curious eye then the press'd turf he views,  
 And every rising prominence subdues.

Now when each craving stomach was well-stor'd,  
 And Church and King had travel'd round the board,  
 Hither at Fortune's shrine to pay their court,  
 With eager hopes the motley tribe resort ;  
 Attornies spruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,  
 And rosy parsons fat, and orthodox :  
 Of every sect, whigs, papists, and high-flyers,  
 Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd squires :  
 Fox-hunters, quacks, scribblers in verse and prose,  
 And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaux ;  
 On the green cirque the ready racers stand,  
 Dispos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand :  
 Each polish'd sphere does his round brother own,  
 The twins distinguish'd by their marks are known.



As the strong rein guides the well-manag'd horse,  
 Here weighty lead infus'd directs their course.  
 These in the ready road drive on with speed,  
 But those in crooked paths more artfully succeed.  
 So the tall ship that makes some dangerous bay,  
 With a side wind obliquely slopes her way.  
 Lo ! there the silver tumbler fix'd on high,  
 The victor's prize, inviting every eye !  
 The champions, or consent, or chance divide,  
 While each man thinks his own the surer side,  
 And the jack leads, the skilful bowler's guide.

Bendo strip'd first, from foreign coasts he brought  
 A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought ;  
 Where the tumultuous whims to faction prone,  
 Still jostled monarch reason from her throne :  
 More dangerous than the porcupine's his quill,  
 Inur'd to slaughter, and secure to kill.  
 Let loose, just heaven ! each virulent disease,  
 But save us from such murderers as these :  
 Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,  
 Th' unpeopled world would sink beneath his rage ;  
 Nor need t' appease the just creator's ire  
 A second deluge or consuming fire.  
 He winks one eye, and knits his brow severe,  
 Then from his hand launches the flying sphere ;  
 Out of the green the guiltless wood he hurl'd,  
 Swift as his patients from this nether world :  
 Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd  
 Deride his senseless rage, and shout aloud.

Next,

Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious priest!  
Still late at church, but early at a feast.

No turkey-cock appears with better grace,  
His garments black, vermilion paints his face;

His wattles hang upon his stiffen'd band,

His platter feet upon the trigger stand,

He grasps the bowl in his rough brawny hand.

Then squatting down, with his grey goggle eyes

He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.

Zadoc pursues, and wabbles o'er the plain,

But shakes his strutting paunch, and ambles on in vain;

For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,

The inmate lead the lighter wood misguides,

He sharp reproofs with kind intreaties joins,

Then on the counter side with pain reclines;

As if he meant to regulate its course,

By power attractive, and magnetic force.

Now almost in despair, he raves, he storms,

Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms:

Unhappy Proteus! still in vain he tries

A thousand shapes, the bowl erroneous flies,

Deaf to his prayers, regardless of his cries.

His puffing cheeks with rising rage inflame,

And all his sparkling rubies glow with shame.

Bendo's proud heart, proof against Fortune's frown,

Resolves once more to make the prize his own:

Cautious he plods, surveying all the green,

And measures with his eye the space between.

But, as on him 'twas a peculiar curse,

To fall from one extreme into a worse;

Conscious of too much vigour, now for fear  
 He should exceed, at hand he checks the sphere.  
 Soon as he found its languid force decay,  
 And the too weak impressi<sup>o</sup>n die away ;  
 Quick after it he skuds, urges behind  
 Step after step, and now, with anxious mind,  
 Hangs o'er the bowl, slow-creeping on the plain,  
 And chides its faint efforts, and bawls amain.  
 Then on the guiltless green the blame to lay,  
 Curses the mountains that obstruct his way ;  
 Brazens it out with an audacious face,  
 His insolence improving by disgrace.

Zadoc, who now with three black mugs had chear'd  
 His drooping heart, and his sunk spirits rear'd,  
 Advances to the trigg with solemn pace,  
 And ruddy hope sits blooming on his face.  
 The bow he pois'd, with pain his hams he bends,  
 On well-chos<sup>e</sup> ground unto the mark it tends :  
 Each adverse heart pants with unusual fear,  
 With joy he follows the propitious sphere ;  
 Alas ! how frail is every mortal scheme !  
 We build on sand, our happiness a dream.  
 Bendo's short bowl stops the proud victor's course,  
 Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force.  
 At Bendo from each corner of his eyes  
 He darts malignant rays, then muttering flies  
 Into the bower ; there, panting and half dead,  
 In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.  
 Muse, raise thy voice, to win the glorious prize,  
 Bid all the fury of the battle rise :

These



These but the light-arm'd champions of the field,  
 See Griper there ! a veteran well skill'd ;  
 This able pilot knows to steer a cause  
 Through all the rocks and shallows of the laws :  
 Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client saves  
 On the next plank, and disappoints the waves.  
 In this, at least, all histories agree,  
 That, though he lost his cause, he sav'd his fee.  
 When the fat client looks in jovial plight,  
 How complaisant the man ! each point how right !  
 But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his case,  
 And poverty fits shrinking on his face,  
 How like a cur he snarls ! when at the door  
 For broken scraps he quarrels with the poor.  
 The farmer's oracle, when rent-day 's near,  
 And landlords, by forbearance, are severe ;  
 When huntsmen trespass, or his neighbour's swine,  
 Or tatter'd crape extorts by right divine.  
 Him all the rich their contributions pay,  
 Him all the poor with aching hearts obey :  
 He in his swanskin doublet struts along,  
 Now begs, and now rebukes, the pressing throng.  
 A passage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,  
 And gently from his hand lets loose the sphere :  
 Smooth as a swallow o'er the plain it flies,  
 While he pursues its track with eager eyes ;  
 Its hopeful course approv'd, he shouts aloud,  
 Claps both his hands, and juffles through the crowd,  
 Hovering a while, soon at the mark it stood,  
 Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kifs'd the wood ;

Loud

Loud is th' applause of every betting friend,  
 And peals of clamorous joy the concave rend.  
 But in each hostile face, a dismal gloom  
 Appears, the sad presage of loss to come ;  
 'Mong these, Trebellius with a mournful air  
 Of livid hue, just dying with despair,  
 Shuffles about, skews his chop-fallen face,  
 And no whipp'd gigg so often shifts his place.  
 Then gives his sage advice with wondrous skill,  
 Which no man ever heeds, or ever will :  
 Yet he persists, instructing to confound,  
 And with his cane points out the dubious ground.

Strong Nimrod now, fresh as the rising dawn  
 Appears, his sinewy limbs, and solid brawn,  
 The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts  
 Delights, nor pompous balls ; but rural sports  
 Are his soul's joy. At the horn's brisk alarms  
 He shakes th' unwilling Phillis from his arms ;  
 Mounts with the sun, begins his bold career,  
 To chase the wily fox, or rambling deer.  
 So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,  
 From savage beasts and monsters freed the land.  
 Hark ! from the covert of yon gloomy brake,  
 Harmonious thunder rolls, the forests shake :  
 Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chace,  
 Tumultuous transports flush in every face ;  
 With ears erect the courser paws the ground,  
 Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with chearing cries resound:  
 Drive down the precipice (brave youths) with speed,  
 Bound o'er the river banks, and smoke along the mead.

But

But whither would the devious Muse pursue  
 The pleasing theme, and my past joys renew?  
 Another labour now demands thy song,  
 Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th' expecting throng,  
 As Nimrod pois'd the sphere: his arm he drew  
 Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew, [flew: }  
 Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as swift it }  
 Bowls dash'd on bowls confounded all the plain,  
 Safe stood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.  
 Assaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,  
 Escaping by the ruin of their friends.

But now, he stands expos'd, their order broke,  
 And seems to dread the next decisive stroke.  
 So at some bloody siege, the ponderous ball  
 Batters with ceaseless rage the crumbling wall,  
 (A breach once made) soon galls the naked town,  
 Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.

Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart  
 Griper beheld, exerting all his art;  
 Once more resolves to check his furious foe,  
 Block up the passage, and elude the blow.  
 With cautious hand, and with less force, he threw }  
 The well-pois'd sphere, that gently circling flew, }  
 But stopping short, cover'd the mark from view.  
 So little Teucer on the well-fought field,  
 Securely skulk'd behind his brother's shield.

Nimrod, in dangers bold, whose heart elate,  
 Nor courted fortune's smiles, nor fear'd her hate;  
 Perplex'd, but not discourag'd, walk'd around, }  
 With curious eye examin'd all the ground; }  
 Not the least opening in the front was found.

Sideway he leans, declining to the right,  
 And marks his way, and moderates his might.  
 Smooth-gliding o'er the plain, th' obedient sphere  
 Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear  
 Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in every breast :  
 Now rolling nearer to the mark it prefs'd ;  
 Then chang'd its course, by the strong bias rein'd,  
 And on the foe discharg'd the force that yet remain'd.  
 Smart was the stroke, away the rival fled,  
 The bold intruder triumph'd in his stead.

Victorious Nimrod seiz'd the glittering prize,  
 Shouts of outrageous joy invade the skies ;  
 Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,  
 Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

The L A M E N T A T I O N of D A V I D  
 over SAUL and JONATHAN.

**P**ROSTRATE on earth the bleeding warrior lies,  
 And Israel's beauty on the mountains dies ;  
 How are the mighty fallen !  
 Hush'd be my sorrows, gently fall my tears,  
 Lest my sad tale should reach the aliens ears :  
 Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim  
 In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our shame ;  
 Lest proud Philistia, left our haughty foe,  
 With impious scorn insult our solemn woe.

O Gilboa ! ye hills aspiring high,  
 The last sad scene of Israel's tragedy :

No fattening dews be on thy lawns distill'd,  
 No kindly showers refresh the thirsty field ;  
 No hallow'd fruits thy barren soil shall raise,  
 No spotless kids, that on our altars blaze ;  
 Lonesome and wild shall thy bleak summits rise,  
 Accurs'd by men, and hateful to the skies.  
 On thee the shields of mighty warriors lay,  
 The shield of Saul was vilely cast away ;  
 The Lord's anointed Saul ! his sacred blood  
 Distain'd thy brow, and swell'd the common flood.  
 How are the mighty fallen !

Wheree'er their bands the royal heroes led,  
 The combat thicken'd, and the mighty bled ;  
 The slaughter'd hosts beneath their falchions die,  
 And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly ;  
 Unknowing to return, still urge the foe,  
 As fate insatiate, and as sure the blow.  
 The son, who next his conquering father fought,  
 Repeats the wonders his example taught :  
 Eager his sire's illustrious steps to trace,  
 And by heroic deeds assert his race.

The royal eagle thus her ripening brood  
 Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood :  
 His darling thus, the forest monarch rears,  
 A firm associate for his future wars ;  
 In union terrible, they seize the prey,  
 The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.

In peace united, as in war combin'd,  
 Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd,

Paternal



Paternal grace with filial duty vy'd,  
 And love the knot of nature cloſer ty'd.  
 Ev'n fate relents, reveres the ſacred band,  
 And undivided bids their friendship ſtand.  
 From earth to heaven enlarg'd, their joys improve,  
 Still fairer, brighter ſtill they ſhine above,  
 Bleſt in a long eternity of love.

Daughters of Iſrael, o'er the royal urn  
 Wail and lament; the king, the father, mourn.  
 Oh! now at leaſt indulge a pious woe,  
 'Tis all the dead receive, the living can beſtow.  
 Caſt off your rich attire and proud array,  
 Let undiſſembled ſorrows cloud the day:  
 Thoſe ornaments victorious Saul beſtow'd,  
 With gold your necks, your robes with purple glow'd:  
 Quit crowns, and garlands, for the ſable weed,  
 To ſongs of triumph let dumb grief ſucceed  
 Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron bleed,  
 How are the mighty fallen!

Though thus diſtreſs'd, though thus o'erwhelm'd with  
 Light is the burthen that admits relief; [grief,  
 My labouring ſoul ſuperior woes oppreſs,  
 Nor rolling time can heal, nor fate redreſs,  
 Another Saul your ſorrows can remove,  
 No ſecond Jonathan ſhall bleſs my love.

O Jonathan! my friend, my brother dear!  
 Eyes, ſtream aſreſh, and call forth every tear:  
 Swell, my ſad heart, each faltering pulſe beat low,  
 Down ſink my head beneath this weight of woe:

Hear

Hear my laments, ye hills! ye woods, return  
 My ceaseless groans; with me, ye turtles, mourn!  
 How pleasant hast thou been! each lovely grace,  
 Each youthful charm, fate blooming on thy face:  
 Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories sprung,  
 And manna dropt from thy persuasive tongue.  
 Witness, great heaven! (from you those ardours came) }  
 How wonderful his love! the kindest dame }  
 Lov'd not like him, nor felt so warm a flame. }  
 No earthly passion to such height aspires,  
 And seraphs only burn with purer fires.  
 In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,  
 And Israel's cause the pious patriot warms:  
 In vain, while deaths promiscuous fly below,  
 Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow.

To a YOUNG LADY, with the ILIAD  
 of HOMER translated.

GO, happy volume, to the fair impart  
 The secret wishes of a wounded heart:  
 Kind advocate! exert thy utmost zeal,  
 Describe my passion, and my woes reveal.  
 Oft shalt thou kiss that hand where roses bloom,  
 And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;  
 On thee her eyes shall shine, thy leaves employ  
 Each faculty, and sooth her soul with joy.  
 Watch the soft hour, when peaceful silence reigns,  
 And Philomel alone like me complains:

When

When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,  
 But end a day of calumny in prayer :  
 O'er Quarles or Bunyan nod, in dreams relent,  
 Without disguise give all their passions vent,  
 And mourn their wither'd charms, and youthful prime  
 mispent.

Then by the waxen taper's glimmering light,  
 With thee the studious maid shall pass the night ;  
 Shall feel her heart beat quick in every page,  
 And tremble at the stern Pelides' rage :  
 With horror view the half-drawn blade appear,  
 And the desponding tyrant pale with fear ;  
 To calm that soul untam'd, sage Nestor fails,  
 And ev'n celestial wisdom scarce prevails.  
 Then lead her to the margin of the main,  
 And let her hear th' impatient chief complain ;  
 Toss'd with superior storms, on the bleak shores  
 He lies, and louder than the billows roars.  
 Next the dread scene unfold of war and blood,  
 Hector in arms triumphant, Greece subdued ;  
 The partial gods who with their foes conspire,  
 The dead, the dying, and the fleet on fire.  
 But tell, oh ! tell the cause of all this woe,  
 The fatal source from whence these mischiefs flow ;  
 Tell her 'twas love deny'd the hero fir'd,  
 Depriv'd of her whom most his heart desir'd.  
 Not the dire vengeance of the thundering Jove,  
 Can match the boundless rage of injur'd love.  
 Stop the fierce torrent, and its billows rise,  
 Lay waste the shores, invade both earth and skies :

Confine

Confine it not, but let it gently flow,  
 It kindly chears the smiling plains below,  
 And everlasting sweets upon its borders grow.

To Troy's proud walls the wondering maid convey,  
 With pointed spires and golden turrets gay,  
 The work of gods: thence let the fair behold  
 The court of Priam, rich in gems and gold;  
 His numerous sons, his queen's majestic pride,  
 Th' aspiring domes, th' apartments stretching wide,  
 Where on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,  
 And weav'd the battles which their lovers fought.  
 Here let her eyes survey those fatal charms,  
 The beauteous prize that set the world in arms;  
 Through gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,  
 She walks, and every panting heart beats love.  
 Ev'n sapless age new blossoms at the sight,  
 And views the fair destroyer with delight:  
 Beauty's vast power, hence to the nymph make known,  
 In Helen's triumphs let her read her own;  
 Nor blame her slaves, but lay the guilt on fate,  
 And pardon failings which her charms create.

Rash bard! forbear, nor let thy flattering Muse,  
 With pleasing visions, thy fond heart abuse;  
 Vain are thy hopes presumptuous, vain thy prayer,  
 Bright is her image, and divinely fair:  
 But oh! the goddess in thy arms is fleeting air.  
 So dreams th' ambitious man when rich Tokay,  
 Or Burgundy, refines his vulgar clay:  
 The white rod trembles in his potent hand,  
 And crowds obsequious wait his high command;

Upon his breast he views the radiant star,  
 And gives the word around him, peace or war :  
 In state he reigns, for one short, busy night,  
 But soon convinc'd by the next dawning light,  
 Curses the fading joys that vanish from his sight.

AN EPISTLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

N E A R fair Avona's silver tide,  
 Whose waves in soft meanders glide,  
 I read, to the delighted swains,  
 Your jocund songs and rural strains.  
 Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,  
 Your thoughts in varied beauties show,  
 Like flowers that on her borders grow.  
 While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,  
 His \* friendly gift, my valued prize,  
 Where sister Arts, with charms divine,  
 In their full bloom and beauty shine,  
 Alternately my soul is blest,  
 Now I behold my welcome guest,  
 That graceful, that engaging air,  
 So dear to all the brave and fair.  
 Nor has th' ingenious artist shown  
 His outward lineaments alone,

\* Lord Somerville was pleased to send me his own  
 picture, and Mr. Ramsay's works.

SOMERVILE.

But

But in th' expressive draught design'd,  
 The nobler beauties of his mind ;  
 True friendship, love, benevolence,  
 Unstudied wit, and manly sense.  
 Then, as your book I wander o'er,  
 And feast on the delicious store  
 (Like the laborious busy bee,  
 Pleas'd with the sweet variety),  
 With equal wonder and surprize,  
 I see resembling portraits rise.  
 Brave archers march in bright array,  
 In troops the vulgar line the way.  
 Here the droll figures slyly sneer,  
 Or coxcombs at full length appear.  
 There woods and lawns, a rural scene,  
 And swains that gambol on the green.  
 Your pen can act the pencil's part  
 With greater genius, fire, and art.  
 Believe me, bard, no hunted hind  
 That pants against the southern wind,  
 And seeks the stream through unknown ways ;  
 No matron in her teeming days,  
 E'er felt such longings, such desires,  
 As I to view those lofty spires,  
 Those domes, where fair Edina shrouds  
 Her towering head amid the clouds.  
 But oh ! what dangers interpose !  
 Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,  
 Proud winter floods with rapid force,  
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse.

But fure we bards, whose purer clay,  
 Nature has mixt with lefs allay,  
 Might foon find out an eafier way.  
 Do not fage matrons mount on high,  
 And witch their broom-fticks through the fky;  
 Ride poft o'er hills, and woods, and feas,  
 From Thule to th' Hesperides \* ?

And yet the men of Grefham own  
 That this and ftranger feats are done,  
 By a warm fancy's power alone.  
 This granted; why can't you and I  
 Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the fky ?

Since our poetic brains, you know,  
 Than theirs muft more intenfely glow.  
 Did not the Theban fwan take wing,  
 Sublimely foar, and fweetly fmg ?  
 And do not we of humbler vein,  
 Sometimes attempt a loftier ftrain,  
 Mount fheer out of the reader's fight,  
 Obfcurely loft in clouds and night ?

Then climb your Pegafus with fpeed,  
 I 'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed :  
 Not as our fathers did of yore,  
 To fwell the flood with crimfon gore ;  
 Like the Cadmean murdering brood,  
 Each thirfting for his brother's blood.  
 For now all hostile rage fhall ceafe ;  
 Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,

\* The Scilly iflands were fo called by the antients.

Our honest hands and hearts shall join,  
 O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.  
 Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,  
 And I shall bring my bonny Kate.  
 But hold—oh! take a special care,  
 T' admit no prying Kirkman there;  
 I dread the Penitential Chair.  
 What a strange figure should I make,  
 A poor abandon'd English rake;  
 A squire well-born, and six foot high,  
 Perch'd in that sacred pillory?  
 Let spleen and zeal be banish'd thence,  
 And troublesome impertinence,  
 That tells his story o'er again:  
 Ill-manners and his saucy train,  
 And self-conceit, and stiff-rumprt pride,  
 That grin at all the world beside;  
 Foul scandal, with a load of lies,  
 Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;  
 Fame's busy hawker, light as air,  
 That feeds on frailties of the fair:  
 Envy, hypocrisy, deceit,  
 Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;  
 And all the hell-hounds that are foes  
 To friendship and the world's repose.  
 But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,  
 And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;  
 And joke, and pun, and merry tale,  
 And toasts, that round the table sail:



While laughter, bursting through the crowd  
In volleys, tells our joys aloud.

Hark ! the shrill piper mounts on high,  
The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,  
To his far-sounding melody.

Behold each labouring squeeze prepare  
Supplies of modulated air.

Observe Croudero's active bow,  
His head still nodding to and fro,  
His eyes, his cheeks, with raptures glow.

See, see the bashful nymphs advance,  
To lead the regulated dance ;

Flying still, the swains pursuing,  
Yet with backward glances wooing.

This, this shall be the joyous scene ;  
Nor wanton elves that skim the green  
Shall be so blest, so blythe, so gay,  
Or less regard what dotards say.

My Rose shall then your Thistle greet,  
The Union shall be more compleat ;  
And, in a bottle and a friend,  
Each national dispute shall end.

A N S W E R T O T H E A B O V E E P I S T L E,

By A L L A N R A M S A Y.

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,  
On the receipt, exceeded measure.

You write with so much spirit and glee,  
So smooth, so strong, correct and free ;

That

That any he (by you allow'd  
 To have some merit) may be proud.  
 If that 's my fault, bear you the blame,  
 Wha've lent me sic a lift to fame.  
 Your ain tours high, and widens far,  
 Bright glancing like a first-rate star,  
 And all the world bestow due praise  
 On the Collection of your lays ;  
 Where various arts and turns combine,  
 Which even in parts first poets shine :  
 Like Mat and Swift ye sing with ease,  
 And can be Waller when you please.  
 Continue, sir, and shame the crew  
 That 's plagu'd with having nought to do,  
 Who fortune in a merry mood  
 Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,  
 But has deny'd a genius fit  
 For action or aspiring wit ;  
 Such kenna how t' employ their time,  
 And think activity a crime :  
 Aught they to either do, or say,  
 Or walk, or write, or read, or pray !  
 When money, their Factotum, 's able  
 To furnish them a numerous rabble,  
 Who will, for daily drink and wages,  
 Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages :  
 Could they, like you, employ their hours  
 In planting these delightful flowers,  
 Which carpet the poetic fields,  
 And lasting funds of pleasure yields ;

Nae mair they 'd gaunt and gove away,  
 Or sleep or loiter out the day,  
 Or waste the night damning their fauls  
 In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls :  
 Whence pox and poverty proceed  
 An early eild, and spirits dead.  
 Reverse of you ;—and him you love,  
 Whose brighter spirit tours above  
 The mob of thoughtless lords and beaux,  
 Who in his ilka actions shows  
 “ True friendship, love, benevolence,  
 “ Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense.”  
 Allow here what you 've said your fell,  
 Nought can b' exprest so just and well :  
 To him and her, worthy his love,  
 And every blessing from above,  
 A son is given, God save the boy,  
 For theirs and every Som'ril's joy.  
 Ye wardins round him take your place,  
 And raise him with each manly grace ;  
 Make his meridian virtues shine,  
 To add fresh lustres to his line :  
 And many may the mother see  
 Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, fir, when Boreas nae mair thuds  
 Hail, snaw and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds ;  
 While Caledonia's hills are green,  
 And a' her straths delight the een ;  
 While ilka flower with fragrance blows,  
 And a' the year its beauty shows ;

Before

Before again the winter lour,  
 What hinders then your northern tour?  
 Be sure of welcome: nor believe  
 Those who an ill report would give  
 To Ed'nburgh and the land of cakes,  
 That nought what 's necessary lacks.  
 Here plenty's goddess frae her horn  
 Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,  
 In blyth abundance;—and yet mair,  
 Our men are brave, our ladies fair.  
 Nor will North Britain yield for fouth  
 Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,  
 To any but her sister South.—

True, rugged roads are curf'd driegh,  
 And speats aft roar frae mountains high:  
 The body tires—poor tottering clay,  
 And likes with ease at hame to stay;  
 While fauls stride warlds at ilka stend,  
 And can their widening views extend.  
 Mine sees you, while you chearf'u' roam  
 On sweet Avona's flowery howm,  
 There recollecting, with full view,  
 Those follies which mankind pursue;  
 While, conscous of superior merit,  
 You rise with a correcting spirit;  
 And, as an agent of the gods,  
 Lash them with sharp satyric rods:  
 Labour divine!—Next, for a change,  
 O'er hill and dale I see you range,

After

After the fox or whidding hare,  
 Confirming health in purest air ;  
 While joy frae heights and dales resounds,  
 Rais'd by the hola, horn and hounds :  
 Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out-run,  
 I see the friend, and setting fun,  
 Invite you to the temperate bicquor,  
 Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.  
 The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,  
 To save your health by sleeping found.  
 Thus with cool head and healsome breast  
 You see new day stream frae the east :  
 Then all the Muses round you shine,  
 Inspiring every thought divine ;  
 Be long their aid—Your years and blesses,  
 Your servant Allan Ramsay wishes.

T O A L L A N R A M S A Y,

Upon his publishing a Second Volume of Poems.

**H**A I L, Caledonian bard ! whose rural strains  
 Delight the listening hills, and cheer the plains !  
 Already polish'd by some hand divine,  
 Thy purer ore what furnace can refine ?  
 Careless of censure, like the sun, shine forth,  
 In native lustre, and intrinsic worth.  
 To follow nature is by rules to write,  
 She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.

From

From her the critic's taste, the poet's fire,  
Both drudge in vain till she from heaven inspire :  
By the same guide instructed how to soar,  
Allan is now what Homer was before.

Ye chosen youths ! who dare like him aspire,  
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre !  
Keep nature still in view ; on her intent,  
Climb by her aid the dangerous steep ascent  
To lasting fame. Perhaps a little art  
Is needful, to plane o'er some rugged part ;  
But the most labour'd elegance and care,  
T' arrive at full perfection must despair.  
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,  
Alas ! some venial sins will yet remain.  
Indulgence is to human frailty due,  
Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addison a few ;  
But those, like mists that cloud the morning ray,  
Are lost and vanish in the blaze of day.  
Though some intruding pimple find a place  
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,  
We still love on, with equal zeal adore,  
Nor think her less a goddess than before.  
Slight wounds in no disgraceful scars shall end,  
Heal'd by the balm of some good-natur'd friend.  
In vain shall canker'd Zoilus assail,  
While Spence presides, and candor holds the scale.  
His generous breast, nor envy fours, nor spite,  
Taught by his \* founder's motto how to write,

\* William of Wykeham, "Manners maketh man."

Good-manners guides his pen. Learn'd without pride,  
 In dubious points not forward to decide.  
 If here and there uncommon beauties rise,  
 From flower to flower he roves with glad surprize.  
 In failings no malignant pleasure takes,  
 Nor rudely triumphs over small mistakes.  
 No nauseous praise, no biting taunts offend,  
 W' expect a censor, and we find a friend.  
 Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,  
 Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,  
 Stripp'd of their rags, shall like Ulysses shine,  
 With more heroic port, and grace divine.  
 No pomp of learning, and no fund of sense,  
 Can e'er atone for lost benevolence.  
 May Wykeham's sons, who in each art excel,  
 And rival antient bards in writing well,  
 While from their bright examples taught they sing,  
 And emulate their flights with bolder wing,  
 From their own frailties learn the humbler part,  
 Mildly to judge in gentleness of heart !

Such critics, Ramsay, jealous for our fame,  
 Will not with malice insolently blame,  
 But lur'd by praise the haggard Muse reclaim.  
 Retouch each line till all is just and neat,  
 A whole of proper parts, a work almost compleat.

So when some beauteous dame, a reigning toast,  
 The flower of Forth, and proud Edina's boast,  
 Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,  
 In all her richest head-geer trimly clad,

The curious hand-maid, with observant eye,  
 Corrects the swelling hoop that hangs awry ;  
 Through every plait her busy fingers rove,  
 And now she plies below, and then above,  
 With pleasing tattle entertains the fair,  
 Each ribbon smooths, adjusts each rambling hair,  
 Till the gay nymph in her full lustre shine,  
 And Homer's Juno was not half so fine.

To the AUTHOR of the ESSAY ON MAN.

**W**AS ever work to such perfection wrought ;  
 How elegant the diction ! pure the thought !  
 Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,  
 But one bright beauty, one collected blaze :  
 So breaks the day upon the shades of night,  
 Enlivening all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart, thy great design ;  
 But who can read this wondrous work divine,  
 So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,  
 And not be proud, and boast of human wit ?

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,  
 Let us know man, and give to God his due ;  
 His image we, but mix'd with coarse alloy,  
 Our happiness to love, adore, obey ;  
 To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,  
 For this thy work, for every lesser good,  
 With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,  
 And own the great Creator all in all.

The



The Muse, which should instruct, now entertains,  
 On trifling subjects, in enervate strains ;  
 Be it thy task to set the wanderer right,  
 Point out her way in her aerial flight ;  
 Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,  
 And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.  
 Thy theme sublime, and easy verse, will prove  
 Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate ; thy abler pen  
 Shall vindicate the ways of God to men ;  
 In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,  
 When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.  
 Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys  
 The purest morals in the softest lays,  
 As angels once, so now we mortals bold  
 Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old ;  
 Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way  
 To the bright regions of eternal day.

E P I S T L E to Mr. T H O M S O N,

On the first Edition of his SEASONS.

**S**O bright, so dark, upon an April day,  
 The sun darts forth, or hides his various ray ;  
 So high, so low, the lark aspiring sings,  
 Or drops to earth again with folded wings ;  
 So smooth, so rough, the sea that laves our shores,  
 Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest roars.  
 Believe me, Thomson, 'tis not thus I write,  
 Severely kind, by envy sour'd or spite :

Nor

Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own ;  
 Such arts are to my honest soul unknown.  
 I read thee over as a friend should read,  
 Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you succeed.  
 Why should thy Muse, born so divinely fair,  
 Want the reforming toilet's daily care ?  
 Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,  
 And call forth all the glories of her face :  
 Studiously plain, and elegantly clean,  
 With unaffected speech, and easy mien,  
 Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,  
 Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire.  
 Discreetly daring, with a stiffen'd rein,  
 Firm in thy seat the flying steed restrain.  
 Though few thy faults, who can perfection boast ?  
 Spots in the sun are in his lustre lost :  
 Yet ev'n those spots expunge with patient care,  
 Nor fondly the minutest error spare.  
 For kind and wise the parent, who reproveth  
 The slightest blemish in the child he loves.  
 Read Philips much, consider Milton more ;  
 But from their dross extract the purer ore.  
 To coin new words, or to restore the old,  
 In southern bards is dangerous and bold ;  
 But rarely, very rarely, will succeed,  
 When minted on the other side of Tweed.  
 Let perspicuity o'er all preside—  
 Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.  
 The rhyming, jingling tribe, with bells and song,  
 Who drive their limping Pegasus along,

Shall

Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to rise,  
 To scorn the beaten road, and range the skies.  
 A genius so refin'd, so just, so great,  
 In Britain's isle shall fix the Muses' feat,  
 And new Parnassus shall at home create :  
 Rules from thy works each future bard shall draw,  
 Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,  
 And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

To the Right Hon. Lady ANNE COVENTRY.

Upon viewing her fine Chimney-piece of Shell-work.

**T**HE greedy merchant ploughs the sea for gain,  
 And rides exulting o'er the watery plain ;  
 While howling tempests, from their rocky bed,  
 Indignant break around his careful head.

The royal fleet the liquid waste explores,  
 And speaks in thunder to the trembling shores ;  
 The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear,  
 The vanquish'd hope, and the proud victors fear ;  
 Those quit their chain, and these resign their palm,  
 While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.

The curious sage, nor gain nor fame pursues,  
 With other eyes the boiling deep he views ;  
 Hangs o'er the cliff inquisitive to know  
 The secret causes of its ebb and flow :  
 Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its smooth face,  
 Or ranks in classes all the fishy race,

From

From those enormous monsters of the main,  
Who in their world, like other tyrants, reign,  
To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band  
Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the strand,  
Yet ev'n their shells the forming hand divine  
Has, with distinguish'd lustre, taught to shine.  
What bright enamel! and what various dyes!  
What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!  
Th' Almighty Painter glows in every line:  
How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold design,  
And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!  
Justly supreme! let us thy power revere,  
Thou fill'st all space! all-beauteous every where!  
Thy rising sun with blushes paints the morn,  
Thy shining lamps the face of night adorn;  
Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills;  
The vales thy pastures green, and bubbling rills;  
Thy coral groves, thy rocks, that amber weep,  
Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep;  
Thy yellow sands distinct with golden ore,  
And these thy variegated shells the shore.  
To all thy works such grandeur hast thou lent,  
And such extravagance of ornament.  
For the false traitor, man, this pomp and show!  
A scene so gay, for us poor worms below!  
No—for thy glory all these beauties rise,  
Yet may improve the good, instruct the wise.  
You, madam, sprung from Beaufort's royal line,  
Who, lost to courts, can in your closet shine,

Best know to use each blessing he bestows,  
 Best know to praise the power from whence it flows.  
 Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,  
 Or agat, or Ægyptian porphyry—  
 More glossy they, their veins of brighter dye.  
 See! where your rising pyramids aspire,  
 Your guests surpriz'd the shining pile admire!  
 In future times, if some great Phidias rise,  
 Whose chissel with his mistress Nature vies,  
 Who, with superior skill, can lightly trace  
 In the hard marble block the softest face:  
 To crown this piece, so elegantly neat,  
 Your well-wrought busto shall the whole compleat;  
 O'er your own work from age to age preside,  
 Its author once, and then its greatest pride.

ADDRESS to his ELBOW-CHAIR, new cloathed.

**M**Y dear companion, and my faithful friend!  
 If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend;  
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,  
 Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;  
 Why shouldst not *thou* attend my humble lays,  
 And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?  
 True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;  
 But what are trappings and external show?  
 To real worth alone I make my court;  
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.  
 Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay;  
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;

The

The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;  
 Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house!  
 Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!  
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore!  
 'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;  
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.  
 Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd;  
 I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd;  
 I lov'd thee, *more*; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd  
 My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.  
 With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,  
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.  
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd;  
 And every wayward appetite obey'd.  
 But sage experience taught me how to prize  
 Myself; and how, this world: she bade me rise  
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race  
 Of factious emmets; pointed where to place  
 My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace. }  
 Here on thy yielding down I sit secure;  
 And, patiently, what heaven has sent, endure;  
 From all the futile cares of business free;  
 Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be*:  
 Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the past;  
 And seriously prepare to meet the last.  
 So safe on shore the pension'd failor lies;  
 And all the malice of the storm defies:  
 With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,  
 Pities the restless crew he left behind;

Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone  
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

## S O N G.

## I.

**A**S o'er Aferia's fields I rove,  
The blissful seat of peace and love,  
Ten thousand beauties round me rise,  
And mingle pleasure with surprize.  
By nature blest in every part,  
Adorn'd with every grace of art,  
This paradise of blooming joys  
Each raptur'd sense, at once, employs.

## II.

But when I view the radiant queen,  
Who form'd this fair enchanting scene;  
Pardon, ye grotts! ye crystal floods!  
Ye breathing flowers! ye shady woods!  
Your coolness now no more invites;  
No more your murmuring stream delights;  
Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown;  
My soul's intent on her alone.

PARAPHRASE upon a FRENCH SONG.

“ Venge moi d’une ingrante maitresse,  
 “ Dieu du vin, j’implore bon yvresse.”

**K**IND relief in all my pain,  
 Jolly Bacchus! hear my prayer,  
 Vengeance on th’ ingrateful fair!  
 In thy smiling cordial bowl,  
 Drown the sorrows of my soul,  
 All thy deity employ,  
 Gild each gloomy thought with joy,  
 Jolly Bacchus! save, oh save,  
 From the deep devouring grave,  
 A poor, despairing, dying swain.

Haste away,

Haste away,

Lash thy tigers, do not stay,  
 I ’m undone if thou delay.  
 If I view those eyes once more,  
 Still shall love, and still adore,  
 And be more wretched than before,  
 See the glory round her face!

See her move!

With what a grace!—

Ye Gods above!

Is she not one of your immortal race?—

Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,

Dart like lightning through the sky:

Q<sub>3</sub>

Would



Would ye in marble temples dwell,  
 The dear-one to my arms compel ;  
 Bring her in bands of myrtle tied ;  
 Bid her forget, and bid her hide,  
 All her scorn and all her pride.  
 Would ye that your slave repay  
 A smocking hecatomb each day ;  
     O restore  
 The beauteous Goddess I adore ;  
 O restore, with all her charms,  
 The faithless vagrant to my arms !

H U D I B R A S and M I L T O N reconciled.

To Sir A D O L P H U S O U G H T O N.

“ Si fractus illabatur orbis,

“ Impavidum ferient ruinæ.”

H O R.

**D**E A R knight, how great a drudge is he  
 Who would excel in poetry !  
 And yet how few have learnt the art,  
 T' inform the head, or touch the heart !  
 Some, with a dry and barren brain,  
 Poor rogues ! like coftive lap-dogs strain ;  
 While others with a flux of wit,  
 The reader and their friends besh-t.  
 Would you (Sir Knight) my judgement know ?  
 He still writes worst who writes *fo-fo*.  
 In this the mighty secret lies,  
 To elevate, and to surprize :

Thus

Thus far my pen at random run,  
 The fire was out, the clock struck one.  
 When, lo! strange hollow murmurs from without,  
 Invade my ears. In every quarter rouz'd,  
 The warring winds rush from their rocky caves  
 Tumultuous; the vapours dank, or dry,  
 Beneath their standards rang'd, with lowering front  
 Darken the welkin. At each dreadful shock  
 Oaks, pines, and elms, down to their mother earth  
 Bend low their suppliant heads: the nodding towers  
 Menace destruction, and old Edrick's house  
 From its foundation shakes. The bellying clouds  
 Burst into rain, or gild their sable skirts  
 With flakes of ruddy fire; fierce elements  
 In ruin reconcil'd! redoubled peals  
 Of ceaseless thunder roar. Convulsions rend  
 The firmament. The whole creation stands  
 Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits its doom.  
 And now perhaps, dear friend, you wonder  
 In this dread scene of wind, rain, thunder,  
 What a poor guilty wretch could do;  
 Then hear—(for, faith, I tell you true)  
 I water'd, shook my giddy head,  
 Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

Upon MIRANDA's leaving the Country.

**T**HE sun departing hides his head,  
 The lily and the rose are dead,  
 The birds forget to sing;

The cooing turtles now no more  
Repeat their amorous ditties o'er,  
    But watch th' approaching spring,

For soon the merry month of May  
Restores the bright all-cheering ray ;  
    Soft notes charm every grove :  
The flowers ambrosial incense breathe,  
And all above, and all beneath,  
    Is fragrance, joy, and love.

So when Miranda hence retires,  
Each shepherd only not expires :  
    How rueful is the scene !  
How the dull moments creep along !  
No sportive dance, no rural song,  
    No gambols on the green.

Yet, when the radiant nymph appears,  
Each field its richest livery wears,  
    All nature 's blithe and gay ;  
The swains transported with delight,  
After a long and gloomy night,  
    Bless the reviving day.

While thus, indulgent to our prayer  
Kind heaven permitted us to share  
    A blessing so divine ;  
While smiling hope gave some relief,  
And joys alternate sooth'd our grief,  
    What shepherd could repine ?

But

But now—her fatal loss we mourn,  
 Never, oh! never to return  
     To these deserted plains;  
 Undone, abandon'd to despair,  
 Alas! 'tis winter all the year  
     To us unhappy swains.

Ye little Loves, lament around;  
 With empty quivers strew the ground,  
     Your bows unbent lay down;  
 Harmless your wounds, pointless your darts,  
 And frail your empire o'er our hearts,  
     Till she your triumphs crown.

Ye Nymphs, ye Fawns, complaining sigh;  
 Ye Graces, let your tresses fly,  
     The sport of every wind:  
 Ye mimic Echoes tell the woods,  
 Repeat it to the murmuring floods,  
     She's gone! she's gone! unkind!

Break, shepherds, break each tuneless reed,  
 Let all your flocks at random feed,  
     Each flowery garland tear;  
 Since Wit and Beauty quit the plain,  
 Past pleasures but enhance our pain,  
     And life 's not worth our care.

## T O P H Y L L I S.

**T**HOUGH close immur'd, poor captive maid !  
 Young Danaë play'd a wanton's part ;  
 The gold that in her lap was laid,  
 Soon found a passage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguil'd  
 By Juno's unrelenting hate,  
 Amid the bright destruction smil'd,  
 Enjoy'd her God, and dy'd in state.

The swan on Leda's whiter breast,  
 Artful deceiver ! nestling lay,  
 With joy she clasp'd her downy guest,  
 Fond of a bird so soft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit share,  
 Where interest reigns, or pride, or show ?  
 'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,  
 The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart shall beat,  
 Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan ;  
 Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,  
 For woman loves herself alone.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of HALIFAX,

With the Fable of the Two Springs.

**O** Halifax! a name for ever dear  
 To Phœbus, and which all the Nine revere;  
 Accept this humble pledge of my esteem,  
 So justly thine, benevolence my theme.  
 In mystic tales, and parables, of old  
 Grave Eastern Seers instructive lessons told;  
 Wise Greece from them receiv'd the happy plan,  
 And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.  
 The matron Truth appears with better grace,  
 When well-wrought fables veil her reverend face:  
 Dry precept may instruct, but can't delight,  
 While pleasing fictions all our powers excite.  
 Our busy minds each faculty employ,  
 And range around, and start their game with joy;  
 Pleas'd with the chace, make the rich prey their own,  
 And glory in the conquests they have won.  
 Fable alone can crown the poet's brow,  
 Upon his works immortal charms bestow:  
 And 'twere a sin that method to disprove,  
 Which Heaven has fix'd by sanctions from above.  
 My humble Muse in calm retirement roves  
 Near mossy fountains, and near shady groves:  
 Yet there, ev'n there, her loyal hands would raise  
 Some rural trophy to her monarch's praise;  
 Instruct those fountains and those groves to show,  
 What copious blessings from his bounty flow;

While

While flowers and shrubs blefs his propitious aid,  
 His urn refreshing, or protecting shade.  
 Great friend of human kind! thy pious hand  
 Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.  
 Let haughty tyrants of false glory dream,  
 Without remorse pursue the bloody scheme;  
 To fame forbidden tread the lawless way,  
 And o'er the ravag'd world extend their sway:  
 'Tis thine, great George, to guard thy favourite isle }  
 From open force, and every secret wile, }  
 To raise th' oppress'd, to make the captives smile;  
 To pay just heaven what righteous monarchs owe,  
 And, like that heaven, to blefs the world below:  
 To build new temples, to repair the old, }  
 To bring the straggling sheep into the fold, }  
 And by wise laws restore an age of gold.  
 Ye blissful seats where Tame and Isis join,  
 Lovely retirement of the sacred Nine,  
 Parent of arts, and once my sweet abode,  
 Can ye forget the blessings he bestow'd?  
 Can sophistry prevail against that prince,  
 Whose mercy and beneficence convince?  
 Oh! touch each tuneful string, let every Muse  
 From all her stores her noblest Pæans chuse;  
 Pay what she can in tributary lays,  
 And to his virtue grant supplies of praise.  
 To all the world your grateful hearts make known,  
 And in your monarch's fame record your own.  
 His fame—which Envy's breath can never blast, }  
 But ages yet to come shall join the past, }  
 And Brunswick's glory with the world shall last. }

## A SONG for the LUTE.

**G**ENTLY, my lute, move every string,  
 Soft as my sighs, reveal my pain;  
 While I, in plaintive numbers, sing  
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

In vain her airs, in vain her art,  
 In vain she frowns when I appear;  
 Thy notes shall melt her frozen heart;  
 She cannot hate, if she can hear.

And see she smiles! through all the groves  
 Triumphant Iö-Pæans sound:  
 Clap all your wings, ye little Loves;  
 Ye sportive Graces, dance around.

Ye listening oaks, bend to my song;  
 Not Orpheus play'd a nobler lay:  
 Ye savages, about me throng;  
 Ye rocks, and harder hearts, obey.

She comes, she comes, relenting fair!  
 To fill with joy my longing arms;  
 What faithful lover can despair,  
 Who thus with verse, and musick, charms?



## THE COQUET.

**W**HEN tortur'd by the cruel fair,  
 And almost mad with wild despair,  
 My fleeting spirits rove ;  
 One cordial glance restores her slave,  
 Redeems me from the gaping grave,  
 And sooths my soul to love.

Thus in a sea of doubt I'm tofs'd,  
 Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast ;  
 What wretch can long endure  
 Such odd, perplexing pangs as these,  
 When neither mortal the disease,  
 Nor yet compleat the cure ?

Proud tyrant ! since to save, or kill,  
 Depends on thy capricious will,  
 This milder sentence give ;  
 Reverse my strange, untoward fate,  
 Oh ! let me perish by thy hate,  
 Or by thy kindness live !

## The SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

**D**EAD to the soft delights of love,  
 Spare me, O ! spare me, cruel boy ;  
 Nor seek in vain that heart to move,  
 Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy swain,  
 (When smit with fair Pastora's charms)  
 I serv'd thee many a long campaign,  
 And wide I spread thy conquering arms.

Now, mighty God, dismiss thy slave,  
 To feeble age let youth succeed;  
 Recruit among the strong and brave,  
 And kindly spare an invalide.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares,  
 Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains!  
 My soul for better guests prepares,  
 Reason restor'd, and virtue reigns.

But why, my Cloe, tell me why?  
 Why trickles down this silent tear?  
 Why do these blushes rise and die?  
 Why stand I mute when thou art here?

Ev'n sleep affords my soul no rest,  
 Thee bathing in the stream I view;  
 With thee I dance, with thee I feast,  
 Thee through the gloomy grove pursue.

Triumphant God of gay desires!  
 Thy vassal's raging pains remove;  
 I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,  
 Oh! take my life, or crown my love.

## A D V I C E to the L A D I E S.

**W**HO now regards Chloris, her tears, and her whining,

Her sighs, and fond wishes, and aukward repining?

What a pother is here, with her amorous glances,

Soft fragments of Ovid, and scraps of romances!

A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!

Cold December affects the sweet blossoms of May;

To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom spurn us,

Is to quench love's bright torch, and with touchwood to burn us.

Believe me, dear maids, there's no way of evading;

While ye pish, and cry nay, your roses are fading:

Though your passion survive, your beauty will dwindle,

And our languishing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your zeniths we prostrate before ye,

When ye set in a cloud, what fool will adore ye?

Then, ye fair, be advis'd, and snatch the kind blessing,

And shew your good conduct by timely possessing.

## A N A C R E O N T I C. To C L O E drinking.

**W**HEN, my dear Cloe, you resign  
One happy hour to mirth and wine,

Each glass you drink still paints your face

With some new victorious grace:

Charms in reserve my soul surprize,

And by fresh wounds your lover dies.

Who

Who can resist thee, lovely fair!  
 That wit! that soft engaging air!  
 Each panting heart its homage pays,  
 And all the vassal world obeys.  
 God of the grape, boast now no more  
 Thy triumphs on far Indus' shore:  
 Each useless weapon now lay down,  
 Thy tigers, car, and ivy-crown;  
 Give but this juice in full supplies,  
 And trust thy fame to Cloe's eyes.

To a DISCARDED TOAST.

CELIA, confess 'tis all in vain,  
 To patch the ruins of thy face;  
 Nor of ill-natur'd Time complain,  
 That robs it of each blooming grace.

If Love no more shall bend his bow,  
 Nor point his arrows from thine eye,  
 If no lac'd fop, nor feather'd beau,  
 Despairing at thy feet shall die:

Yet still, my charmer, wit like thine  
 Shall triumph over age and fate;  
 Thy setting beams with lustre shine,  
 And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flower! soon fades away,  
 And transient are the joys of love;  
 But wit, and virtue, ne'er decay,  
 Ador'd below, and bless'd above.

## THE PERJURED MISTRESS.

From Horace, Epod. xv. ad Neæram.

**T**WAS night, and heaven intent with all its  
 Gaz'd on the dear deceitful maid; [eyes  
 A thousand pretty things she said,  
 A thousand artful tricks she play'd,  
**F**rom me, deluded me, her falsehood to disguise.

She clasp'd me in her soft encircling arms,  
 She press'd her glowing cheek to mine,  
 The clinging ivy, or the curling vine,  
 Did never yet so closely twine;  
**W**ho could be man and bear the lustre of her charms?

And thus she swore: by all the powers above,  
 When winter storms shall cease to roar,  
 When summer suns shall shine no more,  
 When wolves their cruelty give o'er,  
**N**æra then, and not till then, shall cease to love.

Ah! false Neæra! perjur'd fair! but know,  
 I have a soul too great to bear  
 A rival's proud insulting air,  
 Another may be found as fair,  
**A**s fair, ungrateful nymph! and far more just than you.

Shouldst thou repent, and at my feet be laid,  
 Dejected, penitent, forlorn,  
 And all thy former follies mourn,  
 Thy proffer'd passion I would scorn:  
**T**he Gods shall do me right on that devoted head.

**And**

And you, spruce fir, who insolently gay,  
 Exulting, laugh at my disgrace,  
 Boast with vain airs, and stiff grimace,  
 Your large estate, your handsome face,  
 Proud of a fleeting bliss, the pageant of a day :

You too shall soon repent this haughty scorn;  
 When, fickle as the sea or wind,  
 The prostitute shall change her mind,  
 To such another coxcomb kind ;  
 Then shall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn.

To a YOUNG LADY, who spent the Night in Tears,  
 upon a Report that her Brother was to fight a Duel  
 the next Morning.

PASTORA weeps, let every lover mourn,  
 Her grief is no less fatal than her scorn :  
 Those shining orbs inflict an equal pain,  
 O'erflown with tears, or pointed with disdain.  
 When doubts and fears invade that tender breast,  
 Where peace, and joy, and love should ever rest ;  
 As flowers depriv'd of the sun's genial ray,  
 Earthward we bend, and silently decay ;  
 In spite of all philosophy can do,  
 Our hearts relent, the bursting torrents flow,  
 We feel her pains, and propagate her woe.  
 Each mournful Muse laments the weeping fair,  
 The Graces all their comely tresses tear,  
 Love drags his wings, and droops his little head,  
 And Venus mourns as for Adonis dead.

Patience, dear maid, nor without cause complain,  
 O lavish not those precious drops in vain :  
 Under the shield of your prevailing charms,  
 Your happy brother lives secure from harms,  
 Your bright resemblance all my rage difarms.  
 Your influence unable to withstand,  
 The conscious steel drops from my trembling hand ;  
 Low at your feet the guilty weapon lies,  
 The foe repents, and the fond lover dies.  
 Æneas thus by men and Gods pursued,  
 Feeble with wounds, defil'd with dust and blood,  
 Beauty's bright Goddess interpos'd her charms,  
 And sav'd the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms.

To Dr. M—— reading Mathematicks.

**V**AIN our pursuits of knowledge, vain our care;  
 The cost and labour we may justly spare.  
 Death from this coarse alloy refines the mind,  
 Leaves us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd;  
 All science opens to our wondering eyes,  
 And the good man is in a moment wise.

FROM MARTIAL. EPIG. xlvii.

**W**OULD you, my friend, find out the true receipt,  
 To live at ease, and stem the tide of fate;  
 The grand elixir thus you must infuse,  
 And these ingredients to be happy chuse :

First

First an estate, not got with toil and sweat,  
 But unincumber'd left, and free from debt :  
 For let that be your dull forefather's care,  
 To pinch and drudge for his deserving heir ;  
 Fruitful and rich, in land that's found and good,  
 That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood ;  
 That cold nor hunger may your house infest,  
 While flames invade the skies, and pudding crowns the  
 A quiet mind, serene, and free from care, [feast.  
 Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noisy at the bar ;  
 A body sound, that physick cannot mend ;  
 And the best physick of the mind, a friend,  
 Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,  
 Thy other self, distinguish'd but by face ;  
 Whose sympathetic soul takes equal share  
 Of all thy pleasure, and of all thy care.  
 A modest board, adorn'd with men of sense,  
 No French ragouts, nor French impertinence.  
 A merry bottle to engender wit,  
 Not over-dos'd, but *quantum sufficit* :  
 Equal the error is in each excess,  
 Nor dulness less a sin, than drunkenness.  
 A tender wife dissolving by thy side,  
 Easy and chaste, free from debate and pride,  
 Each day a mistress, and each night a bride. }  
 Sleep undisturb'd, and at the dawn of day,  
 The merry horn, that chides thy tedious stay ;  
 A horse that 's clean, sure-footed, swift, and sound,  
 And dogs that make the echoing cliffs resound ;



That sweep the dewy plains, out-fly the wind,  
And leave domestic sorrows far behind.

Pleas'd with thy present lot, nor grudging at the past,  
Not fearing when thy time shall come, nor hoping for  
thy last.

To a GENTLEMAN, who married his Cast Mistress.

From HORACE, Book III. Ode ix.

**D.** **W**HILE I was yours, and yours alone,  
Proud, and transported with your charms,  
I envy'd not the Persian throne,  
But reign'd more glorious in your arms.

**B.** While you were true, nor Suky fair  
Had chac'd poor Bruny from your breast;  
Not Ilia could with me compare,  
So fam'd, or so divinely blest.

**D.** In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie,  
So sweetly sings the warbling fair!  
For whom most willingly I'd die,  
Would Fate the gentle Syren spare.

**B.** Me Billy burns with mutual fire,  
For whom I'd die, in whom I live,  
For whom each moment I'd expire,  
Might he, my better part, survive.

**D.** Should I once more my heart resign,  
Would you the penitent receive?

Would

Would Suky scorn'd atone my crime?  
 And would my Bruny own her slave?

*B.* Though brighter he than blazing star,  
 More fickle thou than wind or sea,  
 With thee, my kind returning dear,  
 I'd live, contented die with thee.

A DAINY NEW BALLAD:

Occasioned by a Clergyman's Widow of Seventy Years  
 of Age, being married to a young Exciseman.

**T**HERE liv'd in our good town,  
 A relict of the gown,  
 A chaste and humble dame;  
 Who, when her man of God  
 Was cold as any clod,  
 Dropt many a tear in vain.

But now, good people, learn all,  
 No grief can be eternal;  
 Nor is it meet, I ween,  
 That folks should always whimper,  
 There is a time to simper,  
 As quickly shall be seen.

For Love that little urchin,  
 About this widow lurching,  
 Had sily fix'd his dart;  
 The silent creeping flame  
 Boil'd fore in every vein,  
 And glow'd about her heart.

So, when a pipe we smoke,  
And from the flint provoke  
The sparks that twinkling play;  
The touchwood old and dry  
With heat begins to fry,  
And gently wastes away.

With art she patch'd up nature,  
Reforming every feature,  
Restoring every grace:  
To gratify her pride,  
She stopp'd each cranny wide,  
And painted o'er her face.

Nor red, nor eke the white,  
Was wanting to invite,  
Nor coral lips that pout;  
But, oh! in vain she tries,  
With darts to arm those eyes  
That dimly squint about.

With order and with care,  
Her pyramid of hair  
Sublimely mounts the sky;  
And, that she might prevail,  
She bolster'd up her tail,  
With rumps three stories high.

With many a rich perfume,  
She purify'd her room,  
As there was need, no doubt;

For on these warm occasions,  
 Offensive exhalations  
 Are apt to fly about.

On beds of roses lying,  
 Expecting, wishing, dying,  
 Thus languish'd for her love  
 The Cyprian Queen of old,  
 As merry bards have told,  
 All in a myrtle grove.

In pale of mother church,  
 She fondly hop'd to lurch,  
 But, ah me! hop'd in vain;  
 No doctor could be found,  
 Who this her case profound  
 Durst venture to explain.

At length a youth full smart,  
 Who oft by magic art  
 Had div'd in many a hole;  
 Or kilderkin, or tun,  
 Or hoghead, 'twas all one,  
 He 'd found it with his pole.

His art, and eke his face,  
 So suited to her case,  
 Engag'd her love-sick heart;  
 Quoth she, My pretty Diver,  
 With thee I 'll live for ever,  
 And from thee never part.

For thee my bloom reviving,  
 For thee fresh charms arising,  
     Shall melt thee into joy;  
 Nor doubt, my pretty sweeting,  
 Ere nine months are compleating,  
     To see a bonny boy.

As ye have seen, no doubt,  
 A candle when just out,  
     In flames break forth again;  
 So shone this widow bright,  
 All blazing in despight  
     Of threescore years and ten.

### CANIDIA'S EPITHALAMIUM.

Upon the same.

**T**IME as malevolent, as old,  
     To blast Canidia's face,  
 (Which once 'twas rapture to behold)  
     With wrinkles and disgrace.

Not so in blooming beauty bright,  
     Each envying virgin's pattern,  
 She reign'd with undisputed right  
     A \* priestess of St. Catterna.

\* She was bar-keeper at the Catterna-wheel in Oxford.

Each

Each sprightly soph, each brawny thrum,  
 Spent his first runnings here ;  
 And hoary doctors dribbling come,  
 To languish and despair.

Low at her feet the prostrate arts  
 Their humble homage pay ;  
 To her the tyrant of their hearts,  
 Each bard directs his lay.

But now, when impotent to please,  
 Alas ! she would be doing ;  
 Reversing Nature's wise decrees,  
 She goes herself a-wooing.

Though brib'd with all her pelf, the swain  
 Most awkwardly complies ;  
 Press'd to bear arms, he serves in pain,  
 Or from his colours flies.

So does an ivy, green when old,  
 And sprouting in decay ;  
 In juiceless, joyless arms infold  
 A sapling young and gay.

The thriving plant, if better join'd,  
 Would emulate the skies ;  
 But, to that wither'd trunk confin'd,  
 Grows sickly, pines, and dies.

## H U N T I N G - S O N G .

**B**EHOLD, my friend, the rofy-finger'd Morn,  
 With blufhes on her face,  
 Peeps o'er yon azure hill ;  
 Rich gems the trees enchafe,  
 Pearls from each bufh diftil,  
 Arife, arife, and hail the light new-born.

Hark ! hark ! the merry horn calls, come away :  
 Quit, quit thy downy bed ;  
 Break from Amynta's arms ;  
 Oh ! let it ne'er be faid,  
 That all, that all her charms,  
 Though ſhe 's as Venus fair, can tempt thy ftay.

Perplex thy foul no more with cares below,  
 For what will pelf avail ?  
 Thy courfer paws the ground,  
 Each beagle cocks his tail,  
 They ſpend their mouths around,  
 While health, and pleaſure, ſmiles on every brow.

Try, huntſmen, all the brakes, ſpread all the plain,  
 Now, now, ſhe 's gone away,  
 Strip, ſtrip, with ſpeed purſue ;  
 The jocund God of day,  
 Who fain our ſport would view,  
 See, ſee, he flogs his fiery ſteeds in vain.

Pour

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys,  
 On the wings of the wind  
 The merry beagles fly;  
 Dull Sorrow lags behind:  
 Ye shrill echoes, reply;  
 Catch each flying sound, and double our joys.

Ye rocks, woods, and caves, our musick repeat:  
 The bright spheres thus above,  
 A gay refulgent train,  
 Harmoniously move  
 O'er yon celestial plain  
 Like us whirl along, in concert so sweet.

Now Pufs threads the brakes, and heavily flies,  
 At the head of the pack  
 Old Fidler bears the bell,  
 Every foil he hunts back,  
 And aloud rings her knell,  
 Till, forc'd into view, she pants, and she dies.

In life's dull round thus we toil, and we sweat;  
 Diseases, grief, and pain,  
 An implacable crew,  
 While we double in vain,  
 Unrelenting pursue,  
 Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while ye may,  
 What 's decreed by dark fate  
 Is not in our own power,

Since



Since to-morrow 's too late,  
 Take the present kind hour :  
 With wine cheer the night, as sports blefs the day.

A TRANSLATION of HORACE, Ep. x.

Horace recommends a Country Life, and dissuades his  
 Friend from Ambition and Avarice.

**H**EALTH to my friend lost in the smoky town, }  
 From him who breathes in country air alone, }  
 In all things else thy soul and mine are one ;  
 And like two aged long acquainted doves,  
 The same our mutual hate, the same our mutual loves.  
 Close, and secure, you keep your lazy nest,  
 My wandering thoughts won't let my pinions rest :  
 O'er rocks, seas, woods, I take my wanton flight,  
 And each new object charms with new delight.  
 To say no more, my friend, I live, and reign,  
 Lord of myself ; I 've broke the servile chain,  
 Shook off with scorn the trifles you desire,  
 All the vain empty nothings fops admire.  
 Thus the lean slave of some fat pamper'd priest  
 With greedy eyes at first views each luxurious feast ;  
 But, quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat  
 Their godly viands, and their holy meat :  
 Wisely ambitious to be free and poor,  
 Longs for the homely scraps he loath'd before.  
 Seek'st thou a place where nature is observ'd,  
 And cooler reason may be mildly heard ;

To rural shades let thy calm soul retreat,  
 These are th' Elyfian fields, this is the happy feat,  
 Proof againſt winter's cold, and ſummer's heat. }  
 Here no invidious care thy peace annoys,  
 Sleep undiſturb'd, uninterrupted joys ;  
 Your marble pavements with diſgrace muſt yield  
 To each ſmooth plain, and gay enamel'd field :  
 Your muddy aquæducts can ne'er compare  
 With country ſtreams, more pure than city air ;  
 Our yew and bays incloſ'd in pots ye prize,  
 And mimic little beauties we deſpiſe.  
 The roſe and woodbine marble walls ſupport,  
 Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court :  
 But yet in vain all ſhifts the artiſt tries,  
 The diſcontented twig but pines away and dies.  
 The houſe ye praiſe that a large proſpect yields,  
 And view with longing eyes the pleaſure of the fields ;  
 'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confeſs,  
 Th' inimitable charms the peaceful country bleſs.  
 In vain from nature's rules we blindly ſtray,  
 And push th' uneaſy monitrix away :  
 Still ſhe returns, nor lets our conſcience reſt, }  
 But night and day inculcates what is beſt,  
 Our trueſt friend, though an unwelcome gueſt.  
 As ſoon th' unſkilful fool that 's blind enough,  
 To call rich Indian damask Norwich ſtuff,  
 Shall become rich by trade ; as he be wiſe,  
 Whoſe partial ſoul and undiſcerning eyes  
 Can't at firſt ſight, and at each tranſient view,  
 Diſtinguiſh good from bad, or falſe from true.

He

He that too high exalts his giddy head  
 When Fortune smiles, if the jilt frowns, is dead :  
 Th' aspiring fool, big with his haughty boast,  
 Is the most abject wretch when all his hopes are lost.  
 Sit loose to all the world, nor aught admire,  
 These worthless toys too fondly we desire ;  
 Since when the darling 's ravish'd from our heart,  
 The pleasure 's over-balanc'd by the smart.  
 Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy loose desires,  
 For thrifty nature no great cost requires :  
 A healthful body, and thy mistress kind,  
 An humble cot, and a more humble mind :  
 These once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,  
 From thy poor cell despise the tottering throne,  
 And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down.  
 The stag well arm'd, and with unequal force,  
 From fruitful meadows chac'd the conquer'd horse ;  
 The haughty beast that stomach'd the disgrace,  
 In meaner pastures not content to graze,  
 Receives the bit, and man's assistance prays.  
 The conquest gain'd, and many trophies won,  
 His false confederate still rode boldly on ;  
 In vain the beast curs'd his perfidious aid,  
 He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could persuade  
 The rider from his back, or bridle from his head.  
 Just so the wretch that greedily aspires,  
 Unable to content his wild desires ;  
 Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,  
 Loses a prize worth all his golden ore,  
 The happy freedom he enjoy'd before.

About

About him still th' uneasy load he bears,  
 Spurr'd on with fruitless hopes, and curb'd with anxious  
 The man whose fortunes fit not to his mind, [fears.  
 The way to true content shall never find;  
 If the shoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,  
 In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aside.  
 But you, my friend, in calm contentment live,  
 Always well pleas'd with what the Gods shall give;  
 Let not base shining pelf thy mind deprave,  
 Tyrant of fools, the wise man's drudge and slave;  
 And me reprove if I shall crave for more,  
 Or seem the least uneasy to be poor.  
 Thus much I write, merry, and free from care,  
 And nothing covet, but thy presence here.

## THE MISER'S SPEECH.

FROM HORACE, Epod. II.

**H**APPY the man, who, free from care,  
 Manures his own paternal fields,  
 Content, as his wise fathers were,  
 T' enjoy the crop his labour yields.  
 Nor usury torments his breast,  
 That barter happiness for gain,  
 Nor war's alarms disturb his rest,  
 Nor hazards of the faithless main:

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,  
    With costly noise, and dear debate,  
Proclaims an everlasting war ;  
    Nor fawns on villains basely great.  
But for the vine selects a spouse,  
    Chaste emblem of the marriage-bed,  
Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,  
    And grafts more happy in their stead.  
Or hears the lowing herds from far,  
    That fatten on the fruitful plains,  
And ponders with delightful care,  
    The prospect of his future gains.  
Or shears his sheep that round him graze,  
    And droop beneath their curling loads ;  
Or plunders his laborious bees  
    Of balmy nectar, drink of gods !  
His chearful head when Autumn rears,  
    And bending boughs reward his pains,  
Joyous he plucks the luscious pears,  
    The purple grape his finger stains.  
Each honest heart 's a welcome guest,  
    With tempting fruit his tables glow,  
The Gods are bidden to the feast,  
    To share the blessings they bestow.  
Under an oak's protecting shade,  
    In flowery meads profusely gay,  
Supine he leans his peaceful head,  
    And gently loiters life away.

The vocal streams that murmuring flow,  
 Or from their springs complaining creep,  
 The birds that chirp on every bough,  
 Invite his yielding eyes to sleep.

But, when bleak storms and lowering Jove  
 Now sadden the declining year,  
 Through every thicket, every grove,  
 Swift he pursues the flying deer.

With deep-hung hounds he sweeps the plains ;  
 The hills, the vallies, smok around :  
 The woods repeat his pleasing pains,  
 And Echo propagates the sound.

Or, push'd by his victorious spear,  
 The grisly boar before him flies,  
 Betray'd by his prevailing fear  
 Into the toils, the monster dies.

His towering falcon mounts the skies,  
 And cuts through clouds his liquid way ;  
 Or else with fly deceit he tries  
 To make the lesser game his prey.

Who, thus possess'd of solid joy,  
 Would Love, that idle imp, adore ?  
 Cloe 's coquet, Myrtilla 's coy,  
 And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore.

Adieu, fantastic idle flame !  
 Give me a profitable wife,  
 A careful, but obliging dame,  
 To soften all the toils of life :

Who shall with tender care provide,  
Against her weary spouse return,  
With plenty see his board supply'd,  
And make the crackling billets burn:

And while his men and maids repair  
To fold his sheep, to milk his kine,  
With unbought dainties feast her dear,  
And treat him with domestic wine.

I view with pity and disdain  
The costly trifles coxcombs boast,  
Their Bourdeaux, Burgundy, Champaign,  
Though sparkling with the brightest toast.

Pleas'd with sound manufacture more,  
Than all the stum the knaves impose,  
When the vain cully treats his whore,  
At Brawn's, the Mitre, or the Rose.

Let fops their sickly palates please,  
With luxury's expensive store,  
And feast each virulent disease  
With dainties from a foreign shore.

I, whom my little farm supplies,  
Richly on nature's bounty live;  
The only happy are the wife,  
Content is all the Gods can give.

While thus on wholesome cates I feast,  
Oh! with what rapture I behold  
My flocks in comely order haste  
'T' enrich with soil the barren fold!

The languid ox approaches flow,  
 To share the food his labours earn;  
 Painful he tugs th' inverted plough,  
 Nor hunger quickens his return.

My wanton swains, uncouthly gay,  
 About my smiling hearth delight,  
 To sweeten the laborious day,  
 By many a merry tale at night.

Thus spoke old Gripe, when bottles three  
 Of Burton ale, and sea-coal fire,  
 Unlock'd his breast; resolv'd to be  
 A generous, honest, country squire.

That very night his money lent,  
 On bond, or mortgage, he call'd in,  
 With lawful use of six *per cent*.  
 Next morn, he put it out at ten.



## F A B L E I.

## THE CAPTIVE TRUMPETER.

“ — Quo non præstantior æter  
 “ Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.”

VIRG.

A Party of huffars of late  
 For prog and plunder scour'd the plains,  
 Some French Gens d'Armes surpriz'd, and beat,  
 And brought their trumpeter in chains.

In doleful plight, th' unhappy bard  
 For quarter begg'd on bended knee,  
 Pity, Messieurs! In truth 'tis hard  
 To kill a harmless enemy.

These hands, of slaughter innocent,  
 Ne'er brandish'd the destructive sword,  
 To you or yours no hurt I meant,  
 O take a poor musician's word.

But the stern foe, with generous rage,  
 Scoundrel! reply'd, Thou first shalt die,  
 Who, urging others to engage,  
 From fame and danger basely fly.

The brave by law of arms we spare,  
 Thou by the hangman shalt expire;  
 'Tis just, and not at all severe,  
 To stop the breath that blew the fire.

F A B L E

F A B L E II.

The Bald-pated WELSHMAN, and the FLY.

“ — Qui non moderabitur iræ,  
 “ Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit & mens,  
 “ Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.” HOR.

A Squire of Wales, whose blood ran higher  
 Than that of any other squire,  
 Hafty and hot; whose peevish honour  
 Reveng'd each slight was put upon her,  
 Upon a mountain's top one day  
 Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray;  
 He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,  
 Exhal'd a sea at every pore:  
 At last, such insults to evade,  
 Sought the next tree's protecting shade;  
 Where, as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,  
 And wip'd off many a rivulet,  
 Off in a pet the beaver flies,  
 And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,  
 By which, folks of maturer ages  
 Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies pages:  
 Though 'twas a secret rarely known,  
 Ill-natur'd age had cropt his crown,  
 Grubb'd all the covert up, and now  
 A large smooth plain extends his brow.  
 Thus as he lay with numskul bare,  
 And courted the refreshing air,

New persecutions still appear,  
 A noisy fly offends his ear.  
 Alas ! what man of parts and sense  
 Could bear such vile impertinence ?  
 Yet so discourteous is our fate,  
 Fools always buz about the great.  
 This insect now, whose active spight,  
 Teaz'd him with never-ceasing bite,  
 With so much judgement play'd his part,  
 He had him both in tierce and quart :  
 In vain with open hands he tries,  
 To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes ;  
 For now at last, familiar grown,  
 He perch'd upon his worship's crown,  
 With teeth and claws his skin he tore,  
 And stuff'd himself with human gore.  
 At last, in manners to excel,  
 Untrufs'd a point, some authors tell.  
 But now what rhetorick could assuage  
 The furious squire, stark mad with rage ?  
 Impatient at the foul disgrace,  
 From insect of so mean a race ;  
 And plotting vengeance on his foe,  
 With double fist he aims a blow :  
 The nimble fly escap'd by flight,  
 And skip'd from this unequal fight.  
 Th' impending stroke with all its weight  
 Fell on his own beloved pate.  
 Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,  
 He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

M O R A L .

M O R A L.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,  
 And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,  
 Who by th' unequal strife grows popular and great. }  
 Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy  
 The wise, the good; yet still 'tis but a fly.  
 With puny foes the toil 's not worth the cost,  
 Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost:  
 Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,  
 A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage.  
 True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings;  
 Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

F A B L E III.

T H E A N T A N D T H E F L Y.

“ *Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,  
 Mutatæ quatient.*”— HOR.

**T**HE careful ant that meanly fares,  
 And labours hardly to supply,  
 With wholesome cates and homely tares,  
 His numerous working family;  
 Upon a visit met one day  
 His cousin fly, in all his pride,  
**A** courtier insolent and gay,  
 By Goody Maggot near ally'd:

The

The humble insect humbly bow'd,  
 And all his lowest congees paid,  
 Of an alliance wondrous proud  
 To such a huffing tearing blade.

The haughty fly look'd big, and swore  
 He knew him not, nor whence he came;  
 Huff'd much, and with impatience bore  
 The scandal of so mean a claim.

Friend Clodpate, know, 'tis not the mode  
 At court, to own such clowns as thee,  
 Nor is it civil to intrude  
 On flies of rank and quality.

I—who, in joy and indolence,  
 Converse with monarchs and grandees,  
 Regaling every nicer sense  
 With olios, soups, and fricassees;

Who kifs each beauty's balmy lip,  
 Or gently buz into her ear,  
 About her snowy bosom skip,  
 And sometimes creep the Lord knows where!

The ant, who could no longer bear  
 His cousin's insolence and pride,  
 Toss'd up his head, and with an air  
 Of conscious worth, he thus reply'd:

Vain insect! know, the time will come,  
 When the court-sun no more shall shine,  
 When frosts thy gaudy limbs benumb,  
 And damps about thy wings shall twine;

When

When some dark nasty hole shall hide  
 And cover thy neglected head,  
 When all this lofty swelling pride  
 Shall burst, and shrink into a shade :

Take heed, lest fortune change the scene :  
 Some of thy brethren I remember,  
 In June have mighty princes been,  
 But begg'd their bread before December.

M O R A L.

This precious offspring of a t—d  
 Is first a pimp, and then a lord ;  
 Ambitious to be great, not good,  
 Forgets his own dear flesh and blood.  
 Blind Goddess ! who delight'st in joke,  
 O fix him on thy lowest spoke ;  
 And since the scoundrel is so vain,  
 Reduce him to his filth again.

F A B L E IV.

The WOLF, the FOX, and the APE.

“ Clodius accusat Mœchos, Catilina Cethegum.”

JUV.

**T**HE wolf impeach'd the fox of theft,  
 The fox the charge deny'd ;  
 To the grave ape the case was left,  
 In justice to decide.

Wife

Wife pug with comely buttocks fate,  
 And nodded o'er the laws,  
 Distinguish'd well through the debate,  
 And thus adjudg'd the cause :

The goods are stole, but not from thee,  
 Two pickled rogues well met,  
 Thou shalt be hang'd for perjury,  
 He for an errant cheat.

M O R A L.

Hang both, judicious brute, 'twas bravely said,  
 May villains always to their ruin plead !  
 When knaves fall out, and spitefully accuse,  
 There's nothing like the reconciling noose.  
 O hemp ! the noblest gift propitious heaven  
 To mortals with a bounteous hand has given,  
 To stop malicious breath, to end debate,  
 To prop the shaking throne, and purge the state,

F A B L E V.

THE DOG AND THE BEAR.

“ — Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,  
 “ Seditiōne, dolis, scelere, atque libidine & irā  
 “ Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, & extra.” HOR.

TOWSER, of right Hockleian fire,  
 A dog of mettle and of fire,  
 With Urfin grim, an errant bear,  
 Maintain'd a long and dubious war :

Oft Urfin on his back was toft,  
 And Towfer many a collop loft;  
 Capricious Fortune would declare,  
 Now for the dog, then for the bear.  
 Thus having try'd their courage fairly,  
 Brave Urfin firft defir'd a parly;  
 Stout combatant (quoth he) whose might  
 I've felt in many a bloody fight,  
 Tell me the caufe of all this pother,  
 And why we worry one another?  
 That 's a moot point, the cur reply'd,  
 Our matters only can decide.  
 While thee and I our hearts blood spill,  
 They prudently their pockets fill;  
 Halloo us on with all their might,  
 To turn a penny by the fight.  
 If that's the cafe, return'd the bear,  
 'Tis time at laft to end the war;  
 Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,  
 To combat in a nobler caufe;  
 Sleep in a whole fkin, I advife,  
 And let them bleed, who gain the prize.

M O R A L.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall,  
 The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.



## F A B L E VI.

The Wounded Man, and the Swarm of Flies.

“E malis minimum”—

**S**QUALID with wounds, and many a gaping sore,  
A wretched Lazar lay distress'd;  
A swarm of flies his bleeding ulcers tore,  
And on his putrid carcass feast.

A courteous traveller, who pass'd that way,  
And saw the vile Harpeian brood,  
Offer'd his help the monstrous crew to slay,  
That rioted on human blood.

Ah! gentle sir, th' unhappy wretch reply'd,  
Your well-meant charity refrain;  
The angry Gods have that redress deny'd,  
Your goodness would increase my pain.

Fat, and full-fed, and with abundance cloy'd,  
But now and then these tyrants feed;  
But were, alas! this pamper'd brood destroy'd,  
The lean and hungry would succeed.

## M O R A L.

The body politick must soon decay,  
When swarms of insects on its vitals prey;  
When blood-suckers of state, a greedy brood,  
Feast on our wounds, and fatten with our blood.

What

What must we do in this severe distress ?  
 Come, doctor, give the patient some redress :  
 The quacks in politicks a change advise,  
 But cooler counsels should direct the wise.  
 'Tis hard indeed ; but better this, than worse ;  
 Mistaken blessings prove the greatest curse.  
 Alas ! what would our bleeding country gain,  
 If, when this viperous brood at last is slain,  
 The teeming Hydra pullulates again ;  
 Seizes the prey with more voracious bite,  
 To satisfy his hungry appetite ?

}  
}

F A B L E VII.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

“ Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema triumphum  
 “ Ducere maluerim, quam ter capitolia curru  
 “ Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ.”

LUC.

**A** Prowling wolf that scour'd the plains,  
 To ease his hunger's griping pains ;  
 Ragged as courtier in disgrace,  
 Hide-bound, and lean, and out of case ;  
 By chance a well-fed dog espy'd,  
 And being kin, and near ally'd,  
 He civilly salutes the cur,  
 How do you, cuz ? Your servant, sir !  
 O happy friend ! how gay thy mien !  
 How plump thy sides, how sleek thy skin !

Triumphant

Triumphant plenty shines all o'er,  
 And the fat melts at every pore !  
 While I, alas ! decay'd and old,  
 With hunger pine'd, and stiff with cold,  
 With many a howl, and hideous groan,  
 Tell the relentless woods my moan.  
 Pr'ythee, my happy friend ! impart  
 Thy wondrous, cunning, thriving art.  
 Why, faith, I'll tell thee as a friend,  
 But first thy surly manners mend ;  
 Be complaisant, obliging, kind,  
 And leave the wolf for once behind.  
 The wolf, whose mouth began to water,  
 With joy and rapture gallop'd after,  
 When thus the dog ; At bed and board,  
 I share the plenty of my lord ;  
 From every guest I claim a fee,  
 Who court my lord by bribing me :  
 In mirth I revel all the day,  
 And many a game at romps I play :  
 I fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,  
 And twenty such diverting tricks.  
 'Tis pretty, faith, the wolf reply'd,  
 And on his neck the collar spy'd :  
 He starts, and without more ado  
 He bids the abject wretch adieu :  
 Enjoy your dainties, friend ; to me  
 The noblest feast is liberty.  
 The famish'd wolf upon these desert plains,  
 Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

Thus bravely spoke the nurse of ancient Rome,  
 Thus the starv'd Swifs, and hungry Grifons roam,  
 On barren hills, clad with eternal snow,  
 And look with scorn on the prim slaves below.

Thus Cato scap'd by death the tyrant's chains,  
 And walks unshackled in th' Elyfian plains.

Thus, Britons, thus, your great forefathers stood  
 For liberty, and fought in seas of blood.

To barren rocks, and gloomy woods confin'd,  
 Their virtues by neceffity refin'd,  
 Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could shake their  
 steady mind.

No faucy Druid then durft cry aloud,  
 And with his flavifh cant debauch the crowd :

No paffive legions in a fcountrel's caufe  
 Pillage a city, and affront the laws.

The ftate was quiet, happy, and ferene,

For Boadicea was the Britons queen ;

Her fubjects their juft liberties maintain'd,

And in her peoples hearts the happy monarch reign'd.

## F A B L E VIII.

## T H E O Y S T E R.

“ — In jus

“ Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.”

HOR.

**T**WO comrades, as grave authors say,  
 (But in what chapter, page, or line,  
 Ye criticks, if ye please, define)  
 Had found an oyster in their way.

Contest and foul debate arose,  
 Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,  
 Both challeng'd the delicious prize,  
 And high words soon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed,  
 Each hero's obstinately stout,  
 Green bags and parchments fly about,  
 Pleadings are drawn, and counsel fee'd.

The parson of the place, good man!  
 Whose kind and charitable heart  
 In human ills still bore a part,  
 Thrice shook his head, and thus began.

Neighbours and friends, refer to me  
 This doughty matter in dispute,  
 I'll soon decide th' important suit,  
 And finish all without a fee.

Give

Give me the oyster then—'tis well—

He opens it, and at one sup

Gulps the contested trifle up,

And smiling gives to each a shell.

Henceforth let foolish discord cease,

Your oyster 's good as e'er was eat;

I thank you for my dainty treat,

God blefs you both, and live in peace.

M O R A L.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,

From this learn common sense;

Nor thrust your neighbours into gaols,

For every slight offence.

Banish those vermin of debate,

That on your substance feed;

The knaves, who now are serv'd in plate,

Would starve, if fools agreed.

F A B L E IX.

T H E S H E E P A N D T H E B U S H.

“ *Lætus forte tuâ vives sapientèr.*”— HOR.

**A** Sheep, well-meaning brute! one morn

Retir'd beneath a spreading thorn,

A pealing storm to shun;

Escap'd indeed both rain and wind,

But left, alas! his fleece behind:

Was it not wisely done?

T 2

M O R A L.

## M O R A L.

Beneath the blast while pliant osiers bend,  
 The stubborn oak each furious wind shall rend;  
 Discreetly yield, and patiently endure,  
 Such common evils as admit no cure.  
 These Fate ordains, and Heaven's high will has sent:  
 In humble littlenefs submit content.  
 But those thy folly brings, in time prevent.

## F A B L E X.

## T H F F R O G S C H O I C E.

ὦ πόποι, οἷον δὴ νῦν Θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀπιόωνται.  
 Ἐξ ἡμέων γὰρ φασὶ κάκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίησιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγ' ἔχουσιν.

**I**N a wild state of nature, long  
 The frogs at random liv'd,  
 The weak a prey unto the strong,  
 With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.  
 At length the lawless rout,  
 Taught by their sufferings, grew devout:  
 An embassy to Jove they sent,  
 And begg'd his highness would bestow  
 Some settled form of government,  
 A king to rule the fens below.  
 Jove, smiling, grants their odd request,  
 A king th' indulgent power bestow'd,

(Such

(Such as might suit their genius best) :

A beam of a prodigious size,

With all its cumberous load,

Came tumbling from the skies.

The waters dash against the shore,

The hollow caverns roar ;

The rocks return the dreadful sound,

Convulsions shake the ground.

The multitude with horror fled,

And in his oozy bed

Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,

And smoothly glides the liquid plain,

A frog more resolute and bold,

Peeping with caution from his hold ;

Recover'd from his first surprize,

As o'er the wave his head he popt,

He saw—but scarce believ'd his eyes,

On the same bank where first he dropt,

Th' imperial lubber lies,

Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content :

Is this the monarch Jove has sent,

(Said he) our warlike troops to lead ?

Ay ! 'tis a glorious prince indeed !

By such an active general led,

The routed mice our arms shall dread,

Subdued shall quit their claim :

Old Homer shall recant his lays,

For us new trophies raise,

Sing our victorious arms, and justify our fame.



Then laughing impudently loud,  
 He soon alarm'd the dastard croud.  
 The croaking nations with contempt  
 Behold the worthless indolent,  
 On wings of winds, swift scandal flies,  
 Libels, lampoons, and lyes,  
 Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies. }  
 With active leap at last upon his back they stride,  
 And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers address,  
 And once more Jove grants their request :  
 A fork he sends of monstrous size,  
 Red lightning flashing in his eyes ;  
 Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,  
 The gazing crowds press'd to his court ;  
 Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,  
 And only not adore.

Addresses of congratulation,  
 Sent from each loyal corporation,  
 Full-freight with truth and sense,  
 Exhausted all their eloquence.

But now, alas ! 'twas night ; kings must have meat :  
 The Grand Vizier first goes to pot,  
 Three Bassas next, happy their lot !  
 Gain'd Paradise by being eat.  
 And this, said he, and this is mine,  
 And this, by right divine :  
 In short, 'twas all for public weal,  
 He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again

Again they beg Almighty Jove,  
 This cruel tyrant to remove.  
 With fierce resentment in his eyes,  
 The frowning Thunderer replies;  
 Those evils which yourselves create,  
 Rash fools! ye now repent too late;  
 Made wretched by the public voice,  
 Not through necessity, but choice!  
 Be gone!—Nor wrest from Heaven some heavier curse,  
 Better bear this, this stork, than worse.

M O R A L.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,  
 Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.  
 Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,  
 The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:  
 Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,  
 With plenty starv'd, and ev'n with health diseas'd,  
 With partial eyes each present good we view,  
 Nor covet what is best, but what is new.  
 Ye powers above, who make mankind your care,  
 To bless the supplicant, reject his prayer!

F A B L E XI.

LIBERTY and LOVE; or, the TWO SPARROWS.

“ — Dos est uxoriam, lites.” OVID.

**A** Sparrow and his mate,  
 (Believe me, gentle Kate)  
 Once lov'd like I and you;

T 4

With

With mutual ardour join'd,  
 No turtles e'er so kind,  
 So constant, and so true.

They hopp'd from spray to spray,  
 They bill'd, they chirp'd all day,  
 They cuddled close all night;  
 To bliss they wak'd each morn,  
 In every bush and thorn,  
 Gay scenes of new delight.

At length the fowler came,  
 (The knave was much to blame)  
 And this dear pair trepann'd;  
 Both in one cage confin'd,  
 Why, faith and troth, 'twas kind;  
 Nay, hold—that must be scann'd.

Fair liberty thus gone,  
 And one coop'd up with one,  
 'Twas aukward, new, and strange;  
 For better and for worse,  
 O dismal, fatal curse!  
 No more abroad to range.

No carols now they sing,  
 Each droops his little wing,  
 And mourns his cruel fate:  
 Clouds on each brow appear,  
 My honey, and my dear,  
 Is now quite out of date.

They

They pine, lament, and moan,  
 'Twould melt an heart of stone,  
 To hear their sad complaint :  
 Nor he supply'd her wants,  
 Nor she refrain'd from taunts,  
 That might provoke a faint.

Hard words improve to blows,  
 For now, grown mortal foes,  
 They peck, they scratch, they scream ;  
 The cage lies on the floor,  
 The wires are stain'd with gore,  
 It swells into a stream.

Dear Kitty, would you know  
 The cause of all this woe,  
 It is not hard to guess ;  
 Whatever does constrain,  
 Turns pleasure into pain,  
 'Tis Choice alone can bless.

When both no more are free,  
 Insipid I must be,  
 And you lose all your charms ;  
 My smother'd passion dies,  
 And even your bright eyes,  
 Necessity disarms.

Then let us love, my fair,  
 But unconstrain'd as air,  
 Each join a willing heart ;

Let

Let free-born souls disdain  
 To wear a tyrant's chain,  
 And act a nobler part.

## F A B L E XII.

## THE TWO SPRINGS.

“ — Errat longè meâ quidem sententiâ  
 “ Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius  
 “ Vi quod fit, quàm illud quod amicitiaâ adjungitur.”

TER.

**T**WO sister springs, from the same parent hill,  
 Born on the same propitious day,  
 Through the cleft rock distil :  
 Adown the reverend mountain's side,  
 Through groves of myrtle glide,  
 Or through the violet beds obliquely stray.  
 The laurel, each proud victor's crown,  
 From them receives her high renown,  
 From them the curling vine  
 Her clusters big with racy wine,  
 To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,  
 And her vermilion blush the rose.  
 The gracious streams in smooth meanders flow,  
 To every thirsty root dispense  
 Their kindly cooling influence,  
 And Paradise adorns the mountain's brow.

But oh ! the sad effect of pride !  
 These happy twins at last divide.

“ Sister

- “ Sister (exclaims th’ ambitious spring)  
 “ What profit do these labours bring ?  
 “ Always to give, and never to enjoy,  
 “ A fruitless and a mean employ !  
 “ Stay here inglorious if you please,  
 “ And loiter out a life of indolence and ease :  
 “ Go, humble drudge, each thistle rear,  
 “ And nurse each shrub, your daily care,  
 “ While, pouring down from this my lofty source,  
     “ I deluge all the plain,  
 “ No dams shall stop my course,  
 “ And rocks oppose in vain.  
 “ See where my foaming billows flow,  
 “ Above the hills my waves aspire,  
 “ The shepherds and their flocks retire,  
 “ And tallest cedars as they pass in sign of homage bow.  
 “ To me each tributary spring  
 “ Its supplemental stores shall bring,  
 “ With me the rivers shall unite,  
 “ The lakes beneath my banners fight,  
 “ Till the proud Danube and the Rhine  
 “ Shall own their fame eclips’d by mine ;  
 “ Both Gods and men shall dread my watery sway,  
 “ Nor these in cities safe, nor in their temples they.”

Away the haughty boaster flew  
 Scarce bade her sister stream a cool adieu,  
 Her waves grow turbulent and bold,  
 Not gently murmuring as of old,

But

But roughly dash against the shore,  
 And tofs their spumy heads, and proudly roar.  
 The careful farmer with surprize,  
 Sees the tumultuous torrent rise ;  
 With busy looks the rustic band appear,  
 To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the year.  
 All hands unite, with dams they bound  
 The rash rebellious stream around ;  
 In vain she foams, in vain she raves,  
 In vain she curls her feeble waves,  
 Besieg'd at last on every side,  
 Her source exhausted and her channel dry'd,  
 (Such is the fate of impotence and pride !)  
 A shallow pond she stands confin'd,  
 The refuge of the croaking kind.  
 Rushes and fags, an inbred foe,  
 Choak up the muddy pool below ;  
 The tyrant sun on high  
 Exacts his usual subsidy ;  
 And the poor pittance that remains,  
 Each gaping cranny drains.  
 Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,  
 A nameless nothing, in oblivion lost.  
 Her sister spring, benevolent and kind,  
 With joy sees all around her blest,  
 The good she does, into her generous mind  
 Returns again with interest.  
 The farmer oft invokes her aid  
 When Sirius nips the tender blade ;

Her

Her streams a fure elixir bring,  
 Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual spring,  
 Wheree'er the gardener smooths her easy way,

Her ductile streams obey.

Courteous she visits every bed,  
 Narcissus rears his drooping head,  
 By her diffusive bounty fed.  
 Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,  
 Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn,  
 Rich in the blessings she bestows,  
 All nature smiles wheree'er she flows.

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Enamour'd with a nymph so fair,  
 See where the river Gods appear.

A nymph so eminently good,  
 The joy of all the neighbourhood;  
 They clasp her in their liquid arms,

And riot in th' abundance of her charms.

Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton streams they  
 join'd,

Like Arethusa she, as lovely, and as kind.

Now swell'd into a mighty flood,

Her channel deep and wide,

Still she persists in doing good,

Her bounty flows with every tide.

A thousand rivulets in her train

With fertile waves enrich the plain:

The scaly herd, a numerous throng,  
 Beneath her silver billows glide along,

Whose still-increasing shoals supply

The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury:

Here



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30 MERVILLE'S POEMS.

Here all the feather'd  
 come to see their own  
 and her floating  
 and with their tuneful  
 the waves and hearts  
 in their in each  
 O waves of the  
 The wondrous thicket  
 numbers of the  
 A v  
 B. Delia and her nymphs  
 Ev  
 Battle in her gods, and  
 Here merchants, careful  
 By angry willows  
 Anchor secure beneath  
 And bless the friendly  
 Soon mighty fleets in  
 Triumphant on her  
 The busy trader on  
 At hundred different  
 At last, with wonder  
 She sees a stately  
 With joy the happy  
 The lofty domes, the  
 The porticos, magnificently  
 Where all the crowding  
 The bridges that  
 from bank to bank  
 through which her  
 and in melodious

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Now

Now from a...  
The...  
Both...  
For...

Honor...  
Nor later...

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The power of...  
Is but a...  
Proud...  
And...  
Humbled...  
Heaven...  
While...  
Blessing...  
Confessing...  
And joyful...  
In vain...  
Each guardian...  
Who by their virtues...



Here all the feather'd troops retreat,  
 Securely ply their oary feet,  
 Upon her floating herbage gaze,  
 And with their tuneful notes resound her praise.  
 Here flocks and herds in safety feed,  
 And fatten in each flowery mead :  
 No beasts of prey appear  
 The watchful shepherd to beguile,  
 No monsters of the deep inhabit here,  
 Nor the voracious shark, nor wily crocodile ;  
 But Delia and her nymphs, chaste sylvan queen, }  
 By mortals prying eyes unseen, }  
 Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders green. }  
 Here merchants, careful of their store,  
 By angry billows tost,  
 Anchor secure beneath her shore,  
 And bless the friendly coast.  
 Soon mighty fleets in all their pride  
 Triumphant on her surface ride :  
 The busy trader on her banks appears,  
 An hundred different tongues she hears.  
 At last, with wonder and surprize,  
 She sees a stately city rise ;  
 With joy the happy flood admires  
 The lofty domes, the pointed spires ;  
 The porticos, magnificently great,  
 Where all the crowding nations meet ;  
 The bridges that adorn her brow,  
 From bank to bank their ample arches stride,  
 Through which her curling waves in triumph glide,  
 And in melodious murmurs flow.

Now

Now grown a port of high renown,  
 The treasure of the world her own,  
 Both Indies with their precious stores,  
 Pay yearly tribute to her shores.

Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled stream,  
 Nor father Thames himself of more esteem.

M O R A L.

The power of kings (if rightly understood)  
 Is but a grant from heaven of doing good)  
 Proud tyrants, who maliciously destroy,  
 And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy;  
 Humbled in dust, soon to their cost shall know  
 Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe;  
 While gracious monarchs reap the good they sow:  
 Blessing, are blest'd; far spreads their just renown,  
 Consenting nations their dominion own,  
 And joyful happy crowds support their throne.  
 In vain the powers of earth and hell combine,  
 Each guardian angel shall protect that line,  
 Who by their virtues prove their right divine.



## F A B L E XIII.

## THE BALD BATCHELOR:

Being a Paraphrase upon the Second Fable in the  
Second Book of PHÆDRUS.

“ Frigidus in Venerem fenior, frustra que laborem  
“ Ingratum trahit : & si quando at prælia ventum est,  
“ Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,  
“ Incassum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis  
“ Præcipuè.”— VIRG. Geor. lib. iii.

**A** Batchelor, who, past his prime,  
Had been a good one in his time,  
Had scour'd the streets, had whor'd, got drunk,  
Had fought his man, and kept his punk :  
Was sometimes rich, but oftener poor,  
With early duns about his door ;  
Being a little off his mettle,  
Thought it convenient now to fettle :  
Grew wondrous wise at forty-five,  
Resolving to be grave, and thrive.  
By chance he cast his roguish eye  
Upon a dame who liv'd hard by ;  
A widow debonair and gay,  
October in the dress of May ;  
Artful to lay both red and white,  
Skill'd in repairs, and, ev'n in spight  
Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.

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But

But he, whose heart was apt to rove,  
 An arrant wanderer in love ;  
 Besides this widow, had Miss Kitty,  
 Juicy and young, exceeding witty :  
 On her he thought, serious or gay,  
 His dream by night, his toast by day ;  
 He thought, but not on her alone,  
 For who would be confin'd to one ?  
 Between them both strange work he made ;  
 Gave this a ball, or masquerade ;  
 With that, at serious ombre play'd :  
 The self-same compliments he spoke,  
 The self-same oaths he swore, he broke ;  
 Alternately on each bestows  
 Frail promises and short-liv'd vows.  
 Variety ! kind source of joy !  
 Without whose aid all pleasures cloy ;  
 Without thee, who would ever prove  
 The painful drudgeries of love ?  
 Without thee, what indulgent wight  
 Would read what we in garrets write ?  
 But, not to make my tale perplex'd,  
 And keep more closely to my text ;  
 'Tis fit the courteous reader know  
 This middle-aged man had been a beau.  
 But, above all, his head of hair  
 Had been his great peculiar care ;  
 To which his serious hours he lent,  
 Nor deem'd the precious time mispent.

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'Twas

'Twas long, and curling, and jet black,  
 Hung to the middle of his back;  
 Black, did I say? Ay, once 'twas so,  
 But cruel time had smok'd the beau,  
 And powder'd o'er his head with snow.  
 As an old horse that had been hard rid,  
 Or from his master's coach discarded,  
 Forc'd in a tumbril to go filler,  
 Or load for some poor rogue a miller;  
 On his grave noddle, o'er his eyes,  
 Black hairs and white promiscuous rise;  
 Which chequer o'er his reverend pate,  
 And prove the keffel more sedate:  
 So with this worthy squire it far'd,  
 Yet he nor time nor labour spar'd,  
 But, with excessive cost and pains,  
 Still made the best of his remains.  
 Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,  
 Each morn in modish ringlets curl'd it;  
 Now made his comely tresses shine,  
 With orange-butter, jessamine;  
 Then with sweet powder and perfumes  
 He purify'd his upper rooms.  
 So when a jockey brings a mare,  
 Or horse, or gelding, to a fair,  
 Though he be spavin'd, old, and blind,  
 With founder'd feet, and broken wind;  
 Yet, if he 's master of his trade,  
 He 'll curry well, and trim the jade,

To make the cheat go glibly down,  
 And bubble some unwary clown.  
 What woman made of flesh and blood,  
 So sweet a gallant e'er withstood?  
 They melt, they yield, both, both are smitten,  
 The good old pufs, and the young kitten;  
 And, being now familiar grown,  
 Each look'd upon him as her own;  
 No longer talk'd of dear, or honey,  
 But of plain downright matrimony.  
 At that dread word his worship started,  
 And was (we may suppose) faint-hearted;  
 Yet, being resolv'd to change his state,  
 Winks both his eyes, and trusts to fate.  
 But now new doubts and scruples rise,  
 To plague him with perplexities;  
 He knew not which, alas! to chuse,  
 This he must take, and that refuse.  
 As when some idle country lad  
 Swings on a gate, his wooden pad;  
 To right, to left, he spurs away,  
 But neither here nor there can stay;  
 Till, by the catch surpriz'd, the lout  
 His journey ends, where he set out:  
 Ev'n so this dubious lover stray'd,  
 Between the widow and the maid;  
 And, after swinging to and fro,  
 Was just *in æquilibrio*.  
 Yet still a lover's warmth he shows,  
 And makes his visits and his bows;



Domestic grown, both here and there,  
 Nor Pug, nor Shock, were half so dear :  
 With bread and butter, and with tea,  
 And madam's toilet, who but he ?  
 There fix'd a patch, or broke a comb ;  
 At night, the widow's drawing-room.  
 O sweet vicissitude of love !  
 Who would covet heaven above,  
 Were men but thus allow'd to rove ?  
 But, alas ! some curs'd event,  
 Some unexpected accident,  
 Humbles our pride, and shows the odds  
 Between frail mortals and the gods :  
 This by the sequel will appear  
 A truth most evident and clear.  
 As on the widow's panting breast  
 He laid his peaceful head to rest,  
 Dreaming of pleasures yet in store,  
 And joys he ne'er had felt before ;  
 His grizly locks appear display'd,  
 In all their pomp of light and shade.  
 Alas ! my future spouse, said she,  
 What do mine eyes astonish'd see ?  
 Marriage demands equality.  
 What will malicious neighbours say,  
 Should I, a widow young and gay,  
 Marry a man both old and grey ?  
 Those hideous hairs !—with that a tear  
 Did in each crystal sluice appear ;

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She

She fetch'd a deep sigh from her heart,  
 As who should say, Best friends must part !  
 Then mus'd a while ; there is but one,  
 But this expedient left alone,  
 To save that dear head from disgrace ;  
 Here, Jenny, fetch my tweaser-case.  
 To work then went the treacherous fair,  
 And grubb'd up here and there a hair :  
 But, as she meant not to renew  
 His charms, but set her own to view ;  
 And by this foil more bright appear,  
 In youthful bloom when he was near,  
 The cunning gypsy nipt away  
 The black, but slyly left the grey.  
 O Dalilah ! perfidious fair !  
 O sex ingenious to ensnare !  
 How faithless all your doings are !  
 Whom nature form'd your lord, your guide,  
 You his precarious power deride,  
 Tool of your vanity and pride.  
 The squire, who, thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt  
 What the deceitful traitress meant ;  
 Thrice kiss'd her hand, and then retir'd,  
 With more exalted thoughts inspir'd :  
 To his fair Filly next repairs,  
 With statelier port, and youthful airs.  
 Lord ! sir—(said she) you 're mighty gay,  
 But I must tell you by the way,  
 That no brood goose was e'er so gray.

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Here,

Here, let this hand eradicate  
 Those foul dishonours of your pate.  
 For she, poor thing! whose virgin heart,  
 Unskill'd in every female art,  
 In pure simplicity believ'd  
 His youth might this way be retriev'd;  
 At least his age disguis'd, and she,  
 From spiteful prudes, and censure free;  
 With earnest diligence and care,  
 Grubb'd by the roots each grizzled hair;  
 Some few black hairs she left behind,  
 But not one of the silver kind.  
 But when she saw what work she 'd made,  
 His bald broad front, without a shade,  
 And all his hatchet face display'd,  
 With scarce six hairs upon a side,  
 His large out-spreading lugs to hide;  
 She laugh'd, she scream'd; and Nan, and Bess,  
 In concert laugh'd, and scream'd no less.  
 Home skulk'd the squire, and hid his face,  
 Sore-smitten with the foul disgrace:  
 Softly he knock'd, but trusty John,  
 Who knew his hour was twelve, or one,  
 Rubb'd both his eyes, and yawn'd, and swore,  
 And quickly blunder'd to the door.  
 But, starting back at this disaster,  
 Vow'd that old Nick had hagg'd his master:  
 The landlady, in sore affright,  
 Fell into fits, and swoon'd out-right;

The neighbourhood was rais'd, and call'd,  
 The maids miscarry'd, children bawl'd,  
 The cur, whom oft his bounty fed,  
 With many a scrap, and bit of bread;  
 Now own'd him not, but in the throng  
 Growl'd at him as he sneak'd along.  
 To bed he went, 'tis true, but not  
 Or clos'd his eyes, or slept one jot;  
 Not Nifus was in such despair,  
 Spoil'd of his kingdom and his hair:  
 Not ev'n Belinda made such moan,  
 When her dear favourite lock was gone.  
 He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain,  
 All his past life run o'er again;  
 Damn'd every female bite to Tyburn,  
 From mother Eve, to mother Wyburn,  
 Each youthful vanity abjur'd,  
 Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd:  
 And, having lost by female art  
 This darling idol of his heart,  
 Those precious locks, that might out-vie  
 The trim-curl'd God who lights the sky;  
 Resolv'd to grow devout and wise,  
 Or what 's almost the same—precise;  
 Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd most oddly,  
 Was very slovenly and godly  
 (For nothing makes devotion keen,  
 Like disappointment and chagrin):  
 In fine, he set his house in order,  
 And piously put on a border.

## M O R A L.

To you, gay sparks, who waste your youthful prime,  
 Old Æsop sends this monitory rhyme;  
 Leave, leave, for shame your trulls at Sh—er hall,  
 And marry in good time, or not at all.  
 Of all the monsters Smithfield e'er could shew,  
 There 's none so hideous as a batter'd beau.  
 Trust not the noon of life, but take the morn;  
 Will Honeycomb is every female's scorn.  
 Let him be rich, high-born, book-learn'd, and wise,  
 Believe me, friends, in every woman's eyes,  
 'Tis back, and brawn, and sinew, wins the prize. }

## F A B L E XIV.

## THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

“ Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &  
 “ Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax  
 “ Transmutat incertos honores.” HOR.

## C A N T O I.

SOME authors, more abstruse than wise,  
 Friendship confine to stricter ties,  
 Require exact conformity,  
 In person, age, and quality;  
 Their humours, principles, and wit,  
 Must, like exchequer tallies, hit.  
 Others, less scrupulous, opine  
 That hands and hearts in love may join,

Though

Though different inclinations sway,  
 For Nature's more in fault than they.  
 Whoe'er would sift this point more fully,  
 May read St. Evremond and Tully;  
 With me the doctrine shall prevail  
 That's *à propos* to form my tale.

Two brethren (whether twins or no  
 Imports not very much to know)  
 Together bred; as fam'd their love  
 As Leda's brats begot by Jove:  
 As various too their tempers were;  
 That brisk, and frolick, debonair;  
 This more considerate and severe.  
 While Bob, with diligence would pore  
 And con by heart his battle-door,  
 Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,  
 Or switch'd his hobby round the room.  
 The striplings now too bulky grown,  
 To make dirt-pies, and lounge at home,  
 With aching hearts to school are sent,  
 Their humours still of various bent:  
 The silent, serious, solid boy,  
 Came on apace, was daddy's joy,  
 Construed, and pars'd, and said his part,  
 And got *Quæ-genus* all by heart.  
 While Franky, that unlucky rogue,  
 Fell in with every whim in vogue,  
 Valued not Lilly of a straw,  
 A rook at chuck, a dab at taw.

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His

His bum was often brush'd, you 'll say,  
 'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day:  
 So leeches at the breech are fed,  
 To cure vertigos in the head.

But, by your leave, good doctor Freind,  
 Let me this maxim recommend;

“ A genius can't be forc'd;” nor can  
 You make an ape an alderman:

The patch-work doublet well may suit,  
 But how would furs become the brute?

In short, the case is very plain,

When maggots once are in the brain,  
 Whole loads of birch are spent in vain.

Now to pursue this hopeful pair  
 To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,  
 Would take more ink than I can spare.

Nor shall I here minutely score  
 The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,  
 The laundresses turn'd up by Frank,  
 With many a strange diverting prank;  
 'Twould jade my Muse, though better fed,  
 And kept in body-cloaths and bread.

When bristles on each chin began  
 To sprout, the promise of a man,  
 The good old gentleman expir'd,  
 And decently to Heaven retir'd:  
 The brethren, at their country seat,  
 Enjoy'd a pleasant, snug retreat;  
 Their cellars and their barns well stor'd,  
 And plenty smoaking on their board;

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Ale and tobacco for the vicar,  
 For gentry sometimes better liquor.  
 Judicious Bob had read all o'er  
 Each weighty stay'd philosopher,  
 And therefore rightly understood  
 The real from th' apparent good;  
 Substantial blifs, intrinsic joys,  
 From bustle, vanity, and noise;  
 Could his own happiness create,  
 And bring his mind to his estate:  
 Liv'd in the same calm, easy round,  
 His judgement clear, his body found;  
 Good humour, probity, and sense,  
 Repaid with peace and indolence:  
 While rakish Frank, whose active soul  
 No bounds, no principle control,  
 Flies o'er the world where pleasure calls,  
 To races, masquerades, and balls;  
 At random roves, now here, now there,  
 Drinks with the gay, and toasts the fair.  
 As when the full-fed refty steed  
 Breaks from his groom, he flies with speed;  
 His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,  
 Upon his back his tail he bears,  
 His main upon his shoulders curls,  
 O'er every precipice he whirls,  
 He plunges in the cooling tides,  
 He laves his shining pamper'd sides,  
 He snuffs the females on the plain,  
 And to his joy he springs amain,



To this, to that, impetuous flies,  
 Nor can the stud his lust suffice ;  
 Till nature flags, his vigour spent,  
 With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,  
 The humble beast returns content,  
 Waits tamely at the stable door,  
 As tractable as e'er before.

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This was exactly Franky's case ;  
 When blood ran high he liv'd apace ;  
 But pockets drain'd, and every vein,  
 Look'd filly, and came home again.  
 At length extravagance and vice,  
 Whoring and drinking, box and dice,  
 Sunk his exchequer ; cares intrude,  
 And duns grow troublesome and rude.  
 What measures shall poor Franky take  
 To manage wisely the last stake,  
 With some few pieces in his purse,  
 And half a dozen brats at nurse ?  
 Pensive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,  
 Now bit his nails, then scratch'd his head,  
 At last resolv'd : Resolv'd ! on what ?  
 There 's not a penny to be got ;  
 The question now remains alone,  
 Whether 'tis best to hang or drown.  
 Thank you for that, good friendly devil !  
 You 're very courteous, very civil ;  
 Other expedients may be try'd,  
 The man is young, the world is wide,

And,



And, as judicious authors say,  
 " Every dog shall have his day ;"  
 What if we ramble for a while ?  
 Seek Fortune out, and court her smile,  
 Act every part in life to win her,  
 First try the faint, and then the sinner ;  
 Press boldly on ; slighted, pursue ;  
 Repuls'd, again the charge renew ;  
 Give her no rest, attend, intreat,  
 And stick at nothing to be great.  
 Fir'd with these thoughts, the youth grew vain,  
 Look'd on the country with disdain ;  
 Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,  
 And dream a lazy life away ;  
 Thinks poverty the greatest sin,  
 And walks on thorns till he begin :  
 But first before his brother laid  
 The hopeful scheme, and begg'd his aid.  
 Kind Bob was much abash'd, to see  
 His brother in extremity,  
 Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,  
 A beggar, and not worth a groat.  
 He griev'd full sore, gave good advice,  
 Quoted his authors grave and wise,  
 All who with wholesome morals treat us,  
 Old Seneca and Epictetus.  
 What 's my unhappy brother doing ?  
 Whither rambling ? whom pursuing  
 An idle, tricking, giddy jade,  
 A phantom, and a fleeting shade ;

Grasp'd

Grasp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,  
 The false jilt fawns, then a fond smile ;  
 On that she leers, he like the rest  
 Is soon a bubble and a jest ;  
 But live with me, just to thyself,  
 And scorn the bitch, and all her pelf ;  
 Fortune 's ador'd by fools alone,  
 The wise man always makes his own.  
 But 'tis, alas ! in vain t' apply  
 Fine sayings and philosophy,  
 Where a poor youth's o'er-heated brain,  
 Is sold to interest and gain,  
 And pride and fierce ambition reign.  
 Bob found it so, nor did he strive  
 To work the nail that would not drive ;  
 Content to do the best he could,  
 And as became his brotherhood,  
 Gave him what money he could spare,  
 And kindly paid his old arrear,  
 Bought him his equipage and cloaths,  
 So thus supply'd away he goes,  
 For London town he mounts, as gay  
 As tailors on their wedding-day.

Not many miles upon the road,  
 A widow's stately mansion stood ;  
 What if dame Fortune should be there ?  
 (Said Frank) 'tis ten to one, I swear :  
 I 'll try to find her in the crowd,  
 She loves the wealthy and the proud.

Away

Away he spurs, and at the door  
 Stood gallant gentry many a score,  
 Penelope had never more.  
 Here tortur'd cats-gut squeals amain,  
 Guittars in softer notes complain,  
 And lutes reveal the lover's pain.  
 Frank, with a careless, easy mien,  
 Sung her a song, and was let in.  
 The rest with envy burst, to see  
 The stranger's odd felicity.  
 Low bow'd the footman at the stairs,  
 The gentleman at top appears :  
 And is your lady, sir, at home ?  
 Pray walk into the drawing-room.  
 But here my Muse is too well bred,  
 To prattle what was done or said ;  
 She lik'd the youth, his dress, his face,  
 His calves, his back, and every grace :  
 Supper was serv'd, and down they sit,  
 Much meat, good wine, some little wit.  
 The grace-cup drunk, or dance, or play ;  
 Frank chose the last, was very gay,  
 Had the good luck the board to strip,  
 And punted to her ladyship.  
 The clock strikes one, the gentry bow'd,  
 Each to his own apartment show'd ;  
 But Franky was in piteous mood,  
 Slept not a wink ; he raves, he dies,  
 Smit with her jointure and her eyes.

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Restless

Restless as in a lion's den,  
 He sprawl'd and kick'd about till ten :  
 But, as he dreamt of future joys,  
 His ear was startled with a noise,  
 Six trumpets and a kettle-drum ;  
 Up in a hurry flies the groom,  
 Lord, sir ! get dress'd, the colonel's come :  
 Your horse is ready at the door,  
 You may reach Uxbridge, sir, by four.  
 Poor Franky must in haste remove,  
 With disappointment vex'd, and love ;  
 To dirt abandon'd, and despair,  
 For lace and feather won the fair.

Now for the town he jogs apace,  
 With leaky boots and sun-burnt face ;  
 And, leaving Acton in his rear,  
 Began to breathe sulphureous air.  
 Arriv'd at length, the table spread,  
 Three bottles drunk, he reels to bed.  
 Next morn his busy thoughts begun,  
 To rise and travel with the sun ;  
 Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round,  
 But how dame Fortune might be found,  
 Was the momentous grand affair,  
 His secret wish, his only care.  
 Damme, thought Franky to himself,  
 I 'll find this giddy wandering elf ;  
 I 'll hunt her out in every quarter,  
 Till she bestow the staff or garter :

I'll visit good Lord Sunderland,  
 Who keeps the jilt at his command ;  
 Or else some courteous dutchefs may  
 Take pity on a run-away.  
 Dress'd to a pink, to court he flies,  
 At this levee, and that, he plies ;  
 Bows in his rank, an humble slave,  
 And meanly fawns on every knave ;  
 With maids of honour learns to chat,  
 Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.  
 Fortune he sought from place to place,  
 She led him still a wild-goose chace ;  
 Always prepar'd with some excuse,  
 The hopeful youngker to amuse ;  
 Was busy, indispos'd, was gone  
 To Hampton-court, or Kenfington ;  
 And, after all her wiles and dodgings,  
 She slipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.  
 Jaded, and almost in despair,  
 A gamester whisper'd in his ear ;  
 Who would seek Fortune, fir, at court ?  
 At H—l's is her chief resort ;  
 'Tis there her midnight hours she spends,  
 Is very gracious to her friends ;  
 Shows honest men the means of thriving,  
 The best, good-natur'd Goddess living.  
 Away he trudges with his rook,  
 Throws many a main, is bit, is broke ;  
 With dirty knuckles, aching head,  
 Disconsolate he sneaks to bed.

## C A N T O II.

**H**OW humble, and how complaisant,  
 Is a proud man reduc'd to want !  
 With what a silly, hanging face,  
 He bears his unforeseen disgrace !  
 His spirits flag, his pulse beats low,  
 'The Gods, and all the world his foe ;  
 To thriving knaves a ridicule,  
 A butt to every wealthy fool.  
 For where is courage, wit, or sense,  
 When a poor rake has lost his pence ?  
 Let all the learn'd say what they can,  
 'Tis ready money makes the man ;  
 Commands respect wheree'er we go,  
 And gives a grace to all we do.  
 With such reflections Frank distress'd,  
 The horrors of his soul express'd :  
 Contempt, the basket, and a gaol,  
 By turns his restless mind assail ;  
 Aghast the dismal scene he flies,  
 And death grows pleasing in his eyes :  
 For since his rhino was all floun,  
 To the last solitary crown,  
 Who would not, like a Roman, dare  
 To leave that world he could not share ?  
 The pistol on his table lay,  
 And Death fled hovering o'er his prey ;

There

There wanted nothing now to do,  
 But touch the trigger, and adieu.  
 As he was saying some short prayers,  
 He heard a wheezing on the stairs,  
 And looking out, his aunt appears;  
 Who from Moorfields, breathless and lame,  
 To see her graceless godson came :  
 The salutations being past,  
 Coughing, and out of wind, at last  
 In his great chair she took her place,  
 How does your brother? is my niece  
 Well marry'd? when will Robin settle?  
 He answer'd all things to a tittle;  
 Gave such content in every part,  
 He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.  
 " Godson, said she, alas! I know  
 " Matters with you are but so-so :  
 " You 're come to town, I understand,  
 " To make your fortune out of hand ;  
 " Your time and patrimony lost,  
 " To beg a place, or buy a post.  
 " Believe me, godson, I 'm your friend ;  
 " Of this great town, this wicked end  
 " Is ripe for judgement ; Satan's seat,  
 " The sink of sin, and hell compleat.  
 " In every street of trulls a troop,  
 " And every cook-wench wears a hoop ;  
 " Sodom was less deform'd with vice,  
 " Lewdness of all kinds, cards and dice."



Frank blush'd (which, by the way, was more  
Than ever he had done before);

And own'd it was a wretched place,  
Unfit for any child of grace.

The good old aunt o'erjoy'd to see

These glimmerings of sanctity;

“ My dear, said she, this purse is yours,

“ It cost me many painful hours;

“ Take it, improve it, and become

“ By art and industry a plumb.

“ But leave, for shame, this impious street,

“ All over mark'd with cloven feet;

“ In our more holy quarter live,

“ Where both your soul and stock may thrive;

“ Where righteous citizens repair,

“ And heaven and earth the godly share,

“ Gain this by jobbing, that by prayer.

“ At Jonathan's go smoke a pipe,

“ Look very serious, dine on tripe;

“ Get early up, late close your eyes,

“ And leave no stone unturn'd to rise;

“ Then each good day at Salter's-Hall

“ Pray for a blessing upon all.”

Lowly the ravish'd Franky bows,

While joy sat smiling on his brows;

And without scruple, in a trice,

He took her money and advice.

Not an extravagant young heir,

Beset with duns, and in despair,

When joyful tidings reach his ear,

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And

And dad retires by Heaven's commands,  
 To leave his chink to better hands ;  
 Not wandering sailors almost lost,  
 When they behold the wish'd-for coast ;  
 Not culprit when the knot is plac'd,  
 And kind reprieve arrives in haste ;  
 E'er felt a joy in such excess,  
 As Frank reliev'd from this distress.  
 A thousand antic tricks he play'd,  
 The purse he kiss'd, swore, curs'd, and pray'd ;  
 Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,  
 And hugg'd his unexpected store ;  
 Built stately castles in the air,  
 Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair ;  
 Pick'd out his title and his place,  
 Was scarce contented with Your Grace.  
 Strange visions working in his head,  
 Frantic, half mad, he strols to bed ;  
 Sleeps little ; if he sleeps, he dreams  
 Of sceptres, and of diadems.  
 " Fortune, said he, shall now no more  
 " Trick and deceive me as of yore :  
 " This passport shall admittance gain,  
 " In spight of all the jilt's disdain :  
 " 'Tis this the tyrant's pride disarms,  
 " And brings her blushing to my arms ;  
 " This golden bough my wish shall speed,  
 " And to th' Elyfian Fields shall lead."  
 The morn scarce peep'd, but up he rose,  
 Impatient, huddled on his clothes ;

Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,  
 And to Change-Alley whirl'd away.  
 'Tis here dame Fortune every day  
 Opens her booth, and shows her play;  
 Here laughing sits behind the scene,  
 Dances her puppets here unseen,  
 And turns her whimsical machine.  
 Powel, with all his wire and wit,  
 To her great genius must submit:  
 Exact at twelve the goddess shows,  
 And fame aloud her trumpet blows;  
 Harangues the mob with shams and lyes,  
 And bids their actions fall, or rise.  
 Old Chaos here his throne regains,  
 And here in odd confusion reigns;  
 All order, all distinction lost,  
 Now high, now low, the fools are tost.  
 Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear  
 Their giddy heads, there in despair  
 Sits humbled pride, with down-cast look,  
 Bankrupts restor'd, and misers broke,  
 Strange figures here our eyes invade,  
 And the whole world in masquerade;  
 A carman in a hat and feather,  
 A lord in frieze, his breeches leather:  
 Tom Whiplash in his coach of state,  
 Drawn by the tits he drove of late:  
 A colonel of the bold train-bands,  
 Selling his equipage and lands.

Hard-by a cobler bidding fair,  
 For the gold-chain, and next lord mayor :  
 A butcher blustering in the crowd,  
 Of his late purchas'd 'scutcheon proud,  
 Retains his cleaver for his crest,  
 His motto too beneath the rest,  
 " Virtue and merit is a jest."  
 Two toasts with all their trinkets gone,  
 Padding the streets for half-a-crown :  
 A daggled countess and her maid,  
 Her house-rent and her slaves unpaid,  
 A tailor's wife in rich brocade.  
 All sects, all parties, high and low,  
 At Fortune's shrine devoutly bow ;  
 Nought can their ardent zeal restrain,  
 Where each man's godliness is gain.  
 From taverns, meeting-houses, stews,  
 Atheists and Quakers, bawds and Jews,  
 Statesmen and fidlers, beaux and porters,  
 Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.  
 As human race of old began  
 From stones and clods, transform'd to man,  
 So from each dunghill, strange surprize !  
 In troops the recent gentry rise,  
 Of mushroom growth, they wildly stare,  
 And ape the great with awkward air :  
 So Pinkethman upon the stage,  
 Mounting his ass in warlike rage,  
 With simpering Dicky for his page,



In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,  
 Burlesques the prince of Ammon's race.  
 Industrious Frank, among the rest,  
 Bought, sold, and cavil'd, bawl'd and prefs'd;  
 Lodg'd in a garret on the spot,  
 Follow'd instructions to a jot,  
 The praying part alone forgot.  
 Learnt every dealing term of art,  
 And all th' ingenious cant by heart;  
 Nor doubted but he soon should find  
 Dame Fortune complaisant and kind.  
 After her oft he call'd aloud,  
 But still she vanish'd in the crowd;  
 Now with smooth looks and tempting smiles  
 The faithless hypocrite beguiles;  
 Then with a cool and scornful air,  
 Bids the deluded wretch despair;  
 Takes pet without the least pretence,  
 And wonders at his insolence.  
 Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,  
 And between hopes and fears perplex'd;  
 His patience quite worn out, at last  
 Resolves to throw one desperate cast.  
 " 'Tis vain, said he, to whine and woe,  
 " 'Tis one brisk stroke the work must do.  
 " Fortune is like a widow won,  
 " And truckles to the bold alone;  
 " I'll push at once and venture all,  
 " At least I shall with honour fall."

But,

But, curse upon the treacherous jade,  
 Who thus his services repaid ;  
 When now he thought the world his own,  
 He bought a bear, and was undone.

C A N T O III.

**A**S there is something in a face,  
 An air, and a peculiar grace,  
 Which boldest painters cannot trace ;  
 That more than features, shape, or hair,  
 Distinguishes the happy fair ;  
 Strikes every eye, and makes her known  
 A ruling toast through all the town :  
 So in each action 'tis success  
 That gives it all its comeliness ;  
 Guards it from censure and from blame,  
 Brightens and burnishes our fame.  
 For what is virtue, courage, wit,  
 In all men, but a lucky hit ?  
 But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,  
 The wisest conduct nought avails ;  
 The man of merit soon shall find  
 The world to prosperous knaves inclin'd,  
 Himself the last of all mankind.  
 Too true poor Frank this thesis found,  
 Bankrupt, despoil'd, and run aground,  
 In durance vile detain'd and lost,  
 And all his mighty projects crost :

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With

With grief and shame at once oppress'd,  
 Tears swell his eyes, and sighs his breast;  
 A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,  
 Where shall he turn? what measures take?  
 Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite,  
 By his own greedy appetite;  
 He mourns his fatal lust of pelf,  
 And curses Fortune and himself:  
 In limbo pent, would fain get free,  
 Importunate for liberty.  
 So when the watchful hungry mouse,  
 At midnight prowling round the house,  
 Winds in a corner toasted cheese,  
 Glad the luxurious prey to seize;  
 With whiskers curl'd, and round black eyes,  
 He meditates the luscious prize,  
 Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late  
 The rigorous decrees of fate:  
 Restless his freedom to regain,  
 He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.  
 The wretched captive thus distress'd,  
 His busy thoughts allow no rest:  
 Fond on each project to depend,  
 Kind Hope his only faithful friend;  
 Odd whimsies floating in his brain,  
 He plots, contrives, but all in vain,  
 Approves, rejects, and thinks again.  
 As when the shipwreck'd wretch is tost  
 From wave to wave, and almost lost,

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Beat

Beat by the billows from the shore,  
 Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more  
 The friendly plank he grasp'd before :  
 So Frank, when all expedients fail,  
 To save his carcass from a gaol,  
 Eat up with vermin and with care,  
 And almost sinking in despair,  
 Resolves once more to make his court  
 To his old aunt, his last resort :  
 Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,  
 Then blots his paper with his tears,  
 Ransacks his troubled soul, to raise  
 Each tender sentiment and phrase ;  
 And every lame excuse supplies  
 With artful colouring and disguise ;  
 Kind to himself, lays all the blame  
 On Fortune, that capricious dame :  
 In short, informs her all was lost,  
 And sends it by the penny-post.  
 Soon as the ancient nymph had read  
 The fatal scroll, she took her bed,  
 Cold palsies seize her trembling head ;  
 She groans, she sighs, she fobs, she smears  
 Her spectacles and beard with tears ;  
 Her nose that wont to sympathize  
 With all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,  
 Adown in pearly drops distils,  
 Th' united stream each chasm fills.  
 Geneva now, nor Nants will do,  
 Her toothless gums their hold let go ;

And



And on the ground, O fatal stroke !  
 The short coæval pipe is broke ;  
 With vapours choak'd, entranc'd she lies,  
 Belches, and prays, and f—ts, and dies.  
 But sleep, that kind restorative,  
 Recall'd her soul, and bid her live ;  
 With cooler thoughts the case she weigh'd,  
 And brought her reason to her aid.  
 Away she hobbles, and with speed  
 Resolves to see the captive freed ;  
 Wipe off this stain and foul disgrace,  
 And vindicate her ancient race.  
 With her a sage director comes,  
 More weighty than a brace of plumbs,  
*A good man* in the city cant,  
 Where cash, not morals, makes the faint.  
 T' improve a genius so polite,  
 The clumsy thing was dubb'd a knight :  
 Fortune's chief confident and friend,  
 Grown fat by many a dividend ;  
 And still her favour he retains,  
 By want of merit and of brains ;  
 On her top spoke sublime he sits,  
 The jest and theme of sneering wits :  
 For fools in Fortune's pillory plac'd  
 Are mounted to be more disgrac'd.  
 This rich old Hunks, as Woodcock wise,  
 Was call'd the younker to advise :  
 " Young man, said he, refrain from tears,  
 " While joyful tidings blefs thine ears ;

“ Up and be doing, boy, and try  
 “ To conquer fate by industry;  
 “ For know that all of mortal race,  
 “ Are born to losses and disgrace:  
 “ Ev’n I broke twice, I, heretofore  
 “ A tailor despicably poor,  
 “ In every hole for shelter crept,  
 “ On the same bulk, botch’d, lous’d, and slept,  
 “ With scarce one penny to prepare  
 “ A friendly halter in despair;  
 “ My credit like my garment torn,  
 “ Thread-bare, and ragged, over-worn:  
 “ But soon I patch’d it up again,  
 “ These busy hands, this working brain,  
 “ Ne’er ceas’d from labour, pain, and sweat,  
 “ Till Fortune smil’d, and I was great.  
 “ Now at each pompous city feast,  
 “ Who but Sir Tristram? Every guest  
 “ Respectful bows. In each debate,  
 “ My nod must give the sentence weight:  
 “ On me prime ministers attend,  
 “ And — and Aislabie’s my friend:  
 “ In embryo each bold project lies,  
 “ Till my consenting purse supplies.  
 “ This hand—nay do not think me vain,  
 “ Soften’d the Swede, and humbled Spain.  
 “ To me the fair, whom all adore,  
 “ Address their prayers, and own my power;  
 “ When the poor toast by break of day  
 “ Has punted all her gold away,  
 “ Undress’d,

He who so late regal'd at ease,  
 On olios, soups, and fricassees;  
 Drank with the witty and the gay,  
 Sparkling Champaign, and rich Tokay;  
 Now breaks his fast with Suffolk cheese,  
 And bursts at noon with pork and pease;  
 Instead of wine, content to sip,  
 With noisy tars, their nauseous flip:  
 Their breath with chew'd mundungus sweet,  
 Their jests more fulsome than their meat.  
 While thunder rolls, and storms arise,  
 He snoring in his hammock lies;  
 In golden dreams enjoys the night,  
 And counts his bags with vast delight.  
 Mountains of gold erect his throne,  
 Each precious gem is now his own;  
 Kind Jove descends in golden fleet,  
 Pactolus murmurs at his feet;  
 The sea gives up its hoarded store,  
 Possessing all, he covets more.  
 O gold! attractive gold! in vain  
 Honour and conscience would restrain  
 Thy boundless universal reign.  
 To thee each stubborn virtue bends,  
 The man oblig'd betrays his friends;  
 The patriot quits his country's cause,  
 And sells her liberty and laws:  
 The pious prude's no longer nice,  
 And ev'n lawn sleeves can flatter vice.

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At

At thy too absolute command,  
 Thy zealots ranfack sea and land:  
 Wheree'er thy beams their power display,  
 The swarming insects haste away,  
 To bask in thy refulgent ray.

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Now the bold crew with prosperous wind,  
 Leave the retreating land behind;  
 Fearless they quit their native shore,  
 And Albion's cliffs are seen no more.  
 Then on the wide Atlantic borne,  
 Their rigging and their tackle torn;  
 Danger in various shapes appears,  
 Sudden alarms, and shivering fears.  
 Here, might some copious bard dilate,  
 And show fierce Neptune drawn in state;  
 While guards of Tritons clear his way,  
 And Nereids round his chariot play;  
 Then bid the stormy Boreas rise,  
 And forked lightning cleave the skies;  
 The ship nigh foundering in the deep,  
 Or bounding o'er the ridgy steep:  
 Describe the monsters of the main,  
 The Phocæ, and their finny train,  
 Tornados, hurricanes, and rain,  
 Spouts, shoals, and rocks of dreadful size,  
 And pirates lurking for their prize;  
 Amazing miracles rehearse,  
 And turn all Dampier into verse.  
 My negligent and humble Muse  
 Less ambitious aims pursues;

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Content with more familiar phrase,  
 Nor deals in such embroider'd lays;  
 Pleas'd if my rhyme just measure keeps,  
 And stretch'd at ease my reader sleeps.  
 Hibernian matrons thus of old,  
 Their soporific stories told;  
 To sleep in vain the patient strove,  
 Perplex'd with business, cross'd in love;  
 Till soothing tales becalm'd his breast,  
 And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.  
 Suffice it only to recite,  
 They drank all day, they snor'd all night:  
 And, after many moons were past,  
 They made the wish'd-for shores at last.  
 Frank, with his cargo in his hand,  
 Leap'd joyful on the golden strand;  
 Open'd his toy-shop in the port,  
 Trinkets of various size and fort;  
 Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,  
 Bath-metal rings, and knives, and scissars;  
 And in one lucky day got more  
 Than Bubble-boy in half a score:  
 For Fortune now, no longer coy,  
 Smil'd on her darling favourite boy;  
 No longer from his arms retir'd,  
 But gave him all his heart desir'd.  
 Ah! thoughtless youth! in time beware,  
 And shun the treacherous harlot's snare;  
 The wiser savages behold,  
 Who truck not liberty for gold;

Proof against all her subtle wiles,  
 Regardless of her frowns or smiles;  
 If frugal Nature want supplies,  
 The lance or dart unerring flies:  
 The mountain boar their prey descends,  
 Or the fat kid regales their friends;  
 The jocund tribe, from sun to sun,  
 Feast on the prize their valour won.  
 Cease, babbling Muse, thy vain advice,  
 'Tis thrown away on avarice:  
 Bid hungry lions quit their prey,  
 Or streams that down the mountains stray  
 Divert their course, return again,  
 And climb the steep from whence they came.

Unblest with his ill-gotten store,  
 Th' insatiate youth still craves for more;  
 To counsel deaf, t' examples blind,  
 Scrapes up whatever he can find.  
 Now master of a vessel grown,  
 With all the glittering freight his own,  
 To Fortune still he makes his court,  
 And coasts along from port to port.  
 Each rolling tide brings fresh supplies,  
 And heaps on heaps delight his eyes.  
 Through Panama's delicious bay,  
 The loaded vessel ploughs her way;  
 With the rich freight oppress'd the sails,  
 And summons all the friendly gales.  
 Frank on her deck triumphant stood,  
 And view'd the calm transparent flood:

324. SOMERVILLE'S POEMS.

Let book-learn'd fots, said he, adore  
 Th' aspiring hills that grace thy shore ;  
 Thy verdant isles, the groves that bow  
 Their nodding heads, and shade thy brow ;  
 Thy face serene, thy gentle breast,  
 Where Syrens sing, and Halcyons rest :  
 Propitious flood ! on me bestow  
 The treasures of thy depths below ;  
 Which long in thy dark womb have slept,  
 From age to age securely kept.  
 Scarce had he spoke, when, strange surprize !  
 Th' indignant waves in mountains rise,  
 And hurricanes invade the skies ;  
 The ship against the shoals was struck,  
 And in a thousand pieces broke ;  
 But one poor trusty plank, to save  
 Its owner from the watery grave :  
 On this he mounts, is cast on shore,  
 Half dead, a bankrupt as before :  
 Spiritless, fainting, and alone,  
 On the bare beach he makes his moan.  
 Then climbs the ragged rock, t' explore  
 If aught was driving to the shore,  
 The poor remains of all his store :  
 With greedy diligence prepar'd  
 To save whate'er the waves had spar'd.  
 But, oh ! the wretch expects in vain  
 Compassion from the furious main ;  
 Men, goods, are sunk. Mad with despair  
 He beat his breast, he tore his hair :

Then

Then leaning o'er the craggy steep,  
 Look'd down into the boiling deep;  
 Almost resolv'd to cast himself,  
 And perish with his dear, dear self.

C A N T O V.

**I**F Heaven the thriving trader blefs,  
 What fawning crowds about him prefs!  
 But, if he fail, distress'd and poor,  
 His mob of friends are seen no more:  
 For all men hold it meet to fly  
 Th' infectious breath of poverty.  
 Poor Frank, deserted and forlorn,  
 Curses the day that he was born:  
 Each treacherous crony hides his face,  
 Or starts when'er he haunts the place.  
 His wealth thus lost, with that his friends,  
 On Fortune still the youth depends:  
 One smile, said he, can soon restore  
 A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;  
 She will not, sure, refuse her aid?  
 Fallacious hope! for the false jade  
 That very day took wing, was flown,  
 And on her wonted journey gone  
 (Intent her costly goods to sell)  
 From Panama to Portobel:  
 Five hundred mules her baggage bear,  
 And groan beneath the precious ware,  
 The goddess rides sublime in air;



And hence conveys a fresh supply,  
 For pride, debate, and luxury.  
 Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,  
 Like a staunch hound the chace pursues,  
 Takes the same rout, doubles his speed,  
 Nor doubts her help in time of need.

O'er the wide waste, through pathless ways,  
 The solitary pilgrim strays ;  
 Now on the swampy desert plain,  
 Through brakes of mangroves works with pain ;  
 Then climbs the hills with many a groan,  
 And melts beneath the torrid zone.

With berries and green plantains fed,  
 On the parch'd earth he leans his head ;  
 Fainting with thirst, to heaven he cries,  
 But finds no stream but from his eyes.  
 Ah, wretch ! thy vain laments forbear,  
 And for a worse extreme prepare ;  
 Sudden the lowering storms arise,  
 The bursting thunder rends the skies,  
 Aslant the ruddy lightning flies ;  
 Darts through the gloom a transient ray,  
 And gives a short, but dreadful day :  
 With pealing rain the woods resound,  
 Convulsions shake the solid ground.  
 Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,  
 Strange phantoms to his mind appear,  
 The wolves around him howl for food,  
 The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,

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 And

And canibals more fierce than they  
 (Monsters who make mankind their prey)  
 Riot and feast on human gore,  
 And, still insatiate, thirst for more.  
 Half dead at every noise he hears,  
 His fancy multiplies his fears;  
 Whate'er he read or heard of old,  
 Whate'er his nurse or Crusoe told,  
 Each tragic scene his eyes behold:  
 Things past as present fear applies,  
 Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.

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At length the sun began to peep,  
 And gild the surface of the deep,  
 Then on the reeking moisture fed,  
 The scatter'd clouds before him fled,  
 The rivers shrunk into their bed:  
 Nature revives; the feather'd throng  
 Salute the morning with a song.  
 Frank with his fellow-brutes arose,  
 Yet dreaming still he saw his foes,  
 Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,  
 And starting, doubts if yet he lives.  
 At last his spirits mend their pace,  
 And Hope sat dawning on his face;  
 Ev'n such is human life, said he,  
 A night of dread and misery,  
 Till Heaven relents, relieves our pain,  
 And sun-shine days return again.  
 O Fortune! who dost now bestow,  
 Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,

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Do not thy faithful slave destroy,  
 But give th' alternative of joy.  
 Then many a painful step he takes,  
 O'er hills and vales, through woods and brakes:  
 No sturdy desperate buccaneer  
 E'er suffer'd hardships more severe.  
 Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,  
 No dangers can divert his mind;  
 His tedious journey he pursues,  
 At last his eye transported views  
 Fair Portobel, whose rising spires  
 In flame his heart with new desires.  
 Secure of Fortune's grace, he smiles,  
 And flattering Hope the wretch beguiles.  
 Though nature calls for sleep and food,  
 Yet stronger avarice subdued;  
 Ev'n shameful nakedness and pain,  
 And thirst and hunger, plead in vain:  
 No rest he gives his weary feet,  
 Fortune he seeks from street to street;  
 Careful in every corner pries,  
 Now here, now there, impatient flies,  
 Whereever busy crowds resort,  
 The change, the market, and the port;  
 In vain he turns his eye-balls round,  
 Fortune was no where to be found;  
 The jilt, not many hours before,  
 With the Plate-fleet had left the shore:  
 Laughs at the credulous fool behind,  
 And joyful skuds before the wind.

Poor Frank forsaken on the coast,  
 All his fond hopes at once are lost.  
 Aghast the swelling sails he views,  
 And with his eye the fleet pursues,  
 Till, lessen'd to his wearied sight,  
 It leaves him to despair and night.  
 So when the faithless Theseus fled  
 The Cretan nymph's deserted bed,  
 Awak'd, at distance on the main,  
 She view'd the prosperous perjur'd swain,  
 And call'd th' avenging gods in vain.  
 Prostrate on earth till break of day,  
 Senseless and motionless he lay,  
 Till tears at last find out their way;  
 Gush like a torrent from his eyes,  
 In bitterness of soul he cries,  
 " O, Fortune! now too late I see,  
 " Too late, alas! thy treachery.  
 " Wretch that I am, abandon'd, lost,  
 " About the world at random tost,  
 " Whither, oh whither shall I run?  
 " Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.  
 " In the dark mines go hide thy head  
 " Accurs'd, exchange thy sweat for bread,  
 " Skulk under ground, in earth's dark womb.  
 " Go slave, and dig thyself a tomb:  
 " There 's gold enough; pernicious gold!  
 " To which long since thy peace was sold;  
 " Vain helpless idol! canst thou save  
 " This shatter'd carcase from the grave?

" Restless

" Restless disturber of mankind,  
 " Canst thou give health, or peace of mind?  
 " Ah no, deceiv'd the fool shall be  
 " Who puts his confidence in thee.  
 " Fatally blind, my native home  
 " I left, in this rude world to roam;  
 " O, brother! shall I view no more  
 " Thy peaceful bowers? fair Albion's shore?  
 " Yes (if kind heaven my life shall spare)  
 " Some happy moments yet I'll share,  
 " In thy delightful blest retreat,  
 " With thee contemn the rich and great;  
 " Redeem my time mispent, and wait  
 " Till death relieve th' unfortunate."

Adversity, sage useful guest,  
 Severe instructor, but the best;  
 It is from thee alone we know  
 Justly to value things below;  
 Right reason's ever faithful friend,  
 To thee our haughty passions bend;  
 Tam'd by thy rod, poor Frank at last  
 Repents of all his follies past;  
 Resign'd, and patient to endure  
 Those ills, which heaven alone can cure.  
 With vain pursuits and labours worn,  
 He meditates a quick return,  
 Longs to revisit yet once more,  
 Poor prodigal! his native shore.  
 In the next ship for Britain bound,  
 Glad Frank a ready passage found;

Nor

Nor vessel now, nor freight his own,  
 He fears no longer Fortune's frown ;  
 No property but life his share,  
 Life a frail good not worth his care ;  
 Active and willing to obey,  
 A merry mariner and gay,  
 He hands the fails, and jokes all day.  
 At night no dreams disturb his rest,  
 No passions riot in his breast ;  
 For, having nothing left to lose,  
 Sweet and unbroken his repose :  
 And now fair Albion's cliffs are seen,  
 And hills with fruitful herbage green :  
 His heart beats quick, the joy that ties  
 His faltering tongue bursts from his eyes.  
 At length, thus hail'd the well-known land,  
 And kneeling kifs'd the happy strand.  
 " And do I then draw native air,  
 " After an age of toil and care ?  
 " O welcome parent isle ! no more  
 " The vagrant shall desert thy shore,  
 " But, flying to thy kind embrace,  
 " Here end his life's laborious race."  
 So when the stag, intent to rove,  
 Quits the safe park and sheltering grove,  
 Tops the high pale, strolls unconfin'd,  
 And leaves the lazy herd behind,  
 Blest in his happy change a while,  
 Corn fields and flowery meadows smile,  
 The pamper'd beast enjoys the spoil ;

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Till

Till on the next returning morn,  
 Alarm'd, he hears the fatal horn;  
 Before the staunch, blood-thirsty hounds,  
 Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds,  
 With clamour every wood resounds:  
 He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,  
 He seeks the distant stream in vain,  
 And now, by sad experience wise,  
 To his dear home the rambler flies;  
 His old inclosure gains once more,  
 And joins the herd he scorn'd before.

Nor are his labours finish'd yet,  
 Hunger and thirst, and pain and sweat,  
 And many a tedious mile remains,  
 Before his brother's house he gains.  
 Without one doit his purse to bless,  
 Nor very elegant his dress;  
 With a tarr'd jump, a crooked bat,  
 Scarce one whole shoe, and half a hat;  
 From door to door the stroller skip'd,  
 Sometimes reliev'd, but oftener whipp'd;  
 Sun-burnt and ragged, on he fares,  
 At last the mansion-house appears,  
 Timely relief for all his cares.

Around he gaz'd, his greedy sight  
 Devours each object with delight;  
 Through each known haunt transported roves,  
 Gay smiling fields, and shady groves,  
 Once conscious of his youthful loves.

About the hospitable gate  
 Crowds of dejected wretches wait ;  
 Each day kind Bob's diffusive hand,  
 Chear'd and refresh'd the tatter'd band,  
 Proud the most god-like joy to share,  
 He fed the hungry, cloath'd the bare.  
 Frank amongst these his station chose,  
 With looks revealing inward woes ;  
 When, lo ! with wonder and surprize,  
 He saw dame Fortune in disguise ;  
 He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes.  
 Her fawning smiles, her tricking air,  
 Th' egregious hypocrite declare ;  
 A gypfy's mantle round her spread,  
 Of various dye, white, yellow, red ;  
 Strange feats she promis'd, clamour'd loud,  
 And with her cant amus'd the crowd :  
 There every day impatient ply'd,  
 Push'd to get in, but still deny'd ;  
 For Bob, who knew the subtle whore,  
 Thrust the false vagrant from his door.  
 But, when the stranger's face he view'd,  
 With no deceitful tears bedew'd,  
 His boding heart began to melt,  
 And more than usual pity felt :  
 He trac'd his features o'er and o'er,  
 That spoke him better born, though poor,  
 Though cloath'd in rags, genteel his mien,  
 That face he somewhere must have seen :

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Nature



Nature at last reveals the truth,  
 He knows, and owns the hapless youth.  
 Surpriz'd, and speechless, both embrace,  
 And mingling tears o'erflow each face;  
 Till Bob thus eas'd his labouring thought,  
 And this instructive moral taught.

Welcome, my brother, to my longing arms,  
 Here on my bosom rest secure from harms;  
 See Fortune there, that false delusive jade,  
 To whom thy prayers and ardent vows were paid:  
 She (like her sex) the fond pursuer flies;  
 But slight the jilt, and at thy feet she dies.  
 Now safe in port, indulge thyself on shore,  
 Oh, tempt the faithless winds and seas no more;  
 Let unavailing toils, and dangers past,  
 Though late, this useful lesson teach at last,  
 True happiness is only to be found  
 In a contented mind, a body found,  
 All else is dream, a dance on fairy ground:  
 While restless fools each idle whim pursue,  
 And still one wish obtain'd creates a new,  
 Like froward babes, the toys they have, detest,  
 While still the newest trifle pleases best:  
 Let us, my brother, rich in wisdom's store,  
 What Heaven has lent, enjoy, nor covet more;  
 Subdue our passions, curb their saucy rage,  
 And to ourselves restore the golden age.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED:

A T A L E.

**A** Vicar liv'd on this side Trent,  
 Religious, learn'd, benevolent,  
 Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,  
 A comment on the truths he taught:  
 His parish large, his income small,  
 Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;  
 For against every merry tide  
 Madam would carefully provide.  
 A painful pastor; but his sheep,  
 Alas! within no bounds would keep;  
 A scabby flock, that every day  
 Run riot, and would go astray.  
 He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vext,  
 Thumb'd o'er again each useful text;  
 Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,  
 His parish was the more profane:  
 The scrubs would have their wicked will,  
 And cunning Satan triumph'd still.  
 At last, when each expedient fail'd,  
 And serious measures nought avail'd,  
 It came into his head, to try  
 The force of wit and raillery.  
 The good man was by nature gay,  
 Could gibe and joke, as well as pray;  
 Not like some hide-bound folk, who chace  
 Each merry smile from their dull face,  
 And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.

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At

At christenings and each jovial feast,  
 He singled out the sinful beast :  
 Let all his pointed arrows fly,  
 Told this and that, look'd very fly,  
 And left my masters to apply. }  
 His tales were humorous, often true,  
 And now and then set off to view  
 With lucky fictions and sheer wit,  
 That pierc'd, where truth could never hit.  
 The laugh was always on his side,  
 While passive fools by turns deride ;  
 And, giggling thus at one another,  
 Each jeering lout reform'd his brother ;  
 Till the whole parish was with ease  
 Sham'd into virtue by degrees :  
 Then be advis'd, and try a tale,  
 When Chrysoftom and Austin fail.

### THE OFFICIOUS MESSENGER :

#### A T A L E.

**M**AN, of precarious science vain,  
 Treats other creatures with disdain ;  
 Nor Pug nor Shock have common sense,  
 Nor even Pol the least pretence,  
 Though she prates better than us all,  
 To be accounted rational.  
 The brute creation here below,  
 It seems, is nature's puppet-show ;

But

But clock-work all, and mere machine,  
 What can these idle gimcracks mean?  
 Ye world-makers of Gresham-hall,  
 Dog Rover shall confute you all;  
 Shall prove that every reasoning brute  
 Like Ben of Bangor can dispute;  
 Can apprehend, judge, syllogize,  
 Or like proud Bentley criticize:  
 At a moot point, or odd disaster,  
 Is often wiser than his master.  
 He may mistake sometimes, 'tis true,  
 None are infallible but you.  
 The dog whom nothing can mislead  
 Must be a dog of parts indeed:  
 But to my tale; hear me, my friend,  
 And with due gravity attend.

Rover, as heralds are agreed,  
 Well-born, and of the setting breed;  
 Rang'd high, was stout, of nose acute,  
 A very learn'd and courteous brute.  
 In parallel lines his ground he beat,  
 Not such as in one centre meet;  
 In those let blundering doctors deal,  
 His were exactly parallel.

When tainted gales the game betray,  
 Down close he sinks, and eyes his prey.  
 Though different passions tempt his soul,  
 True as the needle to the pole,  
 He keeps his point, and panting lies,  
 The floating net above him flies,  
 Then, dropping, sweeps the fluttering prize.

Nor this his only excellence :  
 When furly farmers took offence,  
 And the rank corn the sport deny'd,  
 Still faithful to his master's side,  
 A thousand pretty pranks he play'd,  
 And chearful each command obey'd :  
 Humble his mind, though great his wit,  
 Would lug a pig, or turn the spit ;  
 Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,  
 And forty such diverting tricks.  
 Nor Partridge, nor wise Gadbury,  
 Could find lost goods so soon as he ;  
 Bid him go back a mile or more,  
 And seek the glove you hid before,  
 Still his unerring nose would wind it,  
 If above ground, was sure to find it ;  
 Whimpering for joy his master greet,  
 And humbly lay it at his feet.

But hold—it cannot be deny'd,  
 That useful talents misapply'd  
 May make wild work. It hapt one day,  
 Squire Lobb, his master, took his way,  
 New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,  
 To compliment a neighbouring knight ;  
 In his best trowsers he appears  
 (A comely person for his years) ;  
 And clean white drawers, that many a day  
 In lavender and rose-cakes lay.  
 Across his brawny shoulders strung,  
 On his left side his dagger hung ;

Dead.

Dead-doing blade ! a dreadful guest,  
 Or in the field, or at the feast.  
 No Franklin carving of a chine  
 At Christide, ever look'd so fine.  
 With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,  
 Nor from his heels one moment budg'd :  
 A while they travel'd, when within  
 Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din :  
 Then warring winds, for want of vent,  
 Shook all his earthly tenement.  
 So in the body politick  
 (For states sometimes, like men, are sick)  
 Dark faction mutters through the crowd,  
 Ere bare-fac'd treason roars aloud :  
 Whether crude humours undigested  
 His labouring entrails had infested,  
 Or last night's load of bottled ale,  
 Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol :  
 The cause of this his aukward pain,  
 Let Johnston or let H—th explain ;  
 Whose learned noses may discover,  
 Why nature's stink-pot thus ran over.  
 My province is th' effect to trace,  
 And give each point its proper grace,  
 Th' effect, O lamentable case !  
 Long had he struggled, but in vain,  
 The factious tumult to restrain :  
 What should he do ? Th' unruly rout  
 Press'd on, and it was time, no doubt,  
 T' unbutton, and to let all out.

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The trowsers soon his will obey ;  
 Not so his stubborn drawers, for they,  
 Beneath his hanging paunch close ty'd,  
 His utmost art and pains defy'd :  
 He drew his dagger on the spot,  
 Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.  
 In the same road just then pass'd by  
 (Such was the will of destiny)  
 The courteous curate of the place,  
 Good-nature shone o'er all his face ;  
 Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,  
 And deeming slaughter must ensue,  
 Off from his hack himself he threw.  
 Then without ceremony seiz'd  
 The squire, impatient to be eas'd.  
 " Lord ! Master Lobb, who would have thought  
 " The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought ?  
 " Is suicide so slight a fault ?  
 " Rip up thy guts, man ! What—go quick'  
 " To hell ? Outrageous lunatick !  
 " But, by the blessing, I 'll prevent  
 " With this right hand, thy foul intent."  
 Then grip'd the dagger fast : the squire,  
 Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire ;  
 While the good man like Pallas stood,  
 And check'd his eager thirst for blood.  
 At last, when both a while had strain'd,  
 Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd.  
 The curate in all points obey'd,  
 Into the sheath returns the blade :

But

But first th' unhappy squire he swore,  
 T' attempt upon his life no more.  
 With sage advice his speech he clos'd,  
 And left him (as he thought) compos'd.  
 But was it so, friend Lobb? I own,  
 Misfortune seldom comes alone;  
 Satan supplies the swelling tide,  
 And ills on ills are multiply'd.  
 Subdued, and all his measures broke,  
 His purpose and intent mistook;  
 Within his drawers, alas! he found  
 His guts let out without a wound:  
 For, in the conflict, straining hard,  
 He left his postern-gate unbarr'd;  
 Most woefully bedawb'd, he moans  
 His piteous case, he sighs, he groans.  
 To lose his dinner, and return,  
 Was very hard, not to be borne:  
 Hunger, they say, parent of arts,  
 Will make a fool a man of parts.  
 The sharp-set squire resolves at last,  
 Whate'er befell him, not to fast;  
 He mus'd a while, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,  
 At last on this expedient hits;  
 To the next brook with sober pace  
 He tends, preparing to uncase,  
 Straddling and muttering all the way,  
 Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.  
 The coast now clear, no foul in view,  
 Off in a trice his trowsers drew;



More leisurely his drawers, for care  
 And caution was convenient there :  
 So fast the plaister'd birdlime stuck,  
 The skin came off with every pluck.  
 Sorely he gaul'd each brawny ham ;  
 Nor other parts escap'd, which shame  
 Forbids a bashful Muse to name.  
 Not without pain the work atchiev'd,  
 He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd ;  
 Then, with nice hand and look sedate,  
 Folds up his drawers, with their rich freight,  
 And hides them in a bush, at leisure  
 Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure :  
 The trusty Rover lay hard by,  
 Observing all with curious eye.

Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,  
 And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,  
 Brisk as a snake in merry May,  
 That just has cast his slough away,  
 Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,  
 As he presum'd, both sweet and clean ;  
 For, oh ! amongst us mortal elves,  
 How few there are smell out themselves !  
 With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,  
 And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly  
 On others' faults implacably.  
 But where 's that ear, that eye, that nose,  
 Against its master will depose ?  
 Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,  
 Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear,

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Yet

Yet romps about me every day,  
 Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.  
 Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,  
 Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills,  
 Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows  
 What fatal secrets he bestows:  
 Let him destroy each day a score,  
 'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.  
 In fine, self-love bribes every sense,  
 And all at home is excellence.

The squire arriv'd in decent plight,  
 With reverence due salutes the knight;  
 Compliments past, the dinner-bell  
 Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell  
 To greedy Lobb! Th' Orphéan lyre  
 Did ne'er such rapturous joy inspire;  
 Though this the savage throng obey,  
 That hunger tames more fierce than they.  
 In comely order now appear,  
 The footmen loaded with good cheer,  
 Her ladyship brought-up the rear.  
 Simpering she lisps, "Your servant, sir—  
 "The ways are bad, one can't well stir  
 "Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind  
 "To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—  
 "She 's well, I hope—Master, they say,  
 "Comes on apace—How 's Miss, I pray?"  
 Lobb bow'd, and cring'd; and, muttering low,  
 Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.

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These weighty points adjusted, soon  
 My lady brandishes her spoon.  
 Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,  
 And minding nothing but his meat,  
 Too near the fire had chose his seat :  
 When, oh ! th' effluvia of his bum  
 Begin amain to scent the room,  
 Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume.  
 The flickering footman stopt his nose ;  
 The chaplain too, under the rose,  
 Made aukward mouths ; the knight took snuff ;  
 Her ladyship began to huff ;  
 " Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—  
 " 'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—  
 " Dogs in their place are good, I own—  
 " But in the parlour—foh !—be gone."

Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinish'd bone,  
 Banish'd for failings not his own ;  
 No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,  
 And favourite Virgin fawn'd in vain.  
 The servants, to the stranger kind,  
 Leave trusty Rover still behind ;  
 But Lobb, who would not seem to be  
 Defective in civility,  
 And, for removing of all doubt,  
 Knitting his brows, bids him get out :  
 By signs expresses his command,  
 And to the door points with his hand.  
 The dog, or through mistake or spight  
 (Grave authors have not set us right),

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Fled back the very way he came,  
 And in the bush soon found his game ;  
 Brought in his mouth the favoury load,  
 And at his master's elbow stood.  
 O Lobb, what idioms can express  
 Thy strange confusion and distress,  
 When on the floor the drawers display'd  
 The fulsome secret had bewray'd ?  
 No traitor, when his hand and seal  
 Produc'd his dark designs reveal,  
 E'er look'd with such a hanging face,  
 As Lobb half-dead at this disgrace.  
 Wild-staring, thunder-struck, and dumb,  
 While peals of laughter shake the room ;  
 Each sash thrown up to let in air,  
 The knight fell backward in his chair,  
 Laugh'd till his heart-strings almost break,  
 The chaplain giggled for a week ;  
 Her ladyship began to call,  
 For hartshorn, and her Abigail ;  
 The servants chuckled at the door,  
 And all was clamour and uproar.  
 Rover, who now began to quake,  
 As conscious of his foul mistake,  
 Trusts to his heels to save his life ;  
 The squire sneaks home, and beats his wife.

## THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM:

## A T A L E.

**F**RANK PLUME, a spark about the town,  
 Now weary of intriguing grown,  
 Thought it adviseable to wed,  
 And chuse a partner of his bed,  
 Virtuous and chaste—Aye, right—but where  
 Is there a nymph that 's chaste as fair?  
 A blessing to be priz'd, but rare.  
 For continence penurious heaven  
 With a too sparing hand has given;  
 A plant but seldom to be found,  
 And thrives but ill on British ground.  
 Should our adventurer haste on board,  
 And see what foreign foils afford?  
 Where watchful dragons guard the prize,  
 And jealous dons have Argus' eyes,  
 Where the rich casket, close immur'd,  
 Is under lock and key secur'd?  
 No—Frank, by long experience wise,  
 Had known these forts took by surprize.  
 Nature in spite of art prevail'd,  
 And all their vigilance had fail'd.  
 The youth was puzzled—should he go  
 And scale a convent? would that do?  
 Is nuns-flesh always good and sweet?  
 Fly-blown sometimes, not fit to eat.

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Well

Well—he resolves to do his best,  
 And prudently contrives this test;  
 If the last favour I obtain,  
 And the nymph yield, the case is plain:  
 Marry'd, she'll play the same odd prank  
 With others—she's no wife for Frank.  
 But, could I find a female heart  
 Impregnable to force or art,  
 That all my batteries could withstand,  
 The sap, and even sword in hand;  
 Ye Gods! how happy should I be,  
 From each perplexing thought set free,  
 From cuckoldom, and jealousy!  
 The project pleas'd. He now appears,  
 And shines in all his killing airs,  
 And every useful toy prepares.  
 New opera tunes, and billet-doux,  
 The clouded cane, and red-heel'd shoes;  
 Nor the clock-stocking was forgot,  
 Th' embroider'd coat, and shoulder-knot:  
 All that a woman's heart might move,  
 The potent trumpery of love.  
 Here importunity prevails,  
 There tears in floods, or sighs in gales.  
 Now, in the lucky moment try'd,  
 Low at his feet the fair-one dy'd,  
 For Strephon would not be deny'd.  
 Then, if no motives could persuade,  
 A golden shower debauch'd the maid,  
 The mistress truckled, and obey'd.



To modesty a sham pretence  
 Gain'd some, others impertinence;  
 But most, plain downright impudence.  
 Like Cæsar, now he conquer'd all,  
 The vassal sex before him fall;  
 Wheree'er he march'd, slaughter ensued,  
 He came, he saw, and he subdued.  
 At length a stubborn nymph he found,  
 For bold Camilla stood her ground;  
 Parry'd his thrusts with equal art,  
 And had him both in tierce and quart:  
 She kept the hero still in play,  
 And still maintain'd the doubtful day.  
 Here he resolves to make a stand,  
 Take her, and marry out of hand.  
 The jolly priest soon ty'd the knot,  
 The luscious tale was not forgot,  
 Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.  
 The posset drunk, the stocking thrown,  
 The candles out, the curtains drawn,  
 And fir and madam all alone;  
 "My dear," said he, "I strove, you know,  
 To taste the joys you now bestow,  
 All my persuasive arts I try'd,  
 But still relentless you deny'd;  
 Tell me, inexorable fair,  
 How could you, thus attack'd, forbear?"  
 "Swear to forgive what 's past," she cry'd;  
 "The naked truth shan't be deny'd."  
 He did; the baggage thus reply'd:

Deceiv'd

Deceiv'd so many times before  
 By your false sex, I rashly swore,  
 To trust deceitful man no more.

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BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT:

A T A L E.

“FOR shame, said Ebony, for shame,  
 “ Tom Ruby, troth, you ’re much to blame,  
 “ To drink at this confounded rate,  
 “ To guzzle thus, early and late!”

Poor Tom, who just had took his whet,  
 And at the door his uncle met,  
 Surpriz’d and thunder-struck, would fair  
 Make his escape, but, oh! in vain.  
 Each blush, that glow’d with an ill-grace,  
 Lighted the flambeaux in his face;  
 No loop-hole left, no slight pretence,  
 To palliate the foul offence.

“ I own,” said he, “ I ’m very bad—  
 “ A sot—incorrigibly mad—  
 “ But, fir—I thank you for your love,  
 “ And by your lectures would improve:  
 “ Yet, give me leave to say, the street  
 “ For conference is not so meet.  
 “ Here in this room—nay, fir, come in—  
 “ Expose, chastise me for my sin;  
 “ Exert each trope, your utmost art,  
 “ To touch this senseless, flinty heart.

“ I ’m



" I 'm conscious of my guilt, 'tis true,  
 " But yet I know my frailty too ;  
 " A flight rebuke will never do.  
 " Urge home my faults—come in, I pray—  
 " Let not my soul be cast away."

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Wise Ebony, who deem'd it good  
 T' encourage by all means he could  
 These first appearances of grace,  
 Follow'd up stairs, and took his place.  
 The bottle and the crust appear'd,  
 And wily Tom demurely sneer'd.  
 " My duty, sir !"—" Thank you, kind Tom !"—  
 " Again, an't please you !"—" Thank you ! Come—"—  
 " Sorrow is dry—I must once more—"—  
 " Nay Tom, I told you at the door  
 " I would not drink—what ! before dinner ?—  
 " Not one glass more, as I 'm a sinner—  
 " Come, to the point in hand ; is 't fit  
 " A man of your good sense and wit  
 " Those parts which heaven bestow'd should drown,  
 " A butt to all the sots in town ?  
 " Why tell me, Tom—What fort can stand  
 " (Though regular, and bravely mann'd)  
 " If night and day the fierce foe plies  
 " With never-ceasing batteries ;  
 " Will there not be a breach at last ?"—  
 " Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what 's past."  
 " But if nor interest, nor fame,  
 " Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,

" Haft

“ Hast not a conscience, man? no thought  
 “ Of an hereafter? dear are bought  
 “ These sensual pleasures.”—“ I relent,  
 “ Kind sir—but give your zeal a vent—”  
 Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still  
 Took care his uncle’s glass to fill,  
 Which as his hurry’d spirits funk,  
 Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.  
 Each pint, alas! drew on the next,  
 Old Ebony stuck to his text,  
 Grown warm, like any angel spoke,  
 Till intervening hiccups broke  
 The well-strung argument. Poor Tom  
 Was now too forward to reel home.  
*That* preaching still, *this* still repenting,  
 Both equally to drink consenting,  
 Till both brimfull could swill no more,  
 And fell dead drunk upon the floor.

Bacchus, the jolly God, who fate  
 Wide-straddling o’er his tun in state,  
 Close by the window side, from whence  
 He heard this weighty conference;  
 Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,  
 Thus the indulgent godhead speaks:  
 “ Frail mortals, know, Reason in vain  
 “ Rebels, and would disturb my reign.  
 “ See there the sophister o’erthrown,  
 “ With stronger arguments knock’d down  
 “ Than e’er in wrangling schools were known!

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 “ The

" The wine that sparkles in this glass  
 " Smooths every brow, gilds every face :  
 " As vapours when the sun appears,  
 " Far hence anxieties and fears :  
 " Grave ermin smiles, lawn sleeves grow gay,  
 " Each haughty monarch owns my sway,  
 " And cardinals and popes obey :  
 " Ev'n Cato drank his glass, 'twas I  
 " Taught the brave patriot how to die  
 " For injur'd Rome and Liberty ;  
 " 'Twas I, who with immortal lays  
 " Inspir'd the bard that sung his praise.  
 " Let dull unfociable fools  
 " Loll in their cells, and live by rules ;  
 " My votaries, in gay delight  
 " And mirth, shall revel all the night ;  
 " Act well their parts on life's dull stage,  
 " And make each moment worth an age."

THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIM'D:

A T A L E.

**I**N those blest days of jubilee,  
 When pious Charles set England free  
 From canting and hypocrisy ;  
 Most graciously to all restoring  
 Their antient privilege of whoring ;  
 There liv'd, but 'tis no matter where,  
 The son of an old cavalier ;

Of ancient lineage was the squire,  
 A man of mettle and of fire;  
 Clean-shap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,  
 Made a good figure at a ball,  
 And only wanted wherewithal.  
 His pension was ill-paid and strait,  
 Full many a loyal hero's fate:  
 Often half starv'd, and often out  
 At elbows, an hard case, no doubt.  
 Sometimes perhaps a lucky main  
 Prudently manag'd in Long-Lane  
 Repair'd the thread-bare beau again;  
 And now and then some secret favours,  
 The kind returns of pious labours,  
 Enrich'd the strong and vigorous lover,  
 His honour liv'd a while in clover.  
 For (to say truth) it is but just,  
 Where all things are decay'd but lust,  
 That ladies of maturer ages  
 Give citron-water and good wages.

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Thus far Tom Wild had made a shift,  
 And got good helps at a dead lift;  
 But John, his humble meagre slave,  
 One foot already in the grave,  
 Hide-bound as one of Pharaoh's kine,  
 With good Duke Numps was forc'd to dine:  
 Yet still the thoughtful serious elf  
 Would' not be wanting to himself;  
 Bore up against both tide and wind,  
 Turn'd every project in his mind,  
 And each expedient weigh'd, to find

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A remedy in this distress.  
 Some God—(nay, fir, suppose no less,  
 For in this hard and knotty case,  
 T'employ a God is no disgrace;  
 Though Mercury be sent from Jove,  
 Or Iris wing it from above)  
 Some God, I say, inspir'd the knave,  
 His master and himself to save.

As both went supperless to bed  
 One night (first scratching of his head)  
 "Alas!" quoth John, "fir, 'tis hard fare  
 "To suck one's thumbs, and live on air;  
 "To reel from pillar unto post,  
 "An empty shade, a walking ghost;  
 "To hear one's guts make piteous moan,  
 "Those worst of duns, and yet not one,  
 "One mouldy scrap to satisfy  
 "Their craving importunity.  
 "Nay—good your honour please to hear"  
 (And then the varlet dropt a tear)  
 "A project form'd in this dull brain,  
 "Shall set us all adrift again;  
 "A project, fir, nay, let me tell ye,  
 "Shall fill your pockets, and my belly.  
 "Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,  
 "Who purchas'd at an easy rate,  
 "Your manor-house and fine estate.  
 "Nay, stare not, fir: by G— 'tis true  
 "The devil for once has got his due:

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" The

' The rascal has left every penny,  
 ' To his old maiden sister Jenny :  
 ' Go, clasp the dowdy in your arms,  
 ' Nor want you bread, though she want charms :  
 ' Cajole the dirty drab, and then  
 ' The man shall have his mare again ;  
 ' Clod-Hall is yours, your house, your rents,  
 ' And all your lands, and tenements."

“ Faith, John,” said he, (then lick'd his chops)

' This project gives indeed some hopes :  
 ' But cursed hard the terms, to marry,  
 ' To stick to one, and never vary ;  
 ' And that one old and ugly too :  
 ' Frail mortals, tell me what to do ?"

“ For that,” said John, “ trust me ; my treat

' Shan't be one ill-dress'd dish of meat ;  
 ' Let but your honour be my guest,  
 ' Variety shall crown the feast."

“ 'Tis done,” reply'd Tom Wild, “ 'tis done,

' The flag hangs out, the fort is won ;  
 ' Ne'er doubt my vigorous attacks,  
 ' Come to my arms, my \* Sycorax ;  
 ' Bold in thy right we mount our throne,  
 ' And all the island is our own."

Well—forth they rode, both Squire and John ;  
 Here might a florid bard make known,  
 His horse's virtues, and his own ;

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\* See Dryden's *Tempest*, altered from Shakespeare.

A thousand prodigies advance,  
 Retailing every circumstance.  
 But I, who am not over-nice,  
 And always love to be concise,  
 Shall let the courteous reader guess  
 The squire's accoutrements and drefs.

Suppose we then the gentle youth  
 Laid at her feet, all love, all truth;  
 Haranguing it in verse and prose,  
 A mount her forehead white with snows,  
 Her cheeks the lily and the rose;  
 Her ivory teeth, her coral lips,  
 Her well-turn'd ears, whose ruby tips  
 Afford a thousand compliments,  
 Which he, fond youth, profusely vents:  
 The pretty dimple in her chin,  
 The den of Love, who lurks within.  
 But, oh! the lustre of her eyes,  
 Nor stars, nor moon, nor sun suffice,  
 He vows, protests, raves, finks, and dies.  
 Much of her breasts he spoke, and hair,  
 In terms most elegant and rare;  
 Call'd her the goddess he ador'd,  
 And in heroic fustian soar'd.  
 For, though the youth could well explain  
 His mind, in a more humble strain;  
 Yet Ovid and the wits agree,  
 That a true lover's speech should be  
 In rapture and in simile.

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Imagine

Imagine now, all points put right,  
 The fiddles and the wedding-night;  
 Each noisy steeple rock'd with glee,  
 And every bard sung merrily:  
 Gay pleasure wanton'd unconfin'd,  
 The men all drunk, the women kind:  
 Clod-Hall did ne'er so fine appear,  
 Floating in posset and strong beer.

Come, Muse, thou flattern house-wife, tell,  
 Where 's our friend John? I hope he 's well;  
 Well! Ay, as any man can be,  
 With Susan in the gallery.

Sue was a lass buxom and tight,  
 The chamber-maid and favourite;  
 Juicy and young, just fit for man,  
 Thus the sweet dialogue began.

“Lard, sir,” quoth Sue, “how brisk, how gay,  
 “How spruce our master look'd to-day!  
 “I 'm sure no king was e'er so fine,  
 “No sun more gloriously can shine.”

“Alas, my dear, all is not gold  
 “That glisters, as I 've read of old:  
 “And all the wise and learned say,  
 “The best is not without alloy.”

“Well, Master John, name if you can  
 “A more accomplish'd gentleman.  
 “Beside (else may I never thrive)  
 “The best good-natur'd squire alive.”

(John shrugg'd, and shook his head.) “Nay sure  
 “You by your looking so demure



" Have learnt some secret fault ; if so,  
 " Tell me, good John, nay pr'ythee do,  
 " Tell me, I say, I long to know.  
 " Safe as thy gold in thy strong box,  
 " This breast the dark deposit locks,  
 " These lips no secrets shall reveal."

" Well—let me first affix my seal :  
 Then kiss'd the soft obliging fair.

" But hold—now I must hear you swear,  
 " By all your virgin charms below,  
 " No mortal e'er this tale shall know."

She swore, then thus the cunning knave,  
 With look most politic and grave,

Proceeds : " Why—faith and troth, dear Sue,

" This jewel has a flaw, 'tis true ;

" My master 's generous, and all that,

" Not faulty, but unfortunate."

" Why will you keep one in suspense ?

" Why tease one thus ?"—" Have patience.

" The youth has failings, there 's no doubt,

" And who, my Suky, is without ?

" But should you tell—nay that I dread"—

" By heaven, and by my maidenhead—

" Now speak, speak quick."—" He who denies

" Those pouting lips, those roguish eyes,

" Must sure be more than man—then know,

" My dearest, since you 'll have it so ;

" My master Wild not only talks

" Much in his sleep, but also walks ;

" Walks many a winter night alone,

" This way and that, up stairs and down :

" Now,

“ Now, if disturb’d, if by surprize  
 “ He ’s rous’d, and slumbers quit his eyes ;  
 “ Lord, how I tremble ! how I dread  
 “ To speak it ! Thrice beneath the bed,  
 “ Alas ! to save my life I fled :  
 “ And twice behind the door I crept,  
 “ And once out of the window leapt.  
 “ No raging bedlam just got loose  
 “ Is half so mad ; about the house  
 “ Frantic he runs ; each eye-ball glares,  
 “ He raves, he foams, he wildly stares ;  
 “ The family before him flies,  
 “ Whoe’er is overtaken dies.  
 “ Opiates, and breathing of a vein,  
 “ Scarce settle his distemper’d brain,  
 “ And bring him to himself again.  
 “ But, if not cross’d, if let alone  
 “ To take his frolic, and be gone ;  
 “ Soon he returns from whence he came,  
 “ No lamb more innocent and tame.”

Thus having gain’d her point, to bed  
 In haste the flickering gipsy fled ;  
 The pungent secret in her breast  
 Gave such sharp pangs, she could not rest :  
 Prim’d, charg’d, and cock’d, her next desire  
 Was to present, and to give fire.  
 Sleepless the tortur’d Susan lay,  
 Tossing and tumbling every way,  
 Impatient for the dawn of day.  
 So labours in the sacred shade,  
 Full of the God, the Delphic maid :

So wind, in hypocondries pent,  
 Struggles and heaves to find a vent;  
 In labyrinths intricate it roars,  
 Now downward sinks, then upward soars;  
 Th' uneasy patient groans in vain,  
 No cordials can relieve his pain;  
 Till at the postern gate, enlarg'd,  
 The bursting thunder is discharg'd.  
 At last the happy hour was come,  
 When call'd into her lady's room;  
 Scarce three pins stuck into her gown,  
 But out it bolts, and all is known.  
 Nor idle long the secret lies,  
 From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,  
 And grows amain in strength and size:  
 For Fame, at first of pigmy birth,  
 Walks cautiously on mother earth;  
 But soon (as ancient bards have said)  
 In clouds the giant hides her head.  
 To council now the gossips went,  
 Madam herself was president;  
 Th' affair is banded *pro* and *con*,  
 Much breath is spent, few conquests won.  
 At length dame Hobb, to end the strife,  
 And Madam Blouse the parson's wife,  
 In this with one consent agree,  
 That, since th' effect was lunacy  
 If wak'd, it were by much the best,  
 Not to disturb him in the least:

Ev'n let him ramble if he please;  
 Troth, 'tis a comical disease;  
 The worst is to himself: when cold  
 And shivering he returns, then fold  
 The vagrant in your arms; he'll rest  
 With pleasure on your glowing breast.  
 Madam approv'd of this advice,  
 Issued her orders in a trice;

“ That none henceforth presume to stir,  
 “ Or thwart th' unhappy wanderer.”

John, when his master's knock he heard,  
 Soon in the dressing-room appear'd,  
 Archly he look'd, and slyly leer'd.



“ What game?” says Wild. “ Oh! never more,  
 “ Pheasants and partridge in great store;  
 “ I wish your ammunition last!”

And then reveal'd how all had past.  
 Next thought it proper to explain  
 His plot, and how he laid his train:

“ The coast is clear, sir, go in peace,  
 “ No dragon guards the golden fleece.”

Here, Muse, let fable night advance,  
 Describe her state with elegance;  
 Around her dark pavilion spread  
 The clouds; with poppies crown her head;  
 Note well her owls, and bats obscene;  
 Call her an Æthiopian queen;  
 Or, if you think 'twill mend my tale,  
 Call her a widow with a veil;

Of

Of specters and hobgoblins tell,  
 Or say 'twas midnight, 'tis as well.  
 Well then—'twas midnight, as was said,  
 When Wild starts upright in his bed,  
 Leaps out, and, without more ado,  
 Takes in his room a turn or two ;  
 Opening the door, soon out he stalks,  
 And to the next apartment walks ;  
 Where on her back there lay poor Sue,  
 Alas ! friend John, she dreamt of you.  
 Wak'd with the noise, her master known,  
 By moon-light and his brocade gown,  
 Frighted she dares not scream, in bed  
 She sinks, and down she pops her head ;  
 The curtains gently drawn, he springs  
 Between the sheets, then closely clings.  
 Now, Muse, relate what there he did ;  
 Hold, impudence !—it must be hid !—  
 He did—as any man would do  
 In such a case—Did he not, Sue ?  
 Then up into the garret flies,  
 Where Joan, and Dol, and Betty lies ;  
 A leash of lasses all together,  
 And in the dog-days—in hot weather ;  
 Why, faith, 'twas hard—he did his best,  
 And left to Providence the rest.  
 Content the passive creatures lie,  
 For who in duty could deny ?  
 Was non-resistance ever thought  
 By modern casuists a fault ?

Were not her orders strict and plain ?  
 All struggling dangerous and vain ?  
 Well, down our younker trips again ;  
 Much wishing, as he reel'd along,  
 For some rich cordial warm and strong.  
 In bed he quickly tumbled then,  
 Nor wak'd next morn till after ten.  
 Thus night by night he led his life,  
 Blessing all females but his wife ;  
 Much work upon his hands there lay,  
 More bills were drawn than he could pay ;  
 No lawyer drudg'd so hard as he,  
 In Easter Term, or Hillary ;  
 But lawyers labour for their fee :  
 Here no self-interest or gain,  
 The pleasure balances the pain.  
 So the great sultan walks among  
 His troop of lasses fair and young :  
 So the town-bull in Opentide,  
 His lowing lovers by his side,  
 Revels at large in nature's right,  
 Curb'd by no law, but appetite ;  
 Frisking his tail, he roves at pleasure,  
 And knows no stint, and keeps no measure.

But now the ninth revolving moon  
 (Alas ! it came an age too soon ;  
 Curse on each hasty fleeting night !)  
 Some odd discoveries brought to light.  
 Strange tympanies the women seize,  
 An epidemical disease ;

Madam

Madam herself with these might pass  
For a clean-shap'd and taper lass.

'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,  
For hoops were not then *à-la-mode* ;  
Sue, being question'd, and hard press'd,  
Blubbering the naked truth confess'd :

“ Were not your orders most severe,  
“ That none should stop his night-career ?  
“ And who durst wake him ? Troth, not I ;  
“ I was not then prepar'd to die.”

“ Well Sue, said she, thou shalt have grace,  
“ But then this night I take thy place,  
“ Thou mine, my night-cloaths on thy head,  
“ Soon shall he leave thee safe in bed :  
“ Lie still, and stir not on thy life,  
“ But do the penance of a wife ;  
“ Much pleasure hast thou had ; at last  
“ 'Tis proper for thy sins to fast.”

This point agreed, to bed she went,  
And Sue crept in, but ill-content :  
Soon as th' accustom'd hour was come,  
The youngker sally'd from his room,  
To Sue's apartment whipt away,  
And like a lion seiz'd his prey ;  
She clasp'd him in her longing arms,  
Sharp-set, she feasted on his charms.  
He did whate'er he could ; but more  
Was yet to do, *encore, encore* !  
Fain would he now elope, she clasp'd  
Him still, no burr e'er stuck so fast.

At length the morn with envious light  
 Discover'd all : in what sad plight  
 Poor man, he lay ! abash'd, for shame  
 He could not speak, not ev'n one lame  
 Excuse was left. She, with a grace  
 That gave new beauties to her face ;  
 And with a kind obliging air  
 (Always successful in the fair,)  
 Thus soon reliev'd him from despair.

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“ Ah ! generous youth, pardon a fault,  
 “ No foolish jealousy has taught ;  
 “ 'Tis your own crime, open as day,  
 “ To your conviction paves the way.  
 “ Oh ! might this stratagem regain  
 “ Your love ! let me not plead in vain ;  
 “ Something to gratitude is due,  
 “ Have I not given all to you ?”

Tom star'd, look'd pale, then in great haste  
 Slipp'd on his gown ; yet thus at last  
 Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he stood,  
 “ I will, my dear, be very good.”

**T H E H A P P Y D I S A P P O I N T M E N T :**

**A T A L E.**

**I**N days of yore, when belles and beaux  
 Left masquerades and puppet-shows,  
 Deserted ombre and basset,  
 At Jonathan's to squeeze and sweat ;

When



When sprightly rakes forfook champaign,  
 The play-houfe, and the merry main,  
 Good mother Wyburn and the ftews,  
 To fmoke with brokers, ftink with Jews :  
 In fine, when all the world run mad  
 (A ftory not lefs true than fad) ;  
 Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known  
 To all this chafte and fober town,  
 Got every penny he could rally,  
 To try his fortune in Change-Alley :  
 In hafte to loll in coach and fix,  
 Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks,  
 Amongft his brother lunaticks.  
 Transported at his firft fucces,  
 A thoufand whims his fancy blefs,  
 With fcenes of future happinefs.  
 How frail are all our joys below !  
 Mere dazzling meteors, fafh and fhew !  
 Oh, Fortune ! falfe deceitful whore !  
 Caught in thy trap with thoufands more,  
 He found his rhino funk and gone,  
 Himfelf a bankrupt, and undone.  
 Ned could not well digeft this change,  
 Forc'd in the world at large to range ;  
 With Babel's monarch turn'd to grafs,  
 Would it not break an heart of brafs ?  
 'Tis vain to fob and hang the lip ;  
 One penny left, he buys a flip,  
 At once his life and cares to lofe,  
 Under his ear he fits the noofe.

An hook in an old wall he spies,  
 To that the fatal rope he ties :  
 Like Curtius now, at one bold leap,  
 He plung'd into the gaping deep ;  
 Nor did he doubt in hell to find,  
 Dealings more just, and friends more kind.  
 As he began to twist and sprawl,  
 The loosen'd stones break from the wall ;  
 Down drops the rake upon the spot,  
 And after him an earthen pot :  
 Reeling he rose, and gaz'd around,  
 And saw the crock lie on the ground ;  
 Surpriz'd, amaz'd, at this odd fight,  
 Trembling, he broke it in a fright ;  
 When, lo ! at once came pouring forth  
 Ingots, and pearls, and gems of worth.  
 O'erjoy'd with Fortune's kind bequest,  
 He took the birds, but left the nest ;  
 And then, to spy what might ensue,  
 Into a neighbouring wood withdrew ;  
 Nor waited long. For soon he sees  
 A tall black man skulk through the trees ;  
 He knew him by his shuffling pace,  
 His thread-bare coat and hatchet face :  
 And who the devil should it be,  
 But sanctify'd Sir Timothy !  
 His uncle by his mother's side,  
 His guardian, and his faithful guide.  
 This driveling knight, with pockets full,  
 And proud as any Great Mogul,

For

For his wise conduct had been made  
 Director of the jobbing trade :  
 And had most piously drawn in  
 Poor Ned and all his nearest kin.  
 The greedy fools laid out their gold,  
 And bought the very stock he fold ;  
 Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,  
 By *bocus pocus*, to himself ;  
 And, to secure the spoils he got,  
 Form'd this contrivance of the pot.  
 Here every night, and every morn,  
 Devout as any monk new shorn,  
 The prostrate hypocrite implores  
 Just heaven to bless his hidden stores ;  
 But, when he saw dear mammon flown,  
 The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,  
 No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,  
 No thief when beadles flay his back,  
 No losing rook, no carted whore,  
 No failor when the billows roar,  
 With such a grace e'er curs'd and swore.  
 Then, as he por'd upon the ground,  
 And turn'd his haggard eyes around,  
 The halter at his feet he spy'd,  
 " And is this all that 's left ? " he cry'd :  
 " Am I thus paid for all my cares,  
 " My lectures, repetitions, prayers ?  
 " 'Tis well—there 's something sav'd at least,  
 " Welcome, thou faithful, friendly guest ;

“ If I must hang, now all is lost,  
 “ ’Tis cheaper at another’s cost;  
 “ To do it at my own expence,  
 “ Would be downright extravagance.”

Thus comforted, without a tear,  
 He fix’d the noose beneath his ear,  
 To the next bough the rope he ty’d,  
 And most heroically dy’d.

Ned, who behind a spreading tree,  
 Beheld this tragi-comedy,  
 With hearty curses rung his knell,  
 And bid him thus his last farewell.

“ Was it not, uncle, very kind  
 “ In me, to leave the rope behind?  
 “ A legacy so well bestow’d,  
 “ For all the gratitude I ow’d.  
 “ Adieu, Sir Tim; by heaven’s decree,  
 “ Soon may thy brethren follow thee,  
 “ In the same glorious manner swing,  
 “ Without one friend to cut the string;  
 “ That hence rapacious knaves may know,  
 “ Justice is always sure, though slow.”

A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH:

A T A L E.

**J**ACK DIMPLE was a merry blade,  
 Young, amorous, witty, and well-made;  
 Discreet?—Hold, fir—nay, as I live,  
 My friend, you ’re too inquisitive:

B b

Discretion,

Discretion, all men must agree,  
 Is a most shining quality,  
 Which like leaf-gold makes a great show,  
 And thinly spread sets-off a beau.  
 But, sir, to put you out of pain,  
 Our youngker had not half a grain,  
 A leaky blab, rash, faithless, vain.  
 The victories his eyes had won,  
 As soon as e'er obtain'd, were known ;  
 For trophies rear'd, the deed proclaim,  
 Spoils hung on high expose the dame,  
 And love is sacrific'd to fame.  
 Such insolence the sex alarms,  
 The female world is up in arms ;  
 Th' outrageous Bacchanals combine,  
 And brandish'd tongues in concert join.  
 Unhappy youth ! where wilt thou go  
 T' escape so terrible a foe ?  
 Seek shelter on the Libyan shore,  
 Where tigers and where lions roar ?  
 Sleep on the borders of the Nile,  
 And trust the wily crocodile ?  
 'Tis vain to shun a woman's hate,  
 Heavy the blow, and sure as fate.  
 Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,  
 But not so talkative and loud,  
 With silence and with care suppress  
 The glowing vengeance in her breast,  
 Resolv'd, by stratagem and art,  
 To make the faucy villain smart.

The cunning baggage had prepar'd  
 Pomatum, of the finest lard,  
 With strong astringents mix'd the mess,  
 Alom, and vitriol, *Q. S.*  
 Arsenick, and bole. But I want time  
 To turn all Quince into rhyme,  
 'Twould make my diction too sublime.  
 Her grandame this receipt had taught,  
 Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,  
 An able styptick (as 'tis said)  
 To sodder a crack'd maidenhead.  
 This ointment being duly made,  
 The jilt upon her toilet laid:  
 The fauntering cully soon appears,  
 As usual, vows, protests, and swears;  
 Careless an opera tune he hums,  
 Plunders her patch-box, breaks her combs.  
 As up and down the monkey play'd,  
 His hand upon the box he laid,  
 The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,  
 The treacherous Pandora smiles.  
 "What 's this?" cries Jack. "That box!" said she:  
 "Pomatum; what else should it be?"  
 But here 'tis fit my reader knows  
 'Twas March, when blustering Boreas blows,  
 Stern enemy to belles and beaux.  
 His lips were sore; rough, pointed, torn,  
 The coral bristled like a thorn.  
 Pleas'd with a cure *à-propos*,  
 Nor jealous of so fair a foe,

The healing ointment thick he spread,  
 And every gaping cranny fed.  
 His chops begin to glow and shoot,  
 He strove to speak, but, oh! was mute,  
 Mute as a fish, all he could strain,  
 Were some horse gutturals forc'd with pain.  
 He stamps, he raves, he sobs, he sighs,  
 The tears ran trickling from his eyes;  
 He thought but could not speak a curse,  
 His lips were drawn into a purse.  
 Madam no longer could contain,  
 Triumphant joy bursts out amain;  
 She laughs, she screams, the house is rais'd,  
 Through all the street th' affair is blaz'd:  
 In shoals now all the neighbours come,  
 Laugh out, and press into the room.  
 Sir Harry Taudry and his bride,  
 Miss Tulip deck'd in all her pride;  
 Wife Madam Froth, and widow Babble,  
 Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble.  
 So great a concourse ne'er was known  
 At Smithfield, when a monster's shown;  
 When bears dance jiggs with comely mien,  
 When witty Punch adorns the scene,  
 Or frolick Pug plays Harlequin.  
 In vain he strives to hide his head,  
 In vain he creeps behind the bed,  
 Ferreted thence, expos'd to view,  
 The crowd their clamorous shouts renew:

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A thou-

A thousand taunts, a thousand jeers,  
 Stark dumb, the passive creature hears.  
 No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,  
 And pelted in the pillory,  
 His face besmear'd, his eyes, his chops,  
 With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,  
 Was e'er so maul'd. Phyllis, at last,  
 To pay him for offences past,  
 With sneering malice in her face  
 Thus spoke, and gave the *coup de grace* :  
 " Lard ! how demure, and how precise  
 " He looks ! silence becomes the wife.  
 " Vile tongue ! its master to betray,  
 " But now the prisoner must obey,  
 " I 've lock'd the door, and keep the key.  
 " Learn hence, what angry woman can,  
 " When wrong'd by that false traitor man ;  
 " Who boasts our favours, soon or late,  
 " The treacherous blab shall feel our hate."

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THE WISE BUILDER :

A T A L E .

WISE Socrates had built a farm,  
 Little, convenient, snug, and warm,  
 Secur'd from rain and wind :  
 A gallant whisper'd in his ear,  
 " Shall the great Socrates live here,  
 " To this mean cell confin'd ?"



“ The furniture ’s my chieft care,”  
 Reply’d the fage; “ here ’s room to spare,  
     “ Sweet fir, for I and you;  
 “ When this with faithful friends is fill’d,  
 “ An ampler palace I shall build;  
     “ Till then, this cot muft do.”

The true Use of the LOOKING-GLASS:

A T A L E.

**T**OM CAREFUL had a fon and heir,  
 Exact his fhape, genteel his air,  
 Adonis was not half fo fair. }  
 But then, alas! his daughter Jane  
 Was but fo-fo, a little plain.  
 In mam’s apartment, as one day  
 The little romp and hoyden play,  
 Their faces in the glafs they view’d,  
 Which then upon her toilet flood;  
 Where, as Narciffus vain, the boy  
 Beheld each rifing charm with joy;  
 With partial eyes furvey’d himfelf,  
 But for his fifter, poor brown elf,  
 On her the felf-enamour’d chit  
 Was very lavish of his wit.  
 She bore, alas! whate’er fhe could,  
 But ’twas too much for flefh and blood;  
 What female ever had the grace  
 To pardon fcandal on her face?

Discon-

Disconsolate away she flies,  
 And at her daddy's feet she lies;  
 Sighs, sobs, and groans, calls to her aid,  
 And tears, that readily obey'd;  
 Then aggravates the vile offence,  
 Exerting all her eloquence:  
 The cause th' indulgent father heard,  
 And culprit summon'd soon appear'd;  
 Some tokens of remorse he shew'd,  
 And promis'd largely to be good.  
 As both the tender father press'd  
 With equal ardour to his breast,  
 And smiling kiss'd, "Let there be peace,"  
 Said he; "let broils and discord cease:  
 " Each day, my children, thus employ  
 " The faithful mirror; you, my boy,  
 " Remember that no vice disgrace  
 " The gift of heaven, that beauteous face:  
 " And you, my girl, take special care  
 " Your want of beauty to repair  
 " By virtue, which alone is fair."

M A H O M E T A L I B E G :

Or, the FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

**A** Long descent, and noble blood,  
 Is but a vain fantastic good,  
 Unless with inbred virtues join'd,  
 An honest, brave, and generous mind.

All that our ancestors have done,  
 Nations reliev'd, and battles won;  
 The trophies of each bloody field,  
 Can only then true honour yield,  
 When, like Argyll, we scorn to owe,  
 And pay that lustre they bestow;  
 But, if, a mean degenerate race,  
 Slothful we faint, and slack our pace,  
 Lag in the glorious course of fame,  
 Their great achievements we disclaim.  
 Some bold plebeian soon shall rise,  
 Stretch to the goal, and win the prize.  
 For, since the forming hand of old,  
 Cast all mankind in the same mold;  
 Since no distinguish'd clan is blest  
 With finer porcelain than the rest;  
 And since in all the ruling mind  
 Is of the same celestial kind;  
 'Tis education shews the way  
 Each latent beauty to display;  
 Each happy genius brings to light,  
 Conceal'd before in shades of night:  
 So diamonds from the gloomy mine,  
 Taught by the workman's hand to shine,  
 On Cloe's ivory bosom blaze,  
 Or grace the crown with brilliant rays.  
 Merit obscure shall raise its head,  
 Though dark obstructing clouds o'erspread;  
 Heroes, as yet un Sung, shall fight  
 For slaves oppress'd, and injur'd right;

And

And able statesmen prop the throne,  
 To Battle-Abbey-Roll \* unknown.

Sha Abbas, with supreme command,  
 In Persia reign'd, and blest'd the land;  
 A mighty prince, valiant, and wise,  
 Expert, with sharp discerning eyes,  
 To find true virtue in disguise.

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Hunting (it seems) was his delight,  
 His joy by day, his dream by night:  
 The sport of all the brave and bold,  
 From Nimrod, who, in days of old,  
 Made men as well as beasts his prey,  
 To mightier George, whose milder sway  
 Glad happy crowds with pride obey.

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In quest of his fierce savage foes,  
 Before the sun the monarch rose,  
 The grizly lion to engage,  
 By baying dogs provok'd to rage;  
 In the close thicket to explore,  
 And push from thence the bristled boar:  
 Or to pursue the flying deer,  
 While deep-mouth'd hounds the vallies cheer;  
 And echo from repeating hills  
 His heart with joy redoubled fills.

Under a rock's projecting shade,  
 A shepherd boy his feat had made,

\* A record which contained the names of the chief men that came over with the Conqueror.

Happy as Cræsus on his throne,  
 The riches of the world his own.  
 Content on mortals here below,  
 Is all that heaven can bestow.  
 His crook and scrip were by him laid,  
 Upon his oaten pipe he play'd ;  
 His flocks securely couch'd around,  
 And seem'd to listen to the sound.  
 Returning from the chace one day,  
 The king by chance had lost his way :  
 Nor guards, nor nobles, now attend ;  
 But one young lord, his bosom friend.  
 Now tir'd with labour, spent with heat,  
 They sought this pleasant cool retreat ;  
 The boy leap'd active from his seat,  
 And, with a kind obliging grace,  
 Offer'd the king unknown his place.  
 The Persian monarch, who so late,  
 Lord of the world, rul'd all in state ;  
 On cloth of gold and tiffue trod,  
 Whole nations trembling at his nod ;  
 With diamonds and with rubies crown'd,  
 And girt with fawning slaves around ;  
 Behold him now : his canopy  
 Th' impending rock, each shrub, each tree,  
 That grew upon its shaggy brow,  
 To their great prince observant bow ;  
 Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,  
 And blefs him with a friendly shade,

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On the bare flint, he sits alone,  
 And, oh! would kings this truth but own,  
 The safer, and the nobler throne!  
 But where do I digress? 'tis time  
 To check this arrogance of rhyme.  
 As the judicious monarch view'd  
 The stripling's air, nor bold nor rude,  
 With native modesty subdued;  
 The blush that glow'd in all its pride  
 Then trembled on his cheeks and dy'd.  
 He grew inquisitive to trace  
 What soul dwelt in that lovely case:  
 To every question, serious, gay,  
 The youth reply'd without delay;  
 His answers for the most part right,  
 And taking, if not apposite:  
 Unstudy'd, unaffected sense,  
 Mix'd with his native diffidence.  
 The king was charm'd with such a prize,  
 And stood with wonder in his eyes;  
 Commits his treasure to the care  
 Of the young lord; bids him not spare  
 For cost, or pains, t' enrich his breast  
 With all the learning of the East.  
 He bow'd, obey'd, well-cloath'd, well-fed,  
 And with his patron's children bred;  
 Still every day the youth improv'd,  
 By all admir'd, by all belov'd.  
 Now the first curling down began  
 To give the promise of a man;

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To

To court he 's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,  
 In lower posts, yet still he gain'd  
 By candour, courtesy, and skill,  
 The subjects love, the king's good-will.  
 Employ'd in greater matters now,  
 No flatteries, no bribes, could bow  
 His stubborn soul; true to his trust,  
 Firm, and inexorably just,  
 In judgement ripe, he soon became  
 A Walpole, or a Walsingham;  
 And, wakeful for the public peace,  
 No dragon guards the golden fleece  
 With half that vigilance and care.  
 His busy eyes kenn'd every where;  
 In each dark scheme knew how to dive,  
 Though cunning Dervises contrive  
 Their plots, disguis'd with shams and lies,  
 And cloak'd with real perjuries.  
 Now high in rank the peer is plac'd,  
 And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;  
 No bounds his master's bounties know,  
 His swelling coffers overflow,  
 And he is puzzled to bestow;  
 Perplex'd and studious to contrive  
 To whom, and how, not what to give;  
 His pious frauds conceal the name,  
 And skreen the modest man from shame.  
 Who e'er would heavenly treasures raise,  
 Must grant the boon, escape the praise.

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But his immense and endless gain  
 No private charities could drain :  
 On public works he fix'd his mind,  
 The zealous friend of human kind.  
 Convenient inns on each great road  
 At his own proper costs endow'd,  
 To weary caravans afford  
 Refreshment, both at bed and board.  
 From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,  
 Nations remote with Ali dine ;  
 In various tongues his bounty 's blest,  
 While with surprize the stranger guest  
 Does here on unbought dainties feast :  
 See stately palaces arise,  
 And gilded domes invade the skies.  
 Say, Muse, what lords inhabit here ?  
 Nor favourite eunuch, prince, nor peer ?  
 The poor, the lame, the blind, the sick,  
 The idiot, and the lunatick.  
 He curb'd each river's swelling pride,  
 O'er the reluctant murmuring tide  
 From bank to bank his bridges stride.  
 A thousand gracious deeds were done,  
 Bury'd in silence and unknown.

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At length, worn out with years and care,  
 Sha Abbas dy'd ; left his young heir  
 Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,  
 By his stern father kept in awe ;  
 To the seraglio's walls confin'd,  
 Barr'd from the converse of mankind.

Strange



Strange jealousy ! a certain rule,  
 To breed a tyrant and a fool.  
 Still Ali was prime minister,  
 But had not much his master's ear ;  
 Walk'd on unfaithful, slippery ground,  
 Till an occasion could be found  
 To pick a quarrel ; then, no doubt,  
 As is the mode at court—turn out.  
 Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,  
 With them convers'd, by them was led ;  
 Beardless, half-men ! in whose false breasts,  
 Nor joy, nor love, nor friendship, rests.  
 There spight and pining envy dwell,  
 And rage as in their native hell ;  
 For, conscious of their own disgrace  
 Each excellence they would debase,  
 And vent their spleen on human race.  
 This Ali found. Strange senseless lies  
 And inconsistent calumnies  
 They buz into the monarch's ears,  
 And he believes all that he hears.  
 “ Great prince,” said they, “ Ali, your slave—  
 “ Whom we acknowledge wise and brave—  
 “ Yet pardon us—we can't but see  
 “ His boundless pride and vanity :  
 “ His bridges triumph o'er each tide,  
 “ In their own channels taught to glide.  
 “ Each beggar, and each lazy drone,  
 “ His subject, more than yours, is grown :

“ And

“ And for a palace leaves his cell,  
 “ Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.  
 “ His inns for travellers provide,  
 “ Strangers are lifted on his side :  
 “ In his own house how grand the scene !  
 “ Tissues and velvets are too mean,  
 “ Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expence !  
 “ Suspected, bold, magnificence !  
 “ Whence can this flood of riches flow ?  
 “ Examine his accounts, you ’ll know :  
 “ Your eye on your exchequer cast,  
 “ The secret will come out at last.”

Ali next morn (for ’twas his way  
 To rise before the dawn of day)  
 Went early to the council-board,  
 Prostrate on earth, his king ador’d.  
 The king, with countenance severe,  
 Look’d sternly on his minister :  
 “ Ali,” said he, “ I have been told,  
 “ Great treasures, both in gems and gold,  
 “ Were left, and trusted to your care ;  
 “ ’Mong these, one gem exceeding rare,  
 “ I long to view ; which was (they said)  
 “ A present from the sultan made,  
 “ The finest that the world e’er saw,  
 “ White, large, and fair, without a flaw.”

Th’ unblemish’d Ali thus reply’d,  
 “ Great sir ! it cannot be deny’d,  
 “ ’Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,  
 “ The Great Mogul has not its peer.

“ Please

" Please it your majesty, to go  
 " Into the treasury below,  
 " You' ll wonder at its piercing ray,  
 " The sun gives not a nobler day."

Together now they all descend;  
 Poor Ali had no other friend,  
 But a soul faithful to its trust,  
 The sure asylum of the just.  
 In proper classes now are seen  
 The diamonds bright, and emeralds green;  
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, next appear,  
 Dispos'd in rows with nicest care.  
 The king views all with curious eyes,  
 Applauds with wonder and surprize,  
 Their order and peculiar grace,  
 Each thing adapted to its place;  
 The rest with envious leer behold,  
 And stumble upon bars of gold.  
 Next, in an amber box, is shown  
 The noblest jewel of the crown:  
 " This, sir," said he, " believe your slave,  
 " Is the fine gem the sultan gave;  
 " Around it darts its beams of light,  
 " No comet e'er was half so bright."  
 The king with joy the gem admires,  
 Well-pleas'd, and half-convinc'd, retires.  
 " Ali," said he, " with you I dine;  
 " Your furniture, I 'm told, is fine."  
 Wife Ali, for this favour show'd,  
 Humbly with lowest reverence bow'd.

At Ali's house now every hand  
 Is busy, at their lord's command ;  
 Where at th' appointed hour resort  
 The king and all his splendid court.  
 Ali came forth his prince to meet,  
 And, lowly bowing, kiss'd his feet.  
 On all his compliments bestows,  
 Civil alike to friends and foes.  
 The king, impatient to behold  
 His furniture of gems and gold,  
 From room to room the chace pursued,  
 With curious eyes each corner view'd,  
 Ranfack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er,  
 Each closet search'd, unlock'd each door ;  
 But all he found was plain and coarse,  
 The meanest Persian scarce had worse :  
 These Ali for convenience bought,  
 Nor for expensive trifles sought.  
 One door a prying eunuch spy'd,  
 With bars and locks well fortify'd,  
 And now, secure to find the prize,  
 Shew'd it the king with joyful eyes.  
 " Ali," said he, " that citadel,  
 " Is strong, and barricadoed well ?  
 " What have you there ?" Ali reply'd,  
 " Oh, sir, there 's lodg'd my greatest pride ;  
 " There are the gems I value most,  
 " And all the treasures I can boast."  
 All now convinc'd of his disgrace,  
 Triumph appear'd in every face.

The monarch doubted now no more;  
 The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,  
 When, lo! upon the wall appear  
 His shepherd's weeds hung up with care,  
 Nor crook nor scrip was wanting there;  
 Nor pipe that tun'd his humble lays,  
 Sweet solace of his better days!  
 Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breast,  
 And thus the wondering king address'd:  
 " Great Prince! your Ali is your slave,  
 " To you belong whate'er I have;  
 " Goods, house, are yours, nay yours this head,  
 " For speak the word, and I am dead:  
 " These moveables, and these alone,  
 " I may with justice call my own.  
 " Your royal sire, Abbas the Great,  
 " Whom nations prostrate at his feet  
 " On earth ador'd; whose soul at rest,  
 " In paradise a welcome guest,  
 " \* Enjoys its full, in fragrant bowers,  
 " Or wantons upon beds of flowers,  
 " While the pure stream, in living rills,  
 " From rocks of adamant distils,  
 " And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,  
 " Fair daughters of that blest abode:  
 " By his command, I left the plain,  
 " An humble, but contented swain.

\* Such is the Paradise the Turks expect.

“ Nor

“ Nor fought I wealth, nor power, nor place;  
 “ All these were owing to his grace;  
 “ ’Twas his mere bounty made me great,  
 “ And fix’d me here, in this high seat,  
 “ The mark of envy. Much he gave,  
 “ But yet of nought depriv’d his slave:  
 “ He touch’d not these. Alas! whose spite,  
 “ Whose avarice, would these excite?  
 “ My old, hereditary right!  
 “ Grant me but these, Great Prince, once more,  
 “ Grant me the pleasure to be poor,  
 “ This scrip, these homely weeds, I ’ll wear,  
 “ The bleating flocks shall be my care;  
 “ Th’ employ that did my youth engage,  
 “ Shall be the comfort of my age.”

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The king, amaz’d at such a scorn  
 Of riches, in a shepherd born;  
 “ How soars that soul,” said he, “ above  
 “ The courtier’s hate, or monarch’s love!  
 “ No power such virtue can efface,  
 “ No jealous malice shall disgrace.  
 “ Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,  
 “ But this is to be truly great.”  
 While tears ran trickling down his face,  
 He clasp’d him in a close embrace;  
 Then caus’d himself to be undrest,  
 And cloath’d him in his royal vest:  
 The greatest honour he could give,  
 Or Persian subjects can receive.

## THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

**T**ELL me, my noble generous friend,  
 With what design, and to what end,  
 Do greedy fools heap up with care  
 That pelf, which they want heart to share ?  
 What other pleasure can they know,  
 But to enjoy, or to bestow ?  
 Acts of benevolence and love  
 Give us a taste of heaven above ;  
 We imitate th' immortal powers,  
 Whose sun-shine, and whose kindly showers,  
 Refresh the poor and barren ground,  
 And plant a Paradise around :  
 But this mean, sneaking avarice,  
 Is a collection of all vice.  
 Where this foul weed but taints the place,  
 Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace ;  
 The soul a desert waste remains,  
 And ghastly desolation reigns.  
 But where will these grave morals tend ?  
 Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend ;  
 The province of my humbler vein,  
 Is not to preach, but entertain.  
 Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,  
 Was good for nothing, but to save ;  
 Mammon his God, to him alone  
 He bow'd, and his short creed was known :

On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,  
 " A penny fav'd 's a penny got."  
 This rich poor man was jogging down,  
 Once on a time, from London town ;  
 With him his son, a handy lad,  
 To drefs his daddy—or his pad :  
 Among his dealers he had been,  
 And all their ready cash swept clean.  
 Gripe, to save charges on the road,  
 At each good house cramm'd in a load ;  
 With boil'd and roast his belly fill'd,  
 And greedily each tankard swill'd :  
 How favoury, how sweet the meat !  
 How good the drink when others treat !

Now on the road Gripe trots behind,  
 For weighty reasons (as you 'll find) :  
 The boy soon long'd to take a whet,  
 His horse at each sign made a set,  
 And he spurr'd on with great regret.  
 This the old man observ'd with pain,  
 " Ah! son," said he, " the way to gain  
 " Wealth (our chief good) is to abstain ;  
 " Check each expensive appetite,  
 " And make the most of every mite :  
 " Consider well, my child, O think  
 " What numbers are undone by drink !  
 " Hopeful young men ! who might be great,  
 " Die well, and leave a large estate ;  
 " But, by lewd comrades led astray,  
 " Guzzling, throw all their means away.



" Tom Dash, of parts acute and rare,  
 " Can split a fraction to a hair;  
 " Knows Wingate better than his creed,  
 " Can draw strong ale, or a weak deed;  
 " By precedents a bond can write,  
 " Or an indenture tripartite;  
 " Can measure land, pasture, or wood,  
 " Yet never purchas'd half a rood.  
 " Whom all these liberal arts adorn,  
 " Is he not rich? as sheep new shorn!  
 " The reason need not far be sought,  
 " For three pence gain'd, he spends a groat.  
 " There 's Billy Blowse, that merry fellow,  
 " So wondrous witty when he 's mellow;  
 " Ale and mundungus, in despite  
 " Of nature, make the clown polite.  
 " When those rich steams chafe his dull head,  
 " What flowers shoot up in that hot-bed!  
 " His jests, when fogs his temples shrowd,  
 " Like the sun bursting through a cloud,  
 " Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd:  
 " They laugh, each wag 's exceeding gay,  
 " While he, poor ninny! jokes away  
 " By night, whate'er he gets by day.  
 " To these examples I might add  
 " A squire or two, troth full as bad;  
 " Who, doom'd by heaven for their sins,  
 " Mind nothing but their nipperkins:  
 " But these, at this time, shall suffice;  
 " Be saving, boy, that is, be wise."

Now,

Now, Muse, come hold thy nose, and tell  
 What doleful accident befel;  
 His horse set hard, an antient hack,  
 That twice ten years carry'd a pack,  
 But such a cargo ne'er before;  
 He had him cheap, and kept him poor;  
 His bowels stuf't with too much meat,  
 He sat uneasy in his seat,  
 And riggled often to and fro,  
 With painful gripings gnaw'd below.  
 His distance yet in hope to gain,  
 For the next inn he spurs amain;  
 In haste alights, and skuds away,  
 But time and tide for no man stay.  
 No means can save whom heaven has curst,  
 For out th' impetuous torrent burst.  
 Struck dumb, aghast at first he stood,  
 And scratch'd his head in pensive mood:  
 But, wisely judging 'twas in vain  
 To make an outcry, and complain,  
 Of a bad bargain made the best,  
 And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.  
 Back he return'd with rueful face,  
 And shuffled through the house apace;  
 My landlady screams out in haste,  
 " Old gentleman, ho!—where so fast?  
 " Before you go, pray pay your shot,  
 " This young man here has drunk a pot."  
 " A pot!" said Gripe; " oh, the young rogue!  
 " Ah, ruinous, expensive dog!"

And, muttering curses in his ear,  
 Look'd like a witch with hellish leer;  
 But, finding 'twas in vain to fret,  
 Pull'd out his catskin, paid the debt.

This point adjusted, on they fare,  
 Ambrosial sweets perfume the air:  
 The younker, by the fragrant scent,  
 Perceiving now how matters went,  
 Laugh'd inwardly, could scarce contain,  
 And kept his countenance with pain.  
 At last he cries, "Now, sir, an't please,  
 "I hope you 're better, and at ease."  
 "Better, you booby!—'tis all out"—  
 "What 's out?" said he. "You drunken lout!  
 "All in my trowsers—well—no matter—  
 "Not great—th' expence of soap and water;  
 "This charge—if times are not too hard,  
 "By management may be repair'd:  
 "But, oh! that damn'd confounded pot!  
 "Extravagant, audacious sot;  
 "This, this indeed, my soul does grieve,  
 "There 's two-pence lost without retrieve!"

### THE INCURIOS BENCHER.

**A**T Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,  
 And lay their laurels at her feet;  
 The modern Pallas, at whose shrine  
 They bow, and by whose aid they dine:

Colonel

Colonel Brocade among the rest  
 Was every day a welcome guest.  
 One night as carelessly he stood,  
     Chearing his reins before the fire,  
 (So every true-born Briton should)  
     Like that, he chaf'd, and fum'd, with ire.  
 "Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard,  
 "That no man's honour can be spar'd;  
 "If I but sup with Lady Dutchess,  
 "Or play a game at ombre, such is  
 "The malice of the world, 'tis said,  
 "Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,  
 "'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.  
 "If Madam Doodle would be witty,  
 "And I am summon'd to the city,  
 "To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,  
 "What won't such hellish malice do?  
 "If I but catch her in a corner,  
 "Humph—'tis, Your servant, Colonel Horner:  
 "But rot the sneering fops, if e'er  
 "I prove it, it shall cost them dear;  
 "I swear by this dead-doing blade,  
 "Dreadful examples shall be made:  
 "What—can't they drink bohea and cream,  
 "But (d—n them) I must be their theme?  
 "Other mens business let alone,  
 "Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"  
 As thus he rav'd with all his might  
 (How insecure from Fortune's spight,  
 Alas! is every mortal wight!)

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} To

To shew his antient spleen to Mars,  
 Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—  
 Stuck to his skirts, infatiate varlet !  
 And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.  
 Hard by, and in the corner, fate  
 A Bencher grave, with look fedate,  
 Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,  
 And reading over last week's post ;  
 He saw the foe the fort invade,  
 And soon smelt out the breach he made :  
 But not a word—a little fly  
 He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye  
 A side-long glance sometimes he sent,  
 To bring him news, and watch th' event.  
 At length, upon that tender part  
     Where honour lodges (as of old  
     Authentic Hudibras has told)  
 The blustering colonel felt a smart.  
 Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,  
 Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounc'd about the room ;  
 Then turning short, " Zounds, fir !" he cries—  
 " Pox on him, had the fool no eyes ?  
 " What ! let a man be burnt alive !"  
     " I am not, fir, inquisitive"  
 (Reply'd Sir Gravity) " to know  
 " Whate'er your Honour's pleas'd to do ;  
 " If you will burn your tail to tinder,  
 " Pray what have I to do to hinder ?  
 " Other mens business let alone,  
 " Why should not coxcombs mind their own ?"

Then,

Then, knocking out his pipe with care,  
Laid down his penny at the bar;  
And, wrapping round his frieze furtout,  
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

THE BUSY INDOLENT:

A T A L E.

**J**ACK CARELESS was a man of parts,  
Well-skill'd in the politer arts,  
With judgement read, with humour writ,  
Among his friends past for a wit:  
But lov'd his ease more than his meat,  
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,  
T' expose themselves by being great.  
At no levees the suppliant bow'd;  
Nor courted for their votes the crowd:  
Nor riches nor preferment fought,  
Did what he pleas'd, spoke what he thought.  
Content within due bounds to live,  
And what he could not spend, to give:  
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,  
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;  
Reform the state, lay down the law,  
And talk of lords he never saw;  
Fight Malborough's battles o'er again,  
And push the French on Blenheim's plain;  
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,  
Though he had never stirr'd from home:

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'Tis

'Tis true he travel'd with great care,  
 The tour of Europe—in his chair.  
 Was loth to part without his load,  
 Or move till morning peep'd abroad.

One day this honest, idle rake,  
 Nor quite asleep, nor well awake,  
 Was lolling in his elbow-chair,  
 And building castles in the air,  
 His nipperkin (the port was good)  
 Half empty at his elbow stood,  
 When a strange noise offends his ear,  
 The din increas'd as it came near,  
 And in his yard at last he view'd  
 Of farmers a great multitude ;  
 Who that day, walking of their rounds,  
 Had disagreed about their bounds ;  
 And sure the difference must be wide,  
 Where each does for himself decide.  
 Vollies of oaths in vain they swear,  
 Which burst like guiltless bombs in air ;  
 And, “ Thou 'rt a knave ! ” and, “ Thou 'rt an oaf ! ”  
 Is banded round with truth enough.

At length they mutually agree,  
 His worship should be referee,  
 Which courteous Jack consents to be :  
 Though for himself he would not budge,  
 Yet for his friends an arrant drudge ;  
 A conscience of this point he made,  
 With pleasure readily obey'd,  
 And shot like lightning to their aid.

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The

The farmers, summon'd to his room,  
 Bowing with awkward reverence come.  
 In his great chair his worship fate,  
 A grave and able magistrate :  
 Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,  
 And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.  
 In a short speech, he first computes  
 The vast expence of law-disputes,  
 And everlasting chancery-suits.  
 With zeal and warmth he railly'd then  
 Pack'd juries, sheriffs, tales-men ;  
 And recommended in the close,  
 Good-neighbourhood, peace, and repose.  
 Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,  
 Perus'd records, heard evidence,  
 Observ'd, reply'd, hit every blot,  
 Unravel'd every Gordian knot ;  
 With great activity and parts,  
 Inform'd their judgements, won their hearts :  
 And, without fees, or time mispent,  
 By strength of ale and argument,  
 Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.

Trusty, who at his elbow fate,  
 And with surprize heard the debate,  
 Astonish'd, could not but admire  
 His strange dexterity and fire ;  
 His wise discernment and good sense,  
 His quickness, ease, and eloquence.  
 " Lord ! sir," said he, " I can't but chide :  
 " What useful talents do you hide !



" In half an hour you have done more  
 " Than Puzzle can in half a score,  
 " With all the practice of the courts,  
 " His cases, precedents, reports."

Jack with a smile reply'd, " 'Tis true,  
 " This may seem odd, my friend, to you,  
 " But give me not more than my due. }  
 " No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,  
 " But hastens to decide the cause:  
 " Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,  
 " Will struggle to be free again.  
 " So lazy men and indolent,  
 " With cares oppress'd, and business spent,  
 " Exert their utmost powers and skill,  
 " Work hard; for what? Why, to sit still.  
 " They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,  
 " For ev'n sloth prompts to industry.  
 " Therefore, my friend, I freely own  
 " All this address I now have shown,  
 " Is mere impatience, and no more,  
 " To lounge and loiter as before:  
 " Life is a span, the world an inn—  
 " Here, firrah, t' other nipperkin."

## THE YEOMAN OF KENT:

### A T A L E.

**A** Yeoman bold (suppose of Kent)  
 Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;  
 Manur'd his own paternal land,  
 Had always money at command,

To purchase bargains, or to lend,  
 T' improve his stock, or help a friend :  
 At Cressy and Poictiers, of old,  
 His ancestors were bow-men bold ;  
 Whose good yew-bows, and sinews strong,  
 Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long :  
 For England's glory, strew'd the plain  
 With barons, counts, and princes slain.  
 Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,  
 For his delight was doing good :  
 At every mart his word a law,  
 Kept all the shuffling knaves in awe.  
 How just is heaven, and how true,  
 To give to such desert its due !  
 'Tis in authentic legends said,  
 Two twins at once had blest'd his bed ;  
 Frank was the eldest, but the other  
 Was honest Numps, his younger brother ;  
 That, with a face effeminate,  
 And shape too fine and delicate,  
 Took after his fond mother Kate,  
 A Franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,  
 No heart of oak was half so tough,  
 And true as steel, to cuff, or kick,  
 Or play a bout at double-stick,  
 Who but friend Numps ? While Frank's delight  
 Was more (they say) to dance, than fight ;  
 At Whitson-ales king of the May,  
 Among the maids, brisk, frolic, gay,  
 He tript it on each holyday.

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Their

Their genius different, Frank would roam  
 To town ; but Numps, he staid at home.  
 The youth was forward, apt to learn,  
 Could soon an honest living earn ;  
 Good company would always keep,  
 Was known to Falstaff in East-cheap ;  
 Threw many a merry main, could bully,  
 And put the doctor on his cully ;  
 Ply'd hard his work, had learnt the way,  
 To watch all night, and sleep all day.  
 Flush'd with success, new rigg'd, and clean,  
 Polite his air, genteel his mien :  
 Accomplish'd thus in every part,  
 He won a buxom widow's heart.  
 Her fortune narrow ; and too wide,  
 Alas ! lay her concerns, her pride :  
 Great as a dutchess, she would scorn  
 Mean fare, a gentlewoman born ;  
 Poor and expensive ! on my life  
 'Twas but the devil of a wife.  
 Yet Frank, with what he won by night,  
 A while liv'd tolerably tight ;  
 And spouse, who sometimes fate till morn  
 At cribbidge, made a good return.  
 While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,  
 She laid a bantling to the youth ;  
 But whether 'twas his own or no,  
 My authors don't pretend to know.  
 His charge enhanc'd, 'tis also true  
 A lying-in 's expensive too,

In cradles, whittles, spice-bowls, sack,  
 Whate'er the wanton goffips lack ;  
 While scandal thick as hail-shot flies,  
 Till peaceful bumpers seal their eyes.  
 Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,  
 And visit the good man his fire ;  
 In the stage coach he seats himself,  
 Loaded with madam and her elf ;  
 In her right hand the coral plac'd,  
 Her lap a China orange grac'd :  
 Pap for the babe was not forgot ;  
 And lullaby's melodious note,  
 That warbled in his ears all day,  
 Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way.

Frank, to the mansion-house now come,  
 Rejoic'd to find himself at home ;  
 Neighbours around, and cousins went  
 By scores, to pay their compliment.  
 The good old man was kind, 'tis true,  
 But yet a little shock'd, to view  
 A squire so fine, a sight so new.  
 But above all, the lady fair  
 Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare ;  
 Scarce a shrieve's wife at an affize  
 Was dress'd so fine, so roll'd her eyes :  
 And master too in all his pride,  
 His silver rattle by his side,  
 Would shake it oft, then shrilly scream,  
 More noisy than the yeoman's team ;  
 With tassels and with plumes made proud,  
 While jingling bells ring out aloud.

The good old dame, ravish'd out-right,  
 Ev'n doated on so gay a fight ;  
 Her Frank, as glorious as the morn ;  
 Poor Numps was look'd upon with scorn.

With other eyes the yeoman sage  
 Beheld each youth ; nought could engage  
 His wary and discerning heart,  
 But sterling worth and true desert.

At last, he could no longer bear  
 Such strange sophisticated ware ;  
 He cries (enrag'd at this odd scene)  
 " What can this foolish coxcomb mean,  
 " Who, like a pedlar with his pack,  
 " Carries his riches on his back ?  
 " Soon shall this blockhead sink my rents,  
 " And alienate my tenements,  
 " Which long have stood in good repair,  
 " Nor funk, nor rose, from heir to heir ;  
 " Still the same rent without advance,  
 " Since the Black Prince first conquer'd France :  
 " But now, alas ! all must be lost,  
 " And all my prudent projects crost.  
 " Brave honest race ! Is it thus then  
 " We dwindle into gentlemen ?  
 " But I 'll prevent this foul disgrace,  
 " This butterfly from hence I 'll chace."

He saddles Ball without delay,  
 To London town directs his way ;  
 There at the Heralds Office he  
 Took out his coat, and paid his fee,  
 And had it cheap, as wits agree.



A lion rampant, stout and able,  
 Argent the field, the border fable;  
 The gay escutcheon look'd as fine,  
 As any new-daub'd country sign.  
 Thus having done what he decreed,  
 Home he returns with all his speed:  
 "Here, son," said he, "since you will be  
 "A gentleman in spight of me;  
 "Here, sir, this gorgeous bauble take,  
 "How well it will become a rake!  
 "Be what you seem: this is your share;  
 "But honest Numps shall be my heir;  
 "To him I'll leave my whole estate,  
 "Lest my brave race degenerate."

THE HAPPY LUNATICK:

To Doctor M——. A TALE.

WHEN faints were cheap in good Nol's reign,  
 As finners now in Drury-Lane;  
 Wrapt up in mysteries profound,  
 A faint perceiv'd his head turn round:  
 Whether the sweet and favoury wind,  
 That should have been discharg'd behind,  
 For want of vent had upward fled,  
 And seiz'd the fortress of his head;  
 Ye sage philosophers, debate:  
 I solve no problems intricate.  
 That he was mad, to me is clear,  
 Else why should he, whose nicer ear  
 Could never bear church-musick here,

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Dream

Dream that he heard the blest above,  
 Chanting in hymns of joy and love?  
 Organs themselves, which were of yore  
 The musick of the scarlet whore,  
 Are now with transport heard. In fine,  
 Ravish'd with harmony divine,  
 All earthly blessings he defies,  
 The guest and favourite of the skies.  
 At last, his too officious friends  
 The doctor call, and he attends:  
 The patient cur'd, demands his fee.  
 "Curse on thy farting pills and thee,"  
 Reply'd the faint: "ah! to my cost  
 "I'm cur'd: but where 's the heaven I lost?  
 "Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,  
 "Who 'd barter Paradise for sense?"  
 Ev'n so *bemus'd* (that is, possess),  
 With raptures fir'd, and more than blest;  
 In pompous epick, towering odes,  
 I strut with heroes, feast with gods;  
 Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,  
 For me they touch each golden lyre.  
 Happy delusion! kind deceit!  
 Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat;  
 Your eye severe, traces each fault,  
 Each swelling word, each tinsel thought.  
 Cur'd of my frenzy, I despise  
 Such trifles, stript of their disguise,  
 Convinc'd, and miserably wise.

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## C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<b>T</b> HE Chace - - - - -	13
Hobbinol - - - - -	95
Field Sports - - - - -	141
Allan Ramsay to Mr. Somerville - -	159
An Ode, humbly inscribed to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, upon his Removal from all his Places - - - - -	163
An Ode, occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's embarking for Ostend, An. 1712 -	168
To Mr. Addison, occasioned by his purchasing an Estate in Warwickshire - - -	174
An Imitation of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace. Inscribed to the Right Ho- nourable James Stanhope, Esq; one of his Ma- jesty's Principal Secretaries of State, afterwards Earl Stanhope - - - - -	180
To Doctor Mackenzie - - - - -	187
The Wife - - - - -	189
In Memory of the Rev. Mr. Moore -	191
Epitaph upon Hugh Lumber, Husbandman	192
The Hip. To William Colmore, Esq; the Day after the great Meteor, in March 1715 -	193
To a Lady, who made me a Present of a Silver Pen	195
Presenting to a Lady a White Rose and a Red, on the Tenth of June - - - - -	196
The Bowling-Green - - - - -	197
	The



The Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan	204
To a Young Lady, with the Iliad of Homer translated	207
An Epistle to Allan Ramsay	210
Ramsay's Answer	214
To Allan Ramsay, upon his publishing his second Volume of Poems	218
To the Author of the Essay on Man	221
Epistle to Mr. Thomson on the first Edition of his Seasons	222
To the Right Hon. Lady Anne Coventry; upon viewing her fine Chimney-Piece of Shell-Work	224
Address to his Elbow-Chair, new cloathed	226
Song	228
Paraphrase upon a French Song	229
Hudibras and Milton reconciled. To Sir Adol- phus Oughton	230
Upon Miranda's leaving the Country	231
To Phyllis	234
To the Right Honourable the Earl of Hallifax, with the Fable of the Two Springs	235
Song for the Lute	237
The Coquet	238
The Superannuated Lover	ibid.
Advice to the Ladies	240
Anacreontic, to Chloe drinking	ibid.
To a discarded Toast	241
The Perjured Mistrefs. From Horace, Epod. xv. ad Neæram	242
	To

**C O N T E N T S. 407**

To a young Lady, who spent the Night in Tears, upon the Report that her Brother was to fight a Duel the next Morning - - -	243
To Doctor M—— reading Mathematicks	244
From Martial. Epig. xlvii. -	ibid.
To a Gentleman who married his Cast Mistrefs. From Horace. Ode ix. Book III. -	246
A dainty new Ballad; occasioned by a Clergyman's Widow of Seventy Years of Age, being married to a Young Excifeman " -	247
Canidia's Epithalamium, upon the same -	250
Hunting-Song - - - -	252
A Translation of the Tenth Epistle in Horace. Horace recommends a Country Life, and dis- suades his Friend from Ambition and Avarice	254
The Miser's Speech. From the Second Epode of Horace, Book V. - - -	257
Fable I. The Captive Trumpeter -	262
Fable II. The bald-pated Welshman and the Fly	263
Fable III. The Ant and the Fly -	265
Fable IV. The Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape	267
Fable V. The Dog and the Bear -	268
Fable VI. The wounded Man and the Swarm of Flies - - - -	270
Fable VII. The Wolf and the Dog -	271
Fable VIII. The Oyfter - -	274
Fable IX. The Sheep and the Bush -	275
Fable X. The Frogs Choice - -	276
Fable XI. Liberty and Love; or, the Two Spar- rows - - - -	279
	Fable

Fable XII. The Two Springs	- - -	282
Fable XIII. The Bald Batchelor	- - -	288
Fable XIV. The Fortune-Hunter	- - -	296
The Devil outwitted : A Tale	- - -	335
The Officious Messenger : A Tale	- - -	336
The Inquisitive Bridegroom : A Tale	- - -	346
Bacchus Triumphant : A Tale	- - -	349
The Night-Walker Reclaim'd : A Tale	- - -	352
The Happy Disappointment : A Tale	- - -	365
A Padlock for the Mouth : A Tale	- - -	369
The Wise Builder : A Tale	- - -	373
The true Use of the Looking-Glass : A Tale	- - -	374
Mahomet Ali Beg : or, The Faithful Minister of State	- - -	375
The Sweet-scented Miser	- - -	388
The Incurious Bencher	- - -	392
The Busy Indolent : A Tale	- - -	395
The Yeoman of Kent : A Tale	- - -	398
The Happy Lunatic : To Dr. M——. A Tale	- - -	403

END OF SOMERVILE'S POEMS.



